FROM NEW YORK TO PANAMA

Frank G. Carpenter Describes His Winter Sail Over the Caribbean Sea and Outlines His South American Tour.

The Outfit of a Newspaper Man for a 25,000-Mile Journey in South America—The Getting of Money and Probable Cost—His Itinerary and How He Will Travel—With Josiah Warren on Shipboard—The Population of Colon and Other Matter About a Land Where the Cemeteries Thrive.

COLON, March 5, 1898.—I write this letter on the eastern shore of the Isthmus of Panama. I am in the Washington House, the special quarters of the officials of the Panama railroad. It is not far in the green Caribbean sea, whose waves coming in on the shore, are dashing up a delivery every minute or two. A long row of cocoanut palms runs between me and the beach, and each of these is laden with great bunches of green cocoanuts, every one of which is as big as the head of that half-naked Jamaica negro who is playing there on the edge of the surf. The air from the sea is that of a hot July at home, but it is fresh, is soft, cool and delicious. When I left New York a week ago it was in the snow of northern winter. Here I am in the heart of midsummer and all my surroundings are those of the tropics.

25,000 MILES FOR NEWSPAPER LETTERS.

For the next year I shall be traveling for a newspaper which has asked that time I shall make a trip of 25,000 miles for letters covering much of the great continent of South America and including some of the hottest as well as some of the coldest regions on its globe. Among the snows of the Andes I shall be nearer heaven than I ever was and at a place on this earth which is not far from some parts of the Himalaya mountains, and in the cool winter of Cerro del Pasco, at the lower end of our hemisphere, I shall be at the southernmost point of the habitable globe. As to the cold of the tropics, it is warm enough here, but a few weeks from now I shall be straddling the equator in Ecuador, and within nine months, if I succeed in eluding the yellow fever, I shall sail right along the line of the equator from the mouth of South America to the Amazon river. My trip begins in two days ago, when I left New York on the steamer Advance of the Panama Railroad Steamship Line, for Colon, with sail to Colon. In a few days I shall cross the Isthmus of Panama, and dinner later on take ships for port to go down the west coast of South America to the Straits of Magellan. I shall make a number of excursions into the interior, down by way of the rivers of Columbia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile, spending some time in the Andes and traversing the country on the plateau of Bolivia, on Lake Titicaca I shall steam about where the clouds at an altitude more than two miles above the cities of New York and Washington, on the highest big body of water of the world, and in the rarefied air I shall be at the south of the Andes, and after that I shall visit the cities of Brazil and make several long excursions into the interior, cutting some of the biggest rubber plantations of the world and tracing 2,000 miles or more up the Amazon through some of the least known regions of the earth. After leaving the Amazon my itinerary is not set, but I shall probably sail from the mouth of the great river for New York, stopping, perhaps, at some of the West Indian islands on the way.

OUTFIT OF A TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.

The preliminary preparations for a newspaper trip of this kind are important, and it may interest you to know something of my outfit. You cannot take a tour of this kind as one of Cook's tourists does that to Europe, putting all your traveling in a valise. You must have different kinds of clothing for different climates. You cannot buy the books and photographic materials you want on the road, and everything must be carefully packed to withstand the kicking of the baggage smashers, mule and the miscellaneous perils of a journey of months. I have 75 pounds of baggage, and as I already know by the various baggage charges that with just 40 pounds extra I can be allowed free from New York to Colon, the excess being charged for at 1 cent a pound, and in crossing the Isthmus on a local ticket only 25 pounds of baggage goes free and all above that pay 2 cents a pound, either a pound or a hundred. My photographic outfit is comparatively light. I have two cameras, a 4x5 and a 5x7, and I have with them good lenses and plates. I have a 12-gauge shotgun and a thirty-six and half gun. This has been cut down from the original 50 pounds I had when I first thought of the trip, and I have left behind my rifle and my tent. Then I carry the small typewriter, as a man who writes much of this letter, and a few reference books which are as heavy as so much lead. I have with me a plenty of letters of introduction from Washington, which are a special one from the secretary of state, letters to our consuls and ministers to render me every assistance in my travels.

BOARD AND EXPENSES.

My money I take in the shape of a letter of credit on London, for I shall spend a year south of the equator, as it will be large enough to be in exchange. My itinerary therefore does not call for a trip to Europe, but I shall be at any bank in South America and can get a check and the money will be paid. The Hong Kong and Shanghai bank has branches in Chile and in Central America, and I have ten $20 gold pieces, and I have ten $20 English pieces which will be good in Central America and in Chile. The expenses of such a trip differ with the country. In some places one can live on a dollar a day, in others it costs more than a dollar an hour. The Times is paying me a certain sum for my letters, and I doubled that sum in my estimate. I have allowed myself $1,000 for the year, and I think I can do it. I shall go from Colon to the Pacific by the Panama railroad, and I shall take the steamship rates for both ways from Colon to Callao, the port of Lima, and from Colon to the Straits of Magellan. The time from New York to Valparaiso is about a month, and I have with about $2 above the actual expenses of the trip. Town is cheap, as all of the steamer fares, hotel bills, etc., are in gold, and in the interior Chilean silver is used, it seems, more than gold. Prices are increased accordingly, and I paid this morning for an egg, which I could have gotten home, and a half dozen bananas, which I can buy anywhere at home for 5 cents, for which I paid my cent. These cost me in silver, and though I have just gotten $11.70 for a $5 gold piece, I feel the expense of the eggs not yet after all. I was cold at the Philadelphia museum that the expenses of traveling in South America would be about $3 a day. This seems to me very high. My trip of a year in going round the world cost me just about $10 a day, and in my other journeys I have found that the cost is just about what it costs to travel in the parts of the world I will give from time to time the expenses of various tours down here, and will describe just how the money is to be done.

FROM NEW YORK TO PANAMA.

The trip from New York to Colon takes just seven days. There are three steamships per month, and the fare is from $45 to $60, according to the location of your cabin. The Advance is a steamer of about 3,000 tons, and of 2,700 tons, or about one-fifth the size of the largest Atlantic liners. Its best rooms are on the upper deck, and its cabins are in the corner cabin which I had there were two windows, such about two feet square, which let in a delicious breeze day and night. The line is now operated in connection with and is owned by the Panama railroad company. It was until within a short time a part of the Pacific Mail, which ran from New York and after leaving the Isthmus took its passengers up to San Francisco. Now the Pacific Mail company has only steamships on the Pacific side and the Panama Railway and Steamship company have the only regular line from the United States to the Isthmus. Their steamers by the American flag and all of the officers and sailors are Americans. Our ship was commanded by a Maine man, Captain Sukeworth, who has recently been in charge of some of the Red "D" Line steamers from New York to Venezuela, and our chief mate was also from Maine. We had forty cabin passengers, the most of whom were Americans, and the remainder a mixture of Germans bound for Chile, Chilenos, Mexicans, Guatemala and some Central and South Americans who were going home for the winter from Panama to the United States. One of the Germans was a lady who had a pair of baby twins with her. She had come from her home in Central America in order that the children might be born in the land of the mother, who was having accompanied her mission was returning home to her husband. Among the Americans were a Brooklyn lady who had been down to a station agent at Matachin on the Panama railroad; a Mr. W. H. Nash of Chicago and a Mr. T. J. Kennedy of Florence, New York, who are bound for La Paz, Bolivia, where they will open some big gold mines for Mr. Kennedy, who is a mining engineer, has discovered, and a large party of both sexes who are going in this way to San Francisco. We had an old sea captain named Humphreys from Hingham, Massachusetts, who had sailed all over the globe. As we left New York and sailed southward and passed Cape Hatteras, he pointed out the fact that we were in the warm waters of the gulf stream, that wonderful river of the ocean which has a volume 3,000 times as great as the Mississippi, and which, flowing as one stream through the North Atlantic to the North sea, is the hottest water pipe which carries the heat from the tropics which keeps warm Great Britain and Ireland. As we crossed this, the bishop recalled the story of the angry Tahkee captain who, when denouncing England for its sympathy and aid to the South during our civil war, said, "You English had better look out, for after President Lincoln has settled this trouble we will send the army south and cut a channel for the gulf stream through the Isthmus of Panama and this freezes your two little islands into an iceberg."

WHERE COLUMBUS'S FIRST LANDED.

As we crossed the gulf stream the air grew perceptibly warmer, and as we sailed on its outer edge down toward the Caribbean sea we soon came into summer heat. The first land we saw was the island of San Salvador, where Columbus landed after his thirty-five days' voyage from Spain in his little vessels which were just about twelve as large as ours. He thought he had discovered the eastern coast of Asia and had no idea that that little island was the outpost of another hemisphere. The morning following we saw a little house standing among a grove of palm trees and were told that we were looking at Bird Rock Island, one of the Bahamas, and then drifted on south until the black and rocky coast of western Cuba came into view. We skirted along the shore about four miles away from the shore, so as to be out of the danger limits, as provided by the Spanish regulations of war. We saw no sign of fortifications or fighting. Our next land was on the east of us, and I have spoken of the little island we kept in sight for hours, and then lost them to see nothing but the blue waters of the Caribbean sea, at 4 o'clock, seven days out from New York, we got our first glimpse of the Isthmus of Panama, that wonderful little strip of earth and rocks which ties together the two great continents of North and South America. At first it was only a thin, hazy line of blue in the western horizon. Then the tops disappeared. We saw a little rising above another, and little islands coming up out of the water along the shore. A little later we were in sight of the Isthmus, with its palm trees and the great wharves of Colon, with great palm trees which line the beach at the right shading their green fan-like leaves and apparently waving a welcome to us as we came to another.

COLON AND THE CANAL.

Colon is intended to be the eastern end of the Panama canal, and I will treat fully of this work in another letter after I have gone over the route and have seen what is being done. It now is being done on the central and western end of the isthmus. Here at Colon you have a little island connected with the first board of engineers, who almost ruined a large part of the insanity of France. The town of Colon, which now has about 4,000 people, was built largely by the French, and its beautiful cottages are now occupied by Americans, Frenchmen, Jamaicans, Jews and negroes. Architecturally speaking, this is as ragged a place as you can find on this hemisphere. Everything is going to seed. There is a market house here made of iron which would be large enough for Washington city, but there were not more than fifty people in it when I visited it the middle of the morning, and the iron roof has down in streaks from the holes in its roof of corrugated iron. The Panama railroad seems to own the town. It runs right through the main street, and outside of them at the east of the city it is almost impossible to go out of any place without traversing over the rusting and rotting debris of cars, dredges and other machines which have brought in at a cost of millions and found to be worthless, or were soon allowed to become so. There is a part of the town known as the French Quarter. This is on a neck of land which was built out to form a breakwater at the eastern mouth of the canal. The most expensive houses were erected here, the wood brought from the United States. Ferdinand de Lesseps had one of the houses, which cost, it is said, about $18,000, and it is still one of the most costly and expensive. Soon after I landed I hired a carriage of a highway robber in the shape of a Jamaica coachman, and drove out to see these houses. They have never been occupied but for very short periods and they are dilapidated. The road to them is through a beautiful grove of palms, and the settlement itself is about as near paradise in its beautiful green as any place upon this earth. The sea washes it on either side and a cool breeze almost always blows.

SOME THINGS ABOUT THE POPULATION.

The people here are one of the queer mixtures that you sometimes find on the outposts of civilization, where for many reasons the strongest money is made. The wharf at which we landed made me think of the docks of New Orleans. Nine-tenths of the people I saw were negroes or negroes and most of them spoke English with a cockney accent. The negro laborers, the dock hands, who loaded like Crooks. The negroes were from the English island of Jamaica. They come here to do work on the canal, and seem to be about the only people who can stand the malarious climate. I left New York in a blizzard of blizzards on her head. Then there are lots of Chinese here. They run all sorts of stores, act as money changers and do, I am told, the largest part of the mercantile business of the isthmus.

WHERE THE CEMETERIES THRIVE.

Among the chief business of the isthmus is the cemeteries and hospitals. I have been told here again and again that I ought to visit the hospitals and the great cemetery on Monkey Hill. Panama has fine hospitals and cemeteries, and all along the line of the railroad you will find, I am told, populous graveyards. I have never seen a Chinese cemetery before outside of China, but the isthmus has them and the graves are many. There are lots of the many Chinese deaths in fact to allow the bodies being carried back to China. Many of the Americans who are now employed on the railroad have been here for years, and some of them say the climate agrees with them. Nearly every one I have so far met, however, tells me he has had a siege of yellow fever and that he has spent a part of his time in the isthmus has a score of Americans under ground to every one who is now living upon it.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

The President Makes a Boy Happy.

An 11-year-old lad, while studying his history lesson last week, learned that Saturday would be President McKinley's birthday, and thought it would be a pleasant thing to send the magistrate a birthday card. The one he secured and mailed contained the following: "In observance of the occasion you are, God has called you to fill the place only you should do your duty." Mr. McKinley brought this to his A White House letter addressed to Master Jimmy Johnson, Newport, Ky., writing a few miles of where I am now writing, while out on a pleasure sail a few weeks ago. The bishop had his family with him and was also accompanied by some Chilean lady missionaries who were visiting some of the stations to their fields or work. The party, altogether, was a pleasant one. The bishop was a mine of story and information, for he has traveled all over the globe. As we left New York and sailed southward and passed Cape Hatteras, he pointed out the fact that we were in the warm waters of the gulf stream, that wonderful river of the ocean which has a volume 3,000 times as great as the Mississippi, and which, flowing as one stream through the North Atlantic to the North sea, is the hottest water pipe which carries the heat from the tropics which keeps warm Great Britain and Ireland. As we crossed this, the bishop recalled the story of the angry Tahkee captain who, when denouncing England for its sympathy and aid to the South during our civil war, said, "You English had better look out, for after President Lincoln has settled this trouble we will send the army south and cut a channel for the gulf stream through the Isthmus of Panama and this freezes your two little islands into an iceberg."

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SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY

The Bees of Europe—Insect Grafting—The Beaver's Work in Britain—The Liver Seen at Work—Measurements of Strength—Harmless Wine—Lizards that Run Free—Yellow Fever Spread by Earthworms—A Spanish Occupation.

Considering three varying characteristics of races (cephalic index, or ratio of extreme width to extreme length of skull, measurement of stature, and color of skin and hair), a French anthropologist finds that, while under three headings there give twenty-seven possible combinations, in reality only six occur in considerable numbers among the inhabitants of Europe, with four more in smaller numbers. He concludes that only the following six primary races—excluding Turks, etc.—inhabit Europe: Northwestern race—blonde, dolichocephalic (long-headed), very tall); eastern race—blonde, subdolichocephalic, short; Baltic insular race—brown, very dolichocephalic, very short; western race—brown, very brachycephalic (broad-headed), short; Atlanto-Mediterranean race—brown, subdolichocephalic, tall; Adriatic race—brown, brachycephalic, tall. These four secondary races are probably due to admixture of the primary: A race of eastern Prussia—blonde, mesocephalic (medium-headed), tall; of Sweden—blonde, mesocephalic, very short; of Ireland and Belgium—brunette, subdolichocephalic, tall; of Holland and Navarre—auburn, subdolichocephalic, medium.

The primary object of the insect-grafting experiments begun a year or more ago by Mr. Walter Crane, Jun., Jr., has been a study of insect colonies, concerning which the results have not been published, but Mr. Crane, Jr., has been a study of insect colonies, concerning which the results have not been published, but Mr. Crane, Jr., has been in many ways. Twin animals—head to head, tail to tail, back to back, side by side—have been most successful, fourteen out of sixty-nine surviving. Of tandem unions in a series of preparations, only one attempt in thirty-two was successful where the species were different. Tandem unions of more than half of each pupa give better results, and give monstrosities with two sets of wings.

The European hornet is shown by Dr. L. O. Howard to have existed near New York City for at least fifty years, yet it has spread over this region of Europe the species usually inhabits outhouses, lost in America the nests are almost invariably built in hollow trees.

So small a creature as the beaver, according to Mr. H. B. Woodward of the British Museum, has changed the character of a considerable portion of the British Isles to a remarkable degree. The borders of the fens were once covered with forest, and the "bower" was one of the most plentiful animals of the region. Its dams turned the streams from their natural courses, the water—as in the valleys of the Lea, the Ouse, the Cam, and the Nene—was thus made to flow over a foot than