

long face and disconsolate look are indicative of sea sickness, he must have been very sick indeed. Thirst accompanies the first days at sea and the second night out we sent a request to the Commodore for ice water. In a few minutes the assistant steward came into the steerage where we were with a pitcher of water. We could here the ice jar against the pitcher, but he charged ten cents a glass, which had to be paid in advance or no water. There was no ice in the pitcher and the sound was caused by the jar of the glass against it. We appointed a committee of two, to enter our complaint to Commodore Wilson in the morning. The Commodore was furious, discharged the culprit who had defrauded us and set him ashore when we landed at Chagres. From that time on we had ice water brought to us every night. Our steamer anchored at the mouth of the Chagres river February 19th, and we were landed in small boats at Chagres, where we were not long in securing passage up the Chagres river, towards Panama, on a boat called San Lorenzo. Blood thirsty looking natives with oranges, bananas, &c., for sale surrounded us, but we thought our judicious display of revolvers kept them from attacking us.

The San Lorenzo was not unlike other small river steamers, very slow, but safe. We were soon steaming up the river and were delighted with the tropical climate and scenery. The immense growth of vegetation, impenetrable thickets; parrots and monkeys in the trees; alligators in the river; all lent enchantment to the view, for it was all so new and unexpected to us. Seven days before we had left a climate where the thermometer showed ten degrees below zero; here it was 80 above and if a register could have been attached to our delight, it would have marked a still greater change. At dusk the boat was tied to a tree for the night.

Since that time I have traveled considerable, but never have I experienced so much pleasure from any trip as I did that afternoon on the Chagres river, February 20th. At daylight we were on our way again and at noon were transferred to barges. They were a flat bottomed boat, from twelve to twenty feet long. Runways on each side of a boat furnished room for three or four natives on each side, who with poles propelled the boat up stream and the rate of speed attained was greater than that made by the little river steamer. David T. had learned in New York that it was great sport to shoot alligators in the Chagres river and he boasted much of what he would do when we got there, would shoot them in the eye or some other vulnerable place. Alligators were plenty and he embraced every opportunity to shoot at them, but with disappointing results. One huge fellow lay on the bank near the water sunning himself; David stepped to the bow of the boat and fired; as the "gator" did not move David was sure he had killed him and asked the boatmen to stop; they laughed and talked with both hands and mouth; but let us ashore when we found the "gator" had been dead for several days. David was disappointed, but insisted that he would have killed him if he had not been already dead. It is scarcely necessary to say that it was a long time before he heard the last of the "dead gator." In the morning of the second day on the barges, the boatmen asked the men to go ashore, where they marked in the sand that there was a long bend in the river and a short distance across by land to the river again; so leaving one man with the barge to guard our baggage, we started across on a trail cut through the thicket. It was impossible for us to lose our way for we could not penetrate the thicket where no path was cut. On this trail we found the advance gang clearing away the