LIMA, CITY OF THE KINGS
LIMA, CITY OF THE KINGS

LIMA is a flat city whose straight, wide streets are as regular in plan as those of any metropolis of the New World. Pizarro is said to have laid it out, and if he did so he used a T-square and no imagination, merely leaving one empty block in the centre for a Plaza de Armas. Like all cities built upon this checker-board system, it lacks both the picturesqueness and charm of the mediaeval town and the dignity and stateliness of the modern city whose converging streets meet to frame views of important monuments.

Despite this drawback, however, Lima has a physiognomy all its own. Throughout the colonial period it was the capital of the Spanish-American colonies, the residence of the viceroy and of the nobility. Hence it contains, more than any other South American city, notable examples of Hispanic architecture little suspected by the average tourist.

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The streets, too, have distinct individuality, imparted to a great extent by the balcones, adaptations of the Oriental moucharaby, or mirador, often elaborately carved, that project from the upper story of almost every house, far out over the sidewalks, sometimes occurring uninterruptedly for blocks at a time. They are most practical, allowing the air to pass freely to the rooms within, yet screening the house walls from the direct rays of the sun. The people, especially the women, live upon them, flitting behind their long rows of windows as they pass from room to room or leaning over the rail to watch the life in the streets below. The shops, too, are peculiar, being without fronts—wide open during the daytime and closed by long series of folding wooden doors at night.

Much interest is also imparted to these streets by the stately palaces, mostly dating from the viceregal period, that are encountered in all the principal thoroughfares. They present a rather forbidding aspect, with their great walls pierced only by a few barred windows and by their monumental porte-cochères. But look through one of these vast doorways, and all is gaiety within. In an instant you are transported
LIMA, CITY OF THE KINGS

to Spain and the sunlit courts of Andalusia. Here
the same patios, washed with pale pastel tones and
paved with tiles or coloured marbles, bask in the

sunlight, decked with palms and oleanders screened
behind iron gratings of intricate and artistic work-
manship. Through pavilions at the rear you catch
glimpses of other gardens beyond. The whole scheme,
cool, airy, framing the peep of blue sky overhead,
seems singularly well adapted to this land of soft sunshine.

The Plaza is a handsome square, well paved, neatly kept, and adorned with beautiful tropical gardens set with flowers and stately palms, and ornate lamp-posts supporting arches of lights for festivals. It is surrounded on two sides by portales, or arcades, lined with shops. The third side is occupied by the palace and the fourth by the cathedral.

This last is not as interesting as some of the other great Peruvian churches. It was apparently made over in the last century, when a wave of classic revival swept away many of the picturesque plateresque constructions of the Latin-American churches and substituted cold Roman columns and arches for the elaborate pediments and richly carved surfaces of the Churrigueresque artists. So now the cathedral lacks much of that interest that one expects to find in a building of its age. The interior, too, suffers at first sight from the same cause, yet upon closer investigation the choir and chapels yield notable works of art. There are, for example, the massive silver high altar and the rarely beautiful silleria, rows of richly carved stalls ornamented with good statues of saints
Lima Cathedral from the Bodegones
and apostles enshrined in ornate canopies or framed in elaborate panelling—all done in cedar wood after the best Hispanic traditions. The Chapel of the Purissima, too, is a fine piece of plateresque not yet debased by the barocco, and we discovered in the sacristy a delightful little Moorish fountain of alabaster, the glint of whose tiles in the penumbra and the splash of whose water in the silence recalled to us some inner court of the Alhambra.

In the Chapel of the Virgen Antigua, under the benign eyes of a placid Virgin and Child sent over from Spain by Charles V, a modest white casket with open glass sides contains the remains of that wonderful ruffian, that intrepid conquistador, Francisco Pizarro. As I looked at his dried bones and mumified flesh exposed thus publicly to the gaze of the curious, lying upon, but in no way shrouded by, a bed of purple velvet, his entrails in a bottle at his feet, I wondered if it was with design that his remains are so displayed. Is it mere chance that this poor tomb is all that marks his final resting-place? Is it by mere neglect that no monument to him (at least to my knowledge) exists in all Peru?

During the last stormy days of his life he occupied
the palace that he built across the Plaza. This vast, rambling pile is worthy of a visit, not merely because it is the actual residence of the President, the White House of Peru, but because of its historic associations.

A big doorway, where a company of soldiers always mounts guard, admits to an outer court, vast in scale, across which you reach a stairway that leads to a broad upper corridor, severely chaste, white and fresh, and open to the sky throughout its entire length. A series of apartments leads off on either hand, and sentinels challenge you at each door, for revolutions are frequent. But under the guidance of the President’s chief aide-de-camp, a colonel of distinction and courtly manners, we visited in turn the various reception-rooms, with their ornately gilded furniture of the viceregal period, and saw the vice-roy’s throne that still, standing under its baldaquin but shorn of its imperial ornaments, does duty for the President. We admired, too, the proportions and acoustics of the long banquet-hall, a bit shabby, perhaps, but hemmed in between two of the lovely tropical gardens that are incorporated within the palace walls, some of their ancient fig-trees, we were told, dating from the days of Pizarro.

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In the President's Garden
The apartments that he occupied open upon an inner corridor, long and narrow, down which the old lion at bay fought Rada's men, single-handed, toward the street and safety. At the foot of its last step you are shown a small white stone that is said to mark the spot where he fell, wounded to the death, and where, dipping his finger in a pool of his own blood, he traced a cross upon the ground, expiring as he kissed it.

I had the rare good fortune, while in Lima, to procure as my cicerone a certain police commissioner (that is the best translation I can make of his title) who knew every corner of the capital and apparently every one in it. Whether in the halls of the President's palace, or the grim corridors of the penitentiary, or the dark aisles of the churches, he seemed equally at home, and every one treated him as a friend. His kindness was of great value to me, for, strange as it may seem, there exists no guide-book to Lima, and it is difficult to ferret out the points of interest.

With him I visited the monasteries, and was certainly surprised by what I found in them. Nothing that I had heard, nothing that I had read, had pre-
pared me for what I saw, for they have been strangely neglected by travellers. Yet to my mind they are among the chief features of the city—of interest both because of their vast extent as well as for the numerous art treasures that they contain.

The finest belongs to the Franciscans and faces upon one of the prettiest little squares of the city, the Plaza of San Francisco. To visit it you enter a sort of vestibule whose lower walls are completely covered with beautiful Mudejar tiles in which little amorini alternate curiously with grim deaths’ heads. Borders of deep lapis blue frame the panels and completely surround the great doorway that occupies one end of the hall. In answer to a knock the little wicket opens, a few words are exchanged, the heavy door swings, a brown friar steps back to let you pass, and you enter another world—a world of seclusion and quiet, of cloister courts with brown monks moving silently about or digging in the flower-beds, of ancient pictures depicting the life of good Saint Francis looking down from their golden frames upon sunlit gardens filled with the bright bloom of the tropics.

It would be quite impossible to describe the labyrinths of this convent’s courts, the varied features of
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

its trinity of churches and its thirteen chapels with their carved coros and gilded altars. But its chief interest lies in the beautiful azulejos, or glazed tiles, that completely cover the lower walls and pillars of its cloisters. These date mostly from the early years of the seventeenth century and are of great variety. Some are patterned with the rich designs of the high Renaissance; others with figures of brown-cowled monks; others again with heraldic monsters or with those intricate arabesques that the Moors introduced into Spain. Moorish, too, is the beautiful flattened dome that covers the main stairway, a great half-orange of cedar wood, unfortunately now falling to decay, but still retaining enough of its original inlay of ebony and bone to recall its pristine glory.

The Dominicans possess an equally beautiful monastery though not as extensive a one. It is the oldest in Lima, and, like San Francisco, is richly adorned with tiles that date from the second decade of the seventeenth century, many of them evidently designed expressly for the convent, depicting scenes in the history of the Dominican order.

Through the upper loggia of one of the inner courts, whose rose-coloured walls act as a foil to a pale-green
Cloister of San Francisco, Lima
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

fountain in the centre, you reach the library, a quiet room divided by arches resting upon slender columns. On the morning of my visit a painter was graining the shafts of these columns to imitate marble. Several brothers in white stood watching him, their shaven heads and intellectual faces (for these Dominicans are of a studious stamp) making an attractive picture for some Vibert or Zamacois against the golden background of parchment-covered books lit by the sunlight that filtered through the leaded windows. There are other monasteries of lesser note, repetitions on a smaller scale of these great ones.

Of Lima’s churches, San Pedro makes the richest effect. It is the fashionable church of the city, and its dark aisles, with their deep-toned paintings set in elaborate gilded frames, their polychrome saints and martyrs looking out from niches charged with carvings that wake the shadows with the glow of their golden ornaments, their retablos toned with the smoke of incense and the dust of years, form a fine background indeed for the beautiful women that frequent it—women whose pallid faces gleam like ivory from beneath the lacy folds of the mantilla or the sombre pleats of the heavy manta.
Patio of the Torre Tagle Palace, Lima
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The palace of the Torre Tagles without doubt takes precedence over all the secular buildings of the city.

Its superb balcones, the finest in the city, would alone arrest your attention, or its doorway, the best example of the Churrigueresque style that I saw in Peru. You may or you may not like this form of architecture, with its bizarre proportions, its broken pediments, its general lack of organism, but the mere bulk of this entrance, the grandeur of its scale and absence of finicky detail will prepare you for the splendid court-yard within. This great patio is reached through a deep vestibule where, after the fashion of Spanish palaces, steps are arranged for mounting and dismounting from horses.

The court itself is shaded by a broad projecting balcony of cedar wood left without paint or varnish, its columns, arches, and balustrades richly carved, and its supporting corbels, elaborate and intricate in detail, ornamented with heads of animals and men that, though Hispanic in design, are evidently the handicraft of highly skilled Indian workmen.

A broad staircase, whose glazed tiles imitate a stair-rail upon the one hand, while its mahogany stair-rail
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

imitates these same tiles upon the other, leads to the upper balcony where the main apartments open. These are spacious and handsome and still contain much of their antique furniture of the viceregal period, among other things two superb wardrobes, royal objects of massive design completely encrusted with mother-of-pearl, silver, and tortoise-shell, the viceroy of Mexico's wedding gift to an ancestor of the family. Handsome portraits of gentlemen in wigs and the elaborately embroidered coats and waistcoats of the eighteenth century, and of ladies in the voluminous skirts and powdered hair of the same period, complete a picture of aristocratic life under the Spanish régime.

The Torre Tagles, who counted among their members two viceroys and the first President of Peru, were a family of great importance, as many things about the palace testify. By royal grant, a pair of cannon, their noses planted in the ground at either side of the vestibule, gave right of asylum to any one who passed between them. In one corner of the patio a heraldic lion carved in wood supports a post from which hung the scales that weighed the gold and silver for the King's troops, the head of this family [72]
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having been for centuries paymaster of the army and navy. The great collection of pictures that they owned, once the most notable in Peru, is now being dispersed, and their state coach, a gilded calèche worthy of the royal stables of Madrid, has been bequeathed to the National Museum, where it now forms the central object in the colonial collection.

This National Museum, with the National Library, and San Marcos University founded in 1551, the oldest in the New World, form the three important institutions of learning in the capital.

The museum’s well-ordered cases, arranged by an enthusiastic German archaeologist, afford an excellent opportunity to study the civilisation of the Incas, containing, as they do, rare picture cloths from Tiahuanaco, with their strange conventionalised figures
of an' als and men; quaintly fashioned
funeral urns that, like the ree and Etruscan
vases, give us the best documents we have of the
manners and customs of the times; and row upon row of those strange, seated mummies whose knees touch their chins and whose faces are covered with masks of gold, silver, or vicuna cloth, according to their social standing.

The National Library is again of importance. I say again, for during the Chilian invasion it was ruthlessly looted and its priceless treasures carried off by a pack of vandals. Now, however, through the unremitting efforts of Don Riccardo Palma, one of the most brilliant literary lights of Latin America, whose "Recuerdos de Lima" forms the classic collection of the city's tales and legends, has again attained to a certain degree of its former importance.

San Marcos University looks much as it did in colonial days, and its sunny cloisters, with their white arcades, still echo the footsteps and voices of students preparing for the liberal professions.

It is in one of the populous quarters of the city, one of the districts where you may still see some...
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the curious street types of Lima: the aguador vending his water, or the lechera peddling her milk, mounted high upon her pillion, a Panama hat upon her head, her huge cans, bound in calf-skin sacks, dangling at either side of her ambling pony. Here, too, or over in the Malambra quarter, near where the favourite of the viceroy Amat dwelt in seclusion in the Casa Perricholi, you will find the vendors of chicha, the national drink, women who smoke cigars and carry bamboo canes, and the panaderos who cover their bread-baskets with bright-red parasols. And at any time, in any street, you may meet the capeador, perhaps the most characteristic of all the Lima types, mounted upon his pacing pony of Arab stock, whose hair saddle-cloths, silver-mounted bridle, and housings over the tail will recall the trappings of the mediaeval knights.

The business streets of the city are animated; the better shops full of attractive imported articles, especially wearing apparel, for the women are smart and well dressed, devoting much of their time and attention—too much, perhaps—to their clothes. If you want to see a group of them, go in the winter season to the race-course, or in the bathing season,
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December to April, upon a Sunday morning, to La Punta, a little resort reached by trolley.

And if you want to see more of them and in more attractive surroundings, go some Sunday evening to Barranco, and especially to Chorrillos, where a broad promenade skirts the sea. The scene in many ways would remind you of some lesser resort on the Riviera—the broad terrace with its balustrades and seats, the music in the band-stand, the palm gardens, the villas new and bright overlooking the terrace, and the sea among whose lazy rollers far below lies the yacht club with its phantom boats.

With a bit of energy, with the impetus of a few enthusiastic citizens, Lima could be made most attractive as a winter resort. When the Canal is opened, I dare say it will become one, especially when some hotel not yet in existence, but soon to be, I hear, shall have been constructed, set in wide gardens.
THE OROYA RAILWAY
THE OROYA RAILWAY

I

TO THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

AND then there is the Oroya Railway. What city in the world can boast such an attraction at its very doors? Where else can you, in the short space of a few hours, ascend from the coast, from palms and mango groves, bananas and tropical gardens, to the snow and ice of eternal winter, to heights above the utmost summit of Mont Blanc?

All this is possible through the pluck, ingenuity, and indomitable perseverance of a certain American promoter, a picturesque figure of the sixties, Henry Meiggs. He it was who conceived this gigantic scheme to scale the dizzy steeps of the Andes, and he it was who carried to execution this first railroad, and the only one that crosses these icy summits at
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

such an elevation, to this day the “highest railway in the world.” No matter what else you may see in this mundane sphere of ours, you will never forget the day you climbed the Oroya Railway.

We made the trip under exceptionally favourable auspices. A private car, most comfortable in all its appointments, was put at our disposal, and in it we lived, with two excellent servants to care for us.

Instead of leaving Lima by the early morning train, as is usually done, our car was attached to the afternoon passenger and left at Chosica for the night, a station about twenty-five miles distant and a little less than three thousand feet above the sea, used as a resort, a sort of cure d’air, by the Limanians. After dinner we walked about its streets, and, in the semi-darkness of the tropic night, enjoyed its villas set in palm gardens, their windows and doors wide open and the occupants sitting upon verandas or chatting in the brightly lighted drawing-rooms.

As I awoke in the early morning I could hear our engine breathlessly climbing from height to height, puffing like a winded horse, and could see in the grey, dim dawn the long fingers of banana-trees swaying in the breeze and the clustered palms rustling their dry
On the Oroya Railway
THE OROYA RAILWAY

leaves. Dark-blue slaty hills shut us in, and at the bottom of the gorge the Rimac stormed along, a roaring torrent.

As it grew lighter we reached the first switchback, the only device used on this wonderful road, standard gauge, to overcome the difficulties of climbing the dizzy heights. Here, too, we came upon the first andenes, those Inca terraces still in use, irrigated with painstaking toil by canals that deflect the waters of the river along the faces of the cliffs. Below us lay the narrow river valley, divided, like a large green relief map, into states and territories by wriggly stone walls, and dotted here and there with cattle, impossibly small.

The vegetation was changing. Along the track grew strange cacti whose long green fingers stood erect and serried as organ pipes. Loquats and figs and masses of wild heliotrope were still to be seen, though we had passed the six-thousand-foot level.

We slowed down at Matucana while the engine took a drink, and we had a glimpse of its clean little hotel and gaily painted houses opposite the station. Two Franciscan friars and a group of serranos, mountaineers, in ponchos, or bright skirts, disappeared
within the little pink church for early mass. Early mass! And we had already climbed more than a mile in altitude that morning.

But we were only beginning our ascent. Our engine, having caught its breath and greased its joints, started again to puff and snort and haul us from switchback to switchback. In the next ten miles we attained the ten-thousand-foot level, and as I looked on the one hand at the dullish purple cliffs with their varied stratifications and at the deep-red ones opposite, I thought of the Colorado Midlands and of the splendours of Marshall Pass, and of the time, years ago, when the crossing of that divide, at the same altitude that we now were, constituted an accomplishment of considerable moment.

From our observation platform at the rear of the train we looked down into giddy abysses where the Rimac now raced in a succession of cascades, while above us towered great crags covered with tunas and cacti. Every now and then a snow-peak would appear, touching the heavens. The sun had burst forth, dispelling the morning vapours. We penetrated into a region of glistening granite and porphyry. The Rimac boiled through a chasm and disappeared.

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The Narrow River Valley Like a Relief Map
THE OROYA RAILWAY

into a cave. Between two tunnels we breathlessly crossed the Infiernillo Bridge—well named in this chaos of Hades.

The air became decidedly cooler, not to say cold, after the soft warmth of the coast, and the mountain people that we saw, wrapped in shawls and woollens, showed this change. At the next station we spied the first llamas, those strange Peruvian beasts of burden, with liquid, scornful eyes and ears tipped with red worsteds, silently munching by the track. In an instant they were gone as we sped along upward. What walls to climb, what cliffs! Switchback and loop, tunnel and bridge, higher and ever higher we go! In the next two miles we climbed five hundred feet; after that three thousand more in but fifteen miles.

We had now ascended to a bleak and stony wilderness. The mighty Rimac had dwindled to a tiny stream, a thread of water but a few feet wide, boiling over the rocks. Vegetation there was none. Soft, fleecy clouds gathered again about us, and here, nearly fourteen thousand feet above the sea, Pedro served us our lunch. It was no common experience, I assure you, to partake of so delicate a repast almost
three miles above the sea: alligator pears at the beginning, fresh-picked that morning at Chosica, *chirimoyas* and wonderful Italian grapes from Ica at the end, and in between fresh green corn, though it was the month of March!

And what a panorama from the window before which the table was spread! Oh, the grandeur and the beauty of colour of this high Cordillera, its dark greys spotted by golden greens, the gamuts of reds and ochres and chromes of the great coppery mountains that shut us in! The last two hundred feet of altitude was apparently the steepest grade—the greatest strain of all—for our engine snorted continuously and stopped to catch its breath and get up steam again to fight this extraordinary altitude. Again we looked into bottomless pits; again we passed through tunnel after tunnel, and at last emerged upon the verge of Lake Ticlio—a pale-green mirror of murky water, barren as a landscape on the moon. Beyond it rose bald snow-peaks, gaunt and desolate. Breathless, we had reached the summit of the pass up above the clouds, again in the sunshine.

At Ticlio our car was detached and we were
THE OROYA RAILWAY

switched off on the Morococha branch, to begin to climb once more. Not for long, however; only to Anticona, a desolate spot without a house in sight, but the highest point ever yet attained by any railroad, fifteen thousand eight hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea-level.

The frozen peaks of the Black Cordillera, seamed with greenish glaciers and deep crevasses, encompassed the lakes of Anticona, one green, one purple, below which other lakes in the clouds at times appeared, then hid again in flying vapours. We skirted each of these lakes in turn, one after the other, and, as we crossed the last of them upon a narrow causeway, beheld visions of others still, lower, matchless in colour, about which the ground was scratched and rasped by greedy human hands digging in the copper mines of Morococha.

Morococha lies in a valley between the last two lakes, its yellow-ochre houses scarcely visible, so well do they harmonise with their dark surroundings. We were welcomed at the station by two American engineers—strange to find at this extraordinary altitude. While we were talking to them a loud clap of thunder suddenly broke the stillness, the clouds
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

gathered thickly, and one of those swift Andean thunder-storms, so common at these heights, was unchained about us. What deluges! what a roaring of the elements! For our return journey to Ticlio a transformation had taken place. The snow was falling heavily, the green and purple lakes had now become leaden and angry-looking, and the peaks and their glaciers were enveloped alike in a thick white mantle, only a crag or two emerging here and there, like the black tippets upon an ermine cloak.

In the chaos of snorting engine and warring elements, we were attached at Ticlio to a lone locomotive and proceeded as a special through the long Galera tunnel that pierces an abutment of the Monte Meiggs (named for the builder of the road), the highest point on the main line. It was about four o’clock as we sped down the eastern slopes to the great central plateau of Peru, through a perfect avenue of giant mountains, the snow falling unceasingly until it changed to rain, and green valleys began to succeed the snow-fields. At six o’clock we pulled into Oroya for the night.
II

XAuxa AND Huancayo

OROYA proved, by the morning light, to be but a desolate little town set in a valley walled about by high grey mountains and drained by a saffron-tinted river that rushed madly toward the south. The natives peddling vegetables in the street or huddled about the station, the llama-trains in the corrals, the quaint music of a primitive harp that floated in the air gave us a foretaste of what we were now setting out to see: the market at Huancayo.

The sun did not top the great bald mountains until nine o’clock, and at ten we drew out of the station en route for Xauxa. The track followed the course of the Mantaro River, descending, as it did so, to a succession of lower valleys, one after another, that grew richer and more productive as we sped along. Here, under this tropical sun, ten to eleven thousand feet seems to be about the right altitude. This

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the Incas realised, for the principal seats of their civilisation lay in these inland valleys hemmed in by the mighty Cordillera.

Now, at the end of the rainy season (their March corresponds to our September), all was lovely and green. Fields of alfalfa succeeded to barley patches, the rocky ledges glowed with yellow marguerites, and spans of big white oxen dragged primitive wooden ploughs through the earth, softened by rains. In more arid spots a lonely shepherdess would sit with her dog watching her grazing herd. Cattle and sheep raising is the chief industry of the country, for the hay and grass continually resows itself.

At the end of the valley lay Llocllapampa, an old Quichua town, set in olive-groves and fields of wild mustard. Beyond it we ran alongside of a cactus-bordered road that from time to time crossed torrents pouring down from the mountains to swell the mighty Amazon. This was the sort of highway that Pizarro followed when he marched upon Cuzco from Caxamarca, and these were the very valleys through which he passed, whose simple natives stood amazed at his men of steel bestriding great animals beside which their llamas looked small and tame indeed.
THE OROYA RAILWAY

At one point in our ride some sheep and cattle were grazing along the track and two mounted herdsmen in vivid ponchos came to round them up, galloping across a frail bridge that rocked and swayed under the weight of their horses, being slung across
the chasm only by means of willow withes like those the Incas used to twist.

But the Spanish have definitely imposed their imprint on the land. The pink-roofed villages that hug the hillsides are true bits of Spain; the cemeteries, walled about and towered at the corners, are Hispanic in character, and the haciendas are all of the Spanish type.

Now the country grew wild and treeless again, and we passed through a gorge mined out by water like the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. And then, in a veritable oasis of eucalyptus groves, lying in the broad valley whose richness was so often mentioned by the ancient chroniclers, we came upon Xauxa sunning its pink-tiled roofs in the afternoon light.

The station lies just beyond the town, and is walled about and enclosed by gates like most of the principal depots along the Peruvian railways. So it was with pleasant anticipation that we looked forward to a peaceful night in our comfortable car out under the stars in the country.

Dazzling white houses, whose broad eaves stretch out to shade the narrow sidewalks, border the streets that lead to the plaza—a vast square out of all pro-
portion to the low buildings that surround it and to the market uses to which it is put. It was none the less picturesque with its wriggling lines of vendors squatting in the shade of their primitive parasols and its churches and public buildings ranged about it.

The most important church is a large edifice of no special architectural interest, being a sort of echo of the Cathedral of Lima. But its interior has escaped restoration and makes a dignified appearance with its white walls and single barrel-vault that frame a
superb reredos occupying the entire east end of the church—one of those amazing structures, gilded, painted, and ornamented with statues, pictures, columns, and cornices that, in this case, are held well within bounds, restrained, and fretted by the rich but flat detail of the plateresque rather than the wanton exuberance of the baroque. What a treasure-trove for some museum, this fine piece of Spanish art hidden in the mountains of Peru!

With some difficulty we found a crazy old carriage to drive us out to call upon a charming Spanish family who possess a villa on the banks of a lake some distance down the valley. The rough road led off through lanes of century plants into the open country.

Now we could see the hills behind the town crowned with Inca ruins—sole remnants of the very considerable Indian town that once played so conspicuous a part in the Wars of the Conquest and the civil wars that followed. Here, along the Mantaro, the Inca warriors, relying upon the width of the river as a barrier, made their first determined stand against Pizarro during his march upon Cuzco. But the impetuosity of the Spanish riders, whose horses plunged
into the stream, swimming and wading to the opposite bank, soon put them to rout and sent them fleeing toward the mountains.

Here, too, at Xauxa, Pizarro spent many anxious days awaiting news of De Soto, sent ahead to reconnoitre; and, further to add to his troubles, his creature, the young Inca Toparca, whom he had set upon the throne of Atahualpa, died, a victim, it was supposed, of poison.

The ride to the lake gave us a pretty glimpse of this valley of Xauxa with its sheep grazing in the meadows, its long files of eucalypti and clusters of tincurals, and its flights of beautiful birds, eddying and dipping and soaring aloft in brilliant yellow clouds—principally hilgueros and triqueros—that, when they alighted in the cactus-hedges, sang as sweetly as canaries.

The villa that we visited was set upon the very waters of the lake, the long reeds brushing the veranda as they bowed in the breeze. The air was balmy, like a lovely day in spring—soft, yet with a delicious tang in it. A little removed from the shore, a group of flamingoes stood, pink and rosy, one-legged in the water. The children were presented
for our inspection; one of the señoritas “touched” the piano; we were offered refreshments, and then before sunset started back for the town.

At dawn next morning I felt a bump and then realised that we were moving. Grey silhouettes of trees and fainter silhouettes of mountains flitted past the window.

We had been anxious to see the great market at Huancayo, and, as there is no train on Sunday morning, a special engine had been sent up for our car, so that we pulled in to the station before seven o’clock.

In spite of the early hour all was in a bustle, and when we walked into the main plaza, what a sight met our eyes! This plaza, surrounded by low houses, forms a part, as it were, of a main street broad enough
THE OROYA RAILWAY

for a metropolitan boulevard, yet it and the square were a compact, seething mass of humanity and beasts. They told us that there were between ten

Corner of the Indian Market, Huancayo

and twelve thousand Indians at that morning’s market, and I fully believe it.

In the great square itself the men stood about for the most part, bartering and talking, arrayed in gaudy ponchos and wide-rimmed hats. The women were sitting in circular groups upon the ground, eating their morning meal of steaming food, dipping it
out of earthen vessels with the spoons whose handles pin their shawls at the shoulder like the Roman agrafes, or they squatted in long lines from end to end of the plaza, forming, with their bright shawls, and their vivid wares wrapped in woven bags and blankets, a huge crazy quilt covering every foot of available space.

It was a bewildering scene indeed, this multitude of bright colours, relieved against the low houses in whose tiendas men and women sat drinking those tiny glasses filled apparently with water, but in reality with the fiery alcohol, almost pure, distilled on the sugar plantations along the coast. At one end stood a great mud-coloured ruin—of a church, I think, with sightless windows and an open portal—around whose base great herds of llamas and donkeys stood gathered in picturesque confusion. Down the street came water-carriers, staggering along among vendors of coca and bright aniline dyes that would delight a post-impressionist’s heart, while along the curbs sat the sellers of ollas and drinking-gourds, of ponchos and saddles, of yellow earthen pottery and big vessels for cooking the chupe, their national dish.

Our wanderings finally brought us to the far end of
the main street just in time to see the garrison, a battalion of infantry, march out of its barracks with colours flying and headed by its band. The officers were Peruvians of Spanish descent, but the rank and file seemed entirely of Indian origin. They marched well, however, and looked like neat and self-respecting soldiers. When I asked why they paraded thus during the full market, I was told that every Sunday this was done to stimulate interest in the army and show the Indian youths what fine fellows they would be when their time came for military service.

Half an hour later the cracked bells of the church began to chime, and we walked back to the little square in front of it. Here, nearly twelve thousand feet above the sea, sweet-peas and calla lilies, roses, dahlias, and geraniums were blazing in a perfect riot of colour. Inside the church all was hushed and still. Women in black rebosos, or gaily coloured shawls, sat or knelt upon the stone floor, and a crowd of men stood near the high altar where three officiants were celebrating low mass.

It was a picture of quiet dignity, this church interior, the groups silhouetting handsomely against the pale-tinted walls and the gilded side-altars, the
alcaldes from the mountain villages standing apart, leaning upon their long canes bound about with silver, badges of the mayor's office. As the women removed their hats to cover their heads with shawls, coca leaves fell fluttering to the ground, and we noticed many of them wearing these same leaves pasted on their temples to deaden headaches.

We were asked by the mayor of the city to go informally with him to the Club Nacional, my wife being included in the invitation, though she was the only lady present. We enjoyed the experience, especially the Incaic music that followed, played by an Indian, a descendant of the old stock. It was our first opportunity to hear these weird melodies, so sad, so plaintive in tone, so strange in their syncopations, that were to follow us wherever we went in the mountains. He played, turn by turn, the old Inca dances, the *yaravis* sung by the women, and the gay *marmeras* danced nowadays by the common people all over Peru. What an interesting opera could be woven upon these themes, with the romantic history of the Incas and the scenery of the country and quaint customs of these mountain people as a background!
THE OROYA RAILWAY

Some of the Indian women are quite handsome, with their straight noses, full lips, and bronze-coloured skin, smooth and soft, that glistens in the sun. The men, too, have the hardy type of mountaineers: their legs bare, fine, and strong, their chests deep, and their heads erect. Though dirty personally, their town is surprisingly clean for an isolated mountain community.

The alcalde dined with us that evening, and we had an interesting discussion of Peruvian politics.

We had half planned to visit Santa Rosa de Ocopa, a monastery in the mountains, upon our return journey; but that did not prove feasible, so we proceeded directly back to Oroya, at which station we arrived several hours behind our schedule. To this fact, however, we owed one of the most wonderful impressions of our entire trip: the crossing of the pass at sunset.

As we emerged from the Galera tunnel that pierces Mount Meiggs at the top of the grade, nearly sixteen thousand feet above the sea, great clouds piled high about the summits of the mountains, whose peaks, copper, ashen, silver, or coral, stood glistening with eternal glaciers. As we started down the grade the evening mists began to rise, hurrying upward from
gorge, valley, and precipice to swell the gathering vapours—caught by winds and air currents, eddying hither and thither like the fumes from a witch’s caldron. In these flying, ghost-like forms lakes appeared and disappeared from time to time, hanging suspended, as it were, in mid-air.

Embattled peaks rose enormous through the fog, their bulk doubled by the mist, just as the depth of the gorges was rendered doubly terrifying by the mystery of bottomless pits and precipices whose bases were swallowed in swirling vapours.

As we descended, the sun, with its last rays, shot shafts of lurid light through these scurrying mists that thus became great tongues of fire, licking the mountains like the flames of a giant conflagration—a Walhalla, a glorious apotheosis to this wonderful ride in the Andes.

We passed the night at Matucana, half-way down the grade, and in the morning came down to Lima, to sea-level and the warmth of banana groves, jasmine, and heliotrope after the snow and ice of the mountains.
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I

A COAST HACIENDA

The Limari of the Chilian Line took us in a night from Callao harbour to the anchorage off Cerro Azul. Before us lay a typical Peruvian port, barren and dry, whose bleak sand hills made us exclaim: "Why have we accepted this kind invitation to spend a week in this desolate spot!"

The doctor’s boat came alongside, and presently the chaloupa of the port captain and with it a large lancia. This latter intrigued me, for, though manned by four stalwart oarsmen, it contained no cargo of any description. Its bottom was covered with a great tarpaulin on which stood two empty chairs, its sole passenger being a man in white whose bronzed face was shaded by a cork helmet. I was wondering how we would get ashore, when this man in
white stepped up and, introducing himself, asked if we were not the expected guests of Señor H——.

He proved to be the port agent, British as could be, of the great sugar estate for which we were bound, and soon, with our luggage, we were comfortably installed in the two chairs upon the tarpaulin and were making for the shore, riding the surf until we beached some fifty feet or so beyond the dry sand. Several men waded out for the luggage; my wife was put into a chair carried by three men, while I was told to bestride a big fellow’s shoulders as he waded ashore with me. A queer procession we must have made!

Our host was down to the port to meet us, and presently, after a comforting cup of tea in the agent’s house (it was yet very early in the morning), we were put into a carrito, or little car running on narrow-gauge tracks and drawn by a fat, white mule. A Jap lashed up the animal, constantly shouting “Mula, mula,” as we sped around the promontory that gives the port its name—the Blue Hill.

In an instant the whole aspect of the country changed as if by magic, a change so startling that it fairly staggered us—the coast desert transformed in a moment from sandy wastes to broad cotton-
Landing at Cerro Azul
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fields and acres upon acres of sugar-cane. A tall factory chimney loomed up in the distance; then a Japanese village with its temple set among the banana-trees came into view; then a larger native village; and finally the low, rambling hacienda, an extensive group of buildings painted Venetian red and enclosing two patios, one set out with date-palms and a fountain, the other planted with flowers and entwined with honeysuckle. We were taken to large and airy rooms that faced the garden and tennis-court, with, beyond, a fine prospect of the sea, calm, placid, and blue beyond belief.

It was now only nine in the morning (for we had made a very early start), and I spent the remaining hours until luncheon in walking through the sugar mill with my host. Santa Barbara is a very big plant, one of the largest on the West Coast, and thirty-five miles of railroad track feed its capacious maw. Train-load after train-load of cane, the “honey of reeds,” draws up to the factory each day to spill its contents upon the endless chains that dump them onto the crushing-mills. Like all perfected machinery of this day, no human hand touches the product until the finished sugar, one hundred and fifty thou-
From Panama, sand pounds a day, is sewn into sacks and put on flat-cars for shipment at the port.

After luncheon we started, four of us, in the carrito for Casa Blanca, a large ranch some miles distant, the headquarters of the cultivation department. Here we found horses ready saddled and soon were riding off toward an isolated hill, the Cerro d'Oro, a barren peak bearing Inca ruins plainly visible upon its summit.

As we climbed its sandy heights beautiful views of the valley began to unfold themselves. To the westward the sea glittered like silver in the afternoon light; to the north, parched and baked and blistered by eternal sunshine, the arid foot-hills lay seamed like wrinkled old mummies; but to the east, in violent contrast to this desolation, the broad Canete valley, under the fecundating touch of its river and countless irrigating ditches, bloomed into verdant fields of cane, vivid, velvety, stretching like a vast green carpet to the far foot-hills that rose, pale, ashen, and sandy, to buttress the grand Cordillera towering high into the heavens.

Upon attaining the summit of the hill there lay about us the ruins of a dead civilisation. House walls of sun-baked adobe brick, with doorways still
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intact; fragments of a well-planned fortress; and lower down a cemetery wall beyond which we could see innumerable human bones and row upon row of skulls glistening in the sunshine amid strips of mummy wrappings of vicuña cloth, exhumed by the shifting sand.

We rode down the other side to San Luis, and in the *carrito* again drove for miles through the cane-fields of the vast estate to the Nuevo Mundo. Here we found other horses and, in the now westering light, rode through hills scratched with *andenes*, or Inca terraces, dating from the days when that patient people, by means of aqueduct and tunnel, deflected whole rivers to fertilise their crops. These irrigating ditches are still in use, serving as models to the Spaniards.

Each hill hereabout is topped with its Inca ruins. Like the mediæval builders, these Peruvian Indians of the coast region chose the hill tops for their settlements, thus protecting themselves alike from wandering bands of marauders and the miasmas of the coast marshes. We returned to Santa Barbara in the waning twilight, with the crescent moon and the Southern Cross to guide us.

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So ended our first day at Cerro Azul. I had asked myself in the morning, "Why did I come?" Now I was answered. This single day had given me the most vivid picture of one of those Inca valleys described by the ancient chroniclers, scarcely believable upon this rainless coast—valleys that light its desert wastes with their emerald fields wherever a torrent pours from the Andes down to the sea; valleys that support the lonely coast-towns and produce the barges of sugar, the bales of cotton, the herds of cattle that are hoisted aboard the steamer at every port.

The days that followed strengthened this picture and added to its details. Each brought its little expedition.

One morning we visited the Japanese village whose picturesque little lanes, shaded by banana palms, put to shame the shiftlessness and dirt of the cholo quarter—the inevitable galpon that houses the half-breed working population of every Peruvian hacienda.

Another day we rode to the Seal Rocks along the hard-packed sands of the coast. Our horses at times galloped through the surf itself; then again we were cut off from the sea by hummocks and rocky promon-
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tories and reaches of barren sand dunes. Oh, the loneliness of this shore, the desolation of these dunes! Never a tree, nor a shrub, nor a blade of grass. Only at times the gulls fishing along the beach, or the skeleton of a pelican whitening in the sand, or a flock of buzzards hovering over a dead seal cast up by the breakers.

Yet we were following the main coast highway to Lima, a hundred miles or less to the north, though only a furrow in the sand and a single line of telegraph-poles marked its progress. Our ride terminated at Lobos Rock, where the seals lay wriggling in great families, the sound of their barking rising even above the roar of the surf. We watched them for some time, until our horses grew restless and the sun began to sink behind the rocky islets that lifted their purple heads above the sea.

We struck out for home in the short twilight of the tropics through the lonely sands, and on the way passed three cholos eating their frugal meal oblivious of the coming darkness, preparing for their long walk toward Lima, going, as they always do, by night to avoid the heat, trudging the endless sandy miles of the coast wilderness. So went the determined old
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

conquistadores when Pizarro met Almagro at Mala, so went the Inca runners, so goes the cholo and the Indian to-day.

Our longest excursion took an entire day. Early in the morning we went in the carrito as far as Monte Alban, a superintendent's ranch at the farthest limits of the estate, the scene of several Spanish tragedies. There we found horses and were joined by Señor L——, son of the Vice-President of Peru, who was to be our companion for the day and whose home we were to visit later on. Our little cavalcade of six started through the village, San Vicente, whose freshly painted church and clean plaza set with gardens told of its prosperity, and out between the baked mud walls that serve as fences and are so characteristic a feature of this coast region of Peru, until we reached the hacienda of Hualcará. Here we paused for a while and refreshed ourselves in its patio garden aglow with flowers and embowered with great clusters of the pink bellissima, a beautiful vine—Japanese, I believe—that thrives particularly well in these latitudes.

In the saddle again, we struck off for the hills. In a moment the cotton-fields and the acres of sugar-

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cane were gone and we entered a dry, parched desert, the desolation of the moon, without a vestige of life either animal or vegetable. Through this arid, stony waste we crossed a long abutment of the Sierra and came at last out above a broad valley watered by the main fork of the Cañete, a valley we had not yet seen, green from end to end, traversed by long files of trees and dotted with ranches. At its upper end, just under the shadow of the mountains and commanding the pass that ascends their rugged defiles, rose an isolated cone, the key of the valley, known throughout the country as the Fortaleza—the Fortress.

As we approached it we could plainly see extensive ruins upon its summit, remains of the great Inca stronghold that defended their mountain kingdom against the invaders. But these ruins along the coast possess neither the interest nor the grandeur of the massive structures that we saw later on the interior plateaus. Built of adobe bricks, not of giant stones, they are specimens of the decadence of the Inca builder’s craft, dating as they do from but a century or two before the Spanish conquest.

We circled the hill to view them from every side,
and as we returned, hungry and thirsty, two riders appeared, as from a rub of Aladdin's lamp, leading a pack-animal with lunch-baskets. Where had they sprung from? Only a laugh from our host as in the cool shade of a willow we selected a spot for our mid-day meal. An old Indian brought us *ponchos* to sit upon from his rude cane hut near by; the birds were singing in the canebrakes, and a little stream went rushing Merrily by in its mad race from the Andes to the sea.

After lunch we crossed this stream and followed down its valley, fording it a dozen times in its meanderings, riding single-file through the bamboo jungles, the tail and crupper of the pacing pony ahead appearing and disappearing as we sped along.

We finally emerged into the main Cañete valley and paused awhile to visit an old bull-ring quite unique in its way. Its only *gradas* are a sort of balcony or loggia painted with statues of Roman emperors and with vines and the fittings of a pergola. The entire *barrera*, or wall surrounding the ring, is frescoed with great figures, life-size, and now partially effaced by time, depicting all the phases of a bull-fight: the *picador* and his horse gored by the infuriated animal;
the banderilleros adroitly placing their multi-coloured darts; the lithe matador sighting his sword for the final thrust; even to the exit of the dead animal dragged out at the heels of the arrastres.

As we left the ring the four wonderful Norfolk Island pines, straight, tall, and branched like giant candelabra—the quartette of trees that make Unánue so conspicuous a landmark in the valley—raised their lofty heads before us, and from time to time we could descry the pinnacles and loggias of the beautiful hacienda rising above the intervening meadows.

We were to stop for tea at this home of the Vice-
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

President, and presently were dismounting in its vast fore-court, where the white oxen were being unyoked from the plough and the farm implements stood neatly ranged under sheds at either side.

Hacienda of Undnue

The great villa that confronted us was quite unlike any that I have seen—the dream of some French architect who let his imagination run riot. With its massive basement pierced only by narrow loopholes and a single entrance door, its upper terrace shaded on every side by arched verandas, its windows barred with iron rejases, its battlemented roof-line, and the
The Carrito and Its Galloping Mule
elaborate spires of its porch, it is a strange combination, fanciful to a degree, like some story-book palace set in this remote valley, fortified against an imaginary foe, yet a pleasure palace withal, enclosed by its tangled gardens shaded by giant trees.

We ascended the double stairway to the broad loggia that commands a view in every direction toward the sea, the river valleys, and the mountains. The cool air of these verandas, paved with Italian marble, and of the rooms, cooler still, that surround the main patio, was grateful indeed after the glare of the road and the heat of the afternoon sun. We lingered until rather late over refreshing beverages, and the sun was already setting as we bade our host good-bye and started homeward by way of Santa Rita, another ranch at which we left our horses with an attendant and found awaiting us the now familiar carrito and its galloping mule.
II

TO AREQUIPA

Our visit at Santa Barbara had come to an end. Early Sunday morning we drove down to the port where in the offing lay the *Panama*, that was to take us on down the coast. Our host put us off in the same *lancha* that had brought us ashore, the agent accompanied us to the ship and presented us to the captain, and by ten o’clock we had weighed anchor. By good fortune I found among the passengers a man I had already met, Dr. G,—rector of the University of Cuzco, Peru’s second oldest seat of learning, and a friend of his, a writer and archaeologist of distinction. In the ship’s saloon we talked over the interest of the trip that lay before us, and, to whet our appetite, Señor C——showed us some priceless picture cloths of pre-Inca design—condor, puma, and serpents intertwined—that he had just unearthed somewhere near Ica.

In the afternoon we sighted the Chincha Islands,
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white, flat-topped, like half-melted icebergs, celebrated for their guano deposits, a semicircle of them off Pisco fringing the horizon.

Pisco’s gaily painted houses soon emerged from the sea and we cast anchor. Dark Indian women came aboard selling the luscious Italia grapes for which the valley is noted, and from which is made the Italia brandy and the “pisco,” that alcoholic beverage so much used along the coast, some of it so strong that, to quote a graphic expression that I heard, “it would make a rabbit fight a bull-dog.”

Pisco scarcely repaid us for the visit ashore. The town itself lies too far away to be conveniently visited in a few hours. So we had to content ourselves with the settlement along the beach—a series of bathhouses and small hotels like some miniature Coney Island. We stopped next day at another forlorn port, Chala by name, with a flimsy wooden church stuck in a plaza of shifting sand and a few frame houses set upon the same unstable foundation.

What the shore lacked in interest the sea made up for. It literally teemed with life. Sea-lions bobbed their heads up and down upon its surface; schools of dolphins frolicked about, while flocks of shags and
murres hovered over them; long files of pelicans lazily flapped their way toward the guano-coated rocks behind which purplish mountains now rose abruptly from the sea. All afternoon we coasted near the shore and toward night enjoyed a splendid sunset.

Early next morning the clang of the engine bell and the clank of the mooring-chains told us we had anchored. In the grey dawn the shore looked not unlike Salaverry, but a larger town lay spread upon the cliffs half hidden in the haze of spindrift. The Pacific rollers thundered in long surges against the rocks, and the boats coming out to meet us bounced like corks upon the sea. Yet it was an exceptionally calm morning for Mollendo, so we were told! As I was choosing a fleteto among the various brigands who presented themselves to ferry us ashore, a Spaniard stepped up and presented his card—an official from the Southern Railways of Peru.

He soon had us installed in his stanch boat, and with the aid of a peppery tug, the first I had seen at the small ports of the coast, we were cutting our way through the water while the other boats were still bobbing about by the steamer’s side.
The Port, Mollendo
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

In behind the break-water all was animation. Busy cranes were loading and unloading barges, a railroad engine was puffing back and forth switching freight-cars to and fro, and along the quays and on the landing-steps a jostling crowd was pushing and shouting. We scrambled ashore and were met by the station-master who had us and our luggage quickly transferred to the private car that was to take us to Arequipa—the same car (though we did not then know it) that afterward was to be our home for weeks.

Our train was not to leave until one o’clock, so several hours of leisure lay before us.

Mollendo, however, presented few attractions. It looks as San Francisco must have looked in the fifties—it’s frame houses set in sand dunes. Much of the town overhangs the sea, clinging to the bluffs, so that many of the dwellings present three stories to the ocean and only one to the land. Such a house, for instance, is the Club, a well-managed institution to which we were kindly taken, and where we enjoyed an excellent lunch on a terrace overlooking the broad Pacific, whose thundering surges beat along the shore at our feet.

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Just before we boarded our train a curious incident occurred.

A little Indian boy, some six or seven years old, approached us and, with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, asked to become our chico, our boy—literally and of his own free-will giving himself to us for life. His tale was pitiful indeed. An aunt had brought him down from the mountains and had left him here by the coast and disappeared, whether by boat or train he did not know. We were quite touched by his appeal, and had it not been for the friend who accompanied us—a Peruvian-born—I do not know what might not have happened. He assured us, however, that the boy was shamming, that he wanted to go back to the mountains, to be sure, but that as soon as he got a favourable opportunity he would run away; in fact, that if we put him in the second-class coach we should never see him when we arrived; that this sort of appeal to strangers was a regular thing, and so on.

Who was right I do not know. But I do know that boys of this age and even younger, and girls, too, of the inferior Indian race, are attached to the person of each young Peruvian child of the upper class and brought up with them for life. We constantly saw
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such little slaves carrying coats or bundles or umbrellas behind their little masters, who walked ahead with their parents—a pernicious custom, to my mind, breeding arrogance, insolence, and a habit of idleness in the better-born children. We spoke to the station-master about the little waif and he promised to look out for him. I hope he did.

We pulled out at the tail of the afternoon passenger promptly on time, skirted the shore for a bit to the bathing resorts of Ensenada and Mejía, and then struck for the hills and Arequipa.

The road ascends by a series of loops and curves among rounded foot-hills whose fat flanks are covered only with a tough-looking herb, dull brown and in spots green. Now and then we caught glimpses of one of those verdant valleys that lie tucked away down by the coast. This soon passed from sight, however, and at an elevation of about a thousand metres we emerged onto a succession of broad table-lands backed by blue mountains, whose gorges are filled with white sand that, at a distance, looks like snow-patches.

As we proceeded these sandy drifts approached the track, sometimes descending the mountains in long ridges like giant reptiles’ tails, sometimes form-
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ing pools or hillocks, but oftenest of all piling up in those strange sand-crescents that are one of the phenomena of the region.

These crescents are quite perfect in form, highest and broadest at the centre, diminishing with perfect regularity both in height and thickness toward the two horns that curve a bit inward like the Turkish moon. Hundreds of them lie spotted over this table-land, each with its horns pointed eastward, each moving like clockwork in the same direction. For they move. Their tiny white particles, that hum in the heat, are fanned by the wind and chased over the summit, dropping down on the other side. Thus, particle by particle, irresistibly they pursue their onward march. They must be shovelled from the railroads like snow-drifts, though we were told that a few large stones placed upon them would break them up and prevent their movement.

The stations along these plateaus are but tiny oases—palms, fruit trees, flowers set in a waterless waste. After San José you begin to climb again through salmon-tinted mountains, stratified and shaded like those of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Deep down in their chasms narrow valleys
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

appear—green, rich meadows where cattle graze and Indian bamboo huts nestle by the rivulets.

At Vitor, where the women were selling delicious grapes by the station, we had reached an altitude of five thousand feet and soon could look across the broad upper plateau that now spread out before us. At a turn of the road in the distance Chachani and El Misti, the two Andean sentinels, suddenly stood revealed in all the glory of their icy summits, nearly twenty thousand feet above the sea!

The scenery now became remarkable—grand.

At times we looked deep into the valley of the Chili, with its verdant fields and Indian villages set in clusters of banana palms; at others into arid chasms where the blue evening shadows were slowly creeping upward while the coppery sunlight still flickered on the upper walls. And at each turn we obtained new views of the two mountain giants that marked our destination and that grew nearer and ever nearer, now rosy in the evening glow.

The short twilight had deepened. Tingo’s lights burst forth in the semi-darkness, and in ten minutes we pulled into the station at Arequipa.

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