

of Manzanillo. The long boat was launched and all that wished were set on shore. A few hours before any of us would willingly have paid \$1.00 per pint for water, and now when it was free and plenty we did not touch it, for the land breeze had quenched our thirst. The steward was first ashore and soon returned with the report that no provisions were to be had. The supply of water came from a well that was not more than thirty feet from the shore, and I could never understand why the water should be fresh and not salt, for it was dug in a loose, gravel bank. Hogs-heads were thrown overboard, towed ashore, filled, returned, hoisted on board and emptied into the tanks. This process continued all day, and as no provisions could be obtained here, Capt. Harvey notified us that he would be obliged to run up to San Blas, which was 180 miles up the coast, where provisions could be secured. He said the trip could be made in three or four days, and we should have all the water, rice and pork we wanted. All were satisfied and willing to sail except one man, who said he would not trust his life on that old tub again, and before night he had hired a native with two mules and was on his way to Mazatlan, where coast steamers often touched, and we never saw nor heard from him again. The Kinsman boys all went ashore in search of food, but found nothing but tomatoes and onions, and these in small quantity. We stripped the market and held our supply for future use. Cooked together they made a palatable dish and the other passengers were permitted to inhale the odor but not to taste the stew, so we were objects of envy as long as our supplies held out, which was for several days. After getting a corner on tomatoes and onions, we entered the house of an old Mexican lady—it was hardly more than a shed thatched with straw or palm leaves—and our interrogations amounted to nothing until a large rooster walked into the house, when a bright idea flashed into my mind and I became purchasing agent for the party. By signs and a display of cash I soon negotiated with her for the rooster and a pot of soup, with as many tortillas as were necessary to round out the feast, for 75 cents. It was but the work of a moment for the old lady to dress the fowl and put him in a pot over a hot fire, and while the feast is in preparation I will tell you how the tortillas were made. First, corn was soaked until it was perfectly soft, when it was rolled out very thin—much thinner than pie crust, the old lady used a bottle for a rolling pin—and cooked on a piece of very hot sheet iron or a flat stone. To prevent burning they must be turned instantly and taken off, and so expert was this old lady that she baked them as fast as six *hungry* men could eat them. The chicken was young and fat and took but a short time to cook. When it was done, I motioned to fill the pot with soup. I never knew what seasoning was used more than Chili pepper, but I do know that no man need be ashamed to hold up such a soup-making mother to his wife as an example. The pot was placed in the center of the table and we gathered around it. The chicken had been well cooked and the meat slipped off the bones and down our throats rapidly. Astonishment and perspiration appeared on the old lady's face at the rapidity with which provisions were disappearing, but she did not fly the contract. So it was not long before chicken and soup had all disappeared, and the tortillas nearly so. Other passengers had gathered around with longing eyes and appetites, but we were so hard-hearted we did not offer to divide. After we had left the table a man who belonged to our mess on shipboard asked for the bones, and by giving the old lady 25 cents another pot of quite eatable soup was produced.