

daring. Such feelings in its masses constitute the foundation of a nation's greatness.

According to all accounts the bay of Panama is never ruffled by a storm. It is truly in the Pacific Ocean; and no difficulty has ever occurred in transporting the passengers and freight from it to the main steamers which lie off at the islands before mentioned, some three miles out. The steamers on both the Atlantic and Pacific sides may be well described as floating palaces, and are well and ably commanded, the officers being not only gentlemen, but seamen. Naval discipline and regularity are kept up, and every thing conducive to comfort or security attended to. The *Colorado*, which, on the occasion of the present visit, was the receiving steamer on the Pacific side, is of three thousand seven hundred tons burden, and at night, with her tier upon tier of lights, is a magnificent sight. Her upper deck sweeps an unbroken length of fully four hundred feet, and is broad in proportion. The saloons and staterooms are of corresponding dimensions; and she accommodates with ease twelve or fifteen hundred passengers. Her commander, Commodore Watkins, is a splendid specimen of a fine old English admiral, and apparently a great favorite. About six miles down on the left of the Bay are the site and ruins of the ancient city of Panama destroyed in 1661 by the buccaneers under Morgan, who was a consummate pirate, robber, and rascal, though he was an Englishman. The history of the "Brethren of the Coast" or buccaneers, teems with the most eventful incidents, and shews an organization for pillage and robbery, unparalleled before or since,—so much so, as from its extent and power on some occasions to have extorted from the civilized nations of that day recognitions and negotiations which ought never to have been extended to acknowledged outlaws and freebooters. The Bay is covered with pelicans and other sea birds, and is filled with the most voracious sharks. It makes one's blood run cold to see the great brutes stealthily swimming around without a ripple on the water, or anything to indicate their approach but the silent cutting of the dorsal fin just above the water. Woe to the person who plays his hand in the water as the boat moves along! If he reaches the shore it will be with one arm less than when he left it. A "header" in the Pacific with all its temptations would be about the last plunge a man would take. The Aspinwall House at Panama, is a fair, comfortable hotel where you