

The head muleteer showed signs of insubordination when Pereira's boy pressed him to feed the mules properly. So Pereira took him by the collar and threatened him, which reduced him to a chastened frame of mind.

The Min River was crossed by a ferry on June 26. Beyond it for five awful miles Pereira's party passed along a small, muddy, slippery path beside the paddy fields. He himself fell once. His chair-bearers fell two or three times. And one mule with the boys' things fell into a paddy field, and all their clothes were soaked with mud and water.

Soldiers were often passed. Now in the hot weather they took off their jackets, tucked up their trousers to the knees and wore their forage caps with a green oilskin covering. They had, in addition, their bandoliers, worn over their naked bodies, a rifle and umbrella. Excepting coolies no one travels lighter.

Leaving the paddy fields for low hills the going improved, and a stiff climb of 700 feet brought the party to the summit of a hill. Here, weary and hot after trudging 18 miles, Pereira rested and cooled himself under a tree, and admired the view over the low country he had been crossing, which looked like a big plain covered with trees and paddy fields.

The route continued over low hills, and on June 28 he was warned of the presence of two hundred brigands on ahead. They would be afraid, he was told, to attack a foreigner, but they would probably seize the rifles of the escort on the escort's return. The escort, therefore, decided to leave their rifles behind.