

moving west, and once passing a traveller going in the same direction as ourselves, whose costume and appearance excited the deepest interest. He looked as perfect a representation of Don Quixote as did his horse of Rosinante. Instead of a squire, however, he was followed by a particularly thin mule, on whose back was strapped all his worldly effects, and which was attached by a leading-rein to the tail of his horse. He wore a tall conical wide-awake, a long pointed beard, and drooping mustache, and smoked a Cubano of surpassing size and length. His sleeves were slashed to the shoulder, and his jacket ornamented with rows of buttons. From a girdle round his waist peered forth the handles of sundry daggers and the butts of revolvers. A high-peaked Spanish saddle was furnished with stirrups of cumbrous manufacture, into which were thrust heavy jack-boots, with spurs such as Cromwell's dragoons would have gazed at with wonder. It was only natural that we should do the same; I did not think such specimens were extant except in museums of Spanish curiosities. He puffed along with a dignified air, not appearing in the least discomposed by his solitary ride from California, or anxious to reach its termination, which was in all probability the railway, now only about ten miles distant. Perhaps he felt regret at the prospect of giving up the wild adventurous life he had been leading, and did not wish to hurry—or perhaps his animals were tired, which, considering they had come