the poor, it has every form — porridge, brose, bread; and no meal is complete without it: next to mandioc, the feijoam or dry kidney-bean, dressed in every possible way, but most frequently stewed with a small bit of pork, garlic, salt, and pimento, is the favourite food; and for dainties, from the noble to the slave, sweetmeats of every description, from the most delicate preserves and candies to the coarsest preparations of treacle, are swallowed wholesale.

We have hired a horse for our invalid, and I have borrowed one for myself. These animals are rather pretty at Rio, but far from strong; they are fed on maize and capim, or Guinea grass, which was introduced of late years into Brazil, and thrives prodigiously: it is cultivated by planting the joints; the stem and leaves are as large as those of barley; it grows sometimes to the height of six or seven feet, and the flower is a large loose pannicle. The quantity necessary for each horse per day costs about eightpence, and his maize as much more. The common horses here sell for from twenty to one hundred dollars; the fine Buenos Ayres horses fetch a much higher price. Mules are generally used for carriages, being much hardier, and more capable of bearing the summer heat.

December 19th.—I walked by the side of Langford's horse up one of the little valleys at the foot of the Corcorado: it is called the Laranjeiros, from the numerous orange trees which grow on each side of the little stream that beautifies and fertilises it. Just at the entrance to that valley, a little green plain stretches itself on either hand, through which the rivulet runs over its stony bed, and affords a tempting spot to groups of washerwomen of all hues, though the greater number are black; and they add not a little to the picturesque effect of the scene: they generally wear a red or white handkerchief round the head; and a full-plaited mantle tied over one shoulder, and passed under the opposite arm, with a full petticoat, is a favourite dress. Some wrap a long cloth round them, like the Hindoos; and some wear an ugly European frock, with a most ungraceful sort of bib tied before them. Round the washerwoman's plain, hedges of acacia and mimosa fence the gardens of plantains,

oranges, and other fruits which surround every villa; and beyond these, the coffee plantations extend far up the mountain, whose picturesque head closes the scene. The countryhouses here are neither large nor magnificent; but they are decorated with verandas, and have often a handsome flight of steps up to the dwelling-house of the master, beneath which are either store-houses, or the habitations of the slaves: they have all a gateway, large and handsome, whatever the house may be; and that gateway generally leads to at least one walk where every kind of flower is cultivated. Brazil is particularly rich in splendid creeping flowers and shrubs; and these are mingled with the orange and lemon blossoms, and the jasmine and rose from the East, till the whole is one thicket of beauty and fragrance. I scarcely know whether my invalid or myself enjoyed the morning most. A few more such, and I should think all sickness must disappear.

December 20th. — Spent in paying and receiving visits in the neighbourhood. The houses are built a good deal like those of the south of Europe: there is generally a court, on one side of which is the dwelling-house, and the others are formed by the offices and garden. Sometimes the garden is immediately close to the house, and in the suburbs this is generally the case. In town, very few houses have the luxury of a garden at all. These gardens are rather like oriental flower-plots, but they assimilate well with the climate. The flowers of the parterres of Europe grow by the side of the gayer plants and shrubs of the country, shaded by the orange, banana, bread-fruit (now nearly naturalised here,) and the palms, between straight alleys of limes, over whose heads the African melia waves its lilac blossoms; and on the raised water channels, china vases are placed, filled with aloes and tuberoses, and here and there a statue intermixed. In these gardens there are occasionally fountains and seats under the trees, forming places of no undelightful rest in this hot climate.

Friday, December 21st. — Mr. Hayne, one of the commissioners of the slave trade commission, and his sister, having proposed a party to see the botanic gardens, we set off soon after day-light; and

Drawn by Maria Graham.

Engraved by Edw.d Finden.

LARANGEIROS.

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drove to their house on the bay of Boto Fogo, perhaps the most beautiful spot in the neighbourhood of Rio, rich as it is in natural beauty; and its beauty is increased by the numerous and pretty countryhouses which now surround it. These have all grown up since the arrival of the court from Lisbon; before that time, this lovely spot was only inhabited by a few fishermen and gipsies, with, it might be, a villa or two on the sloping banks by the fruit gardens. Beyond the bay, we drove through a beautiful lane to the Lake of Rodrigo de Freitas: it is nearly circular, and about five miles in circumference; it is surrounded by mountains and forests, except where a short sandy bar affords an occasional outlet to the sea, when the lake rises so high as to threaten inconvenience to the surrounding plantations. It is impossible to conceive any thing richer than the vegetation down to the very water's edge around the lake.

We were to breakfast at the gardens, but as the weather is now hot, we resolved first to walk round them. They are laid out in convenient squares, the alleys being planted on either side with a very quick-growing nut tree, brought from Bencoolen originally, now naturalised here. The nut is as good as the filbert, and larger than the walnut, and yields abundance of oil; the leaf is about the size, and not unlike the shape, of that of the sycamore. The timber also is useful. The quick growth of this tree is unexampled among timber trees, and its height and beauty distinguish it from all others. The hedges between the compartments are of a shrub which I should have taken for myrtle, but that the leaves though firm are not fragrant. This garden was destined by the King for the cultivation of the oriental spices and fruits, and above all, of the tea plant, which he obtained, together with several families accustomed to its culture, from China. Nothing can be more thriving than the whole of the plants. The cinnamon, camphor, nutmeg, and clove, grow as well as in their native soil. The bread-fruit produces its fruit in perfection, and such of the oriental fruits as have been brought here ripen as well as in India. I particularly remarked the jumbo malacca, from India, and the longona (*Euphoria Longona*), a dark kind of

lechee from China. I was disappointed to find no collection of the indigenous plants. However, so much has been done as to give reasonable hopes of farther improvement, when the political state of the country shall be quiet enough to permit attention to these things.

The stream that waters the garden flows through a lovely valley, where the royal powder-mills are situated; but being fearful of too much exertion for Langford we put off visiting them to another day, and returned to the garden gate to breakfast. His Majesty John VI. built a small house there, with three or four rooms, to accommodate the royal party, when they visited the gardens. Our breakfast was prepared in the veranda of that house, from whence we had a charming view of the lake, with the mountains and woods, — the ocean, with three little islands that lie off the lake; and in the foreground a small chapel* and village, at the extremity of a little smooth green plain.

After waiting with our agreeable and well-informed friends till the sea-breeze set in, we returned part of the way along the lake, and then ascended to the parsonage of Nossa Senhora da Cabeça, where we were joined by several other persons who had come to dine there with us. The Padre Manoel Gomez received us very kindly, and our pic-nic was spread in the ample veranda of his parsonage. Behind the veranda three small rooms served for sleeping-room, kitchen, and pantry. Half a dozen small cottages in the field behind contain the healthy-looking negroes who are employed in his coffee-grounds, and a swarm of children of every shade, between black and white. On a little eminence in the midst of these stands the chapel of Our Lady, which is the parish church of a large district. It is exceedingly small; but serves as the place where the sacrameuts are administered, and the licences granted for marriages, burials, and christenings. The owners of estates have generally private chapels, where daily mass is performed for the benefit of

* Dedicated to St. John Baptist. I am not sure whether this or N. S. da Cabeça is the mother church; the same clergyman officiates in both.

their own people; so that the parish church is only applied to on the above-mentioned occasions. About a stone's throw behind the chapel, a clear rivulet runs rapidly down the mountain, leaping from rock to rock, in a thousand little cascades, and forming, here and there, delightful baths. Nor is it without its inhabitants, which increase the simple luxuries of the Padre's table. He tells me the crawfish in his stream are better than any in the neighbourhood; the water itself is pure, light, and delicate.

At length all our friends had assembled, and we returned to the veranda to dine. To judge by the materials of the feast, so blended were the productions of every climate that we could scarcely have pronounced in what part of the world we were, had not the profusion of ananas and plantains, compared with the small quantity of apples and peaches, reminded us of it. As is usual on such occasions, the oldest inhabitants of Brazil praised most what came from afar; while *we* all gave the preference to the productions of the country.

I was soon drawn away from the table by the beauty of the prospect, which I endeavoured to sketch. The coffee plantations are the only cultivated grounds hereabouts; and they are so thickly set with orange trees, lemons, and other tall shrubs, that they form in appearance rather a variety in the woods, than that mixture of cultivated with wild ground, which might be looked for so near a large city, where we expect to see the labour of man encroaching in some degree on the wild beauties of nature. But here vegetation is so luxuriant, that even the pruned and grafted tree springs up like the native of the forest.

As every body was determined to be pleased, we all felt sorry when it was time to separate; but Burns has made all the reflections one can make on breaking up a pleasant party —

> " Pleasures are like poppies spread, —
> You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
> Or like the snow-falls in the river, —
> A moment white, then lost for ever;
> Or like the rainbow's fleeting form,
> Evanishing amid the storm;

Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place.
No man can tether time or tide:
The hour approaches, —*we* must ride."

And so we did. — We walked down to the foot of the hill, and each took his or her several conveyance; Colonel and Mrs. Cunningham their comfortable English chariot, Mr. and Miss Hayne their pretty curricle, and I my Rio caleche or *sege*, — a commodious but ugly carriage, very heavy, but well enough adapted to the rough roads between the garden and the town. The gentlemen all rode, and most of us carried home something. Fruit and flowers attracted some; Langford got a number of diamond beetles, and a magnificent butterfly, and I a most inadequate sketch of the scene from the Padre's house.

December 27th. — Since the jaunt to the botanical gardens, some of our invalids have been gaining ground: others who were well have become invalids, and I have done nothing but ride about or talk with them, and look at the beautiful views of the neighbourhood, and get a little better acquainted with the inhabitants; of whom the most amusing, so far as I have yet seen, are certainly the negroes, who carry about the fruit and vegetables for sale. The midshipmen have made friends with some of them. One of them has become quite a friend in the house; and after he has sold his master's fruit, earns a small gratuity for himself, by his tales, his dances, and his songs. His tribe, it seems, was at war with a neighbouring king, and he went out to fight when quite a boy, was taken prisoner, and sold. This is probably the story of many: but our friend tells it with action and emphasis, and shows his wounds, and dances his war dance, and shouts his wild song, till the savage slave becomes almost a sublime object. I have been for an hour to-night at a very different scene, a ball given by Mr. B ———, a respectable English merchant. The Portuguese and Brazilian ladies are decidedly superior in appearance to those of Bahia; they look of higher caste: perhaps the residence of the court for so many years has polished them.

I cannot say the men partake of the advantage; but I cannot yet speak Portuguese well enough to dare to pronounce what either men or women really are. As to the English, what can I say? They are very like all one sees at home, in their rank of life; and the ladies, very good persons doubtless, would require Miss Austin's pen to make them interesting. However, as they appear to make no pretensions to any thing but what they are, to me they are good-humoured, hospitable, and therefore pleasing.

Monday, 31st Dec. 1822.—I went to town for the first time; our road lay through the suburb of the Catete for about half a mile. Some handsome houses are situated on either hand, and the spaces between are filled with shops, and small houses inhabited by the families of the shopkeepers in town. We then came to the hill called the Gloria, from the name of the church dedicated to N. S. da Gloria, on the eminence immediately overlooking the sea. The hill is green, and wooded and studded with countryhouses. It is nearly insulated; and the road passes between it and another still higher, just where a most copious stream issues from an aqueduct (built, I think, by the Conde de Lavradio), and brings health and refreshment to this part of the town from the neighbouring mountains. Farther on, after passing the beach of the Gloria, we turned to the left, and entered the new part of that town through the arches of the great aqueduct built in 1718 by the viceroy Albuquerque. This supplies four copious fountains. The largest is the Carioca*, near the convent of Sant Antonio; it has twelve mouths, and is most picturesque in itself: it is constantly surrounded by slaves, with their water-barrels, and by animals drinking. Just beyond are troughs of granite, where a crowd of washerwomen are constantly employed; and over against these, benches are placed, on which there are constantly seated new negroes for sale. The fountain of the Marecas is opposite to the public gardens, and near the new barracks; and, besides the spouts for water for the inhabitants, there are two troughs always full for the animals. The third is a very handsome one, in the palace square;

* The nickname of the inhabitants of Rio is Carioca, from this fountain.

and the fourth, called the Mouro, I did not see. The aqueduct is of brick, and is supported on two ranges of arches across the valley between two of the five hills of the city. The public buildings at Rio have nothing very remarkable about them. Even the churches present no architectural beauty, and owe the good effect they have in the general view to their size and situation. There are seven parish churches, and numerous chapels dependent on each. The first and eldest parish is that of St. Sebastian; the church dedicated to whom is the royal chapel, the only one I saw to-day. It is handsome within, richly gilt, and the pictures on the ceiling are far from contemptible; but I cannot praise that of the altar-piece, where Our Lady is covering with her cloak the Queen Dona Maria, and all the royal family, on their arrival in Brazil. The choir is served in a manner that would not disgrace Italy. I attended at vespers, and have seldom been more gratified with the music of the evening service. This the chapel owes to the residence of the royal family, whose passion and talent for music are hereditary. Adjoining to this chapel is the church and convent of the Carmelites, which forms part of the palace; and within which is the royal library of 70,000 volumes, where on all days, except holidays, the public are admitted to study from nine till one o'clock in the forenoon, and from four o'clock till sunset. This part of the palace occupies one side of a handsome square: the palace itself fills up another; a third has private houses, built uniformly with the palace, besides the fish-market; and the fourth is open to the sea. The water-edge is faced with a handsome granite pier and steps, the blocks of which are bolted with copper. In the centre of the pier there is a fountain, supplied from the aqueduct of Albuquerque; and altogether the appearance of the palace square is extremely handsome. We went thence into a street behind it, and saw the front of the senate-house, which is connected with the palace, and the cemetery of the Carmelite church, which is a prettier thing than church-yards usually are. In the centre of a small quadrangle there is a cross, and by it a young cypress tree: all around there are flowers, and sweet herbs, and porcelain vases, containing roses and

Drawn by Maria Graham.

Engraved by Edwd Finden.

RIO, FROM THE GLORIA HILL.

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aloes placed on little pedestals and on a broad low wall that surrounds the square. I looked at first in vain for graves; at length I observed on these low walls, and on the higher ones in the outer circle, indications of arches, each being numbered. These are the places for the dead, who are walled up there with quick-lime; and, at a certain period, the bones and ashes are removed to make room for others. At the time of removal, if the dead has a friend who wishes it, the remains are collected in urns or other receptacles, and placed in a building appropriated for them, or where the friend pleases; otherwise they go to the common receptacle, and perish totally by the addition of more quick-lime. This is, I doubt not, the wholesomest way of disposing of the dead; and, even to the sense, is better than the horrid burials at Bahia, where they must infect the air. But there seems to me so little feeling in thus getting rid at once of the remains of that which has once been dear to us, that I went away in disgust.

The city of Rio is more like an European city than either Bahia or Pernambuco; the houses are three or four stories high, with projecting roofs, and tolerably handsome. The streets are narrow, few being wider than that of the Corso at Rome, to which one or two bear a resemblance in their general air, and especially on days of festivals, when the windows and balconies are decorated with crimson, yellow, or green damask hangings. There are two very handsome squares, besides that of the palace. One, formerly the Roça, is now that of the Constituçaõ, to which the theatre, some handsome barracks and fine houses, behind which the hills and mountains tower up on two sides, give a very noble appearance. The other, the Campo de Santa Anna, is exceedingly extensive *, but unfinished. Two of the principal streets run across it, from the sea-side to the extremity of the new town, nearly a league, and new and wide streets are stretching out in every direction. But I was too tired with going about in the heat of the day to do more than take a cursory view of these things, and could not even persuade myself to look at the new fountain which is supplied by a new aqueduct.

* It is 1713 feet square.