CHAPTER XX.

CARTHAGENA, THE CITADEL OF GOLDEN CASTILE—ITS FORTIFICATIONS—COST EIGHTY MILLIONS—CHURCHES—EARLY HISTORY—SITUATION—BARRANQUILLA, ON THE MAGDALENA RIVER.

CARTHAGENA de los Indias was Spain's stronghold on the Spanish Main.

Before entering upon its history I shall consider the harbor of Carthagena, of which one reads: "It is the finest and most commodious port on the north coast of New Granada, where large vessels can lie in great security, effect any ordinary repairs, and, if necessary, heave. It is formed between the low mangrove shore of the main on the east, Tierra Bomba Island on the west, and Baru Island on the south; is about eight miles in length from north to south; but its breadth varies considerably. Near the middle the eastern extremity of Tierra Bomba stretches so far across, as to nearly divide it into two large basins.

"The city, which is the capital of the province, is situated (population 20,000) at the north end of the harbor on a low, narrow neck of sand about two miles in length, and is enclosed within walls of the most solid description; the churches and other buildings are also of a similar substantial character. It occupies a space of about three-quarters of a mile north and south, and about half a mile from east to west, and communicates with the main-land by a wooden bridge two hundred and fifty yards in length, and with Calamar, on the river Magdalena, by a canal having a depth of eight feet (El Dique).

"About a mile eastward of the city lies La Popa hill, five hundred and ten feet above the sea, of a wedge-like form, with the thick end to the south; at this end there
is a signal post and a large convent, the massive white walls of which are forty-five feet high. In clear weather the hill may be seen from a distance of thirty miles, and it is a remarkable object when seen from off Galera Point.

"At the base of La Popa, between it and the city, on a small hill one hundred and twenty-five feet high, are the ruins of the castle of San Lazarus; and at the entrance to the small lagoon which separates the city from the main-land and the harbor, is Pastelillo fort. Spring tides rise eighteen inches and neaps six inches."*

Now for a brief glimpse at its past:

"In Ojeadas' voyage thither, in 1509, he found the natives to be warlike men of Carib origin. They wielded great swords of palm wood, defended themselves with osier targets, and dipped their arrows in a subtle poison. The women as well as the men mingled in the battle, being expert with the bow and throwing a species of lance, called azagay.†

"The city of Carthagena lies in latitude 10° 25' north, and 75° and 30' west longitude. ‡

"The climate is that of the coast, or a perpetual summer.

"The weather affects national character directly, by means of dress, and indirectly through agricultural products; the most important of them in this respect is the platano, or plantain. The plantain saves man more labor than steam. It gives him the greatest amount of food from a given piece of ground, with a labor so small that the raising of it to the mouth, after roasting is a material part of it. 'New Granada would be something,' says my neighbor, Caldas, 'if we could exterminate the platano and the cane; one is the parent of idleness and the other of drunkenness.' It is calculated that the ground yielding wheat for the sustenance of one man, would grow plantains for twenty-five men."§

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† "Companions of Columbus," New York.
§ "New Granada," Holton, N. Y., 1887.
As will be gathered from the foregoing, it is a land of perpetual sunshine; its seasons are the counterpart of those of Panama. Long before it was my privilege to pay Cartagena a visit, I had heard a great deal of its wonderful fortifications. The harbor is very pretty and striking. The steamers enter between a water battery and a strongly built fort on a small island at the Boca, or mouth. That entrance is called La Boca Chica, or the smaller one. The great mouth to the harbor was obstructed by the Spaniards themselves, who sank ships in it to prevent the entrance of the English. The small fort at Boca Chica will always have a sad interest for admirers of liberty, for one of Colombia's bravest sons, the late General Saltan, was imprisoned there, after the failure of the revolution of 1884. Later he was taken to Panama as a prisoner. While there, in the enjoyment of perfect health, he was suddenly cut off, and if the information received regarding his sudden death is accurate, he was poisoned. I may state at this point, that the knife and poison for political enemies are no modern invention in Colombia, and I could, if I wished, cite cases where president after president has met an untimely end.

Past the fort are land batteries of a most substantial type, all built by the Spaniards, commanding a pretty stretch of water, and as one sails up the bay one gets a good view of La Popa, which, with its buildings on the top, reminds one of the many castles in Spain and Portugal, which were built by the Moorish invaders. The country thereabouts is very pretty—on one side a sweep of green caused by a dense grove of mangroves, and on the other, table-lands, palms and ranchos, while the whole is backed by hills. At last the good ship Derwent threw her mud-hook overboard, and we came to, about three-quarters of a mile from Cartagena. It bears the strongest resemblance to Cadiz, in Andalusia, Spain, though the walls of the latter are not nearly as substantial as those of Cartagena. I can better give an idea of the size of the walls, their strength and massive character, by stating that they cost Spain some eighty
millions of dollars over two centuries ago. I left our ship in a small boat for the shore, passed another water battery, around a bend and some shallows, and landed at a pier. Thence through a huge water gate, and so to the old city. But for the fact that I had seen so much like it in Spain, it would have been a treat of treat—and as it was, it was most instructive. I wandered around the old streets, with their projecting balconies and barred windows, and could almost have fancied myself in some city of old Spain. An American writer who has paid considerable attention to the architecture of that country calls it "the Spanish order of architecture. With the above caption the hypercritical may jump at his chance, and say there is no such order laid down in the books on architecture. Be that as it may, it matters little to the present point in question. Those who have become acquainted with Spain, and countries descended from her, know that the Spaniards in all the lands in which they have planted their prestige, gave to their houses a peculiar form of construction, which no other country has adopted with the same degree of uniformity. Hence, it is not wrong in meaning when an order is assigned them. This peculiar form is more universally followed by the descendant of the Moor than any other order of architecture is by any other civilized nation."* 

I am quite of Dr. Trowbridge's opinion that in all countries where the Spaniards have been, they have left the indelible impress of their architecture. The houses in Spanish cities—the majority of them—are as much alike as peas. The fortifications generally are identical. The fortifications around Carthagena are the most extensive that it has ever been my good fortune to examine. There are places on the ramparts there where six carriages could be driven abreast; the thickness of the walls is thirty to sixty feet, backed by a solid embankment of earth. The upper sections of the outer walls are

* "Yellow Fever in Vera Cruz"; Dr. Trowbridge. Vera Cruz, Mexico, 1883.
pierced from point to point with embrasures for guns. Here and there one observes the peculiar Moorish towers for sentinels. These are circular, built wholly of stone, including their cupolas, with long vertical slits on their sea faces for observation. Along the old ramparts were a number of guns, of the ancient and of the modern type. Some of the old ones were a mass of rust and absolutely useless—some upright, others partially broken down. Many of the more modern guns, all muzzle loaders, were mounted on substantial wooden gun carriages of English manufacture. Some of the older guns were mounted on wooden carriages whose wheels were huge disks of wood shod with iron. Again other guns were on iron carriages. Just inside the fortifications there is a street. It is a remarkable stronghold and historic in many ways. Within the city are many churches. The Church of Santo Domingo, or Saint Dominic, is an important one. San Juan de Dios is another very large church that was being repaired while I was there. It is a huge structure, with the usual Moorish towers, and a Moorish dome. It had been modernized by covering it with a light-colored, yellow wash and blocking it off in squares—to my mind, little better than sacrilege.

Carthagena connects by a narrow neck of sand with a very considerable settlement outside the walls. The landing-place there presented a great deal of animation on a market day, when people came up in their bungoos, or canoes, and drew them up on the sands and chaffed over the various products offered for sale. The majority were black-skinned, of Indian descent, but of course there was some blending with the African. Outside the walls, between Carthagena and the town beyond, is the Camilon, or pleasure ground. On each side of the street which crosses it, are a number of pedestals, and on these are remarkable busts of distinguished Colombians. They are out of the open, the whole unprotected.

El Cerro San Felipé, or the hill of Saint Philip, is connected with the old city by a tunnel that it is said cost
$11,000,000. Reference has already been made to La Popa, which is an old time fortification and monastery. Despite this fortification, and the land and water batteries, the English stormed the city and carried it. It is said that the defense was most obstinate, but the indomitable will of the sons of John Bull led to their victory. But it was purchased at a fearful price, for thousands of English sailors, soldiers and marines died of fever. The pretty water battery, El Pastelillo, to-day is known as El Redouto. Back of this there is a stretch of green and the hill of San Felipé in the distance; on its right is La Popa, and on the left, the city.

The royal mail steamer Derwent, Captain Powles, cleared from Carthagena late in the afternoon, when I had another opportunity of seeing the sun set on the city and all the play of light as the ship steered out into the open. The run to Salgar, the port of Barranquilla, was made in about eight hours; it could have been done in less, but there was no hurry. At Salgar I went off in a tug to the shore and took the railroad for Barranquilla. The trip between the port and the city, owing to the flatness of the country, was not very interesting. In some lagoons I noticed immense numbers of white cranes. Barranquilla is an old town on the river Magdalena. The majority of the houses in the city are of stone covered by very thick thatches of native grasses resembling hay. These thatches are put on in the most substantial manner, and then are neatly squared off where they hang over the sidewalk. They are twelve to eighteen inches thick. These, with the whitewashed walls of the houses, present a somewhat peculiar appearance. Barranquilla is largely built on sandy soil. The streets are all sandy, travelling is most difficult, and the dust is constant. While the place is very hot, it has been claimed that it is healthy. Generally speaking, I presume this is the case.

Some native troops were stationed there. Most of them were Indians, men of small figure, active, wiry, and, when well led, good fighters. They have been
called machine soldiers* by an American writer, and the name is a good one. These men, when well drilled, are most successful in military evolutions. At Panama I saw a number of dress parades where many complicated movements were made by them—movements based largely upon the tactics of the French. Many of the Colombian regiments have scarlet trowsers and the shako, so familiar to those who have seen the French troops.

Near the old church in the heart of Barranquilla, there is a broad cement walk running for a considerable distance through the centre of one of the main thoroughfares. Twice a week the band plays there—Thursdays and Sundays. On the evening of the latter day the élite of the city may be found promenading up and down, listening to the music, much of which is excellent. When one is travelling about I know of no better place of getting an idea of the middle and upper classes than to attend one of these band stands. These outdoor concerts last some two hours, and are events in a somewhat quiet life.

I stayed at the best hotel in the town—but don't think me extravagant until I tell you what it cost. A room was assigned to me in which there were four cots. The partitions ran up about eight feet. The rooms were almost in common. For a money consideration of two dollars in Colombian paper, which was about one dollar in American gold, I secured all the rights and privileges of my room, including meals and attendance, for I strongly objected to being doubled up, trebled up, or quadrupled, as sometimes obtains in those countries.

Life in Barranquilla certainly is very quiet. It does a large trade, as will be gathered from the chapter thereon. Its sister city of Carthagena does not do a very large trade with it. At Barranquilla one can take a steamer up the river for Calamar and thence through El Dique, or the canal to Carthagena. I spent nearly a fortnight there and made many pleasant acquaintances; among

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* "Harper's Monthly."
others, that of Mr. Pellet, for twenty years United States Consul, and latterly editor and proprietor of the Shipping List. In his brochure* he gives a world of information regarding the town some twenty years ago, from which I shall quote the following:

"The national post office, (Heaven help the mark), was in a small straw house, with a mud floor. The correspondence was dumped down in the dirt, and each went in and 'helped himself;' and our old friend Constantine, had the reputation of having the first reading of all the newspapers which came for the whole community. Our genial companion of those days, Mr. Hulle, recounts the fact that, when purser of one of the river steamers, he picked up the national mail which was coming down in a canoe, and on delivering it at the post office, and asking for a receipt, was met by the postmaster with the announcement that he had neither pen, ink nor paper in his office."

That style of post office is of the past, and there is a well organized service now.

The city of Carthagena does a very large export and import trade. These two cities handle the bulk of native exports and imports. There is a port on the Pacific to the south of the Isthmus, called San Buenaventura. It is low and unhealthy. A railroad has been built there connecting with the interior, and it is supposed to be a shorter way of reaching Santa Fé de Bogota, the capital.

Bogota is on an elevated table-land 8000 feet above sea level. To reach it from Colon one has to proceed to Carthagena or Barranquilla, and go up the Magdalena as far as he can. If it is in the wet season the trip can be made without serious inconvenience, I am told. But in the dry season, even a steamer of the shallow draft Mississippi type, used there, can only go a short distance towards Honda. Then the journey has to be made on mule-back. Sometimes it is a matter of weeks and is attended with a world of serious inconvenience. Of the

* "Twenty Years in Barranquilla."
route from San Buenaventura on the Pacific, I have not heard so much, but in the wet season it presents many difficulties, and getting to the capital is a serious undertaking at any time.
CHAPTER XXI.

THE FORTY-NINE, OR CALIFORNIA DAYS OF PANAMA—THE OLD ROUTE ACROSS THE Isthmus—REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS.

The Panama Railroad grew out of the discovery of gold in California. The finding of gold near Colonel Sutter's saw-mill in the vicinity of Sacramento, and the developments in various parts of the State, soon attracted great numbers of men to California, as a field for money-making and speculation. Going out across the plains, or the Great American Desert, in those days, meant months of great risk and great expense. Thousands went to California by way of Nicaragua, going up the river as far as the lake, then crossing that and so down to the Pacific side, there to take a steamer. That was the shortest way of getting there. While hundreds went on to California, thousands crossed the Isthmus of Panama. Many booked through. The vessel's destination after leaving New York was the mouth of the Chagres. Once landed on that river there were days and nights of toil, and all the unpleasant elements of climate, and vigorous insect life to combat. Crossing the Isthmus in those days meant anywhere from four to six days. The gold hunters were rowed or pulled up the river, largely by native boatmen, generally to some point in the vicinity of Cruces, or Cruz. There they took mules to Panama. Those of the travellers who could afford it in the upper section of the Isthmus hired selleros, who took their name from the sella, a kind of chair, that they had lashed to their backs. After getting to Panama, many of them used to shed their apparel, and the collection of old hats, red shirts and the like in the streets was something astonishing. This information I obtained from the typical
The discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill initiated great gains or the shortest way to California, many after leaving to California as far as the Pacific coast. Once landed toil, and all toil, and all those days the gold hunters by native of Crayton. Those upper sections from them used to old hats, something astonish the typical

Ranchos of Restingue, Island of Tohoga.
oldest inhabitant, and I presume it is as true as are the statements of other "oldest inhabitants." In 1851, while hundreds were waiting on the Isthmus of Panama for a steamer to San Francisco, there was an outbreak of chola- 
era. The disease was taken to the Isthmus of Panama from the city of New York. In 1852, the Seventh United States Infantry was on the Isthmus, en route to California. Captain U. S. Grant was with them, and states, that fully one-seventh of that regiment were killed by the cholera.*

The epidemic got in among the gold hunters, and I have been told by a gentleman, who was there at the time, that some six hundred were lost. Any one who knows the old battery, will recollect on the rampart, leading up to it, there are many names and initials cut in the stone caps—initials in some instances, names in full in others—together with dates. They used to go up there and await patiently, first to note an incoming vessel from San Francisco, and then to prepare to get away. The crowds on the Isthmus were such that sometimes they were detained for weeks, although in many cases they were booked through to California. The Rev. Mr. Williams in his work, relates an incident that happened while he was on the Isthmus awaiting passage to the new El Dorado. One day a number of them were passing near the old church of La Merced, now familiar to my readers. One of them fell down and expired on the spot. The case was supposed to be one of heart disease. He was an American, and his sudden death excited a great deal of sympathy. In the midst of their sympathetic expressions one of their number said, "He had a through ticket for California," and their thoughts were taken from the dead man to the next name on the list.

Some of those early day steamers bear the same proportion to those of to-day that the vessels of Columbus do to an ordinary ship. Off the Island of Naos at anchor is the old steamer Winchester. She belongs to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. On another face of the island

* "Grant's Memoirs," Volume I.  
| "The Growth of the Presbyterian Church in California." |
there is the wreck of the *St. Louis*, an old side-wheeler. The number of passengers carried on them, however, was something astonishing. Hundreds and hundreds, and later when the larger boats of the type of the *Golden Gate*, that was burned off the coast of Mexico came in, as many as fifteen to seventeen hundred embarked. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company then operated the line from New York to the Isthmus, and on the Pacific, the ships in part belonged to the Panama Railroad Company. Later its vessels were all sold to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the railroad company only retaining their line across the Isthmus.

It was then customary to disembark passengers anywhere on the coast of California, and hundreds left the steamer at Santa Barbara, one of the most charming spots on the Pacific. They then had to look forward to a pleasant trudge of some two hundred and eighty-odd miles to get into the gold mining district. “Forty-nine” and its days call to mind the experience of a young Canadian physician who obtained his diploma in Canada. He left home with a modest sum of money in his pocket, full of hope, and with his diploma in his trunk. He liberally discounted his golden future on his way out, by spending all the money he had. When he reached San Francisco, he found that a doctor was of no more importance than anybody else, but he was a plucky fellow, and he engaged himself to a company then fishing for salmon. He dropped the title of “Doctor,” and for months and months worked at curing fish. He got four dollars a day. At last he went into the interior, put out his shingle, and made a success.

The sums of gold that crossed the Isthmus in those days from Mexico to the Atlantic were simply fabulous. Millions were carried across, and never was a dollar stolen. The system of porterage was excellent, thoroughly organized, and every precaution was taken. The specie was carried on the backs of mules to a point near Cruces. It then went down the Chagres in bungoos or canoes to the village at its mouth, Chagres on the Atlantic, and was there shipped to New York.
1. Native Rancho. 2. Village of Emperor, Line of Panama Railway and Canal.
CHAPTER XXII.

THE DEPARTMENT OF CHIRIQUI, IN THE STATE OF PANAMA—ITS VOLCANOES, SCENERY, GUACAS AND GUACALS—CONTENTS—CLIMATE—MESA, OR TABLE-LANDS—DAME NATURE AT HOME—RAMBLES IN HER HOT-HOUSES—ORCHIDS—ISLA DE LOS MUERTOS.

The department of Chiriqui, in the State of Panama, being the extreme northern section of the State, is one that teems with varied interests, either to the archæologist, geologist, or botanist. For several years I had looked forward to a trip to that part of the country and had been greatly interested in what I had read of it,* and of the hundreds of curios unearthed there by Mr. J. A. McNeil, an American archæologist, who had spent some years in that department.

One day about the end of February, 1886, together with Mr. A. Hilsche, an Austrian botanist, I embarked on the steamship *Cargador* for David. We left shortly after nightfall, and our departure was announced by the firing of a cannon. The *Cargador* was built in Old England as a harbor freight steamer. She was of considerable breadth of beam, and was a shallow draft steamer with double screws. For years she had been engaged in the cattle trade. The trip was uneventful until we got off the coast of Chiriqui, when some beautiful scenery gladdened our hearts. We entered one of the bocas or mouths, continued along arms of the sea amid peaceful scenery, new vistas opening upon us from point to point. Later we got a good sight of El Volcan, or the huge mountain back of David. The steamer wound her way in and out among the lagoons and arms of the sea, and

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* "The Isthmus of Panama;" Bidwell, London.

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at last was tied up to the bank, some three miles from the pueblo or town of David. We drove up in a species of carriage, our luggage following us, going over a very pretty piece of table-land. After the old town was reached we learnt where we could obtain rooms on its outskirts, and went to what had been a native farm house. It was but one story, covered with red tiles. The senora intimated that we could have rooms for a “consideration,” and having fixed thereon we were ushered into our apartments. Mine faced the street. The partitions did not run up to the ceiling, being open at the top for the circulation of air and vampire bats. There were no windows in my room, but there were shutters. These when open let in the sunlight, but when closed made the room dark. There was a cot in one corner, a species of washstand in another; and after some negotiation I secured a tin wash-bowl, some soap, and a promise of an abundant supply of water. That tin basin had to be the bath-tub for that trip. Looking upward there were the red tiles. The room was not as luxuriously appointed as some I have seen in my wanderings. I noticed near my bed marks where four candles had been placed upon the floor. I knew what it meant and asked when the last funeral took place. I was informed by my hostess that the man had died but a few weeks previously, and she mentioned the name of an American of Panama, who, by the way, was one of the men locked up for supposed participation in the stealing of that $50,000. That was a pleasant sort of talk for me, but it didn’t interfere with my plans in the slightest. My neighbor, the botanist, took up the inquiry, and found that a journalist had recently died in his room of consumption,—so he certainly had no advantage.

The first night in that house gave me considerable trouble. There were no ghosts; the journalist didn’t come back, nor did the other fellow; but the house was full of bats and they kept flying about the place, occasionally sweeping over me, when I could feel the current of air. That was "an extra" which had not been bar-
from its had looked from the street, and went for a farm. I first saw an owl, which was for a moment a curiosity, but there was nothing else. It was a cot in the street, and a potbellied stove, some water, and a little of that trip. The room where I have my bed upon the floor is the last place that the hostess that left me, and she was a Spanish lady, who, or supposed to be so. That was a matter for the botanist, not the journalist, who had a considerable facility in such matters. The house was a small place, occasional, the current not been bar- gained for. We are told "that memory is the only friend;" but at times I am inclined to believe it is a contemptible one. No sooner did those wretched bats commence flying about than I recalled the fact that cattle were often killed by them. Then other peculiarities of the bat came to me, such as their habit of fastening on their victims and fanning the part so skillfully with their wings, that their bite was not felt, the result being a full bat and an ex-sanguined gringo. There was nothing for it. I had to sleep. Fatigue overcame my imagination and I went to sleep, and awoke in the morning as right as possible. After two or three nights, I got accustomed to the bats, and so did my neighbor in the next room. We could have dispensed with them, and gladly, but, as they formed part of the household, there was nothing to be done. Once having settled down in my spacious quarters, I looked up my old friend Mr. McNeil. I found him in his quarters in the village, very ill, surrounded by no end of curios. The art of the physician came in play, and, thanks to it and his good constitution, he was soon about again, when we talked over our "old fads," the pottery implements found in the guacals, or graves of the Chiriqui.

I must here state that, thanks to Mr. McNeil, my attention was drawn to the many curios from the prehistoric graves of David. The town of David is the chief town of the department and lies on a noble savanna, or plain. It, with the well wooded coast line in front and the grand old mountain at the back, forms one of the prettiest pictures imaginable. It was classic in all of its details. El Volcan, or the volcano, as the mountain is named, has been extinct for many years. It has three craters; its height is 3,000 feet. It had been our intention to visit them all, but, owing to the lateness of the season and the approach of the rains, we had to abandon that part of the programme. David is one of those odd-looking settlements seen in all the Spanish Americas. The houses are generally one story high, whitewashed, and are section covered with red tiles of native manufacture. The majority of the houses have...
covered-in verandas in front. It is a quiet, easy life in which there is no indecent haste; the climate is perpetual summer, vegetation is luxuriant, and one's tranquility is only varied by intermittent fever and occasional revolutionary outbreaks. A Colombian is like an Irishman, in that he must have some distraction. The streets of the city are not lit by electricity, and they have no tramways.

Guacals is the name employed by the Indians of the department to designate the old cemeteries; the word "guaca" meaning a grave. History is silent about the people who are buried in thousands there. The discovery of these old cemeteries came about on this wise. Many, many years ago in cutting a trench through a peaceful forest to drain off water, the Indian diggers came upon an image of gold. Great was their surprise, and the execrable sedd'ore, or the "cursed thirst of gold" settled upon that primitive people like a nightmare. They kept on digging, and unearthed quantities of golden ornaments and images of various kinds. Soon hundreds were digging in the forest, and it has been estimated that gold ornaments were uncovered to a value exceeding $400,000 in a space of five or six years. They were sold for their weight, or value in coin, and went into the melting pot. Later, some archaeologists took an interest in the matter, and some systematic work was done, they directing, and the natives doing the digging. It would seem that in the majority of cases the graves first were dug, their sides lined with pieces of stone, and then cross-pieces were laid over these. Inside, the pottery was placed, together with ornaments of gold, cooking utensils, etc. The graves of the poorer classes contained nothing but cooking utensils, and no gold ornaments were found in them. A native locates a grave by tapping the earth as he walks along. As soon as he gets a hollow sound familiar to his expert ear he commences digging, and digs down. The contents are stone implements, pottery implements, ornaments, and pure gold, and ornaments of gold gilt, a species of pinchbeck, called by the natives there tum-
Five Years at Panama.

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There are also ornaments in copper, and a few bone instruments.

There are a number of small idols in stone, varying from nine to eighteen inches high. There is also a species of grinding stone, on which they evidently ground their corn, or its equivalent. The better class of these grinding stones were from eighteen to twenty-four inches in length, and from twelve to fifteen inches in width. I am now speaking of some of the largest. They were concave on top, and in the graves were found stone rollers fitting the upper surface. Generally they were made to represent some animal. There were some with tiger shaped heads and four legs. The tail generally folded around and rested on the left hind leg. A commoner type of grinding stone resembled a low stool of stone without any ornamentation. In the graves were found an endless variety of stone chisels and stone hatchets. Some of these chisels and hatchets were beautifully proportioned, presenting various planes and surfaces for examination, and their edges in many instances were sharp even after having been exposed for long centuries to the effects of that humid soil. These were the implements with which the people did all their carving.

In the pottery implements the variety was almost endless, not only suggesting considerable ingenuity, but also some knowledge of the anatomy of the human figure. Between many of these pieces of pottery and the male angels on the doors of La Merced, at Panama, there was a striking analogy. If it had to describe these things to archaeologists interested in the work, and wholly of the masculine sex, there would be no difficulty in conveying my ideas. Roughly classifying the pottery utensils, they were of two kinds, glazed and unglazed, and many of the markings on them had been made in black and red pigments. Many of the borders while crude, were very suggestive. There was a series of gods, little squat figures with triangular faces; nearly all of which had been glazed and were ornamental. Their pectoral development was remarkable. It is supposed that they
were a kind of idol—it may be an idle supposition, but it is all we have to go by. Then there were rattles of ingenious construction, with which they soothed the gentle babe in early days. There was a series of whistles (it is supposed that they were bird calls) producing all sorts of notes, from a full rich sound to a gentle twitter. There was no end of variety in the yellow earthenware pots for cooking purposes. Some of these stood up on three legs; these being hollowed—while within were hardened balls of pottery that played up and down when they were reversed. You could see them through the slots in the leg. Many of these showed traces of fire, and undoubtedly had been used for cooking. Then there were others that were unglazed, of plainer varieties, with little handles placed on their sides close to the rim. Each handle presented the head of some animal. Some of the finest specimens of plain ware really were very handsome. They were obtained by the late M. de Zeltner, a former consul of France, on the Isthmus of Panama. He made a remarkably fine collection, and had them photographed on one large plate, and I saw the latter. He also published a monograph thereon.*

Among the gold ornaments found in the guacas at Chiriqui were many frogs. The frog seems to have been a favorite type of ornament with those early races. The largest frog of pure gold, uncovered there, weighed eighteen ounces. I saw a very good specimen in Panama that weighed six drachms. Another thing that seemed very strange to me was a kind of bell. It was of gold, and the exact counterpart of the old-time sleigh bells, or those with a slot. It had a handle and within were little pieces of metal, and these tiny bells, when shaken, emitted quite a musical sound. I had an opportunity of examining quite a number of them. There were also a number of figures of both men and women. The majority of those found were men.

Among the tumbago ornaments the majority repre-

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* "Les Sepulturas Prehistoriques de Chiriqui;" De Zeltner, Paris.
sentt birds or frogs. From a careful examination of a number of them the body seemed to be made of copper covered by a film of gold. How it was put on, I am unable to say, but certainly gold it was. One specimen that I examined, that belonged to a collection that became the property of Mr. J. H. Stearns, of Short Hills, N. J., was a part of the figure of an animal resembling a lion. That figure caused me endless speculation. It was about an inch and a quarter long. There was the head and part of the mane. The animal was looking backward over its body; it was well proportioned, and its tail curled round to the left. There was a tiny ring fastened to it, by which it was probably suspended from the neck of the wearer. The lower part had rusted away.

I also saw another specimen, which caused me a deal of speculation. It evidently was intended for the figure of some king. It was in bronze, and that surprised me greatly, because the art of casting in bronze is deemed an art to this day, if I have been rightly informed. This king had upon his head a crown. It was claimed that it was found in the vicinity of David.

Thanks to the researches of Stephens in Mexico, and Squier in Nicaragua, we know a great deal of the tribes and of the primitive people of those countries and their past monuments. It is supposed that the people of Chiriqui, like those of the Gulf of Panama, already referred to, had branched off from their more civilized brethren in the highlands of Central America and the east coast of Mexico.

On that trip to David I secured a great many specimens, and photographed them then and there. The bulk of my specimens I sent to the University of McGill College, Montreal, and the others to the Natural History Society of that city.

I have seen a drawing made by Mr. McNeil of the pedra pintada, or the painted stone. It was many miles from where we were staying, but one morning we got up bright and early, Mr. Hiibsche and myself, and started inland. It was one of those bright, clear,
tropical mornings; and to travel right over the savanna through the open and into the primitive forest was a delight. Onward we went, wending our way through the forests and across streams, past native corrals, here and there a rancho and grazing cattle, to the banks of a little rivulet, where we had breakfast. Then we kept on, and late in the afternoon reached a rancho near the stone. There it was that I became acquainted with a native bed—one of those built up things in a native hut—over which was thrown a dried skin. It is about as comfortable and yielding as a block of granite. Our experience in that rancho I shall never forget. Mr. Hübsche took the inner side of our luxuriant couch. I had the privilege of sleeping on the outside. The bed consisted of a dried skin under us. They had visitors at that rancho, and they climbed up the ladder and slept above us. The people up in that loft—the whole place wasn’t twelve by twelve—were intensely sociable, and smoked after they had retired. Then the old lady and gentleman went into their apartment, which was on our floor. It was the ground floor—literally so, as the floor was earthen. Of course there were some children and a few dogs. Fourteen of us slept in that small rancho that night, and it will be safe to say that there was great sociability and little stiffness. It wasn’t much of a night to talk about, but all things have an ending, and at the first pencillings of dawn we were up and out. We then had coffee and, led by a practico or guide, who by the same token was a son of the household, we set off for the famous painted stone.

It was a huge boulder, and various inscriptions were cut in its side. I made a series of photographs; then we returned to the rancho, had some breakfast, said good-by to the family, and started on the return. That trip through the forest was pleasant and instructive. My companion was a profound botanist, and was there on a botanical trip. He knew all the orchids by name and all about them. The woods were full of them, and many of them were new and strange plants to me. We pursued our way, leisurely chatting about "a thousand and one
things. He had had endless experience in Brazil, along that mighty stream, the Amazon. About midday we reached a stretch of table land where the natives were burning off the grass to enrich the soil. When we got on it the prospect wasn't pleasant, for the prairie was on fire in nearly every direction ahead of us. It was in no sense a serious fire, save that the grass was burning towards us and there was a great deal of smoke. The grass was but short. We took in the situation at once, picked out a place where the fire seemed to be weakest, and rode for it. When getting into the thick of it, for a few seconds it was hot and stifling, but we got through not much the worse for it, nor were our animals damaged. At high noon it was rather warmish; the temperature indicated by one of my travelling thermometers was 118°.

We got back to David that night thoroughly tired out, but after a most enjoyable experience. It took us a day or two to pull ourselves together, when we went off on a trip of another kind. We engaged a large bungo or canoe to take us down the lagoon over the arms of the sea, to a point near a weathered mountain. On our way through the lagoon we had a small adventure—and it might have been a very large one. We came upon a large shark that was sunning himself, and the way he turned up the water was astonishing. He passed under our boat, and had we been upset, there is no knowing what might have happened. We landed on a pretty island for breakfast. Then, late in the afternoon, we went up an interior lagoon, when our boatman steered for the shore. We passed through a lot of mangroves, stepped out on the bank, and buried in that dense jungle we found two ranchos. There we passed the night. The early part of it was made somewhat exciting by a number of scorpions, that dropped from the roof to the floor. Now scorpions are in no sense companionable; in fact, they have business ends at both terminals. The scorpion is a lobster in miniature, with this difference, that while the lobster can only bite in front, the scorpion can bite in front and sting with his tail. Having evicted the
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Scorpions we made a fairish night of it, and then started away inland across more savannas, noting the geology of the country and the like. We saw many things that recalled what Humboldt had referred to as the fearful cataclysm that had wrought such destruction in Colombia in early days.

The mountain seemed to be farther and farther off, and at last getting to a small native settlement, we decided that time would not permit of our going there.

The atmosphere was so clear that it seemed near by, and the guide, in the hope of extracting more money, lied with a fluency that would have been absolutely admirable had we not been the intended victims of his deceit.

We spent some hours at that point photographing the natives in their houses, and got back to our boat and stood down towards the open sea. We made the island called Isla de los Muertos. I was particularly anxious to see this island, as I was told that on it there was a seam of coal. It was supposed to be haunted, and there were pigs there and other interesting things.

We found the seam of coal with a strata of clay above it, and brought away some specimens. Some of the latter I sent to the late Prof. Spencer Baird, then secretary of the Smithsonian in Washington.

Apropos of the coal I shall cite the following:

"Messrs. Whiting and Schuman, in their report in 1851, on the coal formation of the Island of Muerto, near David in Chiriqui, say they found monuments and columns covered with hieroglyphics similar to those discovered by Stephens in Yucatan."

The majority of the natives in that part of the country are Indians. A custom obtains among the women that I believe is peculiar to that part of the country. This is the peculiar way that they have of pointing their teeth. After their teeth are fully developed they are chipped away from a central point in each tooth to its upper edge, and what remains is a V-shaped piece with a point below. The corresponding tooth is chipped away in the same way.

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The same manner, and when in apposition the teeth look like a couple of white saws placed teeth to teeth. It is a practice peculiar to the women, and is done by them for ornamentation.

Apropos of another tribe of Indians in a distant part of Colombia I shall cite Holton,* who says: "One curious custom of the Goajiros I suspect may have extended to other tribes. A maternal uncle was counted a nearer relative than the father. The reason given by one of them was this: 'The child of a man's wife may be his or it may not; but beyond a peradventure the son of the daughter of his mother must be his nephew.' I am inclined to think that in some nations of South American Indians, not only property, but also crowns, have descended according to this very unconfiding law."

The reasoning of the Brazilian Indian under trying circumstances was as follows: He was going through a piece of forest that bore a bad reputation, and he said: "San Juan es muy bueno. San José tambien. El diablo no es tan mal muchachito." This literally translated reads as follows: "St. John is very good, and so is St. Joseph." Then there was a pause, and having appealed his titular saints, he said: "The devil is not a bad little fellow." This man was trading on both sides of the market.

* "New Granada;" Holton, New York.