

belabored. At last all our troubles ended ; the forest was passed, no more mud, no more stones, but again a beautiful Llano, with its amphitheatre of distant mountains. The Lu Chorrera, famed for its beautiful girls, received me, and in the house of the priest, my hammock slung in the breeze, I saw Bungo limp off, with worn hoofs and battered knees, to repose upon the grass. I rested. They gave me a supper in the style of the country, with a capital dish of rice, sprinkled with small crabs, and highly seasoned with ahi.

On the evening of the next day I rode down to the landing, over a beautiful, undulating country, and when the tide rose enough to cover the roots of the mangroves, I embarked in, not on, a bungo, and by the soft moonlight was wafted along among small islands, till dawn and the freshening breeze wafted me back to the semi-Americanized life of Panama. I had seen and loved the pastoral life of the tropics, and I sighed as I looked down upon the bay once more, though soon my unreal life upon its shores was to terminate. And without regret I returned from the dreamy Pacific to the restless, burdened waves of the Atlantic Sea.