

THE PILGRIMS.

As usual, our horses were late next morning, and the priest was off an hour before us. But our host of Natà, José Maria del Carmen Lopez, volunteered to guide us on our way; and when he was once on his prancing horse, out of sight of his wife, he determined very speedily to go himself to the great *funcion* at Penonomé. We had galloped an hour without overtaking the Padre, when, distant as far as the eye could reach on the plain, we saw what seemed a moving mushroom; it was perfectly black and most impish in its appearance. This black pent-house was supported by a slender light-colored stalk endowed with powers of rapid locomotion, for it succeeded in keeping pace with a figure which we should have thought a man on horseback had it not been provided with a pair of wings flapping freely on the air. It was a couple of miles before we overtook these strange figures, and only deciphered them then by keen inspection; the figure on horseback was the old sacristan, who, out of sight of his master, had decorated his own person with the priestly vestments. The animated mushroom was his son, a boy of ten years, trotting along with no clothes on whatever except the immense shovel hat of our friend the Padre, laid aside for a more convenient travelling affair. Padre Grimaldo, as he was appropriately named, had ridden on to a farm-house for some refreshment, and there we found him in his glory (i. e. glorious). Here he had joined other scattered parties proceeding to the revels, and, provided with bowls of chicha, they were taking a luncheon of *queso con dulce*, the cheese being a kind soft and nice, like *fromage de Brie*, and the *dulce* like soft molasses candy. We, Los Señores Ingleses, were the lions of the occasion, and added even to the greatness of Padre Grimaldo. A