

we ourselves must be on board the tender, to be conveyed to the Pacific steamer, the *Golden City*. Mr. Henderson, the British Consul, brought us in his carriage to the wharf. We embarked in the tender, itself capable of conveying 700 passengers. There were two decks, an upper and a lower, to which two gangways, allowing only of single file, led from the quay; for the first and second to the upper, and steerage passengers to the lower.

The train at length arrived, and the stream began to pour down the wharf, and in at the two gangways. For three hundred years this stream has not ceased to flow from Europe to America—never stronger was the tide than now. Not only to America, but across to the Pacific, is the restless flow. Thousands each month pass over this isthmus. "Westward ho!" is the ceaseless cry. On they come, with a hum and a buzzing and a din of voices, and eager pressing one before another to secure best places. Now they have reached the gangway, and begin, one by one, to come on board. Armed men, soldiers with bayonets, company officers with revolvers ready, stand about, keeping back the rough crowd, and guiding and helping the struggling and the weak. I stood and watched this great fact from the ship, over against the two streams; for a great fact is this migration of our race. There was a motley crowd pouring down into the lower deck, and disappearing from view, as though lost in an abyss. There was a more limited and better-to-do looking assemblage coming on to the deck on which I was. There was the strong youth, full of health, dressed in his best, newly fitted out, carrying his leather bag and his box. There were young women, some pale and weary with heat and sea-sickness, others hearty and elated. There were families of peevish children, and parents anxious and jaded.

The sullen and clouded brow told of some escape from justice or shame, and the keen and withered visage bespoke the gambler. Such a variety was there of dress—some new, some tattered and dirty; and baggage—all carried as much as possible—bags gaping wide and ragged bundles; now and then a German family with all their kitchen articles—indeed, all nations were represented.

Then above poured on a somewhat different crowd. The successful merchant, who went out as a youth of twenty-one, has been "home," and returns with several friends. A gay bride steps flauntingly on board, and hums an air. The successful miner—a poor working man ten years ago, now the owner of considerable property—he too has been home, travelling first-class all the way, still rough looking, but with a good expression: he has been no loafer or drinker, but a careful man, and deserves all his industry has gained. There are cages of canaries, and other little treasured reminiscences of home. Some are laden with oranges and pine-apples, whose own native soil they for the first time tread on; and some, struck with the tropical luxuriance, have some gorgeous flowers in hand. There are no old men or women, hardly a middle aged person to be seen. And now in the midst of all this stirring scene along the narrow gangway comes a litter, on which a sickly woman rests. The British Consul, who stood with me, thought it was a man: I saw by the feet to what sex the poor thing belonged,