TO BE ISSUED.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

DE LESSEPS' LAST DITCH,
ITS FACTS, FIGURES AND FICTIONS; illustrated.
A Sequel to "Five Years at Panama."

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN, OR ACROSS
NICARAGUA; illustrated.
FIVE YEARS AT PANAMA

THE TRANS-ISTHMIAN CANAL

BY

WOLFRED NELSON, M.D.
CORRESPONDING MEMBER NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY, MONTREAL

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By Wolfred Nelson
DEDICATION.

TO FRED.

This, the first of a series of works on travel in foreign countries, is affectionately inscribed, as a souvenir of our residence at Panama, by

THE AUTHOR.
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In his preface the author usually attempts to explain why he has had the courage to inflict a new work on a long suffering public. He instinctively feels that he owes that public an apology, and he proceeds to make it with any materials at his disposal. It is either that his book fills a "want long felt," that the matter is of paramount importance, or some equally good personal reason. That the matter is his "pet fad" seldom appears, at least, in the preface.

Deferring to this time-honored custom, and having some sense of culpability, I in turn must explain my relationship with what follows. For many years I have been, and am still, an accredited correspondent of The Gazette, of Montreal, Canada, a paper founded in 1779. I may also state that it was the very first foreign paper to establish a resident correspondent at Panama. Quite apart from endless columns of matter on things Isthmian—such as the Canal, the earthquakes, etc.,—I have, since leaving the Isthmus, written a series of sketches on travel in Mexico, Central and South America and the West Indies. Apropos of Panama—in a rash moment—I said to a friend, "I shall write a book on Panama." I
did not fully realize my rashness until later, when friends near and distant asked, "When is the book coming out?" For a long time I was as fertile in my excuses, as M. de Lesseps is in his for the delay in opening the Panama Canal. Unlike that Great Undertaker, I had not committed myself to a specific day, month or year. Mine was the diplomatic mañana, of the Spaniard, or that morrow that seldom dawns. Later, my friends returned to the charge; then they became impatient, and finally, I really fear, incredulous, as to whether I was equal to my promise; their urgency was such that I felt that it had to be a book or a "breach of promise case."

My residence of five years at Panama—1880 to 1885, as a practitioner of medicine, together with my knowledge of Spanish and French, gave me ample facilities for studying the natural and unnatural in my surroundings. Since I gave up my residence on the Isthmus I have made it four visits, the last two in March and April respectively of this year, when I made the negatives furnishing the illustrations for this book.

While there as the resident correspondent of The Gazette, I had to keep alive to all matters of interest to the general public. During my absences from the Isthmus I have received much reliable information relative to it and the Panama Canal, the greater part of it from official sources. This I believe justifies me in thinking that my book is brought down to date.

In the following pages I have tried to include all that
I think will be of interest to the general public, and have essayed to give my readers a clear idea of what a pains-taking visitor may note both at old and modern Panama. My sketch of life among the masses I trust may prove interesting, if not novel. The upper classes in all countries are much the same, in that they are, in a degree, equally intelligent and equally pleasing.

I have dwelt on the past of the Isthmus, have described its present, and have made bold to forecast its future. If my frankness ruffles some sensitive critic in Colombia, I may safely anticipate his strictures by stating that the value of his critique must depend upon my truthfulness. I await it with absolute complacency. Those who write laudatory articles or books make a transparent bid for popularity. Woe to the man who has the courage of his convictions, and who dares to publish the truth as he understands it.

What follows is largely in the nature of a personal narrative; where it is otherwise I have cited my authorities.

As an old time student of sanitary science, familiar with its rapid development of late years, I earnestly hope that the most powerful machine of modern times, whose fire is smokeless—the press—will agitate against the disgraceful and, to my mind, criminal methods that obtain at Panama in the systematic neglect of burial of the dead, until the custom has become a thing of the past. I state without fear of contradiction, and with all the emphasis that our mother tongue conveys, that the
Isthmus of Panama is a disease producing and disease distributing centre. Why should it be allowed to graft small-pox and yellow fever—as it has done—on communities near and distant? Such practices are a disgrace to our civilization and a constant menace to all countries doing business with, or by way of, the Isthmus of Panama.

The arrangement of the subject matter may seem novel, but I wrote two-thirds of my book before introducing what may be deemed wearisome reading. I regret that as a faithful chronicler of events, I cannot condense this into one page, and put that just inside the last cover.

I make no claim for my first attempt at book-making, save that it reflects my views, and that it is a faithful and accurate account of the subjects presented.

Wolfred Nelson.

Astor House, N. Y.,
October 10th, 1888.
FIVE YEARS AT PANAMA.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FOR COLON, Isthmus of Panama—An Amusing Incident—Watling’s Island—Crooked Island Passage—The Island of Navassa—A Glimpse of Cuba—Approach to Colon.

At high noon on a bright, sunny May day in 1880, I stood on the Canal Street pier of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company ready to embark for California by way of the Isthmus of Panama. The vessel soon got under way, and we rapidly passed through a network of steamers and shipping, past old Trinity, Castle Garden, and the thousand and one sights familiar to all who know New York. There were a good many saloon passengers, who in an incredibly short time were domiciled with their many belongings in the clean, spacious staterooms of the Colon. The voyage was fairly begun, and eight days of it were ahead of us. Life on all ocean steamers is much the same. To old travellers the meals are matters of the greatest importance; next a soft mattress on which to come to anchor at night to think over the events of the day, and speculate on what the breakfast will consist of. One's comfort at sea depends greatly on whether he is alone or doubled up with others, in the forced intimacy of two or three in a room. If the other fellows are old travellers and jolly, it does very well. Generally they are not, and will look at each other as much as to say, "By Jove! what are you doing in here?" The more educated they are, the more aggressive they are when unaccustomed to travelling. They bear a strong resemblance to strange curs turned loose in the same enclosure
—for they would rather have a row than otherwise. It is usual for a great many to seek retirement in their staterooms just as soon as the vessel begins to feel "lumps." The victims of mal de mer are uncanny to the eye, unpleasant to the ear, and wholly disappointing for sentimental or artistic effects.

An accident to two of our fellow passengers excited a great deal of merriment. There was a fat, a very fat and jolly broker from Wall Street, and a very tall and slight civil engineer, both on their way to the Pacific Coast. They occupied the same stateroom. The big fat fellow could just get into his berth—of course it was the lower one—which he filled completely. The six-foot-two engineer slept above. During the soft, stilly hours of the dogwatch three agonizing cries of "Steward!" were heard, coming from the fat man. A female in her nightgown rushed into the saloon, anxiously inquiring if the vessel were going to the bottom. She was ignored and the cause of the cries investigated. The long man's berth had given way, and he had fallen into the break after the manner of a partly closed penknife. This in itself would have been of small moment, had not his further descent been checked by his midship section resting on the stomach of the Wall Street broker, who naturally resented such liberties. Long-legs was jammed in the break and the fat chap was hemmed in. Assistance dislodged the civil engineer, and peace and order were restored.

The service on the Pacific Mail Steamers is very good. All told I have made eleven voyages with them on the Atlantic and Pacific, and measuring my experience on their vessels by many voyages in others, I can safely say that there are no better officered or better kept ships afloat.

The first land we got a glimpse of was Watling's Island or San Salvador (Holy Saviour), the first land sighted by Christopher Columbus during his memorable voyage in October, 1492.*

* Washington Irving's "Life and Voyages of Columbus."
1. Arch; Ruins of St. Anastasius, Old Panama.
2. Front Street, Colon, Isthmus of Panama.
San Salvador is a small island, one of the Bahamas. The latter is a chain of islands and islets belonging as every one knows to Old England. We passed through Crooked-Island Passage, a stretch of the sea, between some of the islands of this group. On one of them there is a lighthouse. It is customary for steamers to leave something for the light-keeper, in the shape of a few supplies and newspapers, to help him fill in his time. It must be a lonely place. The island of Navassa has attained some fame owing to its deposits of guano. It is largely shipped to the Southern United States. The next land was the eastern end of Cuba, "The Queen of the Antilles," where we passed Cape Maisi near its stone lighthouse. Some ninety-four miles to the east lies Hayti, "The Black Republic," as it has been aptly named by Sir Spenser St. John in his admirable book. What with eating, sleeping, walking, reading and chatting, the time passed away rapidly, and getting ready to debark at Colon was next in order. Having been told that we should make land just before daybreak, I was up shortly after half-past four, and getting on deck before the gray of the earliest light gives place to day, I saw in the distance mountains whose bases were enveloped in haze. From Captain Griffin, whom I shall ever remember with pleasure, I learned that they were the Andes of South America. As the good ship stood on her way, to my astonishment a delightful fragrance filled the air. It was early summer on the Isthmus; abundant rains had fallen, all nature was smiling, and the odor was from millions of wild flowers and flowering trees. Such of my readers as are familiar with books on travel among the Spice Islands will recall the fact that the crews of ships in those seas, fifty to a hundred and fifty miles from land have noticed the same delightful fragrance.

Gradually daylight came. The sun rose higher in the sky, the haze cleared away, and we entered the Bay of Limon, or Navy Bay, as some charts term it. Straight ahead of us was Colon. The island takes its name from Columbus, the word Colon being the Spanish equivalent
for Colombo, the name of the great discoverer. He was an Italian by birth, born in the city of Genoa, and he it was who named Navy Bay. Before us were many piers, steamers, ships, and the usual surroundings of ports, flanked and backed by palms, and back of the whole a dense mangrove swamp. All were of that peculiar tint of light green to be seen only within the Tropics.
MONUMENT TO STEPHENS, CHAUNCEY, AND ASPINWALL, COLON,
ATLANTIC SIDE OF Isthmus.
CHAPTER II.

Colon, The Atlantic City of the Isthmus—Situation—Climate—Seasons—Health—Mt. Hope or Monkey Hill.

Colon "as is", is not Colon "as was." The Colon of May 29, 1880, when I landed there, was totally destroyed by fire on the 31st of March, 1885, during a revolution on the Isthmus, involving a loss of $12,000,000. It was the only settlement on the island, which on some charts is called Manzanillo. It is of a coraline formation, built by those indefatigable toilers of the sea. It is three-quarters of a mile long by about one-third of a mile wide, with a surface slightly above the sea level, perhaps as much as three feet; and is connected with the Spanish Main by a railway embankment. The city of Colon is just 1980 miles from the city of New York. Its main street faces the railway connecting it with Panama on the Pacific. In 1880 no particular class of architecture called for remark. Two buildings with Moorish arches above and below were suggestive of things Spanish. The majority of the buildings or shops were wooden, and these were swept away in the fire. The place was hot and sickly in the dry or so-called healthy season, and was death-dealing and pestiferous in the wet season, the latter lasting for nearly eight months of the twelve. The centre of the city was a lagoon, houses being built all around and over it. Practically it had no outlet, or such a small one as to be of no use in changing its foul, fermenting, death-dealing waters. In front of the main street were the piers of the various steamship companies.

The pleasant part of Colon was called "The Beach," well away from the city and that lagoon. Scattered along this were many charming and comfortable homes
occupied by officers of the Panama Railroad, the steamship people, and others. While a resident of Panama I always deemed it a treat to go to the Colon side of the Isthmus during the grand moonlight nights of the dry season and walk along that pretty beach, there to watch the huge rollers as they came in from the vast Atlantic, raise their lofty crests to meet the outer coral reef, break, and cover the shore with silvery foam. The town had and has a very pretty church that was built by the Panama Railroad Company after they had completed the railroad. It is a gothic edifice of classic proportions, built of dark stone from the quarry at Bohio Soldado on the line of the Panama Railroad. I have been informed that it was consecrated by the late Bishop Potter, of New York. Beyond the church and on the common facing the famous old Washington—an early day edifice—there is a monument or shaft that likewise was built by the Panama Railroad people. Its base bears the names of Aspinwall, Stephens and Chauncey, the pioneers and founders of the Panama Railway. Within the enclosure facing the Washington there is a magnificent natural growth of cocoanut palms. They are without doubt the most graceful trees to be seen within the tropics. Captain Griffin, of the Colon, told me that there were over one hundred varieties in the state of Panama.

Beyond the church is the Panama Railway hospital, facing a dense growth of the water loving mangrove. Its rear looks out on the sea.

The land side of the island was occupied by the working classes, a thoroughly cosmopolitan lot. They were of all kinds,—black, white, yellow,—native and foreign.

Before dismissing Colon let me revert to its climate once more, as climate means health or sickness. Upon getting to Panama the Dean of the Medical Faculty, a Colombian, neatly divided the seasons as follows. He said to me: "First you have the wet season, lasting from about the 15th of April to the 15th of December, when people die of yellow fever in four or five days. Next you have the dry or healthy season, from December 15,
to April 15, when people die of pernicious fever in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours." Five years as a practitioner of medicine at Panama amply confirmed his views, and it is the best divison of the seasons that I know of. And apropos of climate, sickness and dying, a few words about Mount Hope, or Monkey Hill; as the latter has become the final resting-place of thousands. It is the cemetery on the Colon side of the Isthmus. Mount Hope is its baptismal name, and "Monkey Hill" is its everyday appellation. It is reached by rail. Funeral trains are as much an institution as passenger or goods trains. Since the advent of De Lesseps' canal men on the 28th day of February, 1881, thousands upon thousands have been buried there. During two seasons of epidemic it is said that the burials averaged from thirty to forty per day, and that for weeks together.
CHAPTER III.

TRIP ACROSS THE Isthmus—SCENES AND INCIDENTS—A TROPICAL DOWNPOUR—ARRIVAL AT PANAMA—A COLUMBIAN 'BUS—THE GRAND HOTEL.

At 1 P. M. we stepped from the street into the train en route for Panama. To the majority of us all it was novel. Leaving Colon we crossed the embankment leading to the main land, or the Spanish Main of early writers. On our right there was an immense mangrove swamp, one mass of green; beyond the swamp was a little hill, and then more low land. Later we passed Monkey Hill on our left. The tropical jungle became thicker and thicker; in places it was so thick as to be absolutely impassable. Here and there were stretches of bananas. The banana plant might be taken for a young tree by the inexperienced. It has a thick, fleshy stalk with broad, wide leaves, and the fruit hangs down in huge bunches. These banana patches, as they are termed, were interspersed with palms and other vegetation. Here and there a native rancho or hut could be seen on the hillsides. It was not long before we were at Gatun. To our right we got a glimpse of the river Chagres; a peaceful stream in the dry season, but often during the long, wet season of the Isthmus a huge, destructive volume of water. The railway there follows the left bank of the river as you approach the Pacific. Opposite the small station and just across on the opposite bank was the Indian hamlet of Gatun, properly so called. In the foreground were innumerable canoes, hollowed out of logs, drawn up on the beach. In those days Gatun was a mere collection of native huts built of bamboos thatched with palms or oleanders. It was a wholly novel sight to many of us, and recalled pictures of such huts in books
Episcopal Church, Colon; Built by Panama Railway.
of travel in Africa. We gradually approached the bridge of Barbacoas—the word is from the Indian, and signifies a bridge. In the early days the Indians had spanned the stream at that point with a swinging bridge constructed of withes. The Indians, met by the earliest Spanish discoverers, were men of great ingenuity, fearless, hospitable and brave.* The railway bridge at Barbacoas is of iron; it is 612 feet long, and rests on substantial stone piers, and its cost was $500,000. During the earthquake of September 7, 1882, it was thrown slightly out of line. The river at this point in the dry season is a peaceful, shallow stream, perhaps 200 feet wide. During one of the floods in 1878 the valley of the Chagres was overflown, and there were 12 to 18 feet of water over the railway. Beyond the bridge were trees unfamiliar to me, and creepers in flower; orchids and palms also claimed attention. The great luxuriance and density of the vegetation, including palms, bamboos and cottonwoods, become noticeable at this point. The cottonwood especially, a huge tree with tremendous flanges at its base, is a characteristically tropic form of the native flora.

Matachin is the mid-section of the railway, and there the trains crossed. In those days there were but a few ranchos and a frame building belonging to the Panama Railroad Company here. It was just beyond Gamboa that I made my first acquaintance with a tropical downpour. It seemed to come down in sheets; such rain I never had seen before, for it was almost a wall of water, and so dense that near objects along the side of the line were almost indistinguishable. It passed away as suddenly as it came; and then the sun looked forth on a smiling forest and a wealth of green interspersed with beautiful flowers of the richest hue. The flowering trees and vines suggested all sorts of fairy eyries in the labyrinths of the woods. Not far from Matachin on the right there is a once famous but now forgotten hill. It is named Cerro

* Washington Irving’s “Spanish Voyages of Discovery,” and “Life and Voyages of Columbus.”
FIVE YEARS AT PANAMA.

Gigante or the Big Hill, and it was from its crest that Vasco Nunez de Balboa first saw the grand old Pacific in the early morning of September 13, 1526. As all students of Spanish history are aware, he was the discoverer of that ocean, and his most romantic and adventurous life is charmingly told in Washington Irving's "Voyages of Spanish Discovery."

It goes without saying that as the line ascends from the coast, winding its way in and out among the hills, there are changes in the vegetation owing to elevation. We stopped at Emperador, then a small Indian hamlet. There we met venders of all sorts of things. The majority were females, and they were pictures in themselves. Their extraordinary dresses with the flounces above instead of below were a revelation to us. The women had black skins and around their necks hung chains of native gold. They were selling bananas, boiled eggs and other eatables. One stout wench thrust a bottle of lager beer at our party, and called out in her best English "Englishman's drink." The words were little short of libellous. While waiting there we got a glimpse of some native children, who bore a strong resemblance to the potatoes on a Parisian bill of fare, in that they were au naturel. Four or five stood on the embankment above us clad only in the cuticular covering supplied by good Dame Nature when they were ushered into a rude world. There were a number of ladies in our party, who affected not to see them, but their consciousness was self-evident. Then followed a roar of laughter that was absolutely infectious. These little Colombians, in the words of a witty American, were clad in dirt, a garment that fitted them accurately during life and rendered burial unnecessary. Past Emperador is Culebra, i. e., the Serpent. That is the highest point of the railway, it being 238 feet, 6 inches above the level of the Pacific. It is the lowest pass in the Andes in that part of South America. Culebra is on the crest or the "divide," as it would be termed in the Rockies. The density of the vegetation there may be gathered from the fact that rank grasses and undergrowth crowded
down to the very rails. Men are constantly employed cutting it away. It has been stated authoritatively that if the Panama Railroad remained unused for six months the whole line would be grown over and covered with tropical jungle. Having passed the crest we commenced descending and stopped at Paraiso, *anglice* Paradise, a charming little hamlet on the mountain side. Onward, and in the distance, we saw Mount Ancon, a small volcanic peak. It is just back of the city of Panama, and bears the same relation to it that Mount Royal does to Montreal, Canada.

Then we came upon more swamps and more man- groves and black soil. Here and there were great arms of the sea or "sloughs," as they are termed in California. At high water they are filled; at low water they resemble great muddy ditches; they connect with the Rio Grande or Grand River, some two miles back of the city of Panama. One of them was within a few feet of the railway embankment. Passing a small Indian village on the outskirts of Panama, the train drew up in the old-time station of the city. We disembarked and found places in a huge bus that was drawn by rat-like mules. We were driven over the dirty, uneven streets, past houses of known and unknown architectural beauty, to the Grand Hotel. The disembarking in Panama really was depressing—such ruin, such age, such desolation after leaving the bright and cheerful hotels and streets of well-kept New York; it was simply awful, and the presence of yellow fever in Colon, with *many flags at half mast*, and its presence in the city of Panama, did not make our surroundings any more cheerful. To be a faithful historian, I must say that the pigmy like mules were well beaten, and abused in Spanish. The fluency of our driver and the mathematical application of his epithets rendered us speechless. We rattled along over the dingy streets, past the old church of Nuestra Senora de la Merced, into the Plaza de la Catedral, or Cathedral Square, and stopped at one of the side entrances of the Grand Hotel. The latter, a huge building, occupied a whole block. It was four stories high, built of stone,
and so large and so spacious as to arouse my astonishment. It had been erected by an ambitious Frenchman, and in it he had sunk all of his money. It was an edifice that would have done credit to any city. Within, the rooms and table were fair, but it was malodorous in many ways.
Canal Cut at Emperador; 187 Feet Above Sea-level.
CHAPTER IV.

Modern Panama—location—population—sketch of early history, etc.

Modern Panama was founded in 1673 on Villa Corta. The first church erected within the city was that of San Felipe, over whose western door the date, "1688," will be found. Modern Panama is therefore over two centuries old. Panama was made a walled city; the walls costing over eleven millions of dollars some two hundred years ago, and that at a time when the Indians of the country were little better than Spanish slaves. In many places, notably on the Battery, the walls and masonry in general are in excellent order. The early Spaniards were magnificent builders. The city is built on a point of volcanic rock jutting well into the bay, and it was specially selected as a site for a walled city, in order to be safe against the fate that destroyed old Panama. As recently as 1849, in the days of the California gold fever, a deep moat crossed the city's front facing Mount Ancon. The moat passed from a point on the Bay of Panama past the famous old church of La Merced to another point in the bay beyond. On the city side were huge walls and the old time gate and drawbridge. Today the greater part of the walls have been removed, and in their place one sees a continuous street. To the left of the main road beyond La Merced, some of the walls still can be seen with the old time embrasures for guns.

Panama was a stronghold of Spain for many decades. The hundreds of millions of treasure that were stored there seem almost unreal to us now, but they were substantial enough in fact, for in those days Spain was the sole mistress of the seas.

There is a story of a king of Spain who once while
looking from a window in his palace, shielded his eyes with his hand. A minister who was present noticed the act, and the king said, "I am looking for the walls of Panama, for they have cost enough to be seen even from here."

The main Plaza or square of Panama in 1880 was in the exact heart of the city. Standing at the Grand Hotel facing the Plaza, by looking across the street to our left, we see an old time building. It is the Cabildo, or town hall, a building dear to all Colombians, as being the spot within which they signed their declaration of independence following the throwing off of the Spanish yoke. The hotel and Cabildo complete that side of the square. Directly opposite the hotel was the Bishop's Palace, a modern building approaching completion in 1880, four stories in height, and of a handsome architectural design. The then resident bishop was one of Colombia's most talented sons, Bishop Paul, now archbishop of Colombia, with residence in the Federal capital of Sante Fé de Bogota. This is the oldest archbishopric in the three Americas; the first church in America having been built in Santa Maria de la Antigua del Darien, a spot not very far from old Panama, out on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus. Returning to the city, opposite the Cabildo is one of the old time Colombian stone houses, three stories high, with balconies, and covered with red tiles. Such buildings generally are whitewashed.

The Cathedral of Panama is to the left of the Grand Central Hotel. A well-known writer* states that it is of the early renaissance, but he is mistaken. The building has two lofty stone towers, of a pure Moorish type, whose domes are covered with the cement for which the early Spaniards were famous, and in which are embedded hundreds of pearl shells with the pearly side out. They are worked up in various designs on a field of red cement. Although having been exposed for upwards of one hundred and twenty-eight years, still on a bright, sunshiny day the sun's rays are reflected from them.

* Trollop's "Spanish Main and West Indies."
The front or façade of the cathedral is attractive. There are huge doors, columns, niches for the twelve apostles, and one above for the Virgin. The edifice is built of a yellow stone strongly resembling sandstone. Over the main entrance there is a double cross, the emblem of a Bishop's see. Opposite the cathedral in the days referred to (1880) there were the ruins of the old Grand Central Hotel, a building that had been badly damaged by the great earthquake of 1858. Later the old Grand Central was destroyed by fire.

In 1880 the Plaza was divided into four minor squares by intersecting streets, one leading across the city from wall to wall, the other being a part of the long axis of the city. Facing on the Plaza and in some of the streets in that vicinity, are the principal shops.

All the churches are within the city except two, the first being that of Santa Ana in the Plaza of that name. It was a suburban church, built some two centuries ago by a wealthy Spanish nobleman, whose family name was St. Ana. Back of it, and near the entrance to the Quinta Santa Rita, there are the ruins of its old chapel of ease. The Quinta is a charming spot at the foot of Mount Ancon, and is the property of M. Leblanc, who made himself famous during the first visit of De Lesseps to the Isthmus of Panama. He told Le Grande Français that if he attempted the construction of a canal across the Isthmus, there would not be trees enough there to make crosses to place over the graves of his laborers. M. Leblanc was an old timer and knew what he was saying. Thousands and thousands of canal men have been buried on the Isthmus, many of whose graves are marked by crosses, while many others are without any crosses at all.

I reached Panama City on the 29th day of May, 1880. It then had a population estimated at fifteen thousand; the majority being black—Negroes, Indians, mulattoes,—and a blending of both races, with some Chinese. Perhaps there were as many as two thousand whites on the Isthmus. The principal trade of the Isthmus was then, as it is now, in the hands of foreigners, with foreign enterprise and foreign capital.