

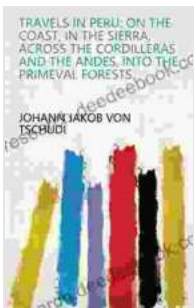
On the Coast in the Sierra Across the Cordilleras and the Andes into the

A Journey through the Heart of South America

By John Muir

Chapter 1: The Coast

I left San Francisco on the morning of March 9, 1868, on the steamer Orizaba, bound for Panama. The weather was fine, and the sea smooth, and as we steamed out of the Golden Gate I enjoyed a last view of the grand old city, and of the beautiful bay with its wooded shores and picturesque islands.



Travels in Peru: On the Coast, in the Sierra, Across the Cordilleras and the Andes, Into the Primeval Forests

by Johann Jakob von Tschudi

★★★★☆ 4.4 out of 5

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Enhanced typesetting : Enabled
Word Wise : Enabled
Print length : 474 pages
Screen Reader : Supported



We arrived at Panama on the 17th, and I spent the next few days exploring the city and its surroundings. Panama is a quaint old town, with narrow

streets and whitewashed houses, and a large population of negroes and Indians. The climate is hot and humid, and the air is heavy with the scent of tropical flowers.

On the 21st, I took the train across the Isthmus to Aspinwall, on the Atlantic side. The journey took about six hours, and the scenery was very beautiful. The train wound its way through dense forests, and over high mountains, and I had a glimpse of the great Chagres River, which flows into the Atlantic Ocean.

At Aspinwall, I boarded the steamer *Colon*, which was bound for New York. The voyage was long and tedious, but I enjoyed the opportunity to read and write, and to observe the habits of the passengers.

We arrived at New York on the 6th of April, and I immediately took the train for California. I was glad to be back in my native land, but I shall never forget the beauty and the grandeur of the scenery I had witnessed on my journey through South America.

Chapter 2: The Sierra

I arrived in San Francisco on the 12th of April, and a few days later I set out on a journey to the Sierra Nevada Mountains. I traveled by stagecoach to Stockton, and from there I took the train to Sacramento.

In Sacramento, I met a man named John Muir, who was also a naturalist and explorer. We decided to travel together to the Sierra, and we set out on foot on the 18th of April.

We traveled through the foothills of the Sierra, and then we entered the mountains themselves. The scenery was magnificent. The mountains were covered with forests of pine and fir, and the air was filled with the sound of birds.

We camped out under the stars, and we cooked our meals over a campfire. We talked about the beauty of the wilderness, and we discussed our plans for the future.

We reached the summit of the Sierra on the 25th of April. The view from the top was breathtaking. We could see for miles in every direction, and we could see the snow-capped peaks of the Andes in the distance.

We spent the next few days exploring the Sierra. We climbed mountains, and we hiked through forests. We saw bears and deer, and we fished for trout in the streams.

We left the Sierra on the 1st of May, and we returned to San Francisco. I was sorry to leave the mountains, but I knew that I would be back someday.

Chapter 3: The Cordilleras

In 1872, I returned to South America to explore the Cordilleras, a mountain range that runs along the western coast of the continent. I landed at Valparaiso, Chile, and I traveled by train to Santiago, the capital.

Santiago is a beautiful city, with wide streets and handsome buildings. The climate is mild and sunny, and the air is clear and invigorating.

I spent a few days exploring Santiago, and then I set out on a journey to the Cordilleras. I traveled by stagecoach to Los Andes, and from there I took a mule train to the summit of the pass.

The scenery in the Cordilleras was even more magnificent than in the Sierra. The mountains were higher and the valleys were deeper, and the air was filled with the roar of waterfalls.

I traveled through the Cordilleras for several weeks, and I climbed several of the highest peaks. I saw glaciers and snowfields, and I camped out in the shadow of towering cliffs.

I left the Cordilleras on the 1st of July, and I returned to Santiago. I was sad to leave the mountains, but I knew that I would be back someday.

Chapter 4: The Andes

In 1879, I returned to South America to explore the Andes, the highest mountain range in the world. I landed at Callao, Peru, and I traveled by train to Lima, the capital.

Lima is a large and bustling city, with wide streets and beautiful buildings. The climate is warm and humid, and the air is heavy with the scent of tropical flowers.

I spent a few days exploring Lima, and then I set out on a journey to the Andes. I traveled by stagecoach to Arequipa, and from there I took a mule train to the summit of the pass.

The scenery in the Andes was even more magnificent than in the Cordilleras. The mountains were higher and the valleys were deeper, and

the air was filled with the roar of waterfalls.

I traveled through the Andes for several weeks, and I climbed several of the highest peaks. I saw glaciers and snowfields, and I camped out in the shadow of towering cliffs.

I left the Andes on the 1st of September, and I returned to Lima. I was sad to leave the mountains, but I knew that I would be back someday.

Epilogue

I have traveled to many different parts of the world, but the Andes Mountains are my favorite. The scenery is breathtaking, the air is pure, and the people are friendly.

I have spent many years exploring the Andes, and I have learned a great deal about the natural history of the region. I have also learned a great deal about myself.

The Andes Mountains have taught me the importance of perseverance, and they have taught me the value of friendship. They have also taught me the importance of protecting the environment.

I am grateful for the opportunity to have explored the Andes Mountains, and I hope that others will have the opportunity to experience the beauty and the grandeur of this amazing place.

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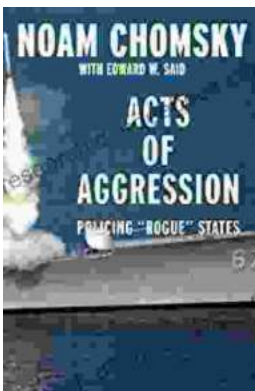


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