

guitarist and violinist, with their instruments slung at their backs had joined the party and gave earnest of future jollity. And a jolly cavalcade it was of some twenty, scampering at full speed over the smooth plain, making wide detours to every hacienda for a fresh orange or another bowl of chicha. We kept up a complete row, especially when some pelting shower forced a general stampede for the nearest shelter, or when, fording some of the numerous streams that crossed our path, friend Poco-tempe, on his little gray nag, would be nearly submerged. Great shouting there was for *candela*, and many witching exhibitions of horsemanship on the part of José del Carmen. Some Señoritas joined us, and only heightened the life of the scene. There was a full *abandon* of gayety, inconceivable to the grave Yankee. We approached nearer the main chain of mountains, and, ascending a low plateau, rode in a body trampling up the main street of Penonomé, and dismounted at the church in the Plaza.

Things are managed with such perfect calmness of manner by the people of the country, that an American supposes nothing is doing; but in a surprisingly short time we were inducted into one of the best houses in the town, which, by good luck, happened to be vacant, a cook hired, our hammocks slung, and everything made comfortable for a sojourn. We dined with the Padre, and then walked with him about the place, enviously standing by while he was tenderly embraced by all the pretty girls in the village. However, "any friend of the Padre" was sure to meet with a good reception, and we had no reason to complain. The Padre sat among his *reinas* a picture of ecclesiastical content, bestowing kisses sporadically with a patriarchal simplicity truly charming. A tapping of stones upon the bells proclaimed the time for evening service, and he was compelled to perform other duties, perhaps less agreeable.