

of the 13th, proceeding from the Pleiades, and shooting in a northerly direction. Our position was in latitude $6^{\circ} 15' S.$, and longitude $24^{\circ} 25' W.$ The Peacock, whose situation was about forty miles to the westward of us at the time, saw a number shooting from the constellations Orion and Leo. The equatorial current was now strongest, setting thirty miles in a day to the westward; the breeze had become very steady and strong; the upper current was found to correspond with the direction of the lower. Every day the wind was observed to freshen as the sun was coming to the meridian, and continued so until the afternoon, when it died away again, freshening after dark, and continuing until near daylight.

On the 16th of November we passed the magnetic equator in latitude $13^{\circ} 30' S.$, longitude $30^{\circ} 18' W.$ The variation was found by careful observations to be $10^{\circ} 30' W.$ We continued to pursue our course rapidly, experiencing the current setting more to the southward, and upwards of twenty miles a day.

On the 22d we made Cape Frio; here we fell in with and boarded the ship Louisiana, in fifty days from New York, and were much gratified by getting letters and papers.

The progressive temperature on the passage from the Cape de Verde Islands to Rio, was as follows: it rose until it reached its maximum in $9^{\circ} 24' N.$, water 83.5° , whilst the air was at 81.6° ; from thence to striking soundings, it decreased to 75° , and on soundings 69° .

The soundings obtained off the cape were in fifty fathoms, ouze and shells, the water changing its colour to a deep green, and as we approached the harbour, to a dark olive. On the afternoon of the 23d of November, we took a light wind from the southeast, and with all sail set stood in for the magnificent harbour of Rio Janeiro. Our attention was drawn first to the high, fantastic, and abrupt peaks of Gavia, the Sugar Loaf, and Corcovado, on our left; whilst on our right, we had the bold point of Santa Cruz; then before us the city of San Salvador, and the towns of San Domingo, with Praya Grande opposite, and the islands and fleet that lay between them decking this beautiful expanse of water. These objects, with the pinnacles of the Organ Mountains for a background, form such a scene that it would be difficult to point out in what manner it could be improved. The life and stir created by the number of vessels, boats, and steamers of various forms and of all sizes passing to and fro, give great animation to the whole.

The mountains present a very peculiar appearance. Their tops and sides have a rounded or worn surface, destitute of verdure, with the exception of here and there a yellowish patch, produced by the