



PLAZA MAYOR, LIMA.

## IMPRESSIONS OF PERU.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

### I.

A LETTER I received on landing at Callao ended with the following words: "Hoping that you are enjoying your trip and getting a true impression of these republics, *gleaned from the many untruths you are doubtless flooded with*, I remain, etc." That, indeed, is my aspiration; but the task is not easy, especially if you listen to what people tell you without controlling their contradictory statements by a reference to facts where facts are accessible. In Peru facts are not so accessible as they might be. For the want of means of communication, it is a long and difficult business to travel through the country and see things for one's self. On the other hand, the poverty-stricken government is too poor to publish an official journal, much more to issue a geographical and statistical synopsis of the country. The consequence is that for most travellers Peru is represented by Lima and the port of Callao alone, and the rest of the country, whose boundaries even are undefined, is left to the legends and imaginations of enthusiastic explorers. For my part I make no pretensions to being an explorer. All that I saw in Peru was that which any industrious observer might have seen. My impressions were unbiassed by prejudices or preconceived opinions. I simply saw and was interested.

My route toward the Peruvian capital lay along the coast northward from the nitrate desert of Tarapacá, where I had made my last halt for observation and study. After a farewell breakfast with an English gentleman resident at Iquique in the flesh, but still wandering in memory through the galleries of the Louvre and the cloisters of Verona—a friend of a few days' standing, whom sympathy had at once made, as it were, a friend of old years—I left the brown nitrate port almost with regret, and went on board the steamer *Cachapoal*, bound for Panama and intermediate ports. This is one of the saddening moments in the traveller's existence. As you mount the gangway, followed by the boatman with your baggage, you feel the brusque change, you think of the pleasant people on shore who have kindly entreated you, and whom you will probably never see again. Then, after the brief diversion of finding your cabin, and immediately corrupting the steward, with a view to securing creature comforts during the voyage, you wander up and down the deck full of *ennui*, not knowing anybody, examining the queer-looking people who are your chance companions, and wondering who they are. One passenger, a dilapidated and anæmic youth, has already settled down in the corner to read Zola's *La Tierra* in a Spanish translation, decorated with a gaudy

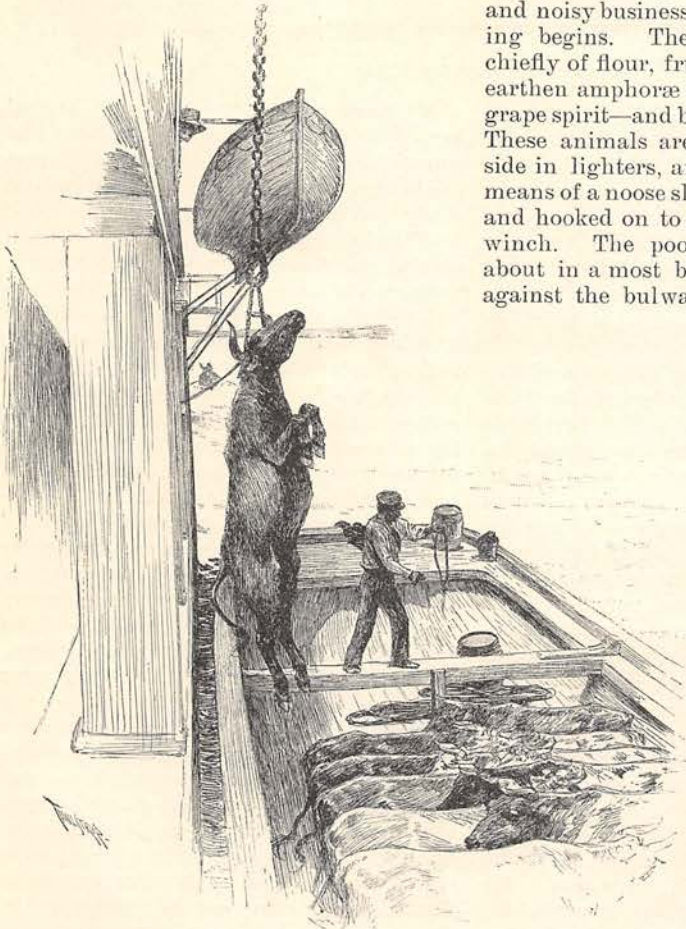
chromo-lithographic cover, representing the man-brute kissing the woman-brute in a corn field. In another corner half a dozen men, with rough, lumpy faces, hoarse voices, and badly cut clothes, are discussing politics and indulging in audible and frequent sputation. These gross persons I afterward discovered to be Peruvian deputies and senators. On another bench three priests are saying their prayers. Amongst the deck passengers I notice a whole family busily engaged in making up their beds with good mattresses and nice clean white sheets. Father, mother, son, and two daughters are all chattering over the work, which is being done in a very satisfactory way. Later in the day I found the whole family in bed with their boots on.

We have now started. The silence of

the ship impresses one. There is no sound but the regular thud of the engine and the rush of the water that dashes against the ship's side, like an enemy ever to be repelled, and ever returning to the charge. The sun is shining brilliantly; the Pacific continues its long and indolent roll; the red-brown barren coast closes the horizon and deepens in the distance into rich purple tones. Day after day the scene is the same—brown and arid hills along the coast; occasionally a white patch of guano; now and again a town and port, and a narrow fertile valley running down to the sea. The ship anchors at a certain distance from the shore. The captain of the port comes on board and exercises his authority. Then the boatmen scramble up the ship's side to take passengers ashore. Then the lighters are moored alongside, and the monotonous and noisy business of loading and unloading begins. The merchandise consists chiefly of flour, fruit, barrels of wine, tall earthen amphoræ of *pisco*—a very savory grape spirit—and bullocks by the hundred. These animals are brought to the ship's side in lighters, and hoisted on board by means of a noose slipped under their horns and hooked on to the chain of the steam-winch. The poor brutes are knocked about in a most barbarous style, banged against the bulwarks, swung in mid-air,

and dropped on the deck with a crash that stuns them, and necessitates their being restored to consciousness by the violent twisting of their tails. From Valdivia to Callao the coast steamers always carry each more than three hundred head of cattle, the southern Chilean ports supplying the northern mineral and nitrate zone, and the southern Peruvian ports exporting their beeves to Callao and the capital.

At last we reach Callao. The ship is moored to a decent quay; we say good-



LOADING CATTLE ON A STEAMER.

by to the genial Yankee captain, with whom we have become very friendly, and once more we and our baggage land on a foreign shore without chart or compass. Callao offers no special interest. It is a small seaport, with quays, warehouses, rail tracks along the wharves, and rather picturesque streets lined with more or less shabby houses, many of them having iron gratings over the windows, in the old Spanish style. There is nothing to see and nothing to do until the train starts, except to breakfast. This function I accomplished in an establishment where three-quarters of the customers were Englishmen. The shops, too, I noticed, bore Italian, English, and German names. Callao, like most seaports, is polyglot.

The journey from Callao to Lima takes half an hour by train, and you have the choice of two lines, one English and one American, but both provided with American rolling stock. The landscape is green and fertile, and the eye, wearied by the long spell of arid rock and sand which has prevailed since we left Valparaiso, greets with pleasure the delicate green of the banana leaf, and the more familiar but not less welcome sight of a field of common grass. So we arrive at Lima in the very primitive railway station of the English company, hire a negro coachman, and ride to a hotel, reputedly the best in the town. At first sight it seems to be a pleasant house. The dining-room is in a court-yard dotted with flower beds and shaded with luxuriant climbing plants, between whose leaves the sunlight filters. On the first floor, around a balcony, are the bedrooms. A second and a third *patio* are similarly arranged, and would delight an artist in search of picturesque bits, the more so as one of the menials is a Chinaman as ugly as a *netské*, another a negress, and others semi-Indians, *Cholos* and *Cholitas* with copper skins, black, lank hair, and imbruted, moony countenances. There are no bells



CHOLO TYPES.

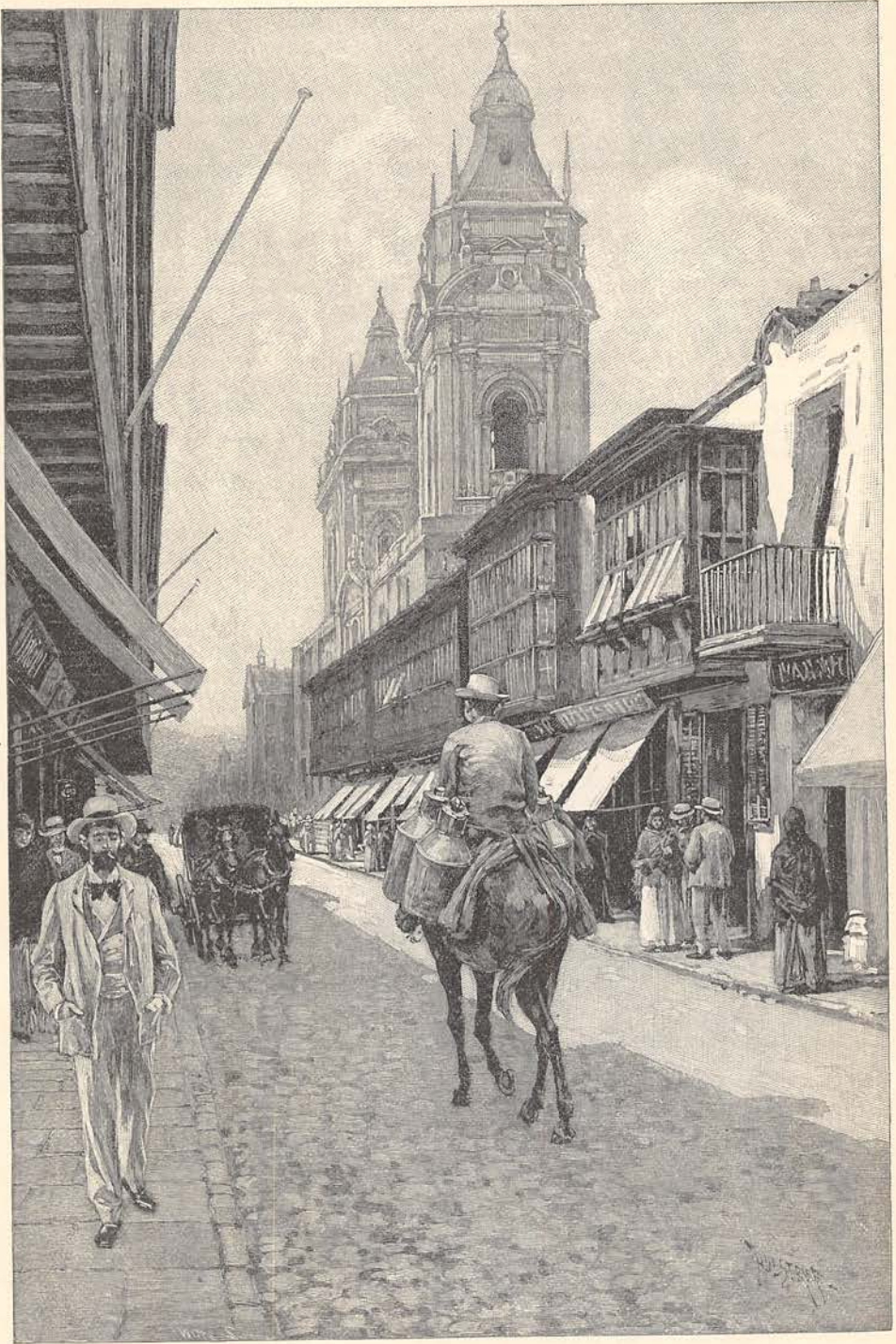
to call these indolent creatures; you stand outside your door and clap your hands in Spanish fashion, and then wait patiently to be waited on. In reality this picturesque establishment proved to be a poor and irritating hostelry; but with the aid of those two talismanic words, so consoling in all Hispano-American countries, *caramba* and *paciencia*, I managed to exist. The fat old French washer-woman who directed the hotel seemed proud of it, and she informed me that Sarah Bernhardt, who had occupied the front rooms toward the plaza during her visit to Lima, was enchanted with the place; so, of course, I had nothing to say but *caramba!*

Lima is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Rimac, a mountain torrent, at the end of a valley whose enclosing hills rise on one side of the town. The streets run at right angles for the most part, the main thoroughfares being longitudinal. The centre of movement is the Plaza Mayor, which is planted with trees,

and has a small garden and some marble statues in the centre. But, like many things in Lima, the plaza is bereft of its former glory, the Chilians having removed many of its ornaments, and even its benches, to the plazas in Santiago and Concepción. On one side of the Plaza Mayor are the cathedral and the archbishop's palace; on another, the Casa Verde, or Gobierno, where the President lives, and where all the affairs of the republic are managed; on the third side are the Municipalidad, arcades, and shops; and on the fourth side likewise arcades and shops. These arcades are called Portal Escribanos and Portal Botoneros. Here are the dry-goods stores, the money-changers, and the tobacconists, who also sell newspapers and lottery tickets, while over the portales are the French and Italian club-houses, the English Phenix Club, and just round the corner the principal Peruvian club, called the Union, a very pleasant house, with a long glazed balcony overhanging the street. The Casa Verde is a low building, painted dark green, with white facings; it occupies one whole side of the square, but has no architectural merits, and no particular interest beyond the fact that the old viceroys lived there, and that the great captain Pizarro was assassinated in one of the rooms. The cathedral is a very large and curious building of grand proportions, with an imposing façade, approached by a flight of stone steps, and flanked by two towers in the Spanish Jesuit style. The doors are studded with big Moorish nails, like those that you see in old Spain, in Toledo and Cordoba. Indeed, everything is a reflection of old Spain, and the peculiarity of Lima is precisely this fact, that it has remained to the present day a sixteenth-century Spanish town, the best specimen of the kind in South America. But, like Constantinople and other Eastern towns famed for their picturesqueness, Lima will not bear close examination. The cathedral is built of mud, timber, bamboo cane, common bricks, sun-dried bricks, and such light material, faced with stucco, all in a bad state of repair. Inside it has a vaulted Gothic roof, with mouldings of white plaster; but where the plaster has peeled off you see that the whole roof is a mere light framework of wood, covered in with fine bamboo canes and twigs laid closely together lengthwise, and strengthened by

cross-pieces. On the inside these canes are coated with white plaster and on the outside with brown mud, and this is sufficient; for at Lima it never rains, and the moisture of the winter mists is not sufficient to penetrate through the thin layer of earth that is spread over the flat roofs of the houses. All the churches in Lima, more than seventy in number, are built in the same way; and some, like those of La Merced and of the Nazarenas, have most elaborate façades, adorned with ornate twisted columns, niches, statues, and entablatures, all in stucco-work. The church of Santo Domingo has a very lofty tower, likewise of timber, lath, and plaster, painted white to imitate marble, and enriched with tier after tier of lapis lazuli pillars, composed of stucco painted blue and veined with yellow. This tower, like the Giralda of Seville, is surmounted by a metal figure. These churches are all rather gaudily decorated inside with a profusion of side altars, images dressed in rich stuffs, flowers, candles, and drapery, just as in Spain. Indeed, as you walk about Lima you are constantly making the remark how like it is to Seville or Toledo, only it is not so good. The splendor of the churches of Lima now exists only in memory, for during the war with Chili all the church plate was sent to the melting-pot, and most of the gold and silver ornaments in private hands also. The demagogue Nicolás Piérola distinguished himself in collecting ecclesiastical riches at that time.

On the whole, the finest church in Lima is that of San Francisco, which, together with the convent and the adjacent chapels of Soledad and Milagro, forms an immense pile near the Rimac. Here, again, the architectural proportions and general silhouette of the buildings are very imposing, and if you judged from a distance or from a photograph, you might easily imagine the structure to be of rich white and black marble. But no. It is the eternal stucco, plaster, and paint over a basis of brick, the arches and framework of the upper belfries and turrets being timber and cane with stucco mouldings. Many buildings in Lima bear the marks of the passage of the victorious Chilians or of civil revolutionary strife. The façade of the cathedral is pitted with bullet holes, but the towers of San Francisco have suffered worst of all, probably beyond repair. It appears that in the



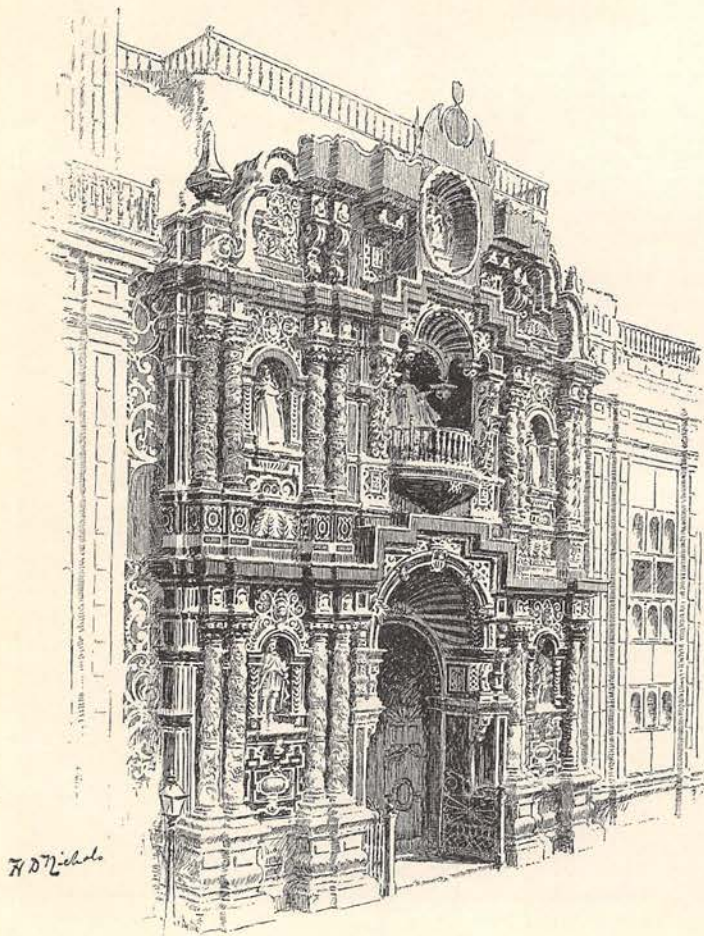
THE CATHEDRAL, LIMA.

course of a recent revolution one of the leaders took up a position in the towers of San Francisco, where he was bombarded by artillery from the Casa Verde. Such souvenirs as this are common in Lima. From one of the towers of the cathedral is a projecting beam, from which more than one unsuccessful political aspirant has been hung and left to rot. On the summit of the hill of San Cristobal is a fort which the demagogue Nicolás Piérola built, ostensibly to repel the Chilians, really to dominate the town; but his game was spoiled by the energy of the Urban Guard of foreign residents, who marched up the hill and spiked the guns, in which state they still remain. Now the poor towers of San Francisco look very battered and shabby: The convent, too, retains none of its former splen-

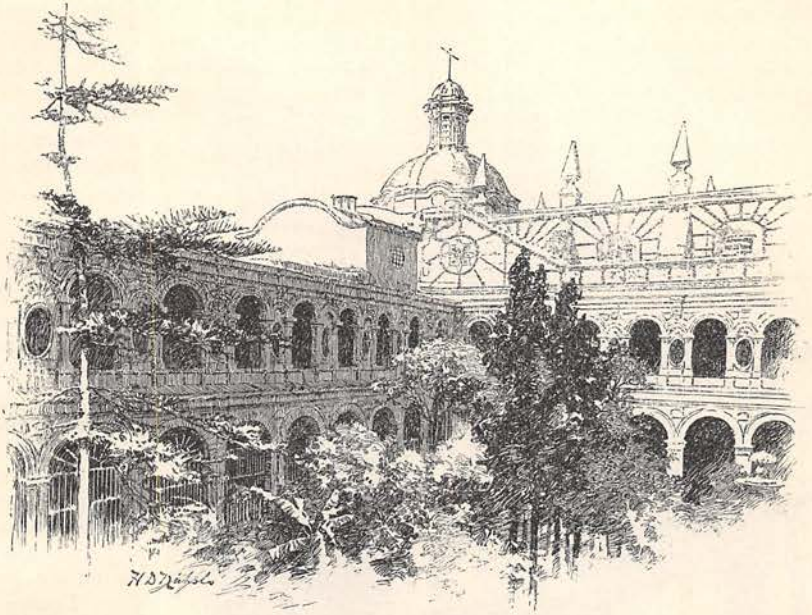
dor, and for want of care it is beginning to fall to ruin. Nevertheless, it is one of the most interesting monuments in Lima. The cloisters are especially noticeable. They are built with a lower and an upper story around a garden planted with bananas, floripondios, and brilliantly flowering shrubs, now growing a little wild. The lower cloisters are lined with panels of *azulejos*, the finest and most perfectly preserved that I have seen, even finer than the panels in Seville. From the upper cloister a staircase leading to the choir of the church is surmounted by a Moorish dome of geometrical design, composed of pieces of wood joined together with groove and slot, of the same kind of work as the domes and ceilings of the Alhambra, and of the Alcazar at Seville. The choir of the church is placed at the

end opposite the altar, and elevated after the manner and model of the choir of the church of the Escorial, and adorned with richly carved stalls and wooden statuettes. Here the Franciscan monks, with their brown hooded robes and sandalled feet, shuffle along and do their devotions, while the body of the church is given up to the public. The monks are no longer numerous, not more than fifteen or twenty, I am told, just sufficient to prevent the convent from being closed, and I am further informed that even this small number has to be imported. Nowadays monks, priests, and translations of French novels are the principal products exported by Spain to her former colonies.

Other old build-



CHURCH OF LA MERCED, LIMA.

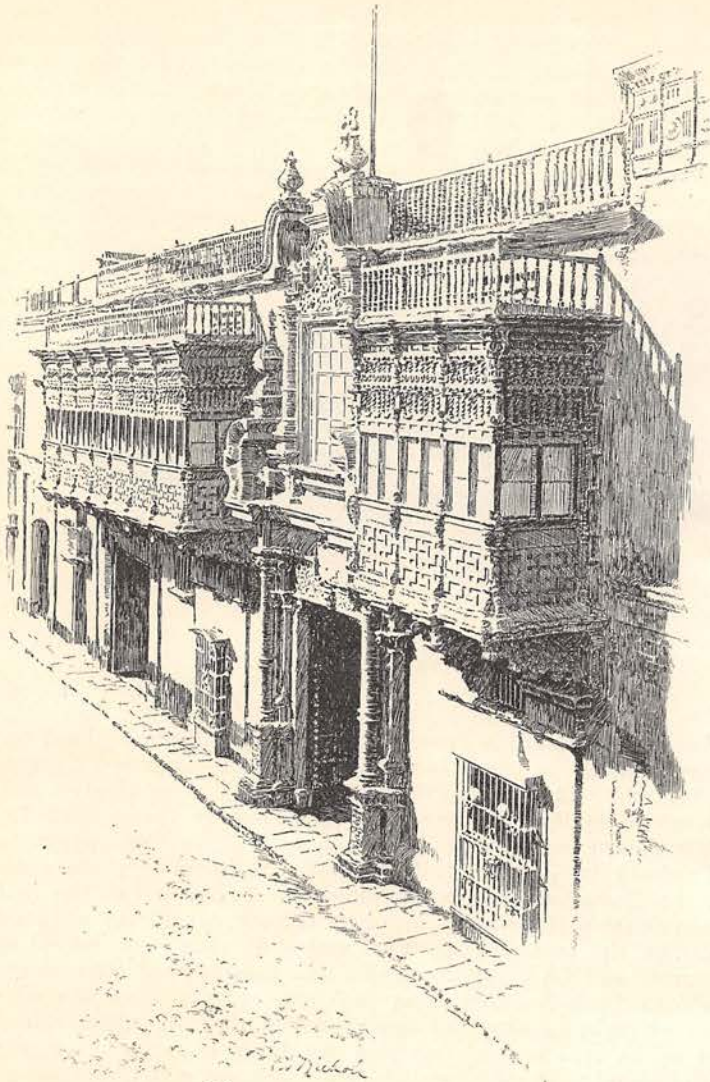


THE CLOISTER OF SAN FRANCISCO, LIMA.

ings of interest in Lima are the Capillita del Puente, the oldest church in the town, dating from Pizarro's time, but remarkable only for its antiquity; the Senate House, which is the room where the Inquisition used to hold its sittings; the old Puente de los Desemparados, which connects Lima with the suburbs of San Lazaro and Malambo, the latter inhabited chiefly by negroes and Chinese; and the house of the Torre Tagle family, a photograph of which is bought by every tourist. This last is to the artistic eye the finest house in Lima, and the model from which all the other houses have deviated with disadvantage. It is built of stone, with a delicately carved doorway reaching to the roof, and flanked by two glazed balconies, or *miradores*, resting on elaborately carved brackets, while the lower windows are barred with iron-work. This house, which has been kept in good preservation, except in that the wood-work and carving have been painted instead of oiled, and so have lost their sharpness, remains a model of Hispano-Moorish domestic architecture, and as such is worthy of the attention of the house-builders of America. The Senate House also contains a magnificent piece of sixteenth-century work in the ceiling, com-

posed of rafters and consoles of hard native iron-wood most magnificently and elaborately carved and admirably preserved. Unfortunately the modern Limeños have done all in their power to make the rest of the room ugly; the walls are papered red; at one end of the hall is a vulgar tribune, where the senators perorate and gesticulate with the aid of the traditional glass of sugar and water; along each side are two rows of chairs of American manufacture, with cast-iron legs and revolving seats; and on the wall, in an indifferent gilt frame, hangs the portrait of President Pardo, who was shot a few years ago just as he was entering the room.

The modern monuments of Lima are not numerous. The finest is the monument and column in memory of the heroes of the war of independence and of the great day of May 2d. This is the work of French sculptors and bronze founders. The cemetery is also one of the show-places of Lima, and vies with that of Milan in the number and costliness of its sculptured tombs, due almost exclusively to Italian chisels. The Alameda de los Descalzos, with its beautiful garden promenade lined with colossal statues, and the Exposición, with its highly ornate stucco



TORRE TAGLE HOUSE, LIMA.

from the railways. They respected nothing, but left Peru in a state of material and financial desolation, of which traces are visible on all sides in Lima itself, in the pleasure resorts of Miraflores, Chorillos, Baranco, and Ancón, and even for miles up the Andine valleys, where roofless houses and piles of ruins attest the passage of the victor and the persistent poverty of the vanquished.

Lima has been called the Pearl of the Pacific and other flattering names. In the old days of the viceroys it was beyond doubt the finest, as it was the richest, city in New Spain; but now it is a sadly sullied pearl, a moribund and inert place, where everything bears witness to decadence, poverty, and almost despair. The streets swarm with beggars, and the majority of the one hundred thousand inhabitants of the capital live in an indigent, primitive,

palace and its fine but deserted gardens, perhaps complete the sights of Lima. Alas! the Limeños will tell you, their city is not what it used to be before the war. The Chilians sacked and plundered right and left; they killed the elephant in the Exposición gardens and stole the lions; they carried off the benches and statues, and even the trees, from the public promenade; they appropriated looking-glasses and clocks in private houses, books and pictures in the libraries, ornaments from the churches, and even rails and sleepers

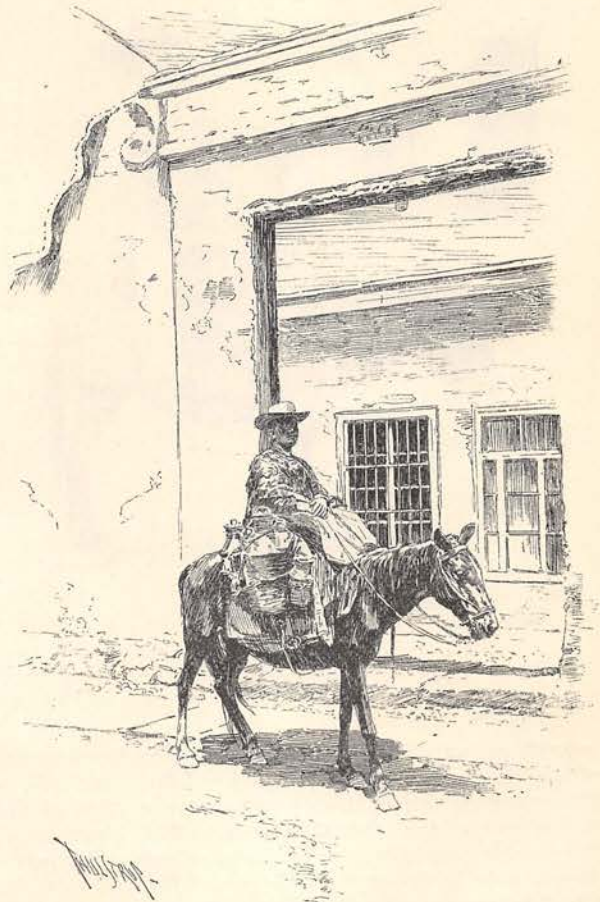
and thoroughly unhygienic manner, which would be unendurable were it not for the clemency of the climate, which enervates and conduces to a languid and indolent state, comparable in some respects to the fatalism of the Turk. Indeed, the street life of Lima frequently reminded me of that of Constantinople, which is likewise a city of stucco monuments, barred windows, and overhanging *miradores*. In the first place you find a similar abundance of money-changers, who have their counters open to the



street, and display to the covetousness of the impecunious a selection of gold and silver coins and bank-notes, mixed up with jewelry, plate, and miscellaneous bric-à-brac. The Lima money-changers also deal in lottery tickets and in "huacas"—the generic name for those mummies, bits of canvas, domestic utensils, and hideous crockery-ware which form the basis of Peruvian antiquities. These "huacas" ought to be dug up among the ruins of the ancient Inca cities, but much of the pottery is now made in a modern manufactory at Paita. I have always noticed that the scarcer money is in a country and the worse the state of its finances, the more numerous are the tables of the money-changers. The evidence of Lima confirms this observation. The finances of the country are notoriously in a fearful state. Although the mountains of Peru are full of gold, silver, and other precious metals, there is not a native gold coin to be found in the country, except as a historical curiosity; and the very small amount of coin in circulation is of the most primitive and inconvenient kind, consisting of coarse copper one and two cent pieces and very heavy silver dollars, too weighty to be carried in a civilized man's pocket. The consequence is an extensive credit system and the use of bank checks. The Limeños prefer to run into debt freely rather than be burdened with a few pounds of silver dollars.

In the second place you remark the rareness of carts, and the use by preference of mules and donkeys as beasts of burden. All day long the streets are full of itinerant venders, many of whom come in from the suburbs and the country. The milk-woman, a negress or a *Chola*, with dark skin, long braids of black hair, and a white straw Panama hat of masculine shape, sits enthroned on the top of her cans, and often carries a baby in her arms; or, if her Indian blood be very

strong, the baby will be hung on her back in a pouch. The water-seller, or *aguador*, rides on the hind quarters of a donkey, with his water barrels in front of him. The bakers use square panniers made of parchment stretched on a wooden frame, and for supplementary loads a long sack is suspended on each side of the mule or donkey. Fruit-sellers are to be found at every street corner, squatting in the shade, with piles of grapes, *paltas*, peaches, *granadillas*, mangoes, bananas, and other fruit before them. The Desemparados Bridge is a favorite station for the fruit-women, and also for all kinds of peddlers, amongst whom the Chinaman is conspicuous. In Lima the Chinese are very numerous; some of them sell water-ices and others fruit, which they carry in Oriental style in baskets suspended from a long bamboo pole balanced on their shoulder;



MILK-WOMAN.

they also do all kinds of odd work as porters and servants, but their specialty is keeping cheap restaurants. The *Limeños* eat, but do not dine. I may even go further, and say that they never will dine so long as the Hispano-American system of leaving house-keeping entirely to the servants remains unreformed. At present the better classes of society give the cook two, three, or more dollars every day, and with that sum the cook provides whatever he thinks proper, unadvised, unenlightened, and uncontrolled. Most of the people, however, live like pigs, do no cooking at home, and send out to the

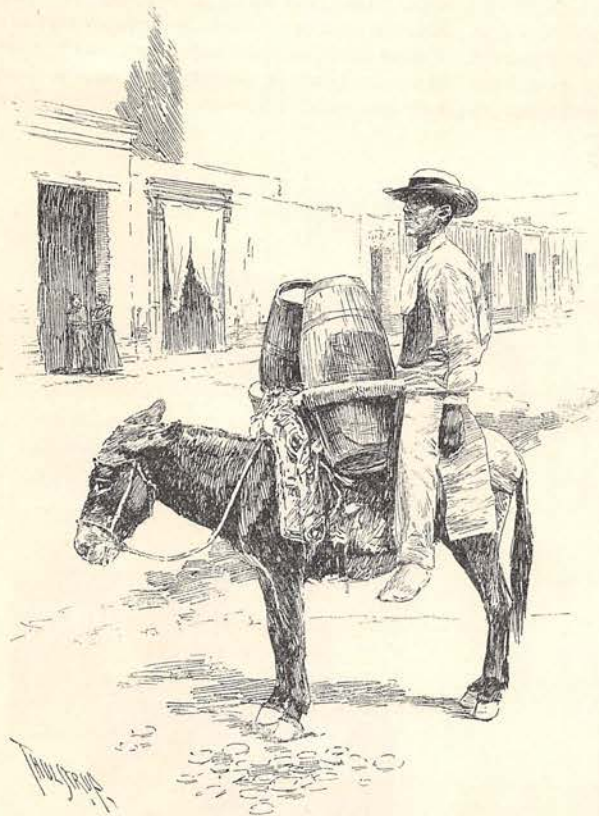
tions written on black or orange-red paper. Some of the merchants and shopkeepers are well-dressed and good-looking Chinese, with elegant pigtails, nicely shaven blue temples, and glossy skins; but the vast majority of the yellow race in Lima are coolies of the lowest class, who wear cotton trousers, black or chocolate-colored blouses, and Panama hats. Many of them have no pigtail, but allow their hair to grow shaggy. Others, again, are miserably emaciated and jaundiced by the abuse of opium. There is a Chinese theatre at Lima and a pagoda. The origin of the colony is the importation of coolies

in former years to work the guano deposits and for agricultural labor. This system of contract labor, which was virtual slavery, was abolished by law only a few years ago; but most of the emancipated slaves have remained in the country, where they now intermarry with the native *Chola* women, and form peaceful and industrious citizens and model fathers. I am informed that John Chinaman's qualities as a husband and a family man are now highly appreciated by the native ladies of the lower classes, although formerly he was looked upon with horror.

Negroes also abound in Lima and all along the coast of Peru. They are likewise emancipated slaves and their descendants, and form a very turbulent, shameless, and foul-mouthed class, especially in the seaports, where they serve as stevedores. In Lima they are coachmen, laborers, and loafers, and, together with their large woolly headed

nearest restaurant to buy a dish or two of something that defies analysis. John Chinaman is the exclusive restaurateur of the poor, of the working-classes, and of the market people. Around the principal Mercado de la Concepción, in particular, Chinese restaurants and shops abound, each one decorated with vertical inscrip-

women and grinning children, they impart a West-Indian aspect to certain quarters of the town. Besides Chinese and negroes, you see in the streets of Lima all kinds of cross-breeds and all shades of skin, from Ethiopian black, chocolate, copper, red-brown, and yellow, to the sal-low white skin of the aristocratic and



WATER-SELLER.



ON THE DESEMPARADOS BRIDGE, LIMA.

worn-out Peruvian, and the opaque pure white of the far-famed Limeña beauties. The intermixture of the black, white, and yellow races with the native Indians has produced more than twenty degrees of hybridism, to distinguish which requires an expert. In Lima the pure Indian from the mountains is rarely seen, and when he and his wife do go down to the capital, they prove to be a stolid and imbruted couple, not worthy of any particular interest. They are, however, good Catholics, bow religiously before the gaudily dressed images exhibited at the church doors, and deposit their obole in the tray which the priests present to them.

Given this excessively mixed population, it may be readily conceived that the streets of Lima present a sufficiently varied and picturesque scene. The town itself offers from almost any point an equally picturesque frame for the picture. The perspective of the streets is always amusing, thanks to the projecting *mira-dores*, to the towers of the churches, which

always appear in the distance, and, in the longitudinal streets, to the line of hills and the Cerro de San Cristobal, which rise above houses and towers. The movement is composed of the elements already enumerated, an occasional cart with three mules harnessed abreast, a whistling tramway, a closed carriage drawn by two horses (in Lima open carriages seem to be unknown, whether they be public or private conveyances), and foot-passengers, consisting largely of women wearing black *mantas*, which form at once bonnet and shawl, being drawn tightly over the head and pinned behind in one or two places. This black *manta* is the universal costume of the Lima women of all classes in the early hours of the day; no other dress is seen in the churches; and it

is only in the afternoon that you see the ladies clad in the current modern finery which Paris invents and distributes to the whole world. Toward five o'clock the Plaza Mayor and the main streets, called Mercaderes and Bodegones, attain their maximum of animation, which is almost exclusively pedestrian, for the Peruvians are now too poor to keep carriages. In the Mercaderes and the Portales of the plaza the ladies flit from shop to shop, buying, or longing to buy, the European manufactured goods displayed in the windows, handling the moiré, the surah, the faille, and the various bright-colored cotton stuffs that are marked down to tempt them as a "*colosal baratura*." The men, sallow-faced, anæmic, poor in physique, with languid eyes and showy cravats, stand on the corners talking politics or scandal, and staring at the women as they pass. The newspaper boys cry, *El Pais*, *El Constitucional*, *El Nacional*, *El Comercio*, and, with regrettable lack of commercial morality, many of them try to palm off yesterday's issue by artifices of guileful folding so as to hide the date. Monotonous voices murmur at every few yards: "Mil quinientos soles para mañana," "Diez mil soles para miércoles," "Plata para luego." These are venders of lottery tickets—another evidence of poverty and bad finances, and another point of resemblance between modern Lima and modern Madrid. Yet another point of resemblance is the groups of bull-fighters, with short jackets, tight trousers, flat-brimmed hats, and heavy watch chains, who stand on the street corners and talk with the *aficionados* about their feats and *suertes* in the rings of Madrid and Seville; for Lima is a great place for taumachy, and its Plaza de Acho is one of the largest in the world. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that in the days of the Inquisition the Hispano-American heretics used to be burnt in effigy in the middle of the bull-ring.

Every traveller who visits Lima writes enthusiastically about the charms of the ladies, and attempts to analyze the characteristics of their features and gait. All that has been said in praise of the Limeñas is well merited, except the comparisons which would give them a unique position in the hierarchy of feminine beauty. Pretty ladies with white skins, regular features, fine liquid black eyes, and a well-ordained distribution of flesh

are to be seen by the score in Lima; but, as a rule, it seems to me that their beauty is shown to singular advantage by the extreme simplicity of their costume, which allows only the face to be seen, the whiteness of the flesh and the brilliancy of the eyes being set off by the contrast of the dull black *manta*. In modern Parisian costume the Limeñas look less remarkable, and from the point of view of combined beauty, elegance, and vivacity, I should be inclined, so far as concerns South America, to give the first place to the beauties of the Banda Oriental, and especially of its capital, Montevideo. Nevertheless, far be it from me to disparage the Limeñas.

As regards society in Lima I have nothing to say, having had no adequate means of observing. For that matter, I think that in most books of travel the chapter on society might be omitted with advantage, because it generally misinforms the reader and irritates the natives. In this democratic nineteenth century, "society," in the old and aristocratic sense of the term, is disappearing. People of a certain class and certain means do certain things at certain times because other people of the same class and the same means do likewise. There is a universal tendency toward the equalization of luxury and of the exterior manifestations of refinement. Social habits are formed on the models established by two or three great centres of civilization, and all the life that you find elsewhere is a more or less pale reflection of the real article. With the increase of facilities of communication originality of all kinds decreases, and the search for local color becomes more and more hopeless. Well-to-do Peruvians and Chilenos send their sons to be educated in Germany or France; their women folk play Beethoven's sonatas and applaud tenors and prima donnas during the Italian opera season; the men wear tall hats and drink American cocktails, mixed at their Union Club by the imitative talent of a semi-Indian waiter; the ladies wear tall hats or short hats as the fashion may direct, and devote much attention to the "*ultimas novedades de Paris*." The Peruvians also follow the modern fashion of deserting their roomy and comfortable town houses and spending the summer at inhospitable sea-side places like Ancon, Chorillos, Barranco, and Miraflores, where they live in wood-

en shanties amidst the naked ruins that still remain to remind them of the victory of the invading Chilians. The whole civilized life of Peru is imitative and without spontaneity or originality. The women swoon over *Il Trovatore*; the men consider Georges Ohnet to be a great genius; and the boys swear only by Jules Verne.

One of the rare salient characteristics of the Limeñas is their fidelity to the Church. They are all assiduous worshippers, and the churches are always full of devout women, whose piety is never aggressive, but always indulgent to the impiety of others, and in itself naïve and spontaneous. The loving and mystic temperament of the Limeña is a survival of the ages of faith when saints lived and were canonized, like the patroness of Lima, that Santa Rosa whose short and simple life is related so touchingly in the old chronicles. The biographer not only tells us about the goodness, the mortifications, and the charity of Santa Rosa, but also celebrates the grace of her walk, the smallness of her hands and feet, the delicate turn of her neck, the cameo-like fineness of her profile, the brilliancy of her eyes, "black, large, and veiled by long lashes, on the tip of which a tear trembled, ready to fall." The admiration of the contemporaries of Maria Flores, canonized under the name of Santa Rosa, seems to have been addressed as much to



her beauty as to her virtues. Her presence in a society constantly perturbed by conspiracies and intestine wars is certainly curious. Santa Rosa remains now, as she was three hundred years ago, the favorite model of the painters and image carvers; and amongst all the dolls that adorn Peruvian churches the figure of the tender flower saint is always the best, and often quite a work of art, in spite of the wigs, skirts, and stoles of brocade and the crowns of paper flowers that are lavished with too generous profusion. In front of the chapel of Santa Rosa a group of kneeling women is never wanting, and the fête-day of this saint is the grandest in the year. The recent celebration of her third centenary was the occasion of a whole month's rejoicings in the streets of Lima, which were decorated with lanterns, banners, and garlands of flowers in a most picturesque manner.

Besides the churches, the Limeñas have many houses of retreat—"casas de ejercicios"—where they may retire to pious meditation amidst very crude frescoes and images. There are also several convents for women. The monasteries, on the other hand, are but a shadow of what they were in the colonial times. Their decadence is irremediable, and a law now



LLAMAS ON A PLANTATION.

in force is gradually pronouncing the suppression of the old national religious associations, though the foreign orders are allowed to bring recruits from abroad. At the same time the clergy is losing the authority it held so long as the Church remained haughtily impartial toward the different factions which dispute so bitterly for power. During the last revolution, which took place in April, 1890, while I was in Peru, the leader of the disorder, the demagogue Piérola, had been the declared candidate of the clergy, and several priests were his most fervent canvassers for votes. I remember particularly one bronzed and fat priest whom I used to see every night on the plaza till past midnight, always busy in the interests of Piérola.

## II.

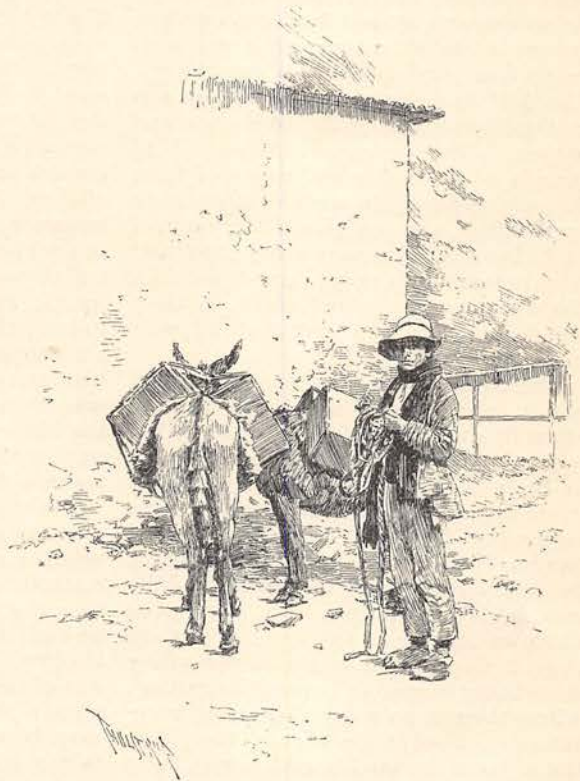
Lima, with its motley population, its churches, its busy old bridge, its irregular rows of houses built of adobe bricks, cane, and mud, its *miradores* and balconies, its shops, its innumerable drinking saloons placed under the patronage of Eiffel, Edison, Crispi, Bismarek, and all the celebrities of the two hemispheres, its portales, its indolent men and placid women, and its general air of bankruptcy and want of energy, is not a desirable place to stay in for any length of time.

The climate, too, though not absolutely unhealthy, is decidedly enervating; and if one lived in it for a few weeks even, one would probably become as lazy and slow as the natives themselves, who even do nothing with effort. I therefore availed myself of every opportunity of making excursions into the country, one of the most interesting of which was a visit to the hacienda of Caudivilla, a very extensive sugar plantation and refinery in the valley of the Chillón, situated not far from Ancon. The estate consists of four square leagues of ground on both banks of the river, about three-fifths of which are devoted to cane plantations, and the rest to alfalfa, corn, and pasture. The mill, built in 1866, is provided with machinery from Philadelphia; it has a productive capacity of 3000 Spanish quintals a month, and appears to be a model establishment of the kind. A North-American engineer is in charge of the machinery. The buildings are very commodiously arranged around a square, enclosed with high walls and monumental gates. On one side of the square is the mill; on another the offices and a roomy dwelling-house, with comfortable accommodation for visitors, and all facilities for exercising liberal hospitality; on the third side are stables, a hotel and restaurant for employés, and a *tambo*, or

store; and on the fourth side *bodegas*, or warehouses for bagging and stocking the manufactured sugar. The square is traversed by a broad-gauge railway and by movable Decauville tracks, along which the cane is brought in from the plantations on trucks, and unloaded directly into the conductor, or piled in a heap when the trains come in too rapidly. This corner of the yard always presents a busy scene when the mill is at work. Men and boys, negroes, Chinese, and Peruvians, are seen hurrying to and fro carrying bundles of canes in their arms and depositing them in the conductor, which creeps along with its endless load like a monstrous serpent, and disappears through a hole in the wall into the hopper of the crushers. The *tambo* is an interesting and exceeding profitable element of the estate. Here, as in the *pulperias* of the nitrate *oficinas*, everything may be bought, from a sewing-machine and a silk dress down to a box of matches or a shoestring; also bread, meat, wines, spirits, and all kinds of provisions. But while in the nitrate *oficinas* the workmen are obliged by the administration to buy what they need in the *pulperia*, the workmen at Caudivilla are at liberty to spend their money as they please and where they please. The *tambo* is simply a store like any other, only it is better provided with merchandise, and it is the only establishment of the kind for many miles around. The Indians come down from the Sierra to buy things at the Caudivilla *tambo*, and the article which they chiefly consume is rum of 30 degrees proof, distilled in the sugar refinery to the amount of between 8000 and 10,000 gallons a month, all of which is sold in the *tambo* or in Lima, chiefly to Indians and natives of mixed race, who call this spirit "chacta."

An establishment of this kind, employing in all about 800 men, has to be self-sufficing; and so, besides the mill proper and its appurtenances, there is a fitting shop, a wheelwright's shop, and a saddlery,

where harness is made and repaired for the teams of mules and oxen. There is likewise a doctor attached to the establishment, and an apothecary's shop, both gratuitously at the disposal of the hands; also a school and a Catholic chapel, the revenues and properties of which belong to an itinerant priest. On the estate are several villages, where the men live with their wives or concubines in singularly primitive conditions, and form a strangely mixed community of Chinese, negroes, and mixed breeds. Not many years ago this *hacienda* was cultivated by gangs of cooly and African slaves, who were locked up at night in large yards, like stables, which now remain useless. The modern villages are composed of blocks of bamboo cane huts, plastered over with mud and roofed with cane, also plastered. The canes of the side walls are not cut to equal lengths, but left like a fringe. The huts inhabited by the Chinese are distinguished by vertical inscriptions in black ink on bright orange-red paper, and many



SIERRA INDIAN.

of the Chinamen are traders, and sell drink and various articles to the negroes and Peruvians. The explanation of this competition with the retail store of the estate is that the *tambo* does not give credit and John Chinaman does. The Chinese have two pagodas on the Caudivilla estate, one of them very nicely fitted up with images, lanterns, carvings, kakemonos, and ritual objects. The Chinese from the other estates in the Chillón Valley go to the Caudivilla pagodas on grand days, and celebrate with gongs and cries the feasts of their creed. All this seems strange and amusing, and looks well enough in a picture; but in reality it is a scene of squalor, in the midst of which are human beings living in conditions scarcely worthy of brute beasts. In Peru the conflict of labor and capital has not yet been even dreamed of. The wages paid on this estate may be taken as indicating the high average in agricultural Peru. The mill hands earn from 50 to 70 cents Peruvian currency a day, and receive gratis a ration of rice. The firemen, who feed the furnaces with *bagazo*, or refuse cane after it has been crushed, receive 60 to 90 cents, with a ration of beans and rice, and once a week meat. The field hands, who work in the pampa cultivating or cutting the cane—men and women alike—receive a ration of 1½ pounds of rice a day and wages of from 50 cents upward. The cane-cutters work by the piece, and can gain a maximum of \$1 20 Peruvian currency a day; but their weekly maximum never exceeds \$7. All the workmen are lodged gratis, in those wonderful cane and mud huts already mentioned.

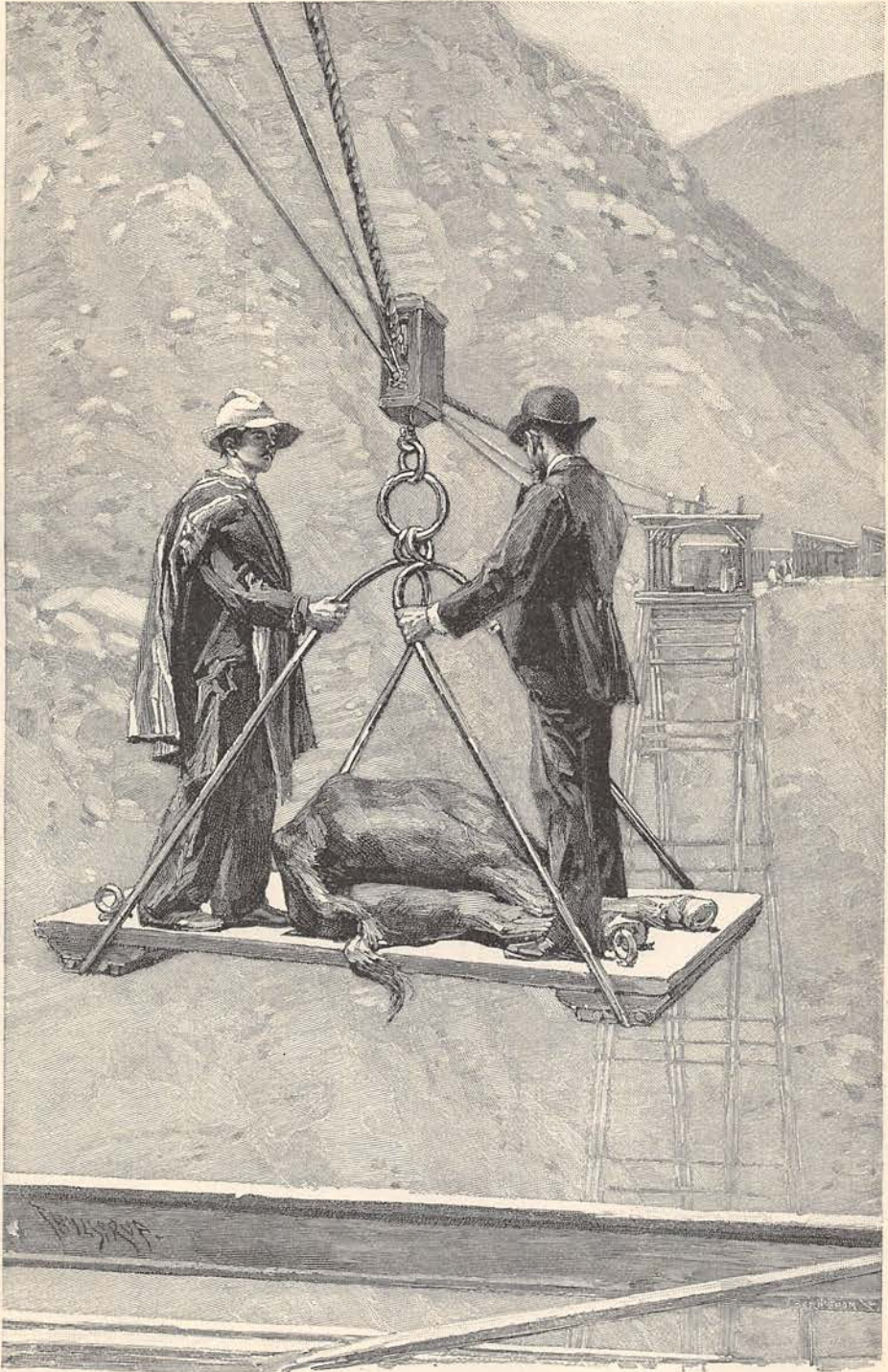
The sugar plantations are distributed along both sides of a private railway, about five miles long, which connects the mill with the main line to Lima. As far as the eye can reach, the pale yellow-green vegetation stretches over the plain, interrupted here and there by a patch of bamboo cane, and ending abruptly where irrigation ceases and the arid foot-hills rise in brown masses, with dark blue shadows lurking in the hollows of their rugged slopes. In this rainless valley everything depends upon irrigation; where there is no water, there is no vegetation; and so, at the edge of the plain, the moment the land begins to rise, there is not a speck of green to be seen. Nevertheless, in the days of the Incas, whose

ruined towns abound on the lower slopes of the hills all along these coast valleys, the higher ground was cultivated by means of terraces and irrigation, the water being probably brought from reservoirs of rain-water higher up. This problem, however, has not yet been satisfactorily solved, and on some of the hill-sides where the Inca terraces remain, it seems impossible to have conveyed water by means of canals and *acequias*. On the Caudivilla estate there are the ruins of a considerable Inca town, which appears to have been strongly fortified. Huge masses of adobe walls are still standing, and any one who takes the trouble to violate the graves may dig up mummies, pottery, slings, and domestic implements and ornaments to his heart's content.

Besides the mill and the sugar plantations, the Caudivilla *hacienda* has several accessory establishments—one devoted to corn and pasture; another to raising cattle, including *ganado bravo*, that is to say, wild fighting bulls for the Plaza Acho; and another to poultry farming, including the rearing of fighting cocks. The wild bulls sell for \$200 to \$300 Peruvian currency, according to their bravery. Cock-fighting is a very popular sport in Lima, and Caudivilla furnishes the pit with some of its greatest champions. When I was there I was asked to inspect nearly fifty birds under the care of José María de la Columna, better known as "Papito," a colored man who has achieved fame in Peru by riding wild bulls round the Plaza Acho amidst the frantic applause of the admiring multitude. "Papito" is never seen without a champion under his arm. The Peruvian system of cock-fighting requires the use of small razors, which are tied on to the bird's spurs according to the method employed by the Madrid *toreros* in their favorite Sunday morning amusement.

The valley of the Chillón is mainly devoted to the production of sugar, most of which is consumed in the country. The methods of culture, by means of irrigation, the use of Chinese and negro labor, and all the general features above noticed, will be found on the other *haciendas* of the region, but nowhere more completely than at Caudivilla, where they may be seen any morning concentrated in the mill yard in a striking manner. The whole scene is full of contrasts and strange neighborhoods. On the roof, be-



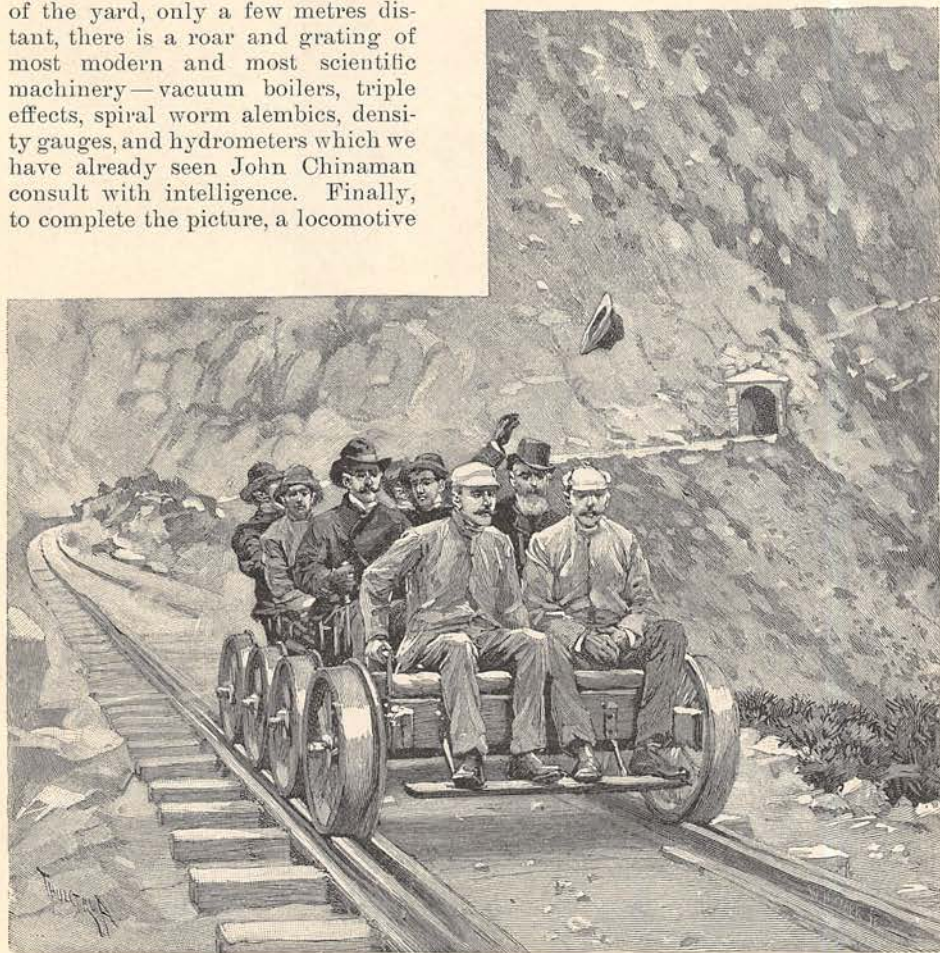


THE OROYA RAILWAY—CROSSING THE VERRUGAS BRIDGE.

tween the smoke-stack and the steam escape pipe, some turkey-buzzards, the scavengers of the Peruvian coast districts, sit gravely meditative and unmoved by the steam-whistle, whose echoes wander amongst the mysterious walls of the Inca ruins on the mountain-sides. In a shady corner of the yard is a group of saddled mules and men in ponchos—the *caporals* or overseers who have succeeded the slave-drivers of old. At the door of the *tambo* stand half a dozen pack-donkeys belonging to some Indians who have come down from the Sierra to buy fire-water. Then you will see several hundred head of cattle—wild bulls, oxen, sheep, and llamas—driven through the yard on the way to new pastures, the herd and the herdsmen suggesting the days of the patriarchs. And yet on the other side of the yard, only a few metres distant, there is a roar and grating of most modern and most scientific machinery—vacuum boilers, triple effects, spiral worm alembics, density gauges, and hydrometers which we have already seen John Chinaman consult with intelligence. Finally, to complete the picture, a locomotive

and a train of cars piled up with cane steams up to the conductor, and John Chinaman handles the brakes, his yellow face all grimy with coal-dust. And this is rural life in Peru, in the coast valleys at least.

Another very interesting excursion that I made was a journey along the famous Oroya Railroad as far as Chicla, the actual terminus. This line starts from Callao, and from Lima follows the valley of the Rimac to the summit of the Cordillera. When completed it will descend the Atlantic slope, and place the capital in communication with the Amazonian provinces, of which Peru at present has little more than nominal possession. Lima is 448 feet above the sea-level. Starting from the Desemparados station, just above



THE OROYA RAILWAY—HAND-CAR DESCENDING.

the bridge, we skirt the torrent through a fertile valley devoted to cereals, sugarcane, pasture, and castor-oil, and closed in on either side by hills, which become more and more imposing until, at Chosica, 25 miles from Lima, and 2832 feet above the sea-level, we are well in the mountain region. This lower valley of the Rimac offers very beautiful views, the rich vegetation of the irrigated ground contrasting with the barren enclosing hills, to which the brilliant sunshine imparts soft and velvety tints of brown, red, and purple. At Chosica our party breakfasted very excellently in the station hotel, which is frequented by consumptive patients, who benefit by the purity and lightness of the air. At this point we notice that the higher peaks of the mountains above are covered with a delicate coat of pale green verdure, while on the lower slopes the cactus alone grows. As we mount, the vegetation becomes more abundant and the variety of green more curious and beautiful. At Agua de Verrugas, 43 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles from Lima, and 5840 feet above the sea-level, our train comes to a halt; there is a laguna in the line; a sudden flood from the top summits has rushed down the Verrugas ravine with tremendous force and carried away the central pile of the bridge, a structure of iron some 300 feet high. This Verrugas bridge, 174 metres long, was the finest and most important on the line; now the two shore ends alone remain, and means having not yet been forthcoming for reconstruction, a wire cable has been thrown across the ravine, and passengers and goods are swung over the terrible yawning abyss on a square board or in a cage-car. The members of our party looked forward with some apprehension to this aerial voyage, for they imagined at first that they would be carried on a square, flat board, like the silver ingots and other goods that came over while we were waiting; the more so as several people, including some *Chola* women and children, crossed over in this primitive and perilous fashion. However, we were destined to a better lot, and a sort of horse-box with seats was hoisted on to the cable, and we found ourselves on the opposite bank of the chasm before we had hardly started, the journey lasting only thirty-seven seconds. We then continued our upward route as far as Matucana, 54 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Lima, and 7788 feet above the

sea-level, and there we staid the night, in order to get accustomed to the rarefied air, which affects many people in a very painful manner at the higher elevations, producing horrible pains in the head, suffocation, bleeding at the ears—all of which symptoms are known in the Peruvian Andes by the name of *sorroche*.

From Matucana we continued our journey the next morning through magnificent mountain scenery to Chicla, 78 miles from Lima, and 12,220 feet above the level of the sea. This last rise of 4432 feet was accomplished in three hours, the locomotive climbing along the mountain-side over a distance of about 24 miles, now zigzagging up a precipice, on whose face you see three lines of rails and three tunnels, one above the other, now skirting the torrent, now crossing it on a spider-web iron bridge. Meanwhile the masses of the mountains have become grander and bolder, and at the same time the vegetation is more luxuriant, while on the very topmost peaks a little snow, or rather congealed rain, is occasionally to be seen. One hill is covered with aloes; another, cut into steps by the old Inca terraces, is diapered with the various shades of green of many kinds of ferns, dotted here and there with brilliant flowers; indeed, the whole country is like an immense rocky garden that seems to contain half the flowers that we have ever seen, morning-glory, convolvulus, lupines, nasturtium, heliotrope, filling the air with its perfume, scented geranium, pinks and carnations in the greatest variety of colors and markings, nux-vomica, calceolarias of the most delicate canary yellow, buttercups, gold and silver ferns, and many kinds of creepers, with flowers of the most beautiful colors. At the time of our visit—the month of March—just toward the end of the rainy season, this floral vegetation was in all the splendor of a new growth, and the verdure on the mountain-tops still fresh and pure. Never have I seen grander and more charming mountain scenery than this.

Our descent from Chicla to Lima was accomplished by means of two hand-cars coupled together, and each provided with a brake. These cars, put on the track at Chicla, run by gravitation alone all the way to Lima, the only interruption being the gap due to the destruction of the Verrugas viaduct. Passengers are conveyed in ordinary trains, but as there are only

two trains a week, our party was carried up by a special engine, and the return trip was made on the hand-cars. So we sped along, admiring the scenery and noting the rare incidents of the landscape—a water-fall; a bridge; an artificial tunnel cut through the rock, so as to divert the Rimac torrent from its old bed, in which the rails are now laid; a tunnel high up above our heads, through which we came only a few minutes ago; a condor soaring across the valley; a train of pack mules and donkeys winding along at the bottom of the ravine, a thousand feet below us, under the charge of some Indians; a *Cholita* standing to watch us shoot past, her long black hair bedecked with large passion-flowers; the green mountain-sides terraced to an incredible height by the old Incas; here, an Inca acequia running sinuously along a steep slope hundreds of feet above the torrent; there, a brown mass of Inca ruins. And so we reach the lower valley, and enter Lima just as the late afternoon sun is gilding the stucco towers, and casting long purple shadows over the Cerro de San Cristobal.

The Oroya road is a very remarkable piece of engineering work, executed perhaps not wisely but too well. The difficulties surmounted are enormous. The constructor, an American, Henry Meiggs, used to say, I was told, at certain arduous points, "The line has to go there, and if we can't find a road for it, we'll hang the track from balloons." This remark illustrates the boldness and almost recklessness with which the line has been built; and even now, fine as the work is, it is in constant danger of destruction in many parts. Every year sections of the line, bridges, and viaducts are swept away by floods and landslips which cannot be foreseen. A water-spout bursts on a mountain-peak, an immense volume of water, mud, and bowlders dashes down, and half an hour later all is calm again; but the railway track has disappeared, or one of the bridges will be found, twisted into a knot, half a mile away from its proper place. For this reason the line must always be very expensive and difficult to keep in repair. The working of it is also very expensive on account of the high price of coal, and the quantity wasted by the continuous firing required to force the train up the steep gradients. Experiments, however, are now being

made with cheaper fuel in the form of petroleum residuum from the Talara wells. As it is, the locomotives have 22-inch cylinders, and the steam pressure all the way has to be kept at 140 pounds to the square inch. The maximum train is five cars, weighing 8 tons each, and carrying 10 tons of cargo; and in order to drag this weight from Lima to Chicla, the locomotive burns 7 tons of first-class English coal. The maximum gradients are 4 per cent., and the maximum curves 120 metres radius. This radius is found in all the tunnels, of which there are 40 between Lima and Chicla, the longest measuring 296 metres. The number of bridges is 16, the longest being the Verrugas viaduct, now destroyed. The total distance from Callao to Chicla, where the rails end, is 86½ miles.

The Oroya line, on which the Peruvian loan of 1870 of £5,520,000 sterling was expended, was not finished for want of funds, and the portion of it that was completed has never paid. The original idea was to carry the line to La Oroya, in the transandine province of Junin, and the survey and much of the earthwork and tunnels were executed before the money gave out in 1873. The summit tunnel through the Paso de Galera, between 1100 and 1200 metres long, is open, and from the plains it appears to be an interesting piece of work, being on a vertical curve, with 3½ per cent. gradients on the Pacific slope of the Cordillera, and just enough for drainage on the Atlantic slope, where the line runs for 6½ kilometres with gradients of from 2 to 4 per cent., and then for the rest of the distance to La Oroya, 43 kilometres, over easy ground. The summit tunnel of the Paso de Galera is the 58th from Lima; it is distant from Callao by the rails 104 miles, and stands at a height of 4814 metres, or 15,700 feet above the level of the sea, thus making the Oroya the highest of all the projected transandine railways.

A little more than twenty years ago, Peru, being an independent republic, and recently victorious in a final war against Spain, was seized with the then prevalent railway fever. Having obtained money from the Old World by three loans, issued in 1869, 1870, and 1872, she proceeded to build railways, but in so ill-advised a manner that out of the ten lines commenced or completed only two proved to be of use, but scarcely of profit, and most

of them were left in the hands of their respective contractors, in order that out of the returns the latter might repay themselves the balance due for their construction. This Peru was herself unable to do, all the capital of the three loans having disappeared at the end of 1872. In 1876, her finances having gone from bad to worse, Peru was unable to pay the interest of her debts, and accordingly made default. Then, in 1879, happened the disastrous war of Peru and Bolivia against Chili, which ended in Peru losing the rich provinces of Tarapacá and Antofagasta, whence Chili now derives the better half of her revenues. Peru also lost with these provinces the greater part of her guano deposits. These events resulted in numerous financial claims against Peru on the part of individuals, such as railway contractors, of mortgagees like the Messrs. Dreyfus and Company, and of the Peruvian bondholders, the latter alone having a claim of £32,953,000 sterling, the amount of the three loans of 1869, '70, and '72, plus unpaid interest since 1876, which at the end of 1889 brought the total claims of the bondholders, in round numbers, to £56,000,000 sterling. With the loss of the two provinces containing the nitrate and guano deposits, Peru lost three-quarters of her revenues; the war and the consequent paper money crisis almost annihilated private capital; the commerce of the country was ruined and the custom-house receipts reduced; and the public functionaries of late years have been as badly off as their colleagues in the Ottoman Empire, who only get paid now and then.

A contract (known as the Grace contract) between the bondholders and the government for the relief of Peru was ratified in January, 1890, and the work ought to have begun at once on a scale of unparalleled extension. The contract is a long document, and contains many clauses and saving clauses, but in substance it amounts to this: The Republic of Peru is declared to be relieved of all responsibility for the loans of 1869, 1870, and 1872, which is explained to mean that the name and credit of Peru are henceforward rehabilitated in the financial markets of the world. In return for this absolute and irrevocable release the Peruvian government cedes to the bondholders the property and proceeds of all the railways of the state for a period of sixty-six years, dating from January, 1890. These lines are from Mol-

lendo to Santa Rosa and Puno, Callao to La Oroya (the rails only as far as Chicla), Pisco to Ica, Lima to Ancon, Chimbote to Suchiman, Pacasmayo to Guadalupe and Yonan, Salaveray to Trujillo and Ascope, and Payta to Piura—in all 1222 kilometres. The two lines first mentioned are alone of any real importance and value; all the lines need repairs, and several of them almost complete reconstruction. After the lapse of sixty-six years these lines, with prolongations, repairs, stations, rolling stock, etc., which the bondholders bind themselves to make and maintain, return to the Peruvian state free from all claims, debts, and liabilities. The bondholders are bound, under penalty of fines or loss of privilege, to build, within limits of two, three, and four years, lines from Chicla to La Oroya and from Santa Rosa to Cuzco, and within six years to build 160 kilometres of railway in any or either of a number of directions specified in the contract. There is also a clause giving the bondholders all the guano existing in Peruvian territory up to the amount of 3,000,000 English tons, and a share of the guano sold by Chili in accordance with the stipulations of the treaty of Ancon. This guano cession seems, however, to be rather illusory, and not wholly based upon fact. The Peruvian government further binds itself to pay to the committee of bondholders thirty annuities of £80,000 each, by instalments reserved out of the customs receipts of Callao; the first annuity to be due three years after the ratification of the contract. This annuity the Peruvian government confesses to be unable to pay with its present resources, but trusts to an increase of commerce concomitant with the execution of the contract. The bondholders have further obtained from the Peruvian government a concession to build a line from Puno to Desaguadero, and from the Bolivian government a concession for a line from Desaguadero to La Paz, with a branch to Oruro; from the Peruvian government a concession for building a line from La Oroya to one of the navigable rivers of the interior of Peru—the Ucayali, for instance—with a grant of 6000 hectares, or about 15,000 acres, of unappropriated land for each kilometre of finished railway; and finally from the Peruvian government a grant of 2,000,000 hectares, or about 5,000,000 acres, of unappropriated lands at the free disposal of

the state, "provided the concessionnaires shall undertake to avail themselves of the said lands, devoting them to agricultural development or other industrial enterprises, to commence the colonization within the first three years, and to have them settled upon within the maximum period of nine years. The immigrants brought to Peru by virtue of this concession shall be of European races, and shall pay no tax whatever... in all other respects they shall be subject to the laws of the republic."

All these concessions and privileges are, by virtue of the contract vested in the bondholders, formed into a joint-stock company called the Peruvian Railways and Development Corporation (Limited), and registered in London, "it being understood that the rights and obligations of this contract can *only be transferred to English companies organized and established in London.*"

Such is the sum and substance of this unprecedented and specious arrangement, the execution of which, it is announced, will not only recoup the bondholders in time for their past sacrifices, but also confer the greatest benefits on Peru itself. This is doubtless true, provided the contract can be carried out. But the more we examine its clauses and the special conditions of Peru, the more remote and improbable its realization seems. The first requirement for its fulfilment is money—immense sums of money. Will they be forthcoming? Evidently Peru is a country abounding in natural riches, and the utilization of these riches would be a legitimate and tempting field for foreign capital if there were guarantees of good administration, and if the difficulties of working were not so great and numerous. The obstacles to the development of Peru are, in the first place, the Peruvians; and, in the second place, the remoteness of its riches from the paths of commerce. In all these South-American republics the old creole population, whether Peruvian, Chilian, Argentine, or Brazilian, is useless for progress; it furnishes the class of aristocrats, politicians, officials, and government employés who are non-productive and obstructive, and in most cases nothing better than national parasites; it furnishes the thieving dictators and Presidential embezzlers, who fill each capital and every public office with a horde of intriguers in and out of uniform. In the

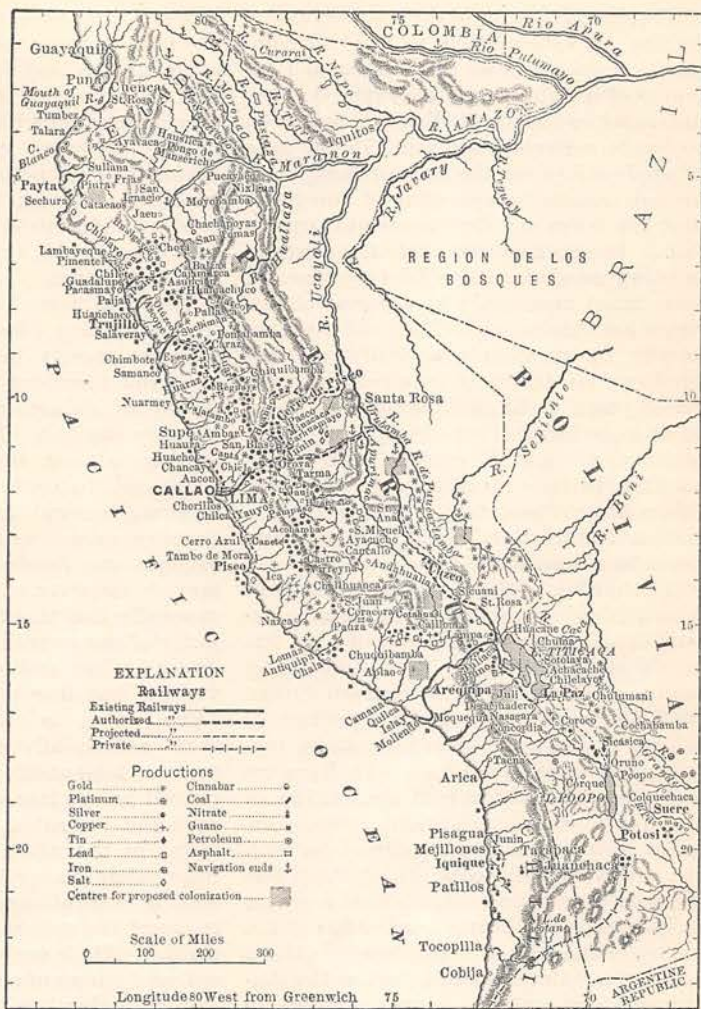
Argentine, owing to prodigious and incessant immigration, the creole element is rapidly getting crowded out, and the country is being carried on to greatness and prosperity by the new blood that is flowing into it week by week, and which, thanks to the nature of the country and to the extension of cheaply constructed railways, has been able to spread gradually and naturally from the sea-coast and the province of Buenos Ayres to the Cordillera and the confines of Patagonia. In Peru all the conditions are different, as a glance at the map will show. Roughly speaking, the country may be divided into three regions, namely, the coast valleys, the mountain region, and the transandine or Amazonian provinces. The coast valleys produce sugar, cotton, rice, maize, and other cereals, and all the fruits that man can desire; but, there being no rain, all culture depends upon irrigation, and the irrigation in turn depends on the water supply of a number of short rivers of small volume. *All the land in the coast valleys is occupied to the full extent of the water supply*, and cultivated in a rough but more or less effective way, mainly by Chinese and colored laborers, who live, as we have seen, in a very rudimentary manner, and earn 40 to 50 Peruvian cents a day. In this region there is no room for immigration. Higher up in the mountains there is a certain amount of available land, not, however, of a nature adapted to modern agricultural methods, and much of it requiring the terrace and irrigation systems which were employed by the Incas. This land, too, in spite of expensive mountain railways, would always remain at a disadvantage for want of easy communications with a market. There remain then the Amazonian provinces, about which recent travellers have written so enthusiastically and so instructively. At present this vast territory, watered by the great tributaries of the Amazon, the Marañon, Huallaga, Ucayali, Urubamba, Inambari, etc., is most inaccessible. The Peruvian officials, who are sent there to exercise a nominal rule, and often to find Brazilian officials in practical command, reach their seat of government most easily by steamer to Panama, across the isthmus, round to Pará, then up the Amazon by steamer, and the rest of the journey as best they can. The cocoa, caoutchouc, cinchona, and other products of these

rich tropical regions inhabited by Indians are carried on rafts down the tributary streams until an Amazonian factory and steamer are reached. It is simply a wild country where the vegetation is so luxuriant that if you cut a path through the virgin forests that cover the ground, it will be grown over and disappear entirely in a fortnight. Nature is here so full of exuberant strength that she becomes the enemy instead of the friend of man, and the only hope of clearing the land for agriculture would be by organized armies of thousands of colonists working simultaneously and collectively. According to the most impartial and practical witnesses, the task of reducing this tropical nature to subjection would inevitably fail unless organized on a vast scale, and by powerful companies

having thousands of hands at their command. In any case, the first thing to do is to render these provinces accessible, so that colonists may reach them, and so that their products may be brought to a seaport.

Is this seaport to be on the Pacific or the Atlantic coast? To carry the merchandise to the Pacific by means of a transandine railway, with necessarily high freights, would seem to be too expensive. To carry it by water to the sea by the Amazon would mean entering into competition with Brazil and the flourishing republics of the Atlantic coast. All these considerations render the Amazonian provinces a relatively uninviting field for immigrants so long as there is good

and productive land and security for life and property in more accessible spots and in less enervating climates. As the 2,000,000 hectares of land granted to the Peruvian Railways and Development Corporation must necessarily be selected mainly on the eastern slopes of the Andes, and as the contract requires the colonization to be commenced within three years, and the lands settled within the maximum period of nine years, whereas limits of time ten times as long would scarcely be sufficient, we may justly regard this clause of the contract as of no practical importance. Peru's dream of colonization will not be realized in so near a future as the contract specifies.



RAILWAYS AND MINERAL LANDS OF PERU AND BOLIVIA.

The special clause of the contract transferring all subcontracts to English companies organized and established in London is of a nature to discourage all other nationalities except the English, and even to create material difficulties in the case of applications on the part of companies or individuals independent of the Peruvian Railways and Development Corporation. In other words, while the contract is being carried out, or falling through, there must necessarily be a period of suspense and hesitation. The immense monopoly in question practically reserves the Peruvian territory for a certain number of years to English companies, formed or to be formed, but of whose eventual activity, given the present state of the country, there is no guarantee. To make this contract absolutely practical, the Peruvian bondholders should have undertaken to administrate Peru, and relieve it of the burden of the farcical government which it enjoys under the name of a republic. Peru is not a new country, but an old and decrepit one, presenting many points of resemblance to modern Spain. Its history is more or less a repetition of that of Spain, and its regeneration presenting similar difficulties. In Peru we find remnants of the past civilization of the Incas, whose irrigation works, now fallen to ruins, suggest comparison with the works of the Moors, which made fertile vast territories in Spain that are now as barren as the brown *quebradas* of the valley of the Rimac. In Peru, too, there is a degenerate plebs, indolent as the Andalusian peasantry, a clergy opposed to progress, intriguers and demagogues that find their parallel in Don Carlos and his partisans. The Peruvian nation, especially since the victory of the Chilians, has not the energy and hopeful confidence of youth; it is sluggish and inclined to linger in the old ruts, looking only to present and personal interests, and not to the future collective welfare of the nation. One of the greatest curses of Peru, and the phenomenon which chiefly contributes to make it the most backward and decadent country of the civilized world, is its government. The politics of Peru is as bad as it can be, for the questions at issue are almost always of persons rather than of principles. The Presidents have too much power, and they openly take advantage of their position to enrich themselves. Their political friends do

likewise, and from the ministers down to the most modest custom-house employes, all make the best use of their time while it is their turn to be in office. The provincial governors have but one obligation, namely, to work with the central government in all political matters; provided that condition be fulfilled, they are free to administer their provinces as they please, rob, tyrannize, and grow as rich as they can.

Take the army, again; the rank and file are Indians, *Cholos*, and even negroes, who are mostly impressed into the service, and therefore never lose an opportunity of deserting, especially in the country stations. Hence the necessity of having, almost literally, more officers than men, in order that the former may be strong enough to control the latter by numbers as well as by discipline. In the villages and *haciendas*, where the military do the duty of rural police, you will generally find that the officers have a majority of one over the men they command. These Indian and Cholo soldiers, whom you see standing at the street corners in Lima, doing police duty and blowing their melancholy watchman's whistles, make a lamentable army indeed, as was proved in the late war. The poor ignorant and imbruted creatures took no interest in the cause; indeed, the general impression amongst them was that Chili was a revolutionary leader, and they spoke of the national enemy as "General Chili." Their souls having no joy in the enforced career of arms, the fellows fought well enough when there was no means of escaping from the foe, but if there was the slightest opening they preferred to run away. The Chilians, knowing this, constantly manœuvred so as to give the Peruvian army a chance to flee, and thus economized their own men and their powder too.

In the actual condition of Peru it is difficult to obtain any trustworthy statistics or information about anything. Since the war no census has been taken; outside of Lima taxes are collected with difficulty, and so even approximate estimates are impossible. However, two and a half millions is supposed to represent the present population of this vast territory, which has 1200 miles of coast-line, and a superficies of more than a million square kilometres. This population consists of the creole governing, proprietary, and of-



ficial classes, ordinary Peruvians, Indians, cross-breeds, Chinese coolies, and negroes. There are the rich and the poor, both apparently satisfied with the existing decadent state of the country, or, at any rate, making no effort to improve it. Truly the field is not a tempting one for colonists. As for commerce, there is just as little inducement as there is for colonization. During the last ten years many foreign merchants have left the country, and in reply to inquiries from would-be commercial immigrants, most of the embassies, I find, frankly recommend people not to go out either to Lima or to other towns. And yet the fact remains that Peru is marvellously rich in mineral deposits. Gold, platinum, silver, copper, tin, lead, iron, cinnabar, quicksilver, and coal all exist in abundance. Very rich petroleum wells are now being worked in Talara. All these riches must one day be utilized, and could be utilized at present if capital could be brought into the coun-

try and energetic men to direct the enterprise, and if at the same time a decent and settled political administration could be obtained, which latter condition seems very doubtful. The field for mining industry in Peru is immense, and not so encumbered with prior claims and occupants as it is in Chili, but the difficulties of transport are enormous. Nevertheless there are both English and American engineers and capitalists who are gradually working up fine businesses in the mountains, introducing improved machinery, and conquering obstacles of all kinds with genuine Anglo-Saxon pertinacity. On the other hand, considering all the circumstances already briefly set forth, and awaiting the grand and ardently desired opening up of the country, there are perhaps more facilities and surer results in the immediate future to be obtained in Bolivia, and on the other side of the Andes, in the Argentine provinces of Rioja and San Juan.

## THE AWAKENING.

BY NANNIE MAYO FITZHUGH.

**A**BOVE her cradled child she bends, the while  
 Her new-stirred heart with joy goes forth to meet  
 The waking moment when her eyes shall greet  
 The glad and sudden welcome of his smile;  
 Yet stills her breathing lest he feel and move,  
 Knowing, though waked to love, he wakes to pain,  
 So I to thee, whose soul till now hath lain  
 Content, and dreaming not if there be love,  
 Am mute, and hush the pulsing of the deep  
 And changeless current from my soul to thee;  
 And would not that thine eyes unfold and see  
 What tender longing waits upon thy sleep,  
 Though from thy waking measureless my gain,  
 Who wakes to love, he needs must wake to pain.

This is the world through which, but now, serene  
 I moved, a soul apart, nor cared to know—  
 So all unmindful I of joy and woe—  
 Life's dearest gift within my touch, unseen.  
 Oh strange new world! in which no soul may say  
 "I go my way alone": behold, there stand  
 Twin spirits, Pain and Love, with hand in hand,  
 Beside each traveller, girded for the way.  
 Dear heart, whose waiting met my gladdening eyes,  
 Shall I not welcome Pain for Love's dear sake?  
 Like as a child to suffering grown awake,  
 Who would not in the joy of love's surprise  
 Return to sleep, so I to cry am fain,  
 "Since thence comes need of Love, thank God for Pain!"