

through the deep mud than my horse could do. This was the Camerio Real, and, like royalty in America, it was in decay. I endeavored to indoctrinate José with a respect for internal improvements, should he ever be a man in power. About three o'clock I rode into the muddy village of Capeira, and asked lodging at the best house I could find. Victor Fernandez, my host, was a gentleman, and his housekeeper prepared me an admirable meal of things I sent out to buy. Panthers were very abundant, and Fernandez had himself offered a bounty on their heads, which had produced seven.

The next day was a weary one. Even in the worst spots of the Cruces Road I had never seen anything to compare with the profound mud and the slippery stones that my beaten horse had to pass. I had still maintained that the hill-side above the entrance of the pass of Thermopylæ was the worst bit of road in the world, but now I yielded. There were alleys, too, worn in the clay soil by torrents of rain. From one, on entering alone, I could extricate myself only by digging my hands deep in the side and allowing my horse to pass out under me, while I hung suspended. The rascal, who had seemed utterly exhausted, tried to escape; but fortunately I was behind and José before in the alley, and he was again mounted to be again