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THE BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep?
Where the wind of the west breathes the softest sigh,
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure, clear drops of its rising spray
Differ like gems in the light moon's ray—
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
Night's tears o'er the form we loved so well—
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep;
Where the sweet robes of spring may softly rest,
In purity, over the sleeper's breast;
Where is heard the voice of the sinuous dove,
Breathing notes of deep undying love;
Where no proud column in the sun may glow,
To mock the heart that is resting below;
Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest;
Where the wandering Peris love to rest;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

THE CHRISTMAS BALL:

Or, Fanny Montgomery's Low-Necked Dress.

I suppose, Miss Montgomery, you will have your dress cut to come off the shoulders, shan't you?

This speech was made by Miss Brown, the fashionable dress-maker of our village, to Fanny Montgomery, who with her mother was presiding over the making of a elegant dress, in which Miss Fanny intended to shine at a Christmas ball, at which she particularly wished to appear well. The dress was now being fitted, and Miss Brown stood, shears in hand, ready to cut the already low neck to the prescribed dimensions.

"Oh no, Fanny!" interposed Mrs. Montgomery, "pray don't have it any lower than it now is!"

"Merely on me, Ma'am!" hastily answered Miss Brown, "that don't begin to be low enough. Why, the fashion plates that I have just received from Boston, are as much as two inches lower than that, and Miss Mason and Miss Scott and Miss Robertson all have had dresses for this ball, and I cut all of them away off the shoulders."

"Oh, mamma," added Fanny, in pleading voice, "do let me have it low—I'm sure if Mary Robertson has her's so it must be right, for she is always in the fashion, and—and I want it so mamma, very much."

"Well, child, have your own way; but I must say I do not think it modest or becoming in a young girl to expose herself in this way."

"Oh, mamma, I'm sure it can't be immodest when so many people do it."

"A great many people have been murderers, Fanny—does that prove it is right to murder?"

"No, indeed, mamma; but that is quite different."

"How is it different, Fanny?"

"Why—I don't know—because—"

"Lucid reasoning, upon my word, Fanny.—But Miss Brown is waiting to hear your decision about the dress. How will you have it cut?"

"Well, I will have it—low I think; that is if you don't object, mamma."

"I am willing, dear, you should have it in the way which suits you best."

"Thank you; Miss Brown, I will have it low, if you are sure it will be becoming."

Why was Fanny so anxious her dress should be fashionable and becoming? I don't believe you know, and so I will tell you, reader. A few days previous to the commencement of my story, Dr. Heath had informed us girls that a handsome, wealthy, talented and agreeable city beau, to whom he stood in the relation of cousin, was coming down to spend Christmas in our little village, and would be at the Christmas ball—

"So girls," concluded the doctor, "I advise you to look your best and act your prettiest, for Hazelton says he wants a wife, and means to see if he can't fall in love down here."

"Dr. Heath, did you say he was good looking?" asked little Annie Selwyn, with a roguish smile on her pretty lips.

"Good looking, Annie! why 'tis profanation to apply such a term to him; he is a perfect Adonis, and I expect will carry off your hearts. We poor village beaux will be quite forgotten, if we are not already." And poor Dr. Heath, glanced almost imperceptibly, at Fanny Montgomery. Slight as was the glance, Fanny saw it, and went most industriously to work fitting with young Green, on whom she had before hardly deigned to cast a glance. Dr. Heath watched her for a few moments with rather a bitter smile, and then turning to Ellen Mason, he devoted himself to her during the remainder of the evening. Fanny watched him out of the corner of the eye, and inwardly resolved that if Frank Hazelton should prove at all to her taste, Dr. Heath should repeat introducing him, to his dying day. So now you understand why Fanny was so anxious to appear to advantage.

The dress was finished, and Fanny was in ecstasies at the smoothness of the set and the graceful outline of the waist; but a slight blush mantled her cheek and brow as she observed how very low the neck was cut.

"You are sure, Miss Brown," said she, "that this is no lower than the others you mentioned cutting?"

"Oh no, Miss Montgomery, and not near so low as my fashion plates have them. I'm sure if I had your neck I never would wear a dress a thread higher than that."

At this moment Mrs. Montgomery and Fanny's cousin Lizzy Warren, entered the room.

"How do you do, Lizzy?" said Fanny, "how do you like my new dress?"

"The material is very pretty," answered her cousin, but—

"But what? Lizzy."

"Lizzy probably thinks, as I do, that it leaves your neck too much exposed for either beauty or modesty," remarked Mrs. Montgomery.

"Now mother, why will you keep saying that. You don't think so do you Lizzy?"

"Why, Fanny, since you drive me to it, I must say that I should hardly like to wear it so very low."

"Why, Lizzy, 'tis all the fashion, and Miss Brown says that all the girls have them so."

"I know it," answered Lizzy with a quiet smile, "but I make it a rule never to do what I do not approve of, merely because other people do. Miss Brown can tell you that she tried very hard to persuade me to have mine made in the same manner; but I believe, Miss Brown, you finally concluded that your rhetoric was only thrown away on me."

"Why yes, Miss Warren," answered the dress-maker, "I found you more set about having your own way than I should have judged from your face."

"When I know 'my way' is the right one, I am generally pretty determined upon it. But really, Fanny, don't you think that dress a little too low?"

"No not a bit," answered Fanny rather warmly, for she was determined to defend her dress to the death, as the saying is. Lizzy said no more, and Fanny wore this dress.

Christmas night had come, and we were all assembled, in the hall in which our village balls were usually celebrated. Dr. Heath and his friend Hazelton had not yet made their appearance, and many bright glances were directed impatiently towards the door.

Decidedly the two prettiest girls in the room were Fanny Montgomery and Lizzy Warren, although their appearance was very different. Fanny, in full consciousness of her low necked dress and her mother and cousin's disapproval of it, had an unusually haughty curl to her beautiful mouth, and her head was perhaps a little more thrown back than usual, while her cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled from a feeling which if unmixed might have proved to have been partly the consciousness of having had her own way—partly a knowledge that she was very handsome, and—lurking in the depths of her heart—an uneasy feeling that she had not done well in disregarding the advice of a kind mother.

Lizzy Warren, on the contrary, modest, quiet, and retiring reminded one of a fringed gentian, wet with the morning dew, and striving to hide its marvellous beauty under its broad leaves.

The door at length opened, and this time admitted the right personages. As Mr. Hazelton entered, each fair maiden decided in her own mind that the accounts she had heard of his good looks were not exaggerated. He was a man such as women "love to look upon," with his

He was of course favored with an introduction to every body in the room, and the evening went on right merrily. The ball was nearly half done, and Dr. Heath and his cousin were standing a little apart from the crowd and commenting upon the merits of the gay scene.

"And Frank," continued the Doctor, "what do you think of Fanny Montgomery? Was I wrong in calling her the most beautiful girl in Willowvale?"

"Humph! she is certainly handsome and does excellent for a partner at a ball, but I must say I should never care to meet her except at such a place."

"What do you mean, Frank? Do you know anything about her? Have you ever seen her before?"

"Never."

"Then why do you speak thus? Do you imagine that you see indications of a bad temper, or a want of intellect in her face? If so, let me tell you that I have known her intimately for more than a year, and—"

"Is it even so, fair coz? Are you so hot in defence of this young lady? But let me explain before you challenge me to mortal combat. I see nothing in her face that would indicate a Katharine or a fool. The only thing which leads to my opinion is—"

"Her low necked dress!"

The doctor burst into a loud laugh, which for some time would not permit him to reply; but at length wiping his eyes he exclaimed—

"Excuse me, my dear fellow, but really the idea of judging a woman's character by the fashion of her gown is too absurd."

"Laugh on, my friend; but when you are done permit me to explain. It is not so much the fashion of her gown, as the principle, that I think of. A woman who would from vanity expose herself in that manner, cannot have that delicate and refined modesty without which a woman to me can be nothing. Now, this Miss Montgomery would, I make no doubt, waltz with a stranger, if she should be asked; and I hold that a woman who would do that, is not fit for a wife for any honest man. She is only a trifle with which a man may chat and laugh and bandy compliments, in his lighter moments; but who would take to his heart and his inmost confidence, one whom every libertine may clasp in his arms and hold to his breast, although the audacity may be privileged by custom and glossed over with the name of waltzing? Not I for one."

"I hardly go as far as you, Frank, although I admit that I should hardly dare to call a woman 'wife' whom I had seen waltzing with a stranger. But you were never more mistaken, my dear fellow, than in thinking Fanny Montgomery one of these. She never waltzes with any gentleman excepting her brothers and cousins, and once or twice perhaps with me, or some other intimate friend."

"Harry, I have not the smallest doubt that if I go and ask her to waltz with me, that she will do it, although she never exchanged ten words with me in her life, and knows nothing of me."

"I would be willing to wager my soul that you could not persuade her to do it by any argument in your power. I have too good an opinion of her."

"Shall I try?"

"Yes; but I advise you to make up your mind to a mortifying refusal."

"Well, Harry, will you make me one promise? If she consents—if I can prove to you that she is as false, fickle, and light as I think her, will you accept of my proposal of to-day, and return with me to the city to-morrow? I now clearly see that the chain which holds you here is love to that girl. And trust me, Harry, she is not worthy of it. Your heart is too manly and hon-

orable to be placed in the keeping of such a butterfly as that. Make me this promise, my dear cousin; think of the brilliant prospects that the city opens for you; and why should you sacrifice them for a woman who only looks upon you as one of a string of admirers, and who, when you are away, no doubt gives to any other man the same glance and inflections of voice which I suppose have turned your head?"

The young doctor cast down his eyes and for a few moments thought deeply. When he spoke, his voice assumed a more earnest and deeper tone than before. "Cousin Frank," said he, "I know you seek to do me good and I thank you for it; and you know I have always been disposed to rely on your judgment. I trust, however, that you are mistaken in your estimate of Fanny's character; I hope so, most fervently, for I will not deny to you, Frank, that her image fills a large place in my heart. Let this then be the test,—you notice that she wears a rose-bud upon her bosom, which I have already asked her for, and have been refused. If you can induce her to waltz with you and to give you that rose bud, I will leave Willowvale with you to-morrow; and make no doubt that I can soon forget one so unworthy of remembrance. Now go and make the trial."

Frank Hazelton crossed the room, and in another moment made one of the knot of beaux who surrounded the beauty of the evening. After some trival conversation, Mr. Hazelton made some remarks upon the beauty of a waltz, which the band were playing—and then bowing low, enquired—

"Will Miss Montgomery do the waltz and myself so distinguished an honor as to take part in it with me?"

Fanny blushed, smiled and hesitated, but looking up, she encountered the eyes of Dr. Heath; who looked almost without knowing it, and was now listening anxiously for the young girl's answer. Fanny had a pretty large dash of coquetry in her composition, and she wished to make her lover a little jealous; besides that, she had found something very fascinating in the low musical tones of the stranger, and the respectfully admiring looks which his dark eyes had given her. She smiled assent, and the young man's arm immediately encircled her waist, his breath played upon her forehead, and the waltz began. When fatigued with waltzing, nothing was more natural than that they should seek themselves in the recess of a window, to rest and take breath.

Frank Hazelton was deeply read in woman's heart, and well knew all the indescribable arts of delicate flattery, soft words that mean nothing, glances that say more than words, and all other machinery of flirtation. He was sincerely attached to his young relative, and wished extremely to exhibit to him what he thought to be Fanny's true character. So it is hardly to be wondered at, that at the end of half an hour, when Frank Hazelton rejoined his friend, the disputed rose-bud adorned his button hole. He gave it to Dr. Heath, saying significantly—

"You see, Harry?"

"Yes, Frank, I see, and thank you for the lesson. Will you excuse me if I leave you to find the way home alone?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow!"

Fanny, during this short conversation, had been regarding the two young men with anxious looks. She caught the deeply sorrowful expression of Dr. Heath's face as his friend gave him the rose, and her heart whispered that she had been trifling too far with a manly, honest heart that trusted in her; she resolved that she would retrieve her error; she would not waltz any more that night, nor would she talk any more with the handsome stranger, but would exert herself to please the Doctor. After all, thought she, although he is very agreeable and polished, and all that, I would a great deal rather spend an evening with Harry Hazelton. I wonder what he is saying to Harry; they are looking at me, and Harry seems to be talking about me; but I must not think I am watching them; though I should like to know why Harry looks so very unhappy. And so Fanny turned away her head and said a few words to Mr. Green, who as usual was paying devout court to the little lady, and as usual, with very poor success. When Fanny again looked around the object of her thoughts was just leaving the room; and as he passed through the door he turned and cast one look toward her. For many a day and many a night was that haggard face, with its mingled expression of reproach, disappointment, sorrow and love, present to Fanny's mind.

Mr. Hazelton did not leave the room with his friend, neither did he return to Miss Montgomery. He secured a seat by the side of Lizzy Warren, and was soon deeply engaged in a conversation on poetry with her. Fanny, however, in the last dance vis-a-vis with him, and, summing courage, asked in an indifferent tone—

"What has become of Dr. Heath? I don't see him."

"He has allowed me to persuade him to return with me to Boston, where he has a prospect of excellent practice; and as we shall go to-morrow morning, he probably has some preparations to make."

Fanny turned deathly pale, and with difficulty prevented herself from bursting into tears. Mr. Hazelton perceived her emotion, and for one moment felt some compunction at having so abruptly informed her of the consequences of her light behavior; but he immediately repeated to himself—It is only the fear of losing one admirer: she will soon forget him for another.

Hazelton was no doubt harsh in his estimate of Fanny's character; but he had so great a reverence for the delicacy and modesty which throws such a charm around a woman that, believing Fanny to be a stranger to their hallowed influence, he at once concluded there could be nothing estimable about her. Had she been dressed to suit him, and had she refused to waltz with him, he would no doubt, have appreciated her extraordinary beauty both of body and intellect. As it was, he regarded her with the utmost contempt, if not abhorrence, and heartily congratulated himself with having rescued his friend from the dangerous position in which he had found him.

Fanny went home that night with a heavy heart. She suspected the truth, but not the whole of it. But surely, thought she, he will call upon me to-morrow, before he goes. What a fool I was to waltz with that man, when I knew how much he thinks of a woman's being reserved to strangers; and then that rose,—no doubt Mr. Ha-

zleton showed it to Harry; perhaps that was why they were talking about so neatly. Oh, dear! how foolish I have been! And poor Fanny sobbed herself to sleep. The morning came, and at every knock on the door, the color came and went in Fanny's cheek; but so Harry came; and at last, as the poor girl sat gazing from the window with her eyes full of tears, the stage rattled by, and on the outside wore two forms, one of which Fanny recognized as Harry and the other Hazelton or as she mentally termed him, Mephistopheles. Neither looked towards the house; and as the stage rolled from her sight, Fanny covered her face with her hands and gave way to the tears which seemed to be choking her.

A year had passed and Fanny sat with her cousin Lizzy Warren, working upon a bridal dress for the latter. Fanny's cheek was somewhat paler and thinner than when she danced at the Christmas Ball; and her hazel eyes had exchanged their wild gay sparkle, for a softer and perhaps sadder light. She did not smile so often, but when she did, there was a sweetness in the smile, which before, it had wanted. Her voice, too, did not trill out so much like a bird's, as it formerly did, but had a slight and subdued pathos in its gentle tones, which, if it made it less brilliant, was indescribably more lovable than the gay and ringing tones of a year before. But perhaps the most observable change was in her dress. It was almost unlike in its simplicity, covering the neck to the throat, and the arms to the wrist. Lizzy's sweet face had an additional happiness, and any one would have known, by watching the varying color, the smiles which ever and anon dimpled her face, and the expression of sweet and mingled recollection and anticipation which her face wore that she was about to become a happy bride. She was the first to break a long silence, by saying—

"Fanny, Frank says he is going to bring down his friend, Dr. Heath, to the wedding."

"Indeed!" said Fanny, and bent more closely over her work.

"Yes, you have not seen him since he left, have you?" pursued Lizzy.

"No, dear, how do you like these plaits?" answered Fanny.

"Oh the plaits are well enough; but I want to tell you a story which Frank told me yesterday, before he went home. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes very much, tell it to me," answered Fanny. And Lizzy proceeded to tell her of the conversation of the two young men at the ball; of the trap which had been laid for her and into which she had fallen, and of Harry's resolution to forget her, and of the effects that way. Lizzy concluded with these words, "But some Frank has been down here so much and seen so much of your goodness, dear Fanny, he has thought he was too hasty in judging your character; and he said he had told Dr. Heath so, for he thinks that he was wrong in forming such a hasty conclusion and leading Harry to adopt the same. And Fanny, Frank says that Harry has never in all this year that he has been in the city, once visited a young lady, or expressed even admiration of one. He has never forgotten you; nor, (forgive me dear cousin) have you forgotten him, and why should you be longer estranged? I know, Fanny, it must seem impertinent both in Frank and myself to intrude upon the secret of your heart, in this way; but I thought you had known and loved Lizzy long enough not to be offended at her freedom. Do not sob so, Fanny, but tell me, have I done wrong in acknowledging to Frank that you loved Harry, and have through the whole, and that you have not walked or ridden and hardly talked to any young man since he left?"

"Oh Lizzy! whispered Fanny, "he must not tell Harry; I would not have him think I was pining for him."

"No, indeed, Fanny, Frank would not do such a thing. But," continued Lizzy, stily, "I should not wonder if you should tell him yourself, in the course of next week. Tell me though, Fanny, shall you wear that low-necked dress at the wedding?"

"Oh, Lizzy! don't mention that dress; I put it away the day after the ball, and have not looked at it since—I will never put it on again, so long as I live."

And the doctor came to Willowvale; and then he came again, and in a few months more he came one day and carried away the gem of our village to light up his own fireside; and years afterwards, Fanny Montgomery, or rather Mrs. Dr. Heath, used to tell, as a warning to her own pretty daughter, the history of her low-necked dress!—(Boston Traveller.)

Washington.—The following beautiful compliment was paid by Lord Byron to Washington, in an ode which has not until lately been comprised in the American edition of his works:

Where shall the weary eye repose,
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither gulf nor glory glows,
Nor despicable State?
Yes, one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnati of the West,
Whom Envy dare not hate,
Beseeches the name of WASHINGTON,
To make man blush there was but One.

A Picture.—What a beautiful tableau that is in Shelley of an eagle and a serpent wreathed in fight!

A shaft of light upon its wings descended,
And every golden feather gleamed therein;
Feather and scale intricately blended,
The serpent's mottled and many-colored skin
Shone through the plumage; its coils were twisted within,
By many a swollen and knotted fold, and high
And far, the neck receding like a rod thin,
Sustained a crested head, which wistly
Shined and glistened before the eagle's steadfast eye."

Exercise.—The London correspondent of the National Intelligencer, says:

"The way English ladies live in the open air, the daily fatigue they endure, and the pleasures they find in it, would astonish some of the delicate dames near you; not more, however, than the healthy feelings and good looks they reap from it would."

For Oregon.—Some four hundred regular troops, under the command of Col. Alexander, left St. Louis on their way to Oregon, via Weston, on the 20th ult.

Travel Across the Isthmus.

The following description of the route of travel across the Isthmus from Chagres, on the Gulf of Mexico, to Panama, on the Pacific ocean, was written last December, by Lieut. Looser, of the army, who had just returned from California. Besides its value to California emigrants who frequent that thoroughfare, it is interesting as a description of the appearance of the tropical region of the Isthmus:

THE TOWN OF CHAGRES.

This town, as it is usually called, but in reality village, or collection of huts, is, as is well known, situated at the mouth of the river Chagres, where it empties itself into the Atlantic ocean.

It is but a small village, and the harbor is likewise small, though secure. It is formed by the jutting out of a narrow neck of land, and is defended by the castle, which is built on a high bluff on the other side. The village itself, as I have before said, is merely a collection of huts, and is situated in the midst of a swamp—at least the ground is low, and the continual rains which prevail at Chagres, keep it in a swampy condition; so much so, that logs of wood are laid along the centre of the streets, to enable passengers to avoid the deep mud which is always to be found there.

Chagres is inhabited by colored people, entirely, with the exception of some few officials at the castle and in the custom-house. Its population, (I speak of course, of it previous to the present influx,) was probably not more than 500 in all, if so much.

ITS CLIMATE.

is, without doubt, the most pestiferous for whites in the whole world. The coast of Africa, which enjoys a dreadful reputation in this way, is not so deadly in its climate as is Chagres. The thermometer ranges from 78° to 85° all the year, and it rains every day. Many a traveller, who has incautiously remained there for a few days and nights, has had cause to remember Chagres; and many a gallant crew, who have entered the harbor in full health, have ere many days, found their final resting place on the dank and malarious banks of the river. Bilious, remittent, and congestive fever, in their most malignant forms, seem to hover over Chagres, ever ready to pounce down on the stranger. Even the acclimated resident of the tropics runs a great risk in staying any time in Chagres; but the stranger, fresh from the North and its invigorating breezes, runs a most fearful one.

TRADE AT CHAGRES.

has hitherto been limited to the forwarding of goods across the Isthmus; a small shop or two being sufficient to supply the inhabitants of the village itself with their scanty clothing. The produce of their Isthmus, consisting chiefly of gold dust, hides, India rubber and sarsaparilla, is sent down the river for shipment to the United States and the neighboring West India Islands. Thus Chagres is but a depot, and no real business is transacted there. The

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR TRAVELLERS are scanty and inferior indeed, unless the place has altered very much of late. There are absolutely no accommodations, as it has been the rule for passengers to hurry up the river without even stopping an hour among the huts; and this brings us to the

RIVER JOURNEY.

which is performed in canoes, propelled up the stream by means of poles. There are two points at which one may land, viz: the villages of Gorgona and Cruces. The distance from Chagres to the first named, is about 45 or 50 miles—to the latter, some 50 or 55 miles. The traveller, who for the first time in his life embarks on a South American river like the Chagres, cannot fail to experience a singular depression of spirits at the dark and sombre aspect of the scene.

In the first place, he finds himself in a small canoe, so small that he is forced to lay quietly in the very centre of the stern portion, in order to prevent its upsetting. The palm leaf thatch (or *tollo*, as it is termed on the river), over his portion of the boat, shuts out much of the view, while his baggage, piled carefully amidships, and covered with oiled cloths, encroaches as they are termed, is under the charge of his active boatman, who, stripped to the buff, with long pole in hand, expertly propels the boat up stream, with many a cry and strange exclamation. The river itself is a dark, muddy and rapid stream, in some parts quite narrow, and again at other points it is from 300 to 500 yards wide. Let no one fancy that it resembles the bright and cheerful rivers which are met with here at the North. No pleasant villages adorn its banks—no signs of civilization are seen on them; nothing but the sombre primeval forest, which grows with all the luxury of the tropics down to the very margin of its swampy banks; and the mangrove, and all the tribe of low bushes, which love to luxuriate in marshy grounds, fringe the sides of the river, affording a most convenient place of resort for the alligators, with which the marshy country swarms. The sensible traveller, however, who remains quiet in his boat and makes no adventurous visits on shore, is perfectly safe from any harm from these animals or the small panthers, monkeys, and deadly snakes with which the country on each bank of the river abounds. But those adventurous spirits who, here in New York, talk of landing on the banks and shooting game enough for their provisions, will find the thing to be impossible; as, even if they were to succeed in crossing the marshy banks as to firm ground without suffering from the alligators, they would find the forest so thick and tangled as to forbid further passage, and lucky indeed would they be if they got back to their boat unharmed by snakes or other poisonous reptiles.

The journey to Cruces or Gorgona is not a long one. Of course its length depends on the heaviness of the boat and the number of hands pulling it up. A light canoe, with two active boatmen and but one passenger in it, will reach Cruces in ten or twelve hours, whilst a heavier one might require thirty-six hours to accomplish the passage. The passenger must take his provisions with him, as none are to be had on the river, and a good water filter will be found a great convenience, as the river water is so muddy that it is apt to derange the bowels, unless filtered in some way before drinking it.

In view of the great and sudden influx of pas-

sengers to Chagres at the present time, it is impossible to say how they will all be accommodated with canoes, and what the river journey will cost. In former times the supply of canoes was quite limited and the charge depended on the celerity with which the journey was performed. A doubleton (100) was the lowest charge for a single passenger, and from that up to two, three and even four doubletons. As for taking out boats from here, and rowing them up the river, I should think it would be a hopeless attempt. Hardy boatmen from our south-western States, who are accustomed to a much similar mode of travel on their rivers, would probably be able to accomplish it; but in that burning and unhealthy climate for young men fresh from the North, unacquainted with the dangers of such navigation, and unacclimated, to attempt such a feat would be madness indeed.

Let us, however, suppose the journey completed and our adventurer safely arrived at

CRUCES.

He may now congratulate himself on having achieved the most toilsome part of his journey, and but twenty-one miles of land route intervenes between him and the glorious Pacific Ocean. Cruces is a small village situated on a plain, immediately on the banks of the river, which here are high and sandy. Gorgona, the 50th landing place, is a few miles below Cruces, and is likewise a small village, very similar to Cruces—in fact, all South American villages resemble one another very much. From these two points, both about the same distance from Panama, there are roads to that city, which roads, unlike about nine miles from it. Starting from either point he commences his

JOURNEY ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

The usual method of performing it, is on horse or on mule-back, with another mule to carry the baggage and a mulceter who acts as guide. The road is a mere bridle path, and as the rains on the Isthmus are very heavy, and there is more or less of them all the year round, the mud-holes and swampy places to be crossed are very numerous. Those who here in New York, talk gaily of a walk across the Isthmus, as if the road were as plain and easy as some of our meadow-mized turnpikes, would alter their tone, a little, could they see the road as it is. As for shooting game on the route, the same difficulties present themselves as on the river, viz: the wild beasts, and reptiles with which the bush, or *monte*, as it is there termed, abounds, besides the great risk of losing oneself in the woods. Certainly wild pheasants, guinea-hens, parrots, macaw, and a variety of splendid birds, unknown in these latitudes, do abound in the wild there; but the difficulties in hunting them are such as make it impossible for any one to venture to attempt to follow it with any success.

The most rational, and indeed, the only safe plan for the stranger to pursue, is to carry his provisions with him. That is the plan actually adopted by the natives, who would look on any one as insane, were he to propose to depend on chance game for his meals on the journey. Ham, biscuit, sausages, preserved meats, and such kinds of portable provisions, are the best to carry. As for walking from Cruces, to Panama, in case mules are scarce, the feat is by no means impossible, provided the traveller arrives in Cruces in good health and has but little baggage. It might easily be done with the assistance of a guide; but let no stranger, unacquainted with the language and new to such countries attempt it without a guide. Having then fairly started from Cruces, either on horse or on foot, after a toilsome journey of some eight or ten hours the Savannah of Panama is at last reached, and the sight of the broad and glittering Pacific ocean, and the white towers of the Cathedral of Panama, which are seen at the distance of about four miles from the city, give the now weary traveller assurance that his journey will shortly end; and another hour's toil brings him to the suburbs of the famed

CITY OF PANAMA.

He will find, however, that with this, as with most other South American cities,

"The distance lends enchantment to the view,
And ditches the mountain with a summer hue."

The city of Panama is situated on the shores of the bay of that name, and a beautiful bay it is, too. What is the number of the present population, I cannot say, as it is doubtless filled with strangers; it formerly contained from 5,000 to 7,000 inhabitants, and was a quiet, still city, where, during the day, might be heard the sounds of the convent and church bells disturbed the horses of the citizens in their grazing in the *patio* squares, which were all overgrown with grass. The trade carried on consisted in importing dry goods from Jamaica, for the supply of the Isthmians, the neighboring produce of Veraguas, the pearl islands, the towns of Chiriqui, David and their vicinities, and the various little inland towns. Goods also were sent down to the port of Payta, in Peru, and Guayaquil, in the Ecuador. The returns made for these goods consisted in the produce of the Isthmus, such as gold dust, hides, India rubber, pearl oyster shells (from which the mother of pearl of commerce is made) sarsaparilla, &c.

Agriculture is at a low point on the isthmus, as not enough sugar was raised to supply the city of Panama, and they depended for their supplies of wheat, flour, salt, sugar and groceries, on Peru, or Jamaica, on the Atlantic side. The climate is warm, say from 80 to 85 deg. all the