country where assassination is much too common, appeared to me an excellent custom; it gave the surrounding multitude an opportunity of ascertaining, whether the deceased came to his end by a natural process, or by violence; unless poison might have been so administered as to excite no suspicion, or a wound might be concealed under the gaudy array. At all events it renders the concealment of murder more difficult than it otherwise would be. In due time the priests receive the body, perform over it the rites of the church, and deliver it to those who are charged with the ultimate ceremonies. By these men I saw a body, the dress and ornaments of which were unusually rich, entirely stripped of them; and the work was done so coolly as to demonstrate that the men either had a right to do so, or had been long accustomed to do ill. In general, the trappings are only cut or torn from the bier, to which they have been fastened in order to keep the corpse from rolling over; it is then tumbled into the grave, which for white people is always within some sacred building; a quantity of quick lime and the earth are thrown in, and the whole beaten down with huge wooden stampers. This last circumstance appeared to me more inhuman and shocking than any I had ever witnessed at an interment, and I even thought it not many degrees short of canibalism itself.

The poorer people, or at least the blacks, in these ultimate rites are treated with much less ceremony. Soon after death the body is sewed up in a coarse cloth, and intimation sent to one of the two burial-grounds appropriated to their use that a corpse is to be interred. Two men are then sent to the house, who place the body in a sort of hammock, suspend it upon a pole between them, and carry it through the streets in the same manner as they would walk with any common burden. If, in the line of their rout, another or two should be ready for the same dreary home, these are put into the same hammock with the first, and conveyed, at the same time, to the grave-yard. There a long trench is dug across it, six feet wide, and four or five deep; the bodies are thrown into it without ceremony of any kind, and laid straight across it in tiers, one above another, so that the head of one lies on the

feet of that immediately below it, and in this manner the black unreflecting and insensible Sextons proceed, until the trench is nearly filled; earth is then thrown in, and raised above. It is almost needless to add, that at these Cemeteries the most disgusting scenes were sometimes beheld by those who chose to explore them, that the offensive smell was almost intolerable, and until a reform took place they seriously threatened the health of the city.

The inhumanity of some of these funeral customs may, perhaps, seem to be, in a small measure, redeemed by another, in which I was involuntarily made a party. While standing at the gate of one of the chapels, the corpse of what had been a lovely girl was brought by four persons on a bier, gaily dressed, and fully exposed as usual. As the first bearer on the left passed by me, he seized my right hand, and put into it the handle which he had held; the thing was done so suddenly that I found myself one of the supporters of the body, almost without knowing it. Being then ignorant of their ceremonies, and unwilling to give offence by not complying with them exactly, I gladly took advantage of some embarrassment, occasioned by the door-post, as we entered, to surrender the handle of the bier to a person withinside the chapel. Had I proceeded, however, it afterwards appeared, it would have been deemed a compliment to the deceased, and a gratification to her friends.

It may not be improper to add here that, in subsequent years, the common harshness of the proceedings at funerals was much softened. It is become customary, among genteel people, to use a lid upon the bier, which is loose, and may be taken off; the body is not publicly exposed in the streets, and if seen at all, it is by the priests only in the church. They receive the corpse on the day of death, conduct it to the grave, and consign it to interment; a day or two afterward a lofty altar is erected in the church, on which an empty coffin is placed, covered with a pall, embroidered with a cross; around it the requiem is sung, and the greater ceremonies performed.

To return to the parish of St. Jozé,—it is extensive, and includes

within its boundaries the Royal Palace. I have heard that, in old times, under the Vicereys, when the Host was carried to any person within the limits of the parish, it was conveyed in the Governor's carriage. This custom is laid aside, much to the discontent of the priests, who love pomp, and of the parishioners, who would be distinguished in sickness and death; but they hope it will be revived, when the Royal Family becomes more settled. At present, the processions of the Host occur too often, on occasions too frivolous, and are attended by too many noisy boys, to be either respectable or impressive.

The church of Nossa Senhora do Rozario is a small mean looking building, with a low steeple, furnished with two bells, a rare circumstance in Rio. In the front, which faces the East, is a small inclosure, the wall of which is in a most dilapidated state. The interior of the church is dark and dismal; the altar, though rather spacious, is heavy and dirty, and upon it are two lamps always burning, the light of which is visible in the front a long way down the street. A considerable open space surrounds the church, but several buildings are encroaching upon it, and the passages all around are most offensively filthy.

Santa Rita has an edifice dedicated to her in the Rua dos Ourives. It is more modern than the former, more light and cheerful. Its front communicates with a small square, ornamented with a Cross. The architecture is a very favourable display of recent workmanship, the walls are not destitute of ornament, the altar rich and splendid.

The church of the Candelaria is a noble pile of building, the best specimen of taste and magnificence which Rio can boast. It is not yet finished, but, being situated near the centre of the city, will probably be more frequented than any other church. It has two steeples, and a richly ornamented front, and forms a fine object from the water.

Besides these there are several other churches, which do not pretend to parochial honours. In Rua Direita is that of the Cross, like the preceding, unfinished. It has a fine well proportioned front, adorned with the figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity. It has been entirely built by the military, and is appropriated to their use.

Near to it is the church da Lapa dos Mascates, or Pedlar's Hole. It is a small square building, with a dome and cupola, covered with blue and white Dutch-tiles. Its proportions are by no means good, and it is situated in the midst of narrow lanes and alleys, otherwise the workmanship would render it an ornament to a city where the art of building is little understood.

In the Rua do Santo Pedro is a small church, dedicated to that Apostle. It also is covered with a dome and cupola, and has a raised platform before it. The exterior is remarkably plain; of the interior I cannot speak, having never seen it open.

Toward the upper part of the Rua d'Alfandaga is the sacred edifice of Nossa Senhora dos Homens, which, though unfinished, is open for public service. It is a fine building, and, like all the modern churches, has an ascent of two or three steps from the street. The architecture is solid and handsome; but it stands in a very confined situation. There is little ornament in the interior; the altar, however, is well proportioned, and, when lighted up, makes a splendid show.

One of the best buildings in Rio, next to the church of the Candelaria, is that dedicated to Santo Francisco do Paula, which occupies one side of the square of the same name. It is of brown sand-stone, has two ornamental steeples in front, and a noble flight of steps, surpassing every thing of the kind in the city. Its interior is singularly plain, but spacious and lofty. It forms a fine object at one end of the Rua do Fogo, as the fort of Concegam does at the other. Some of its subordinate buildings are converted, pro tempore, into offices of government. Within its precincts there is, also, a house of miracles, furnished with miserable pictures, written tablets, and models of limbs, placed there by the devout, the superstitious, and the grateful, who have been healed of divers diseases, or preserved from danger.

The church of Santa Luzia is a small and plain one, situated to the South of the city, in a delightful spot, under the brow of a lofty and steep hill, and close to the beach. The immediate front of the church is defended by large masses of stone, against which the surge beats

heavily, but harmlessly. Such a precaution was not unnecessary, for the sea had fretted away much of the barrier on either hand, and a little to the South lie the ruins of a large house, which was once thought to be far out of the reach of the turbulent ocean.

Within view, about a mile distant, on the opposite side of a small bay, and on the declivity of a pleasant hill, overshadowed with wood, is the beautiful church of Nossa Senhora da Gloria, to which is attached a small convent, occupied by German Jesuits. Altogether this is one of the most picturesque objects in the neighbourhood of the city.

The church of Santa Anna stands at one corner of the Campo, or field, of the same name, West of the city. It is a small, neat building, and has a well proportioned steeple attached to it, but is uncomfortably situated among deep and loose sand. The interior is extremely well lighted, clean and neat. Once a year there is a festival held in this church, to which great numbers resort. It seems to resemble our old wakes or feasts, and to be calculated to maintain or revive, among the people of Rio, some neighbourly intercourse and sociability.

There are six other small and little noticed churches, in an unfinished state; some of them so much so as to be unfit for the reception of worshippers. This work goes slowly forward, notwithstanding the stimulus furnished by the Roman Catholic religion; not, indeed, more slowly than might be expected, considering that the only stated funds for the purpose arise from the contributions of the faithful, and that these are, in general, very small. Seldom are any but pieces of copper coin seen in the dish, and one of silver, occasionally appearing among them, excites great attention. Though these funds are sometimes aided by extraordinary gifts, in testimony of gratitude for general success, or the fortunate issue of particular undertakings; and by the produce of vows made for deliverance from perils by sea or land, through the interference of some Saint, who requires to be honoured, in return for his favours. It is really wonderful that so much is accomplished; it could not be done did not the priests, who superintend the work, use great care, and expend what is raised with fidelity.

Besides these places of public worship, there are others of an inferior order; such as chapels, which seem to belong to all, the same as the churches; others, which are attached to convents; and not a few in the larger private establishments, chiefly in the environs of the city.

Among the public Chapels, the Royal one calls for our first attention; and, on account of its enjoying, under its humbler designation, many of the dignities and privileges of a cathedral, on account of its splendour, its princely attendants, and the multitudes of all ranks, who frequent it, ought not, perhaps, to have been represented as inferior to the churches.

It stands on the West side of the Largo do Paço, forming a handsome object from the water; and once belonged to the Convent do Carmo. The ascent to the East door, the height and proportions of which are good, and which forms the grand entrance, is by a few broad steps; from whence, up to the altar, the view is rich and striking. The interior forms one spacious, well-lighted room, though divided into a nave, a small transept, and a chancel, with a lofty painted ceiling. The walls exhibit some fine specimens of carving, particularly of angels and saints. Over the door is an orchestra, handsomely railed in front, containing a good organ. Beneath the orchestra the space is entirely open, and contains no furniture except two stone basins for holy water, and confessional chairs. Beyond this, a narrow space on each side of the chapel, extending to the upper part of the nave, is separated by substantial rails, and designed for the use of men during divine worship. The inner space is appropriated to females, who sit on the floor, with their feet and legs doubled under them, as each can find room, without distinction of rank, age, or colour. The floor of this part of the chapel is divided by frame work into compartments of six feet by three; these are graves, or rather catacombs, from which the flooring may easily be removed, as occasion requires. On each side of the chancel, which is spacious, and covered with carpets, are ranged the inferior priests. The bishop's throne is near the middle, on the right of the altar; on the left, and high in the building, are the royal boxes, if such a term may be allowed. The high altar is superb; and

there are several others, reared to the honour of different saints, on which lamps are continually burning. In the nave is the pulpit, projecting from the wall, and conveniently placed above the congregation. The whole is well adapted to make an impression on minds, more readily affected by show and ceremony, than by sober judgment and devout feeling.

The orchestra is well supplied, and the music admirable; but its effect is not a little counteracted by a circumstance, which has often excited the risible faculties of heretics. Directly in front, and below the railing of the orchestra, is a well-carved figure, much like what in England is called a Saracen's Head. The face expresses wonder, rage, and consternation, or rather a sort of suppressed ferocity. Its eyes are large and glaring, and fixed so directly upon the small Crucifix, which stands on the altar, that no one can mistake their object. The mouth is coarse and open, containing a concealed pipe, which communicates with the organ. In the more pathetic parts of the mass, and particularly at the elevation of the Host, the key of this pipe is touched, and the head utters a dismal groan, expressive of the horror, which infidels must feel on such an occasion. Whatever may be thought of the conceit, such mummery cannot be Christian worship.

The altar-piece also deserves reprehension. It is a servile display of flattery; but it would be hard for flattery to be carried to such a pitch of grossness, as to disgust a Brazilian. The painting represents no one of the great events recorded in the gospel, but the marriage of the present King and Queen, who appear kneeling on crimson cushions, with the ensigns of royalty scattered around, and angels assisting at the ceremony. It is not ill done, and the likenesses are very complete; but no refinement of taste is necessary, in order to feel its utter incongruity with the most solemn rites of the Catholic communion.

Englishmen are often supposed to cherish a peculiarity of thinking, and some of my notions may not tally very exactly with those which prevail among my countrymen. But there are few of them, I believe, who have not felt some disgust, when they have seen persons in livery

with halberts in their hands, and soldiers with fixed bayonets, stationed in a place of religious worship. They are so in the chapel royal of Rio; but surely princes, who rule their people well, may render their homage to heaven free from danger, guarded by the grateful affection of those who share the advantages of their sway. I am confident that the sovereign of Brazil might do so, unmoved by any recollection of the fate of Thomas a Becket, or Lorenzo de Medici.

Close adjoining to the royal chapel is the Capella dos Terceiros, which is about the same size as its neighbour, but much less splendid. It is, however, respectable for its construction and ornament; the front is of brown stone, the doors remarkably handsome, and a sort of esplanade, with wooden railing, divides it from the street.

The Capella dos Terceiros do St. Antonio is near the convent named after the same saint; a good, substantial building, but in a dirty part of the town, and little frequented.

In the suburbs stands the chapel of St. Diogo, or James, finely placed on an eminence towards the West, and commanding a varied view of wood and water, of mountains and marshes.

Dedicated to St. Francisco is a very pretty chapel, near the Prainha. It is placed on a lofty and precipitous rock, has a plain front, and commands a noble prospect of the upper bay, and the surrounding country. But its advantages are, in a great measure, lost from its situation in an unfrequented part of the town, and from the difficulty of access to it.

Near to the Military Hospital, stands a chapel dedicated to St. Lorenzo, which contains an old picture of the saint's sufferings; sometimes considered as representing a very different subject, yet serving like the statue of Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome, to inflame the devotion of good and undiscerning catholics.

The chapels of Livramento, Saüde, Conceiçam, and St. Sebastian, are, generally speaking, pleasantly situated, but they are small and obscure.

In the midst of the city, and close to the Largo do St. Francisco do

Paula, are the exterior walls of what would, probably, have been a noble edifice. It was begun by the Jesuits for their church; the destruction of the order occasioned it to be left unfinished. Part of it is now covered, and converted into schools; some of those of St. Joachim being removed thither.

There are also, in several parts of the city, arches erected against the walls of the houses, and inclosed with large folding-doors. These contain a representation of the Saviour, a picture or image of a saint, or some of the insignia of religion. The doors are opened only on especial occasions, and are then surrounded by a superstitious, but noisy and indecorous crowd. At several corners of the streets, also, are placed images of the Virgin Mary, some of them standing in large glass cases; during the day curtains are drawn around them, but at the hour of vespers the curtains are withdrawn, some pious people place a few candles before each image, and oblige their slaves to appear there and sing the Ave Marias. This is done without the least shadow of devotion, and appeared to us Protestants to be pre-eminent among the indecent and offensive practices of its kind. We were less shocked when we saw persons of a religious cast falling upon their knees, in the public streets, and paying their homage to a log so rotten as to indicate some apprehension that it might fall upon them. But it seemed as if they dared not omit such ceremonies, a superstitious dread having taken full possession of their minds. Certainly they need not those heralds of devotion, which are employed in other Christian countries; bells are few, and seldom used for this purpose, though religious ceremonies are announced and accompanied by rockets and other fire-works; a custom adopted, probably, when the churches were surrounded by native Indians, and calculated to produce a powerful effect upon their minds.

In the Rua do Rozario stands the Hospicio, with its chapel. This is the house to which Ecclesiastics resort, when travelling, who have no particular friends in the city, and are not of consequence enough to procure an invitation to one of the convents. Here they are accommodated, during their stay, with food and lodging suitable to their peculiar habits.

The Convent of St. Bento is the principal one in Rio. It stands on a fine rocky elevation, and commands a noble view of the city, the bay, its coast and islands. The ascent to it is steep, but the road takes a curved direction, is broad, and leads up to an area paved with bricks, and defended with a wall as high as the breast. At the back part of this area is the front of the chapel, built above a hundred years ago, adorned with two turrets, and furnished with a clock and bells. The interior is, perhaps, the most splendid of any thing of the kind in Brazil. It contains a great deal of carved work, some well executed altars, and walls covered with gilding. The orchestra is a good one, yet the worship is thinly attended.

In the anti-room, at the entrance of the convent, is a curious painting. It represents the tree of life, round and expansive, with firm roots, a strong stem, and branches full of foliage. It is, at once, in flower and fruit; the former a sort of rose, not unlike the flower of the tree which produces the celebrated Brazil-wood, and probably intended to represent it; the fruit is of a most unusual description, a Benedictine Monk, in the full habit of the order, seated in the midst of the flower. The countenances and figures seem to be drawn from the life, and are well done. A man, who has no reverence for Monks, may smile at the strange conceit; yet the picture is so designed and executed that it is almost impossible not to mix some feelings of admiration, at the sight of it, with those of contempt. It brings to mind the History of the Order, its wealth and ease, and its unrivalled influence over Brazilian affairs.

Passing on to a sort of inner anti-chamber, we find the entrance to several rooms; over the door of one, I think the library, is this motto, "Wisdom has builded herself a house." This is, without question, the most luxurious house which Wisdom, or more properly Cunning, has built in Rio. But when we reflect who are its inhabitants, and that it is exclusively theirs, though built at the expense of thousands, the sarcasm of the inscription appears too keen. Within the convent is an area surrounded by piazzas, whence passages lead to different suites of rooms. The refectory is commodious, and sometimes set out with great

magnificence. The other apartments display little of convenience, and less of cleanliness: the kitchen is excessively filthy. There is nothing like a receptacle for dirt; and all round the house is one unvaried disgusting scene.

In an exterior passage of the convent, a religious maniac has taken up his abode; he is said to have committed some enormous crime, and, to appease angry heaven, never leaves the holy precincts. There he lives upon precarious, but unasked charity; and makes his bed on a heap of small stones and broken pots, which he has collected. A non-entity like this would not have been worth notice, but that many look upon him as an inspired saint; and nearly all consider the witless as favoured of heaven.

At the back of the house the rock is precipitous, and quite unguarded. There stands an old horizontal sun-dial, now rendered almost useless by the clock, which announces the hour to the whole city. The site of this dial commands a fine prospect of every part of the bay, and its gnomon serves now as a compass, to assist in taking the bearings of mountains, inlets, and islands.

Saint Francisco is the patron of another convent, which stands upon an equal eminence on the opposite side of the city. The ascent to it is by a long inclined plane, which conducts to a paved area, from which there is a fine view of the town, and a still finer of the Sugar-loaf. The Chapel is rich and well adorned; the interior of the house remarkable for its order and neatness. From this unusual praise the kitchen must be excepted; and certainly no Brazilian one should be seen by those who make the smallest pretensions to delicacy. The library is a large room, and contains many books. Here a volume of English sermons was handed to me, and I was requested to read a page; the subject was the Trinity. I next happened to take down a volume of a quarto bible, containing the Psalms; in one column the Vulgate, in the other a Portuguese translation. I hardly know whether there was any particular meaning in what followed, but on one of the Monks asking me if I understood the Latin, and on my replying that I did, he hastily snatched the book out of my hand, replaced it on the shelf, and hurried the party