

Shortly afterwards, it was suspected their peon was leading them astray; this was evident by their crossing and recrossing the river, and wandering at random on a road which was apparently but little travelled. After a toilsome route of three and a half hours, they found themselves surrounded by many branches of the river, whose banks were but a few inches above the water. The peon then acknowledged himself bewildered, and that he had missed his way. Crossing the streams was attended with some danger, for owing to their rapidity and depth they were near sweeping the horses off their legs. Returning a league or two, they fortunately met a muleteer, who put them in the road; but their horses were now so exhausted that they were compelled to seek lodgings at a rancho. After applying at several, they succeeded in getting a place to lie in, after making many promises of liberal payment. A similar course, notwithstanding a positive refusal or denial of having any provisions, procured them a casuela, served in a large wooden bowl, with wooden spoons. This is a sort of Chilean chowder, with a plentiful supply of garlic, onions, Chili pepper, &c., and one of the favourite dishes of the country. In three days' ride they had passed over about sixty miles; the highest temperature experienced was  $65.5^{\circ}$ , the lowest  $35.7^{\circ}$ . At the rancho where they stopped for the night, the temperature fell  $20.5^{\circ}$  in three hours.

They passed the night with the usual annoyance in most houses in Chili, for fleas were found in great abundance. In the morning the temperature was  $35.5^{\circ}$ , and the ground covered with hoar frost. The rancho was supposed to be about one hundred feet above the level of the sea. The mountains in the immediate neighbourhood were from six to seven thousand feet high, exhibiting a gorgeous appearance as the sunbeams lighted them up, and at times the brilliancy was so great as to dazzle the eye. They left the rancho at seven o'clock, and although it was only ten miles distant, they did not reach San Felipe before eleven. The road passed over a third *cuesta*, which exhibited a regular columnar structure. The hills inclining to the northward open and present to view the broad plain of Aconcagua. San Felipe de Aconcagua stands about fifteen miles from the foot of the Andes, and the mountains are seen from thence in all their grandeur. The peak of Tupongati is, however, lost sight of as the town is approached, disappearing behind the nearer snowy peaks. This mountain is situated on the dividing or eastern ridge of the Cordilleras, and within the United Provinces of La Plata.

On arriving at San Felipe, they proceeded at once to the house of Mr. Henry Newman, an English gentleman resident there, and engaged in mining operations, to whom they had letters. Mr. Newman was