

*feu de joie* began, one of the most deafening I ever heard. He finished this public exhibition by showing himself to the multitude below, from the balconies of the city palace, and was received with many *vivas*.

He then held his levee, which the Rev. Mr. Walsh has so well described, and which closely resembled the one at which he was present, with this difference, that this was much more of a farce, in consequence of the boyhood of the Emperor. Nothing can be more ridiculous than to see all the dignitaries, and old men, the mitred bishop, the sage diplomatist, and the veteran soldier, ushered into the presence, and out again, without saying a word, or turning their backs on the young monarch. Mr. Walsh has, however, said nothing about the scene in the ante-room; to me it was the most ridiculous of all. The arranging the order of entrance to the presence, with due form and etiquette; the examination by each diplomatist, that he has his due order of precedence; their anxiety to gather their suites around them, not unlike a hen with her chickens, to make the fullest show; all prepares one for the ridiculous scene that is to follow. The oldest resident minister always takes the lead. At night the city was illuminated.

Rio is now well supplied with water. Aqueducts have been finished within the last two years, which bring it from the Corcovado and Tejuca Mountains, a distance of six or seven miles. There are a number of public fountains in different parts of the city. All the water for the supply of families is transported by slaves, who are constantly seen about these fountains. Until the amount of toil and time occupied is seen, little idea can be formed of the saving of labour that hydrants and pipes, for the supply of this necessary article, effect. These fountains have numerous jets, and some have pretty edifices over them. During the day, there are seldom less than fifty to one hundred, both male and female, water-carriers around them, filling their jars, with which they are seen moving about poised on their heads. Near the large fountain called Hafariz, in the square of Santa Anna, are two large basins, about fifty feet long and twenty-five wide. These are commonly filled with about two hundred negro women, who daily assemble to wash. Numbers of them are half naked, standing up to their middle in the water, beating and thrashing the clothes against the stone wall, to the great destruction of buttons, &c.

Few articles are transported in any other way than by slaves, and it is extremely rare to see a cart drawn by any beast of burden. Antique-looking carriages and two-wheeled calescas are generally seen.

It is impossible to remain long at Rio without noticing the geolo-