

perfect little country, and we revelled in the beauties about us.

But beautiful though the country was, travelling through it was not unattended with disadvantages, for it rained almost daily at this season. We fortunately always had either inns or farmhouses in which to put up at night, but we were constantly drenched through on the march, and the going was excessively heavy. We had work, too, to get over the ground at the rate we wished. We used to rise at 4.30 or 5 every morning, pack up our things, have our breakfast, and then have to hang about for two dreary hours whilst the lazy mule-men were loading up their animals. On the march we had to keep constant watch over the mules to help them past rocky prominences by the riverside, over boggy places, and through the thick low scrub of the woods. At midday we halted for a couple of hours to feed man and beast, and then went on again till six or seven in the evening. It was constant, steady work throughout, and more than once on the march I remember being so tired that I lay down on a fallen log, propped myself up against some branch, and went off fast asleep in spite of