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## Captivity of Hans Stade of Hesse in A.D. 1547-1555, Among the Wild Tribes of Eastern Brazil

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# Captivity of Hans Stade of Hesse in A.D. 1547-1555, Among the Wild Tribes of Eastern Brazil

HANS STADE
EDITED BY RICHARD F. BURTON





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THE CAPTIVITY OF HANS STADE OF HESSE.

No. LI.



THE

# CAPTIVITY OF HANS STADE

OF HESSE,

IN A.D. 1547 1555,

# AMONG THE WILD TRIBES OF EASTERN BRAZIL.

TRANSLATED BY

ALBERT TOOTAL, ESQ., OF RIO DE JANEIRO,

AND

ANNOTATED BY

RICHARD F. BURTON.

"Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant Omnia nos."

Lucretius

"Da veniam scriptis, quorum non gloria nobis ('au-a, sed utilitas officiumque fuit."

Ovid, Epist.

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то

## SIR ROBERT GERARD, BART.,

OF GARSWOOD,

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS OFFERED IN REMEMBRANCE OF MANY HAPPY DAYS

PASSED UNDER HIS HOSPITABLE ROOF,

ВY

RICHARD F. BURTON.



## PREFACE.

#### SECTION I.

It was my fate during nearly three years, between November 10th, 1865, and July 28th, 1868, to endure exile as H.B.M.'s Consul for the port of Santos, in the province of São Paulo, the Brazil. There was little occupation on high days and holidays, except to visit the sea-board and "kitchen middens"; and, as there are no roads along the shore, many of my excursions were made in open boats—trips which gained dignity by the perpetual presence of danger. During these excursions, I passed again and again through the Rio Bertioga, a channel which separates the once populous and still luxuriant island of Santo Amaro from the mainland: and I landed, not unfrequently, at the ruin opposite the Forte da Bertioga. The stone-heap occupies the site where Hans Stade, the author of the following pages, served as gunner, and whence he was carried off captive by the cannibal savages, who, in those days lived alternately upon the sea-coast and the interior plateau. Of the wild tribes, not a living specimen remains: but like the Guanches of Tenerife, they have left manifest traces of "red" blood in the veins of their modern

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successors. And, whilst their wigwams have long vanished from the earth's face, their enormous "kitchen middens", called by the natives Sambaqué, and by the Portuguese Ostreiras, containing thousands of cubic feet, and composed chiefly of Venus (berbigöes), oyster and mussel shells, still stud the coast line and supply the granitic and primary regions with lime, which will presently be exhausted.

Before my transfer from Santos to Damascus (1869), I had strongly recommended a friend, Albert Tootal, to expend the moments which he could spare from more important matters in translating Hans Stade. He followed my advice, and all those who take an interest in wild tribes, and especially in the Brazilian savages, owe him a debt of gratitude. Also at my suggestion, he preserved the chaste and simple style which best suits the subject; which accords with the character of the unlettered gunner, and which seems to vouch for the truth and the straightforwardness of the traveller. And the matter is not less interesting than the manner: it has the intrinsic value of ranking amongst the very few works written by eye-witnesses during the early sixteenth century, and it throws important light upon a point which unreasonable doubts have lately darkened. Not long ago we were assured that man does not outlive a hundred years, and the supposed error of Flourens led his correctors into an error still greater. After that freak, that "crotchet of criticism", the existence of cannibalism, which seems at different ages of the world to have been the universal custom of mankind, was called in question. Hans



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Stade now steps forth and delivers his testimony about a people who were literally "fleshed with human meat".

I must apologise to Mr. Tootal for long delay in my share of the work. The translation was finished in 1869, and it was taken to Syria for the purpose of adding an Introduction and a few explanatory Notes. But I unexpectedly found at Damascus duties and studies that occupied the whole of my time, and the various troubles to which allusion has been made in "Unexplored Syria", left me as little will as leisure for the work. When suddenly recalled from my post, friends advised me to try the tonic effects of a summer in Iceland; in fact, until the present moment, when settled pro tempore at Trieste, I have lacked opportunity to fulfil my humble part of the contract.

Mr. Tootal is alone answerable for the accuracy of his translation. To my responsibility fall the Introduction and the Notes. Its bibliographical portion was kindly undertaken by Clements R. Markham, C.B., etc., whose various literary avocations, to say nothing of official labours, enable him to be, like most hard workers perforce thrifty of their time, a man of comparative leisure. He has also the advantage of consulting libraries and of collecting viva voce information—conditions hardly to be expected in a highly commercial sea-port.

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#### SECTION II.

Before proceeding to the old inhabitants of the country, I will describe the passage of the Bertioga, and a cruise along the coast of São Paulo as far as Ubatúba, which forms the scene of Hans Stade's captivity. Of the various excursions made by me, those will be most useful which took place in mid-November, 1865, and August, 1866. At the former season it is necessary to choose fine weather, when the fish do not spring, and when the distant hills do not look as if you can touch their feathered flanks: without this precaution the surf will not allow men to land. During the lastmentioned month, the traveller still finds the hot, fever-giving winds, the dry tornadoes and the dense fogs (Cerração), mentioned by Pero Lopes in 1531.

The beautiful Rio Bertioga, popularly known as the Rio Grande, is a sea arm winding nearly east and west, about fifteen statute (=10 direct geographical) miles long, and from three miles to a few hundred yards in breadth; it has a double flow, as the centre forms a water-parting; the western half runs westward into Santos Bay, and the other into the Southern Atlantic. At times this Euripus shows the vivacity of a sluice. The depth is rarely under two fathoms, and the bottom is soft mud.

The only vehicle which chanced to be procurable in November 1865, was a "Batelão", a short thick "Ein-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Diario da Navegação, etc. Alluded to further on.



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baum", with additions fore, aft, and at the quarters. These nut-shells will ply north, hoping for a calm sea, but nothing can persuade them to tempt the "Costa braba" (wild coast) to the south of Santos.

Paddling away from my pleasant station, the "Wapping of the far West"; early in the morning we left at the nearer extremity of Santo Amaro, the old fort Itapema ("flat stone"), now a heap of dull yellow masonry, backed by two large kitchen middens, which by this time have probably disappeared. Some care is requisite when entering the sea-arm's narrow mouth, as the northern jaw is foul with hidden rocks. The distant view on both sides is high and grandiose; the immediate banks are low and swampy, with lumps of detached hill, amongst which the sphynx-form, as about the granite regions of Rio de Janeiro, is not uncommon. ragged mangrove bush, with its undergrowth of tufted sprouts, is a glorious breeding-place when the ebb-tide discovers huge mud flats, the homes of various pests known to the natives as Mutuca, Perna-lunga, Pium Carapana, and Maruim. A few cottages of dirty bilious clay, covered with rusty tattered thatch and

The Mutúca or Motúca, generally called Butúca, is the local gadfly (Hadæus lepidotus. Perty). The Perna-lunga (Daddy-long-legs) is the true "Mosquito", a Spanish term which well describes the Sand-, or "Little fly", but which becomes ridiculous when applied to M. Maringouin. The Piúm (a Simulium) is the angry biter, better known as Borrachuda, the drunkard: it attacks you by day, and it is a little larger than the Carapaná. The Mucuîm or Mocoim is a small scarlet Acarus: the term, however, is now generally applied to the sand-fly, by the "Indians" termed Maruim, and by the Portuguese "Polvora" (gunpowder). This is a prime



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fronting, perhaps, some square yards of cane, occupy holes cut in the luxuriant green bush, and roughly-made canoes are drawn up the black mire—we might be prospecting one of the "Oil Rivers" in the Bight of Biafra. But though the mud is fetid, the people are said not to be unhealthy.

On the right hand we pass a Morne (earth cliff), denoted by a Ranch or hovel for the use of lime burners. To the left is the Morro de Cabrão, which rises darkly from the light green mangrove,

"A glorious scene, and as the ranks ascend Shade above shade, a woody theatre Of stateliest view,"

we especially note amongst the tangled and cordaged trees a beautiful Veronica, locally called Nyaganhácatiró. Each is a garden of flowers, purple-mauve in youth, pink in middle life, and virgin white, like the dog-roses of Dalmatia, with the hoar of age: all these colours blooming at the same time. There is the normal peculiarity of the grand Brazilian forest, the gigantic white trunks thrown out in strong relief by the black-green shade, and the light yellow-green verdure of the Capoeira or second growth, contrasting with the mottled glooms of the Mato Virgem. The Rhine, in summer, can show nothing like the might and majesty of this "Flowery Forest"; and the vegetation dwarfs the

pest in all unexposed places where the sea-breeze cannot blow them away: the infinitesimal fiends are most troublesome in the mornings and evenings, and they are said to rage most furiously at the change and full of the moon. Dira lues! rightly exclaims P. Anchieta.



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tallest of English oaks and the noblest of European elms, as though they had passed through Chinese hands. Art is wholly absent. Smoke winding from the bush alone shows that the woodland contains homesteads and farms; whilst palms, as in Africa, denote the presence of man—this contrast between the works of nature, first-hand and second-hand, is here ever present to the mind.

The several features of the Bertioga are the Volta Grande, where a sweet-water stream from the Cabrão forms a riverine island; various "Furados" (creeks) in the mangrove bush; the Rio do Quilombo (of the Maroon village) draining the mountains and telling its date of olden days; and, on the right bank two unclean ditches known as the Rio dos Portos and the Rio da Boa Vista. Every site is named,—names are retained for places even when houses have long returned to earth. Some ugly bends deform the stream, where lies a small archipelago, and for about a league and a half the mangrove country lasts: beyond it, the rhizophor still fringes the brown water, but the shore grows higher, and bald patches of yellow rock appear. The wondrously shaggy Serra looks as if man had never placed his foot there. In wet weather cloud-flecks cling like handfuls of wool to thorny shrubs. Now it shows with sharp distinctness a sky-line jagged like a saw, while, misty in the far distance, loom the blue cliffs behind Enseada. And over all are the glow and play of a tropical sun, a dancing of the bright clear air, and the diamond sparkle and iridescence of the sea as it catches the direct or the slanting light. The storm-



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tossed Portuguese must have found a peculiar charm in this Rio Formoso of the western hemisphere.

Presently we arrive at the half-way house, the Lagoa de Caeté (of good wood), a small Mediterranean, long and shallow, which mirrors the tall Serra and its hilly and knobby outlines. The current begins to run eastward and to mingle with the South Atlantic: the view waxes still finer, and we taste the sweets of the unadulterated sea-breeze. On the mainland bank and raised above the marsh is the Quinta (villa) of Colonel Candinho Albuquerque, whose lime manufactory is close to the water's edge, not far from the Cabussú river, a mere surface drain of the Serra. The small white house, with double roof, two windows, and a door, is approached by steps, some of stone, others cut in the stiff yellow clay. The extensive sheds and outhouses show dogs and poultry; but no negroes are working in the now neglected coffee grounds which surround it; and the large guavas and cedars, palms and palmitos, flower and fruit all in vain. Many proprietors from Santos have boxes up the Bertioga, where they come to eat fish and to shoot the deer and the Anta (tapir), now so rare in the neighbourhood of civilisation. Here, however, the mosquitoes muster too strong for enjoyment.

On the right hand the bearded hills and knolls of Santo Amaro slope gradually to the water-brink. The island, once populous and cultivated, and still pre-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> It was called by the natives Guaimbé (Simam de Vasconcellos prefers Gaibé), from a pestilent weed which overran it. "Sanctus



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serving ruins of Engenhos or sugar-houses, has become a mass of luxuriant second-growth. With the exception of rice, which much resembles that of Carolina, agriculture is a poor trade: as in Santos Island, the climate forbids it; the burning sun ever alternating with flooding rains, and the plague of Sauba, more than compensate for all the fertility of the soil. Yet Fray Gaspar da Madre de Deos, the monographer of his native province, attributed in the last century the poverty of his compatriots to their contempt for Triptolemus, and declared that their indolence has covered large Fazendas (plantations) with bush.

Santo Amaro island still shows beyond the Caeté river the small white Ermida (chapel) of Curumahú, which rejoices in an image known as Nossa Senhora da Representação, and the stream of the same name leads to the Casa do Perequé, an estate on the north-eastern side fronting the sea. Further again is a gap in the brake-covert called the Burraccão (big hole), which has a short cut over the hills to the Praia de Yporanga near Perequé.

A little beyond Colonel Albuquerque's house lie the Sitio (farm) and Ostreira of Manoel Luiz Fer-

Maurus" was a disciple of St. Benedict and the patron of broken bones.

- <sup>1</sup> The correct Tupi term was Yçayba, which we should write Isayba.
- <sup>2</sup> Memorias para a Historia da Capitania de S. Vicente, etc., por Fr. G. da M. de Deos, publicadas em 1797. The author was a Benedictine monk, and a correspondent of the R. Academy of Sciences, Lisbon. He left a second volume in manuscript, which is said to have been stolen by some "curioso"—not an unfrequent occurrence in the Brazil.



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reira, popularly known as Manecco Manguáta. The little yellow box, built upon a hillock, with a landing-place like those of the Tanganyika Lake, is the best in the whole line; it is faced on the mainland by the Prainha, a cleared, grassy space, dotted with palms, and boasting of a boat-house; whilst beyond it the Rio de Uriri denotes the site of a huge shell-heap.

The Corral de Peixe (fish kraal), here a common feature, attracts our attention. It is a winding fence thrown across, or half across, the sea-arm; the material being bamboo poles connected by the black Imbé (Philodendron imbe), which my friends on the Bonny river would recognise as "tie-tie". The victims are driven by the tide through a Giqui, funnel or narrow passage, into a Camara or bulge; thence a struggle for escape leads them into a second; and, finally, they enter the last pocket known by the tunny-fishers' name—"Camara da Morte". Here two men, standing upon the fence, ply a large hand-net fastened to a pole. The produce consists of some eighty or ninety species, of which the most common are known as Savelha or Sardinha and Cavalla; Gallo and Corvina; Bagre and Robalo; Paraty, Paru and Parambeta; Pescado jacú, Pescado branco, and Pescado amarello, the latter often weighing twenty pounds and worth 6\$000. The less common are the Sherma and Caratinga; the Badeja and Caranha; the Goette, the Pescado Selvagem, the Pescado Cangoá, and the excellent Garupa and Garupeta.

As at Fernando Po, the fisherman can easily clear £5 by a single day's haul; yet, with all this wealth at hand, the people, from the Amazons to the Plata,



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actually import Bacalháo (salt cod) from Newfoundland, and, with the sea at their feet, they will not take the trouble, or rather it is not worth their while, to lay out Salinas. One of the divers boasted that he could remain ten minutes under water, and I put him on the path of making a fabulous fortune in England or in the United States. The "patroon", who, like many of his class hereabouts, had been three times captured by English cruizers when slaving on the West Coast of Africa, and who consequently "knew a thing or two", scoffingly compared the boaster with the renowned Padre Anchieta, who could pray and read his breviary for three-quarters of an hour at a time under water.

The river presently narrows and makes a distinct bend to the north of east. The last projection, on the right, is the Ponta Grossa, a commanding ridge with a large clearing, green as a parrot's plume, which has not had time for second growth, although the old sugar plantation is utterly deserted. Opposite is the Rio do Pilar, alias the Barra do Bucuhy, a stream which extends, they say, some twelve leagues inland and supports various Fazendas, whilst the banks supply tanneries, especially that of M. Porchat, with mangrove bark. Up its valley runs a Picada (bush-path, as opposed to a Caminho franco) connecting with the settlement of Mogy das Cruzes on the plateau of São Paulo. Gold-dust is said still to be found in the upper waters, the Rio Itutinga, and the head of the Tapanhahú (Tapañahú). The mouth is blocked by electric wires which ought to be submerged.

After some four hours paddling we sight the open



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sea from the embouchure of the Bertioga, where the hills draw off. On the left is still the tall Serra do Mar, the eastern ghauts of the Brazil, which rival the Camarones mountains in portentous luxuriance of The Itaguare height, with its crystal vein vegetation. of water, is conspicuous, and we count upon the face of the rock-wall seven cascades, diminished by distance to the size of thin twisted glass cylinders in the old style of Swiss clock. The nearest point ahead is the bluff headland known as the Morro, or Ponta da Enseada (da Bertioga); beyond it rises the islet of Monte Pascoal, bluer than the air; further still is the heap called Montão do Trigo, and lastly the Alcatrazes lie low in the water, shaped like an elephant's back, and thrown out by the azure curtain of charming São Sebastião. This fringe of scattered islets affords excellent shelter, and forms in fact a natural διώρυξ, through which even canoes, during the calm season, ply between Santos and Rio de Janeiro. They are Continental, not Pelagic, to adopt Von Buch's distinction; almost all are inhabited except where water is absolutely wanting, and it is probable that they were occupied by "Indians" in the days of yore.

The eastern mouth of the Bertioga is some 600 or 700 yards wide, and from two to three fathoms deep; it is said to have no bar, the curse of Brazilian as of tropical African rivers, and I certainly never saw the sea break across it. Inside is a safe anchorage of eight fathoms, forming a first-rate harbour of refuge for small craft making Santos from the north: thus they save the twenty rough miles round Santo Amaro. In



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the days when Fr. Gaspar wrote, it was generally believed that the Discoverer and First Donatory of the Captainey, Martim Affonso de Souza, entered the Bertioga channel when outward bound. But the log-book of his brother, Pero Lopes de Souza,1 clearly shows that, after leaving Rio de Janeiro, the squadron in twelve days made Cananéa, and did not touch at the parts about Santos, till homeward bound, on January 22nd, 1532, when S. Vicente and the Bertioga fort were built. He had sailed from Portugal on December 23rd, 1530, and reached Rio de Janeiro, not in January, but on April 30th, 1531: thus he was too late to name, as some have supposed (Southey, 1, 42), the several ports upon the Brazilian coast. The old Portuguese navigators, it has been well remarked, travelled almanac in hand, baptising every place after the patron saint who presided on the day of discovery.

For instance—

Cape S. Roque is so called from Aug. 16.<sup>2</sup>
Cape S. Agostinho " " 28.
Rio de S. Miguel " Sept. 29.
Rio de S. Jeronymo " " 30.
Rio de S. Francisco " Oct. 4.

- ¹ Diario de Navegação da Armada que foi à terra do Brasil em 1530. Escripto por Pedro Lopes de Souza e publicado em 1839, em Lisboa por Francisco Adolfo de Varnhagen, etc. Rio de Janeiro. Freitas, Guimaraens e Ca. Rua do Sabão, 1847. It is a highly interesting specimen of an old log-book, settling not a few disputed questions.
- <sup>2</sup> The change from old to new style was ordered by Pope Gregory XIII in A.D. 1582.



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Rio das Virgens is so called from Oct. 21. Rio de Santa Luzia (Rio Doce?) Dec. 15. 21 (? 22) Cabo de S. Thomé S. Salvador da Bahia de todos os Santos (discovered November 1st, popularly placed on December 25). Rio de Janeiro Angra dos Reis Magos (Epiphany, or Twelfth-day) 6. 20. Ilha de S. Sebastião ,, Porto (or Rio) de S. Vicente, 21. (22nd (?) festival of SS. Vincent and Anastasius).

M. F. Adolfo de Varnhagen (note to *History*, vol. i, p. 425), finds S. Augustine mentioned in A.D. 1504; St. Vincent is on the map of J. Ruysch, dated 1508, and Cape S. Thomé and Angra dos Reis appear before 1519 (*Navarrete*, iv, 210). He is therefore justified in attributing the nomenclature to the first exploration of the coast by Gonçalo Coelho in 1501, who, by order of D. Manuel, carried on board, as pilot and cosmographer, the much-maligned Italian savant, Amerigo Vespucci.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> See "Amerigo Vespucci, son caractère, ses écrits, sa vie et ses Navigations", Lima, 1865." "Le Premier Voyage de Vespucci définitivement expliqué dans ses détails", Vienne, 1869, and "Nouvelles Recherches sur les dernières Recherches du Navigateur Florentin, et les restes des documents et éclaircissements sur lui, avec les textes et une postface", Vienne, 1870.

M. Varnhagen has not only established Vespucci's character for rectitude and integrity; he has also had the courage to prove the priority of the much maligned navigator in American waters; and



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We anchored, in deep water, under the Fortaleza da Bertioga on the northern or mainland shore. The word, according to Fray Gaspar (p. 21), is a corruption of Buriqui oca, "the house of Buriqui," a kind of reddish monkey formerly abundant: at first it was applied to the hill behind the settlement, on the northern point of the Serra de Santo Amaro, but generally it extended to the neighbourhood and to the whole sea arm. Vasconcellos (iii, 63) calls it "Biritioga", and the author of the Noticia do Brazil, "Britioga" (Part I, chap. lxi). They erroneously suppose that the Indians, when they saw the work, named it "house of Buriquis," because its garrison had ruddy hair like those simiads. As will be seen, there were two forts at the mouth of the Bertioga: they were called after SS. Felippe and Santiago, and the former was founded on the island by Martim Affonso. Hans Stade names it only the "Fort of Santo Amaro."

The C. O., Manuel dos Santos, who commands a garrison of four men, did the honours of the modern establishment. The building has evidently been renewed upon the olden plan, and hodiernal plaster takes the place of ancient stone. It is in the usual style of its date, built of boulders and lime, with a straight curtain commanding the water, whilst two side faces afford flanking fire. Each angle is provided with its pepper-castor sentry-box: the terre pleine, revetted with uncut slabs,

he makes it certain that Vespucci saw the American continent in A.D. 1497-1498, while Columbus, who did not sight it till August 1498, died in the belief that he had discovered the easternmost part of Asia.



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is thirty paces in length by seven deep. Six old carronades, for which there is no powder, lie about anywhere except near the embrasures, and only one rusty gun overlooks the wall. In rear of the battery is the normal roof of red tiles, denoting the Quartel or barracks. The door is off its hinges, and a canoe occupies the guard-room. To the right are the commandant's quarters, carefully shut, and, as the holy-water basin and a wooden cross nailed to the wall suggest, the left wing is the chapel of São João Baptista.

We may see this kind of thing in any part of old Iberia; for instance, at Algeçiras, in the Bay of Gibraltar. Europe, however, usually whitewashes the smaller buildings; this is spotted like a carriage dog, the result of abnormal moisture. The little village of eight houses, with a population of seventy-two souls, lies behind the sand-spit which supports the fort: some of the tenements are neat and clean, showing all the implements for fishing, and the usual multitude of children born of and bred by ichthyophagous populations. They are built on no regular plan, and the streets are reduced to narrow footpaths. winding amongst shrubs and palms. A certain Pinto will supply breakfast, and the commandant, who passes most of his time in making nets of Tucum fibre (Astrocaryum tucum), has a little store of rum, beer, sugar, and other necessaries; but he complains that business is not brisk. Opposite this Fortaleza is one of the incunabula of the Luso-Brazilian Empire, the site of the old tower of earth and mud built in A.D. 1532 by Martim Affonso, the great Dona-



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tory, and rebuilt in 1552 by Thomé de Souza.¹ After the fashion of the ancient world the first captain wisely preferred, to the continent, the island-site, where defence was easy, where troubles with the natives, who infested the place with hostile canoes, would be least dangerous, and where exports, then the object of colonisation, would most readily be embarked. Indeed, he forbade his people to visit the interior without special leave, trusting that in time, after the shores had been occupied, an increasing population would spread inland: these sensible precautions were abolished by his widow, Dona Anna Pimentel.

When the Indians saw the Portuguese disembark they fled, headed by their Cacique, to the uplands, and reported the matter to the great warrior chief of the Goyanazes, Tebyreça, Anchieta's Teveriça, Lord of the Prairies of Piratininga—now São Paulo, or, more classically, Paulopolis—who had married his daughter to one João Ramalho, a Portuguese refugee. The latter, suspecting that a handful of his fellow-countrymen had been driven ashore like himself, accompanied the Regulus who, with three hundred braves, marched upon the Bertioga, and arrived there on the third day to find the tower built and the guns mounted. Martim Affonso made preparations for a regular defence, when a white man walked up within hearsay and welcomed the astonished Portuguese in their own tongue, bidding

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<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> There was no "Governor and Captain-General" till A.D. 1549, when that title was given by D. João III to the Captain of São Salvador da Bahia, that he might have authority over the other captaincies.



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them not to fear. Ramalho was then presented to the captain, related his adventures, and promised assistance. Tebyreça, who afterwards prefixed to his name Martim Affonso, in sign of baptism and of love for his white friend, was received with due respect, and hastened to make a perpetual alliance with the strangers. Then all was joy. The guns fired, to the terror of the "Red men", and the latter in kilts and coronals and beautiful plumage, sang, danced, and shot their arrows in the air. The other wild tribes that came hastening to the fray, found the Piratininganos and Portuguese on the best of terms; and the Goyanazes, who mostly lived in the interior, easily permitted the foreigners to occupy the coast upon the sole condition of the fisheries remaining free.

The site has seen many a change since Hans Stade was captured,<sup>2</sup> in 1553-1554, and the last building was an Armação (whaling station), also in ruins and overgrown with bush: a stranger would pass it without a glance. The landing-place is within the river immediately behind the Morro da Paciencia, so called because peculiarly trying to craft going south: here are grand table-rocks of pink granite, but the least sea prevents disembarkation. There is a stone wharf like that at the present approach to Santos,<sup>3</sup> but the seats

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> He must not be confounded with another "celebrated Indian", Martim Affonso de Souza, *alias* Ararigboia, who beat the French invaders in 1568.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> See chapter xlii.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> The "Brazil and River Plate Mail" (April 23rd, 1873) informs me that at length the Santos Docks, whose concession was modified by the decree of April 1st, 1873, are to be begun at once, and to



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and blocks are now almost buried in mud. A slippery path leads up the slope, and the dense bush suggests caution: at this season (November) snakes are supposed to be abnormally active. Reaching a field of sugar-cane, we turned to the right, descended some ruinous steps, and found the remains. The chapel of São João da Bertioga preserves an arch of cut stone between the body of the building and the high altar; a pediment, and a dwarf tower; the sanctuary is broken and the roof has fallen in. A bartizan and a curtain. with a bluff shoulder facing the sea, show excellent masonry, and the wall that crowns the corner looks as if freshly made; probably the stones were brought from Europe by Thomé de Souza. Truly a wonderful race were these old Portuguese, who seem, like their sires, the Romans, to have built for eternity. According to the people, this later fort was never finished: the bush was cleared out about two years before my visit. Up hill, where stretches a fine sheet of verdurous second-growth, tier upon tier of tenderest green domes and domelets, like giant parasols, are the ruins of another bartizan.

At the Fortaleza we must dismiss the wet and cranky Batelão, which objects to venture into the smoking Enseada, or Bay to the east, swept by the full force of the Atlantic, and very dangerous after a

be finished in five years. They are to consist of a floating apparatus 800 feet long by 210 wide. The other works will be an embankment 3000 feet long, from the Government wharf to near the Custom House; with wharves, warehouses, and landing-stages in the river-front; an enlarged Custom House and Marine Arsenal, in appropriate places, and a new street pierced through the city.

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south-wester. I was lucky enough to find a Canôa de Voga, the Santa Maria. Its hull was a giant Jequitibá (Couratari legalis, Mart), some 50 palms long by 4 deep, and  $6\frac{1}{9}$  in breadth, and it carried 400 arrobas  $(\times 32 \text{ lbs.}=12,800 \text{ lbs.})$ , nearly six tons, whilst the value was about £150. The sides spooned outwards; it was supplied with additional boards at the gunwales, prow and stern, and it was copper-sheathed above as well as copper bottomed. The admirably graceful lines showed its descent from the naval architecture of the savages, and this may be observed throughout the Brazil: Venice herself can boast nothing more picturesque. Santa Maria had only one mast, with ham-shaped sails, and she was utterly ignorant of the jib which would be useful: a Patrão (master) and six oarsmen composed the normal crew. The larger specimens are decked fore and aft, and carry a foremast (trinqueta) and square sail, with a mizen (mizena) and leg of mutton; they are not, however, so manageable.

The Santa Maria stands boldly out along the

Virgens plagas do Cabral famoso,

straight as a bee-line for the little fishing village of Enseada. It is distant eight long miles by sea, but those who prefer a land journey can ride nearly the same number of leagues. Looking back upon the island of Santo Amaro we see the houses and estate called the Fazenda do Perequé: now it is the property of Sr. Valencio Augusto Teixeira Leomil, and he would willingly part with his haunt of ants, although coal, they say, has been found there.



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The place has a bad name in history: before 1850 it was a landing-place for slaves, who were smuggled, as our seaboard once smuggled silks and brandies. On the 16th of May H.M.S. "Rifleman," Commander Crofton, whose cutter had been fired upon, and one of the crew killed, landed and burnt the Casa de Perequé. I spare further details, especially in these days, when

"All Afric's sons exclaim from shore to shore, 'Quashee ma boo! the slave trade is no more.'"

The bay (Enseada) is a long shallow are protected on the north-eastern side by the Morro da Enseada, a stony point bending south: the land is the same tall rocky curtain which forms the Engua-guassú, alias Monjolo, alias Pilão Grande (Great Mortar) of Santos, and a break in it denotes, by a thin white thread, the Itutinga cataract. The settlement boasts a fine beach, but sadly exposed to the west wind. Gaps in the bush lead from the sand to the houses, which are those of the Bertioga: there are about forty tenements under the charge of an Inspector de Quarteirão (police magistrate); and one has lately been built at an expense of 300\$000, say £30. There is a chaplain, and a little chapel dedicated to the Bom Jesus de Canna-verde; it accommodates some thirty-five women, who sit at squat, whilst the men stand outside, or kneel upon the bare stones. When Ladainhas (litanies) are recited there is a full gathering: the altar candles are lighted; the calico awning and curtains contrast with the bare walls, and all is gay with roses-Catholicism and flowers seem in these regions to be inseparably united. A gun-shot denotes the end of the psalmody, which contrasts well with



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that of the village church in England, and a second discharge shows the end of the "function", after which all troop out chatting and laughing as they wend their way homewards.

The people were formerly fishermen, but the "tainha," a white mullet (Mugil albula) the herring of this region, whose shoals, according to the "peritos" (experts), once numbered fifty to sixty thousand, have deserted the coast: the same complaint is made everywhere between Rio de Janeiro and Conceiçao, whereas south of the latter port "tainha" is still the staff of life. Agriculture has not proceeded beyond manioc, which thrives tolerably: fruits abound, and a little cane is grown for Melado (molasses); but sugar, coffee, and caxaça (rum) are unknown. Formerly Enseada had a high repute for "Batuqueiras," who performed much in the style of the Egyptian Alimeh (dancing girls), and the youth of Santos used to visit it on Saturdays accompanied by a large demi-john of spirits. Now it is vain for a stranger to propose a "nautch"—modesty forbids.

Beyond Enseada the coast runs nearly west-east, forming a system of headlands and bays, the latter generally giving names to the former: as we advance sun-wards the bights have less sag, and become mere denticulations in the coast line. Three bluffs attracted my attention, the Tres Morros de Imburacé: here the rocky, shallow bottom causes the sea to break half a mile off, and this "Carréra" is much feared.

On August 1st, 1866, I entered the Rio de Una, which now divides the municipalities of Santos and São Sebastião. My visit was for the purpose of in-