CHAPTER XIII

AS before stated, at the annual election in April, 1874, Russell Sage made himself president of the Panama Railroad Company, and turned the management over to Rufus Hatch, assisted by J. B. Houston. Colonel Center was rudely retired from the position of superintendent on the Isthmus, and a Mr. Corwine put in his place. At the same time a raid was made upon the fiscal agency, of which I had charge, in the expectation of finding something crooked. "How can it be possible," reasoned Rufus Hatch, "that a man in charge of millions of dollars, during a series of years, in an out-of-the-way place like Colon, without ever having been required to give security, has conducted himself with entire integrity?" From his point of view the supposition was absurd. After a sharp legal struggle, in which it appeared that Rufus Hatch had made a serious mistake, Mr. Trenor W. Park, when he obtained control at the next annual election, gave orders that the matter should at once be settled. Accordingly, on August 25,

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NINTH STREET, COLON, 1906.

1875, the directors of the Panama Railroad Company passed and placed on record a resolution, by which I was "exonerated from all charges," and the affair was ended.

The removal of Colonel Center in a manner so abrupt was without justification. No man in any position connected with the road was ever held in more genuine respect.

He was born at Hudson, N. Y., on August 8, 1808. At ten he was sent to Paris, to a military school, and in 1822 entered the United States Academy at West Point, from which he graduated in 1827. He served in the United States Army until 1837, and held the rank of first lieutenant when he resigned and took up the profession of civil engineer. Later he joined the service of the Panama Railroad Company on the Isthmus. He was a member of the Century Club of New York. He died at Tarrytown, N. Y., November 2, 1879, at the age of seventy-one.

The marriage of one of his daughters, in Colon, at the end of 1872, to Mr. Middleton, of Hongkong, was a brilliant social event.

His son, Alexander Center, also lived in Colon, and after several years passed in the Orient became general agent of the Pacific Mail Company in San Francisco.

For the next two years, from April '74, perhaps the least said about the railroad mismanagement the better. The impression that loot was the main object was confirmed, after the retirement of Rufus Hatch, by the first report to the president and directors, made by Mr. Brandon Mozley, as general superintendent. It was dated March 7, 1877. Mr. Mozley had been placed in charge on May 25, 1876, just two years from the time that Colonel Center was relieved. In the document mentioned Superintendent Mozley said:

"Whereas through the year 1875, and early part of 1876, the claims made upon us for lost and damaged freight *amounted to a very large proportion of the earnings of the road*, it is now a rare thing for goods or packages to be missing."

There can be no better proof than this that the Hatch-Houston régime had developed the noble art of robbery to a marked extent.

But Mr. Mozley was not the man to put up with that sort of thing. In continuation of the report above quoted he said: "The total amount of claims for which this company is liable, during the last six months, will not, so far as I can ascertain at present, exceed $1,000." He had set vigorously to work to stop the thievery that

was going on; and he added: " I am glad to say that our force of employees, which has been greatly reduced and weeded out, is now composed of steady, sober, respectable men, who are faithful in the performance of their duties; and that no waste or extravagance can be found in any department."

No more thieves, no more drunkenness, no more employees outside the pale of respectability! It had become high time for reform.

A little longer, and there would have been left only the two traditional trails of yellow rust, to show where the railroad track had been!

One day a switching engine in the Colon yard blew up. A few days later, Engineer Blixt came limping into town, " with a sort of sickly smile," from the Fox River swamp, and reported that while under way with his train, all at once his engine went up twenty or thirty feet into the air, and landed clear of the track in the swamp. He had crawled out of the wreck with only a few scratches and bruises.

Investigation revealed the fact that the engineer of the switching engine was incompetent —a cheap man; and the comment made at the time was that it would not be long before the whole road would be wrecked. People were afraid of it.

But under Mr. Mozley, although a strict economy was practiced—too strict, some said—the road was brought back from the ragged edge of ruin. He was a man "with a history," but for all that, like Jim Bludsoe, in John Hay's ballad—

> "He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,
> And went for it thar and then."

And again, as Mark Twain is reported to have said about his first baby, if people didn't love him, they respected him. His memory was of that capacious and tenacious kind which enables its possessor to retain, for immediate use, whatever odds and ends of practical information accident or design may have charged it with. He had a Napoleonic look, with a severity and reticence in keeping with the character. His early death (from cancer) at San Francisco, while agent there for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, a few years ago, was much regretted.

Mr. H. A. Woods succeeded Mr. Mozley as superintendent. While the former was still assistant superintendent, in November, 1879, there came a flood in the Chagres unprecedented in the history of the road. In three days the river rose forty-six feet, and the iron bridge at Bar-

bacoas was so disabled that traffic was interrupted for six weeks. One of the great piers in midstream had been undermined and displaced, and it was a wonder that two of the six 100-foot spans of the bridge had not fallen into the river. It was a narrow escape; but through the energy and engineering ability of Mr. Woods, who had been given entire charge, the pier was finally, after six weeks of incessant toil, coaxed back to its former place, and traffic was resumed. Many thousands of tons of merchandise had accumulated at either terminus, during the interruption, so that great inconvenience and a considerable loss of business were the result.

It was during the administration of Mr. Woods that the great gold robbery occurred at Panama, the mystery of which has never been explained. The United States Navy had shipped two kegs of gold coin, each containing $50,000, from New York to Panama, for the use of its Pacific fleet. The money arrived at Panama station late in the evening of December 31, 1882; and instead of being delivered immediately, was placed in the railroad company's vault, to be kept until called for. The next day being New Years, the delivery was postponed until January 2d, when the loss of one of the kegs was

discovered. Of course there was much excitement. Mr. G. A. Burt, then agent at Panama, was absent at Colon, and the keys of the vault were in the possession of one of his clerks; but there was no proof against him or anyone else. Still something had to be done. Fifty thousand dollars in gold ought not so easily and so entirely to have disappeared in a place like Panama—from which the means of exit were few—that no trace of it could be discovered. Therefore a number of arrests were made on general principles, without even a well-grounded suspicion in a single instance. Seven young men, all American citizens, were thrown into prison, where they were detained eighty-five days; but the able and untiring United States Consul-general, Thomas Adamson, was active in their behalf, and they were finally released, without there having been the remotest scrap of evidence that anyone of them had been connected with the disappearance of the gold.

What became of it? That question has not yet been answered, although a quarter of a century has passed. One of Pinkerton's best detectives was brought out to Panama and remained several weeks searching for testimony, but when he left he acknowledged himself beaten. No clew had been discovered, and he could form,

he said, no intelligent opinion as to where the money had gone. And thus the matter rests to this day. Occasionally one hears:

"Who got the $50,000 of Uncle Sam's gold?" and the invariable reply: "*Quien sabe?*"

CHAPTER XIV

IN the year 1877 Lieutenant Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse of the French navy, accompanied by M. Réclus of the same service, and others, came from Paris to Panama, for the ostensible purpose of making surveys for an interoceanic canal. The party spent several months, during that and the following year, in alleged examinations of the Panama Isthmus. In 1878 Lieutenant Wyse obtained from the Colombian Government, on the strength of his so-called surveys, a concession for excavating a canal between Colon and Panama, along the Chagres Valley, and through the continental divide traversed by the Panama Railroad.

Then, as part of the scheme that had been conceived in France, the International Canal Congress of May, 1879, was called together in Paris, and through the influence of M. de Lesseps, the Panama route was adopted. Ten million francs was the sum paid, or to be paid, to Lieutenant Wyse and his associates, for the concession obtained from Colombia, and for their

COUNT AND COUNTESS DE LESSEPS WITH THEIR NINE CHILDREN.

Isthmian surveys. A company was at once formed, with M. de Lesseps at its head, and called La Compagnie Générale du Canal Océanique de Panama. On December 30, 1879, M. de Lesseps, accompanied by his wife, three children, and a large party, including several engineers of note, arrived at Colon from Paris.

Preceding events had caused much excitement on the Isthmus; and when this party arrived there was considerable public enthusiasm.

As one of a committee of reception, I went on board the steamer to welcome the distinguished gentleman and his associates, through whom the fortunes of the Isthmus were to be established upon a basis of pure gold. As is customary in such cases, there were speeches, followed by the informalities and cordialities of welcome. M. de Lesseps responded very pleasantly, wearing the diplomatic smile for which he was noted. He was then over seventy years of age, but was still active and vigorous: a small man, French in detail, with winning manners, and what is called a magnetic presence. When he spoke, the hearer would not fail to be convinced that whatever he said was true, or at all events that he believed it to be true. Thus, during the reception and the conversations which followed, he would an-

swer every inquiry in regard to the canal in the readiest and most amiable manner, and would invariably conclude with the assertion:

"THE CANAL WILL BE MADE!"

As an instance, the question was asked: "What will be done with the Chagres River?" To which he immediately replied, as though the subject had been fully considered and decided upon: "It is the intention to turn the upper river into the Pacific Ocean, thereby relieving the lower valley of all danger of floods." He added, "This can be done without great expense.

"THE CANAL WILL BE MADE!"

Why the plan then announced was never attempted has not been explained. It is believed by many to be entirely practicable. The confidence manifested by M. de Lesseps was great, and there could be no doubt about the sincerity of his aims. He was committed to the scheme, fully believed in it as a great and good scheme, entirely possible of realization, and it is my opinion that from first to last he was perfectly conscientious and honest.

I am aware that the world at large does not take the same view. The question need not be

discussed, nor need anything be added here to the already voluminous literature of this famous industrial failure. That M. de Lesseps was an enthusiast; that he did not possess the administrative abilities required for so great and so difficult a work; that he was too old, too eager, too vain of the glory it would add to his already great reputation; too easily imposed upon by men whose first aim was plunder; too ill a judge of character to fill with success a place of so great responsibility; that he lacked practical knowledge, and was always wrongly advised—all these things may be admitted: but when all is said, he was not sordid, not the impostor his enemies declare him to have been.

The mistakes made were many, first and foremost of which was undoubtedly the short time fixed for the completion of the canal. Six years was to be the utmost limit, and four years was talked of with confidence as the term it would require; while it would have been wise to fix the least time of preparation at five years, and the end of the work at fifteen, or even at twenty years.

That was rock number one. Then the fatal plan of replacing each manager with an untried, inexperienced man, full of new plans and impossible notions, every few months, wrought per-

petual havoc with any approach to system. No sooner would one chef get well seated than he would be unhorsed, and another would mount the unruly and at last unmanageable steed. Each one carried the enterprise forward at a gallop toward the inevitable. Not one of them appeared to have any least idea of economy of administration, but each plunged on as though money were an unconsidered trifle. This idea was readily communicated to the rank and file. It seemed well established that only one man should be employed when and where it would be possible to employ two. There can be no doubt that a spirit of venality and corruption pervaded almost the entire service. This in turn was not slow to spread beyond the service itself, and to debauch (there is no other word for it) the whole Isthmian community. From the time that operations were well under way until the end, the state of things was like the life at "Red Hoss Mountain," described by Eugene Field:

"When the money flowed like likker . . .
With the joints all throwed wide open 'nd no sheriff to demur!"

Vice flourished. Gambling of every kind, and every other form of wickedness were common day and night. The blush of shame became prac-

tically unknown. That violence was not more frequent will forever remain a wonder; but strange to say, in the midst of this carnival of depravity, life and property were comparatively safe. These were facts of which I was a constant witness. This was the condition of things that the coming of M. de Lesseps, accompanied by his charming wife, led to: this, and dismal failure. But the book of fate revealed no picture of the kind upon that bright day, at the end of 1879, when they landed at Colon.

On the morning of January 1, 1880, the party was convoyed by the aforesaid reception committee as far as the broken bridge across the Chagres, at Barbacoas, halfway to Panama, where it was safely transferred, was met by the Panama Committee, and taken by another train to its destination.

There was a banquet that night, at George Loew's Grand Hotel, in Panama, at which the only lady present was Madame de Lesseps, who sat beside her distinguished husband, and gave *éclat* to the occasion. She was at that time a woman of striking beauty. Her form was voluptuous, and her raven hair, without luster, contrasted well with the rich pallor of her Eastern features. She was a native of Mauritius, many years younger than M. de Lesseps, to whom she

had borne, in his old age, a numerous family of beautiful children, dark as Arabs and as wild. Three of them came with their parents; and when they arrived at Colon they knew no restraint. They were dressed alike, and it was difficult to determine their sex. The supposition was, however, that they were girls, as their costume favored that idea. Monsieur and madame walked with me to my residence, and on the way the children were on the rampage, trying to climb every stanchion or post they came to, and otherwise showing their high spirits. I said, "Madame, your little girls seem much delighted to be on shore again. It is a pleasure to see them so happy."

"Two of them are boys," madame replied; "and the other one, her father's pet, thinks she must do whatever she sees her brothers do."

Later, the photograph of the entire family, father, mother, and nine children, much resembling an Arab sheik and his brood, became familiar.

The stay of the party on the Isthmus was brief. M. de Lesseps visited San Francisco, Chicago, and New York, before returning to Paris, and was everywhere received with marked attention; although the American people took no share in the canal enterprise.

The first visit of M. de Lesseps was followed by a second one, after an interval of a year or two. By this time there was great activity all along the line. Contractors swarmed, and work had been, in some cases, actually begun. In order that the enterprise might have the blessing of Heaven and be officially inaugurated at the same time, with that gayety so dear to the French heart, a numerous audience was invited to Empire Station on the line, to witness the good Bishop of Panama bestow his benediction upon the great undertaking; and then to see what dynamite could do in the way of blowing up a few hundred thousand cubic meters of rock and earth, along a part of the canal where tons of that explosive had been placed for the purpose.

Was it prophetic? The blessing had been pronounced, and the champagne, duly iced, was waiting to cool the swelter of that tropic sun, as soon as the explosion "went off." There the crowd stood, breathless, ears stopped, eyes blinking, half in terror lest this artificial earthquake might involve general destruction. *But there was no explosion!* It wouldn't go! Then a humorous sense of relief stole upon the crowd. With one accord everybody exclaimed "Good gracious!" and hurried away, lest after all the

dynamite should see fit to explode. It was fiasco number one.

M. de Lesseps was a fine horseman, delighting in the most "fiery untamed" that could be found. He would ride over the rough country through which the canal had been or was being located, all day, would then dance all night like a boy, and be ready for the next day's excursion, "fresh as a daisy." In these and in other ways he gave evidence of remarkable vitality and endurance. His good nature, and the optimism of his character, were phenomenal and unfailing. Nothing ever seemed for an instant to dampen the ardor of his enthusiasm, or to cloud the vista of that glorious future which he had pictured in his imagination.

It will always seem a sad pity that this *grand français* came to grief as he did, and that his old age was darkened by the clouds of disappointment and failure. It was his misfortune rather than his fault. Those who desire to read the statements and counter-statements, and all the mass of accusation and recrimination to which this stupendous failure gave rise, will have to look elsewhere. No attempt will be made here to shed light upon so much darkness. It is probable that the money spent—if it had been honestly expended, not squandered through indiffer-

ence, incompetence, haste, conflict of authority, ignorance of conditions, and worst of all, by greed and dishonesty in high places and low—would have sufficed to make the canal. Disaster was brought on by lack of the cardinal virtues of energy and integrity.

The failure came in 1888. It is true that work on the canal never quite ceased, since it was necessary under the Concession from Colombia that a show of life should be kept up. Vast sums had been raised in France, principally from small subscribers among the thrifty lower classes, whose hard savings had been freely poured into the sievelike treasury of the canal company. More, more, more! had been the constant cry; but when at last, in the summer of 1888, M. de Lesseps, accompanied by his son Charles, made the tour of the rich southern French provinces, he appealed in vain. There was no more money forthcoming.

When the news reached the Isthmus, it was like a stroke of paralysis. Few believed that the disaster would be more than temporary, but all too soon it became evident that the end had come. Then followed a sort of chaos, in which the broken fortunes of the many stood in sharp contrast to the good luck that prudence had secured to the few. It was a rude awakening to

the fact that hay must be made while the sun shines. Improvidence, as usual, bore bitter fruit.

More than 20,000 laborers were left without the means of subsistence or of escape from the Isthmus. They were nearly all Jamaicans. A few took to the jungle, and made primitive homes for themselves, under the rude shelter of which they did not fear starvation, in a land so fertile; nor could they, under a tropic sun, suffer from lack of clothing. But the larger number were repatriated at their country's expense, as the canal company disavowed all responsibility. Steamers were chartered, and several thousands were taken back to Jamaica.

The true greatness (as well as profligacy) of the canal enterprise is shown by the following statement, derived from a reliable source, of the amount expended:

At Panama	£31,330,937
At Paris	15,628,066
For the Panama Railroad	3,730,727
Lottery scheme	1,290,587
Paid the Republic of Colombia	98,203
	£52,078,520

Equivalent to $260,000,000 United States gold.

Only about one fourth of the tide-level canal had been accomplished—a dismal result! The

time had not come. Though the great Frenchman failed, and the sunset of his life was clouded with scandal and disappointment, the echo of his voice it still heard, and there is no room for doubt that at last

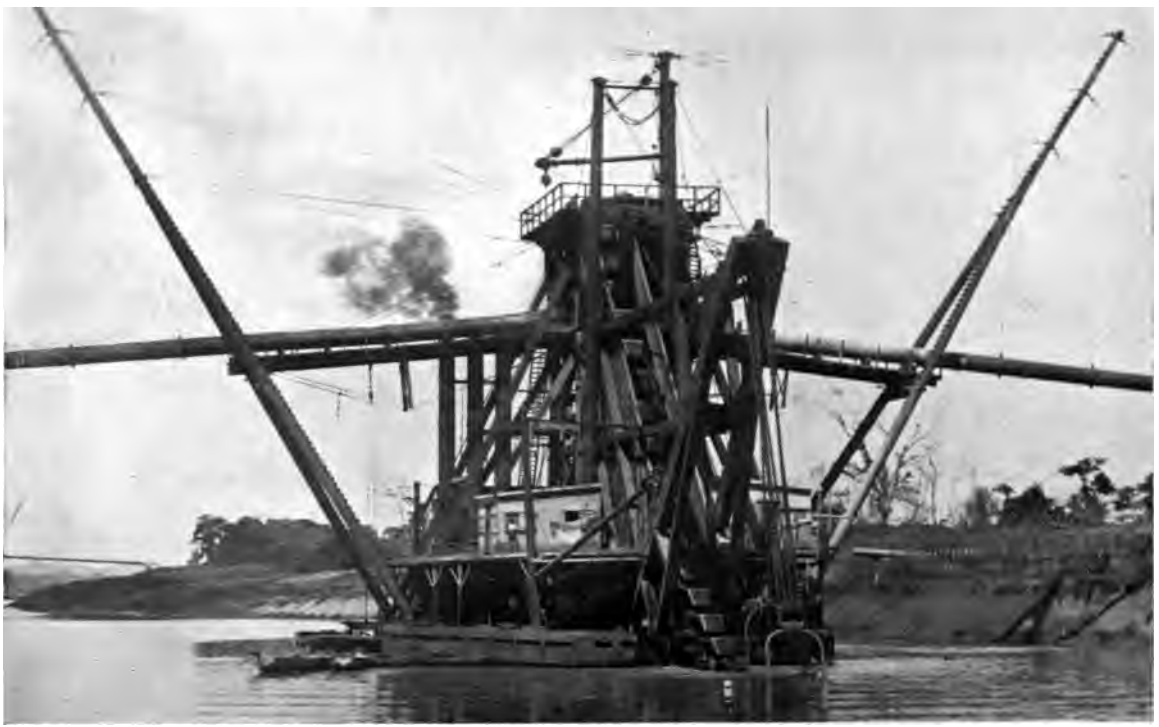
"THE CANAL WILL BE MADE"

CHAPTER XV

FROM the midst of this confusion one enterprise stands out in conspicuous contrast to all the others. Good work was performed here and there, by this contractor and that, but it was reserved for the American Contracting and Dredging Company (the only American concern connected with the canal) to gain the credit of having virtually completed the first section, of about thirteen miles from the Atlantic end.

The channel dug by the dredges of that company still shows for itself. With the exception of a few places where the depth had been lessened by deposits from the floods of rainy seasons, there was water sufficient for any steamship that visited Colon up to the year 1888. The banks stood remarkably well, and in general appearance this portion of the canal, amounting to one fourth of its entire length, conveyed the impression of being in every way fit to serve the purpose for which it was intended.

The history of this dredging company, com-



A SLAVEN DREDGE AT WORK (ABOUT 1885) ON THE FRENCH CANAL.

monly known as the Slaven Company, is like a romance. The two brothers, Henry B. and Moses A. Slaven, were born in Canada. They both began life for themselves when very young —the former as skilled pharmacist, the latter as mechanical engineer. When the Panama Canal was talked of, H. B. had the finest drug store in San Francisco; while M. A. was in active business in the same city. They heard about the great contracts to be let, and determined to have a finger in the canal pie. H. B., who was the younger of the two, with an audacity akin to inspiration, made bids for several miles of excavation, although he knew nothing of that kind of work. The bids were accepted, and he at once entered upon the organization of his company.

The other brother, M. A., furnished the mechanical knowledge, and it was not long before the first of their great dredges was built and sent out from New York, in which city the offices of their company had been established. The monster machine had hardly arrived at Colon, however, before it took fire and was burned to the water's edge, leaving only a great ungainly wooden hull. This loss was greater than their joint possessions; yet nothing daunted, they went on building and sending out other dredges, until

a fleet of seven powerful excavators was at work, and the company's fortunes were assured.

At first the insurance companies refused to take risks on the dredges for the voyage to Colon. It was even difficult to secure a competent man who would go on board the towing steamer, and superintend taking them out. But the Slaven brothers had the good fortune to meet Captain Sam Clapp, a mariner of the first class, who had the courage to try the doubtful experiment. The machines were like immense wooden tanks, square at both ends, about a hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and with no more sailing qualities than a house. So long as the sea remained smooth, no trouble was experienced; but towing one of them in a storm was quite another thing. Only one at a time could be taken out. Captain Clapp related that on one voyage, when he was about halfway to Colon, the Atlantic thought it would have a little sport with him. He was on the towing steamer, while only two men were on the dredge, to look after the lines, and to enjoy as best they could a voyage of that peculiar nature. Rough weather came on, with a furious westerly gale, the great hawsers parted, and the dredge went drifting stormily toward the African coast. There was very little prospect that she would ever be caught. The man who

had command of the towing steamer made several ineffectual attempts to come up with her, but lacked the nerve necessary to accomplish that rather delicate deep-sea maneuver in the presence of a hurricane. Over and over again he would bring his steamer near, but never near enough to get hold of her, as she was tumbled and tossed almost end over end by the wild Atlantic greybacks.

Then, although it was rank mutiny, Captain Clapp said, in tones befitting the occasion:

"Give me command; and I'll catch that bloomin' dredge, or sink the whole blank-blank outfit!"

He took the wheel, in spite of the vigorous remonstrances of his skipper, and next time round he came close enough alongside the derelict to heave a line on board, and his tow was brought through and delivered in good order at Colon.

All of the dredges were brought out safely, and after the first one there was no trouble about insurance.

These machines were wonderful combinations of labor-saving appliances. They surpassed in size and differed in construction from anything of the kind ever seen elsewhere. They were so nearly automatic that one of them could be op-

erated by a dozen men, under an intelligent captain and chief engineer. The principal engine turned the great wheels by which the endless chain of buckets—each one of which would hold a cubic meter—were kept moving. Then there were several smaller engines, always ready for use: to move the dredge forward; to sway her from side to side; to hoist and lower the great legs or spuds by means of which she walked step by step into the material to be excavated; to run the powerful force pump that conveyed to the top of the tower streams of water, with which the earth taken up by the buckets, and emptied into a great hopper, was washed away through pipes three or four feet in diameter, extending far away on either side of the canal; and for other purposes.

The towers were from fifty to seventy feet high; and I often climbed one and another, and stood fascinated and thrilled upon the summit, watching what seemed more like some intelligent antediluvian monster revived, than a mere modern excavator, at work on the Panama Canal.

Two other men, besides Captain Clapp, who were employed by the Slaven Company deserve especial mention. They were Crawford Douglas and Nathan Crowell: the former in general

charge, the latter as chief mechanical engineer. Without the faithful, intelligent devotion of these two, it may well be doubted if the work performed had been so effectual. Both possessed a high order of skill and enthusiasm, as well as the physical stamina and endurance that carry men through great stress and strain. It was no holiday affair, for much of the time the dredges were busy every hour of the twenty-four. Upon these two men, who are no longer living, came the principal burdens. Besides these, Captains Ward, Morton, Bardwell, and others rendered important service.

The success of the Slaven Company, though phenomenal, was justly won. I should not like to state, at this distant time, what were the average earnings of each of the dredges; but even at the cheap rate per cubic meter at which their contract was made, the profits were large; as all who owned shares soon had cheerful cause to know.

Unfortunately, M. A. Slaven died before the contract was ended. H. B. went bravely on, however, and when the canal company failed, had managed affairs so well—in fact, with so great financial genius—that he had become rich "beyond the dreams of avarice."

Associated financially with the Slavens was

the late millionaire-banker, Eugene Kelly. The story of their connection is characteristic, and may be told here without impropriety. In the earlier days of the enterprise difficulties swarmed, and the young contractors became embarrassed. Another powerful capitalist had broken faith with them, and there was danger of losing all. In this crisis H. B. Slaven—a perfect stranger —went to Mr. Kelly, at his modest banking house in Exchange Place, New York, and told him—no doubt with great earnestness and sincerity — just how they were situated. The shrewd old gentleman listened attentively, and said at the end:

"Young man, go away and put all that into writing. Send it to me, and you may come for an answer the day after to-morrow."

It may be imagined with what anxiety the "young man" penned his statement and awaited the result. At the appointed time he called upon Mr. Kelly, who without circumlocution asked:

"How much money do you require to get yourselves out of present difficulties?"

"About thirty thousand dollars."

"And how do you propose to secure the payment of so large a sum?"

"By a deposit of the shares of our company,

at a price to be agreed on; the same to become your property, in case you elect to keep them."

"Well, sir, I have decided to help you; you can have my check for that amount. Report to me how you get on. Good day!"

Before Mr. Kelly received a dollar in dividends he had advanced $200,000. Then the returns came pouring in at an astonishing rate. There is little doubt that each share paid its lucky owner at least 400 times its par value. In one instance, it was said that the original holder of 1,000 shares, which cost him very little, sold them for $10,000; and that dividends were afterwards paid on these same shares amounting to $400,000, before the affairs of the company were wound up. So if it is kept in mind that the original shareholders came in at next to nothing per share, it may be seen how rich a bonanza was the American Contracting and Dredging Company, with Henry Bartholomew Slaven at its head. His early and lamented death occurred December 2, 1904.

After the suspension of work on the Panama Canal, in 1888, the great dredges of the American company were sold to the Maritime Canal Construction Company of Nicaragua, but were never used, although they were all taken safely to San Juan del Norte (Greytown), except the

one named *Ferdinand de Lesseps*. Whether the name had anything to do with it or not I need not discuss; but she was lost on the voyage between Colon and her destination. Fate could not permit the name of Lesseps to be associated, even in a dredge, with the projected canal of Nicaragua!

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TENTH STREET, COLON, 1906.

CHAPTER XVI

M. DE LESSEPS and his advisers believed it necessary that the canal company should control the Panama Railroad, by owning a majority of the shares. In that way and no other could the many difficulties arising out of the contract of the railroad company with Colombia be solved, and the canal be allowed to go ahead. Negotiations were therefore begun, and a sale of shares was made, under an agreement between certain stockholders of the Panama Railroad Company and the Universal Interoceanic Canal Company. This agreement was dated June 10, 1881, and provided that the canal company should pay $250 for each and every share of $100 par value, which the aforesaid "certain stockholders" might be willing to sell; that a cash bonus of $1,102,000 should be paid to the directors of the road; while it went without saying, that in purchasing the shares the canal company assumed the payment of all outstanding indebtedness.

Sixty-eight thousand five hundred and thirty-

four out of the 70,000 shares of the railroad company were sold under this agreement; so that the cost to the canal company stood thus:

68,534 shares at $250 per share	$17,133,500
A cash bonus of	1,102,000
Sterling bonds	4,000,000
Other bonds	3,000,000
Total	$25,235,500

Payments for these shares were to be made, one sixth cash and five sixths in five annual payments, with six per cent interest. The shares were deposited with the United States Trust Company, New York, under this agreement, to be held in trust until all the payments had been made, then to be delivered to the canal company, and not before. All moneys due or to become due to the Panama Railroad Company, to June 30, 1881, were to belong to venders; so that the total cost of the railroad, including commissions, etc., to the canal company may be stated as $25,500,000.

This sale was one of the great deals for which Wall Street has now and then been noted. It was successfully engineered by Mr. Trenor W. Park, who was then president of the railroad, and owner of a majority of the shares, which he had been sufficiently shrewd to purchase at or

below par during the depression following the remarkable diversion of traffic from the Panama transit, through various causes already specified.

The career of Mr. Park affords a bright and shining illustration of the facility with which great fortunes have been made during the last fifty years.

Born in Vermont, without fortune, he became at an early age a smart country lawyer. When gold was discovered in California, or soon after, he made his way to San Francisco, where he found a congenial field for the exercise of his talents. He soon became known in the infant city for professional daring, and hosts of clients came pouring in, with bags of gold dust to pay his fees. The shining metal lighted the way to immediate prosperity.

Among the large affairs with which he became identified, and from which a golden harvest was gathered, was the once famous Mariposa Estate, that belonged to General John C. Fremont, " The Pathfinder." I have heard it said that Mr. Park realized no less than $2,000,000 from his connection with that great estate.

General Fremont died in poverty.

Another bonanza was the celebrated Emma Mine, in which Mr. Park was interested, and out of which he had the credit of having made a very

large sum, through its sale to confiding British investors, who claimed that they had been taken in for £1,000,000 sterling.

During those earlier years, in passing to and fro, Mr. Park had realized the importance of the Panama route, and when the tumble occurred in the price of Panama Railroad shares, in 1867, from about 360 to 80, in Wall Street, he was quick to buy. Years passed; his great opportunity came when the Panama Canal Company was organized, with a flourish of flags and bray of brass, and M. de Lesseps found it of the first importance to control the road. For four years Mr. Park had been fortunate in having Mr. Brandon Mozley as superintendent of the road on the Isthmus. It was shown to the canal company that under the latter's management the earnings had been more than $1,000,000 a year above expenses; and that in all probability, with the increased traffic that work on the canal would bring, the net earnings would be largely augmented.

These representations were doubtless in the main correct; and with proper management the canal company might have found the railroad the profitable investment it had been led to consider it. Be that as it may, the sale brought Mr. Park and his associate shareholders a profit of about

ten million dollars. Not much was said about it at the time. In fact, for reasons only known to the parties interested, the terms were not published; but the French canal company was saddled with a white elephant, at the modest cost of $25,500,000.

Mr. Park did not long survive to enjoy the vast fortune he had amassed. He died on board the steamer *San Blas*, on the voyage from New York to Colon, from an overdose of chloral (it was said), December 13, 1882.

He was a small, delicate man in appearance, keen, quick-witted, intellectual, affable, and thoroughly democratic. He had many admirers.

Mr. H. A. Woods remained in charge of the road as superintendent, until November 23, 1883, when Mr. J. J. Iribe, who had been appointed to the position, took his place. Mr. Woods was much regretted. Mr. Iribe did not speak English; and as all the business of the road was transacted in that language, he found it difficult to get on. Whether for this reason or some other, he only held the position till April 17, 1884 (about five months), when he was relieved by Mr. G. A. Burt, who received his appointment as general superintendent on July 31, 1884.

Mr. Burt had been agent of the road at Pan-

ama, under Mozley, Woods, and Iribe, and had the advantage of a thorough acquaintance with the affairs of the transit, in their various peculiarities and requirements. He was therefore well qualified to fill the place (as he did) with distinguished ability. When he took charge, canal influence was in the ascendant; consequently he was more or less subordinate to the then *chef* of the canal works, M. Jules Dingler, perhaps the most able (or least incompetent) of the long list. But Mr. Burt held fast to his American notions about railroad matters; so that contrary to the general expectation, "French fashions" did not to any extent prevail. His successor was Mr. Frank G. Ward, whose appointment was dated December 10, 1885.

It was during Mr. Burt's superintendency that the great disaster known as the Pedro Prestan fire, of March 31, 1885, swept Colon away, leaving scarcely a vestige of the town. A revolution had broken out in the interior of Colombia, against which the Panama Government, under the excellent General Damaso Cervera, had taken part. In sympathy with the revolution, former State-President, General Rafael Aizpuru, threatened Panama; and to aid in repelling this attack, General Gonima, the officer in charge of a small detachment of national troops at Colon,

was directed to transfer his force, as well as the entire police guard of the town, to Panama. This would leave Colon entirely unprotected. Before doing so, however, he paid a visit to Commander Theodore F. Kane, on the United States ship *Galena*, then at anchor in the harbor; and according to the testimony afterwards given, made an explanation of the state of affairs to Captain Kane, requesting that officer to assume charge and protection of Colon, until tranquillity should be restored. It is also asserted, on what appears to be good authority, that Captain Kane accepted the responsibility. General Gonima then went to Panama, with the entire military and police forces combined, relying upon the promise made by the commander of the *Galena*, that Colon should be looked after and kept in order. Mr. Pedro Prestan, in sympathy with Aizpuru and the revolution, then raised the standard of revolt; and before Captain Kane or apparently anyone else knew a word about it, at the head of a dozen barefooted rascals with pistols and machetes knocked at the door of the Prefectura, then occupied by the late Mr. J. A. Cespedes, and took possession. No resistance was offered; and when Captain Kane heard of it, instead of giving Prestan notice to retire at once, left him there to do as he pleased. This

was about the middle of March, 1885. Little Prestan set to work with fierce energy to raise and arm a force with which to establish himself master of the city; and displayed ability as leader of a desperate cause. Acts of insolence toward those whom he thought to be opposed to him were common, and a small reign of terror prevailed; although the *Galena* lay at anchor in the harbor, for the ostensible purpose of preserving order and protecting the interests of the interoceanic transit.

Either the Panama Government of Damaso Cervera was too weak to send a force at once to suppress the Colon mob under Prestan, or else President Cervera relied on the promise of Captain Kane. It was not until near the end of March—say ten days or two weeks after the surrender of Prefect Cespedes to Prestan, during which time the latter had recruited perhaps a hundred men, that a force was sent from Panama, under General Ulloa, to recover Colon. As soon as Prestan heard of this, he took two prominent American residents of Colon, Messrs. J. M. Dow and William Connor of the Pacific Mail Company, and placing them at the head of his "army," went forth to meet the foe at Monkey Hill, two miles from town. There was a midnight skirmish, during which the two gentlemen

mentioned managed to escape. Prestan saw that his braves would not face the enemy—that in fact they were a cowardly lot—and on the early morning of fatal March 31, 1885, he and they turned tail and came hurrying back to Colon, followed by the opposing force. Seeing that resistance was hopeless, Prestan gave orders to fire the town; and with the exception of a fringe of buildings along the beach, and the Agency and wharf of the Pacific Mail Company (saved by the heroic exertions of William Connor and a few of his assistants), it was entirely destroyed. After an anxious night at the front, where he had been serenaded by the whizzing of bullets, Mr. Connor had reached his post at Pacific Mail House, Colon, in time to fight the flames successfully at short range—so short as to singe his eyebrows.

Although absent at the time, I have thus briefly, and I believe correctly, from information regarded as entirely reliable, told the story of the great fire.

Had Captain Kane taken the bull by the horns in the beginning, Prestan would have been suppressed; a vast half month of insult and outrage would have been averted; and the horrors as well as the ruinous losses of the conflagration would never have occurred.

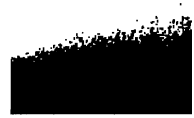
Many incidents not here related lent force to the argument that the masterly inactivity of the naval commander was inexplicable. For example, United States Consul R. K. Wright, Jr., was seized and imprisoned, and his life threatened in case he should take any action against Prestan. Other grave outrages were committed on the persons and property of Americans; but there appeared to be paralysis on board the *Galena*, fatal in its results. Even at the last, if Captain Kane had sent a force on shore, to prevent Prestan's return from Monkey Hill, on the morning of March 31st, the latter would have been captured, and Colon would have been saved. Captain Kane was master of the situation. He knew that Prestan had threatened to burn the town in case of his defeat; yet he made no effort to prevent the catastrophe and save the city from the tender mercies of a band of outlaws. This clearly shows that a heavy burden of responsibility rests upon that officer and the government he represented. At all events, it would seem that simple justice had not been done to those who lost everything by the fire, through no fault of their own, and were subsequently denied payment of their insurance claims, on the ground that the fire was caused by public disorder.

It was said that Captain Kane had instructions not to act without express orders from Washington. How absurd! In the presence of a peril so great and a duty so imperative, he should have had the nerve to disregard instructions so idiotic, in case he had received them; else it had been better that he stayed away.

I saw two of Prestan's precious rascals hanged in the streets of Colon; where he also was executed in the same manner, a little later, making it evident that Colombia recognized her fault in permitting the disorder; but no restitution for the losses sustained has yet been offered.

The first day of April, 1885, was a day of trial unto Superintendent Burt; but he rose to the height of the situation. All accounts agree that he was the right man in the right place. With a town of 15,000 inhabitants in ruins; with public order for the moment suspended; the air filled with the clamor of hunger and wail of despair, he, as chief person in authority, displayed splendid executive ability. Cool and tireless, quick to see and to do, he not only then but afterwards, until better days came, earned and obtained the public approval. He had enemies and detractors—who has not?—but on the whole, it is safe to say that no one could have carried himself better in a trying crisis than did Mr.

George A. Burt at and after the great fire of 1885. It was a pity that he considered it necessary to leave the railroad service. His resignation was accepted December 10, 1885; although he held over until after the first of the following year.



PANAMA HOURIS.

CHAPTER XVII

ALTHOUGH the railroad and its management held foremost place in Isthmian affairs after 1850 until "Canal times," they by no means formed the only interests to which attention may be invited. In fact, the list is so long that I may not hope to make more than brief mention of a few items.

Perhaps the most important is the historic—including the prehistoric—interest, which it is scarcely within the scope of this book to notice at all. The details of the discovery and occupation by rapacious Spain, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, are well known. The followers in the wake of Columbus were brave and hardy men, but cruel beyond description. They were fired with enthusiasm awakened by the wonderlands of the unknown West, but at the same time gave free rein to a lust for gold, and thus became a terrible scourge and curse.

Sir Arthur Helps says, incidentally, in his "History of African Slavery," that when the Panama Isthmus was discovered, the estimated

number of native inhabitants within the limits of the territory now known as the Republic of Panama, was no less than 2,000,000; and that they were considerably advanced in the arts of civilized life. They lived in villages, each governed by a cacique or chief, and without being what is called progressive, were generally at peace with each other, contented, and therefore happy. All this was rudely changed. These primitive homes were invaded, the wondering Indians robbed of their plentiful ornaments of virgin gold, and at the same time seized and made prisoners and slaves. They quickly vanished from the face of the earth, under the cruel Spaniards. Only one family or tribe, known to-day as the San Blas Indians, escaped. All the territory thus held from immemorial time relapsed into the untented wilderness in which it is found to-day. These slumbering hills and valleys, spread out between the two seas in a dream of tropical loveliness, wild and lonely, swarmed with human life four hundred years ago. The records of that time are scanty, the sword rather than the pen having been the instrument in use, but there is no doubt of the substantial facts.

In what is now the neighboring province of Chiriqui, where the rainfall is less and the climate more favorable owing to altitude, remains

of an earlier race have been found, which possess great interest, since they reveal a knowledge of the arts akin to and probably contemporaneous with that of the Aztecs of Yucatan and Mexico on the north, and the Inca civilization on the south.

I have had gold ornaments of ingenious and wonderful design and workmanship, dating from those remote times; for example, a frog an inch in length, weighing half an ounce, with its legs drawn up in a curious human way. I have also a gold bell, in shape much like a modern sleigh-bell, with a ball inside that makes a tinkling noise when shaken. I collected a great variety of pottery that had been taken from the *huacas*, or burial places, scattered throughout that remarkable region, and although most of it was lost in the fire of 1885, some remnants remain.

To the late J. A. McNeill, of Binghamton, N. Y., who spent years in search of prehistoric Indian relics for the Smithsonian and other institutions, I am indebted for much strange information about the vanished race.

It is impossible to reflect upon the deeds of hardihood performed by the Spanish invaders without admiration of their boldness. In a wild world their courage never faltered. Neither disappointed hopes, nor broken health, nor death

itself turned the tide backward. No doubt religious faith and loyalty to their sovereign had much to do with this; but strange to say, great cruelties and fearful crimes were committed in the name of God and king. Splendid deeds adorn the record here and there; but if we read the works of Irving or Prescott, we shall find the stain of blood trailing through and through. Those were the days of carnage and rapine as well as of discovery. The pioneer spirit was afflicted with a thirst for gore. Panama was founded—the elder city of the name—in 1515; its cathedral towers sent forth the clear sound of their bells a hundred years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock. For one hundred and fifty years it had been prosperous, when Morgan the Buccaneer destroyed it. Then for another century and a half, upon another site about five miles distant, the present city was one of the first importance in all America. Its walls, remnants of which still remain, were so costly that Spain's monarch asked if they had been built of silver.

Yet it was not an age of refinement. To do great things was the ambition of noble minds then as now; but the manner of the doing and the means employed would shock the modern conscience. Still there were many purely heroic

actions. It was within the territory of the Panama Isthmus that the Pacific was discovered, in 1513, by Vasco Nuñez de Balboa. The exact spot is not known; but it was not far from the present city of Panama that the brave adventurer rushed with drawn sword in one hand, and the colors of Castile in the other, waist-deep into the Pacific, proclaiming the discovery his own, made in the name of God and for the glory of Spain. It was one of the great moments of history.

The poet Keats, although he wrote Cortez for Nuñez, set forth the deed in verse that waves as a banner in the breeze of fame:

> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other in a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Yet such were the vicissitudes of fortune that the unhappy Balboa perished miserably in 1517, at the age of forty-two, a helpless victim to the jealousy of Pedrarias, who had been made governor of the Isthmus.

It was from here also that in 1524 the terrible Francisco Pizarro embarked on his voyage of discovery that ended in the conquest of Peru,

and the ruin of the wonderful civilization of the Incas.

For three centuries, from 1500 to 1800, the Isthmus remained under the iron rule of Spain. In the wars between Spain and England, Admiral Sir Francis Drake who had circumnavigated the globe died near Porto Bello, in 1596, at the age of fifty-one, and was buried at sea, off Cape Nombre de Dios. He had been accompanied to Porto Bello, in 1585, by Martin Frobisher, afterwards knighted for special bravery at the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Morgan the Buccaneer captured and sacked Chagres, Porto Bello, and Panama Viejo (Old Panama); but his hold relaxed when he and his bold villains sailed away with their spoil. In 1739 Admiral Edward Vernon took Porto Bello and destroyed its fortifications, a feat that Admiral Hosier might easily have anticipated, had he not been under orders from the British Government not to fight. Hosier, with many of his brave sailors, succumbing to disease and disappointment, was buried at sea, off the harbor of Porto Bello.

The hand of ruin has been heavy upon the monuments of Spanish power and glory, left behind in the form of church and fort and city wall and paved highway; yet traces of the cruel mother's grandeur in that great era may still be

seen. Near the church on the hill at Cruces, ten miles from Panama, there is an anchor that weighs two tons. It was brought there, perhaps by way of the river, perhaps over hill and dale by the paved road from Porto Bello; and it will excite the wonder of the passer-by, as it did mine, so long as iron shall endure. It was left where it is by no puny weaklings, but by

> "Men from the sunless plain,
> Made strong and brave by familiar pain."

During the early part of last century the yoke of Spain was thrown off. Since then conditions have not been favorable, yet out of the turmoil of revolutionary changes has come an era of recent peace and progress to Panama.

The geographical interest of the Panama Isthmus is of the first importance. Reference to the map will show its unique position, between two seas and two continents. It would seem as though Nature had intended to leave a gap or passage, but had changed her imperial mind when she placed the present barrier. It is so small as to challenge the enterprise of man for its removal, and yet so large as to require the most strenuous and heroic efforts.

The position of Colon is 9° 22′ north, and 79° 55′ west; of Panama, 8° 57′ north, 79°

32′ west. It will therefore be seen that the latter city, on the Pacific, is south and east of the former, on the Atlantic or Caribbean. The land narrows and takes a remarkable bend to the eastward and northward, as it comes down from the Central American coast; as though it would form a second Yucatan. But after describing a great half circle it is again deflected southward, and widens into the southern continent. To a resident of Colon it will always seem strange that the sun rises inland and sets beyond the sea; in other words, that east seems west and west east. Nor is it easy to reconcile the fact mentioned—that Panama is southeast of Colon—with the inherited geographical idea that all points on the Pacific should be west of all points on the Atlantic. There is a suspicion of something crooked about this.

Almost directly west of Colon, ninety miles away, is the Chiriqui Lagoon, at one of the entrances to which is the town of Bocas del Toro; while at the east the bow of the arching land swells still northward, until it has passed Porto Bello, twenty miles distant, and then bears to the east and south, forming the Gulf of Darien, into which the River Atrato empties.

The narrowest place is at the Gulf of San Blas, about sixty miles east of Colon, where the

Isthmus is no more than thirty miles wide, as noted in speaking of the Bayano River that flows into the Pacific.

The general lay of the land is east and west; and the distance from the Atrato, where the Republic of Panama ends, to the frontier of Costa Rica, along the coast line on the Atlantic, is 379 miles; while the Pacific coast line is 674 miles. The average width of the Isthmus being estimated at eighty miles, we may therefore say that the area is about 32,000 square miles. This would give a territory about two thirds as large as the great State of Pennsylvania, that has a population of 6,000,000.

Along both coasts are many bays and lovely islands, which form shelter for vessels, and will some day be desirable for plantations of cocoanuts and other tropical productions, as well as for the delightful insular homes of a future population. They are for the most part unoccupied at the present day, except by stray nomads of the colored race, who have established squatter sovereignty here and there, and like Selkirk are monarchs of all they survey.

The present estimated population of the Republic of Panama is 300,000, or about ten to the square mile. There is no doubt that ten times the number, say 3,000,000 souls, could live in

great comfort and prosperity within the total limits.

There are numerous rivers within Isthmian territory, the largest and longest of which is the Chagres, with its many tributaries and extensive watershed. Owing to the proximity of the two coasts, it is not possible for the rivers to be of great length. The Chagres is, however, at all seasons, a stream of considerable importance, and in time of flood a terror. It was navigable for small craft as far as Cruces, within ten miles of Panama, in the days before the railroad; and even now boats of the natives carry much local freight, to and from points as far as Matachin, (about thirty miles).

The best portion of the republic is doubtless toward the west, adjoining the Costa Rican boundary. Eastward the land has a less general elevation, and is therefore not so salubrious. Most of it is still unoccupied, and in fact unexplored. The sad fate of the expedition under Lieutenant Strain, U. S. N., in 1854, will be remembered. We are informed that in January of that year three war ships were sent to Caledonia Bay, in the Gulf of Darien, for the purpose of making an examination of that route for an interoceanic canal. They were the United States sailing sloop *Cyane*, Commander Hollins

(who subsequently bombarded Greytown); the French steam sloop *Chimère*, and the British steam sloop *Espiègle*. The *Devastation*, also a British war vessel, joined the expedition later.

The *Cyane* was the only ship that landed a party equipped to make a survey. This was led by Lieutenant Strain, and was made up of twenty-seven men, all told, including Señores Castilla and Polanco, commissioners sent by the New Granadian Government to accompany the expedition.

The start was made from Caledonia Bay, on January 20th, with the intention of crossing the Isthmus to the Gulf of San Miguel on the Pacific coast. At first the Indians were friendly, or appeared to be so, and served as guides; but after a few days they deserted the surveying party in the depths of the tropical wilderness. The party then became hopelessly bewildered, the food supply failed, and one third of the number, including the two government commissioners, perished from exposure and starvation. The account states, strangely enough, that nothing in those interminable leafy solitudes—in the shape of vegetable or fruit or bird or beast or reptile—was encountered that could sustain life. After ninety-five terrible days of suspense and suffering, Lieutenant Strain and two or three others

made their way to the Pacific, were rescued by a friendly Spanish native, and taken to Panama. The other surviving members of the sorrowful expedition at last returned to Caledonia Bay in complete exhaustion. Lieutenant Strain died, and his remains were buried at Colon, to be afterwards exhumed and taken to the United States.

There have been several more recent explorations of the Isthmian region; notably those under Lieutenant Collins, and under Commanders T. O. Selfridge and E. P. Lull, U. S. N.; also, latest of all, under Lieutenant N. B. Wyse.

The Selfridge survey, as it has been called, was undertaken in the interests of the canal that General Grant, when President, hoped to see made. There had been rumors and reports that a pass existed in the mountains to the eastward of Colon, by which boats could go, in the rainy season, to the headwaters of a stream on *one* side, so near to those of a stream on the *other* side that only a very short and easy portage intervened.

So much attention was paid to this that a Mr. Lacharme, who had spent much time among the natives of the region, and was supposed to know of the aforesaid pass, was sent for and brought from Cartagena; but he failed to find it.

Mr. Gisborne and Dr. Cullin, who had been sent out by English capitalists, also contributed

to what proved a hallucination, as did worthy Captain Hogg, a mariner who had long traded on the coast. No such depression of the Andean cordillera, which forms the backbone of the Isthmus, was found to exist. Indeed, the present route of the Panama Railroad is the only one of so little elevation in the whole region.

These several explorations have done much to make Isthmian geography familiar; yet extensive primeval solitudes remain, which have never been penetrated by white men, during the four hundred years since the New World emerged from the unknown.

Colon and Panama are about midway between the two ends of the republic; and while the whole area is thinly settled, as the total population shows, the western half contains by far the larger portion. It embraces Veraguas—where Columbus landed, at the river Belen, and endeavored to plant a colony under his brother Bartolome—and Chiriqui, where President Lincoln wished to establish a settlement of freedmen, after his Proclamation of Emancipation. There are no finer lands, nor is there a better climate on the face of the globe than these provinces offer.

Had the celebrated William Paterson, (who founded the Bank of England,) established his ill-fated colony of 2,500 brave and hardy Scots,

in 1698, among the verdant hills of Veraguas and Chiriqui, instead of on the low shores of Caledonia Bay, in the Darien, his venture might not have been a dismal and tragic failure, but a great success. Jamaica, recently wrested from Spain by Cromwell, was at that time the nearest English settlement to Caledonia Bay; but the Scotch colonists applied in vain to the government of that island for help in their distress. Beeston was governor of Jamaica, and had received orders from King William III of England to extend no aid. At last, however, after the larger portion of the colonists had perished at the Darien, as many as could be brought away in a single small vessel were permitted to land and seek homes in Jamaica. Other survivors were carried to the British Colonies, now the United States.

The geographical features of the Isthmus are thus found to be of great interest, and its position relative to all other countries has not failed to attract universal attention. It is a pivot—a central point toward which a large share of the commerce of the whole world must gravitate, to be sent on to its various destinations.

TOWER OF SAN JEROMÉ AT OLD PANAMA, OVER 300 YEARS OLD.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN a certain passage of "The Martyrdom of Man," Winwood Reade speaks of "the monotony of eternal change." The expression may be borrowed and applied to the political affairs of the Panama Isthmus, from 1855 to a recent date. It would have been difficult to keep exact account of the many changes that have occurred in the government, nearly all of which have been brought about by revolutions.

The late Governor Arango favored me with a record of the names and dates of chief magistrates, which shows that thirty-four, including himself, served in that office from July, 1855 to the date of his death in 1898. Governor Facundo Mutis-Duran, who succeeded him, was the thirty-fifth. The list, which will be found in the appendix, forms a curious commentary on so-called republican history. The first name is that of Justo Arosemena, a native of Panama and one of her most distinguished sons. He served his country faithfully in many situations of trust and responsibility, local and national, and was al-

ways held in the highest esteem. He was minister from Bogota to Washington, London, and Paris; conducted delicate and difficult negotiations with the neighboring republics; was senator and cabinet minister; made and signed treaties; and in short, filled nearly every post of responsibility and honor in his country's gift. He possessed great abilities, and was withal a man of a pleasing personality, that made intercourse delightful and endeared him to all. His mind and character were noble. It was my good fortune to know him somewhat intimately for years; and it gratifies me to have the present opportunity of paying this tribute to his memory. He died at Colon, February 23, 1896, at the age of seventy-eight.

Rafael Nuñez, fifth on the list, was another statesman of wide renown, who left the impress of brilliant powers upon the history of his country. He and Justo Arosemena were ardent liberals in their younger days, as well as intimate political and personal friends. As time passed, however, Dr. Nuñez took more conservative views. At least he became less enthusiastic in regard to the republic, and adopted ideas which he considered more in accordance with the needs and conditions of a somewhat backward civilization. That he was right, or at least politic and

sagacious, is proven by his elevation to the presidency of Colombia, which position he held, with brief interruptions, until his death. He was in many respects, as politician, patriot, and poet, one of the ablest and most celebrated public men of his time.

Manuel Maria Diaz was provisional governor in 1862. He was highly esteemed as a quiet, order-loving, respectable citizen. He had been governor at an earlier date, during the construction of the railroad, when the wild rush to California was at its height, and had gained much credit for friendliness and forbearance shown to foreigners.

General Santacoloma was a dashing young soldier, who had been brought to the front by the Mosquera revolution.

Messrs. Calancha, Jil Colunje and Olarte were all men of dignity and ability, who each filled a short term without dishonor. The last named was a man of fine personal appearance and soldierly manners. The following characteristic incident occurred while he was governor. An indignation meeting was held at Colon, to protest against the prevalence of unpunished crime, especially of murder. Governor Olarte was invited to attend and accepted the invitation. He listened in dignified silence

to the discussion, at the end of which he asked politely:

"Gentlemen, have you all finished?"

As there was no response he continued:

"I have listened attentively to all that you have been pleased to say, and my reply is, that if you are not suited with this country, the doors of emigration are always wide open. Good morning!"

That settled it; and the aliens who formed the larger part of the meeting did not soon forget the lesson.

General Olarte died suddenly not long afterwards; and there was a romantic story, lacking confirmation, although generally accepted as true, that he had fallen a victim to poison placed in a glass of wine by a rival, who committed the silly error of partaking of the same cup and thus sharing the same fate.

The names of Correoso, Miro, Pablo Arosemena, Aizpuru, Casorla, Damaso Cervera, Vives Leon, Manuel Amador Guerrero, Posada, and Aycardi are all pleasantly recalled.

Ricardo Arango, thirty-fourth on the list, who filled the office for more than five years, until the date of his death, October 8, 1898, was doubtless one of the best chief executives Panama ever had.

Facundo Mutis-Duran, who was appointed

governor on the day following the death of Governor Arango, was succeeded by General Campo Serrano, in January, 1900, followed by Governor Carlos Alban, who was killed on board the steamship *Lautaro* in Panama Bay. Don José Domingo de Obaldia was governor at the date of the independence of Panama, November 3, 1903.

The entire list filled the executive chair with dignity, although in earlier years with that plentiful lack of tenure which has been so noticeable in Spanish America.

It is easy to criticise, but when the difficulties which beset a Spanish-American Government are taken into consideration, it will be seen that it is a case of " put yourself in his place."

Isthmian commerce, during the period under review, may be described as the eddy of the stream that flows with considerable constancy along the railroad transit. Were it not for this larger volume, there would not have been sufficient Isthmian trade to deserve the name of commerce. In the twenty-four years from 1876 to 1899 inclusive, 5,330,959 tons of merchandise of all classes were transported over the Panama road, or an average of 222,123 tons per annum. The largest tonnage of any year was in 1888, when 365,266 tons were reported. A considerable percentage of this was material and supplies

for the French Panama Canal. The smallest tonnage was in 1876, when the amount was only 113,781 tons. Since that year there has been a gradual increase.

As in so many other instances relating to Isthmian affairs, statistics are wanting to show the value of local imports and exports. Nor is it considered necessary or important, in this connection, to go into the matter to any extent.

The state of exchange has contributed much to bring about depression of trade conditions. The currency of the Isthmus is silver; and when a merchant is compelled to sell his goods for money that is worth less than one half that with which they were purchased, or in other words, when he must pay more (sometimes much more) than 100 per cent premium for gold, or for exchange with which to make his remittances, it will be seen how difficult it is to get on. It may be said that all the merchant need do is to double his prices, or add as much as he likes to the cost of his goods, to cover this enormous charge; but experience shows that customers are wont to fall off in a dissolving view when their money goes so little way. A silver basis, so long as it is not universal, is alike ruinous to the interests of the public and the individual.

The Chinese, those busy ants of commerce,

have taken advantage of this state of things, and almost monopolized certain branches of business. They have come to the Isthmus in large numbers, and are now seen on almost every street corner of Colon and Panama, as well as at every station along the railroad. They are a quiet lot, frugal in the extreme, always attend strictly to business, and are rapidly acquiring control of the Isthmian trade in provisions and liquors. They can live where other races would starve. They have many virtues, I suppose, as well as many defects, viewed from our standpoint; but while they have been declared an undesirable element in the population of the United States, it may be doubted whether they will prove so at Panama. Their exclusiveness is certainly a great drawback. They come as aliens, and aliens they remain. But if their pig-tails could be cut off, and the backward sailing rendered impossible—if they, in short, could be induced to consider their residence permanent, as emigrants of other races do wherever they go, there is probability that they might prove a blessing to tropical America, so sadly in need of population.

Although business on the Isthmus has been depressed for the last few years, there is no reason why there should not be an immediate revival in view of recent events.

During earlier canal times several business houses had the reputation of making large fortunes, and it was perhaps true of three or four or half a dozen. As a rule, however, money easily and quickly made, was as quickly and easily spent.

A good story is told of one large concern, consisting of three partners, all of whom were young men of more than ordinary business ability. At the beginning all went well; but too great liberality in the matter of champagne, supplemented, perhaps, by too frequent indulgence in "the work of dealing kings," and things of that sort, kept the contents of the cash box low; and when foreign bills fell due they were not promptly paid. Finally an unreasonable creditor or two became urgent, and replies were sent off, saying:

DEAR SIRS:

"We have received your highly esteemed favor of blank date, and appreciate the force of your remarks. It is true that we owe the amount specified, and we would dearly like to pay the same at once; but we beg to inform you that at the present moment we are not able to buy exchange.

"We regret this, but it cannot be helped.

"We remain, dear sirs,

"Yours sincerely."

It was considered a good joke, that they simply forgot to add, in regard to exchange, "because we cannot pay for it."

At an earlier date, a Panama merchant (now dead) who became a prominent banker, accumulated a fortune, and lived much in Paris, met with the following piece of good luck.

It often happened that whaling vessels came to Panama to ship their catch home. The captain of one of them brought two casks of whale's teeth, for which he vainly sought a purchaser. At last the aforesaid merchant, just beginning business, offered $200 for the lot, and the offer was accepted. Then the question arose: What to do with them? Price-lists were scanned, and some one asked: "Why not send 'em to China?" Why not, sure enough? And so they were shipped off via San Francisco, to a commission house in Hong Kong, with instructions to sell, and return proceeds in Chinese straw slippers.

Months passed, and the whale's teeth had been well-nigh forgotten, when one day a letter came enclosing bill of lading and invoice for 100 dozen pairs of slippers, with the following explanation.

The shipment had been received and sold for 1,200 Mexican dollars, and the amount placed to the credit of the Panama merchant. As it was thought best not to invest so large a sum all at

once in the manner requested, the cost of slippers being only ten cents a pair, 100 dozen had been shipped, and a balance, after deducting commissions, etc., of more than $1,000 remained.

At Panama the slippers readily fetched from a dollar to a dollar and a half per pair; so that before the transaction was closed it had become the parent of a prosperous business in Chinese goods, and the beginning of a handsome fortune.

There was also in former days a brisk business in linen lawns and similar goods, and one prominent merchant held the following unique views on the subject of cash and credit. Commissioned to buy some linen articles, I found upon inquiry that the prices for ready cash were higher than for credit. "Why is this?" I asked in my innocence. "Well," replied the merchant, "if I sell on credit, and the bill is not paid, don't you see I do not lose so much. And another thing, I must get enough from my cash customers to make up for such losses."

The exports from the Republic are much less in value than the imports, so that the balance of trade, though small, is always adverse. Here again statistics are difficult to obtain; but it is safe to say that the value of imported goods exceeds that of exported produce in the proportion of ten to one. The principal item of exports has

been bananas, a glance at the growth of which trade may be interesting.

About thirty years ago, Mr. C. A. Frank, who was employed on one of the New York steamers, took a few bunches home as an experiment. He disposed of them readily, and the little venture was repeated. It was not long before he left the steamship service, and arranged to remain at Colon, and make regular shipments by each steamer. The planting of more extensive fields was at once encouraged, the Frank Brothers Company was duly organized, and in a few years the trade grew to about its present proportions.

Mr. Frank remained seventeen years in the business, when he retired with a fortune. I heard him say that at the end of ten years of hard work, (owing to occasional losses,—as there was no insurance to be obtained—combined with various vicissitudes and disasters, including high rates of freight, and inadequate and always uncertain accommodations on board the steamers for his fruit, as though it were a matter of little consequence), he found that he had not made a dollar.

At that time the late Mr. Trenor W. Park was president of the railroad, and Mr. Frank appealed to him. It was not in vain, for immediate changes were made, in accordance with the

views of Mr. Frank, and during the following seven years the business prospered.

The Frank Brothers were succeeded by the Aspinwall Fruit Company, of which Mr. J. H. Stilson is agent at Colon. I am indebted to the courtesy of the latter for the memorandum of shipments since 1888 given in the Appendix.

During the last twenty-five years there has been a quite phenomenal development of the banana trade at Bocas del Toro, on the famous Chiriqui Lagoon, in the Republic of Panama, to the westward of Colon. Production has rapidly increased until the present time, when shipments from that port are larger than from any other in the trade. Planting on a large scale is constantly going on; both because bananas quickly exhaust the soil, and because new plantations have become necessary to supply the increasing demand for the fruit. It is claimed that the country within easy reach of the Lagoon is " the finest in the world," and that there is an inexhaustible supply of virgin lands for banana growing, or for any other purpose in the wide range of tropical agriculture. There would therefore appear to be no limit to the prosperity in store for that favored region.

The population of Bocas del Toro and the surrounding settlements was about 1,000 fifteen

years ago. It is now stated to be 10,000. This growth is to be credited entirely to bananas.

There does not appear to be any limit to the demand for this fruit. The market is gradually widening, and already includes England and continental Europe, as well as the United States and Canada. It is therefore reasonable to conclude that the area of production will be largely extended. All of the Atlantic coast line of tropical America that is within marketable reach of the north temperate zone will witness a very large increase in banana culture. The banana habit has become fixed; and it is a good habit; for there is no food product among fruits that is more wholesome or attractive to the palate. It is likely that besides the immense consumption of the raw fruit, a large demand will be developed for the prepared food, either evaporated after the manner of apples, or converted into banana flour or meal. There is no doubt that the future food supply of the world will be permanently augmented by this important item of the list, and that the American tropics, especially the Isthmian coast, will reap a corresponding benefit.

Next in importance has been the exportation of woods and timber. An exceedingly hard and beautiful wood, called coco-bolo, found along the Panama railroad and the Chagres River, has

been exported in considerable quantities, to be used in fine cabinet work, for knife handles, etc., etc.; also fustic wood for coloring purposes. The most extensive interest in this line, however, has been the cutting and shipping of cedar logs. The trees are found along the Chagres and on the Pacific coast.

From 1860 to 1870 pearls and pearl shells from the fisheries in Panama Bay figured to a considerable extent; but the oyster beds were overworked, and gave out, so that the shipments almost entirely ceased.

India rubber was obtained from the Darien and other parts of the Isthmus; but the trees were cut down, instead of being properly tapped, and thus that industry also was nearly ruined.

Rubber trees have been planted to a limited extent, and it is possible that in a few years the industry will become important.

Ivory nuts, a species of palm nuts, used largely in the manufacture of buttons, are another article of export. They grow all along both coasts of Panama, and are gathered and brought in by the natives, whenever there happens to be a market for them; but the demand is so capricious that they are regarded dangerous to deal in. Cocoanuts are far more marketable. Of the latter, from the San Blas Indians alone,

several millions are obtained annually. Hides and turtle shell are shipped in small quantities.

The mineral wealth of the Republic has never been developed. Gold is known to abound. Small quantities of gold dust are collected from the streams, by native women for the most part, and sold to merchants at Panama and Colon. Several mines have been worked, but in such a manner as to produce poor results. The Cana gold mine, in the Province of Darien, however, is an exception, if reports are true. It was worked in the time of the Spanish occupation, and has lately been reopened, with flattering prospects. The ore is said to be exceedingly rich, and the output of bullion large.

Coal has been discovered near the line of the Panama Railroad, of a quality that bids fair to pay well, in case the quantity should prove abundant. Manganese has been mined with success at Viento Frio, on Cape Nombre de Dios, a few miles to the eastward of Porto Bello. The ore was found a short distance inland, on or near the surface of the ground, in large boulders of an exceptional percentage of richness. Many thousand tons have been shipped from there to the United States.

As for agriculture—that foundation of all wealth, and of all national prosperity—as the

term is understood at the north and in Europe, there is none. Neither the manner of doing it, nor the extent to which it is done deserves the name. Of the large area comprised by the republic—not less than 30,000 square miles—so little is under cultivation of any sort, that I should say 100 square miles would cover it. This would not include grazing lands, which in some parts are extensive, but cannot be called cultivated. There are no large estates for the growing of any kind of produce, such as sugar, coffee, cacao, or any of the numerous tropical fruits—not even bananas, as they are grown almost entirely by small planters, who will rarely have more than ten acres each in cultivation.

After the French canal failure, a number of the laborers employed, mostly Jamaicans, preferring to remain, took up small bits of land near the line of the railroad, which they have cultivated after a fashion, thus contributing in a measure to the general welfare. They have certainly changed the appearance of the country through which the railroad passes; for now one may, from the train, form some idea of the lay of the land; while in former days the jungle shut in the track,—or shut out the adjacent country—as effectively as if the rails had been laid between two parallel walls.

The reasons for this lack of agricultural development need not be difficult to find. They are many; but the one which seems most potent to my own understanding is this:

THE TIME HAS NOT YET COME!

CHAPTER XIX

THE Department of State at Washington has placed me under obligations for lists that will be found in the Appendix, of United States ministers to Bogota, and consuls at Colon and Panama, with the dates of their commissions.

The list of ministers embraces several well-know names. General George W. Jones of Iowa was one of the most prominent citizens of the republic. He served his country in many positions of importance, lived to a great age, and has only recently been gathered to his fathers.

Judge Allen A. Burton of Kentucky was another highly esteemed American who left the impress of his abilities and personal worth upon the people of Colombia, during his long term as minister.

General Sullivan was a genial Irishman, with the reputation of an excellent lawyer. In private intercourse he was delightful; but as he did not understand the Spanish language, it is feared that his wit was lost on the good people of the

RUINS OF SANTO DOMINGO CHURCH (WITH FLAT ARCH), PANAMA, 300 YEARS OLD.

Colombian capital. He complained of the social isolation in which he found himself there.

General Stephen A. Hurlbut was especially commissioned as Minister to Bogota by President Grant, in 1869, to negotiate a canal treaty, and succeeded in doing so. The treaty was signed at Bogota on January 26, 1870, and was transmitted to Washington, where, on March 31st, it was sent by General Grant to the Senate. But it was not ratified.

The question will be asked, Why was it not ratified and its provisions carried out? Why did the whole grand scheme end in humiliating failure and disappointment?

I was indebted for the answer to one of the framers of the treaty, the late Dr. Justo Arosemena. According to information thus derived at first hand, no sooner had the treaty been submitted to the Colombian Congress for deliberation and approval than the enemies of the measure attacked it with great bitterness. The discussions extended through many sessions, and the opposition succeeded at length in making so great changes in the conditions of the treaty—so important amendments and alterations, — that when at last it left their hands it was so far mutilated and wrecked that FAILURE was written large across its face. The treaty had been killed,

and the completion of an interoceanic canal long delayed.

And that was the unfortunate ending of a great plan generously conceived by General Grant, one of the world's acknowledged leaders of men, in peace as in war.

And yet it was not the ending. It was only the end of the first chapter. For the Man of Iron did not see fit to acknowledge defeat. He was undoubtedly angry, but he displayed his displeasure only by turning his attention in another direction. It was then—*and not before*—that the Nicaragua idea came into prominence. Admiral Ammen, a warm personal friend of the President, and Mr. Menocal, were then first sent to see what could be done with the San Juan River and its parent lake. If Colombia would not listen to reason, but would insist upon throwing away an opportunity so splendid, it could not be helped, but she should be taught that a mistake of that magnitude must be paid for. There can be no doubt that had the treaty of 1870 been ratified and put in force, there would to-day be a canal connecting the two oceans. No doubt has ever existed in the minds of men well informed that the Panama route is the best, if not the only one, that comes within the range of practicability. All the rhetoric displayed in the American Con-

gress and elsewhere, in favor of the Nicaragua route, is based upon a misconception of the natural advantages and disadvantages of the two localities. General Grant knew that the Panama line was the more favorable, as his action clearly showed. Nicaragua was adopted by him in a spirit of pique and resentment. A laudable ambition had been thwarted, and to a mind so determined it was perhaps only natural to turn to what was regarded as the next best expedient. As all the world knows, he was a man of action whose aim was to accomplish whatever had been undertaken. Fame whispered that new laurels waited upon the completion of a waterway from ocean to ocean. And if on the one hand, with pardonable impatience, he turned to the inferior route, on the other, Colombian statesmen were shortsighted, or perhaps influenced by unfriendly councils. It is somewhat remarkable that they should have repeated their stupid action in 1903, thus losing Panama and their last chance of ever having a canal.

Unreasoning opposition at Bogota in both instances, 1870 and 1903, wrought not alone the ruin of both treaties, but in each case brought about an unfortunate estrangement between the two governments; for between the date of the recall of Mr. Scruggs, who followed General

Hurlbut as minister, in 1873, and the appointment of Mr. Dichman in 1878, there was a considerable interval, during which the United States Government was not represented at Bogota.

During this interval, while General Grant was nursing a just resentment, Colombia turned to the French, with the disastrous results so well known throughout the world. The concession granted to Lieutenant Lucien N. B. Wyse is dated March 20, 1878, before United States Minister Dichman had been appointed. Nor was the Government of the United States fortunate in the selection of that gentleman as its diplomatic representative, at a time when, if ever, diplomacy between the two nations was needed. If the reports of his want of tact and lack of politeness were true, he should never have been sent out. The impression he made was not a favorable one.

The return of Mr. Scruggs, in 1882, was sincerely welcomed; as he was an able and charming man, held in high public as well as personal esteem. During his second term, on July 7, 1884, the Bogota mission was raised from that of Minister Resident to Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.

In 1889 Hon. John T. Abbott, of New Hampshire, was appointed to succeed General

Dabney Maury of Virginia. Of the entire list, good, bad, and indifferent, Mr. Abbott was one of the best—perhaps the best. He made himself master of the language of the country, entered fully into the life and customs of the people, and became so universally respected, that when the Methodist ministry was bereft, by President Cleveland, of a bright and shining light, to fill Mr. Abbott's place, general regret was expressed. But the best man stands no better than the worst in American so-called diplomacy.

The honored name of William Nelson heads the list of United States consuls at Panama, his commission being dated July 16, 1845.

Colonel Alexander R. McKee was the first to come within the limits of my time. He was a Kentuckian, and although afflicted with the deplorable infirmity of deafness, which rendered general intercourse rather difficult, and no doubt interfered with his own enjoyment, as well as with that of his associates, he was dearly esteemed for his kindly qualities.

Dr. O. M. Long, the army surgeon and personal friend of General Grant, was also regarded with much public and personal favor during his ten years' tenure of the consulship. His son-in-law, Captain Crooker, who was vice-consul, was also well liked.

Although the name of Hon. William L. Scruggs appears in the list, he did not accept the position, which was given, a month later, to Thomas Adamson, the most efficient consular officer the Panama Isthmus has ever known. He had been consul or consul-general of the United States, at Pernambuco, at Rio Janiero, at Melbourne, and at Honolulu, before he came to Panama, his original commission dating back to President Lincoln's time, or more than thirty years. He remained at Panama, first as consul, and from August 1, 1883, as consul-general, until June 30, 1893, in all over eleven years; and his removal, for no fault, at the beginning of President Cleveland's second term, was universally regretted. The event emphasized the defective consular system of the United States, at that period, from which the degrading idea of "spoils" had not yet been eliminated.

Colon has not been free from the same curse. Fitness has not been regarded. But as I have had the honor to serve (often in charge) as vice-consul, at intervals since 1863, perhaps the less said the better.

There was a public office called by courtesy Special Inspectorship of United States Customs on the Isthmus of Panama, that has only recently been discontinued. It was created soon after the

completion of the Panama Railroad in 1855, at the solicitation of friends of Mr. Ran Runnels, a Texan, who had been at the head of a company of "Regulators" during the unsafe period of Isthmian transit by river and mule road. His services had been valuable at a time when nerve to hang an outlaw to the nearest tree, without judge or jury, was regarded a virtue. He had been a Texan Ranger, and was familiar with such methods. I did not know Mr. Runnels, but heard a great deal about him after my arrival in 1861. He had just left for Central America, where he died, a few years ago. He was represented to be a delicate, quiet little man, "like a woman," and had many devoted friends.

It was not supposed that the United States Treasury would continue an office, known to be a sinecure pure and simple, after the person for whom it had been created should "die or leave the Bay," as the phrase went. But strange to say, *two* places were substituted for the original one; and for forty years the United States Government paid $5,000 per annum, without obtaining value received. Nothing was ever done by these "Inspectors" to earn the salaries paid them. There was not even a pretense of service on their part. They drew their pay from the

United States Treasury with unblushing regularity—and that was all.

A list of British diplomatic and consular officers, with which I have been kindly furnished by Consul (now Minister) Claude Mallet of Panama, will also be found in the Appendix.

The last three names in the list are those of young men who grew up on the Panama Isthmus. Brilliant talents and charming personal qualities have advanced them in the diplomatic or consular service of their country. From youth they had the consular career before them, and are consequently now well-trained public servants.

How different from the wretched no-system of the United States!

Mr. Charles Toll Bidwell, who was British vice-consul at Panama under Consul Charles Henderson, 1860–68, published a very interesting book, in 1865, called "The Isthmus of Panama."

CULEBRA CUT, AS LEFT BY THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER XX

BESIDES the notable people of whom mention has already been made in these pages, there have been many others, especially in earlier days, before the tide of travel was turned away, who were well pleased to " stay their haste and make delays " for brief intervals when crossing the Isthmus.

Among these were the Tichborne Claimant and " Lady Tichborne," who came to Panama from Australia by one of the boats of the Panama and Sydney line, and remained long enough to borrow some money (that has never been repaid) from a friend of mine who was hypnotized by the glamour of the claimant's splendid pretensions. They were on their way to England to begin the contest that became so celebrated. He nor she was in the least aristocratic, if by that word refinement is implied. Grave doubts were entertained and expressed, even then, in quiet old Panama, as to the legitimacy of " Sir Roger's " claims.

Another chance visitor was Mr. Sam Ward,

who had been on an important mission to Nicaragua, and came to Colon on his way to New York. He passed an evening at my home, and left a perpetual remembrance of his surpassing personal charm. At that time he was perhaps fifty, rather short and stout, his grizzled hair and mustache close cut; his expression one of great good nature and perfect health, accompanied by an endless flow of most interesting talk. It was little wonder that he became " King of the Lobby " at Washington, and was held in so high and wide esteem.

The tragedian, Edwin Forrest, was another notable visitor. He was on his way to California, and made himself known to a few resident Americans, to whom he came down from the lofty heights of tragedy, and was for the time mortal like the rest. He was already no longer young, and showed the marks of the passions he had torn to tatters on and off the stage.

An actress who had won much applause in San Francisco as *Mazeppa,* for which character she was splendidly endowed—the Menken (Adah Isaacs Heenan Menken) was also for a few days a guest of the Howard House, Colon, on her way to Paris, where she died. She possessed literary ability also. One remarkable poem called " Into the Depths," that began with the words, " Lost,

lost, lost!" attracted wide attention. At the time of which I write she appeared to be "flush with doubloons, coins of eight," acquired in her recent triumphs; but it was said that the poor splendid woman came to utter grief in the gay French capital. Photographs were in circulation, in which she appeared with the elder Dumas, but the implied connection was denied. Her grave is (or was) in the Jewish corner of Père La Chaise, for it seemed she was a member of that ancient race.

She smoked cigarettes a good deal, and a trick she had of lighting matches on the sole of her shoe is remembered. She said she had lived much "without the pale of respectability." It was evident.

Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands also came to Colon, and afforded no end of merriment to the black mob. When it became known that a "dusky Queen" was due by the Panama train, a great crowd collected; and when Superintendent Parker gave his arm to her Majesty, to conduct her on board the English steamer by which she went to pay a visit to her sister queen, Victoria, a vast black procession was in attendance.

She was a rather bleached pleasant little cat-eyed descendant of a "King of the Cannibal Is-

lands," apparently inclined to roly-poly and good nature.

A great queen of another sort, the divine Sarah Bernhardt, came to Panama on her swing around the continent of South America, where she gave a few exhibitions of her wondrous art. In her suite was a small menagerie of parrots, monkeys, tiger cats, snakes, and other suspicious characters, which materially assisted her divinity in making things lively for those about her.

Mr. Edward Whymper, the celebrated mountain climber, president of the Alpine Club, etc., on his way to the summit of Chimborazo, was detained at Colon during a norther, and entertained his friends with his exploits. " A Tramp Abroad " had been but recently published, containing Mr. Whymper's account of the first ascent of the Matterhorn in 1865, when Francis, Lord Douglas, and three others lost their lives. He added other data in relation to that " most memorable of Alpine catastrophes," which made his hearers wonder at the hardihood that can prompt such daring.

Mr. Whymper was not of heroic mold, but on the contrary rather undersized and delicate. On his return from Ecuador he told of having left the blood-red flag of Britain flying on the summit of Chimborazo, " by right of discovery," he

said, to mark the spot amid the eternal snows " where no man hath trod " save himself.*

He was an engraver, and declared that the excellence of American graphic art, as displayed in our magazines and elsewhere, was the envy and despair of British artists. His two visits were at the end of 1879 and beginning of 1880.

Earlier, General E. D. Keyes came via the island of St. Thomas, *en route* for San Francisco, and remained in Colon " for a day and a night and a morrow." He had been one of McClellan's generals in the Peninsula, and was fresh from the disaster of Malvern Hill and the retreat that followed: events that had cast deep gloom over the North. He was a close personal friend and warm military partisan of General McClellan. As there had been brought about a very pleasant short acquaintance between the latter and myself, before the war, when he was chief engineer of the Illinois Central Road, I took the deepest interest in the views of General Keyes in regard to the failure of the Peninsular campaign, and its effect upon the military fortunes of his chief, as well as upon the final results of the war. He appeared to be in distress and deep

* The Ecuadorian authorities said Mr. Whymper must go and take the English flag down from the top of Chimborazo, but he told them to take it down themselves.

despondency; and I was so much influenced by the somber nature of his talk that the cause of the North looked desperate indeed. He did not reënter the military service, but retired to California, where he possessed a large estate. He was a man of refined appearance, soldierly and somewhat austere, although charming in private intercourse.

Of an entirely different sort was bluff and hearty old Captain Bedford Pim, R.N. (retired), a frequent visitor to the Isthmus in former days. He had become interested in a railway scheme from Monkey Point, on the Mosquito coast, between Greytown and Blewfields, to Lake Nicaragua. The route led across the wild Chontales Mountains, and the gradients were impossible.

The first time I saw him was at Colon on board the Royal Mail steamer *Shannon*, on his way to Managua. The late Mr. Thomas Harrison, Crown Surveyor of Jamaica, took me with him to pay Captain Pim a visit. That son of Neptune received us with good-natured condescension, and plunged at once, neck and heels, into his pet project. I do not remember to have seen a more elaborate and gorgeous display of maps plans and profiles than was brought out and unrolled before our wondering eyes. The spacious

saloon of the *Shannon* was none too large to hold it. It was a spectacle, a panorama. If we had not known better, it would have appeared that Monkey Point, rechristened Bahia de Pim, or Pim's Bay, was already, or would soon be in communication by rail with the Nicaraguan capital; so perfect were all the details—on paper. And then to hear the gallant captain talk! He was so sanguine, and the thing seemed so real to his mind, and so easy, that a single breath of doubt from his listeners would have been blown back in a fine breeze of scorn. As an exhibition of optimism, built on a foundation less stable than sand, it could not have been equaled. There was nothing in it. For years the ancient mariner, in the character of promoter, went and came, full of his great scheme, forever reading papers, trying to attract capital, and going off like a geyser.

Schuyler Colfax, when he was Vice-President of the United States, visited the Isthmus on his way from San Francisco to New York. He has been called by those who did not hold him in high esteem, Smiler Colfax; and indeed he was seldom without a smile on his handsome face. He was at one time regarded as a powerful factor in American political life; but the investigations by Congress of the affairs of the Credit

Mobilier, in connection with the building of the Pacific overland railways, was fatal to his fame. He had been talked of as a candidate for President of the United States.

Governor Bigler of California, and United States Senator Nye of Nevada, were also among the prominent public men, of more than ordinary ability and interest, who charmed the Isthmian air with their temporary presence. Both were characteristic Westerners, men of intelligence and action of the rough-and-ready order.

One fine day, about the year 1863 or 1864, on the arrival of the Panama train, a gentleman brought a note of introduction and a very beautiful young wife to my office, requesting that she be permitted to remain there while he attended to their baggage, steamer tickets for New York, and so forth. Of course nothing could have afforded me greater pleasure. The husband's absence, however, seemed to be prolonged to an unreasonable length; and when at last he came back, all flustered and apologetic, with a strong suspicion of having "met a friend or two," the lovely woman used her eloquent eyes in place of words, in a manner to command instant silence. I do not think she uttered a syllable; but it was the most complete rebuke I have ever witnessed.

This was Ephraim George Squier, archæologist and author, on his way from Peru, where he had been collecting materials for his important work on the antiquities of that highly interesting country. He had previously written several books that were widely read in their day; among them "The States of Central America," 1858. This book, of which I possess a copy, is still considered, next to the two volumes of John L. Stephens, the most valuable work that has been published on the subject. He died in Brooklyn, in 1888. His beautiful wife afterwards became Mrs. Frank Leslie.

The late Fred Hassaurek, United States Minister to Ecuador from 1861 to 1865, and author of the absorbing narrative, "Four Years in Spanish America," came frequently to the Isthmus during that time. He was a genial man, of delicate constitution and refined tastes, whom it was a pleasure and an honor to know. His home was at Cincinnati, where before and after his term as Minister to Quito, he was owner and editor of an influential German-American newspaper. No better account than his has been published, since that of the Ulloas (Don Jorge Juan and Don Antonio, in 1735), of the dreadful journey between Guayaquil and Quito, nor of the life and habits of the people of that equatorial

republic. He also wrote a thrilling novel, which had for its theme the mournful destiny of the Incas of Peru. His early death was deplored by a wide circle of friends.

William Henry Hurlbut, brother of General Stephen A. Hurlbut, was another brilliant man who once paid Colon a visit. He was then chief editor of the New York *World*, and had been on a journey to Peru, by invitation of Mr. Monte-Cristo Meiggs, when that millionaire was contractor for railroads that cost a $100,000,000.

I took Mr. Hurlbut for a morning drive around Manzanillo Island, behind Tom and Dick, the prettiest pair of ponies in the world; and it is a pleasure to recall the keen enjoyment he manifested as we flew along the sea-beach road, in the balmy air, the breakers on one hand, and the deep-green palm-jungle on the other. As I remember him, he was a handsome man, full of hearty, healthy, robust life, fascinating, kindly, a perfect citizen of the world, and master of a wealth of various information.

The humorist, Artemus Ward (Charles Farrar Browne), also came this way, as one of the "ships that pass in the night." When I saw him, probably in 1866, he was a very pale, blonde, rather tall man, beardless, except a long,

drooping red mustache. He had a prominent nose, and the stoop of a victim to consumption in his shoulders. He was on his way at the time to England where, according to E. C. Stedman, "he was able to lecture for a few months, repeating his American successes. Increasing illness prevented his return to the United States." He died at Southampton, March 6, 1867, at the age of thirty-three.

Another Mr. Browne, John Ross, a prolific writer for *Harper's Magazine*, who published some delightful books which were widely read thirty or forty years ago, was appointed United States Minister to China, and came around with his family to Panama, from New York, as guest of the Pacific Mail Company, in one of their big new steamers—the *Japan*, I think—on his way to his post via San Francisco. During the few days' stay of the ship in Panama Bay, I had the pleasure of calling on Mr. Browne on board, and of making the acquaintance of himself, his amiable wife, and his accomplished daughters.

It is one of the conditions of literary fame that it is not often durable. In his time J. Ross Browne had a great audience. His productions were as eagerly read as were those of Bret Harte or of Mark Twain a little later, or those of our best contemporary writers. He had a fine wit,

and though at times his humor was somewhat broad, it was thoroughly genial and delightful. The papers called "The Coast Rangers," published in *Harper's Monthly*, in 1861–62, giving an account of the poor degraded Digger Indians, and the shameful manner in which the United States Government had treated them, were especially droll. The contractors, he said, had emptied the drugstores at the East of their miscellaneous contents in the shape of stale, unsaleable goods of all sorts, that could be bought for a mere song, and had sent the same out for the poor Diggers. "An ounce of croton oil," he goes on, "would go a great way in lubricating the intestines of an entire tribe; and as for paint, if it could not be strictly classed with any medicines known in the Official Dispensary, it might at least be used for purposes of clothing during the summer months. Red or green pantaloons painted on the legs of the Indians, and striped blue shirts artistically marked out on their bodies, would be at once cool, economical, and picturesque."

In former days (not so much now) the expression Nature's nobleman was often heard; or as Carlyle would have written, Noble-Man. Answering to that description was Prof. Louis Agassiz, of world-wide fame. It was my good

fortune to be presented to him by Mr. William Parker, Superintendent of the Panama Road, at Colon, about the year 1867. Accompanied by his devoted wife, he arrived at Panama, by the Coast Survey steamer *Albatross*, Captain Z. L. Tanner, U. S. N., which the United States Government had placed at their disposal, for the purpose of making the voyage around South America, in the interests of science. By invitation they came across to Colon, where they made a short stay as guests of the railroad company, after which they returned to their ship and continued the voyage to California.

Professor Agassiz was about sixty at that time. In appearance he was the perfection of health and activity. As I recall him, he was a large florid man, weighing perhaps two hundred pounds, still without the ordinary signs of age in the shape of gray beard or hair. His manner was cordial, and it seemed natural to him to attract and fascinate. Everything interested him; he seemed to walk in a kind of wonder-world, in which all he saw was marvelous. An intense, eager, insatiable, glowing, inspired, noble mind, it was not strange that he possessed the warm friendship of the best men of his time—Lowell, Holmes, Dana, Emerson, Phillips, Whittier, Longfellow, and a host of others; or that the last

named celebrated his fiftieth birthday in a poem containing these beautiful lines:

> And Nature, the old nurse, took
> The child upon her knee,
> Saying: "Here is a story-book
> Thy Father has written for thee."
>
> "Come, wander with me," she said,
> "Into regions yet untrod;
> And read what is still unread
> In the manuscripts of God."

Mark Twain (Samuel Langhorne Clemens), who has contributed more perhaps than any other writer of his time to "the gaiety of nations," arrived at Colon on his way to California, soon after the return of the famous Quaker City excursion. He alone had made it famous, by writing on the voyage the series of letters afterwards published under the title of "The Innocents Abroad."

We had read the letters at Colon, in the San Francisco newspaper *Alta California*, and like everybody else had enjoyed them immensely. When, therefore, it was known that their author was a passenger from New York by the steamer, a natural desire to see him led me to propose to two or three friends to call on him. This was not difficult to do. For a lion of that sudden magni-

tude we found him democratic and easily approachable. His great mane was tawny then, without a silver thread. He was solemn as a funeral, and in speech as slow. These traits added and I believe have always added to the fun that sparkled in all he said. Among other things he was asked:

"What did you think, Mr. Clemens, on the whole, of your fellow-passengers on board the *Quaker City*?"

With a most serious air, and the original Mark Twain drawl, he replied: "Well, my good friends, I'll tell you. There weren't brains enough on board that steamer to start a first-class infant!"

This startling declaration was followed by other details of an amusing nature, which confirmed his small but select audience in the opinion that he was the funniest man on the globe; a reputation that I believe never forsakes him the world over.

In March, 1895, I had a pleasant call from Richard Harding Davis, on his way from Central America, via Panama, to Caracas. He had then recently crossed Honduras from the Atlantic to the Pacific, an interesting account of which journey appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, under the title of "Three Gringoes in Central Amer-

ica." Later his graphic descriptions of the Venezuelan capital were published in the same periodical. This gifted and energetic young author, traveler, war correspondent, and cosmopolitan impressed me as a strong man both physically and intellectually.

Space forbids mention of the names of other well-known people whom it has been delightful to meet, during all these fiercely fleeting years. The list would be too long.

It remains, however, to mention Edmund Clarence Stedman, poet, critic, man of letters, man of affairs, man of the world. A year after our first meeting, in the winter of 1874–75, in the mountains of Jamaica, he came for a short visit to Panama, when the friendship formed a twelvemonth before was cemented anew. During his brief stay of ten days, we went by boat, one glorious morning, to see the ruins of Old Panama, where

> "So long have the bare gray walls lain guestless,
> Through branches and briers if a man make way,
> He shall find no life save the sea-wind's, restless
> Night and day."

We landed at the old seawall, and made *our* way over broken arches to the great ruined roofless tower of San Jérome, which was then as now

surrounded by dense jungle, and covered to its summit with vines and orchids and wild tropical vegetation. We stood within its walls, and wondered at the ruin time had made since Morgan the Buccaneer captured and sacked the city. Little else remained to mark the spot that had once been the abode of riches and pride and power.

I cannot say what lasting impressions were made upon my friend by the dear comradeship of those few delightful tropic days and nights; but for me, as Charles Dickens wrote, " a crowd of affectionate remembrances clusters about it, that would brighten the darkest winter day that ever glimmered and went out in Lapland."

CHAPTER XXI

THE Spanish language is spoken, and the Roman Catholic religion prevails in Panama, the entire native population being reckoned as children of the Mother Church. Perhaps no form of religious worship can be better for a new and thinly settled country, where the *padre* or priest is indeed the spiritual father of the people. He is called upon to be guide, counselor, friend and teacher all in one. His task is hard and thankless in many instances, his life one of toil and privation; but observation shows that his high office is filled with zeal, constancy, and devotion. The Isthmian priesthood is native born, with occasional exceptions, among whom was Father Curley, an Irish Catholic priest, who came from New York twenty-five years ago, and organized the Parish of Colon, under the Bishop of Panama. The good man collected funds, built a church, of which he remained in charge several years, and was noted for his energy and benevolence. His departure was much regretted, when, on account of ill health, induced by constant toil

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GOING TO SCHOOL, COLON, 1906.

in a hot climate, he left Colon for Buenos Ayres.

During the Colombian civil war of the early sixties, while General Mosquera was President, radical changes were made in existing conditions, which included the confiscation of church property, and banishment of the religious orders.

Under the presidency of Rafael Nuñez, the church regained, throughout Colombia, a large share of its former prestige, which it yet retains. At the same time it is to be noted that much liberality and freedom of religious opinion have prevailed. For many years there was a Protestant mission at Bogota, under the Rev. Mr. Wallace; and others have been established in various parts of the republic. On the Isthmus, where there has been, since the advent of the railroad, a large Protestant population of foreign-born residents, the greatest freedom exists. The two churches of Colon, one Episcopal, the other Wesleyan, enjoy the widest liberty of expression and action. They confine their labors, as they should, to spiritual and secular ministrations, and to the teaching of their own faith.

The beautiful building, Christ Church, erected on the beach at Colon at a cost of $75,000 by the Panama Railroad Company assisted by private subscriptions, is a monument alike to the

liberal spirit that prompted, and the tolerance that permitted and encouraged it.

It was built in 1864 by Mr. Weeks, a New York contractor; and was consecrated to the Episcopal service by the late Bishop Alonzo Potter of Pennsylvania, in June, 1865, when that distinguished prelate was on his way from New York to California, as guest of the Pacific Mail Company in one of their new steamers via the Straits of Magellan. During the few days' delay at Panama, the bishop came over to Colon, and performed the ceremony of consecration, in which I had the honor of being one of the sponsors. He returned the following morning to the ship in Panama Bay; and sad to relate, the fatigue and unusual excitements of the Isthmian journey brought on illness which resulted in the good man's death on arrival in the harbor of San Francisco.

The church long remained in the Diocese of New York, but was transferred to that of Honduras, over which Bishop Ormsby of the Church of England presided. Rev. S. P. Hendrick was for many years the zealous rector. His recent departure cannot fail to be deeply regretted. At one time the building was much neglected; and after the great fire of 1885 it was used as a prison and soldiers' barracks.

Among the earlier rectors were Rev. Messrs. Major, Temple, Bancroft, Tullidge, Knapp, and Henson, with all of whom I had pleasant acquaintance. They were men of exceptional intelligence and kindliness of character, as well as of consistent devotion to their calling, and did all they could to lead in what they thought the right way. Mr. Major was candid enough to say to me that whatever good he could hope to do in such a deadfall would not be apparent in *his* lifetime, and I presume his successors held similar views.

The Wesleyan mission is a credit to that great society. It was established by Rev. Mr. Latham, who with his devoted wife remained in Colon several years. Mr. Latham was succeeded by Mr. Taylor, who preached in a tent, when the weather permitted, and being somewhat sensational, created a good deal of excitement for a time. He became ill, and believed he died and went to heaven (?) and was restored to life. I think it was probably a dream resulting from the delirium of fever.

At Panama efforts have been made at various times, and under different ministers, to keep up Protestant worship. At one period Mr. Hicks, an excellent young man, labored as lay preacher for years, with exemplary zeal; but he said at last that the work of conversion was hopeless.

Rev. Mr. Geddes, the active and energetic Wesleyan minister, lived at Panama, and was in general charge of the mission on the Isthmus. After him came Mr. Clark, Mr. Jacobs, and Mr. Cooke, the present pastor (1907).

The moral tone of the Isthmian community during the years under review was never very high. There has always been a large number of resident Jamaicans and other West Indians, who have been ready enough to attend church; but as one of the ministers said to me: " They are often religious without being moral! " The discrimination is a curious one, and is recommended to the attention of students of such matters. Since the year 1861 there has been a constant if slow elevation.

It is difficult to understand fully, and express an intelligent opinion upon the social life of people of another race and language, other ideas and customs, other standards of action; unless family ties enable one to do so. Others as well as myself, who have lived long among Spanish-Americans, have found them agreeable and polite in their intercourse with each other and with foreigners; always ready to oblige, and willing, in many instances, to sacrifice themselves for the comfort or convenience of others. They are kind and affectionate toward their children, whether

the offspring of legitimacy, or, as often happens, born of a union that has not had the sanction and blessing of the priest. High or low it is the same. They have the reputation of being exceedingly agreeable in all social relations among themselves. The better class is exclusive, rarely forming intimacies with foreigners, except in cases of intermarriage. Differences of language and of religious faith have doubtless had a great deal to do with this. In recent years many Spanish-American women of the better class have been sent abroad to be educated, and speak English or French or both; yet their modesty is as marked as ever, and upon their return to their homes and to the perpetual indolence of the tropics, they usually fall in with the time-honored *costumbres del pais* (customs of the country), are married to native husbands, and lead the native life. Foreigners of the male sex, domiciled among them, often find great charm in their beauty, and in many instances have formed domestic ties which have doubtless resulted happily; but there is reason to doubt if a woman of northern birth and education, married to a Spanish-American, finds her life a dream of bliss. The difference between the picture imagination has painted and the reality, unless one is very optimistic, is too great.

The gulf between the upper and lower strata

of society appears much wider here than at the North. There, everyone is as good as anyone else—if not a little better; while here the time-honored convention, inherited from Spain, still holds that the *hidalgo* (*hijo de algo*, Son of Somebody) is better than his neighbor, Son of Nobody. In Panama there are many families descended from the nobility of Spain. The republic has not yet changed all that. For the rest, I bear cheerful testimony that while one will encounter a good deal of the *mañana* (to-morrow) element in the native character, the Isthmian is an easy person to live with, provided one does not look for too much; since he is good-natured, courteous, not intrusive, and as honest as could be expected.

The foreign colony on the Isthmus, always rather large, owing to the numbers engaged in trade or occupying official positions in the different companies, has been a veritable rope of sand, so far as social life has been concerned: a heterogeneous mob of aliens, here to-day and gone to-morrow, whose ruling passion is to get on. Men in all stations grow cynical, ill-natured, and censorious. The reason is that no one ever came to the Isthmus with the idea of remaining long. It has been a procession rather than a social state, the characteristics of which have often been pe-

culiar, sometimes grotesque and amusing. The beggar-on-horseback idea has prevailed, as it always will prevail when poor human nature gets a brief chance to mount. The briefer, the more absurd is the exhibition of horsemanship.

Cosmopolitanism has been the chief feature of the foreign contingent. It would be difficult to name any country, civilized or otherwise, that has not been represented. This was more especially the case during French canal times, when from

> " Jerusalem and Madagascar,
> And North and South Amerikee,"

all nationalities came flocking like birds of prey.

I would not intimate that there has been, at any time, a complete absence of social enjoyment among foreigners, or that warm friendships have been lacking. It could not be expected that in such transient social conditions the same cordiality would exist as in older and better ordered communities, in which stability is the rule; but all things considered, the general kindliness manifested has been remarkable.

A discussion of the climate will involve the expression of individual opinions contrary to the prevailing impression. I am aware that there has always been a great dread of the place, and have been asked a thousand times: How can you

stay there? In reply I have said, and repeat here, *there are many worse places.* It is not the deadly halfway station between Hope and Hades, Life and Death, that it has been painted. It is true that the whole coast line of tropical America is subject to malarial influences, and more particularly wherever the rainfall is so great as at Colon. Vegetation is rank and decay rapid, so that the atmosphere becomes more or less poisoned by exhalations that are inimical to health. The constant heat is also a cause of debility, independent of all malarial taint in the air. What would be said in New York or London, if the whole year round the temperature averaged 80° in the shade by day, and the nights were not much cooler? Now if the malarial element were added, is it not probable that a Londoner or New Yorker would take a through ticket for the North Pole by the first train?

Yet Colon and Panama are not intolerable. Far from it; for when one becomes accustomed to tropical life, one finds a thousand compensations for the so-called superior advantages of the temperate zones.

It is facetiously said that there are only two seasons on the Panama Isthmus—the rainy and the wet; but this is slander. The dry season, which begins not far from the first of the year,

and extends to April 17th or thereabouts, is regarded as the more salubrious and enjoyable. The northeast trades then blow almost unceasingly, with occasional showers, and all local causes of disease are supposed to disappear. Under the vertical rays of a torrid sun vegetation then withers. Many of the forest trees are deciduous, and it is at this period that they shed their foliage. This gives a less verdant appearance to the landscape; but as soon as the first heavy rains fall, Nature resumes her robes of rich emerald green, and closes the gaps made by the sun's unclouded fire. The changes from one season to the other are supposed to be prolific of malaria, and therefore very trying to the health.

In the Appendix will be found a statement of the rainfall at Colon for the ten years 1890–99, from which it will be seen that there was an average of 138.05 inches per annum for the whole period. This was certainly sufficient to rejoice the heart of Jupiter Pluvius; and as the heavy rains were accompanied by tremendous thunder and lightning, it may be presumed that Jupiter Tonans had a lively interest in Isthmian affairs also.

Formerly it was observed that there would be a considerable difference in alternate years, the rainfall in one year, for example, being as low as

eighty or ninety inches, while the following year it would be nearly or quite twice as much. That interesting meteorological feature seems, however, to have disappeared, according to more recent data from which I have borrowed.

The diseases of the climate are for the most part fevers of various types, none of which are regarded as dangerous, except yellow fever, which has rarely (in my opinion never) visited the Panama Isthmus, except in sporadic form, during the years under review. The steamers have brought many cases, many also of smallpox; but neither the one nor the other has ever spread so as to become epidemic. No old resident has any fear of them. The Chagres fever affects the liver, and brings on depression and general debility. In a climate without bracing qualities, recovery is often so tardy that a trip away is best. Indeed it is always well, even for those in health to go for a change over seas every two or three years if possible; although I once remained at Colon five years without serious trouble.

To one of healthy constitution and good habits there is no danger on the Panama Isthmus, that is not present in any other tropical country. Cold neglect alone, on the part of those who should have cared for the sanitary condition of

Colon, has prevented that place from becoming as healthful and desirable a home as may be found in the whole torrid zone. It is surrounded by the sanitary sea; and if the coral island upon which it is built were properly drained and looked after, there is no reason in the world why it should not be a safe and wholesome place of residence. (This was written before Colonel Gorgas came.)

Many foreigners have fallen victims to fear rather than fever; while many others have wrought their own destruction by drink, which is the greatest curse of mankind in all lands, but more especially in hot countries. It has killed, directly and indirectly, more than the entire list of diseases put together; for it induces, by its derangement of the vital forces, every ill to which flesh is heir. Candor compels me to state that I have tried both abstinence and moderate indulgence; and when it is said that strong drink is necessary in the tropics to tone the system up, or for any good purpose under heaven, I say emphatically, it is not so! It is absolutely best to let it entirely alone. My forty-six years' experience gives me authority to write as I do.

The " fire habit " should also be mentioned, as it lends frequent excitement and emotion to Colon life. A round dozen of fires have occurred

since 1861, the most destructive being that of 1885, when, in mining phrase, there was a general clean-up. No adequate provision was ever made from first to last, for the prompt control of these calamities, until very recently.

An occasional norther has added its spectacular grandeur to the Isthmian drama. That of November, 1862, which I have noted elsewhere, will serve as an example. There have been several others of equal or perhaps greater violence and destructive power. These storms come on suddenly, and sometimes last three or four days.

Only one earthquake of considerable importance has occurred—that of September 7, 1882. It came about three o'clock on a calm moonlit night when everybody was asleep. The most violent shock lasted thirty seconds. People were terrified, but no great damage was done. It was ascertained later to have been the distant effect of a severe earthquake in Venezuela at that same moment. Sensational reports were published at the time, and the affair was much exaggerated. When it was over I went back to bed and slept till daylight. Yet it would not be true to say that any of these great convulsions could be felt without fear. Several lighter shocks have visited the Isthmus, but none that caused damage or alarm; and the experience of many years has

demonstrated that the region is not within the habitual range of these awe-inspiring phenomena.

There are many reasons why Colon is not a dull place to live in. In late years there have been at least 500 steamer arrivals each year; and as the vessels fly the flags of a dozen different countries, bringing and taking away many strange people, as well as much curious merchandise, if one had no other occupation or amusement this could be made an interesting study. Winter, with its bitter cold, its suffering and distress, has never been known; and although some of the refinements of what is called the higher civilization have been wanting, and social and intellectual isolation sometimes felt, yet each flame-tinted dawn has been a revelation and every moonlit or star-gemmed night a heavenly benediction.

CHAPTER XXII

OUR first home was on the beach, under the palms, within sight and sound of breakers, near the lighthouse. At night from our windows the north star could be seen low down across the Caribbean. This gave us the first and only twinge of homesickness.

The servant question was solved by the employment of Agnes, a young Jamaican—black, jolly, and wholly irresponsible. Her laughing face and pearl-white perfect teeth were her principal attractions. It was the custom for servants to sleep out of the house, an arrangement that gave them greater freedom. This girl like others of her class insisted on living in that manner, and often shocked us with her frank revelations. She regarded the marriage tie as a species of slavery to which she would by no means submit; and we soon learned that her views on the subject were generally accepted and put in practice by women of her race in the tropics. If they do your work they resent interference with their morals. For years this woman proved a faith-

FRONT STREET, COLON, BEFORE THE GREAT FIRE OF 1885.

ful servant so far as could be expected. Her one great virtue was unfailing good-nature, in which respect she was superior, though otherwise a fair example of her class.

The next problem was the food question. Conditions were new to us. At that time and until long after there was no regular market, but supplies for daily use had to be picked up here and there, in shops or at a street corner, where some old black auntie would have a board on an empty barrel from which to sell her scanty and often stale " truck."

Market gardening was unknown, nor was there an adequate supply of other fresh provisions—eggs, milk, fresh meat, fish, fruit, or fowl. This made it necessary to live a whole lot on canned stuff, and to thank Providence for that!

The fruits of the tropics were attractive, but frequently not available. Oranges, bananas, plantains, guavas, pineapples, cocoanuts, papayas, mangoes, alligator pears, bread-fruit, nispero, chirimoya, star-apple, marañon, mamey-sapote, grenadilla, rose-apple, akee, sapucaya, tamarind, lime, and a number of others soon became familiar, but the supply was never abundant. All, or nearly all, are delicious although for the most part not to be compared with our northern fruits.

Small fruits of the berry kind, and all kinds of nuts, are almost entirely wanting in the tropics. The sapucaya is a rare exception. Professor Orton gives a short description of this remarkable production of nature in his "Andes and the Amazon." It is akin to the brazil nut and grows on gigantic trees "with branchless trunks fifty feet high." These very rich edible nuts grow in a large capsule in size and shape like a sugar bowl, which has a natural lid or cover. "The nuts are richer than the brazil nuts of commerce. As they fall when ripe, the lid drops off and the nuts are eaten by monkeys and other wild animals, so that few come to market." This tree is found in the headwaters of the Rio Trinidad that flows into the Chagres.

No fruit is in more constant use than the lime in all hot countries. It is said, however, that its immoderate use tends to impoverish the blood and to reduce the tone of the system generally.

The principal food of the colored people consists of yams, yuca, plantain, and rice. These, cooked with salt fish, furnish the standard "bill of fare." Fresh fish can always be had for the catching, as tropical seas are "full up" of many varieties.

Poultry only needs encouragement to be abun-

dant; yet all these supplies were sporadic, unless they were imported.

Of flowers there were (and are) infinite varieties, but when all is said, the North need not fear the rivalry of the South for floral sweetness and beauty, unless it is in comparison with the orchid family, some specimens of which are truly wonderful. For example, the Isthmian Espiritu Santo or Dove-flower, which is one of the most exquisite things in nature. It is found only in the depths of the jungle, as though it hid away!

Of insects and reptiles it goes without saying that there was (and still is) no lack. They are all exceedingly interesting to the naturalist, and frequently, on too close acquaintance, to the non-naturalist also, but it would become tiresome in this place to attempt a detailed catalogue and description. They would fill a volume.

It is well known that the animal kingdom of equatorial America has no species of the heroic kind—no lions, tigers, elephants, or rhinoceri. The wild things are neither very large nor very fierce, nor very plentiful. Some respectable snakes may be found in the Isthmian jungle, and various kinds of monkeys, some deer and tiger-cats and jaguars (small red so-called lions), also sea cows along the coasts; but no "big game." It is for the most part a lonely land, as noted in

the account of Lieutenant Strain and his bewildered party in a former chapter.

Birds are more numerous than animals. The ornithologist finds many rare kinds, specimens of which have been sent away to supply museums up and down the world, or to adorn private collections. The parrot family—including the gem-like parrakeet and gorgeous, dreadful, military macaw—is very much in evidence. In captivity *too* numerous, perhaps, if peace and quiet are desired. But they often become great pets, and here is a little history of one in the following

Bird's Obituary.

His name was Pretty, and he was about seven years old. He had several other names also, such as Too-too, Little Mannie, Jewel Birdie, and Booly-bump.

He was only a tiny weeny little bit of a parrakeet. When he was first sent to New York, with several others, he was scarcely feathered, and it was doubtful if he would stand the voyage. But he got there all the same, as the saying is, and being so very young and forlorn was taken especial care of by the kindest of hands. He was singled out from the rest and made a particular pet. It was not long before he began to talk a little, and among the first words was

"Pretty." From this he was christened, and by it was known to a rather wide circle of friends and acquaintances. After a while he grew to be a perfect jewel in appearance, his color being a sort of golden green, with a small tuft of saffron under his throat, a wealth of gold hidden miserlike beneath his wings, and a shade of sienna mixed with the lovely deep emerald of his back. When in the sunlight he was indeed like a luminous jewel. Not larger than a canary, it was all the more wonderful how much the little fellow knew. For a long time he did not care for anyone except his dear mistress, who had been so kind to him when he was a poor friendless orphan, far from the sun-land of his birth, where his tribe are called love birds. Of her he became exceedingly fond. The sentiment was mutual. He went with her to Germany, where he spent a long winter, during which he came near going the long journey, from the intense cold; but a doctor was called, and with care and tender nursing he was brought round. Afterwards he came back home. In a year or two he was taken a second time abroad, when he visited nearly all the cities of Europe. Once, at the frontier between Austria and Italy, the aduana bandits made a great fuss about allowing him to pass, and were about to confiscate him. But a heavy duty,

amounting to two thirds of his original cost, was paid for his ransom, and he was allowed to cross the Austrian Tyrol into sunny Italy. As it was August it was sunny for true! The days were hot, but at night in Venice all the world was out of doors, strolling up and down the great Plaza of St. Mark's, or rowing about the canals in gondolas and singing love songs. It was there he got the name of Booly-bump. To tell that story, in a bird's obituary, would perhaps be tiresome, but it was a happy reminiscence to his surviving friends.

All the way along, in railway cars and everywhere, the little fellow was almost always jolly, calling himself over and over "Pretty birdie" and "Pretty, pretty boy," telling people to "Come in!" and enjoying the pleasures of travel, such as they are, as much as anybody. Nothing pleased him more than going from place to place, and seeing as much as a dear little pet birdie could of men and women and things in general.

He passed through northern Italy, in sight of the ever lovely Lake of Garda, to Milan; thence past Como and Lugano, through the famous St. Gothard tunnel, nine dark miles under the Alps, into Switzerland; and thence via Paris and London, back again to New York. He had made

what was once called the grand tour, and appeared well pleased with the journey.

He had been more than once in peril. At the Hotel Continental in Paris, where private meals were served, he was missed one day, after the table-cover had been removed. Search was instantly made, and it is possible that the police would have been notified if he had not been found unharmed, and apparently enjoying the joke, gathered up in the table-cover with the other morsels and taken away by the garçon.

At another time, left for a moment on the seat of a railway coach, he came very near being carried off by the wrong train, but was rescued.

Once he was taken to Jamaica, where for several months he enjoyed the proverbial hospitalities of the island, and then returned to the land of his birth, greatly to his satisfaction. In fact, wherever he went he seemed happy. At this time a little mate was given him, and his love affair so completely occupied his time and attention that an apparent coolness grew up on his part toward the dear mistress who had ever been to him so kind and faithful. As some poet has said he appeared to think, in his simple bird way, that "love is enough." That is to say, he grew selfish and forgot old obligations in the new bliss. This

went on for some time until after the great fire of September, when the cage that contained the pair was among the few things rescued from the mad flames; and all was well, until one day the little Gem, as she was called—his bright little beauty of a mate—was killed by the falling of her cage.

From that hour Pretty was quite changed from his old self; for instead of taking anew to his dear mistress, to make up for the lost love, he switched off and placed his affections on the master. It would be interesting to know why he did so, but the secret was never divulged.

A little later he made another long journey, to and through southern California, across the Mohave desert, in which he was nearly broiled, over the Rocky Mountains and the Great Plains to Chicago and New York.

The cunning of the little fellow during that journey, in making for himself a small hole in the covering of his cage so he could keep a beady little round black eye on the proceedings from his perch, is well remembered. Also how he would lean his small body against the side of his cage to steady and rest himself from the motion of the train; and how he would cry out if the master was a moment away.

From New York he was brought back to Co-

lon, and it will thus be seen that as a traveler he had been quite a notable success. All this time it seemed as though his intelligence grew right along. Nothing appeared to escape his notice. It had long been the custom to take him from his cage, which he regarded his castle and defended with fierce wrath if interfered with, and to put him on the table at meal times, when he would take his place at the master's left hand, as regular as clockwork, to be fed. He would then roam the table over, taking note of and making intelligent comment, in bird language, about the fare provided. If a servant came to touch anything he would make a fierce rush to prevent it, and would show signs of hot anger. His bite was sharp, but could not draw blood. No stranger could come in without his alarmed cry. In this way he was as good as a watchdog. He was also most sympathetic, for whenever the master happened to sneeze or cough, day or night, Too-too would instantly follow suit in the funniest way. It was truly comical. And as for temper, real red-hot courage, there was never anything created to beat him. He would have fought a giant.

Thus seven swift years sped, and this atom of life became always more and more endeared. More and more his wonderful knowingness be-

came apparent, until the sad day on which a cruel accident took him away.

Being out of his cage for his matutinal tea and toast, as a member of the family, by strange ill-fortune he flew into some boiling hot milk, and was so injured that no effort could save him. For nine hours the brave little heart still beat, with now and then a cheery chirp of response to anxious care, as if to say—"I'm all right!" Nine hours of suffering, and then in the master's hand, against the master's heart, with a poor faint last flutter the little life was gone.

It may be thought silly to make so much of a mere pet bird, to wrap it when dead in soft white cotton and with an empty cigar box for coffin bury it in a tiny grave under the hibiscus tree, that will bear scarlet blossoms all the year, and with a tear bid it adieu; but not often is so much bright intelligence and beauty and pure affection found in any living thing. He was the Bird of birds; and if some day, far or near, his dear little bird-voice could be heard again saying, "Come in!" it would be delightful. And who knows?

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SEA-BEACH AT CRISTOBAL, 1906.

(Entrance to Panama Canal Around the Point.)

CHAPTER XXIII

JOURNALISM, on the Isthmus as elsewhere, has played an important part in the affairs of the period under review. Its principal exponent has been the *Star and Herald*, for a long time owned and controlled by the brothers Archibald and James Boyd.

The first newspaper in English was the *Star*, of which I possess a facsimile of the first issue, published on February 24, 1849. A large number of gold seekers, bound for California, had been detained at Panama; and nothing was more natural than that they must have a newspaper to lighten the tedium of their enforced stay. The first number, although bearing date of February 24th, was intended to celebrate Washington's birthday; and a portrait of the Father of his Country, fairly good, though somewhat resembling the pictures of the Egyptian sphinx, adorns the head of the editorial column.

The editors and proprietors were J. B. Bidleman & Co., of whom it is impossible to say more, as they seem to have disappeared along with the

other Argonauts, who were " only waiting." The *Star*, however, became a permanency.

Soon afterwards another paper, called the *Herald*, was started; and about the year 1852 the two were united under the name *Star and Herald*. Archibald Boardman Boyd and Peyton Middleton were joint editors and proprietors. Later Mr. Middleton retired, and Mr. John Power, who died in 1864, was for a time associated with Mr. Boyd. Then in April, 1865, James Boyd joined his elder brother, and the two conducted the business until the sudden death of Archibald Boyd, in New York, on September 19, 1869, at the age of forty-three years. This unlooked-for event was widely regretted. It left Mr. James Boyd in sole possession, which he retained until his own lamented death, from smallpox, at Panama, on April 23, 1882.

The paper was then merged in a joint stock company, with the sons of Archibald Boyd, Frederick, Archibald, and Samuel, as the principal shareholders. More recently, Mr. J. Gabriel Duque became owner of the property, and has made a new company, which is now under his control as managing director.

Thus is briefly sketched the career of the most influential journal ever published on the Isthmus. It has for a long time been printed in Eng-

egram, in February, 1889 (just forty years later than the little *Star* of Panama), none were successful. The *Telegram* still lives, and in 1897 another paper called the *Starlet* made its appearance, under the patronage of the *Star and Herald* of Panama. They are both triweekly, and are regarded with favor. Another, the *Independent,* has been recently added.

The growth of literature among the Isthmian foreign colony has been retarded by a malady that may be called intellectual ophthalmia. The main chance having been the principal aim and object, nothing could be more natural than the absence of literary taste, ambition, or appreciation.

A few writers have made valuable contributions to local historical and descriptive literature: Dr. Robert Tomes, in 1855; C. T. Bidwell, in 1865; Dr. Berthold Seeman, in 1867; Dr. F. N. Otis, in 1867; and Dr. Wolfred Nelson, in 1888; but they were nonresident, or as in the case of Mr. Bidwell and Dr. Nelson, did not remain many years.

James Stanley Gilbert, whose death in 1906 was widely lamented, published a book of poems with the title, "Panama Patchwork," which reached a third edition, and was highly appreciated. He also contributed charming verse to

periodical literature. Mr. Gilbert was gifted with intellectual wealth and with a rare genius for friendship. He has been called the Isthmian Kipling.

Mr. Michael Delevante also produced two volumes of poems which have met with appreciation. But as a general thing, the muse of the stylus has fought shy of the Isthmus.

Several brave attempts have been made to establish clubs of a social-literary-dramatic kind; yet until 1907, when the Y. M. C. A. came to the Canal zone, failure has been their sad unvarying lot.

But books, the hoarded gold of other minds, have found their way hither, and have said in their silent impressive way to the minority:

"Thou art not all unfriended!"

With books to the fore, one may bid the bickering world go hang!

Few of the ephemeræ of the daily press can be rescued from the capacious storehouse of oblivion. Perhaps they scarcely deserve to be. They are like a blown-out candle flame. My own editorial work on the *Star and Herald*, though conscientiously performed, now seems as if "writ in water." One theme, however, upon which I have been prone to dilate, has not, in my estima-

tion, grown old with the lapse of time. It is the Future Possibilities of the Tropics. It has seemed to me, and the conviction has grown stronger every year, that we have but faintly begun to apprehend the importance of the "hot countries" in the designs of destiny. I need not enter upon an argument in regard to the zone theory of biology, nor try to disprove the statements of writers who, in my opinion, have taken partial views. It is a pet idea in the United States and Europe that nothing of the first class —at any rate, of an intellectual nature—ever came, or ever will or can come from the equatorial regions of our earth. But never is a long time; and the fact that the realms where winter reigns for half the year have had a monopoly of intellectual products in the past is no reason in itself why it will always be so. The same may be said in regard to material welfare, which is the basis of civil society. The fact that the civilization of the past has had its principal development north of the Tropic of Cancer does not furnish a final argument that it must continue so forever.

For the present, and probably for a century to come, the United States will provide its increasing millions with their heart's desire in all that relates to material prosperity and comfort; but

there must be a limit. The conquest, begun when the Pilgrims landed in 1620, will one day be complete. The marvel of it! A continent overrun and redeemed from barbarism in so short a time! The rapid pace has been almost hysterical. Migration westward has been in reality at railroad speed. According to the careful estimate of Prof. Lewis M. Haupt, it will require only a little time to fill up the gaps; and when the census that will be taken in 1950 shows a population of nearly 239,000,000, the question will be asked (if not before): Where are we to go now?

In August, 1880, I contributed the following to the *Star and Herald:*

"SOUTHWARD HO!"

"On October 24, 1877, under the above heading, these columns contained some editorial remarks from which we copy as follows:

"'It is well known that upon the northern portion of the Western Hemisphere, during the last two hundred and fifty years, the human stream has been steadily setting with tremendous volume westward. From Plymouth Rock as a starting point, all the long distance to the Golden Gate, the flow has been rapid and continuous, until the whole vast region has been occupied by

a new race drawn from the older sources. It would not be true to state that there is no room yet left for the expanding volume of the advancing stream; but it is certain that with the Pacific shores the goal of direct advance has been reached, and after a pause of greater or lesser duration, a great bend in the current must occur. And since the natural course lies only in one direction, and that to the southward, it must be only a question of time until Go South! will be as potent a watchword as the magical Westward Ho! has been in the past. Every year will witness more and more of those who, for purposes of various kinds, will turn their faces to the south, and never rest satisfied until they are established, for weal or woe, in these lands loved of the sun. In this manner the slow revolution of time will bring its changes, and millions will dwell in peace and prosperity in the tropics where now the jungle prevails.'

" These thoughts upon the future flow of population are now recalled by reading a very interesting paper on 'The Western Man,' by Charles Dudley Warner, in the current number of *Scribner's Monthly* (October, 1880). That close reasoner says: 'The Western Man, you perceive, has reached his limit. For the first time in the history of the world, he has come to a place

where he must stay his march, where he must rest. He has nowhere else to go!'

"Has not Mr. Warner fixed his usually discriminating gaze so intently upon the setting sun that he has lost sight of the whole magnificent Southern Continent? He seems to have overlooked a realm wider, grander, and of more unlimited possibilities for the future of his Western Man than has ever yet been occupied by that bold pioneer. A mighty bend in the stream of western civilization will occur, is already occurring, toward the south. In less than a thousand years from the present time, we venture to say, could we revisit the scenes of earth, we should see the wonderful activities of these same Western Men displayed in the central and southern portions of the continent. It will be only a question of time. These beautiful and productive regions will lure great masses and multitudes of men. There will be no need of haste or worry. These great changes must be the slow work of many generations, but they are inevitable.

"If the Western Man of the present has practically ceased to exist, because he has nowhere else to go, let him simply face about toward the South, and he will discover a world richer far than he has ever possessed or dreamed of. His mission will not be ended, or at least the possi-

bilities before him will never be fully exhausted, until the Andes and the Amazon become as familiar as are now the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi. His destiny will lead him from the colder and more inhospitable North; and in ages to come, another and more perfect and enduring Eden will be found by his descendants, within the gorgeous Belt of Palms."

Thirty years have passed since the foregoing was written; and the conviction has been constantly strengthened that the tropics have been set apart for great things. It seems to me that Design may be clearly traced in this tendency. The evolution of mankind toward a higher destiny is involved. Certainly these magnificent countries, in which every possibility exists, have not been created and so richly endowed in vain.

In the New York *Sun* of March 24, 1895, in answer to the question: " Is this the Utopia of the Future? " Mr. John R. Spears writes from the Panama Isthmus:

" Bates, author of ' The Naturalist on the Amazons,' concludes his story by saying: ' For I hold the opinion that although humanity can reach an advanced state of culture only by battling with the inclemencies of Nature in high latitudes, it is under the equator alone that the per-

fect race of the future will attain to complete fruition.' "

Mr. Spears adds: " Some time people will begin to see that life where all one's days must be devoted to the mad scramble for money is a life not worth living. They will see that a life where a brief time only is needed to provide food and raiment, and much time remains for cultivating the intellect, is better. They will see that this is the ideal life, and will adopt it. This kind of life might be found in the tropics now. The people of the tropics do not lead such a life; they pass their spare time in idleness or the pursuit of sensual joys, until *ennuyéd* to desperation they kick up a revolution. But if the people of the temperate regions, who are weary of their strife for a mere living, could realize the possibilities that await them on the highlands that extend from Chiriqui on the Isthmus to the State of Oaxaca in Mexico, I fancy they would flock there in such numbers as to wipe out the traces of barbarism that still remain there, and bring to pass the condition of affairs which Bates foretold."

Another and greater writer, Benjamin Kidd, in his " Social Evolution," says in regard to the same subject, " with the filling up to the full limit the remaining territories suitable for Eu-

ropean occupation, and the growing pressure of population therein, it may be expected that the inexpediency of allowing a great extent of territory in the richest region of the globe—that comprised within the tropics—to remain undeveloped, with its resources running largely to waste under the management of races of low social efficiency, will be brought home with ever-growing force to the minds of the Western (Northern?) peoples. The day is probably not far distant when, with the advance science is making, we shall recognize that it is in the tropics, and not in the temperate zones that we have the greatest food-producing and material-producing regions of the earth; that the natural highways of commerce in the world are those which run north and south; and that we have the highest possible interest in the proper development and efficient administration of the tropical regions, and in an exchange of products therewith on a far larger scale than has yet been attempted or imagined. . . .

"It will probably be made clear, and that at no distant date, that the last thing our civilization is likely to permanently tolerate is the wasting of the resources of the richest regions of the earth through lack of the elementary qualities of social efficiency in the races possessing them."

The "energetic races" already recognize "the immense future importance of the tropical regions of the earth," and while the movement will be leisurely, it will at the same time be sure.

The former idea that the white race cannot safely venture within the hot countries, with a view to permanent residence, is already exploded. If the laws of health are observed, there is no more danger here than elsewhere. And if permitted to indulge in prophecy, I would say that it seems as clear as anything in the dim future can seem, that these lands have been reserved by Destiny, for the final flowering of the human tree. Since nothing appears to have been created in vain, the time will come when the wild region now included within the limits of the Panama Isthmus, as well as those immense solitudes north and south, shall be transformed into smiling summer lands where countless millions will find homes.

Prof. James Orton says, in his "Andes and the Amazon": "In South America Nature has framed her works on a gigantic scale. Where else combined do we see such a series of towering mountains, such a volume of river water, and such wide-spreading plains? We have no proper conception of Andean grandeur till we learn that the top of the tallest mountain in

North America is nearly a mile beneath the dome of Chimborazo, nor any just view of the vast dimensions of the Amazonian Valley until we find that all the United States could be packed in it without touching its boundaries; nor any adequate idea of the Amazon itself, till we ascertain that it drains 1,000,000 square miles more than the Mississippi."

Similar quotations might be indefinitely multiplied, all going to show the magnificence of the equatorial inheritance that in the American hemisphere alone, awaits the white race. The acquisition of Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines and Canal Zone has widened the outlook; and as science reveals her secrets more and more—especially when social science—the art of living—shall become known to all, there will be a tropical civilization so ideal that fancy falters in its contemplation.

The question of race, which now perplexes and lends a somber color to the vista, will, like all things else, be solved by the evolutionary forces that have brought humanity thus far on its way. And when we of to-day have been long gone into the Great Unknown, with perhaps, as many believe, the power of return given us, there may come a time when even we shall behold the splendor of this vision fulfilled.

CHAPTER XXIV

POSTSCRIPT

(*November, 1907*)

THE preceding record does not pretend to cover the period, subsequent to November 3, 1903, the date of the Independence of Panama. All that has followed forms intensely interesting history, and will doubtless find a competent historian.

The events that led up to that crisis may, however, be briefly sketched as follows:

In July, 1900, the two political parties of Colombia, called Conservatives and Liberals, representing respectively the Bogota Government and the element of discontent in the republic, were engaged in a bloody civil war. Panama being a part of Colombia at the time, battles were fought at that city and along the line of railroad to Colon.

The Government of the United States was called on, under the treaty of 1846, to interpose. At last peace was secured through this friendly

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT AMADOR, CATHEDRAL PLAZA, FEBRUARY 20, 1904.

intervention, the so-called Conservatives being successful in putting down the Liberals. General Carlos Alban, who had become Governor of Panama, had been killed on board the steamship *Lautaro*, during a fight in Panama Bay, January 29, 1902, and General Victor Salazar had succeeded him as governor, on March 4th. The latter was soon replaced by Don Fecundo Mutis Duran, who in turn retired on the appointment of the patriotic senator, Don José Domingo de Obaldia, in October, 1903. He was the last to hold the office of Governor of Panama under the Republic of Colombia. After peace had been patched up, negotiations were commenced and carried forward between Washington and Bogota, until a canal treaty had been concluded by the representatives of the two nations. This covenant, known as the Hay-Herran treaty, was ratified without amendment by the United States Senate, March 17, 1903. It then lacked only the approval of Colombia. After months of uncertainty, that approval was refused.

Warnings without number had been given the Bogota Government that Panama would withdraw from the Colombian Union, unless the construction of a canal should be provided for. These warnings were unheeded.

Then on November 3, 1903, under the lead-

ership of Dr. Manuel Amador Guerrero and a few associates, prominent among whom were Frederico Boyd, José Augustin Arango, Tomas Arias, Manuel Espinosa, Dr. Esprilla, and Dr. Eusebio Morales at Panama, and indispensable Governor Porfirio Melendez, at Colon, the Department of Panama declared itself independent of Colombia.

Events followed in rapid succession, and within a week the Republic of Panama, with a well-organized *de facto* government under the protection of the United States, had been securely established. A bloodless revolution had been successful.

The details would afford material for a wonder story.

Thereafter all has been plain sailing. A treaty that provided for opening the Panama Canal, was immediately made and signed, called the Hay-Buneau-Varilla treaty, and promptly ratified by both governments. The great work is well under way.

It is to be regretted that sea level has not been adopted, as recommended by a large majority of the eminent engineers who were called on to examine the canal route and give their opinion, which it is perhaps not yet too late to follow. At sea level a channel once opened could be eventu-

ally made into a wide, deep, open, splendid waterway from ocean to ocean, that for all time would be a veritable Straits of Panama. Considerations of time and cost ought not to mar the sublime conception. *But in any event, in spite of every obstacle and of every mistake, let us thank Heaven that there can be no longer a lingering doubt that*

THE CANAL WILL BE MADE!

NOTE.—The International Advisory Board of Engineers who examined the Panama Canal in October, 1905, and decided almost unanimously in favor of sea-level, were:

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE W. DAVIS, U. S. A., Chairman.
CAPTAIN JOHN C. OAKES, U. S. A. Corps of Engineers, Secretary.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY L. ABBOT, U. S. A., retired.
ADOLPH GUÉRARD, Inspector-General of Public Works, France.
EDOUARD M. QUELLENEC, Consulting Engineer Suez Canal, etc.
HENRY HUNTER, Engineer of Manchester Canal, England.
HERR EUGENE TINCAUSER, Engineer on the Kiel Canal, Germany.
J. W. WELCKER, Engineer Dyke System, Holland.
ISHAM RANDOLPH, Chief Engineer Chicago Drainage Canal.
FREDERICK P. STEARNS, Hydraulic Engineer, Boston.
PROF. WILLIAM H. BURR, Consulting Engineer, New York.
JOSEPH RIPLEY, Chief Engineer Sault Ste. Marie Canal.
ALFRED NOBLE, Chief of Pennsylvania Railroad Improvements, New York City.
WILLIAM B. PARSONS, Chief Engineer Subway System, New York.

APPENDIX

LIST OF OFFICERS OF THE PANAMA RAILROAD IN 1861

In New York

David Hoadley.....*President.*
Joseph F. Joy.....*Secretary.*
Henry Smith .....*Treasurer.*
John Keeler.....*Chief Accountant and Head Bookkeeper.*

On the Isthmus

Colonel George M. Totten.*Chief Engineer.*
William Parker.....*Superintendent.*
Charles F. Stedman.....*Fiscal and Shipping Agent.*
William Nelson.....*Commercial Agent at Panama*
E. D. Dennis.....*General Freight and Ticket Agent.*
Perez Turner.....*Assistant Engineer.*
D. H. Guyon, J. P. Woodbury } .....*Paymasters.*
W. T. White, M.D.....*Surgeon at Aspinwall.*
J. P. Kluge, M.D.....*Surgeon at Panama.*
John Wilson.....*Commissary.*

LESSEPS VILLA (NOW CANAL OFFICES) AND STATUE OF COLUMBUS, CRISTOBAL, CANAL ZONE.

JOHN F. BATEMAN.....*Master Mechanic.*
GEORGE WARDLE.....*Freight Agent at Aspinwall.*
FRED ANSOATEGUE.....*Freight Agent at Panama.*
P. P. PACHECO.....*Attorney.*
C. F. LEE, W. THOMSON.....*Conductors.*

LIST OF SUPERINTENDENTS OF THE PANAMA RAILROAD

1852–1907

1.	A. J. CENTER	1852–1860, 8	years.
2.	WILLIAM PARKER	1860–1868, 8	"
3.	E. C. DU BOIS	1868–1872, 4	"
4.	A. J. CENTER (2d term)	1872–1874, 2	"
5.	D. M. CORWINE, FRANK WHITE AND OTHERS	1874–1876, 2	"
6.	BRANDON MOZLEY	1876–1880, 4	"
7.	H. A. WOODS	1880–1883, 3	"
8.	J. J. IRIBE	in 1883, 0.5	"
9.	G. A. BURT	1884–1885, 1.5	"
10.	F. G. WARD	1886–1887, 1.5	"
11.	A. L. RIVES	1887–1895, 8.5	"
12.	J. R. SHALER	1895–1903, 8	"
13. 14. 15.	H. G. PRESCOTT, W. G. BIERD, H. J. SLIFER	1903–1907, 4	"
		55	years.

LIST OF ISTHMIAN CHIEF MAGISTRATES,

1855–1903

1. JUSTO AROSEMENA, Supreme Chief and Governor of the State, from July 16 to October 3, 1855.
2. FRANCISCO DE FABREGA, entrusted with the Executive Power, October 4, 1855 to September 30, 1856.
3. BARTOLOME CALVO, Governor of the State, October 1, 1856 to May 6, 1858.
4. RAMON GAMBOA, entrusted with the Executive Power, May 7 to September 30, 1858.
5. RAFAEL NUÑEZ, entrusted with the Executive Power, October 1 to November 1, 1858.
6. JOSÉ DE OBALDIA, Governor of the State, November 2, 1858 to September 30, 1860.
7. SANTIAGO DE LA GUARDIA, Governor of the State, October 1, 1860 to July 25, 1862.
8. MANUEL MARIA DIAZ, Provisional Governor, July 26, 1862 to July 5, 1863.
9. PEDRO GOITIA, entrusted with the Executive Power, July 6 to August 12, 1863.
10. PEREGRINO SANTACOLOMA, President of the State, August 13, 1863 to October 16, 1864.
11. LEONARDO CALANCHA, entrusted with the Executive Power, October 17, 1864 to March 9, 1865.
12. JIL COLUNJE, Provisional President, March 10, 1865 to September 30, 1866.
13. VICENTE OLARTE G., Governor of the State, October 1, 1866 to February 3, 1868.
14. JUAN JOSE DIAZ, entrusted with the Executive Power, February 4 to July 4, 1868.

15. FERNANDO PONCE, Provisional President, July 5 to August 31, 1868.
16. BUENAVENTURA CORREOSO, Provisional and Constitutional President, September 1, 1868 to August 16, 1871.
17. JUAN MENDOSA, entrusted with the Executive Power, August 16 to September 30, 1871; and June 16 to August 28, 1872.
18. GABRIEL NEIRA, President of the State, October 1, 1872 to November 14, 1873.
19. GREGORIO MIRO, Constitutional President, November 16, 1873 to September 20, 1875.
20. PABLO AROSEMENA, President of the State, October 1 to October 11, 1875.
21. RAFAEL AIZPURU, Provisional and Constitutional President, October 12, 1875 to December 31, 1877.
22. BUENAVENTURA CORREOSO, President of the State, January 1 to December 28, 1878.
23. RICARDO CASORLA, entrusted with the Executive Power, December 29, 1878 to June 1, 1879.
24. GERARDO ORTEGA, entrusted with the Executive Power, June 8 to December 31, 1879.
25. DAMASO CERVERA, President of the State, January 1, 1880 to March 14, 1883; and May 1, 1883 to November 26, 1884.
26. JOSÉ MARIA VIVES LEON, entrusted with the Executive Power, March 15 to April 30, 1883; and November 27, 1884 to January 7, 1885.
27. RAMON SANTO DOMINGO VILA, President of the State, January 7 to February 16, 1885.

28. PABLO AROSEMENA, entrusted with the Executive Power, February 16 to March 31, 1885.
29. MIGUEL MONTOYA, Civil and Military Chief, May 1, 1885 to February 14, 1886.
30. RAMON SANTO DOMINGO VILA, Civil and Military Governor, February 15 to July 5, 1886.
31. MANUEL AMADOR GUERRERO, entrusted with the Civil and Military Government, June 5 to June 25, 1886.
32. ALEJANDRO POSADA, Governor of the Department, June 26, 1886 to July 22, 1887; and January 21 to March 9, 1888.
33. JUAN V. AYCARDI, Interim Governor, July 23, 1887 to January 20, 1888; and Governor of the Department, March 9, 1888 to August 31, 1893.
34. RICARDO ARANGO, Governor of the Department, September 1, 1893, to his death, October 8, 1898.
35. FACUNDO MUTIS-DURAN, Governor of the Department, October 9, 1898 to end of 1899.
36. CAMPO SERRANO, Governor, January 2, 1900.
37. CARLOS ALBAN,
38. GENERAL SALAZAR,
39. FACUNDO MUTIS DURAN,
40. JOSÉ DOMINGO DE OBALDIA,

} 1900–1903.

SENOR OBALDIA was the last Governor of Panama under the Republic of Colombia. At this date (November, 1907) he is Acting President of the Republic of Panama, in the absence in the United States and Europe, of President AMADOR GUERRERO.

STATEMENT OF BANANA SHIPMENTS FROM COLON

1888–1900

In 1889	216,528	bunches.
In 1890	264,295	"
In 1891	320,710	"
In 1892	397,881	"
In 1893	408,000	"
In 1894	420,000	"
In 1895	425,000	"
In 1896	304,200	"
In 1897	325,066	"
In 1898	319,465	"
In 1899	333,867	"
Total	3,735,012	"

Banana culture has gradually declined since 1899 on the Isthmus, until shipments have been nearly suspended.

LIST OF UNITED STATES MINISTERS TO BOGOTA

1. Benjamin A. Bidlack, Pennsylvania, Chargé d'Affaires, May 14, 1845.
2. Thomas M. Foote, New York, Chargé d'Affaires, May 29, 1849.
3. Selverton P. King, Georgia, Chargé d'Affaires, March 12, 1851.

4. JAMES S. GREEN, Missouri, Chargé d'Affaires, May 24, 1853.
5. JAMES S. GREEN, Missouri (Credentials not presented), Minister Resident, June 29, 1854.
6. JAMES B. BOWLIN, Missouri, Minister Resident, December 13, 1854.
7. GEORGE W. JONES, Iowa, Minister Resident, March 8, 1859.
8. ALLEN A. BURTON, Kentucky, Minister Resident, May 29, 1861.
9. JAMES H. CAMPBELL, Pennsylvania (Declined), Minister Resident, November 16, 1866.
10. PETER J. SULLIVAN, Ohio, Minister Resident, March 19, 1867.
11. STEPHEN A. HURLBUT, Illinois, Minister Resident, April 22, 1869.
12. WILLIAM L. SCRUGGS, Georgia, Minister Resident, April 9, 1873.

(Legation vacant for years.)

13. ERNEST DICHMAN, Wisconsin, Minister Resident, June 15, 1878.
14. GEORGE MANEY, Tennessee, Minister Resident, May 19, 1881.
15. WILLIAM L. SCRUGGS, Georgia, Minister Resident, April 17, 1882.
16. WILLIAM L. SCRUGGS, Georgia, Envoy Ex. and Minister Plen., July 7, 1884.
17. CHARLES D. JACOB, Kentucky, Envoy Ex. and Minister Plen., October 9, 1885.
18. D. H. MAURY, Virginia, Envoy Ex. and Minister Plen., October 18, 1886.

19. JOHN T. ABBOTT, New Hampshire, Envoy Ex. and Minister Plen., April 1, 1889.
20. L. F. MCKINNEY, New Hampshire, Envoy Ex. and Minister Plen., April 24, 1893.
21. CHARLES BURDETT HART, West Virginia, Envoy Ex. and Minister Plen., May 27, 1897.
22. ARTHUR M. BEAUPRÉ, February 12, 1903, to March 17, 1904.
23. WILLIAM W. RUSSELL, March 17, 1904, to June 21, 1905.
24. JOHN BARRETT, June 21, 1905, to January 9, 1907.
25. THOMAS C. DAWSON, January 10, 1907—the present Minister, November, 1907.

LIST OF UNITED STATES MINISTERS TO THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

1. WM. I. BUCHANAN, 1903.
2. WM. W. RUSSELL, 1904.
3. JOHN BARRETT, 1905.
4. CHARLES E. MAGOON, 1905.
5. H. G. SQUIERS, 1906.

(The last named is still Minister, November, 1907.)

LIST OF UNITED STATES CONSULS AT PANAMA

1. WILLIAM NELSON, Kentucky, Consul, July 16, 1845.
2. AMOS B. CORWINE, Ohio, Consul, October 18, 1849.
3. THOMAS B. WARD, Texas, Consul, May 24, 1853.

4. Amos B. Corwine, Ohio, Consul, August 16, 1856.
5. Alex. R. McKee, Kentucky, Consul, May 15, 1861.
6. William B. Little, Nevada, Consul, October 3, 1865.
7. O. M. Long, Texas, Consul, April 7, 1869.
8. John M. Wilson, Ohio, Consul, April 3, 1879.
*9. William L. Scruggs, Georgia, Consul, March 13, 1882.
10. Thomas Adamson, Pennsylvania, Consul, April 17, 1882.
11. Thomas Adamson, Pennsylvania, Consul General, August 1, 1884.
12. Victor Vifquain, Nebraska, Consul General, April 20, 1893.
13. Hezekiah A. Gudger, North Carolina, Consul General, July 29, 1897.
14. Joseph W. Lee, Consul General, 1905.
15. Arnold Shanklin, Kansas, Consul General, 1907.

LIST OF UNITED STATES CONSULS AT COLON (ASPINWALL)

1. Henry Munro, New York, Consul, May 5, 1852.
2. George W. Fletcher, Alabama, Consul, July 23, 1853.
3. Charles J. Fox, Michigan, Consul, August 31, 1857.
4. Daniel A. Robinson, Michigan, Consul, November 7, 1860.
5. F. W. Rice, California, Consul, January 14, 1861.
6. Charles E. Perry, New York, Consul, April 16, 1869.

* Mr. Scruggs did not serve.

7. JAMES THORINGTON, Iowa, Consul, January 21, 1873.
8. JAMES THORINGTON, Iowa, Commercial Agent, May 27, 1873.
9. F. W. RICE, Maine, Consul, August 7, 1882.
10. R. K. WRIGHT, JR., Pennsylvania, Consul, September 17, 1884.
11. VICTOR VIFQUAIN, Nebraska, Consul, October 25, 1887.
12. W. E. SIMS, Virginia, Consul, August 22, 1890.
*13. CHARLES W. ERDMAN, Kentucky, Consul, August 13, 1891.
14. W. W. ASHBY, Virginia, Consul, May 3, 1892.
15. J. L. PEARCEY, Tennessee, Consul, October 10, 1893.
16. W. W. ASHBY, Virginia, Consul. Second term.
17. W. W. COBBS, Virginia, Consul, March 4, 1898.
18. OSCAR MALMROS, 1903.
19. (DR. KELLOGG, the present Consul, followed Mr. Malmros.)

LIST OF BRITISH CONSULS AT PANAMA

WILLIAM PERRY, Consul, 1850.

CHARLES HENDERSON, Consul, 1860–1868.

CHARLES WILTHEW, Consul, 1868–1873.

CAPTAIN HUGH MALLET, Consul, 1873–1879.

JAMES REGINALD GRAHAM, Consul (appointed in 1880, but did not proceed).

EDWARD BERNARD MARCH, Consul, 1880–1885.

HENRY GEORGE KENNEDY, Consul (appointed but did not proceed).

COLONEL JAMES HAYES SADLER, Consul, 1885.

* Charles W. Erdman did not serve.

GEORGE FREDERICK NICHOLAS BERESFORD ANNESLY, Consul, 1886.

LEWIS JOEL, Consul General, 1889.

CLAUDE COVENTRY MALLET, Consul, April 1, 1891 (until appointed Minister, 1907).

NOTE.—Claude C. Mallet, Courtenay W. Bennett, and Fred P. Leay served as British Vice-Consuls at Panama. The first of these remarkable men is now British Minister at Panama, and the other two are Consuls General, at New York and Valparaiso, respectively.

RAINFALL AT COLON 1890–1899

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF FIVE YEARS PRIOR TO 1895

1890.....152.75 inches.
1891.....124.75 "
1892.....145.03 "
1893.....131.90 "
1894.....153.76 "

	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899
	Inches	Inches	Inches	Inches	Inches
January	3.85	4.02	3.41	5.02	6.91
February	1.09	1.30	0.20	0.35	6.52
March	2.08	1.99	0.28	1.57	1.25
April	22.36	9.02	3.72	4.71	0.59
May	16.17	16.48	16.35	12.83	13.90
June	9.25	8.60	18.82	16.37	6.40
July	17.10	13.58	14.07	21.90	27.66
August	14.15	15.51	17.23	10.91	14.79
September	12.11	12.83	17.19	10.27	16.54
October	16.47	14.00	5.84	11.36	15.03
November	20.49	15.63	22.16	12.58	16.79
December	15.70	18.66	18.93	7.95	9.04
Total	150.82	131.62	138.20	115.82	135.42

Average for the ten years, 1890–1899, 138.0 inches.

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