

PERSONAL NARRATIVE
OF A
JOURNEY
TO THE
EQUINOCTIAL REGIONS
OF
THE NEW CONTINENT.

CHAPTER I.

Preparations.—Instruments.—Departure from Spain.—Landing at the
Canary Islands.

FROM my earliest youth I felt an ardent desire to travel into distant regions, seldom visited by Europeans. This desire is characteristic of a period of our existence when life appears an unlimited horizon, and when we find an irresistible attraction in the impetuous agitations of the mind, and the image of positive danger. Though educated in a country which has no direct communication with either the East or the West Indies, living amidst mountains remote from coasts, and celebrated for their numerous mines, I felt an increasing passion for the sea and distant expeditions. Objects with which we are acquainted only by the animated narratives of travellers have a peculiar charm; imagination wanders with delight over that which is vague and undefined; and the pleasures we are deprived of seem to possess a fascinating power, compared with which all we daily feel