tacking ship, and running close to the wind. Three days since we caught a large turtle. How to employ my time so as to drive dull care away, was my chief study. The blue sea had lost its novelty. The gemmed arch of the midnight heavens had become a scene, though associated with much that is beautiful and admiring, of disregard. The musty, mouldy, filthy, wormy, stenchly, blasted stuff that I had to eat or go without, had become an object of special aversion. The sickening nausea that occasionally visited my stomach, made me intensely sea-sick; or as truly, sick of the sea.

Conversation was my comfort, and meditation my delight. Lounging about the ship was my principle employment; having a recess each day for bathing myself in salt water, and being dismissed at night for a free engagement in the cabin.

January 6.—This morning we were in sight of Panama, tacking ship to wind. About mid-day, when tacking between two islands, the wind changed, and the bowsprit began to turn as if being drawn into a whirlpool; when the captain sang out: "hard up, my boys! hard up!" The winged rover whirled in her track, and flying with the speed of the wind, cast anchor at two o'clock three miles off Panama. Hundreds of small boats were seen coming from the shore. Soon they were huddled about the ship, and the naked Spaniards were beating up for passengers.

The captain placed himself at the gangway, and demanded of every man two dollars; saying that the ship was taxed that amount for every passenger she landed in this port, because this was the first trip here. Many paid it; but some twenty of us, concluding we would not meet the taxes of the ship as we had paid our fare to this port, determined to yield to no such speculation. Accordingly, we got our baggage, and made for the gangway. As the head one, taking no notice of the captain, was about to pass by, he cried out: "here ain't you going to pay this bill?" "No, I've paid my fare," said he. "Well, you won't go ashore till you do!" exclaimed the captain. Upon this the man turned around and said: "all you, who are in favor of not paying this bill, say it!" "I!" was the unanimous voice from his followers. "The I's have it," said he; and we jumped aboard the Spaniard boat, and were soon making for land. On reaching the beach, we paid the boatmen two dollars a piece for our passage, and waded a short distance in shallow water, to the shore.

Here were collected men, women and children, of every appearance, rank and condition; who had assembled, some in the charac-

ter of mules and carts, some as peddlers, and others as idle spectators. They were so eager to get passengers and baggage to carry on their backs to the public houses, that we could hardly get through the crowd. They would catch hold my coat skirt, pull me by the collar here and there, and almost bend themselves to the ground for me to jump aboard. Indeed, I was considerably amused to see them trotting up into town with large, corpulent men and heavy boxes on their backs. They have mules and oxen, but no wagons, except a kind of ox-cart and dray. They saw a couple of blocks from the butt-end of a large mahogany tree for wheels, and bore holes in their centre, and cut a round stick and put through them for an axle. To this axle they attach a crooked tongue, by which the oxen draw it with a stick tied to their horns for a yoke. On this cart is a kind of frame, with a bull's hide stretched over it; and on those called carriages, is a low top or covering of the same material. The friction of the axle in the wheels, causes a sharp cracking that may be heard at a great distance. They grease it with tar, which they peel off a certain tree. Their whip for driving is a long pole with a spur in the end. There were, however, two or three English carriages and a few horses, which belonged to the English residents trading among them.

The dress of the Spaniards is rather peculiar and various. The females wear a kind of skirt, with a waist which is generally of linen. They are remarkably clean and tasteful in their personal appearance; and white seems to be their favorite color in the article of dress. The men are generally entirely naked; some, however, were a sort of girdle round their hips. The gentry wear loose pantaloons made of brocado, lined with white linen, and buttoned up on the outer side of each leg with gilt buttons, to within about ten inches of the bottom, the remainder of which is left loose, and flaps about as they walk. They also wear a loose coat hanging down from their shoulders, and around their neck a small cape.

Winslow, Bryon and myself entered the village through the gate, and put up at the Mansion House, kept by an American. Board was two dollars a day. A good supper was prepared, at least good to us as we had had no dainties but worms since entering the Pacific, and we sat down and once more ventured to eat with our eyes open and a good deal too.

After supper we took a ramble about the village, and bought some oranges at six cents a dozen; of which I ate only three. The vil-
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The dress of the Spaniards is rather peculiar and various. The males wear a kind of skirt, with a waist which is generally of linen. They are remarkably clean and tidy in their personal appearance; and white seems to be their favorite color in the article of dress. The men are generally entirely naked; some, however, were a sort of girdle round their hips. The gentry wear loose pantaloons made of brocade, lined with white linen, and buttoned up on the outside of each leg with gilt buttons, to within about ten inches of the bottom, the remainder of which is left loose, and flaps about as they walk. They also wear a loose coat hanging down from their shoulders, and around their neck is a small cape.

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After supper we took a ramble about the village, and bought some oranges at six cents a dozen; of which I ate only three. The vil-
lage is enclosed by a stone wall of about twelve feet in height and some four feet wide. Within the part nearest to the ocean is the fort, where government troops are stationed. Without the wall roundabout are a few scattered huts, more of the order of the peasantry. The whole village seemed to be going to decay. The buildings are made of mud and stone, and moss had grown over them so as to give them the appearance of antiquity. The roofs are of thatch, and they also were coated with moss. The streets are narrow and paved with cobble stone. The prevailing religion among them is catholicism; and the Holy Temple, in which I saw some half dozen tapers burning as I passed, reared its mithy and time-marked walls above the common roof-level.

It was some time after dark when we returned to our lodging, and being much fatigued from our long voyage on the ocean, we soon retired; and as I lay myself down on a soft, clean bed, how marked was the change! Instead of five hundred or more bedfellows, I had but one.

The following morning we engaged the carrying of our baggage across the isthmus with an American, who hired Spaniards for that purpose, and took his receipt for them. After breakfast we set out on foot for Chagres. At a short distance we came again to the Holy Temple. This building was in a state of decay, and had the appearance of being built centuries ago. The doors or gates had disappeared, and a sentinel stood in each entrance. From curiosity I went in, and not taking off my hat as I entered, I was accosted by a man thus: "Take off your hat, sir!" Soon a woman dressed in white came in, and went up to the Altar, and dipped her finger in the Holy water, and crossed her forehead, chin and breast. Having no faith or belief in an ordinance so fraught with deistic dogmas and established formalism, and being naturally of an inquisitive nature, I stepped along and dipped my finger in and touched it to my tongue to see how catholic holiness tasted.

The same man, who, on my entering, had reproved me for wearing my hat, now reprimanded me sharply for intruding on the Holy Water. I excused myself, of course, as well as I could. He then conducted me into the different departments, and showed me the various pictures and images that adorned them. Christ and the Virgin Mary were the most venerated images; and a man and little girl at that time were kneeling before the former, gazing upon it in the devoted act of worship.

Beside these were images of children, holding a wreath of flowers in one hand; and the numerous representations of pictures and other engravings, characterized the place as one of holy and consecrated devotion, or extravagant fanaticism.

Thence we passed through the gate, to the market. This building exhibits the same traceable hand of dilapidation, and is only occupied as a meat market. On the right side, however, women in great numbers, were assembled, with almost everything in the line of edibles for sale; with nearly all the fruits natural and producible in the country. The country around and in the immediate vicinity of Panama, was clothed in the ever-green verdure of blooming vegetation. Though the withering blasts of January were bleaching all that is lovely in nature at the frigid north, yet here its genial sunshine was infusing life, beauty, and every principle of efflorescence into the entire economy of the vegetable world. Oranges, lemons, limes, coca-nuts, pineapple, figs, bananas, &c., were the natural productions of the land; and were now, in their mature state, presenting to the eye of a mortal man an imaginative picture of a second Eden.

As we proceeded on from the Market, we saw the washer-women stringing along, with each a basket of clothes on their heads, to a small stream near by, to do their washing. I was told that they all perform this part of their domestic duties on regular days; going in company to the stream, and, stripping off their clothes, wash in and wash.

At a short distance further we overtook a man with two young grizzly bears, taking them to the States. He carried one in a cage, and led the other with a rope. Our road or path was about six feet wide, and paved. It was much broken up, and appeared to have been long in use. It was lined on both sides with hedges, and almost every kind of bush or tree; and the sweet air and fragrant breezes make the soul of the traveller a paradise of self.

The country is considerably uneven, but none the less beautiful for its undulations. As we would ascend a hill, the picturesque beauty of the surrounding scenery, would strike the eye with enchantment of admiration; while, in the bosom of the vale below, the crystal water of the little rivulet would glitter and wave its notes, as if half conscious of the lovely bosom, the blooming vale, the verdant landscape through which its limpid self was coursing.

About noon we came to a tent of refreshments. Here I saw some green corn growing. Thence we crossed a small stream, and travelled three miles to what was called the half-way House.
obtained our dinner; such as cold baked beans and meat, coffee and dry bread, for which we paid $1 50 apiece. Then, after resting ourselves a short time, we travelled on through deep defiles and shady ravines, surrounded on all sides by the growing banana-tree, the thriving plantains, "the deep-tangled wild-wood," and the matted hedges of the never-fading evergreen. Parrots were frequently flying over our heads. At sunset we came to a Spanish log hut kept as a Traveller's Home, five miles from Gorgona. We called for something to eat, but nothing was to be had but corn and whiskey. Our blankets not being with us we lay ourselves down on the ground for the night. Very early in the morning we prosecuted our journey, and arrived at Gorgona about eight o'clock, and took breakfast. This is a small Spanish town. The houses are built of small poles set endwise, in a circle, and braided or tied together, like a basket, with palm leaves. The roofs are of thatch, which is generally made of palm leaves. Here were many waiting to get conveyance down the river. About four P.M. twenty of us took passage on board a Spanish boat or canoe, rowed by six naked Spaniards, and proceeded down the Chagres river. At dark we hauled up to the shore and made the green earth our bed. This is a beautiful river, and instead of stagnant, dead water, it has a mild and gentle flowing current, and from the abundance of evergreen, and the tall my shrubs and flowers that line its banks, the air is perfumed, purified and cleansed from all of its nauseous impurities.

The next morning at daybreak the natives called us from our earthy bed, and we moved on down the river, and reached Chagres at four P.M.

In Gorgona I fell in with Wesley Dunham, living on his way home, after a long voyage on the Pacific. He left San Francisco the 13th of October, and myself the 29th of November.

On the south side of the river is Old Chagres, and on the north side is New Chagres. Old Chagres is a Spanish town, and is built after the manner of Gorgona. New Chagres is settled principally by Americans, and is built after the American style. They were both small comparatively, but appeared to be business places.

The Steamer Prometheus was lying anchored off here, advertised to leave for New York on the afternoon of the following day. She being the only vessel of any kind in this port for that City, we therefore engaged our passage aboard of her without delay. Bryan and Dunham concluded to go by the way of New Orleans.

January 10.—To-day the Spaniards arrived with our baggage, and in the afternoon we went out to the Steamer in a small boat, at a fare of two dollars apiece. The ocean was very rough, and the little bark was tossed into the air on the mountain wave, and then let down between two swelling surges until I began to feel that old sea-sickness, which had so often visited me on the Pacific. And even after reaching the boat, she, too, kept up such an incessant rocking, that I became intensely sick and no mistake. About midnight the Steamer put out to sea. She was a splendid craft, and was now making her first trip.

At daylight the waves were still rolling high, and the steamer was plunging into the surges that raised their frothy peaks before its lofty prow. The day was cloudy, with a driving wind from the north.

January 13.—Yesterday the wind continued blowing from the north, and the sea appeared to be in its most agitated state. The waves would frequently wash over the decks, keeping them wet and slippery. As myself and two or three others were sitting near the bow, a mighty wave came sweeping over us, wetting us completely and nicely. To-day the weather was more pleasant, but the wind was still blowing, and the towering billows were still rolling.

January 14.—The weather was beautiful and pleasant. The wind had abated some, yet the dead surges were raging and foaming in the maddened sea.

This morning about two o'clock we passed the island of Jamaica. At daylight we were in sight of Icy, which is mostly high and mountainous. About eleven o'clock we passed the Nassa, island, which is said to be three hundred feet above the level of the sea.

January 15.—Sailed by the east end of Cuba last night, and at eleven o'clock A.M. to-day we were passing within one mile of Iguana. This latter island is said to be fifty miles long. A number of houses were to be seen along its shore. The wind was very high from the North-East, and the sea rough.

January 17.—Yesterday was still cloudy, and the wind having changed to the east, some of the sails were set, and we were moving along from ten to twelve miles an hour. To-day was much more pleasant, with a few clouds darting through the sky. The wind was in the same direction, and the proud steamer, fearless was running, like the fleet sea bird, through the agitated ocean, impelled by steam, and quickened by sail.

Large quantities of sea-weed, growing in long verdant rows, seemed floating by us, and indeed looked beautiful.
JANUARY 18.—It was cloudy and rained some. The wind continued strong from the north-east, which retarded our progress considerably. The weather was now becoming cooler: the thermometer at five o'clock P. M., being 65°.

JANUARY 19.—Still cloudy and the thermometer this morning was 43°.

Last night at twelve o'clock we entered Gulf Stream. The wind yet continued to blow from the north-east, and the sea was much more rough and agitated than ever I had seen it. About noon we had sailed out the Gulf Stream, and were in sight of Cape Hatteras. A long extent of its coast was plainly visible. To-night we saw some fifteen sail going south.

On the morning of the 20th the thermometer stood at 50°; but after eight o'clock it began to grow cold, and rained until mid-day. A few whales were spouting water a short distance from us.

The morning of the 21st found us within the harbor of New York. We cast anchor, and the Health Officers came on board and passed their examination. We then weighed anchor, and steered for the wharf, while my heart beat quickly the pulsations of joy, as I felt to exclaim:

'Hail! hail! my native land!'  
No more I wish to leave thee;  
Thy bosom is my only strand,  
Thy soil a home to greet me.

How oft, and oft I've travelled o'er,  
Thy fairy meads and meadows;  
And sang, and whistled long before,  
Light chased the morning shadows.

I come to thee, sweet haven of rest!  
No more to brave the billow;  
I leave the wave, the rolling crest,  
For the shade of thy weeping willow.

Farewell! farewell! O, Ocean! farewell!  
I leave thy rough bosom, thy deep yawning cell;  
Thou hast charms for the many, for me thou hast none:  
I go now, farewell! to those waiting at home.

The pilot, in bringing the ship up to the wharf, missed in his calculation, and was obliged to make another attempt; and, on com-