

bounties of the tropics, "Where the leaves never fade and the skies seldom weep." In spite of the poet's assertion the sky seems to find no trouble in procuring the tears. At this time there was no railroad and no river boats built, but canoes of the rudest construction were in abundance. The stern end was covered with palm leaves or thatched with rushes, and so low was this rude cabin that a "six footer," like myself, for convenience sake, should have been constructed after the model of a telescope, and "thusly" draw myself within myself; but, as it was, my knees and chin were in close relationship for four long days, during which it rained incessantly. The river was much swollen, and our propulsive power were three naked savages, either pushing with poles, or paddling or towing our canoe. The banks of the river were beautiful, overhung with trees and climbing plants, and blossoming shrubs; and were it not for the incessantly discordant notes of Paroquets,—the chatter of monkeys—the screech of birds of prey—the sound of the alligator as he glided into the water from some cosy nook, and the thoughts of boa-constrictors and anacondas, all nature would have seemed a perfect Paradise. At last we were landed at a small village called Lorgona, from which we had to travel to Panama, a distance of about twenty miles, over the Andes. Here my troubles began in earnest. I had my few things packed into a small trunk, and as no mules could be hired, I was obliged to stow away my all into an india-rubber bag, and strap it on the back of a negro, to whom I paid \$8.00 to carry it to Panama. I tied a pair of shoes to the outside of the bag, as there was no room inside, and, by the light of the moon, I indulged in a bath in the river before lying down for the night; but when I began to dress, and missed my boots, and to this day they are to me *non est*, I went to the darkey's hut for my shoes, but he was in blissful ignorance of their whereabouts, and thus I stood barefooted, where shoemakers were curiosities, and no comrade with any shoes or boots to fit. To go into a rage would not mend matters, and to swear would not conjure up the lost property; so, when the morning came, I rolled up my "unmentionables" to my knees, and marched towards the Pacific, whistling to keep my courage up. There is a small insect called a "jigger," which burrows in the sand on the isthmus, and when it finds its way under the toe nail, or under the skin of the human foot, lays thousands of eggs, which bring forth larvæ, and these excite such an amount of irritation and inflammation as to produce death. Death from this cause is a common occurrence among the natives. With these facts before my mind's eye, every time I planted my "understandings" into the mud I had my hopes and fears about these gentry. I was every little while examining with a critic's eye my pedal extremities. If Bolivar's army crossed through those valleys and mountain gorges, and waded those rapid mountain streams, barefooted, then I say they deserved all the booty in a thousand Montezumas. The road was strewn with the carcasses of mules, and numerous mounds were silent witnesses of human mortality, the victims being far from home and kindred. The thick jungle and the boundless forests were said to be the secret haunts of native robbers, who pounced upon the sick and weary, robbing and putting