

which, according to our naturalists, grows at the bottom of the sea.

On the 10th, off the island of St. Catherine, we were assailed by a storm, which lasted the whole day. On the 12th we appeared off St. Cruz, and anchored nearly on the same spot where the *Nadeshda* had lain twelve years ago. We had scarcely cast anchor, when a sergeant of the fort of St. Cruz came on-board, and, in the name of the commandant, put the usual questions to us. The next day, I went to the town *Nosro-Senora-Dudesterro*, which was situated a few leagues from our anchorage, to pay my respects to the governor, Major Louis Mauricia de Selveira. He received me coolly, and did not seem inclined to obey the commands which he had received from Rio Janeiro, to assist the *Rurick* as much as was in his power. But the port-captain, S. Pinto, a very obliging gentleman, promised to satisfy all our wants, as soon as possible. I dined with Mr. Chamisso at S. Pinto's country-seat, situated in a most delightful spot; which, after the fatigues of the sea, afforded us much enjoyment. In the evening I again went on-board, making every preparation to pitch a tent on shore the next day, and to have the instruments taken there. It was placed on a small eminence, under palm and banana trees, so that we could see our *Rurick*; woody hills rose in the background, and we had various walks under the fragrant shade of lemon and orange trees. The country along the shore is inhabited by soldiers of the militia, who only serve in case of necessity, and are besides engaged in the cultivation of rice and sugar. The houses are at a considerable distance from each other, and the wealth of their owners is calculated according to the number of their negro slaves; who, like the members of the family, work with their masters, and enjoy whatever the house affords. In town, however, the negroes are very unfortunate; they are employed in hard labour, like beasts of burden, particularly in beating the husks from the rice, for which they are made to use clubs so heavy that they can scarcely lift them up; the whip frequently quickens them in their labour when their strength fails, and for which they are but miserably fed. By this inhuman treatment, they have actually sunk to the level of beasts; they seem to be quite incapable of reflection or feeling; their appearance is horrid and pitiful. The most offensive epithet with the Portuguese is *black man*! The slaves of the soldiers are quite different beings; they enjoy themselves; and we had every reason to be pleased with our neighbours, who treated us in a friendly and hospitable manner. The soldiers think themselves very poor, not having received