

we advanced in the forest, we began to find little pathways, looking as though they had been recently cleared out by the hatchet. Their windings displayed a great number of new plants: *Mougeotia mollis*, *Nelsonia albicans*, *Melampodium paludosum*, *Jonidium anomalum*, *Teucrium palustre*, *Gomphia lucens*, and a new kind of *Composées*, the *Spiracantha cornifolia*. A fine *Pancreatium* embalmed the air in the humid spots, and almost made us forget that those gloomy and marshy forests are highly dangerous to health.

After an hour's walk, we found, in a cleared spot, several inhabitants employed in collecting palm-tree wine. The dark tint of the zambos formed a strong contrast with the appearance of a little man with light hair and a pale complexion, who seemed to take no share in the labour. I thought at first that he was a sailor who had escaped from some North American vessel; but I was soon undeceived. This fair-complexioned man was my countryman, born on the coast of the Baltic; he had served in the Danish navy, and had lived for several years in the upper part of the Rio Sinu, near Santa Cruz de Lorica. He had come, to use the words of the loungers of the country "para ver tierras, y pasear, no mas"—("to see other lands, and to roam about: nothing else.") The sight of a man who could speak to him of his country, seemed to have no attraction for him; and, as he had almost forgotten German without being able to express himself clearly in Spanish, our conversation was not very animated. During the five years of my travels in Spanish America, I found only two opportunities of speaking my native language. The first Prussian I met with was a sailor from Memel, who served on board a ship from Halifax, and who refused to make himself known till after he had fired some musket-shot at our boat. The second, the man we met at the Rio Sinu, was very amicably disposed. Without answering my questions, he continued repeating, with a smile, "that the country was hot and humid; that the houses in the town of Pomerania were finer than those of Santa Cruz de Lorica; and that, if we remained in the forest, we should have the tertian fever (*calentura*) from which he had long suffered." We had some difficulty in testifying our gratitude to this good man for his kind advice; for according to his somewhat aristocratic princi-