

and had a miserable time of it. My horse dropped dead under me ; the heat was excessive, and I had to walk, or rather wade, more than half the distance on foot through deep mud, into which I sometimes sank above my knees ; while, to increase my misery, a storm came on, nearly drowning me, and leaving me drenched to the skin, and wretched to the last degree. At last, however, I reached my destination, and took boat from Gorgona, descending the river at a rapid rate to Chagres, where I arrived in time to take passage by the English West Indian steamer back to England.

THE END.