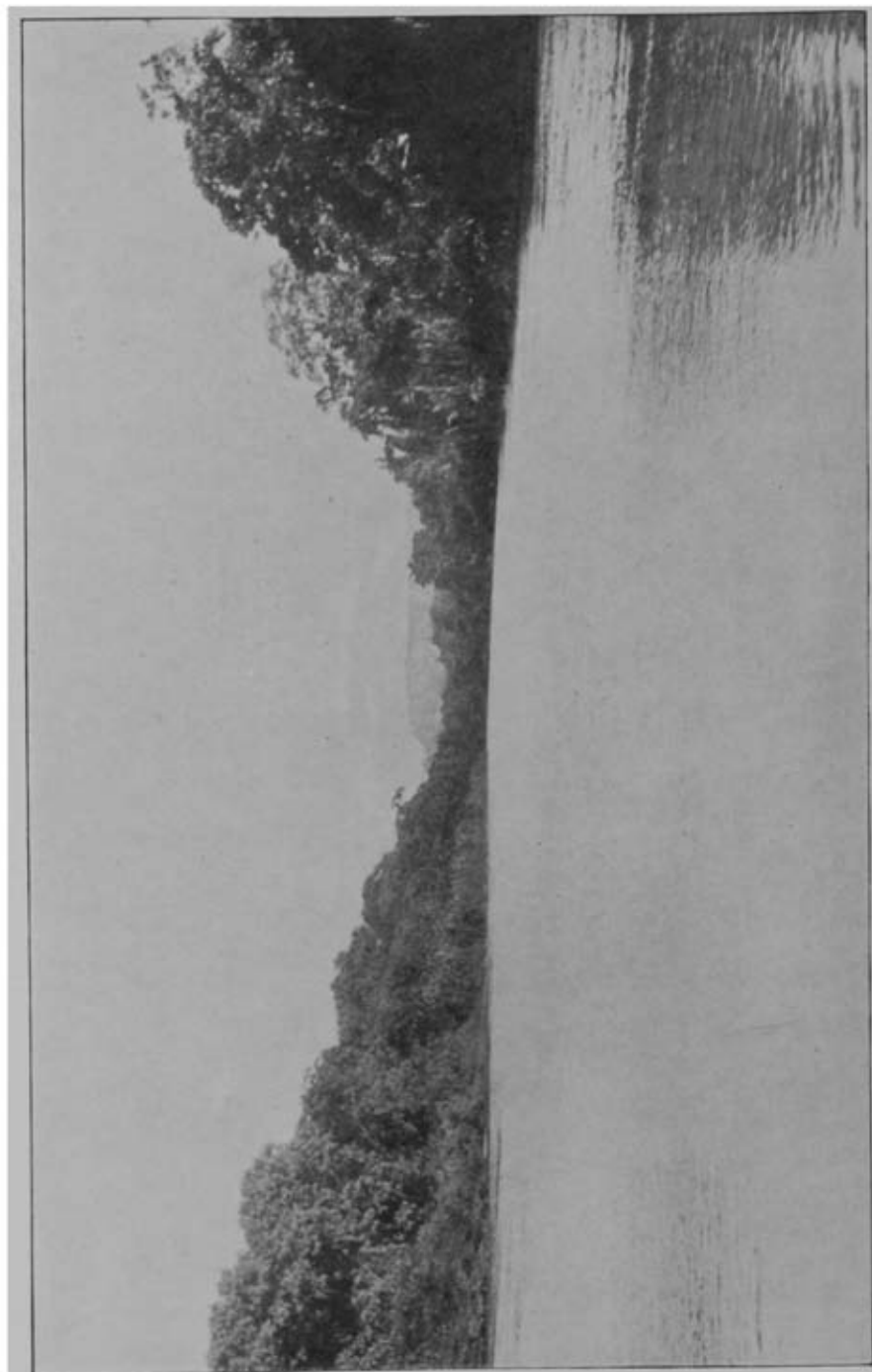


AN AMAZON
ANDES TOUR



ON THE PACHITTEA—NEARING THE FOOT OF THE ANDES

AN AMAZON ANDES TOUR

BY MARGARET BOOTH
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
GEORGE M. BOOTH

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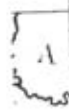
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This small volume, put together for the amusement of ourselves and our travelling companions, and possessing no merit but that of telling accurately the story of what proved to be a very simple journey, is printed privately for those friends and relations who care to get a glimpse of what must always remain a wonderful episode in our lives.

MARGARET & GEORGE BOOTH

With the Author's Compliments.



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INTRODUCTION

By GEORGE M. BOOTH

IN the spring of 1908 it was my pleasant fortune to undertake a journey from London to Lima, *via* the Amazon River. I had three objects in view. The first was to visit Pará and Manáos—Amazon towns served by the vessels of the Booth Steamship Company, Limited—(Manáos being 900 miles up the Amazon River near the junction with the Négro) and to inspect in Manáos a harbour enterprise managed in London. The second was to reach Iquitos, some 1300 miles beyond Manáos; Iquitos is the capital of Loreto, a transandine province of Peru, and served by direct steamers sailing monthly from Liverpool under the management of the Booth Steamship Company. Here Messrs. Alfred Booth and Co. have built a harbour under the terms of a Peruvian concession. My third object was to penetrate to the limit of water navigation and cross the Andes to reach Lima. I wished to study certain possibilities of navigation and the problem of connecting Peru on the Pacific with Peru on the Amazon, and to discuss with the Government of Lima various forms of development that might affect the business enterprises in which I was interested.

As far as Iquitos all was plain sailing, but in-

formation upon the next 1500 miles of journey was scanty and not encouraging. I proposed to follow the Rivers Ucayali, Pachitea and Pichis for about a thousand miles and then take to the woods and follow a track known as the "Pichis Highway," about 150 miles long and bringing one to the large village of La Merced, within a few days' ride of Oroya, the limit of the Lima-Oroya railway. Such a journey once successfully accomplished would, I felt, find me in Lima well equipped to deal more or less efficiently with the business points I had in view; but tempting as it was both as an adventure and a commercial opportunity, I should never have had the courage to undertake it alone. My wife intrepidly determined to come, and we were accompanied by Doctor Claude Horton and joined at Iquitos by Mr. W. Harold Tregoning, who was the engineer-in-charge of the harbour construction at Iquitos. Our itinerary was as follows:

ITINERARY OF RIVER JOURNEY

			Miles from Para.
Feb.	14 dep.	London.	
"	17 arr.	Lisbon.	
"	19 dep.	Lisbon.	
"	29 arr.	Pará.	
March	3 dep.	Pará.	
"	7 arr.	Manáos.	900
"	16 dep.	Manáos.	
"	25 arr.	Iquitos.	2200
"	31 dep.	Iquitos.	
April	7 arr.	Bocca Pachitea.	2950
"	7 dep.	Bocca Pachitea.	
"	12 arr.	Esperança.	3150
"	13 dep.	Esperança.	In canoes.
"	13 arr.	Puerto Bermudez.	3175
"	15 dep.	Puerto Bermudez.	
"	15 arr.	Puerto Jessupi.	3200

Thus out of the 45 days between Pará and Jessupi, 28 were spent in travelling, or an average of 115 miles a day against a steady current. After Iquitos we always anchored at night. We also had several strandings, and some repairs to our propeller blades had to be undertaken, so that our speed seemed remarkably good.

My wife kept a diary from Manáos to Lima and I made some notes. The following short introduction based thereon is intended to give some general idea of the Amazon.

The Amazon is indeed a wonderful river. Its proportions, as far as water is concerned, are colossal and entirely without rival. Imagine a river so deep that over 900 miles from its mouth fifty fathoms can be plumbed for more than a mile in width. Actually the night before we reached Manáos a large steamer sank, and we next morning, drawing 22 ft., passed unwittingly over it! But right at the mouth the Amazon makes herself evident—the great blue sea with all its vast weight of tide is tossed right back on to itself, and though the tide ebbs and flows for many a mile up the Amazon, for more than fifty miles the sea is discoloured brown by the discharged sediment that sweeps on with tireless vigour in the heavily laden water of the river. “Thirty per cent. mud in the Acré, sir,” said Captain Watrin, of the *Perseverança*, to me one day.

But I must try to describe the network of rivers that one by one become engulfed in the main flow

of the Amazon valley. From north and south they flow as well as from the great range of the Andes in the west. Their name is legion, their limit and source almost invariably unknown. Greatest among them is the Rio Négro—branching north at Manáos. The Orinoco and the Négro rise in a lake common to both, and the whole of this great watercourse has been explored. The Négro, as might be expected, is black; that is, when the Négro meets the Amazon the waters look black and white by contrast. The colour is that of a Scotch or Irish peat burn, and is due to a mass of tannate of iron that exists along its whole course. Such a colour in the sun!—churned up by the swiftly turning propeller blades of the river launch in which our expeditions were made, barnished copper or bronze—and not black at all. An extraordinary contrast to the Amazon, the Négro carries no sediment; a tumbler of the Amazon clears quickly to water almost white, leaving a sticky deposit at the bottom of the glass; but the Négro is clear as crystal, and has a most beneficent effect on all submerged iron, which never rusts, but gains a fine coat of some protective nature—a cause of much economy to those who own floating property at Manáos.

Perhaps the Madeira is the most important branch river from a commercial point of view. It joins the Amazon from the south, just below Manáos, and close to a little town called Serpa or Itacoatiara. The Madeira is not navigable for more than about 400 miles, where the Falls and Rapids of San Antonio put an end to navigation

by steam. From this point, a 250-mile railway is to be built to a point above the falls; a most important work, as the Madeira flows from the richest of all the rubber districts in South America. At its sources the land is Bolivian and Peruvian as well as Brazilian, so chronic friction at San Antonio may be expected.

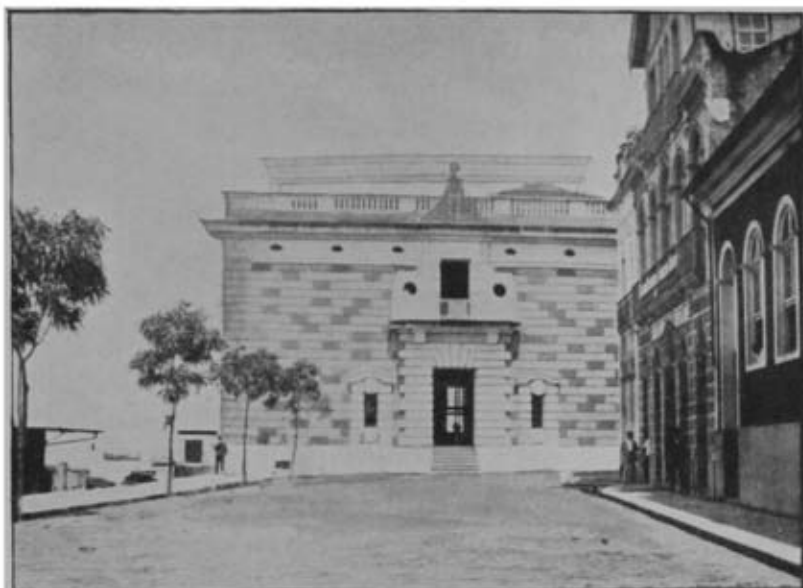
It is not easy to continue my description without a map, but the most striking peculiarity of the Amazon River and its ramifications is this. I will try to make it clear. I am going to describe a triangle made by a side running east to west—from Serpa, mentioned above, to Iquitos in Peru—a side 1500 miles in length. Thence due south by the Ucayali for about 1500 miles, and thence back to Serpa—the hypotenuse of my right-angled triangle. Now this third side is the course of the Madeira River (and railway) and confluents, and at the south corner a carry of a mile or two joins up the system. Engineers have dreamed of a short canal, and of the creation of a great route right round my triangle. This is of importance because rubber gathered in the southern corner has an alternative route by river to the north or to the east, and those who manage the carrying trade of this vast watershed need to gauge in what way the produce of the southern corner can be freighted most economically to the consuming and distributing centres of the world. Still more important is the international aspect. Iquitos, the western limit of the northern side of my triangle, is the capital of the province of Loreto, the increasingly prosperous transandine territory

of Peru; and Peru, by every means in her power, is endeavouring to have the up-river produce collected here for fiscalisation. Now within my big triangle are several similar water systems all producing the same south-west corner where produce can go two ways, until finally you reach the Javary, the river frontier of Peru and Brazil; this river leaves the Amazon at Tabatinga, and is parallel, more or less, to the Madeira, the Purus, and many others. Rubber-gatherers—"seringeiras"—ascend this river, gather rubber from either bank without interference, and coming down with it to Tabatinga can either run a few miles up to Iquitos and ship their collection of produce from Peru, or can come 900 miles down river and ship from Manáos as Brazilian produce. At present Peru has a lower export duty on rubber, so that an enormous amount of rubber grown and gathered in Brazil is shipped and fiscalised at Iquitos. Peru, furthermore, has lower import duties, so that the gatherers can buy supplies for their expeditions more cheaply in Iquitos than in Manáos. Peru and Brazil in a few years' time will be competing in every conceivable way for this export and import trade, and the country that enforces a wise tariff with energetic development of up-river facilities—canals, light railways, &c.—will be master of a great source of revenue.

But to my picture of the river I must turn again.

It is possible to ascend the main Amazon in ocean steamers as far as Iquitos—2200 miles from the mouth; and for this whole length the wild virgin forest extends on either bank with a mono-

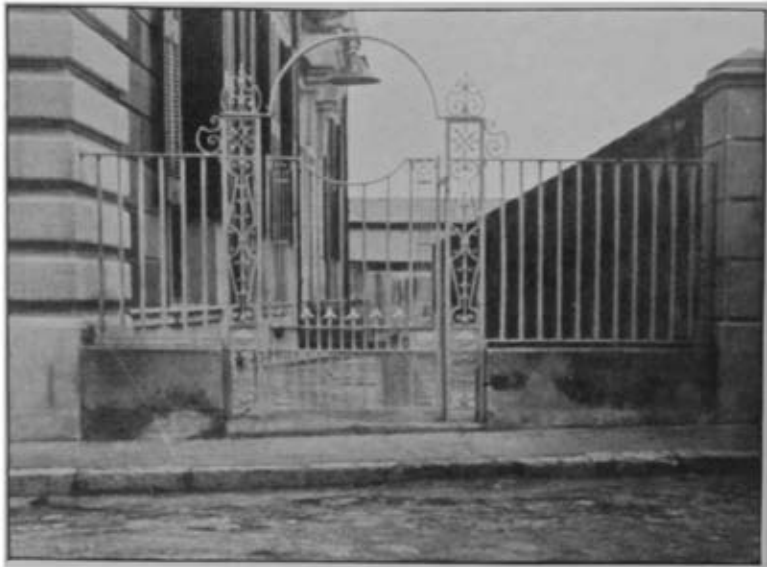
tony that would be intolerable to many, and yet with a variety of growth that gives a good opportunity to the student of trees and timber, and with a surprising and sudden gift of colour in sky and water that burns itself indelibly into the mind.



OFFICE AND MANAGER'S HOUSE OF MANÁOS HARBOUR, LTD.

At dusk perhaps the river widens into a sea, and the full horizon is left resting on its waters as in mid-ocean, while the great banks of clouds, that for an hour or so have been threatening rain, grow ruddy with the glow of the departed sun. Yes, threatened rain indeed; frequently as fulfilled a menace as you can dream of. For hours the water is literally churned into foam by the storm. So thick and so opaque is this rain that our captain says he has often lost sight of the bank—not more than thirty yards away!

And all day and all night great trees and islands of grass float down, and down, and down. A very innocent-looking branch may be all that is visible of some huge trunk a hundred feet long; a great strain on the pilots, who ring the engines "stop" or "full speed astern," as the case may be, to

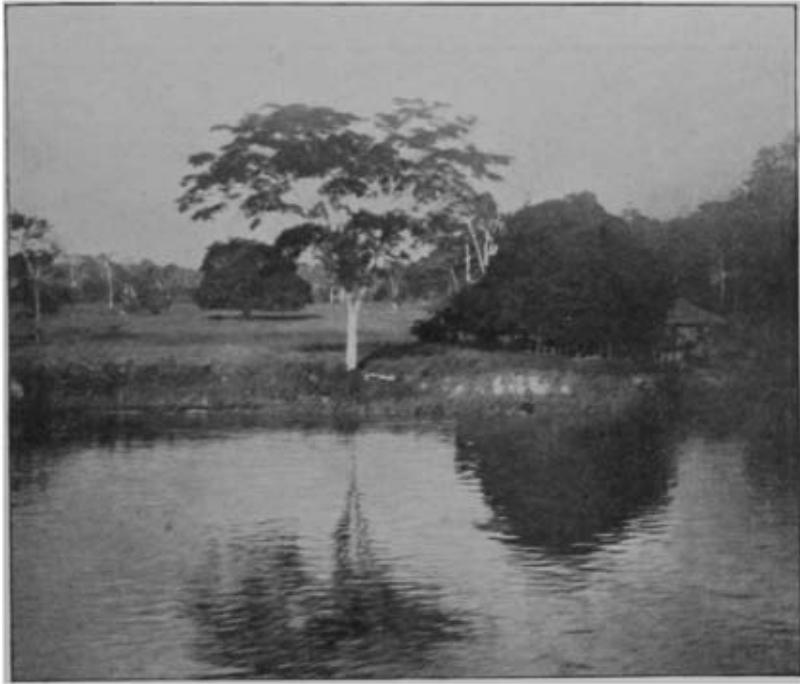


PRIVATE ENTRANCE TO THE MANAOS HARBOUR HOUSE

avoid or lessen the impact with the suspected or evident monster. At night, lying awake in one's hammock, it seems that the engine-room bell goes every few minutes; and often when standing forward the bell has rung many seconds before my untrained eye has picked out the coming danger. Great eyesight these pilots have. Nothing was visible the other night to any of our party, and yet land, water, islands, corners, logs, &c. &c., all seemed illuminated to the little fellow who is our senior pilot. The ship's captain sees well too,

and is excellent in the emergencies which frequently arise. One favourite trouble is to anchor on to a large sunken tree. To save the anchor requires patience and ingenuity

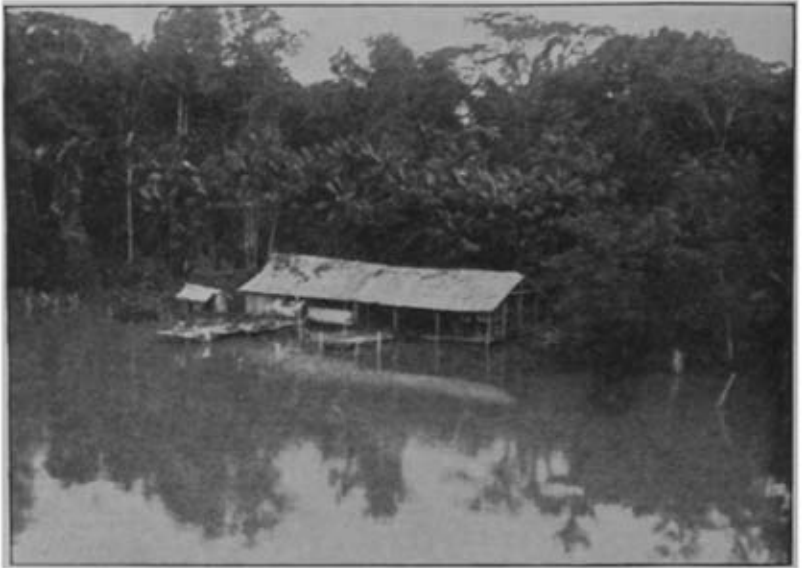
The most beautiful tree is the so-called "cotton"



A CLEARING ON THE AMAZON, SHOWING FINE "COTTON" TREES

tree, which grows to a splendid height, as straight as a mast, with a fine umbrella-like foliage, branching at the top. The gracefulness of these trees is usually hidden by the masses of other growth, but where a clearing has been made by an enterprising settler with taste, a few specimen trees left for shade and effect give the true conception of the forest giants here, and of their shape and peculiarity. The most valuable wood—of course the

rubber-tree is the most valuable Amazon product—is a hard smooth black tree; it has no bark, and resembles unpolished ebony more than any other wood. The tree grows tall, but never obtains to a girth of more than three feet, and often the tallest trees are mere spindles. "A very fine



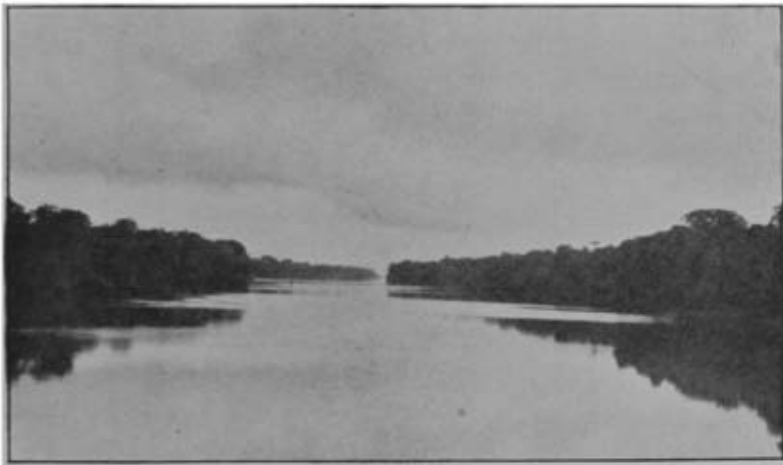
INDIAN HUT AND JETTY ON PILES IN THE "NARROWS"

wood for inlaying." But to market this wood costs more than the merchant in Manáos or Pará will pay for it at present, so the hard woods of the Amazon Valley are neglected, and give a very individual look to the river banks that I have never seen elsewhere.

In some parts the Indian huts stand on piles, and the wash of our steamer in the narrow part above Pará seemed to swamp them mercilessly. To each little pile jetty were attached a canoe or two, and the little black children are taught to

run to their boats the moment the throb of the steamer is heard, by day or by night, and paddle out into the stream, where the light craft easily float to the switchback-washing water, whereas when anchored they must inevitably fill and sink at their moorings.

The "Narrows" at their narrowest measure



THE "NARROWS"

just over a hundred yards wide, and the curves are amazing. We steamed along in a 6400-ton steamer, the *Lanfranc* (the flagship of the B.S.S. Co.), frequently missing one bank or the other with prow or stern by a few feet, for the water is deep right into the trees. Small river boats run into the woods when they hear the whistle of the ocean liner.

Where the river is wider settlers naturally try to choose high ground three to twenty feet above the river and make as large a clearing as possible, in order to grow bananas, mandioca, cacao, &c.

All or nearly all depend for luxuries on the rubber to be found in the neighbourhood. The big fellows have cattle and pigs. All have fowls, and fish is abundant, though not easily caught.

There is very little traffic on the Amazon, and many hours pass without the sight of steamer or launch. Canoes are pretty frequently seen and

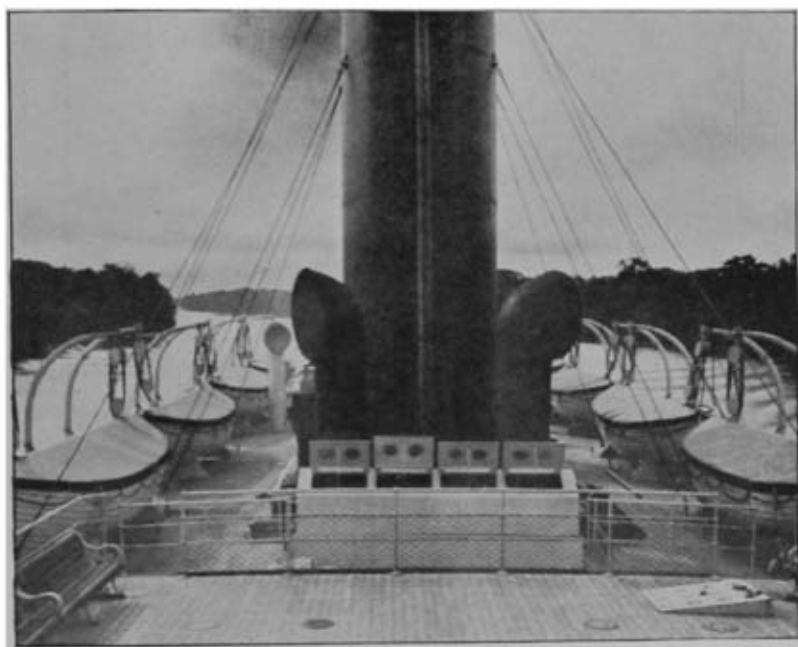


THE "NARROWS"

now and then a large raft floats lazily by, with a house on it and some people, often with cattle and chickens, and a great supply of green grass attached. Families travel many hundreds of miles in this way to market their produce of rubber and buy fresh supplies "in town," returning by launch. Probably such a trip is made once a year, the rest of the time produce and supplies come and go by launches, and the whole family works hard on the place. But when the season is over and the last of the crop gathered, a change of air is welcomed, and a couple of months pass by with much amusement. We got a nice photo of one of

these rafts, which I hope will develop successfully.

The Amazon water did not taste very nice to me; it is very muddy, but nothing else is drunk by the Indians, who scoop it up in a cup, and take



THE "LANFRANC" IN THE "NARROWS"

as much as they want. There is no evidence of trying to get water from the streaming current: children almost lap it up from the pools or backing eddies, where there must be considerable stagnation.

At all big stations a great pile of cut wood lines the front, for use instead of coal when the launches have burned up their stock. It is well cut in even lengths and split into pretty even thicknesses, and piled neatly in fifties. This must represent

half the work of the station. The splitting is done with big American axes.

As far as our experience went, the mosquito



BOAT DRILL ON R.M.S. "LANFRANC"

grew worse and worse as we travelled inland. In Pará they bite, and can give malaria or yellow fever. In Manáos they worry you and are also risky. In Iquitos at times it is impossible to sit still or pack or wash, or do anything but sit closely protected by a net with a killing-bottle in hand. Up the Ucayali a boiler-piercing brand comes on to the scene, with a proboscis an eighth of an inch

long, biting through coats and trousers made of strong khaki, and settling through flannel or duck as though it were tissue-paper. Luckily all chance of yellow fever is over by this time, although bad malaria mosquitoes exist everywhere. On the Pachitea the mosquitoes are large, but not very



BOAT DRILL ON R.M.S. "LANFRANC"

numerous, and a beast that on the Amazon only troubled us on occasional visits to Indian settlements—the pium—is both numerous and hungry. They hurt less than mosquitoes, but worry dreadfully, and leave a little round red mark where they have bitten, which turns black in a few days. The spot never itches as badly as a mosquito bite.

The only towns of importance on the main Amazon in Brazil are Pará at its mouth, and Manáos, 900 miles up (and just off the main river on the Négro). Pará has a difficult port—fast

currents and silting bottom. Manáos could harbour the fleets of the world—miles and miles of deep clear water, scarcely one-quarter of a knot of current, and no silt of any kind. In Pará there are said to be 180,000 people; in Manáos about 80,000. Manáos looks imposing because boats come right up to the splendid harbour works and passengers can walk ashore along floating roadways—as in Liverpool at the Prince's landing-stage; and in many ways the city is finer than Pará: more spacious and better laid out. The big boats at Pará have to anchor several miles below the town and all freight and passengers go up by launch, tug and lighter, &c. The stages for landing are clumsy and inadequate, and the whole frontage of Pará seems very sordid compared with Manáos. All this may be changed if the Pará Harbour Company does its work well, but their task is rather arduous; so far much money has been spent, and there is nothing to show except plant and machinery for doing work: no actual harbour work begun.

Pará is the capital of the State of Pará; Manáos of the State of Amazonas; this latter is a huge territory of rich rubber lands. Both States are keenly attempting to develop their resources by means of improved river service to distant places, and by railway where rapids and falls put an end to travel by launch or canoe.

In 1907 the export of rubber from the Brazilian Amazon was 32,000 tons, valued at £16,000,000, and about half comes from each port—Pará and Manáos. The only other product of value is the

Brazil nut, of which about 8000 tons, valued at £80,000, are shipped annually. As the river produces nothing else but a little hard wood for floors, &c., and some clay for bricks, the ships that carry the rubber to Europe and America return heavily laden with everything from paving-stones to pianos,



SAILORS CUTTING GRASS FOR CATTLE, STANDING IN CANOES
PUSHED INTO THE RIVER'S EDGE

and from kerosene, flour, cement, resin, lumber, &c., to pins, needles, jewellery and hair-oil—and of this latter a huge quantity, for the coiffure is much attended to.

Coffee comes from southern States of Brazil, and also tobacco. Cattle and fodder come from the Argentine, and some cattle from the States. Bananas, plantains, mandioca and fish are Amazon food staples.

To finish the summary of the Amazon capitals,

I must describe Iquitos, the capital of Loreto, Peru. It has 20,000 inhabitants, three-quarters Indian, and the rest European and Peruvian-Spanish. Last year it exported 2000 tons of rubber, worth about £1,000,000. Here also there is a nice little harbour company and landing-stage arrangements, in miniature to Manáos. This town of Iquitos, the only Atlantic port of Peru, and the



VIEW OF THE MUELLE AND LANDING-STAGE AT IQUITOS

second in magnitude of trade in the Republic of Peru, is served by a boat every month from Europe, and every six weeks from the States. Say twenty departures and calls a year, with an average arrival (in 1907) of 1000 tons per vessel, or 20,000 tons per year: just ten times the volume of the export. Of this quantity about 4000 tons are coal, sold in Iquitos for £4 a ton, the rest being general cargo. Launches go out in large numbers, and they seem by no means too numerous as yet. Iquitos has no cable or wireless connection: but Massisea, 700

miles up the Ucayali, can wireless to the world now, and in a few months Iquitos will be included in the system. (Manáos has a cable, but it is so frequently interrupted that when Iquitos gets her wireless connection she should be better served than Manáos.)



VIEW OF THE MUELLE AND LANDING-STAGE AT IQUITOS

I cannot recommend the Amazon River to ordinary pleasure-seeking tourists. It is infested by mosquitoes. Malaria is rife, yellow fever common, and many other diseases more or less prevalent. My party was specially favoured, and no trouble or expense spared to make us all comfortable and safeguard our health. Practically speaking, we had no sickness of any

sort, and far less discomfort than we had expected.

To all my now numerous friends in the Amazon Valley, I beg to offer my sincerest thanks for their many kindnesses to my wife and to myself.

MARGARET BOOTH'S DIARY

MANÁOS TO LIMA

March—May 1908

Manáos : March 12, 1908 : I went for a very lovely ride this morning. Breakfast at five minutes to six, and soon afterwards four splendid Spanish horses were brought round. G. M. B. was too busy to come, so Mr. Sutton was very glad to go instead. I took a magnificent grey charger, Mr. Sutton was given a fiery chestnut, Captain Collings, who very much resembles the Iron Duke on horseback, rode a bay, and Señor Noguera a coal-black. All the horses were somewhat difficult to mount, mine being by far the easiest; Captain Collings was twenty minutes hopping with one foot in the stirrup whilst the bay waltzed round, and Mr. Sutton, whose legs are short, was also rather long in getting up. But when at last he succeeded, he was not long in overtaking the Captain and myself. He flew past us with a great clatter and straight down the street. The Captain and I turned to the right, there was a dead silence for a minute or two, then we heard clatter, clatter, clatter, and John Gilpin again passed us at a reckless speed. This happened several times before the chestnut settled down.

We rode along a broad sandy road, with small

shrubs and curious little earth, plaster or wooden cottages on each side. A great deal of labour is needed here, and to each immigrant labourer is given a piece of land, on which he builds a hut and makes a small garden. The whole effect is consequently very various and picturesque.

The roads are quite impassable for carriages. At least so it seemed to me, until we came to the race-course of Manáos, and there to our astonishment we found a motor! Mr. Sutton's chestnut gave a violent shy and swung round. Snap went the girths! The motor-driver then offered to take him to the training stables for a new girth, but it was not to be; the motor started, but in a couple of minutes had plunged into one of the many muddy chasms which intersect the road! So Mr. Sutton walked with us to the stables, and there procured a new girth. Poor Mr. S. was very hot indeed.

For a short time we watched an impromptu race on the course, between a French and English thoroughbred, and then turned to go home. We reached the highest point in the country round Manáos, and had a very pretty view of the forest, billowing in every direction on one side, and on the other running gently down to the river.

When we arrived back in the town, I expected and very much wanted to go straight home, but Mr. Noguera thought it a good opportunity to show ourselves off in all the principal streets of Manáos! So we clattered through, bringing many people out to see us, when luckily it began to rain and we were obliged to end our ride. We arrived

home about eight o'clock. I did my best to thank Mr. Noguera in rather halting French, to which he replied that he was "Tout à vous," and would be delighted to take me out riding *any* time I wished.



"ACROSS THE LINES" AT MANÁOS

Captain Collings, who was splendid, enjoyed himself thoroughly. We had a good wash and change, and felt very much as if we had had a good day's hunting instead of a country ride!

March 13: We went across the lines to-day, in

a box with two chairs. It was much tamer than I expected.

Dined with the Lachlans. Very hot. After dinner Dr Lavandeyra took us all to a concert in the theatre. It was stiflingly close, and the myriads of crickets (or grasshoppers) in the hall made such a tremendous chirruping as almost to drown the efforts of the two artists.

The Brazilian ladies all looked very happy and hot, being dressed in very tight-fitting Parisian gowns.

We were both glad to get home again and to bed.

March 14: We went to see the *Lanfranc* off this morning. Saying good-bye to Captain Collings made us quite sad, and it seemed strange to think they would all be in England whilst we were still languishing in Brazil!

I had a little talk with Comte Beauregard. He told me he had had yellow fever and nearly died. He said: "Je ne suis pas par nature peureux, mais je suis bon Chrétien, je suis religieux et j'ai grand peur de la mort! Vous, madame, vous êtes sage, mais moi, je redoute l'enfer!" He is an unworldly, simple old gentleman, and reminds me of Colonel Newcome.

It was wonderful to see the *Lanfranc* drift away and sail down river with her one hundred souls aboard. It seems such a responsibility for some one. The Captain, perhaps!

March 15: Sunday: This morning we started early for our picnic. Breakfast at 7.30. The

party consisted of George and myself, Mr. Schwabe, Mr. Sutton, Mr. Kup and Dr. Horton.

The morning was delicious and beautifully cool; after "launching" up the Rio Négro for about an hour and a half, we turned into a small tributary where we tried for some minutes to attract the attention of a pilot, and at length got a regular man of the woods to accept the position. His



AFTER LUNCH ON THE "PICHIS." DR. HORTON ON THE RIGHT OF THE PHOTO, TREGONING NEXT HIM

canoe, however, was rather too small, and he fetched a larger one.

An old lady having died this morning in one of the huts on the bank, our pilot went on shore to contribute a few planks for her coffin! For half an hour or more we canoed up the stream, the woods and trees on either bank looking very lovely, reflected in the still black water.

Half the party, consisting of G. M. B. and myself, Mr. Schwabe and Mr. Sutton, walked through the virgin forest to a small ford where

we were to meet the rest of the party in a canoe I was disappointed with my walk as we saw no animal life, and although we heard many birds calling, we caught sight of none. There were many insects, one especially interesting which exactly resembled a small green twig. Mr. Schwabe thinks they are rather rare. One beautiful butterfly we caught. The trees were not so fine as I had expected, and although there was something very wonderful and strange in the perfect stillness and solemnity of the forest, the absence of all colours was depressing.

Mr. Kup and the Doctor were much excited, as they had shot a monkey on their way through the forest. It was only Mr. Kup's fourth shot which killed the monkey, and even then the poor little animal, though dead, still hung on to the tree with his tail. The man of the woods swarmed up for him in a marvellous manner, the trunk being as thick as himself, and no branches till he got to the monkey!

We came back in the canoe, whilst the others walked back the way we had come, but unfortunately rain began, and prevented us from seeing this very beautiful scenery at its best. The water was 40 ft. deep, and the forest almost as thick as on the land itself, so that we canoed amongst the actual tree-tops, pushing ourselves from one trunk to another, the man of the woods whistling the while. We arrived back at the launch rather wet, and some of the others were quite soaked through. So we changed as best we could, and ate a very hearty lunch! The weather was too

bad to permit of visiting the other side of the river as had been intended, so we came straight home, tired and very hot.

March 16: Spent a very hot morning packing.

When we boarded the *Perseverança* at 2.30, everybody came on board to wish us good-bye,



G. M. B. CATCHING BUTTERFLIES WHILE THE NATIVES PULL
OUR CANOES UP SOME RAPIDS

and plenty of champagne was drunk. We started at 3 o'clock in a great thunderstorm. At about 4.30 we came to the point where the Rio Négro joins the Amazon; here it was very curious to see the sharp outline of the waters where the black Négro ended and the olive-brown Amazon began. It was so beautifully cool on deck that we slung our hammocks and mosquito-nets to avoid sleeping in our stuffy cabins.

As G. M. B. was very tired from his ten days'

hard work and social duties in Manáos, we went to bed early.

SS. "Perseverança": March 17: We see some lovely butterflies from the boat, but they are almost impossible to catch. Herons abound also, aigrettes in quantities, kingfishers small and big, and hawks. Piums too and sandflies begin to show themselves, not a very welcome addition to mosquitoes!

At 3.30 we land some men to pick grass for the cattle on board. Whilst they are doing it, we visit a Brazilian farmer, and go round his estate. The Captain tells us it cost him £5000 to build his houses and sheds. Cattle, sheep and chickens everywhere. Pretty little green parroquets, as numerous as sparrows in England, are flying about in the orchard, eating the fruit.

G. M. B.'s head is so bad that he eats no dinner, takes his calomel and retires to bed about 8 o'clock.

After piquet with Dr. Horton, I turn in myself. We find the hammocks very comfortable.

March 18: About 2 o'clock we were suddenly startled by two gun-shots; we rushed round to the other side of the boat, whence the sound came, and found Captain Watrin had shot an alligator. We were sorry not to be there and see the creature. They are rarely seen when the river is so high; they prefer basking in the sun when the mud-banks are exposed.

March 19: G. M. B. very much himself again, with only a suspicion of headache, which gradually gets better during the day.

It is so beautifully cool this morning that I wear my scutum to keep warm; and last night I was obliged to go and fetch my rug, it was so cold in the hammock.

G. sights an alligator on a log, the Captain runs with his gun, and G. takes a shot at him. But he is too far off, and the beast splashes into the river as the shot enters the water just beyond. We also see a turtle.

When the river is low, the beach, we are told, is covered with alligators; turtles, parrots, and sometimes even deer and monkeys are seen coming down to drink.

The forest to-day is very wonderful: it is so thick, and the great trees are so closely bound together with creepers and festoons that it looks quite impenetrable. The Captain says that many thoughtless sailors think they will go and see what it is like for 30 yards, but never come out again. I can well believe it.

The evening is gorgeous: G. and I sit by the pilot, and are advised by the Captain to put hats on! We fail to see the dark spaces in the sky which so impressed Cousin Charles, but the Southern Cross is very visible.

March 20: Pouring with rain this morning, and very cool.

We pass the Rio Jutaz.

At breakfast we have tremendous tales of bull-fights. George and Dr. Horton, with eyes starting out of their heads, argue whether the gentleman (or lady) diver into a 6-ft. tank or the toreador at

a bull-fight, have the greatest skill and nerve. The Captain makes many inopportune remarks, and we tell him he much resembles the German Emperor!

The trees and scenery along the banks are much the same, but we notice particularly a tree with a bare black-looking trunk. They say the wood of this tree is very hard and very expensive. It is used for the floors of the best Brazilian houses, generally in alternate stripes with a hard white wood. The white ants, which eat all the softer woods, do not attack these two kinds.

March 21: This morning, about 1.30, we passed the *Huascar* on her way from Iquitos to Manáos. G. M. B. and Mr. Robilliard, both looking rather odd in pyjamas, dressing-gowns and straw hats, went on board with our mail and had a short talk with Captain Forbes. The moon was bright and the current strong, but the little boat brought them back quite safely.

At 9 o'clock, as the Captain wanted to cut more grass for the cattle on board, we landed at a small farm. It was damp and muddy underfoot, the mosquitoes were pretty bad, but the piums were more than any of us could stand! They covered our faces and hands, and the air seemed alive with them. I had brought my butterfly-net with me, but had to use it to cover my face and neck. These piums are insects about the size of a small fly; they bury themselves in the skin in an instant, producing a small irritating spot with a bright red drop of blood in the centre.

The farm was called "Novo Paradiso"!

March 22: We spent rather a disturbed night. About 11.30 it became so foggy that the Captain thought it wise to anchor. We could hardly see the banks, and an hour earlier we had run into a huge log, which we could only get rid of by stopping and dropping astern.

At 3.30 A.M. the fog lifted, but when the Captain



TABATINGA BARRACKS (BRAZILIAN FRONTIER)

wanted to start, the anchor would not come up. After a good deal of trouble and shaking of the ship, it was raised with a log attached.

The rain to-day was incessant, and, early in the morning, came down in torrents, as it well knows how to in the Amazon Valley. We passed many fine cotton-trees and one gorgeous tree flowering purple, but the weather was so dull that we did not see it at its best.

We saw many parrots in flocks, all chattering hard. Also a couple of parrots and a couple of macaws. The parrots and macaws always fly in pairs, and so close to one another that their wings look as if they were touching. One can see very little of their brilliant plumage when they are flying high, as we have seen them doing up to now.



SOLDIERS' QUARTERS AT TABATINGA

March 23 : Last night about 10 o'clock we arrived at Laura Esdré, the State frontier of Brazil, a small place where we had to have our papers examined.

We then went on to Esperança, the Federal frontier of Brazil, and as it took about an hour from Laura Esdré, we arrived there too late for our papers to be seen, and we were obliged to anchor for the night. The examining gentleman came on board early to pass us, and by 8 o'clock we were at Tabatinga, the Military frontier of Brazil, and

a most ridiculous place. There were two or three antiquated cannons stuck on top of the mud bank, a sentry-box with a nigger standing outside with a gun, and a few fossilised gun-carriages in a row behind. But as there are no roads either in or anywhere near Tabatinga, they seem rather useless.

The barracks looked picturesque in the distance,



GUNS AND SENTRY AT TABATINGA

but when we came close, we found nothing but a long low whitewashed front, with the Royal Arms of the Brazilian Empire still over the portal! The officials had not even taken the trouble to remove them when the Republic was established. There was no back to this imposing front, no roof, only a few ruined walls, with grass and trees growing inside, and a few dirty hammocks slung for the soldiers. The whole thing looked extraordinarily dilapidated and impotent.

The *Perseverança* had found it very difficult to anchor close to the bank, and the current had dragged her, anchor and all, a quarter of a mile below Tabatinga, so that when we wished to get back to her in our small boat, we had to row right into the middle of the river, where the current was tremendous. The gangway was on the far side of the ship, and we crossed the *Perseverança* about 30 yards above her bows and then made a dart for the ladder. The first officer put the helm of our little boat hard over, so that we charged the ship broadside on, and, as the officer had made a good shot, the sailors, who were very agile and strong, were able to seize the ladder and just hold on by the skin of their teeth, and so prevent our smashing in to the sides of the *Perseverança*. Although a wonderful feat on the part of the first officer, it was horribly risky and ought never to have been attempted.

In about ten minutes we arrived at the Peruvian Military frontier, Leticia. This was a neat little place, much more attractive than Tabatinga. We were received by a gentleman who spoke English very well, and also, to our great joy, met a gentleman who has been to Lima *via* the Pachitea and Pichis Rivers, Puerta Bermudez and Oroya.

A Peruvian lady presented me with a little parrot, which seemed very tame, though I soon found it was not so, but had its wings and tail clipped short.

I took it on board, but it couldn't bear to be noticed, and would not eat. I left it on a chair where it had been sitting all the afternoon, and

when I came back it was gone! It must have heard the hundreds of parrots chattering and screeching in the forest, and made a last desperate attempt to join them and fallen overboard. Poor little thing! José caught me some butterflies, two yellow and one blue. We also saw a large



DR. HORTON AND MY "LETICIA" PARROQUET

metallic-blue butterfly, but it was too swift to be caught. I hope José, next time he comes with me as a butterfly boy, will not wear such smart tight boots. They can't be comfortable for running.

This evening the guard, who is accompanying us from Leticia to Iquitos, told us some cheering and useful things about the trip from Iquitos to Lima. He has twice done it, and has given us many hints

as to tambos (hotels), &c. He also told us that wireless telegraphy runs from Puerta Bermudez to Oroya!

This rather depresses me!

March 24: My parrot was found by the Captain in a dark corner of the ship. It seemed none the worse, and looks a little happier than it did yesterday. I don't quite know what I shall do with it.

This afternoon we saw what seemed to us lovely crimson orchids. They were growing up in a large tree, where orchids should grow, but we were not quite close enough to see properly.

I have spent a very busy day—Letters, Spanish, German, and reading “Framley Parsonage” with G. M. B.

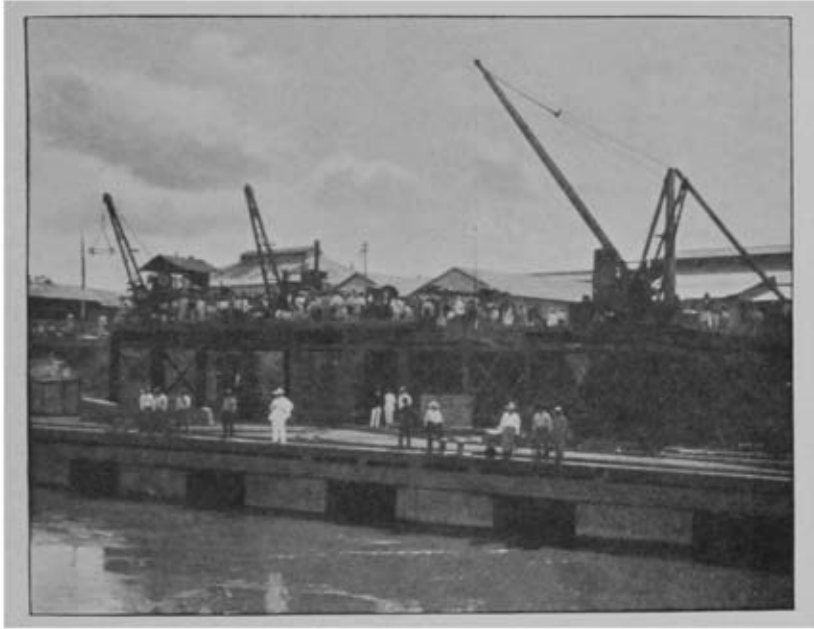
It is wonderful the way the days on board whirl round. I haven't had time to do half the things I meant to on this journey—as to reading, I mean. No “Faust” and one chapter of Carlyle so far!

Iquitos: March 25: A lovely sunshiny day, which is very delicious after yesterday's rain. I lost my parrot again last night, but a series of small squeaks revealed him up in the curtains of our cabin! At about 1.30 we sight Iquitos, and actually arrive there at 2.30. We are met by a great crowd of people.

Captain Good, Mr. Tregoning, Mr. Sanceau (Louis), and Mr. Mackay are there, and very welcoming. The first view of Iquitos was very disappointing to me. I somehow expected a smaller Manáos, but found it quite different, and

the swift current running right up to the other side of the pontoon makes it look very hopeless as a harbour.

The Captain and Mr. Robilliard have a difference of opinion as to bringing the ship up to the pontoon at once, and we eventually wait for a signal from



THE LANDING-STAGE AT IQUITOS ON OUR ARRIVAL

Captain Good, telling us to come. After we have said our how-do-you-do's we land and take a walk in the town. It is a curious little place, good foot-pavements, shocking roads, with open drains running down the middle of the street. We have a long talk with Mr. Tregoning and Mr. Sanceau about our trip, and it seems as if we shall have no difficulty in getting a good launch to take us from the Pachitea to Puerta Bermudez.

By-the-by, our little Spanish guard made us

an offer, through Mr. Robilliard, to take us over to Lima for £250. We did not accept!

Captain Good, Messrs. Tregoning, Sanceau and Mackay come to dinner. The mosquitoes are very



CANOEING FROM BERMUDEZ TO JESSUPI

bad, and I am at last driven into the mosquito-house, where I find perfect peace.

Mr. Tregoning is much to the fore, and G. M. B. thoroughly enjoys talking things over with him.

March 26 : I don't leave the boat in the morning, and G. M. B. comes back from his rounds with Captain Good very tired and very hungry. We all lunch on board.

It is filthily dirty on deck, as they have been moving all the coal forward, in order to get the propellers as much out of water as possible. Two blades have been broken and have to be mended



CANOEING FROM BERMUDEZ TO JESSUPI

to-morrow, and then the coaling will commence again the day after.

We dine at a restaurant, Bella Vista, with our usual party. It is very pleasant, as there are hardly any mosquitoes. Afterwards we go back to the house and are shown some wonderful Indian clothes and arms. We are told they are to be

given to us! Two grass hammocks, some grass skirts, &c., a wonderfully woven coat, rather like the coats worn by the shepherds near Jerusalem, only a good deal finer.

Mr. Sanceau shows us a blow-pipe gun with poisoned darts.

March 27: Dr. Horton and I start out for a walk in the forest. We go through Iquitos and arrive



IQUITOS STREET

at a place where women and girls are washing. Our path gets very wet and soon becomes a simple stream with, every yard or so, a few rotten logs laid across it. As we both have on thin shoes and clean clothes, we determine to give it up and try another day with more suitable boots and gaiters. We caught some very pretty little red butterflies, but did not see much else.

The women here all seem to go about with their hair down their backs and a panama hat stuck on

top. They have very fine black hair, but otherwise are not good to look at.

Yesterday G. M. B. and I watched two girls about twelve years old diving and swimming in the water. They were just like fish and loved to run down the bank and throw themselves into the water, laughing with delight. Some boys who were fishing near by thought it great fun to throw stones and mud at them (I dare say they



IQUITOS STREET

were very annoyingly disturbing the fish), but they took no notice and presently came out of the water, and popped their pink cotton flouncey skirts right over the dripping garments in which they had been bathing. Their civilisation is very superficial.

“Grattez le Russe et vous trouvez le Tartare !”

March 28: We have two calls, one from the Brazilian Consul, at about 8 A.M., and one from

a Señor Felipe —, rather a nice Portuguese gentleman, who owns two launches. The Brazilian Consul is a very poor thing indeed—hardly a man.

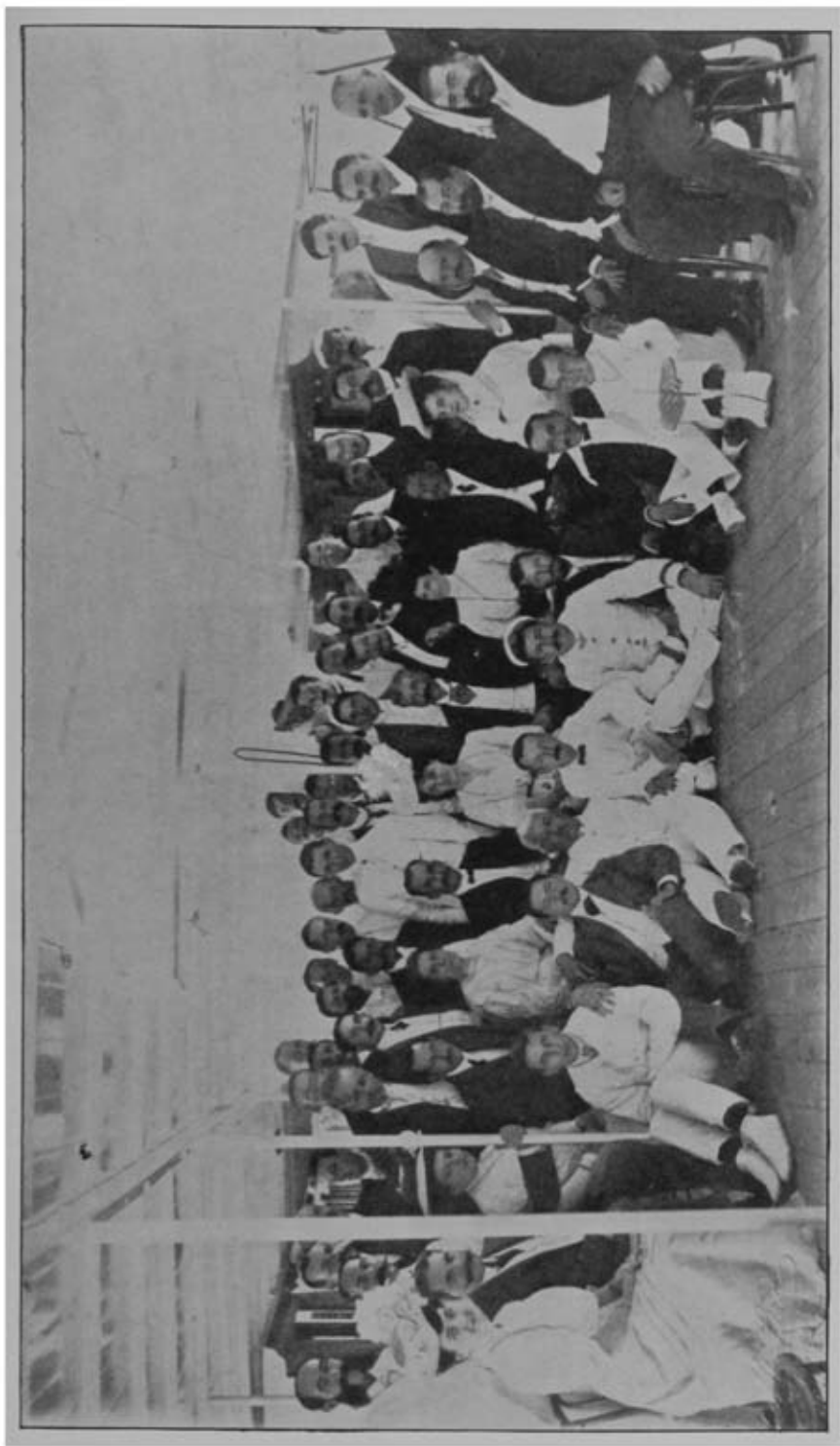
It was very hot to-day, and there seemed to be scarcely a breath of air stirring. Captain Good's house is very stuffy, as they shut the windows on one side of the house to keep the rain out, and therefore there is no through draught.

To-day my parroquet became too adventurous, overbalanced, and fell into the water. The poor little thing flapped about and was gradually getting more and more exhausted when one of the boys below jumped overboard and rescued it. He was obliged to put the bird in his mouth when he had reached it, and bring it back in that way. Parroquet was very sorry for itself for an hour or so, and looked a miserable drenched object. I am sending it back from Iquitos in the *Manco*. Mr. Sanceau has promised to look after it for me.

March 29 : The Great Iquitos Banquet !

The guests were asked for 11 o'clock, and they begin coming at that hour. We shake hands very busily for about an hour, and I do my best to entertain the five ladies : Mrs. Cazes, wife of the English Consul, Miss Macaulay of Manchester, who is living out here as governess to Mr. Morey's children, and three Peruvian ladies, Señora Salgado, Señora Vega, and Señora de la Torre.

The Peruvian ladies are rather difficult to manage, as they can only talk Spanish, except Señora Salgado, who talks French. At about 12 o'clock we sit down to our meal. I sit between



THE IQUITOS BANQUET PHOTOGRAPH

the Sub-Prefect, Señor Tizan, and Captain Good. G. M. B. sits at the other end between the Prefect and Mr. Cazes. Nothing happens for some time, no food is brought on, only endless cocktails. Apparently something must have gone wrong in the kitchen, but at last the soup appears and we devour it greedily, and then there is another pause before the fish arrives, after which the dishes come on fairly regularly

Señor Tizan is very pleasant, and gives me a good deal of information concerning our journey. He has come *from* Lima, but we can find no one who has been *to* Lima from Iquitos.

During the meal plates full of cards are constantly being passed to G. M. B., myself, and Captain Good, then we find all eyes fixed on us, and have to bow and smile and drink the healths of the gentlemen who have sent round the cards.

George makes a very good speech in English ; he tells them it is Cousin Charles' birthday to-day (a white lie, it is to-morrow) and they are delighted at the coincidence ; most of them understand every word G. says ; he speaks slowly, distinctly, and altogether very well. Dr. Herrera, who had brought a long speech of about an hour's length, is deprived of his anticipated pleasure by George making Mr. Cazes say that now they were all to get up and take their coffee and cigars elsewhere. Poor Dr. Herrera, who is the editor of the *Loreto Commercial*, is furious at George's ruse, but, no doubt his speech will, none the less, appear in that newspaper.

After the cigars and coffee have been finished,

the photographer is sent for by special request, and we are all arranged in a group. The Prefect is in the middle; I sit on his right, Mrs. Cazes on his left, and G. stands up behind. Captain Good, Mr. Tregoning and Dr. Horton lie about in front. Great enthusiasm is shown, and hurrahs and claps are very loud between each photo.

The handshakings begin again, and we are left



THE RIVER ITAYA THAT ONE DAY MAY SWEEP AWAY IQUITOS

at four o'clock, very exhausted and very hot. It has been the hottest day we have had on the Amazon and seventy hot hands to shake!

March 30: We expected to start to-day for Puerta Bermudez, but our little launch, the *Elisa*, has been troublesome and slow in getting ready, and every one here thought it wiser for us to see her off first. The people here are untrustworthy and it would be quite likely that she would never

come up at all if the captain found he had other things he would prefer to do.

This afternoon we met Mr. Levy, to whom the launch belongs, and he said that the launch we did *not* take, as it was much too expensive, bumped into the *Elisa* and broke some of her machinery, just because the owners were angry and jealous. However, the *Elisa* was mended by about 5 o'clock and started coaling, so that we hope she will get off early to-morrow morning, leaving us to follow in the *Perseverança*. The *Elisa* is a comfortable-looking little launch and draws only 4 ft., so we hope after leaving the *Perseverança* to get up to Puerta Bermudez, and perhaps even as far as Puerta Jessupi, where we meet our mules.

It is very surprising to me to learn that the *Perseverança* draws only 7 ft.!

To-day was very hot indeed, and the mosquitoes seem to get larger and more troublesome every day. Poor G. M. B. has some bad bites on his hands and toes, most uncomfortable places.

March 31: The *Elisa* comes up to the mole and takes on what she calls her provisions, which look uncommonly like cargo. However, Mr. Levy, we hear, is going to be on board all the time, so that the captain will have to do more or less what we want.

Many people come and see us off and drink champagne—the Prefect, the Sub-Prefect, Mr. Cazes, Mr. Norden, M. Sourrisse and several others.

At last the *Elisa* starts, not without five lady passengers, much to our consternation, but it turns

out that they are only going a little way up, with Captain Good's permission. A poor woman, with a clean white frock, wanted to get to Lima, and offered herself as my maid if we would take her. But we had to say no. She could not possibly have come with us over the Andes, but I was very sorry for her.

Captain Good's boy is coming across with us.



NATIVE QUARTERS AT IQUITOS

He cannot bear being left in Iquitos without Captain Good, whom he calls father, so he is going to be our servant till we get to Lima, and I expect will be very useful. His name is Cæsar!

We start a few minutes after the *Elisa*, and in about an hour have caught her up. But she will no doubt get to Massisea as soon as we shall, as she can take short cuts in shallow water. We have two very good pilots on board, besides the two who took us from Manáos to Iquitos. Captain

Good, Mr. Tregoning, Mr Robilliard, Dr. Horton and ourselves are the party.

The view of Iquitos from up the river is much more imposing than that from below the town. Indeed, approaching from Manáos one hardly realises there is any town at all. About a quarter of an hour after leaving Iquitos we pass the small river Itaya. This can be used by canoes, and



THE "ELISA" NEARLY CATCHES UP

avoids a long bend in the main Amazon ; it is said that in a few years the whole stream will force its way through this narrow channel and sweep away Iquitos.

April 1 : We were obliged to anchor for three hours last night. It was too dark to see the shores.

We woke up in the Ucayali.

About 2 o'clock our pilots disobey orders and take us a short cut, with the result that we stick for ten minutes or so on a mud-bank in the middle



Juanjui



Contamana



of the river. The pilots, in disgrace, bring us back again to the main river, and we start afresh. This adventure, however, takes about an hour, and we presently see the *Elisa* steaming up behind. She takes our unsuccessful short cut quite easily but does not pass us. We again leave her behind.

Captain Watrin is very excited.



A LARGE FAMILY RAFT

About 9 P.M. it again gets so dark that we have to anchor, and the *Elisa* passes us.

At about 11 P.M. it clears up and we proceed. I have never seen such rain as we had to-day. It came down like a great sheet, and the water looked like diamonds on a large frosted piece of glass, with the millions of rain-drops on the surface.

In the afternoon we passed a raft, about 30 ft. by 20 ft., inhabited by a large family, poultry and cattle, with a grass field dragging behind. These

people float down the river to Manáos or wherever they can dispose of their rubber, bananas, &c., and then take a steamer home. It looks wonderfully romantic.

April 2: Early this morning we swamped a canoe containing two girls and a boy. They clung



A SMALL INDIAN HUT WHERE WE STOPPED TO MEND
OUR PROPELLERS

on to the canoe and we went back to save them, but another canoe reached them before we did.

Last night we broke two propeller blades, so we put the ship into the bank, and she was mended again in three or four hours. We stopped by a small Indian house, made of palm leaves and bamboos. The inhabitants looked poor, and for food we only saw bananas and fowls. These Indian houses are most picturesque, with their

great sloping roofs made of palm leaves, and the walls made of bamboos stuck together. They are built on piles to prevent the water from flooding them at high river, and in this particular place the inhabitants were obliged to wade about their garden!

In the afternoon we passed another raft, and



A SUNSET ON THE UCAVALI

on it were three men, and a fire burning, but the wash of our steamer quickly put out the fire!

The river banks here are not very interesting, the growth being rather low, and the big trees not showing at all. There are also many dead trees with white trunks, making the place look very forlorn. To reward us for the poverty of the scenery, there was a glorious sunset last night. The whole western sky was a gorgeous glow of purple, pink and green, soon passing into a dark

red wine colour. All this was reflected in the still glassy water, with a most wonderful effect.

April 3: Spent a busy methodical day reading: Carlyle's "French Revolution." Spanish, Prescott's "Peru."

The scenery is dull to-day. It has a wasted,



THE FRONT STREET OF CONTAMANA. NEW THATCH
DRYING IN THE SUN

marshy look which is very dreary. There are no big trees, only rather high reeds and small white dead trees all along the bank. In the evening we are pestered by mosquitoes, and after dinner take refuge in our mosquito-house, four of us playing bridge and another reading. It is rather close quarters, but anything is better than mosquitoes.

The *Elisa* is overtaken in the evening, and passed again. We wonder very much which of us will arrive at Massisea first.

April 4: We went aground last night, but had no difficulty in getting off. The pilots say that from here on we shall not be able to travel by night. There are too many banks to go aground on.

Yesterday the banks were flat and uninteresting, but to-day we sight mountains. Captain Watrin called me about 6 A.M. to look at a mountain, and there right in front of us it loomed up, five hundred



THE BACK STREET OF CONTAMANA

feet high. We located it on the map and found it really joined on to the Andes, so that now we feel *very* near the Promised Land. The effect of this blue hill beyond the large expanse of water reminded me very much of a Scotch loch.

In about an hour's time, a whole range of small mountains developed in the distance. Although about 2000 ft. high, they were, as far as we could see, covered with trees. They were a beautiful blue and very refreshing to look upon, after the endless flat wooded country.

About three in the afternoon we arrived at a

small town called Contamana. We were delighted with it.

It had one long street parallel to the river, with very pretty houses on one side, mostly thatched and bamboo-walled.

The street itself was beautifully kept and clean, and everything looked as spick and span as possible. Another smaller street ran parallel to and behind the large street, and was connected by eighteen short streets. G. M. B. likened it to New York! Children crowded round the boat, and we fed about thirty small boys on prunes and chocolate, which they ate with great relish.

It seemed a most prosperous little place: fowls and cattle everywhere, with bananas, orange-trees, and papa-fruit-trees growing in the gardens and streets.

April 5: G. M. B. has a most disagreeable rash all over his body. It is very irritating and miserable. Dr. Horton thinks it is a kind of prickly heat. Anyhow, it is a most unwelcome addition to mosquitoes, piums, &c.

We saw two large birds yesterday on the banks. The Captain calls them unicorn birds, because they have a kind of horn on their beaks. Through the glasses they looked to me like enormous ducks, but we are told they are really more like turkeys, and have beautiful eagle-like eyes. They are black and reddish brown. The aigrettes are very plentiful here, and we saw some wonderful pink ones, just the colour of pink coral. They were most beautiful flying against the green banks.

The river has fallen a good foot here, and I believe we shall only just be in time to get up to Bermudez.

The *Elisa* was sighted by the *Sea-green Incorruptible* early this morning, so we hope she is coming up all right.

We spent a very hard morning washing stockings,



THE CHIEF HOUSE IN CONTAMANA

handkerchiefs, G. M. B. s shirts and collars and other underclothing.

It was *very* hard work, but we were proud of our ironing!

Another gorgeous sunset. We have them nearly every evening.

April 6: This morning we gave Captain Watrin a silver ink-pot, with a small clock attached. He seemed much pleased.

The whole crew will get their presents (of money) when they get back to Para. Pilots, cook and headmen get £5 and the others £1 upwards. I believe it will cost about £70.

The water is still falling; Captain Good thinks about $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. by now, but it may rise a little again before going down still farther.

This afternoon we saw hundreds and hundreds of aigrettes rise from a marshy piece of bank, looking like a great cloud of beautiful snow-flakes.

Another gorgeous sunset.

We anchored at Massisea about 9.30 P.M.; still no sign of the *Elisa*.

April 7: We woke up opposite Massisea. It is a very small place, only a few houses, a good many cattle, and I counted eight horses.

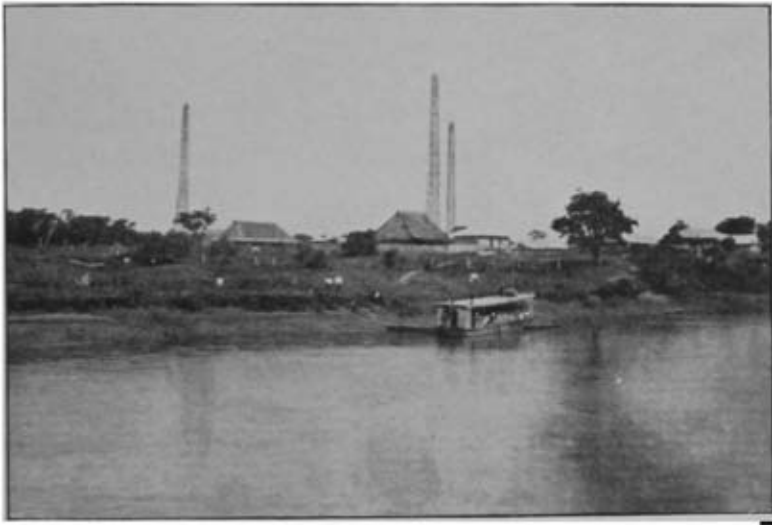
But Massisea's great title to fame is that it is the terminus of the wireless telegraphy to Lima. It is very odd to see the three high receiving-towers rising above the forest and the small houses. We sent our telegram to Tarma, asking if the mules had already started, and if not that they should be sent as soon as possible to Puerta Bermudez.

To our great joy, about 7.30 A.M. the *Elisa* came up, and whilst M. Robespierre and Co. were sending the wire, we transhipped all our provisions, so as to save time in our transshipment at Bocca Pachitea. The five black ladies were still on board the *Elisa*, but they disembarked very soon.

The mosquitoes came on in myriads, and were a great nuisance, helping us packing, and swarming round us whenever we stood still. Poor George is still suffering with his rash, and hardly slept at all. It is a most persistent and exasperating irritation.

We started from Massisea about 9 o'clock, and soon left the *Elisa* behind. We arrived at Bocca

Pachitea at 12.30 and waited for her rather anxiously. She was longer than we expected, and didn't arrive till past three. Her excuse was "gathering bananas." Whilst we were waiting we saw shoals of porpoises jumping out of the water in every direction. The Captain and Mr. Robilliard had shots at them with their rifles, and the Captain



MASSISEA, SHOWING THE POLES FOR WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

thought he hit one. We also saw a couple of very large black and white wild ducks. They were very tame and alighted only about 60 yards from us.

We were not long in getting ourselves and our luggage aboard the *Elisa*, and at 3.45 we saw the last of the *Perseverança*.

Steam Launch "Elisa" : April 7 : This boat is much smaller than the *Perseverança*, but I think we shall be able to make ourselves comfortable, and we have all our own food. The Pachitea is

much smaller than the Ucayali, not more than a quarter of a mile wide anywhere, and often only 100 yards. It would have been impossible to get the *Perseverança* up any distance.

For the first time I saw two araras with the sun full on them, and their colouring is wonderfully vivid: bright crimson and green in the evening sky. We were much pleased to see some cow-fish



GOOD-BYE TO THE "PERSEVERANÇA" ON THE UCAYALI RIVER AT THE MOUTH OF THE PACHITEA (2950 MILES UP THE AMAZON)

occasionally coming to the surface. They are really small river seals, and are not often seen.

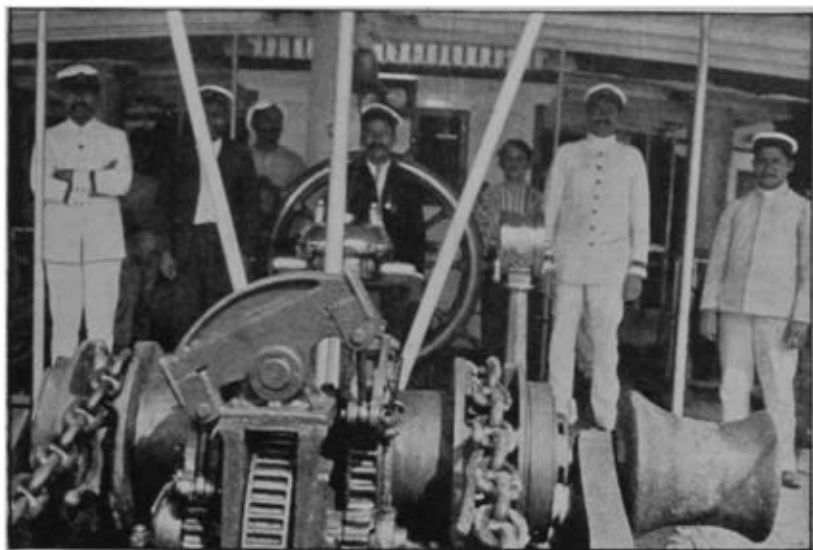
The herons, aigrettes and pelicans are much tamer here than in the bigger rivers, and one can get within 30 yards of them in a boat like the *Elisa*.

The river has evidently fallen considerably; they say it will now rise again a little, but that we shall go from Bermudez to Jessupi in canoes.

April 8: We slept rather like sardines side by side in our hammocks. G. M. B.'s whole body is

unbearable, and he had very little sleep again last night. If the horror would only work itself out. The mosquitoes are not at all troublesome on this river, and though we have been told the piums are annoying here, we have not seen much of them so far.

Early this morning, some of the mud-banks were quite shingly, and later on the banks became soft-



OFFICERS, BOATSWAINS AND PILOTS OF THE "PERSEVERANÇA"

looking rocks instead of the usual mud. The river is very pretty indeed with the rocky sides covered with ferns and small clinging plants. It twists and turns about and doubles on itself in a most wonderful way, and the current is tremendous.

At one corner there was a regular torrent to meet us, and for a few minutes we scarcely made any headway. The Captain told us that boats often take two days doing that little bit; they have to manage by hauling themselves up by rope.

We only came across one hut inhabited by Indians, with their usual bundles of wood for sale to the launches. We are lucky in our coal! Very few civilised beings inhabit these regions, as there are ferocious tribes of Indians inland, and no one has yet dared to explore. Even the rubber here has to be left ungathered. We saw an alligator on a bank; Mr. Robilliard shot at him, but missed, and the alligator crawled slowly into the river. Later on we saw a baby alligator.

Monsieur Levv tells us that the journey from Bocca Pachitea to Bermudez is sixty hours' navigation, and only eighteen coming down the river.

April 9: Poured again last night and the river has risen quite considerably, which is very useful to us. George's rash doesn't seem to get any better; and in the night especially it is a great misery to him. However, he is now being dieted and omitting baths, and taking some alkaline pills of Dr. Horton's, so that we hope it will soon get better. Meanwhile it is hard to bear.

The banks are high this morning, about 60 ft., and are made of soft red rock. It is very picturesque indeed. The river has decidedly risen to-day, so that we can go quite close in to the bank, where the current is not so strong.

We moored close in to the bank this evening. The Captain, who is afraid to trust to the anchor only where the bed of the river is rocky, likes to tie up to the trees as well.

Soon after we had arrived at our evening anchorage, four Indians came in a canoe. They wanted

to buy candles from Mr. Levy and produced two golden English sovereigns for the purpose!

They were strong, short, rather squat little men, very dark, with broad faces, high cheek-bones, and straight black hair, cut round like "Trilby's." The head-man had his face very much reddened by some dye. He was the only one who spoke Spanish, and told Mr. Levy that they lived not



A BEND ON THE PACHITEA

very far off, and that they were *good* Indians, but lived next door to a bad tribe of Indian cannibals; he showed us the scar of a tomahawk across the top of his head. One of his followers had a silver nose-ring, like a small shield, hanging from his nose on to his upper lip. They went away in their canoe, very well satisfied with their case of candles for £2!

April 10: G. M. B. has had a better night, and although his poor body is still covered with horrid little red lumps, they do not look so red and angry

as they did. I have a very slight attack of prickly heat, but nothing to make me uncomfortable.

The river to-day has been much broader, and in parts very beautiful, particularly one stretch of about two miles, with the blue mountains in the distance, and the banks high and clothed with fine trees and flowering shrubs.

The butterflies are getting more numerous and we saw some perfect ones, turquoise-blue and black. Some splendid crimson and blue-grey araras flew over the river towards evening.

The scents in the evenings and nights are delicious. I have noticed it all the way up the Amazon.

The river is again sinking rapidly. The Captain said a couple of feet during the day, and he expects it will fall another couple during the night. So we are tying ourselves up in some deep water beside an island.

Last night we all dreamt of cannibals!

April 11: At ten minutes to three P.M. we arrived at the junction of the Pichis and the Palcazu, just four days, minus one hour, from the mouth of the Pachitea. We continued right south on the Pichis, whilst the Palcazu came swirling down from the west.

The water of the Pichis is much darker and greener than that of the Pachitea, and the current at first was very slack, being dammed up by the rush of water round the bend from the Palcazu. The Pichis is certainly a size smaller than the Pachitea; the scenery is very much the same.

For the last three or four days we have hardly

been troubled by biting insects. Mosquitoes have been fewer and fewer since we left the Ucayali, and the pioms have not been very troublesome, excepting at breakfast-time, when every one is adorned by a halo of these little wretches. However, we may have a good dose before we leave the river, as we have been told how bad they are and how we ought to wear gloyes, and nets over our faces.



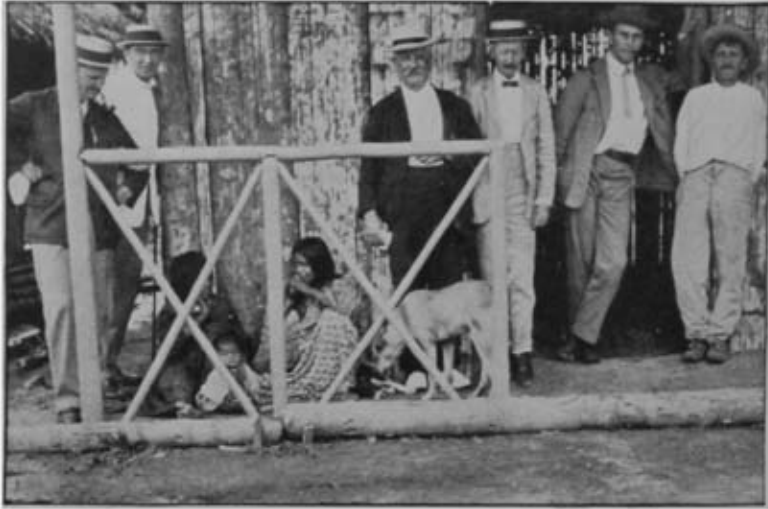
ENTERING THE RIVER PICHIS

My "French Revolution" is getting painfully exciting, and I can hardly bear to read of the horror of that most mad and frantic time. I wonder whether it would have been possible for the English ever to have become such hell fiends! I don't believe so. 1792 seems such a short while ago.

April 12: At last we arrive at the hut and clearing of the much-talked-of Irishman. We reach the place about 12.30, and find a neat-looking thatched house with the usual bamboo walls and

several sheds. At the landing-place is a board, and on it " ' Santa Zita ' [Plantacion de Goma]."

Mr. Crawford, the said Irishman, an ex-sailor, meets us, and shows us all round his little house and rubber plantation. He is an odd-looking little man with, it is said, a great weakness for *cachaça*. He makes quite a lot of money over



MR. CRAWFORD'S HOUSE

From the right—*Bobie Crawford*, *Dr. Horton*, *Mr. Robilliard*,
Captain Good, *G. M. Booth* and *W. H. Tregoning*

his rubber, and then, alas, is induced by his buyers to get drunk, and whilst in that state is robbed of more rubber.

He ran away from his ship at Callao some twenty-five years ago, and has lived here ever since.

He promises us Indians and canoes, to take us up to *Jessupi*, for the sum of £10. He also tells us that in the *Elisa* we shall probably not get beyond a rocky piece of river called *Esperança*, about twelve miles short of *Bermudez*.

We start from Santa Zita with Irishman, Indians and canoes, determined to go as far as we can in the *Elisa* towards Bermudez, but when we reach Esperanza the river is falling fast, so we anchor and decide to proceed to-morrow by canoe, leaving



MR. TREGONING AND WILD PIG

the *Elisa* here to wait for Mr. Robilliard and Captain Good, who are coming up with us as far as Bermudez.

At Santa Zita G. M. B., Dr. Horton and Cæsar caught me some very pretty little blue, red and black pencilled butterflies. Such an Apollo

of an Indian is going to be one of the men to paddle the canoes to-morrow !

April 13 : We started this morning at about 7.30 in three canoes : one large one belonging to



JOSÉ CATCHING BUTTERFLIES

the *Elisa* containing all our luggage, and two smaller ones belong to *Bobie* Crawford, containing more luggage and all of us, Captain Good, Mr. Robilliard, Tregoning, Dr. Horton, G. M. B., myself and *Cæsar* ! The current was hard to battle against, and our three men with their poles

and paddles had their work cut out for them. We spread a waterproof sheet over the bamboos at the bottom of the canoe and sat thereon. It was very hard, and we soon became cramped, especially as the canoe was not intended for so many persons. The big luggage canoe, which was very heavy, was soon passed, but caught us up again whilst we were



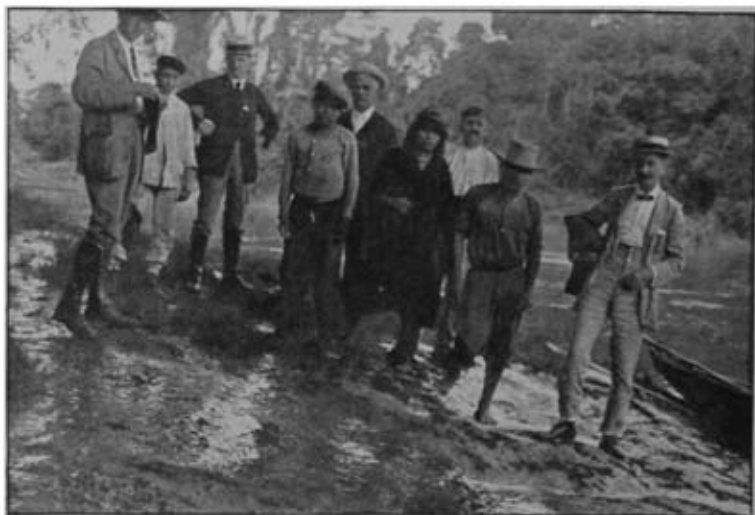
LEAVING SANTA ZITA

finishing our picnic lunch on a rocky piece of "playa." We immensely enjoyed our lunch of sardines, potted meat and biscuit. Mr. Robilliard is a treasure of humour on such occasions. The butterflies all along the banks were beautiful, and I am looking forward to catching some good specimens to-morrow.

We arrived at Puerta Bermudez at 2 P.M., and went straight to the wireless telegraphy office. I

found that I had been mistaken in thinking the wireless ran all the way to Lima from Massisea. It only runs as far as Puerta Bermudez, and then the telephone goes on from here.

We found that the telephone had broken down between here and Lima, and that no answer had been received to our message to Tarma about the



PICNIC LUNCH ON A ROCKY PIECE OF PLAYA

From the left : G. M. B., Cæsar, Tregoning, Captain Good (behind the natives), and Mr. Robilliard.

mules, and no one even knew if the message had been received. So we had to begin bargaining with Mr. Crawford's friend here, Señor Ribero, about mules, and he says he can give us seven at Puerta Jessupi. We really need fifteen at least if we carry all our provisions with us, but we shall probably have to leave a good deal behind, unless we can get more mules. There was a good deal of haggling as to price, &c., and we were naturally

rather in their power, as we wish to do this trip, and they monopolise the means of our doing it!

We settled at last for $8\frac{1}{2}$ sols each mule each day.

When we had finished our discussion, Captain Good and Mr. Robilliard got up to go. They were



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY STATION. BERMUDEZ

to be back with the *Elisa* this evening, and it was already 4.15. Suddenly a boy came running up to say that the large canoe belonging to the *Elisa*, in which Captain Good and Mr. Robilliard were going back, had just gone off with the two sailors of the *Elisa*.

What these two boys did it for, no one knows.

They must have thought that Captain Good and Mr. R. were going on with us, and their only business was to get back to the *Elisa* as soon as possible. Mr. Crawford took one of his canoes and they went off in that, leaving us rather short, but I hope we shall be able to get two others.



OUR INDIAN CANOE BOYS AT BERMUDEZ

They say we can only start the day after tomorrow, as the men need a rest after their hard day's work, and our remaining canoe needs tinkering.

The tambo here is far from uncomfortable; it has a low thatched roof, the usual bamboo walls, through which all the children come and observe one, and a good solid mud floor. It is very airy,

and as we have our own beds, I think we shall be all right.

This evening we tried a dinner entirely provided by the tambo, to learn what sort of food to



CANOEING FROM BERMUDEZ TO JESSUPI

expect should insufficiency of mules compel us to abandon some of our own stores. It was not very good—but acceptable to the hungry

April 14: We spent a very hot morning catching butterflies. G. M. B. found a spot on the beach where they were swarming, and I caught swallow-

tails, and butterflies yellow, orange, sapphire and scarlet. But those I covet the most are the metallic and turquoise-blue, very large and most difficult to catch. I have not succeeded in securing one as yet. They fly high and very rapidly, and I have rarely seen them settle, excepting for an instant.

This afternoon we went to the wireless telegraphy office and sent an answer to Captain Watrin's message from Massisea this morning. It is wonderful and inconceivable to me!

Señor Ribero came this morning and told us he had secured four or five more mules for us at Puerta Jessupi, making about twelve in all. It will be a great joy to be able to take our own food.

The Governor or Commissioner of this place came this afternoon and gave us much useful information as to the roads we are about to take and the coldness of the mountains.

We slept last night on our very comfortable "X" beds in our "Jaeger" bags, and I was glad to get into two layers, and even then had quite chilly feet in the morning.

Of course we are practically sleeping in the open air.

To-day has been blue sky and sun all the time.

April 15: We got up at 5 A.M. Packed and had our breakfast at about 6. The canoes and Indians arrived at that hour, but only two canoes instead of three. We could not pack all our luggage and ourselves into two canoes, and had been promised three by Señor Ribero, who now

said he had made no such promise. G. M. B. arose in righteous indignation, and at the end of an hour, and with the help of the Commissioner, who was very kind, Señor R. gave in and we took on his canoe.

The Indians took some time getting our luggage



CANOEING FROM BERMUDEZ TO JESSUPI

on to the boats, and it was 8 o'clock before we started. I think George's wrath, and the masterful manner in which the whole thing was carried out, will be the talk of the little village of Bermudez for some time.

The river was shallow, and we were generally in only two or three feet of water, although the river was very fairly broad, 200 to 250 ft. all the time.

The day started cool and rather dull, but by eleven the sunshine was brilliant. We rested the men and had our own lunch on a hot sandy beach. We spent thirty-five minutes only, and then proceeded. In some parts the river was so rapid and so shallow that the men were obliged to get out and pull the canoes along. It was hard work, and sometimes it seemed almost impossible that we could pass the shallows. However, the men were extraordinarily active, and managed very well. Our Herculean doctor helped to pull the boat several times, and splashed us all over in his efforts.

The scenery was not particularly beautiful until we came within near sight of the mountains. They are a most refreshing sight in this flat, wet country. It is so wonderful to see blue distance and undulations. The mountains are not high, about 4000 ft., and covered to the very top with the everlasting trees.

At 4.30 we arrived at the place of disembarkation for Puerta Jessupi. We were disappointed and surprised to find that the tambo of Jessupi was nearly a mile from the river, so that the luggage had to be carried all that distance. The Indians were tired with their day's work, and in any case are not much good at carrying heavy weights, so George, Mr. Tregoning and Dr. Horton determined to carry the things up themselves. G. loaded himself with a huge ground-sheet full of heavy things and staggered away, looking rather like an ant carrying a leaf twice or three times its own size! I hung myself with all the little things, such as cameras, binoculars, hats and coats, and Mr. T.

and Dr. H. shouldered a large tin box, a heavy bag and our bucket canteen. The mud on the path was awful, and we were often up to our knees in it and quite wet through.

We were laughing at ourselves so much that we could hardly walk, and Dr. Horton took a header over a tree stump; the tin box shot over his head, and he nearly impaled himself on another stump. G. M. B. was quite exhausted when we at last



OUR DAY OF REST AT JESSUPI

reached the tambo, but started back again to fetch more luggage, and was really dead beat by the time he had finished.

My host of the tambo received us somewhat coldly, which I didn't wonder at, considering what apparitions we must have appeared to him, all loaded and perspiring.

But Caesar, our "criado," very soon put things right by informing the gentleman what great and important people we really were! After a good bath and an excellent supper, which began with refreshing Maggi Consommé, we all felt "good,"

and willingly got into our nice Jaeger bags. Our mules will not be ready until the day after to-morrow, so we shall have all to-morrow here, and shall be very glad of the opportunity to clean ourselves and our clothes.

The river to-day was beautifully clear, and had a faint suspicion of glacier green.

I found my air-cushion very useful ; so did thin G. M. B. !

April 16 : We sent a telegram *via* Lima to Liverpool, asking them to send us a wire as to news of our family

It will be good hearing how little D. is. We haven't heard since Manáos, March 13.

We all had capital nights. Although there are very few mosquitoes, we are obliged to keep to our mosquito-nets because of the vampires. They are very dangerous here, and I believe most of the way to Tarma. Their bites make their victim very weak from loss of blood, and also make a nasty open wound which does not heal for some time, and would be especially annoying to us as they frequently bite the toes, and so render walking impossible for some days.

The Doctor was sitting on his bed just before getting in, and one of these horrible creatures settled on his hand, and he had hastily to shake it off.

We have spent a very busy day washing our dirty things and getting our boots and gaiters well dried and greased.

The mules fetched our remaining luggage up to this tambo, so that we are in luxury now.

Four eggs turned up unexpectedly for lunch! Generally when we have asked for eggs, although chickens are running all round the house, we are told "No hay!"



MY BATH-TOWEL KIMONO

G. M. B. and I had a splendid bathe in the little stream quite close to the tambo, but luckily out of sight, as we bathed *à la* Adam and Eve!

G. and Dr. Horton have designed a change for

me in the evening, in the shape of a huge bath-towel, with a hole for the head and very elegant kimono sleeves. It is lovely to wear. Mrs. Mine Host sewed it for me with her sewing machine.

April 17: We rose early and waited for our mules. The rain came down hard, and when it cleared a little the mules began to appear. Señor Ribero was full of excuses because he had only brought ten.

One, he said, had hurt his foot, and two others had "escapado." Señor R., who is a tremendous chatterbox, didn't seem to be able to get off at all.

G. M. B. lost his temper, and Señor Ribero, thinking G. was going to strike his brother, interposed, and also became full of wrath, and said he wouldn't have it.

However, G. M. B. explained, giving Mr. Tregoning a hearty blow on the leg, to prove that he meant no harm, and the packing of the mules commenced, after hand-shaking all round.

It was finished at last, and we started at 11.20 with nine mules packed with our food, beds, &c., and one mule free for me to ride, which was eventually hung with cameras, pouches, &c., as I didn't want to ride till I was tired. Four food-boxes and the chairs were left behind for the escapado mules to bring later.

Mine host and his family, having received their cuenta (£2), bade us farewell.

The road was broad and very *very* muddy. We had to pick our way with the greatest care in order not to sink up to our knees, and the heavily laden

mules had a bad time, poor animals. At one specially bad place with a muddy stream at the bottom of a very muddy dip, three or four of the mules came to grief. The men hoisted them up again successfully all but one, which fell on his side in the stream, with my bed beneath him. The men were obliged to unburden him, and even



CASA RIBERO

then he was so sunk in the mud that he could hardly get up.

At last, after nearly three miles done in one hour and ten minutes, we arrived at Señor Ribero's house, named Tambo Cinchihuaqui. It is called after the River Cinchihuaqui, on the banks of which it stands. Señor R. tells us that Cinchihuaqui was the son of the first Inca, Manco.

We waited here for the night, and the two

escapado mules having been found, they were sent back to Jessupi to fetch the rest of the luggage. The country has been quite flat so far, and not very interesting. There were some wonderful little crimson and black birds sitting on the banana-trees here, and also two tame kinds of turkeys, black with scarlet beaks, and indigenous to Peru.

We had a splendid bathe in the Cinchihuaqui, and spent a quiet refreshing afternoon. Señor Ribero and family have been quite won over by G. M. B., and Señor R. is going to write an account of us and all our doings in some local paper.

We shall very much enjoy reading it.

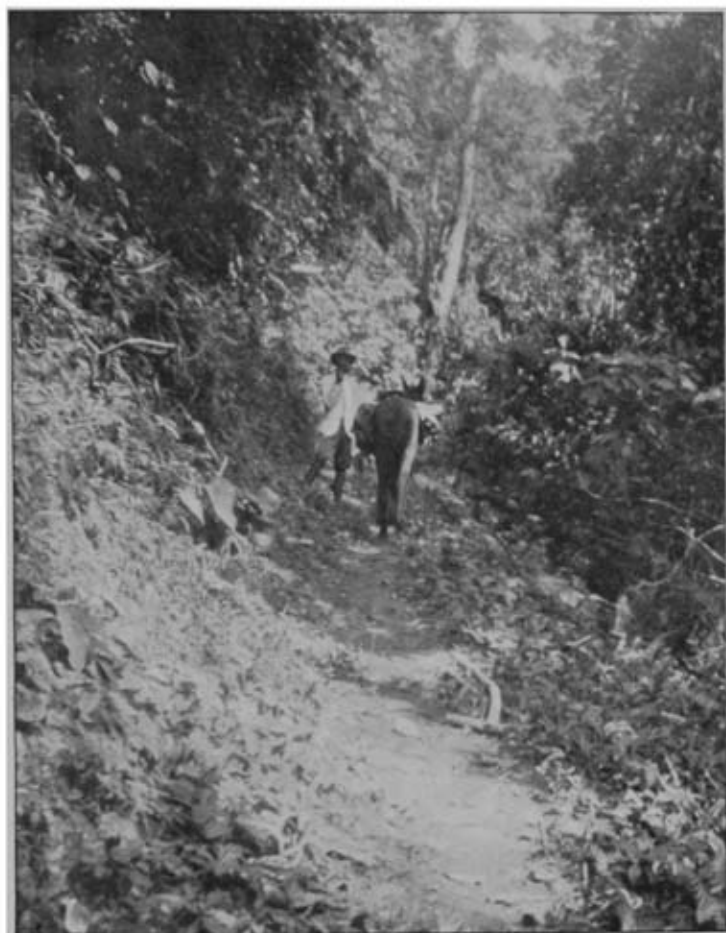
April 18: We were to have started at seven this morning.

But it took some time to get the mules together, and although the Brothers Ribero are very good at loading when once they get started, they meditate on it for some time before. At ten minutes to nine, however, the cavalcade was under way. The track was difficult at first, in fact for the first five kilometres the mules had a fearful time in deep mud. It was at times most distressing to see them struggling in the stiff red clay and water, with our heavy bags on their poor sore backs. However, it got somewhat better later on, and we all felt happier. The "señora's" mule was loaded to-day, and we also had three more this morning, so that there were thirteen in all. One could not possibly have ridden.

The path was narrow all the way, and at first we passed through a very ordinary tropical forest of

palm-trees and great cotton-trees; also some quaint, but not beautiful, crimson flowers.

At 11.45 we arrived at Agoachini, and had lunch



THE PATH THROUGH THE FOREST

there. An Indian took us across the river on a raft; and G. M. B., Mr. T., and Dr. H. all bathed. It was a lovely little river, very rocky in parts, with beautiful dark green pools. I was glad to sit down and have a drink and some food. The

hostess gave us some delicious pine-apples, which were particularly acceptable to us poor thirsty souls.

We proceeded after lunch; the path became more rocky, and every now and then a regular mountain stream with large bouldery rocks crossed it.

We had been ascending nearly all the way. Some of the glimpses of blue tree-clad mountainsides were very beautiful, but unless deliberately stopping to admire the view, it is quite impossible to look at anything but the path and one's feet. Rocks, stones, tree-stumps and mud-pits lie in wait at each footstep.

The mules are wonderful at picking their way across impossible-looking places, and are much safer on their legs than we are when it comes to rock-climbing. Unluckily, as the day began with a little rain, I had taken my butterfly-net to pieces and packed it, so that I felt much annoyed when numerous large black and blue butterflies flew and settled on our path, and could have been quite easily caught.

I was tired and footsore by the time we arrived at Miriatiriane, and glad to sit in a chair whilst G. M. B. did the hard work. We have been fifteen miles in six hours, and some of it very hard going indeed.

Julius Cæsar has stood it very well, and is at present amusing the company with funny stories.

It was good seeing the mules unloaded of their packs and rolling heartily in the grass.

April 19: Easter Sunday: Felt very stiff this morning, and my feet very sore.

We were ready and the mules packed by 7.30, only one mule was hiding somewhere and could not be found. The others went on and we waited till the mule was discovered, which wasn't till almost 9 o'clock.

There were fourteen mules to-day, so I had one to ride when I liked, which I did frequently, riding about half the time.

The path through the forest hill-side was perfectly lovely. I have never enjoyed scenery so much. The way was narrow, and the beautiful mountain river, Azupizu, thundered down its rocky course by our sides. At times one felt quite giddy looking down at the great waterfalls and green pools from the little path of about one metre, and often not much more than a foot, wide, with rock sheer down on one side and sheer up on the other. The combination of mountainous country and rich tropical forest is wonderful, and the climate is quite perfect, hot sun and cool breezes. Enormous blue butterflies flashed by, like small pieces of escaped heaven, and the trees had what resembled great baskets hanging from their branches full of ferns, and flowers growing in profusion. Every now and then a huge trunk would lie across the way, generally high above our heads, with a garden of green things growing on the upper side. The smells too were delicious, and one longed to sit down and remain there for hours. But we went toiling along and did our fifteen miles, and did it in six hours.

Then a splendid bathe in one of the green pools of very cold water was wonderfully refreshing, although I was so footsore I was obliged to crawl on hands and knees.

We saw one shot-green humming-bird, and I caught one of the pieces of escaped heaven, falling about on the rocks and scraping my knees in the effort.

April 20 : We started early this morning again, and forded the Azupizu River. The host of the Azupizu Tambo would take no money for our lodging and the fire provided for the cooking.

The forest was much the same as yesterday, but we had more climbing, so in spite of the path being good all the way, it was tiring for the mules, who, poor beasts, had no fodder at the last tambo beyond what they could pick up, and so were far from fit. One mule, who began the journey " muy cansada," could only just struggle on to-day, and at the last stiff bit of climb Caliban had to carry the load. She is to be left here to-morrow, and we take on two fresh ones.

The rocky sides of the path were especially steep to-day, and several times I was obliged to get off my mule to avoid having my knees scratched and my head knocked off by overhanging rock. We accomplished 9½ miles in all, and arrived at San Nicolas Tambo quite early, at 1.15.

Unluckily there is no water close to the tambo, and we had to walk a long way back to bathe and get our drinking water. The bathe was quite worth it and very necessary, as there is only time

for the minimum of washing before our early start. We have heard much of the rain here, but so far have had only a few drops since we left Jessupi, and to-day was gloriously sunshiny, with a deep blue sky. The butterflies were out in profusion, and I caught rather a poor specimen of the large blue and black kind. During lunch, Mr. Tregoning



ST. NICOLAS

caught me a splendid specimen of the same, which I was delighted to get. I also caught some of a wonderful large crimson and blue species.

The hostess of this tambo is the mother of a small baby, not a month old. It is very queer to see the way it is handled and taken first by one small child and then by another. The tiny unconscious little piece of humanity.

The night is lovely, the sky full of stars and everything is at peace.

April 21: We spent a very disturbed night. At 3 A.M. the men started packing the mules, and the lady of the baby started talking and calling "Victoria, Victoria." Victoria is aged about six, and she has an elder sister of about seventeen, a small brother of eight, and two little baby brothers. When we woke up (or rather got up!) at 5.30, most of the mules had gone off with the luggage, leaving us three for our beds and one for myself to ride. Much to our surprise the lady of the baby, Victoria, and the rest of the children had also started.

As usual, one of the mules had escapado and was nowhere to be found, so we went off at last at 7.30, leaving young Señor Ribero to search further for the lost mule. After an hour's rain it began to clear up, and although it rained intermittently the whole day, it was not very wetting. We soon overtook the señora with her baby in her arms, prepared to walk to Tambo 93, a distance of over 22 miles! Her eldest daughter was with her. We had our lunch at a mountain stream, and then overtook Victoria and her small brother seated on a large white mule, the brother aged eight leading it. The postman was carrying the baby brother on his back in a sack. We gave the children chocolate, I dare say the only food they had during the day!

The view to-day over the great wooded hills for miles and miles, and all in varying shades of blue and purple with clouds sweeping over the whole, was very lovely.

G. M. B. had calculated that we should do our 22½ miles in eight hours, allowing an hour for lunch and stoppages, but at four o'clock we were still

walking, and no tambo in sight. We had left the luggage mules a long way back, while Mr. Tregoning and Dr. Horton were a good way ahead. At last we began to think that we must have passed the tambo by mistake, and had almost made up our minds to turn back, with the prospect of spending the night on the road, when at five o'clock G. M. B., who had hurried ahead of me, sighted the Tambo of 93.

We found that Dr. H. and Mr. T. had safely arrived. They too had imagined that they had passed the tambo and would have to spend the night out. We waited an hour for the luggage mules, which came at last, hardly in time for us to unpack before dark. At 7.30 I marched Ribero and the missing mule. He had not found it until 10.30, and had marched ever since without food or drink.

Victoria and her brothers had arrived quite safely under the care of the postman, but the señora with her baby and her daughter have not yet turned up, and they will have to sleep in the forest in the cold and wet, with their dripping clothing. I am afraid the baby will die, it seems too horrible.

Caliban, who was kicked yesterday by one of the mules, was so lame that he couldn't keep up at all, and he, too, will have to sleep by the road.

April 22: Tambo 93 to Tambo 71: Caliban hobbled in very early and absolutely refused to be left behind at Tambo 93, but said that he would trudge on in order to help in loading every morning. Poor Caliban! I am afraid it will mean that he must

spend the night, every night, on the road, and only arrive every morning just in time to help load the mules.

Doctor Horton was quite busy doctoring at Tambo 93; he administered lotion to a child with a mysterious rash, and pulled out the tooth of another child, for which the hostess and mother of the two children was very grateful.

To-day we did $13\frac{3}{4}$ miles in seven hours!

The track was shocking, with very stiff climbs, and walking, by no means easy at first, was for the last three hours extremely difficult. There were deep mud-holes and rocky uneven patches; it was so narrow and overhung that the branches and undergrowth hit one's face constantly, and dragged at the burdens on the mules' backs. Nor was it often possible to lift the eyes from the ground for fear of slipping in the bog or off the path altogether, while, even when standing still, one could see nothing around or above, so thick was the foliage—altogether it was a tiresome dreary day.

The mules were very tired and hungry, as they had had no proper fodder at Tambo 93. Two of them had great raw places on their stomachs where the rope which binds the luggage had worn into them. It is very distressing.

G. M. B. and I had a nasty start and fright this morning. We were walking along quite quietly with my mule between us and the rest of the cavalcade on in front, when suddenly, just behind us, we heard a noise like pistol-shots, and we turned round quickly to see a large tree falling right across the path about twenty yards behind us.

It all happened in ten seconds, and if I had been caught riding my mule, as I very well might have been doing, nothing could have saved us from being swept down the precipice into the waterfall beneath.

This Tambo of 71 is a most poor and badly kept place. We have a real pigsty to sleep in (with a hen in her nest in one corner of the room), and poor Mr. Tregoning and Dr. Horton share their large room with four or five of the muleteers and some rather smelly dry meat!

We shall be very glad to get to more comfortable quarters to-morrow.

April 23 : We started about 7.30, and had much pleasure in leaving the unclean Tambo 71 and its unattractive host, Señor Garcia. Our quarters were very uncomfortable. Mr. Tregoning and Dr. Horton had eight other men in their room at night, and Señor Garcia had the effrontery to charge us 10s. The other tambo hosts had either refused money altogether or had said we might pay what we thought fit.

G. M. B. and I left the tambo last of all, and my mule had been getting in rather a fume from seeing all the others start off, so when I mounted and G. M. B. was walking behind, the mule started walking very fast, hurrying more and more, until at last he broke into a trot and then a canter.

The path was muddy, rocky and very narrow, with the usual precipice on one side. At first I thought it rather fun to be hurrying on, but when I found I could not stop him (as I only had a rope round his nose, and blows with my long stick in

front of the nose only made him go faster), I began to be very nervous, as we careered chamois-like from one rock to another, and plunged into endless muddy pits. At last I made up my mind that I had better leave my mule, in case a plunge took us in the wrong direction, so I slipped off, and the mule was so astonished to see me on the ground that for a moment he stopped ; then seeing G. M. B. come panting up, he started off again with the rope hanging round his feet.

Poor G. M. B. running after him (so that I should not have so far to walk without any chance of riding) came a cropper, owing to a piece of the ground giving way on one side of him ; one of his legs knocked up against an old tree-stump, and he almost fell down the precipice. He hurt his thumb and badly bruised his leg, but went on, and after a hard run secured the mule, who had reached those in front and was walking along quite quietly. He brought him back to me, but it was some time before I could make up my mind to mount again, and then only with G. M. B. walking in front !

It was altogether a very miserable and uncomfortable morning, and we both felt badly used.

G. M. B. caught me a fine specimen of the large blue butterfly and later on another one, not quite so good.

The road was bad nearly all the way, and the day rather dreary and cloudy. However, we arrived at this pleasant place, Eneñas, at two o'clock, and had time to dry a few of our things and have a good wash. There are a number of small houses here, and the tambo is owned by an

Italian, Cresto. He is building a nice airy tambo, properly put together and clean. We have our meals in it and sleep in the old tambo, as the bedrooms of this one are not ready. Señor Cresto owns the whole place, has pigs (with straight tails), fowls, fresh milk, as well as a nice wife, three little girls, and a small boy. It is wonderful what he has done with the place.

April 24 : We started this morning in the pouring rain, and I was stupid enough not to put on my poncho at first, because I thought it wouldn't be long before the sun came out, so that I was soon wet to the skin and very chilly. The rain never ceased all the time, so at last I put my poncho over my wet tunic and kept myself from getting wetter and wetter, but it was horribly clammy and I couldn't sit on the mule for long, but had to walk to keep myself warm. There was the same thick, red, sticky clay that we had had on our two first days' bad road. I dare say the continual heavy rain made it worse than usual, but surely at no time can the road be considered good. Indeed, most of the way riding was impossible, as the mud was so heavy. Our disappointment was great, as we had been promised a good road all the way.

We did nineteen miles and arrived here at Llapaz all tired out. Llapaz is no bigger and not so tidy as Eneñas. The tambo is much dirtier, and, as we went to bed, we were told that the "vampiro" were very plentiful, and that we must put up our mosquito-nets for the night. Soon after

we had put out the lights we heard them circling all round the nets.

I no longer have the same contempt for the rain of the Andes.

We hear through the telephone that the "lady and baby" have arrived safely at 93. It seems a miracle!

April 25: G. M. B. and I stayed on at Llapaz, and Mr. Tregoning and Dr. Horton went on to La Merced. They started with most of the luggage and with a mule each to ride, so that they ought to be able to do their twenty-seven miles pretty easily.

We stay here probably till Monday, and keep Cæsar and Caliban (whose real name is Feliz) as cook and muleteer.

It was very pleasant getting up late and putting on dry warm boots instead of the usual clammy and icy ones we have lately been obliged to wear.

This afternoon was beautifully sunny, and Llapaz looked very lovely with its small stream, banana orchard, cows and general farm effect.

It is not nearly so well kept as Señor Cresto's estate and tambo at Eneñas, but everything seems to grow and do well of its own accord: the pasture is splendid and the cattle look like prize cattle.

G. M. B. and I sat down to our Prescott's "Peru" this afternoon, but were soon obliged to give it up, for the proprietor started strumming on his guitar, while the rest of the company sang abominably to his abominable accompaniment of one chord! They sang of Pass-i-on, but we couldn't make out what

sort of Pass-i-on it was, whether Easter or the other !

An engineer with his wife and baby arrived from La Merced this morning on their way to Massisea,



LLAPAZ

where the gentleman is going to engineer one of the Government launches. I am afraid we gave honest but unattractive accounts of the journey and the mosquitoes on the Ucayali.

April 26: Sunday: We spent a very disturbed night. The wife of the engineer (on his way to

Massisea), who is a very excitable and wild-looking woman, took too much wine, and spent most of the night talking loudly and crying at intervals. I thought she was mad and might come into our room at any moment, but she got no farther than the dining-room, where all the men were sleeping, and there was caught by her husband, and after many remonstrances on the part of the proprietor, was at last put back to bed, where, after a few more loud expostulations and tears on her part, she must have gone to sleep, for we heard no more. But by the time the tambo was quiet it was 3 A.M. Poor husband engineer! G. M. B. and I were wondering in the evening what made the man take such an unattractive job as engineer on board one of those small Government launches in that hot and mosquito-ridden part of the country, but as I lay in bed listening to the wife's wild talking I thought that even life in a cramped and stuffy launch would be better than that!

They started off for Eneñas rather late—the woman riding one mule, and the husband, baby and gun on another. They were an odd-looking caravan.

We had no word from Mr. Tregoning and Dr. Horton, and found out later that the telephone was broken down, so we shall probably only get through to them early to-morrow morning, and let them know we are coming on and shall be with them to-morrow evening.

A señorita, who is staying here, tells us that about a year ago there was an epidemic of malarial (terciana) fever at La Merced, of which over a

thousand people died. Consequently the trade along this Via Centrale Route has been slack and the roads badly looked after, which accounts for much of our trouble.

Late this evening a good many mules arrived



A SMALL PERUVIAN DEER

from La Merced with provisions, &c., bound for Jessupi and Bermudez. A Peruvian couple also arrived with a very tiny pet deer, not much bigger than a fox-terrier, and very tame indeed. It seems more like a squirrel than anything else, and, the woman told me, always slept with them!

It is very curious that although we have had

several dull days and one very rainy one since we left Bermudez, every night has been clear, with star-covered sky.

April 27 : Feliz, named Caliban, found a good deal of difficulty in loading the mules this morning, and the proprietor of the Llapaz Tambo, a most unhelpful man, made no attempt to lend us a man to



VIEW OF OUR LEADING MULES, ROUNDING A CORNER OF THE HILL-SIDE

load, so at last a kind traveller (the husband of the lady with the pet deer) volunteered, and with his help everything was arranged by 7.20 instead of 6.30, as we had hoped.

It soon became very hot ; I was wearing my woollen tunic, and so got almost unbearably uncomfortable. Caliban, whose leg was still stiff, couldn't get himself or the mules along very quickly, and was constantly stopping to rearrange

the baggage. Caesar was also feeling "mal en estomaga," so that we were not a very fit party for our thirty miles of road. After ascending for about three-quarters of an hour, we dropped



LA PUENTE PERUANA

gradually down to La Merced. The path was quite good at first, though very steep; later on it was rocky, and now and then rather muddy. But from the Puente Peruana onwards the road was easy and quite good going for the mules. But it continued getting hotter and hotter, and as we passed

through the many banana and coffee plantations, the sun beat down on us until we became very weary.

After the first two or three hours there were houses and tambos frequently, and we were con-



DR. HORTON

SEÑOR TAMAYO

SEÑOR CARBAYAL

SEÑORA TAMAYO

G. M. B.

M. B.

stantly meeting people with horses, donkeys and mules, who had evidently been marketing in La Merced.

The river accompanied us nearly all the way, and we crossed it several times by long, narrow, swinging bridges. Only two mules at a time are allowed to go across these bridges, for they swing so much as

to make it hard for the mules to keep their footing.

The great mountains, still wooded, although every here and there were great patches of green grass, rose nearly sheer from the rushing torrent on each side, and the narrow path, still with its tropical foliage, made the scenery a very curious combination of wildness and garden luxury.



MARKET PLACE, LA MERCED

The butterflies were wonderful again, but we were both too hot and tired to take the trouble to catch them. There were also some very curious trees with a sudden great swelling in the trunk about three or four yards from the ground. They were handsome and tall, with leaves the shape of a star.

When we had gone three-quarters of the way, we became so tired of goading on Caliban and the mules that we pushed on by ourselves with the one mule for me to ride, soon leaving Caliban and Cæsar far behind. Just as we were turning into a small path leading to a house, we saw José and

Umberto Ribero, and found that the house belonged to them and that Mr. Tregoning and Dr. Horton had not been able to get any farther than this house on Saturday, as the mules had been so exhausted. G. M. B. and I, however, decided to get to La Merced, so we started off again, after Ribero had

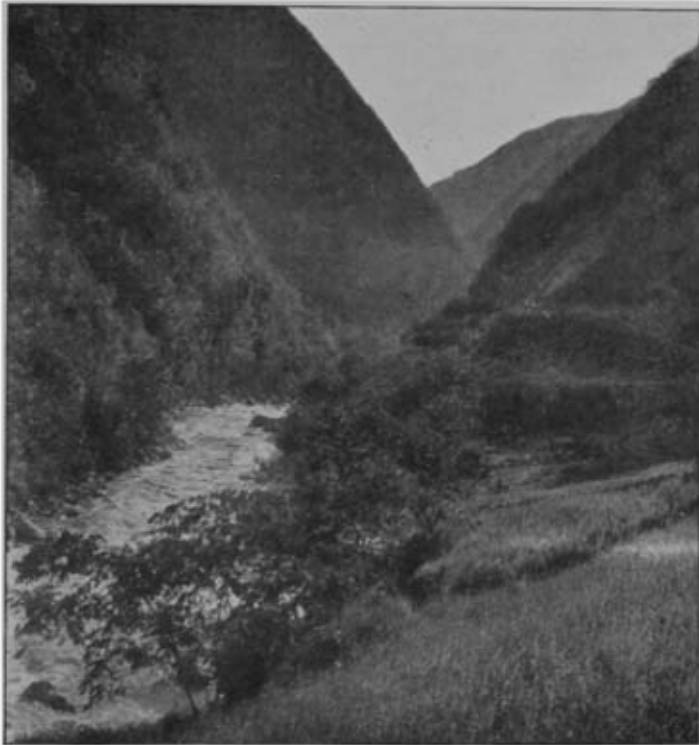


ST. RAMON BRIDGE

put a very smart saddle and bridle on my mule, so that my hitherto rather rickety old saddle should not disgrace me in La Merced.

It got darker and darker; it seemed as if we should never get to our place of destination, and at last we were obliged to get a man to show us the way. I could hardly drag myself along any more, and we were overjoyed to hear the bells of the mules with our luggage just behind us, and to find the Riberos on horseback, driving them along at a good

rate, with Cæsar riding a fresh mule, poor tired Caliban having been left at the Casa Ribero. Mr. T. and Dr. H. were surprised to see us, as we were not expected till to-morrow, and no telegram to say we were coming had been received. We were glad



OUT OF THE WINDOW OF OUR BEDROOM IN THE
HUACAPISTANA HOTEL

to have our dinner at the Hotel Epicure and retire to our beds as quickly as possible.

Dr. Horton told us how on their way to La Merced one of the mules missed his footing and fell down 60 ft. They could not see him anywhere, but he was eventually hauled up, and seemed none

the worse, though Dr. Horton said he had never seen an animal with its nerve so shaken. He could hardly bear it if a stone was knocked off the path by mistake.

La Merced to Hotel Huacapistana: April 28: La Merced is quite a little town, with some shops



PALCA

and this Hotel Epicure, which boasts of regular bedrooms and a dining-room. Overnight we had met Delguidiche, the mule purveyor from Tarma, and he had promised that we should go off again early this morning.

His mules were much better than the Riberos', and we each had a horse to ride all the way. G. M. B.

settled up with the Riberos, and we managed to get off by 10 o'clock. We had decided not to stay at



ON THE ROAD FROM HUACAPISTANA TO TARMA

La Merced more than one night, as it has a reputation for being extremely unhealthy, owing to fever (malaria), and it is hot and relaxing. Señor Tamayo, the controller of the Via Centrale, and Señor Carbajal,

sanitary engineer of the district, met us in La Merced and rode out with us to a small village called St. Ramon, where Señor Tamayo lives with his six months' bride. She was ill with fever, but struggled



ON THE ROAD FROM HUACAPISTANA TO TARMA

out of bed to see us and give us lunch. I was very sorry for her, poor thing, she looked so pulled down and ill, but she was anxious to meet us, and gave us a more than ample meal, to which G. M. B. did full justice. We arrived at their house at eleven, and started again at about 2 o'clock. This time I rode Señor Tamayo's grey horse, as he said it was

so much more comfortable than the one I had been riding on. Delguidiche cried loudly that the grey horse "No serve, no serve!" and was quite good for nothing, and that I should rue the day when I took the grey instead of his steed.

It was very hot indeed, and I was glad to be in



TARMA GATEWAY ON THE OROYA ROAD

a cotton skirt and shirt, and was quite comfortable on my Spanish, or rather Peruvian, side-saddle.

G. M. B. had a wonderful cream-coloured horse with pale blue eyes. It reminded one of Queen Victoria. Both the eyes and the colour! Señor Tamayo and Señor Carbajal were both charming, and so kind to us. They accompanied us till we had done half the distance, and then saying good-bye left us to amble on to this Hotel Huacapistana, a

nice clean place, as far as I can see consisting only of the hotel.

April 29: The Hotel Huacapistana was fairly clean and comfortable, and after a good rest there we saw the mules off this morning on their way to Tarma.



THE " SQUARE " OF TARMA

G. M. B.'s and Mr. Tregoning's horses had escaped, so that they were obliged to make shift with mules. We rode through a glorious valley with a narrow river torrent and enormous great boulders on each side. It was very fine indeed, and as the road wound higher and higher the mountains became more and more bare, until we lost all sight of the wooded hills.

The flowers became most beautiful—wild arum lilies, geraniums, fuchsias, lupin and a wonderful kind of cactus with a scarlet spike about two feet in length growing out of the centre of the broad leaves. This plant was in all the niches of the rocks and looked very handsome near the waterfalls and torrents. We had lunch at Palea, a pretty little village of mud houses, Spanish in appearance.



A RIDE WITH THE PREFECT OF HUNIN

Here Mr. Tregoning was provided with a horse, but G. M. B. still stuck to his mule. From here onwards the country was full of small villages and houses and cultivated land—oats, wheat, sweet potatoes and sugar-cane, the fields of which were very lovely

At about 2.30 we came to the village of Acobamba, and soon afterwards met a large herd of llamas.

Presently a grand officer galloped past us on a charger. He looked at us, G. M. B. and myself,

rather closely, and then went on to Dr. Horton and Mr. Tregoning, who were riding behind. He asked Mr. Tregoning if he was Señor Booth, as he had come from the Governor of Tarma to escort Señor



M. SOLAR'S VICUÑA

Booth into that town. The gentleman on the mule was designated as Señor Booth, and he came up to us at a grand gallop and introduced himself as the Governor of Tarma's *aide-de-camp*.

We all rode together, a very odd cavalcade: G. M. B., very much the grand shipowner, only on

a humble mule : myself, looking as if I had walked all the way through mud from the Amazon River; and Dr. Horton, nonchalant on his large and powerful horse.

I think the gallant *aide-de-camp* was rather ashamed of us as we ambled through the villages, whilst he caracoled by our sides. He was very proud of his horsemanship, and every now and then



OUR CAVALCADE LEAVING TARMA

would spur his horse forwards to get an unfortunate donkey out of the way, and once he shouted: "El torro, el torro!" and dashed off after a very meek-looking little heifer standing in the road, and with a good deal of style drove the animal into a field whilst we passed by unharmed.

We were all intensely amused.

It was late when we reached Tarma, and soon after our arrival at the Hotel de Roma, the Governor himself came round to pay his respects.

It was so cold that I was obliged to wrap myself up in a rug until the luggage arrived with our warm change.

Tarma: April 30: Very cold night, and we both slept rather fitfully in consequence.

We took a turn round Tarma, and found it a very



SOON AFTER LEAVING TARMA

picturesque little town with narrow streets, and at one end an arched gateway through which one got a very pretty view of the main street.

There are plenty of well-stocked shops, and a large open market-place with a long whitewashed church at one side and this hotel on the other. The surrounding mountains give it rather an enclosed appearance.

G. M. B. went with Mr. Tregoning to call on the Prefect, Señor Solare, and in the afternoon they went for a ride with him round the town and environs. I remained behind, as I felt I had had enough outings lately.

The Prefect came to tea. He talks French



CLIMBING UP TO THE 13,000-FT. PLATEAU

perfectly, is a very agreeable and, I should think, efficient man. He told us his wife was in Lima with his four children, and that she didn't care about coming to Tarma; also that she was stout and heavy and could hardly have managed the riding.

He gave us a lovely Indian box, and G. M. B. gave me a wonderfully made green and brown poncho which he had bought this afternoon in a native house.

The Prefect brought a Vicuña (alive) for us to see. It was like a light graceful llama with lovely soft wool. It is said they are getting very scarce, as they will not breed in captivity, and the natives are constantly shooting them.

Our gallant *aide-de-camp* came a cropper on the cobbles by too much over-spurring of his steed !



LUNCH IN A BROAD GRASSY VALLEY

May 1 : A most perfect morning of deep blue sky and hot sun scattering the morning mists from the mountains.

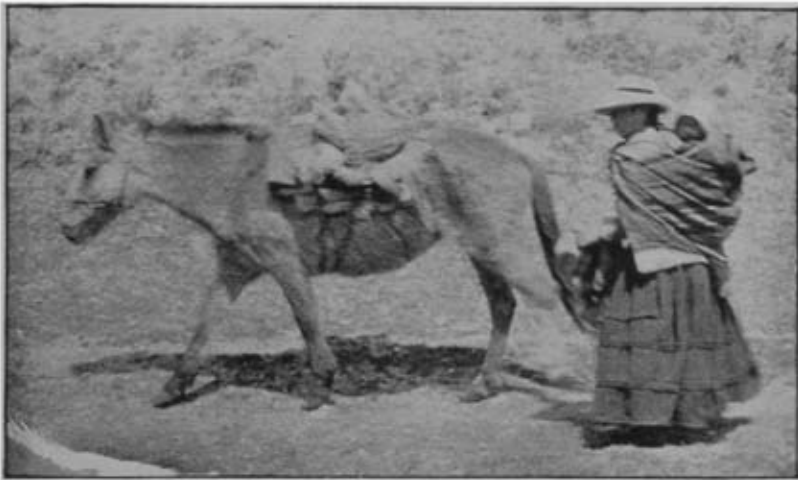
The Prefect and another gentleman, whose name I do not know, rode out with us three or four miles and then said good-bye, leaving us with one soldier as escort.

We rode through many small villages, all with houses made of the native yellow mud, many of

which had queer signs over the doors, to keep out the devil !

The women wear most picturesque colours ; their shawls and full short skirts are of wonderful yellows and oranges. They are never without bobbin and thread, and generally have a small baby slung on their backs.

The road was stony and bad most of the way



PERUVIAN WOMAN WITH BABY

though quite dry, but the horses had to pick their way all the time. We had lunch by a tiny stream, in a broad grassy valley. After lunch we had an hour's toil up a steep valley, and at last reached a flat open plain with a magnificent view behind us of wild mountains and clouds. A large flock of black and white sheep was grazing on the open plain, and there was a constant traffic of donkeys and mules carrying their loads. After a mile or two of plain, we descended till we reached Oroya.

Poor G. M. B. has a $\frac{1}{2}$ bad headache, which we think may be partly due to sorochoi or mountain sickness. We must have been up some 13,000 ft.

Casapalca: May 2: We have had a most disagreeable day. We embarked in our Lima train at 10.25, and started well. The scenery was magnificent, great wild rocky mountains, with every now and then a sight of snow a little farther off. At 12.30 we arrived at a tiny station called Galera, almost the highest point we reached, 15,600 ft. We were sitting quite quietly waiting for the train to proceed, when suddenly we became aware of a good deal of noise and scuffling, followed by two or three shots. Dr. Horton, who was sitting on the side of the platform, told us to keep our heads down, as the soldiers were shooting each other. Cæsar came in from the second-class carriage with a very pale face, saying the soldiers in the carriage were drunk. Some more shots were fired; one of the soldiers fell dead, and two of the others were covered with blood.

The word went round that it was a revolution, and presently several men out of uniform (but with Mauser pistols in each hand), and a small man in a brilliant new uniform of colonel or general, walked through our carriage, talking: we felt very nervous, as we didn't know in the least what was happening or whether the next stray shot might not lay one of us low. Very soon three wounded soldiers without their rifles came out of a small house where the uniformed general and his friends had been talking, and got back into the carriage.

After about half an hour we went on, leaving the general and the rest of his followers behind.

As far as we can make out, this is what happened.

May 2 was evidently fixed as the day for an outbreak and revolution against the Government. Fourteen Government soldiers came in our train from Oroya. They had all been made more or less drunk, before they started, by the revolutionary party



LLAMAS AT OROYA

at Oroya. When we arrived at Galera station, the revolutionaries boarded the train, and ordered these half-drunken soldiers to give up their arms. Ten of them did so, but the remaining four made a struggle, and the behaviour of the revolutionaries was revolting. These poor soldiers never fired a shot, but were nevertheless hit over heads and faces with the butt-ends of mauser pistols by their antagonists, who, having knocked one of the men down, deliberately shot him dead on the ground. The whole episode was most disgusting and sickening.

Colonel Bermudez, the little brute in the new revolutionary uniform, superintended it all, and took prisoner a gentleman in the train, who happens to be the brother-in-law of M. Leguia, the future president in Lima.

Dr. Horton went in to attend to the wounded soldiers, and G. M. B. assisted. They found one man with a bad wound from his jaw to the back of his neck; luckily the bullet had just missed his backbone. Another had a wound running from his chest under his arm to his back, just missing his collar-bone.

Dr. Horton dressed them as well as he could, while G. M. B. strapped one of them up in a pair of his pyjamas.

At about two o'clock we arrived at this place, Casapalca, when we heard that some of the bridges farther down the line had been blown up this morning, so that it was impossible to proceed.

We had made friends with a clergyman of the name of Miles Moss, who was also going to Lima with his friend, another clergyman, Mr. George Perry Newman, and they very kindly undertook to go into the town and see what they could find in the way of board and lodging.

We remained in the train, and in a short time our friends came back, and with them a Mr. Galliver, who owns a large copper-smelting factory, and he asked us to come and take up our quarters in his house. We very gladly accepted, and presently found ourselves with all our luggage in a most comfortable and ample house. A sitting-room and

beautifully clean and welcoming bedrooms were made ready for our party

We may be here for one day or six weeks. We cannot possibly tell until we hear what is going on and to what extent the bridges are broken up, and if it is possible to mule into Lima. Meanwhile we are in luck in having hit on this paradise,



MR. GALLIVER'S HOUSE, CASAPALCA

amongst English people, instead perhaps of being stranded at a small dirty hut farther up the mountains and amongst those brutal revolutionaries.

We don't know at all what is going to happen to us, but after the sickening incident at Galera, we are very glad to get into comfortable beds and feel secure and safe. It is horrible to think of those poor half-drunken boys being knocked about as they were to-day

May 3: We woke up this morning still much in the dark as to what was happening. Two drunken and disreputable-looking commandantes in charge of seven soldiers were supposed to be holding the town, and a hundred or so more revolutionary soldiers were some ten miles down the line in wait for the expected Government troops. They were going to fire on them from behind the rocks as they passed. However, the drunken commandantes and their seven soldiers, having gone down the line on an engine to reconnoitre, met three horsemen quite harmlessly coming up to Casapalca to find out what was afoot. The commandantes, imagining the three horsemen were the beginning of the Government force, turned tail in their engine and fled up towards Oroya.

We heard later in the day that some loyal persons, eager to help the Government, had pulled up part of the line above here, thus cutting the connection between Oroya and this place.

Colonel Bermudez is said to be capturing Cerro de Pasco, but we also heard that an Irish engine-driver had cut himself off from the rest of the train in which Colonel Bermudez and his followers were seated, and hastened off to Cerro de Pasco to warn the officials there.

He must be a good man, this Irish engine-driver!

Mr. Galliver is quite prepared to defend this place if any of the revolutionary troops show signs of looting or of making themselves disagreeable.

About six o'clock the hundred men from below could evidently stand it no longer, or they may have really caught sight of the Government troops.

Anyhow they came up in a train, remained here for a couple of hours, and then went up as far as they could on the way to Oroya, having previously looted the provisions from some Chinese shops : they also sent up an empty train in front of them, in case the



CASAPALCA STATION DURING THE REVOLUTION

line had been tampered with by loyalists ! So at last we were rid of them.

Presently at about ten o'clock another train came from below with four revolutionaries, who told Mr. Galliver that the Government troops were coming up to Casapalca and would be with us at about midnight, and meanwhile would Mr. Galliver hide them ?

Mr. Galliver refused.

We had a splendid concert with the mining men here this evening. Many of them sang and danced.

May 4: No sign of the Government troops or train from Lima. We think that probably the bridges are broken and will take some time to mend.

Later in the morning eight revolutionaries came down by train from Oroya, and we were informed that Cerro de Pasco was to be taken to-day.

In the afternoon these eight revolutionaries went down the line to San Matteo (below the bridges said to be blown up), but could see nothing, and went straight up again to Oroya. We are in rather an anxious state, as every one here says that the non-appearance of the Government troops means grave trouble in Lima, and that the authorities there probably cannot spare any soldiers.

Dr. Horton, the Rev. Miles Moss, and Mr. Newman went down Mr. Galliver's mine to-day. They came back interested, but dirty.

May 5: There was no news this morning, so G. M. B., Mr. Moss, and I went for a walk up one of the mountains.

I found walking uphill trying at first, but it soon became easier. We came to a superb view of a rocky and snow-covered mountain; all around us the scene was wild and gigantic.

On our way up a Mr. Hansen, a Dane, overtook us on horseback, and asked us to look over his mine and also to stay to lunch, as we were within only twenty minutes of his house. We accepted very readily, and telephoned down to Casapalca to say where we were staying.

Mr. Hansen had a most comfortable and clean house, and gave us a wonderful feast. After lunch we went down the mine, descending 300 ft. in a lift. It was a most bogey sensation, going down, down through the rocky sides of the mountain, with only our little oil-lamps to light us.

We found men working at a large vein of silver, picking it out, or rather making preparations to blast it out. We picked up many specimens from the ground—silver, quartz, lead and sulphur.

We came down the mountain in one of the trollies used for bringing down the metal. Far down below us we saw some boys driving up four mules. Mr. Hansen immediately said: "That means trouble, it means that the revolutionaries are taking our mules." And sure enough when we stopped and asked the boys driving the mules, they told us that a hundred or more revolutionaries were in Casapalca, and had already taken about a dozen mules, amongst them four of Mr. Galliver's.

We presently saw the hundred men below us in Casapalca station, and soon learned that Durand, the real leader of this revolution, had arrived from Oroya with these troops in the morning, soon after we had started on our walk. We did not feel at all happy at the sight of these armed men with their reputation for looting.

We learned that Durand had been down the line, had been fired at by the Government troops, and had had to rapidly retreat on his engine.

Leaving his troops up here, he again went down the line to ascertain how many of the Government troops were really there. We all waited impatiently

for his return, as we knew that if he found only a small force they might fight here, and already nearly all the women and children had come up to Mr Galliver for protection, and were settled in the smelting-works.

However, Durand came back in about an hour's time, and stated that only eight miles down the line there was a considerable force of soldiers, cavalry and infantry. He therefore prepared to return to Oroya with his hundred men, whom he packed into the train. He was also taking a large truck-load of mules. The rails were wet and slippery from a slight fall of snow in the early morning, and this, combined with the heavy load, made it almost impossible for the engine to start. Durand became wild with temper and fear that the Government troops would come upon him, and threatened first of all the station-master and then the engine-driver. Mr. Galliver stood by the station-master, and said he would shoot Durand if he touched him. At last the engine-driver got another engine, which was more successful, and much to our satisfaction the heavy load started slowly on its way to Oroya.

Before starting Durand let loose two empty carriages to tear up the rails and do any damage they could.

Still no news of the Government troops.

May 6: This morning, whilst we were dressing, G. M. B. happened to look out of the window, and there were some sixty cavalry making their way along the mountain path, upwards past our house.

The Government troops had at last arrived, and

when we went down to the station, we found two trains full of infantry and about one hundred and fifty cavalry. Colonel Alvarez was in charge, also Commandantes Castor and Puccio.

The men and horses looked so fit and well, it made us very happy to look upon them and to



THE GOVERNMENT CAVALRY REACH CASAPALCA

compare them to the disreputable-looking revolutionists.

The news from Lima is very good; there has been no disturbance, only great excitement as to our revolution. The line had been so damaged that the Government troops had been obliged to come up very slowly. They had actually started on Saturday, three hours after Durand had left Lima and had taken four days.

The rest of the cavalry soon followed the sixty

men we had seen early in the morning, and also two carriages full of infantry, numbering about one hundred and ten men in all.

At about twelve o'clock one of the trains came back ; the soldiers had had a brush with the enemy, had taken two prisoners, and were still fighting.

We were told that we might have a train to go to Lima at two o'clock. I think they were anxious to get us out of the way. So, after saying good-bye to our kind friends at Casapalca, and especially thanking Mr. Galliver for his kindness and protection, we started off at 2.30. An empty train ran about ten minutes in front all the way, in case the line had been tampered with, or retained any remains of dynamite. We had a very uncomfortable and dirty carriage, which was turned from second class to first class for the occasion, the second-class travellers sitting in the van amongst the luggage.

The mountains all the way down were gigantic and very rugged, and in some places one's heart was in one's mouth as the train passed over the narrow bridges across great ravines with the water dashing on the rocks below. Once we passed between two great walls of rock, nearly 2000 ft. high, absolutely sheer, and with no sign of vegetation. As we wound through the lower land, the ground was covered with great bunches of Michaelmas daisies, heliotrope and canazensis. Later on we came across the famous Inca terraces, most of them now unused, though every now and then one saw the little square shelves of green corn rising up the mountain sides.

At Matucana, one of the heroic engine-drivers,

Peter Leary, an American, got into our train, and was immediately surrounded by persons anxious to hear his story.

He told us how he had been compelled to drive the engine by the revolutionaries: he had said he



GENERAL ALVAREZ AND HIS STAFF

must water his engine, and had given them the slip by unhooking it from the carriage. When he had arrived some way down the line on his way to Cerro de Pasco, he was told that a train carrying revolutionaries was on its way from Cerro de Pasco, so he decided to leave his engine; he

disabled her, and came over the mountains towards Lima.

The other engine-driver, Harry Wall, an oldish man of sixty, after unhooking his engine, succeeded in reaching Cerro de Pasco and warning the inhabitants of the revolutionists' intention to capture it. He has been given £500 by the Peruvian Government for his daring deed.

We reached Lima at 8.30. Crowds of people were waiting for the arrival of this train, but they were very orderly and we soon arrived at the Grand Hotel Maury, where we were met by Mr. Buddle, of Lockett and Company, and given our English mail.

All well at home, and Dan splendid by all accounts.

Lima: May 7: I spent a very quiet morning answering some family letters. G. M. B. went out to see Mr. Buddle of Lockett's.

In the afternoon Mr. Moss, Dr. Horton, and I searched Lima for a suitable silver table-centre ornament for Mr. Galliver's boys. We were not very successful, as all the table-centres here are of German design and rather ugly.

The day has been brilliant, hot sun all the time, but the air wonderfully fresh. Mr. Moss says that we must not expect such pleasant conditions if we stay here two or three weeks. Apparently from the end of May till September the days are very gloomy and muggy.

This afternoon G. M. B. and Mr. Tregoning met Mr. Leguia at Messrs. Lockett's. He was disgusted at the Galera episode, and much interested in all

G. M. B. had to tell him of what we had seen. The Government troops routed the enemy yesterday above Casapalca, and Colonel Bermudez was shot. This is all excellent news.

May 8 : G. M. B. had a long business talk with Mr. Leguia this afternoon, and many plans were



GROUP OUTSIDE MR. GALLIVER'S HOUSE AT CASAPALCA
Dr. Horton, Mr. G. Perry Newman, Cæsar, Mr. Tregoning, G. M. B.,
Rev. Miles Moss, M. B.

discussed for arranging the Iquitos Muelle dilemma with the Government here.

Dr. Horton and Mr. Tregoning dined with Mr. Houghton, and G. M. B. and I were joined in our quiet dinner at this hotel by the Reverend Miles Moss. We afterwards went round to Mr. Moss' rooms in the Dependence of this hotel. Mr. Moss is a most attractive and talented man. He plays

the piano very well indeed, sings delightfully, and paints pleasant pictures. He is a keen naturalist, and has a good collection of moths.

Later in the evening Mr. Christison came in. He is the Secretary of the British Legation, and told us many amusing stories of the incompetency of the native gendarmes here.

On board the "Guatemala": May 9: We lunched with Mr. Houghton and Mr. Buddle at the National Club. G. M. B. suddenly saw Mr. Lembke, and made a dash at him to get him to justify his conduct about our expected mules at Puerta Jessupi. Mr. Lembke told us he was unavoidably detained in London, and gave the commission to a friend, who proved untrustworthy.

This afternoon, about four o'clock, we took the tram to Callao and there embarked, in company with Messrs. Houghton and Buddle, on the *Guatemala*, a boat belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. She does the passenger trade between Panama and Valparaiso. We are to spend the night on her, and arrive to-morrow morning at Cerro Azul, where Lockett and Company have a large sugar estate and factory.

On board we met Mr. Edgar, a gentleman who says he is a cousin of Sir Robert Hart, and looks every inch of him a Chinaman. He knows Edgar Schwabe and Mr. Sutton.

Rather a rolly sea.

Cerro Azul: May 10: This morning at 7 o'clock we arrived opposite Cerro Azul, ninety miles down the coast from Lima. After a breakfast of coffee

and toast, we were told to get ready to go ashore.

A large tub-like boat was provided for this, in which we and our luggage and several other passengers were placed.

A heavy sea was running, and almost before we had started a small Chinese boy had succumbed to sea-sickness at the bottom of the boat. A stout lady and her little boy soon followed suit, and as there were no arrangements made for sea-sickness, it was very disgusting, and I had much difficulty in keeping well.

As we sat in the boat, it seemed impossible that we could land through the enormous breakers, but somehow or other marvellous management brought us in safety to the beach, where we were carried ashore by strong natives.

Here we mounted a diminutive car set on lines and drawn by a mule. We soon found ourselves in a kind of desert, almost Egyptian in appearance. Nothing but sand around us. Presently we came into a large tract of country covered with sugar-



GOING ASHORE AT CERRO AZUL.

cane, and every here and there a cotton-field. We mounted horses and rode through the green cane-fields, and up a high sand-hill, where we had a splendid view of acres and acres of green cultivated land with the Pacific Ocean beyond, and behind us the endless bare hills rising higher and higher to the Andes. The day was sunny, but rather misty,



RIDING THROUGH THE CERRO AZUL SUGAR ESTATE OF MESSRS.
W. AND J. LOCKETT

and the colouring, reputed to be very fine, was disappointing.

At 5.30 we started back to catch our boat to Lima. Again we went through the surf and waves; this time in a smaller boat than that in which we landed. Our steamer, belonging to a Chilian company, was very high in the water and rolled a good deal as the large Pacific waves heaved beneath her. We had some difficulty in getting on to the ladder from our small boat, and had to seize our

opportunity whilst we were high on the top of a wave. I was caught by a wave when on the steps, and had my feet and skirt drenched.

Obliged to give up dinner to-night! Two biscuits and a glass of champagne!



STREET IN LIMA SHOWING OLD CARVED-WOOD BALCONIES

Lima: May 11: We called on Mr. and Mrs. Newman at the Seamen's Institute, Callao, directly we landed this morning. Mrs. Newman gave us some Chinese ivory ornaments.

I spent a quiet morning.

G. M. B. has done a good deal of business since we arrived at Lima early this morning. He and Mr. Tregoning called on President Pardo this afternoon, and found him a pleasant, shrewd man.

They talked no business with him ; G. M. B. said he seemed tired and looked hard-worked.

We were afterwards taken by Mr. Buddle to see an old Spanish house, one of the oldest in Lima, dating from Pizarro's time. The balconies and ceilings are all made of fine old carved wood. We were not allowed to go inside, as the proprietors were at home. I believe they have some valuable old Spanish pictures.

May 12 : G. M. B. and Mr. Tregoning worked hard at their Iquitos Concession document.

In the afternoon I tried some music through with Mr. Moss. Mrs. Christison, whom I have not yet seen, lent me her violin.

We dined with Mr. Houghton in his large and handsome house near the Exposicion.

May 13 : Very quiet morning. G. M. B. and Mr. Tregoning have had another long talk with Mr. Leguia, who offers them the management of Callao Harbour, now in the hands of some French Company. In fact, he offers the management of *all* the harbours on the Peruvian coast. G. M. B. rather thinks not, but he is going with Mr. Tregoning to have a look at Callao Harbour.

I have tea with Mr. and Mrs. Christison, and meet Mr. Jerome, grand-nephew of Napoleon (?), and also a Mr. Powell. Mrs. Christison is a very gentle, delicate-looking lady.

Mr. James Buddle gives us a splendid dinner-party at the Club. Mr. and Mrs. Bright, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Mr. Charles Watson and Mr. Neill, the American Cónsul, are the party. We play

bridge after dinner, and presently M. Saresti, whom we met with Mr. Solare at Tarma, comes up and speaks to us. He has been in the revolution, and is extremely annoyed at the Government taking away Mr. Solare's prefectship. He says Mr. Solare



ENTRANCE TO THE TORRE TAGLI PALACE, LIMA

did his best, but was rather late in getting out his troops.

May 14: Grand evening concert at the Seamen's Institute, Callao. Mr. and Mrs. Newman were both splendid. Mr. Newman sang some wonderfully composed verses relating our revolution experiences at Casapalca, to the tune of "Killaloo."

Mrs. Newman was a master-woman with the men when they attempted to get rowdy. She only had

to go and sit amongst them, and they soon became meek as lambs.

I played the violin, Major Christison sang several good comic songs, Mr. Miles Moss sang and recited, and a Mrs. Davies sang a Spanish song most charmingly.

It was great fun, and the men seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

May 15 : We had our grand presentation of a silver centre-piece to Mr. Sturrock of Backus and Johnston's mines at Casapalca. Mr. and Mrs. Newman came to lunch. I think every one was pleased with the ornament. It is handsome, though rather too German.

Mr. Solare came in to tea and poured out his woes and injustices. The President, as far as we can see in these dimly lit political matters, has behaved very badly to him, blaming him for not doing impossible things during the revolution. The Prefecture has been taken from him, and he says that for him political life is over. He would like to live a tranquil life with his family. But where is the money ?

Musical evening in Mr. Moss' new rooms. Heaps of talent.

May 16 : G. M. B. and Mr. Tregoning went off to Callao, and stayed there the whole of the afternoon. They were badly impressed by the way everything was managed there. It was so slovenly, and no one seemed to know his work.

The Doctor and I took a walk up Mount Christobel, a hill about 1000 ft. high, a mile or two out of

Lima. We had a splendid view of Lima and the country around.

It is curious to see the green fields, with cows grazing, close to the river Ramac, and then to see



COURTYARD OF THE TORRE TAGLI PALACE, LIMA

the sandy hills, quite barren of any vegetation, rising up on all sides.

In the evening Mr. Buddle and Mr. Houghton dined with us. Mr. Buddle was extraordinarily interesting in his accounts of the Chilians and the

difference of character between the Chilians and Peruvians. He says the Chilians are a fighting race, witty and bright, a great contrast to the Peruvians. He also told us a wonderfully exciting story of how he ran along the streets of Lima whilst fighting was going on. He is a gentleman of great courage and grit.

May 17 : We went to church in Mr. Moss' Anglo-American building. According to the laws of Lima, a Protestant place of worship is not allowed, so that this church looks like an ordinary dwelling-house from outside, although it is quite an imposing church inside, and Mr. Moss has trained the choir of ladies and gentlemen of Lima in a splendid way.

Mr. Charlie Watson took us all for a ride this afternoon. We had good horses, but I was hardly dressed for serious riding, and my fingers were all in holes by the time I came back ; and Mr. Tregoning's fame as a horseman having gone before him, he was provided with a very wild and young Chilian horse, who gave him quite a strenuous hour and a half.

We were shown the polo ground, the cricket ground and the race-course of Lima, and afterwards rode to a place called Magdeléna on the sea coast. Very pretty indeed.

Our untidy cavalcade finished up by riding down the Church Parade of Lima, and I am afraid that my hat flopping over my nose, and my skirt hardly kept below my knees, must have rather disgraced our kind Mr. Watson.

May 18 : Mrs. Clay called for me at 10 A.M., and we wandered round the town in search of precious things in the pawnbrokers' shops. Everything was such an exorbitant price and really not very beautiful that I was not tempted at all. One pair of ancient Spanish stirrups was priced at £10.

In the afternoon we saw a collection of pictures belonging to the Torre Tagli family. There were 860 in three or four small rooms, and it was impossible to see what was good and what was bad. They were also in very bad condition.

We met Mr. Leguia at a dinner-party to-night. He is quite a man out of the ordinary—very wiry, hard working, and impressed me as having great courage.

May 19 : We went round to see Mr. Leguia's racing stables this afternoon. The whole establishment is admirably run, and several splendid animals were brought out and walked round for our inspection. Mr. Leguia is evidently keen, and has frequently won the Lima Derby.

In the evening we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Davies, and met the musical set of Lima (Mr. and Mrs. Christison, Mr. Moss). We had music after dinner, and Mrs. Davies sang her Spanish song again to us. It was very delightful. We didn't get home till 1 A.M.

May 20 : Splendid mail came in unexpectedly this morning. Letters from every one, and everything going splendidly. All the letters tell beautifully of Dan and his doings. He is evidently

vigorous and splendidly alive. It makes me long to get home *at once*.

G. M. B. and Mr. Tregoning came home tired and late this evening, after a long talk with Mr. Leguia.

On board SS. "Mexico" : May 21 : Off at last ! We started at five o'clock after many good-byes. Mr. Newman took us on board in his small "Seamen's Mission" craft. It was by faith alone that we safely landed on the ladder of the *Mexico* ; neither Mr Newman nor his boy knowing much about handling a boat.

May 22 : This morning we found ourselves sailing within a few miles of the wild desolate coast. We saw several peaks of snow, but most of the Sierra is lost in white mist. G. M. B. likened it to the Land of the Moon, and it does seem the same kind of dreary barren country one would expect up there. And the white cloudy sunless atmosphere we had to-day enhanced the effect.

We arrived at Salaverry, the port for Trujillo, at about 2 P.M. This too is a sandy and barren-looking place, with no sign of vegetation, although they say there are great sugar-cane plantations a few miles inland, and Trujillo, which is about fifteen miles up the valley, has wonderful gardens.

We have spent the whole afternoon and evening receiving sacks of sugar. It is very chilly, and we are glad to sit and write in the "salon."

May 23 : At 6 P.M. we arrived at Pacasmayo, a very dreary spot. The mountains here are a good deal farther from the sea, and sandy hills reigned

supreme in our view of the cloudy coast. We stayed a couple of hours at Pacasmayo, and then proceeded to Eten, where we said good-bye to our faithful companion of the Pichis Highway, Cæsar. He lives a few miles inland at a village called Chiclayo, and says he wishes to become a "maquinista," and does not wish to go into service any more.

We were glad to get some sun to-day although it was still very chilly. A good game of shuffle-board croquet made us feel a little warmer and more fit.

May 24: We arrived at Payta at 6 A.M. It was a decent-looking place, as far as one could see from the boat. We remained here till two o'clock, the chief amusement of the morning being the buying of panama hats, of which G. M. B. bought four, and Dr. Horton and Mr. Tregoning each one.

Heaps of cotton is grown at Payta, and another thirty miles or so up the coast we saw a place where there are many kerosene wells. The country looks most unlikely for producing such treasures.

May 25: Early this morning we reached the mouth of the river Guayaquil, and after waiting for the tide to turn, proceeded up the river for three hours and arrived at the small town of Guayaquil.

We were not allowed to land, owing to plague. The country all round here reminds one very much of the Amazon valley, and the climate is evidently similar. They say the mountains round are magnificent, but the clouds were so low that we could

see nothing, until suddenly from out of a great bank of clouds appeared the snowy peak of Chimborazo. It was a wonderful sight in its loveliness, seeming to float in mid-air between the clouds.

Our old friends, the mosquitoes, have paid us a visit this evening.

May 26: We are anchored opposite to the slaughter-house, and the vultures, waiting for the offal to be thrown to them, are disgusting to see.

At three o'clock we start down the river. The scenery is flat, and in some places quite park-like, with meadow land, cows grazing, and large groups of trees here and there. The mountains are hidden all the time, in the clouds.

We are back on the open sea just as it is getting very dark.

May 27 and 28: Two uneventful days of sailing in mid-Pacific with no views of land. The sea has been a little too rough for me, and I have had to be very quiet, whilst G. M. B. read to me "Dr. Thorne."

We expect to reach Panama to-morrow.

May 29: Arrived at Panama at 12 A.M., but not allowed off the boat until we have been looked at by the doctor, who did not arrive till 4 P.M., so it is too late to land at the Bocca and catch the train to Panama. We are therefore spending another night on the *Mexico*.

Panama: May 30: The launch again arrived too late for all the passengers and their luggage to get off, but we managed to jump on whilst the

launch was separating from the ship and go ashore with the Captain alone. He was not well pleased.

We went up to the Hotel Tivoli, which we find most comfortable and very American.

May 31 : This morning we were taken by a Mr. Jackson Smith to see the Culebra cut of the future Isthmian Canal. They are working at it hard, and hope to have it finished by 1915. G. M. B. has made a bet that in four years they will have abandoned the lock idea in favour of a sea to sea canal, and also that they will abandon the idea of constructing the canal by administration.

June 1 : Dr. Horton went early this morning to catch a fast boat to New York.

June 2 : Caught the 10.35 train, and arrived 1 P.M. Colon. We and our luggage were safely aboard the *Magdalena* by 3.30, and we left Colon about six o'clock.

June 3 : Rather choppy sea.

Jamaica : June 4 : We arrived at Jamaica at 11 A.M., and the doctor came on board to examine us soon after we had anchored. We have forty-eight hours' quarantine! They are very anxious and particular about bubonic plague, which has not yet broken out here. The delay is most annoying for us, as it will cut down G. M. B.'s time for business in New York, unless we take a later boat to England.

The island looked very lovely this evening, with blue hills, and silver clouds in every valley. We were very anxious to go on shore and explore, but

it is out of the question till Saturday, so we must content ourselves with quiet pastimes on board.

This evening the ship's doctor organised a small dance, which G. M. B. and I enjoyed very much together.

June 5: We have spent a very quiet day, still in quarantine. Shuffle-board and bridge, and plenty of "Faust."

June 6: We steam up the bay and arrive at the wharf opposite Kingston about 9 A.M. G. M. B. is not feeling very well, so we do not go ashore till eleven, when we take a tram to the Hotel Constant Spring and have lunch there. It is jolly country, and more like England than anything we have seen since we left that blessed spot. Niggers and nigger women are busily marketing with their donkeys in the streets and country lanes.

The town of Kingston was almost entirely wiped out by the terrible earthquake of February 1907. One thousand lives were lost. Most of the principal streets are still in ruins, many of the houses just as they must have been after the earthquake had taken place—all the walls tumbling down, and the ironwork bent and contorted. Of course a good deal of the town has been and is still being built up again.

The nigger boys have been swimming round the *Magdalena* all day long, begging for pennies to be thrown to them. It is wonderful to see them dive.

We left Kingston Docks at 6 o'clock (P.M.) and anchored a mile or two away, opposite Port Henderson. Here we shipped several loads of bananas—

16,000 bunches in all. They looked most picturesque, in green piles. The loading continued through the night till about 6 A.M. the next morning.

June 7 : Rather a choppy sea, and an uneventful day. G. M. B. rather upset.

June 8 : At 1 A.M. we passed between Hayti and Cuba, and during the day we passed through the Bahama Islands. None of them looked very interesting—low and sandy, with the usual palm-trees and prickly pear.

The sea has been beautiful and calm as a lake.

June 9 and 10 : Two quiet days. G. M. B. has not been very well, and has had to go to bed for a bit. We feared dysentery, but the ship's doctor says it is not, though he must have eaten some poison.

Splendid thunder and lightning last night (June 10).

June 11 : New York.

June 17 : *Lusitania*.

June 23 : Home.

APPENDIX

NOTES ON USEFUL EQUIPMENT FOR TRAVEL IN THE AMAZON-ANDES COUNTRY AND SOME SUGGESTIONS AS TO SUPPLIES OF PROVI- SIONS, QUANTITIES BEING ESTIMATED FOR FOUR PEOPLE

(1) Go to the Army and Navy Stores and ask for the Export Department.

(2) If possible let no package weigh over 56 lb. Two such packages are an ample load for the bad mules usually available. Very good mules can carry from 150 to 200 lb.

(3) Take a small medicine-chest especially stocked for malarial and tropical illnesses.

(4) If journeying for the most part under 7000 ft. altitude, light clothes should be taken for the day. Nights are cool. At high altitudes the days are fresh and the nights very cold.

(5) Strong boots and gaiters, or preferably field-boots, are essential. The paths are often very muddy, passing through swamps.

(6) Tents are unnecessary except for explorers.

(7) Water should always be boiled before drinking. To cool water boiled for drinking purposes, fill felt-covered water-bottles, soak felt in cold water and hang in the breeze.

(8) Every case should be fitted for a padlock and key, and a spare padlock or two should be taken. All padlocks should unlock to one key and every member of the party should have a key in his pocket.

(9) All leather luggage must be either packed in green sack bags or covered by ground-sheets. Twelve hours' rain will soak through any leather.

(10) Rubber-flanged tin boxes (to weigh not more than 56 lb. full) are the best means of carrying good clothes, books, &c.

SPECIMEN CASE OF PROVISIONS FOR FOUR PEOPLE FOR TWO DAYS (assuming that stops are only made for one night, giving no time for elaborate cooking).
Weight (say) 56 lb.

- 1 2-lb. tin of Quaker Oats.
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tin of Tea.
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tins of Danish Butter.
- 2 or 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tins Ideal Milk.
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tin Nestlé's Milk.
- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tins of Jam or Marmalade.
- 4 3-oz. tins of Potted Meat.
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tin of Patna Rice.
- 4 tubes Maggi Consommé or 2 tubes Maggi Consommé and 1 tin Pea Flour.
- 1 2-lb. tin Curried Fowl.
- 1 2-lb. tin Army and Navy Rations.
- 1 2-lb. tin Irish Stew or Haricot Mutton.
- 1 $1\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. tin Boston Baked Beans.
- 1 1-lb. tin Plum Pudding.
- 1 1-lb. tin Gooseberry or Apple Pudding.
- 1 $4\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tin Prairie Biscuits.
- 1 1-lb. tin Petit Beurre Biscuits.
- 1 Bottle Lime Juice.
- 1 lb. Muscatels or Figs or Elva Plums.
- Granulated Sugar.
- 1 packet of Medicated Toilet-paper.

N.B.—Sardines and extra Quaker Oats may be taken if travelling in cool temperature, but Sardines should be avoided in the Tropics.

SPECIMEN CASE OF EXTRAS FOR ABOUT SIX WEEKS.

- 1 1-lb. tin of Washing Soda.
- 2 bottles of Brandy.
- 6 doz. hard candles, size 12.
- 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. tins of Plasmon Arrowroot.
- 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. tins of Cocoa Essence.
- 5 2-oz. tins of Coleman's Mustard.
- 2 2-oz. tins of White Pepper.
- 6 1-lb. tins of Salt.
- 12 Sponge- or Swab-cloths.
- 2 metal Corkscrews.
- 6 Tin-openers (very strong).
- 1 tin (2s. size) of Benger's Food.
- 2 Butter-coolers.
- 1 Tin Keating's.

CAMP AND SUNDRIES (for each person).

- 1 Imperial Green X Bed.
- 1 No. 2 Quilted Hair Mattress.
- 1 Jaeger Quadruple Sleeping-bag.
- 1 Feather Pillow.
- 1 Canvas Indian Holdall.
- 1 Large Green Sack Bag.
- 1 Green X Chair.
- 1 Good Mackintosh and Sling-strap.
- 1 Bell Mosquito-net.
- 1 7 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in. Ground-sheet, heavy quality, with eyelets on each side.

FOR GENERAL USE.

- Bucket Canteen or Cooking Outfit.
- Crockery as required.
- Large Kettle with folding handle and copper bottom.
- X Bath and Washstand for every two people.
- Large X Table for every four people.
- Spare Green Sack Bags to hold loose common property.

Canvas Bucket for every two people.

Well-fitted Canvas Tool-roll.

Felt-covered Water-bottle for every two people, to hold
about 1 pint.

Camp Mirror for every two people.

Folding Tale Lantern, for every two people.

Wooden Spoons.

Plenty of strong Cord.

Bath-towels.

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