

Monday, January 6th.—My celestial attendant, Akeen, (whose reluctance to accept pay was soon overcome) has come to grief. The mayordomo having given him a pair of black eyes, he retaliated last Tuesday with a knife, inflicting several wounds which at first were thought very dangerous. The celadores were called in, Akeen was handcuffed and marched off, and I hear that he has been sold to another "hacendado"—or rather that the contract has been transferred to him—for slavery was long ago abolished in Peru, though possibly some of the Coolies may have doubts on the subject..... Went to see my good friend, Mercedita, the other day, and found her with another baby just a month old. There was nothing in the new arrival to excite raptures, but I said what I could to the kind-hearted little woman—viz. that it had large eyes..... A visit from Madame D——. Her black sheep—"coquin" she calls him—is always importuning her for admittance, so rather than "take him by the neck and turn him out" as she says, she permits him to take a mattress and sleep on the floor. When she leaves in the morning on her lessons she puts him out, locks the door, and tells him she "does not know when she will return—she may stay all night in Chorillos." So he has to take his chance and hang about. "Je lui rends la vie dure" she says, and I don't doubt it.....

Thursday, January 23rd.—G—— moved out to-day, to a room at the office. He sent his boy for the month's rent, and I paid it, taking a receipt..... The Padre made me a long visit: he thinks of buying my furniture and taking my room on my departure, but I am afraid we shall not agree as to terms.

February 6th.—Thermometer over 90° in the shade in Chorillos the other day—but that really is an unusual circumstance; Ranchos are at a premium there. Mrs. L— offered \$500 a month for one the other day, but she was too late..... Met last evening at Mrs. C——'s a gentleman just arrived from one of the stations on the Oroya line. He says that he was in a *snow-storm* only 103 miles from Lima, where we were bathed in perspiration. But then he was some 12,000 or 14,000 feet above the sea level..... Procured a situation for Enrique's sister, lately, at Mrs L's where she seems well pleased..... There is small-pox in the city, and many are much alarmed..... I enjoy the fruit here, especially the grapes, which are both cheap and plentiful. Strawberries still hold out..... Four letters received from the North the other day cost me a sol in postage.

Thursday, February 13th.—Great excitement has prevailed in the city for two days past in consequence of the intelligence which reached here on Monday night that Colonels Cevallos and Gamio had been shot by their guard. Major Cornejo's despatch states that they were attempting to escape and fired first on him, but of course Mr. Pardo's enemies called it a *murder*, and the opposition press rings with denunciations of the Government. The news has cast a gloom over the whole city. No one who knows Mr. Pardo would ever associate his name with disorder, yet it