an ensign's commission and the order of the cross, the decoration of which he himself fixed on her jacket.

She is illiterate, but clever. Her understanding is quick, and her perceptions keen. I think, with education she might have been a remarkable person. She is not particularly masculine in her appearance, and her manners are gentle and cheerful. She has not contracted any thing coarse or vulgar in her camp life, and I believe that no imputation has ever been substantiated against her modesty. One thing is certain, that her sex never was known until her father applied to her commanding officer to seek her.

There is nothing very peculiar in her manners at table, excepting that she eats farinha with her eggs at breakfast and her fish at dinner, instead of bread, and smokes a segar after each meal; but she is very temperate.

Sept. 8th, 1823. — I went with Mr. Hoste and Mr. Hately, of His Majesty's ship Briton, to Praya Grande, to see a party of Botocudo Indians, who are now there on a visit. As it is desired to civilise these people by every possible means, whenever they manifest a wish to visit the neighbourhood of the city, they are always encouraged and received kindly, fed to their hearts' content, and given clothes, and such trinkets and ornaments as they value. We saw about six men, and ten women, with some young children. The faces are rather square, with very high cheek-bones, and low contracted foreheads. Some of the young women are really pretty, of a light copper-colour, which glows all over when they blush; and two of the young men were decidedly handsome, with very dark eyes, (the usual colour of the eyes is hazel,) and aquiline noses; the rest were so disfigured by the holes cut in their lower lips and their ears to receive their barbarous ornaments, that we could scarcely tell what they were like. I had understood that the privilege of thus beautifying the face was reserved for the men *, but the women of this party

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* See Southy's Brazil, for the manners of the Tupayas. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the filiation of the Indian tribes, to know what relation the Botocudos bear to the Tupayas.

were equally disfigured. We purchased from one of the men a mouth-piece, measuring an inch and a half in diameter. The ornaments used by these people are pieces of wood perfectly circular, which are inserted into the slit of the lip or ear, like a button, and are extremely frightful, especially when they are eating. It gives the mouth the appearance of an ape's; and the peculiar mumping it occasions is so hideously unnatural, that it gives credit to, if it did not originally suggest, the stories of their cannibalism.* The mouth is still more ugly without the lip-piece, the teeth appearing, and saliva running through.

When we entered the room where the savages are lodged, most of them were lying in mats on the floor; some on their faces, and some on their backs. Three of the women were suckling their infants, and these were dressed only in coarse cotton petticoats; the rest of the females had cotton frocks, the men shirts and trousers, given them on their arrival here. As they are usually naked in the woods, their garments seemed to sit uneasily on them: their usual motions seemed slow and lazy; but when roused, there was a springy activity hardly fitting a human being, in all they did. They begged for money; and when we took out a few vintems, the women crowded round me, and pinched me gently to attract my attention. They had learned a few words of Portuguese, which they addressed to us, but discoursed together in their own tongue, which seemed like a series of half-articulate sounds.

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* Perhaps all the Indians may have been so far cannibals, as to taste of the flesh of prisoners taken in battle, or victims offered to the gods; but I cannot believe that any ever fed habitually on human flesh, for many reasons. But their traducers had their reasons for inventing and propagating the most atrocious falsehoods, as a sort of excuse for their own barbarity in hunting and making slaves of them. These practices, indeed, were so wicked, and so notorious, that in 1537, the Dominican Frey Domingos de Becançoo, provincial of the order in Mexico, sent Frey Domingos de Menaja to Rome to plead the cause of the Indians before Paul III.; who having heard *both sides*, pronounced that "The "Indians of America are men of rational soul, of the same nature and species as all "others, capable of the sacraments of the holy church, and consequently free by nature, "and lords of their own actions."

They had brought some of their bows and arrows with them of the rudest construction. The bow is of hard wood, with only two notches for the string. The arrows are of cane; some are pointed only with hard wood, others with a flat bit of cane tied with bark to the end of the hard wood: these arrows are five feet long; and I saw one of them penetrate several inches into the trunk of a tree, when shot by an Indian from his bow. I purchased one bow and two arrows. Most of these people had their hair closely clipped, excepting a tuft on the fore part of the head; and the men, who had slit their lips, had also pulled out their beards. The two handsome lads had cut their hair; but they had neither cut their lips nor pulled their beards. I tried to learn if this was a step towards civilisation, or if it was only that they had not reached the age when the ceremony of lip-slitting, &c. is practised, the interpreter attending them not being able to explain any thing but what concerns their commonest wants and actions.

September 9th. — I took two very fine Brazilian boys, who are about to enter the Imperial naval service, to spend the day at the botanical garden, which appears in much better order than when I saw it two years ago. The hedge-rows of the Bencoolen nut (*Vernilzia Montana*) are prodigiously grown: the Norfolk Island pine has shot up like a young giant, and I was glad to find many of the indigenous trees had been placed here; such as the *Andraguoa*, the nut of which is the strongest known purge; the *Cambucá*, whose fruit, as large as a russet apple, has the sub-acid taste of the gooseberry, to which its pulp bears a strong resemblance; the *Japatee-caba*, whose fruit is scarcely inferior to the damascene; and the *Grumachama*, whence a liquor, as good as that from cherries, is made: these three last are like laurels, and as beautiful as they are useful. I took my young friends to see the powder-mills, which are not now at work, being under repair; but they learned the manner of making powder, from the first weighing of the ingredients to the filling cartridges: and then we had our table spread in a pleasant part of the garden, under

the shade of a jumbu tree, and made the head gardener, a very ingenious Dutchman, partake of our luncheon; which being over, he showed us the cinnamon they have barked here, and the other specimens of spice: the cloves are very fine, and the cinnamon might be so; but the wood they have barked is generally too old, and they have not yet the method of stripping the twigs: this I endeavoured to explain, as I had seen it practised in Ceylon. The camphor tree grows very well here, but I do not know if the gum has ever been collected. The two boys were highly delighted with their jaunt, and I not less so. Poor things! they are entering on a hard service; and God knows whether the two cousins da Costa may not hereafter look back to this day passed with a stranger, as a bright "spot of azure in a stormy sky."

Sept. 13*th.*—I rode again to the botanic gardens with Mr. Hoste and Mr. Hately. Our chief object this time was the powder-mills. After walking round the garden, we proceeded along the valley of the mills; and so beautiful and sequestered a place, in the bosom of the mountains, was surely never before chosen as a manufactory for so destructive an article: I suppose the great command of water for the machinery is the chief inducement to fix it here. The powder is mixed by pounding, the mortars being of rosewood, and the pestles of the same shod with copper; yet the mortar-hoops are iron, which seems to me to be a strange oversight. I do not understand these things, however; but the machinery interested me: it is extremely simple, and the timber used in the construction very beautiful. The principal mill blew up a few months since, and is now under repair; so that we had an opportunity of seeing the water-courses, dams, wheels, &c., which we could not otherwise have enjoyed. We could not learn the relative strength of the powder. I have heard, however, that it is good. What I have seen is about as fine in grain as what we call priming powder in the navy. While we were walking about we were invited into several houses, by the overseers and other persons employed in the works, and pressed to

eat and drink with great hospitality. The greatest liberality to strangers, indeed, exists in all public establishments here. For instance, at the botanic garden there is a constant nursery of the rare and the useful plants, which are given away, on application, to strangers and natives alike; so that not only the gardens of Brazil are stocked with the rarer productions of the East, but they are carried to different countries in Europe, prepared by this cooler climate for their farther transplantation.

14*th.* — I observed on the beach to-day a line of red sandy-looking matter, extending all along the shore, and tinging the sea for several feet from the edge. At night this red edge became luminous; and I now recollect when on the passage to India in 1809, that on observing a peculiar luminous appearance of the sea, we took up a bucket of water, and on examining it next morning, we observed a similar red grainy substance floating in it. It is the first time I have seen it here, and I cannot find that any body has paid any attention to it. Perhaps it is not worth noticing; but I am so much alone, that I have grown more and more alive to all the appearances of inanimate nature. Besides, I must make much of the country, as in a few days I have to take up my abode in one of the narrow close streets of Rio; and this not from choice. It is the custom here, and a very natural and pleasant one it is, for every family that can, to live in the country all the summer: so that the houses of every kind, in the country, are in great request. The term for which that I live in was hired is expired, and I am therefore obliged to leave it. My going to town, perhaps, might be avoided, but there are some things I shall probably learn more perfectly by living there; and, besides, does not Lord Bacon advise that in order to profit much from travel, one should not only move from city to city, "but change his lodgings from one end and part of the city to another?"

The last fortnight has been extremely foggy, and rather cold; and we have had some fierce thunder-storms, that seem almost to rock the mountains, and threaten to bring them down upon us.

16*th.* — At length I am fixed in No. 79., Rua dos Pescadores, in the first floor of an excellent house, belonging to my kind friend Dr. Dickson, who himself inhabits a villa out of town; where he has a farm, a garden, a collection of minerals and insects, and all sorts of agreeable and profitable things, which he dispenses to others with the greatest good-nature. I am obliged to Sir Thomas Hardy for a pleasant passage to town from Botafogo, his carriage conveying me, and his boats my goods: so in a few hours I have changed my home, and have probably taken my leave of all English society, every body has such a dread of the heat of the town. However, as I look forward to going to England in a few months, perhaps in a few weeks, the more time I have for Brazil the better. My private affairs have so occupied me that I have scarcely had time to think of the public. Yet in the course of the last week the project of the constitution for Brazil, framed by the committee appointed, was sent from the Assembly to the Emperor; and yesterday the discussion of it, article by article, began in the full assembly.

17*th.* — One advantage has already arisen from my removal into town. I have received the very first news of the arrival of a ship from Lisbon with commissioners on the part of the King to the Emperor. I find, too, that at Lisbon they can publish false news, as well as in some other countries in Europe. That city had illuminated in consequence of news that Lord Cochrane had been beaten, and the Imperial navy destroyed by the Bahia squadron; and this illumination must have taken place just about the time that Madeira was evacuating the city, and flying before the Imperial Admiral's flag. As to the reception the commissioners are to meet with, it is doubtful. Some days since the brig 3° de Maio arrived here, having on board Luiz Paolino as successor to Madeira; who, finding he could not get into Bahia, came hither, to present, it is said, his commission as governor of Bahia to His Imperial Majesty as Prince Regent; and it is also said that he was the bearer of some letters. But as none of these acknowledged the title, or independence of the empire of Bra-

zil, they were not received; and the vessel has already sailed on her return to Lisbon. It is believed that the same fate will attend the present commissioners, Vieira and his colleague, if indeed the ship should not be condemned as a prize. But hitherto of course nothing is known.

Another vessel also arrived with intelligence of some moment from Buenos Ayres. It appears that the captain of His Majesty's ship Brazen has been at variance with the authorities there concerning the old subject of the right of boarding vessels, the priority of which the Buenos Ayrians claim for their own health-boat. The Commodore means to go thither himself on the business, and I have no doubt all will be well and reasonably settled.

18*th*. — I went to-day to the public library to ask about some books, and am invited to go and use what I like there: the librarians are all extremely polite, and the library is open to all persons for six hours daily.

I have also walked a great deal about the town, and have again visited the arsenals; in which very great improvements have been made and are making, particularly building sheds for the workmen. After an English arsenal, to be sure, the want of machinery and all the luxuries of labour is conspicuous; but the work is well done, and reminds me of that I used to see under the old Parsee builder in Bombay. They are laying down new ships and repairing old ones. I only wish they could form a nursery for seamen, because Brazil must have ships to guard her coasts. Fisheries off the Abrolhos, and from St. Catherine's, might perhaps do something towards it. From the arsenal I climbed the hill immediately overlooking it, where there is the convent of San Bento; where, it is said, there is a good library, but it is not accessible to women. The situation of the convent is delightful, overlooking both divisions of the harbour and the whole town, and the hills many a mile beyond. I am not sure whether a cloister or a prison, commanding a fine view, be preferable to one without. Whether the gazing on a beautiful scene be in itself a plea-

sure great enough to alleviate confinement; or whether it does not increase the longing for liberty in a way analogous to that in which a well-remembered air creates a longing, even to death, for the home where that air was first heard;—it seems to me as if, once imprisoned, I would break every association with liberty, and keep my eyes from wandering where my limbs must no longer bear me. However, I do suppose some may be, and some have been, happy in a cloister. I cannot envy them; I would fain not despise them.

September 19*th.*— Our little English world at Rio is grieving in one common mourning for the death of one of the youngest, and certainly the loveliest, of our countrywomen here. Beautiful and gay, and the lately married and cherished wife of a most worthy man, Mrs. N. died a short time after the birth of her first child. She had appeared to be recovering well; she relapsed and died. It is one of those events that excites sympathy in the hardest, and commiseration in the coldest.

23*d.* — I have been unwell again —but I find that staying at home does not cure me; so I went both yesterday and to-day to the library, where a pleasant, cool, little cabinet has been assigned to me, where whatever book I ask for is brought to me, and where I have pen, ink, and paper always placed to make notes. This is a kindness and attention to a woman and a stranger that I was hardly prepared for. The library was brought hither from Lisbon in 1810, and placed in its present situation, which was once the hospital belonging to the Carmelites. That hospital was removed to a healthier and more commodious situation, and the rooms, admirably adapted to the purpose, received the books, of which there are between sixty and seventy thousand volumes. The greater number are books of theology and law. There is a great deal of ecclesiastical history, and particularly all the Jesuits' accounts of South America. General and civil history are not wanting; and there are good editions of the classics. There are some fine works on natural history; but, excepting these, nothing modern; scarcely a book having been bought for sixty years. But a

noble addition was made to the establishment by the purchase of the Conde de Barca's library; in which there are some valuable modern works, and a very fine collection of topographical prints of all parts of the world.

I have begun to read diligently every scrap of Brazilian history I can find; and I have commenced by a collection of pamphlets, newspapers, some MS. letters and proclamations, from the year 1576 to 1757, bound up together *; some of these tracts Mr. Southey mentions, others he probably had not seen, but they contain nothing very material that he has not in his history. This morning's study of Brazilian history in the original language is one great advantage I derive from my removal into town. Besides which, I speak now less English than Portuguese.

24th. — Having now received the portrait which Mr. Erle, an ingenious young English artist, has been painting of the Senhora Alerez Dona Maria de Jesus, I took it to show it to her friend and patron, Jose Bonifacio de Andrada e Silva.

I never spend half an hour any where with more pleasure and profit than with the ex-minister's family. His lady is of Irish parentage, an O'Leary, a most amiable and kind woman, and truly appreciating the worth and talent of her husband; and all the nephews and other relations I meet there appear superior in education and understanding to the generality of persons I see. But it is Jose Bonifacio himself who attracts and interests me most. He is a small man, with a thin lively countenance; and his manner and conversation at once impress the beholder with the idea of that restless activity of mind which

"O'er-informs its tenement of clay,"

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* To this collection is a printed and engraved title-page, as follows: "Noticias Historicas e Militares da America Collegidas por Diogo Barboso Machado Abbade da Igreja de Santo Adriano de Sever, e Academico da Academia Real. Comprehende do Anno de 1579 até 1757." It contains twenty-four pamphlets, &c. The Abbade Machado's name is in almost all the historical books I have yet seen in the library. I know not how the collection of the author of the Bibliotheca Lusitania became part of the royal library.

and is but too likely to wear out the body that contains it. The first time I saw him in private was after he ceased to be minister, his occupations before that time leaving him little leisure for private society. I was curious to see the retreat of a public man. I found him surrounded by young people and children, some of whom he took on his knee and caressed; and I could easily see that he was very popular among the small people. To me, as a stranger, he was most ceremoniously yet kindly polite, and conversed on all subjects and of all countries. He has visited most of those of Europe.

His library is well stored with books in all languages. The collection on chemistry and on mining is particularly extensive, and rich in Swedish and German authors. These, indeed, are subjects peculiarly interesting to Brazil, and have naturally been of first-rate interest to him. But his delight is classical literature; and he is himself a poet of no mean order. Perhaps my knowledge of Portuguese does not entitle me to judge particularly on the vehicle or language of his poetry; but if lofty thoughts, new and beautiful combinations, keen sensibility, and a love of beauty and of nature, be essential to poetry, the poems he read to me to-day have them all. There is one in particular, on the Creation of Woman, glowing as the sun under which it was written, and as pure as his light. Perhaps it derived some of its merit from his manner of reading it, which, though not what is called fine reading, is full of character and intelligence.

To-day, Jose Bonifacio gave me a translation from Meleager, which seems to me very beautiful. It was written at Lisbon in 1816, and two or three copies printed by one of his friends, and the last of these is now mine. *

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* *Traducçăo.*

Já do ether fugio ventosa inverno,
E da florida primavera a hora
Purpurea rio: de verde herva mimosa
A Terra denegrida se corôa.
Bebem os prados já liquido orvalho,
Com que medraŏ as plantas, e festejaŏ
Os abertos botŏes das novas rosas.

Let no one say, that he is too miserable for any comfort to reach him. I am alone, and a widow, and in a foreign land; my health weak, my nerves irritable, and having neither wealth nor rank; forced to receive obligations painful and discordant with my former habits and prejudices, and often meeting with impertinence from those who take advantage of my solitary situation: but I am nevertheless sure that I have more *half-hours*, I dare not say *hours*, of true enjoyment, and fewer days of real misery, than half of those whom the world accounts happy. And I thank God, who gave me the temper to feel grief exquisitely, that he at the same time gave me an equal capacity for joy. And it is a joy to find minds that can understand and communicate with our own; to meet occasionally with persons of similar habits of thinking, and who, when the business of life rests a while, seek recreation in the same pursuits. This delight I do oftener enjoy than I could have hoped, so far from cultivated Europe.

Com as asperos sons da frauta rude
Folga o Serrano, o Pegureiro folga
Com as alvos recentes cabritinhos.
Já sulcaŏ Nautas estendidas ondas;
E Favonio innocente as velas boja.
As Menades, cubertas as cabeças
Da flor d'hera, tres vezes enrolada,
Do uvifero Baccho orgias celebraŏ:
A Geraçaŏ bovina das abelhas
Seus trabalhos completa; j'a produzem
Formoso mel; nos favos repousados
Candida cera multiplicaŏ. Cantaŏ
Por toda a parte as sonorosas aves:
Nas ondas o Alcyaŏ, em torna aos tectos
Canta a Andorinha; canta o branco Cysne
Na ribanceira, e o Rouxinol no bosque.
Se pois as plantas ledas reverdecem;
Florece a Terra; o Guardador a frauta
Tange, e folga co'as maçans folhudas;
Se aves gorgeiaŏ; se as abelhas criaŏ;
Navegaŏ Nautas; Baccho guia as choros:
Porque naŏ cantará tambem o Vate
A risonha, a formosa Primavera?

One or two of my friends are, indeed, like costly jewels, not to be worn every day; but there are several of sterling metal that even here disarm the ills of this "working-day world" of half their sting.

Sept. 26th, 1823. — A marriage in high life engages many of the talkers of Rio. A fidalgo, an officer distinguished under Beresford, Don Francisco ——, whose other name I have forgotten, is fortunate enough to have obtained one of the loveliest grand-daughters of the Baroness de Campos, *Maria de Loreto;* whose extraordinary likeness to our own Princess Charlotte of Wales is such, that I am sure no English person can have seen her without being struck with it. Here, no unmarried women are allowed to be present at a marriage; but the ceremony is performed in the presence of the nearest relations, being married, on both sides. The mother of the bride sends notice to court, if she be of rank to do so, afterwards to other ladies, according to their degree, of the marriage of her daughter. The bride then goes to court; after which the ladies visit her, and proceed to congratulate the other members of the family. It is said this match is one in which the lawful lord of such things, *i. e.* Master Cupid, has had more to do than he is usually allowed to have in Brazil, even since it was independent; and truly a handsomer couple will not often be seen. I am glad of it. Surely free choice on such an important subject is as much to be desired as on any other. On this occasion,

> " The god of love, who stood to spy them,
> The god of love, who must be nigh them,
> Pleased and tickled at the sight,
> Sneezed aloud; and at his right
> The little loves that waited by,
> Bow'd and bless'd the augury;"

as my favourite Cowley says; and I hope we shall have more such free matches in our free Brazil, where, hitherto, the course of true love is apt not to run smooth, that is, if my informants on the subject are in the right. Seriously, perhaps there has not hitherto been refinement enough for the delicate metaphysical love of Europe; which, because it is more rational, more noble, than all others, is less