

comfort, and not only an annoyance and inconvenience to the inhabitants themselves, but is shared by the stranger in passing through the streets.

We of course saw all that was to be seen in Rio. The churches claimed our first attention. They are richly decorated in the interior, with massive gold and silver ornaments, and at this time glittering with gems and precious stones. On some of the altars of the saints it is the practice to suspend the diseased parts of the body in wax, in honour of the cure supposed to have been effected by the saints' intercession. The sight of these is truly disgusting, although they are far from being well executed. The chapel of St. Cecilia was visited on the saint's day, 25th November. The music was very fine, from a large choir, consisting, besides the organ, of flutes, hautboys, horns, and basses of all kinds, with about ten vocalists, two of whom were eunuchs, about seventy years of age. The music consisted of selections from the best masters. The performers were about seventy in number. The steps of the church and the street were strewn on this occasion with orange-leaves. A number of females present were seated on the floor of the church, dressed in black, with white lace shawls, and wreaths of flowers round their heads. Fireworks, as usual in such ceremonies, were set off in front of the church at the beginning and end of the service.

The Misericordia has now become much out of repair, and I understood had fallen off in its charitable usefulness, but it still shows the remains of its former splendour. Few monks were seen about, and dead bodies were laid out in the Green House. At the time we visited it there were eight, the greater part of whom were negroes. A monk was seen saying a hasty prayer over the bodies, which were at once thrown into the trench, when they were sprinkled with lime, placing one layer over the other, until the hole, about six feet square and as many deep, is filled or level with the surface. After one of the trenches is filled, another is dug by the side of it. The crowded state of this place of interment is but too evident from the number of skulls and bones lying about, some still with portions of flesh adhering to them.

On the same evening, whilst this scene was still fresh in our minds, and as if in strong contrast with it, we met the funeral of a person of distinction. A black hearse, ornamented with black plumes, was drawn by mules. The driver had a cocked-hat and black plume. The coffin was covered with a scarlet pall ornamented with silver. About twenty altar-boys, in their church dress, preceded the hearse, which was surrounded by about the same number of black servants.