roofs extending down to form a porch. The church is distinguished from the others only by a cracked bell suspended outside.

The Padron was an excellent fellow, and merited his good fortune in having a most charming wife, one of the most exquisite persons I have ever seen, of delicate features, a pure, dark complexion, brilliant, with a dark flush. Her younger sister was even more delicate and sylph-like; I was tempted to stay and forget civilization in her society; I am sorry I did not.

They brought us oranges, and sounds of gasping chickens were heard from the poultry-yard. We hung our hammocks, and reposed. I have spoken of the compensations of Nature. Among these, and foremost, let me not forget the hammock. The hammock to a bed is what flying is to walking. Here a stratum of cool air surrounded us, and the close packing of the boat was forgotten.

From my hammock in the porch I could look out upon the fair landscape Arcadian, over the exquisitely undulating greensward, unbroken as far as the eye could reach, except by the scattered huts and their small enclosures. Each of these was marked by its rich grove of orange-trees, and its shading, ever-tremulous cocoa-palms. Cattle, droves of horses, and all the smaller domestic animals, strayed about. Among them tumbled nude children.

In the heats of the dry season, when all verdure is destroyed, and all the houses that can be spared are eaten up, the cattle are driven, as in cold Switzerland, high up on the sides of the mountains.

One of the enclosures struck me as having a more finished air than its neighbors. A cart, like a degraded omnibus, stood before it. Have Yankee pedlers penetrated even here? I rolled out of my hammock, and approached.