

Wednesday, March 6th.—Only ten communicants at church on Sunday.....Two young men died suddenly lately of yellow fever. M—— is quite well again; I called to see her at her rancho at Chorrillos.....Provisions are still rising in price. Best beef is a dollar a pound in Chorrillos, and Mrs. J. M—— told me that her butcher's bill for one week was one hundred dollars!.....Mlle. D—— called to-day to ask my advice and assistance in various matters, and was presently followed by one of the waiters at Manry's Hotel who begged I would try and get him another situation. I did not know the man by sight though I must have seen him when dining with my friends there, but apparently he knew me. I gave him an address. It is very amusing certainly. I think I might open an Employment Office, and do a flourishing business.

Monday, March 10th.—A most daring robbery was committed in the Calle Mercaderes the other night. The thieves worked their way through the drain into a jewellery shop and sacked it completely.....

Wednesday, March 19th.—This is the festival of San José, the Patron Saint of the Republic, and it was celebrated with great éclat in Chorrillos.....We had quite a shower of rain the other day—a most unusual phenomenon—and a delightful sign that the worst of the summer heat is over.....Received a letter from M—— to-day, mailed in Quebec on the 24th February—a pretty quick passage..... I am sorry that S—— has not taken my advice about studying Spanish.

Good Friday, April 11th.—Thoroughly exhausted by a vain attempt yesterday to witness the "Lavatorio" in the Cathedral. We were about two hours on our feet wandering about in search of a seat or some spot where we could view the ceremony. Mrs. C——y, Mrs. C——n, and I managed to wedge through the crowd, (some of whom were sitting on the floor, some kneeling but the large majority standing), almost up to the chancel, long before three o'clock, the hour appointed, when two or three "Zambas" commenced shouldering us right and left, muttering "es mi tierra y mi iglesia." Having no gentleman with us, a retreat was the only alternative. Most decidedly, the women of the lower classes here are the most *beastly* I have ever met. It is a strong term to use but I write the word deliberately, as my memory recalls other circumstances which I should blush even to record.....In some respects, the police regulations here are very stringent. No one is permitted to carry a load, or even a basket or bundle of any kind on the sidewalk, and it is rather amusing to see people skirting the outside to keep the letter of the law when a celador is in sight, and leaving the hard cobble-stones when beyond his vision.

These low Cholas invariably try to take the wall when meeting a foreign lady in the street. Generally speaking I am too hurried to dispute the point, but the other day, having a few moments' leisure, I resolved to give battle, and came to a stand-still close to the wall, which was on my right. My friend who was carrying a basket, (there being no celador in sight) stopped, hugging the wall also,