

right that his name should go down to all future time with its growing prosperity and importance.

A day's sport on the Chagres may not be uninteresting to some parts of the audience. The river abounds with alligators, and at one or two places where the line crosses the river, or runs parallel with it, they may sometimes be seen lying on the banks basking in the sun, looking at a distance, and in the rapidity of your own motion in the cars, more like great logs or old trunks of trees than anything else. They range from twelve to twenty feet in length, and are very unpleasant customers either on shore or in the water if you unexpectedly get too near them; though in the first instance if you are seen or heard approaching, they will always endeavour to escape. Their motions are extremely quick, and on the slightest indication of danger they roll or scramble from the bank to the water almost in the twinkling of an eye. It seems incredible that such huge clumsy looking animals could move so rapidly, and apparently with such little effort. In swimming they sink down, and there is nothing to indicate their presence: should you fall overboard,—good-bye. Gatoon is one of the native settlements, about eight or nine miles from Aspinwall on the bank of the river—on the left descending bank, the Railway being on the right: there is no bridge or ford, the water very deep, and the current strong. The only mode of crossing is in canoes. It must be borne in mind that all the observations now and hitherto made are to be considered with reference to the season, the close of the month of August,—the rainy season lasting from June to October. The keeper of the station opposite Gatoon is a quiet intelligent Vermonter, Mr. Schwartz. His neat little cottage is in the midst of a small garden, perhaps half an acre, nicely fenced,—abounding with every species of tropical fruit, cocoas—mangoes—bananas—pine apples—oranges—citrons, etc.: a little different from the beech nuts and pine cones of his native state. However, he is a right good fellow, and a mason to boot. You may leave the train at his verandah. With some difficulty a canoe is found, and a native to paddle. It is a wretched “dug out” about twelve feet long and eighteen inches wide. It is very ticklish, and cants with the slightest move: it requires great care to get into it without upsetting, and with the native and two sportsmen, is overweighted. As the head is slowly canting off into the stream, you observe to your friend Mr. Schwartz standing on