

Its situation is beautiful; but no one would be justified in saying the town is beautiful. Like all old towns of a former age, the streets are extremely narrow, the sidewalks not wider than foot paths; and the evidences of delapidation meet you everywhere. It is not clean—not a tree offers its welcome shade from the burning sun—no fountains play—no dashing equipages arrest the eye—no rows of new buildings give evidence of modern life and progress—no bustle—no stirring scenes—no manufactures—no sounds of heavy hammers fall—no merchants rushing frantically from bank to bank to get a few dollars discount—no hungry politicians at the corners thirsting for each other's places—no candidates for seats in the legislature sweetly smiling, and fondly asking after all the dear ones at home—no malicious editors traducing the character and conduct and motives of absent gentlemen—no doctors with savage fierceness contesting whether allopathy or homœopathy will kill, or cure, most effectually—no lawyers—no policemen—and (*Credit Judæus!*) no penny papers!

But with all these wants—in the absence of these unspeakable blessings—Panama is nevertheless a most interesting place—apparently a happy place; and in its own quiet way, doing a great deal of business. The shops are confined to no particular locality. There is no one part of the town for residence—no one part for business, each man pursues his calling where he lives, with little or no display—and every one seems civil and obliging. The shops are well filled with excellent articles from London and Paris, and very cheap. Spanish is principally spoken, except at the hotel, and among the American residents. The latter are extremely courteous and hospitable to strangers; and it is a traveller's own fault if he does not get along well with them. A striking feature in the architecture to a man from the North, is the entire absence of chimnies: no fire place, no mantel-piece meets the eye. As, standing on the verandahs which project from the second stories of most of the dwellings, you gaze around and below over blocks and squares of houses, no projection above the roofs points out how or where the smoke must go, or in what way your savory frijoles and tortillas are cooked. Turtle steaks, and smoking stews come up piping hot, but how they got so puzzles the uninitiated to know. But Panama to a traveller is a pleasant place—'tis a dreamy place. One delights to wander around its old ramparts, and amid its ruined halls—its crumbling cathedrals—its falling churches—its