

Staten Island ferries. Don Marco and his major-domo seated themselves at opposite ends of a long table, and, piling up the sum in the middle, began to count in by four pieces into calabashes.

A sound of galloping announced the arrival of our horses,—two for hire to the next stage and one for sale. And I was to buy him. Shade of Bucephalus! what a charger! He had been, said our host, the favorite horse of his wife, but had now been turned out for a year. If so, I do not wonder that she looked worn and melancholy. The animal was a small, crisp, wiry stallion of a vicious yellow-dun color. He looked like an ill-bred bull-terrier exaggerated into a horse. His mane and tail were matted with briars. He was hung with garrapatas; at every attempt to eradicate these, he snorted and jerked wildly at the hakima or hair-rope which fastened him. His appearance was unprepossessing in the extreme; but he was the only thing to be had, and he looked vicious enough to be hardy and enduring. O Don Marco, who took advantage of the necessities of a traveller to sell him a most villanous beast, may your spirit expiate its crime in the world to come by riding saddleless and bridleless battered upon that beast to whom early in our acquaintance I applied the name of Bungo! Then, Don Marco, thumped upon his back bones when he pounds you in his trot, and bounced, as a pilot-boat bounces from crest to crest of waves in a chopping sea, from tail to ears of his skeleton as he gallops, may you shuffle, stumble, tumble along to that limbo of unrepentant thieves, which, if there be any faith in religion, awaits you to all eternity. Yet more,—may your sons be sent to the United States; may they learn everything that young Spaniards generally learn; may they go home, and in your lifetime dissipate your hidden bags of plata; and may they be domineered in future by my progeny, inevitable Yankees. Hector Hippodamos, hear my prayer!