

when it came at last, was artistic. Happy is the man whose nature or cosmopolitan habits have made him omnivorous and unquestioning.

Our dinner commenced with a thick rice soup, very nice. Then sancoche, a stew of beef, chicken, yam, plantain, and rice, with Chili peppers, strips of tasajo or jerked beef fried, a dish of boiled vermicelli, omelet with chopped pork, boiled ground maize finer than our hominy, fried and roasted plantain, thick tortilla, cheese, sweetmeats, and a sort of maize pudding called tamal. Bordeaux wine was upon the table, and the dinner ended with coffee. Our breakfast was nearly the same, except that we had chocolate instead of coffee. Everything was offered with quiet hospitality and freedom. *Dimora V. en su casa.*

My English friend picked up a nag in the course of the day, for which, under the pressure of need, he paid forty-five dollars,—and, as he had brought a saddle, was henceforth independent. It was not till noon of the next day that we others succeeded, by the kind aid of Don Pedro, in hiring “bestias.” But I had no saddle, and our host could not let me depart without a complete outfit. He rummaged among his stores, and produced a Galapago, or dilapidated English saddle. Nothing had sat upon it lately but birds, and it looked like one of the Chincha Islands. A girth was soon manufactured of ropes’ ends. A neighbor supplied stirrup-leathers and a crupper for three dimes. We disinterred from a heap of rubbish a monstrous pair of wooden Costa Rica stirrups, clumsy as sabots. Shabby as the whole turnout seemed, it not only served me admirably, but I sold it at the end of the journey for four dollars, which I hereby promise to pay over to Don Pedro, in champagne or other liquid, when he comes to see me. The half is more than the whole. A saddle is sometimes more than a horse, and in South America, as well as among the North American