

also a family affair—a property stock-taking of the great Spanish cattle-owners—and strangers, particularly Americans, found it difficult to gain access to its mysteries and the *festa* that followed.

‘But how did she get an invitation?’ I asked.
‘You did not dare to ask—’ I began.

‘My friend,’ said Enriquez, with a singular deliberation, ‘the great and respectable Boston herself, and her serene, venerable uncle, and other Boston *magnificos*, have of a truth done me the inexpressible honour to solicit of my degraded, papistical uncle that she shall come—that she shall of her own superior eye behold the barbaric customs of our race.’

His tone and manner were so peculiar that I stepped quickly before him, laid my hands on his shoulders, and looked down into his face. But the actual devil which I now for the first time saw in his eyes went out of them suddenly, and he relapsed again in affected languishment in his chair. ‘I shall be there, friend Pancho,’ he said, with a preposterous gasp. ‘I shall nerve my arm to lasso the bull, and tumble him before her at her feet. I shall throw the “buck-jump” mustang at the same sacred spot. I shall pluck for her the buried chicken at full speed from the ground, and present it to her. You shall see it, friend Pancho. I shall be there.’