

CHAPTER XVII.

LA GARITA—ALAJUELA—A FRIENDLY PEOPLE—HEREDIA—RIO SEGUNDO—COFFEE PLANTATIONS OF SAN JOSE—THE SACRAMENT FOR THE DYING—A HAPPY MEETING—TRAVELLING EMBARRASMENTS—QUARTERS IN A CONVENT—SEÑOR CARILLO, CHIEF OF STATE—VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE—VISIT TO CARTAGO—TRES RIOS—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING—ASCENT OF THE VOLCANO OF CARTAGO—THE CRATER—VIEW OF THE TWO SEAS—DESCENT—STROLL THROUGH CARTAGO—A BURIAL—ANOTHER ATTACK OF FEVER AND AGUE—A VAGABOND—CULTIVATION OF COFFEE.

The next morning we ascended by a steep road to the top of a ravine, where a long house stood across the road, so as to prevent all passing except directly through it. It is called La Garita, and commands the road from the port to the capital. Officers are stationed here to take an account of merchandise, and to examine passports. The one then in command had lost an arm in the service of his country, *i. e.* in a battle between his own town and another fifteen miles off, and the place was given to him as a reward for his patriotic services.

At the entry of Alajuela, I stopped to inquire for one bearing a name immortal in the history of the Spanish conquest. It was the name of Alvarado. Whether he was a descendant or not I do not know, nor did he; and strange to say, though I met several bearing that name, not one attempted to trace his lineage to the conqueror. Don Ramon Alvarado, however, was recommended to me for qualities which allied him in character with his great namesake. He was the courier of the English Mining Company for Serapequea and the River St. Juan, one of the wildest roads in all Central America.

Next to the advantage of the sea voyage, my principal object in leaving Zonzonate was to acquire some information in regard to the canal route between the Atlantic and Pacific by means of the Lake of Nicaragua and the River San Juan, and my business with Alvarado was to secure him as a guide to the port of San Juan. In half an hour all these arrangements were made, the day fixed, and half the contract-money paid.

There are four cities in Costa Rica, all of which lie within the space of fifteen leagues; yet each has a different climate and different productions. Including the suburbs, Alajuela contains a population of about 10,000. The plaza was beautifully situated, and the church, the *cabildo*, and the houses fronting it were handsome. The latter

were long and low, with broad piazzas and large windows, having balconies made of wooden bars. It was Sunday, and the inhabitants, cleanly dressed, were sitting on the piazzas, or, with doors wide open, reclining in hammocks, or on high-backed wooden settees inside. The women were dressed like ladies, and some were handsome, and all white. A respectable-looking old man, standing in the door of one of the best houses, called out "Amigo," "friend," and asked us who we were, whence we came, and whither we were going, recommending us to God at parting; and all along the street we were accosted in the same friendly spirit.

At a distance of three leagues we passed through Heredia without dismounting. I had ridden all day with a feeling of extraordinary satisfaction; and if such were my feelings, what must have been those of Hezoos? He was returning to his country, with his love for it increased by absence and hardship away from home. All the way he met old acquaintance and friends. He was a good-looking fellow, dashing dressed, and wore a basket-hilted Peruvian sword more than six feet long. Behind him was strapped a valise of scarlet cloth, with black borders, part of the uniform of a Peruvian soldier. It would have been curious to remember how many times he told his story; of military service and two battles in Peru; of impressment for the navy and desertion; a voyage to Mexico, and his return to Guatemala by land; and always concluded by inquiring about his wife, from whom he had not heard since he left home, "la pobra" being regularly his last words. As we approached his home, his tenderness for *la pobra* increased. He could not procure any direct intelligence of her; but one good-natured friend suggested that she had probably married some one else, and that he would only disturb the peace of the family by his return.

On the top of the ravine we came upon a large table-land covered with the rich coffee-plantations of San José. It was laid out into squares of 200 feet, enclosed by living fences of trees bearing flowers, with roads 60 feet wide; and, except the small horsepath, the roads had a sod of unbroken green. The deep green of the coffee-plantations, the sward of the roads, and the vistas through the trees at all the cross-roads, were lovely; at a distance on each side were mountains, and in front, rising above all, was the great Volcano of Cartago. It was about the same hour as when, the day before, from the top of the mountain of Aguacate, I had looked down into great ravines and over the tops of high mountains, and seen the Pacific Ocean. This was as soft as that was wild; and it addressed itself to other senses than the sight, for it was not, like the rest of Central America, retrograding

and going to ruin, but smiling as the reward of industry. Seven years before the whole plain was an open waste.

At the end of this table-land we saw San José on a plain below us. On the top of the hill we passed a house with an arch of flowers before the door, indicating that within lay one waiting to receive the last sacrament before going to his final account in another world. Descending, we saw at a distance a long procession, headed by a cross with the figure of the Saviour crucified. It approached with the music of violins and a loud chorus of voices, and was escorting the priest to the house of the dying man. As it approached, horsemen pulled off their hats and pedestrians fell on their knees. We met it near a narrow bridge at the foot of the hill. The sun was low, but its last rays were scorching to the naked head. The priest was carried in a sedan chair. We waited till he passed, and taking advantage of a break in the procession, crossed the bridge, passed a long file of men, and longer of women, and being some distance ahead, I put on my hat. A fanatic fellow, with a scowl on his face, cried out, "Quita el sombrero," "take off your hat." I answered by spurring my horse, and at the same moment the whole procession was thrown into confusion. A woman darted from the line, and Hezoos sprang from his horse and caught her in his arms, and hugged and kissed her as much as decency in the public streets would allow. To my great surprise, the woman was only his cousin, and she told him that his wife, who was the principal milliner in the place, was on before in the procession. Hezoos was beside himself; ran back, returned, caught his horse, and dragged the beast after him; then mounting and spurring, begged me to hurry on and let him go back to his wife. Entering the town, we passed a respectable-looking house, where four or five well-dressed women were sitting on the piazza. They screamed, Hezoos drove his mule up the steps, and throwing himself off, embraced them all around. After a few hurried words, he embraced them all over again. Some male friends attempted to haul him off, but he returned to the women. In fact, the poor fellow seemed beside himself, though I could not but observe that there was method in his madness; for, after two rounds with the very respectable old ladies, he abandoned them, and dragging forward a very pretty young girl with his arms around her waist, and kissing her every moment, told me she was the apprentice of his wife; and though at every kiss he asked her questions about his wife, he did not wait for answers, and the kisses were repeated faster than the questions. During all this time I sat on my horse looking on. Doubtless it was very pleasant for him, but I began to be impatient; seeing which, he tore himself away, mounted, and, accompanied by half-a-

dozen of his friends, he again led the way. As we advanced his friends increased. It was rather vexatious, but I could not disturb him in the sweetest pleasures in life,—the welcome of friends after a long absence. Crossing the plaza, two or three soldiers of his old company, leaning on the railing of the quartel, cried out "companero," and, with the sergeant at their head, passed over and joined us. We crossed the plaza with fifteen or twenty in our suite, or rather in his suite, some of whom, particularly the sergeant, in compliment to him, were civil to me.

While he had so many friends to welcome him, I had none. In fact, I did not know where I should sleep that night. Hezoos had told me that there was an old chapiton, *i.e.* a person from Spain, in whose house I could have a room to myself, and pay for it; but, unfortunately, time had made its changes, and the old Spaniard had been gone so long that the occupants of his house did not know what had become of him. I had counted upon him with so much certainty that I had not taken out my letters of recommendation, and did not even know the names of the persons to whom they were addressed. The cura was at his hacienda, and his house shut up; a padre who had been in the United States was sick, and could not receive any one; my servant's friends all recommended different persons, as if I had the whole town at my disposal; and principally they urged me to honour with my company the chief of the state. In the midst of this street consultation, I longed for a hotel at 100 dollars a-day, and the government for paymaster. Hezoos, who was all the time in a terrible hurry, after an animated interlude with some of his friends, spurred his mule and hurried me back, crossed a corner of the plaza, turned down a street to the right, stopped opposite a small house, where he dismounted, and begging me to do the same, in a moment the saddles were whipped off and carried inside. I was ushered into the house, and seated on a low chair in a small room, where a dozen women, friends of Hezoos and his wife, were waiting to welcome him to his home. He told me that he did not know where his house was, or that it had an extra room, till he learned it from his friends; and carrying my luggage into a little dark apartment, said that I could have that to myself, and that he, and his wife, and all his friends, would wait upon me, and that I could be more comfortable than in any house in San José. I was excessively tired, having made three days' journey in two, worn out with the worry of searching for a resting-place, and if I had been younger, and had no character to lose, I should not have given myself any further trouble; but, unfortunately, the dignity of office might have been touched by remaining in the house of my

servant; and, besides, I could not move without running against a woman; and, more than all, Hezoos threw his arms around any one he chose, and kissed her as much as he pleased. In the midst of my irresolution, "la pobra" herself arrived, and half the women in the procession, amateurs of tender scenes, followed. I shall not attempt to describe the meeting. Hezoos, as in duty bound, forsook all the rest, and notwithstanding all that he had done, wrapped her little figure in his arms as tightly as if he had not looked at a woman for a month; and "la pobra" lay in his arms as happy as if there were no pretty cousins or apprentices in the world.

All this was too much for me: I worked my way out of doors, and after a consultation with the sergeant, ordered my horse to be saddled, and riding a third time across the plaza, stopped before the convent of Don Antonio Castro. The woman who opened the door said that the padre was not at home. I answered that I would walk in and wait, and ordered my luggage to be set down on the portico. She invited me inside, and I ordered the luggage in after me. The room occupied nearly the whole front of the convent, and besides some pictures of saints, its only furniture was a large wooden table, and a long, high-backed, wooden-bottomed settee. I laid my pistols and spurs upon the table, and stretching myself upon the settee, waited to welcome the padre to his house.

It was some time after dark when he returned. He was surprised, and evidently did not know what to do with me, but seemed to recognise the principle that possession is nine points of the law. I saw, however, that his embarrassment was not from want of hospitality, but from a belief that he could not make me comfortable. In Costa Rica the padres are poor, and I afterward learned that there it is unusual for a stranger to plant himself upon one. I have since thought that the Padre Castro must have considered me particularly cool; but, at all events, his nephew coming in soon after, they forthwith procured me chocolate. At each end of the long room was a small one, one occupied by the padre and the other by his nephew. The latter vacated his; and with a few pieces from the padre's, they fitted me up so well, that when I lay down I congratulated myself upon my forcible entry; and probably before they had recovered from their surprise I was asleep.

My arrival was soon known, and the next morning I received several invitations to the houses of residents—one from the lady of Don Manuel de Aguila; but I was so well pleased with the convent that I was not disposed to leave it. As a matter of course, I soon became known to all the foreign residents, who, however, were but four; Messrs. Steipel and Squire, a German and an Englishman, associated in business;

Mr. Wallenstein, German; and the fourth was a countryman, Mr. Lawrence, from Middletown, Connecticut. All lived with Mr. Steipel; and I had immediately a general invitation to make his house my home.

In the afternoon I dined with the foreign residents at the house of Mr. Steipel. This gentleman is an instance of the vicissitudes of fortune. He is a native of Hanover. At fifteen he left college and entered the Prussian army; fought at Dresden and Leipsic; and at the battle of Waterloo received a ball in his brain, from which unfortunately, only within the month preceding, he lost the use of one eye. Disabled for three years by his wound, on his recovery, with three companions, he sailed for South America, and entered the Peruvian army, married a Hija del Sol, Daughter of the Sun, turned merchant, and came to San José, where he was then living in a style of European hospitality. I shall lose all reputation as a sentimental traveller, but I cannot help mentioning honourably every man who gave me a good dinner; and with this determination I shall offend the reader but once more.

Early the next morning, accompanied by my countryman Mr. Lawrence, and mounted on a noble mule lent me by Mr. Steipel, I set off for Cartago. We left the city by a long, well-paved street, and a little beyond the suburbs passed a neat coffee-plantation, which reminded me of a Continental villa. It was the property of a Frenchman, who died just as he completed it; but his widow had provided another master for his house and father for his children. On both sides were mountains, and in front was the great Volcano of Cartago. The fields were cultivated with corn, plantains, and potatoes. The latter, though indigenous, and now scattered all over Europe, is no longer the food of the natives, and but rarely found in Spanish America. The Cartago potatoes are of good flavour, but not larger than a walnut, doubtless from the want of care in cultivating them.

Entries have been found in the records of Cartago dated in 1598, which show it to be the oldest city in Central America. Coming from San José, its appearance was that of an ancient city. The churches were large and imposing; the houses had yard-walls as high as themselves; and its quiet was extraordinary. We rode up a very long street without seeing a single person, and the cross-streets, extending to a great distance both ways, were desolate. A single horseman crossing at some distance was an object to fix our attention.

The day before we had met at San José Dr. Bridley, the only foreign resident in Cartago, who had promised to procure a guide, and make arrangements for ascending the Volcano of Cartago; and we found

that, besides doing all that he had promised, he was himself prepared to go with us. While dinner was preparing, Mr. L. and I visited another countryman, Mr. Lovel, a gentleman whom I had known in New York. After dinner we set out to ascend the volcano.

Passing down the principal street, we crossed in front of the cathedral, and immediately began to ascend. Very soon we reached a height which commanded a view of a river, a village, and an extensive valley not visible from the plain below. The sides of the volcano are particularly favourable for cattle; and while the plains below were unappropriated, all the way up were potreros, or pasture-grounds, and huts occupied by persons who had charge of the cattle.

Our only anxiety was lest we should lose our way. A few months before my companions had attempted to ascend, but, by the ignorance of their guide, got lost; and after wandering the whole night on the sides of the volcano, returned without reaching the top. As we ascended the temperature became colder. I put on my poncha; before we reached our stopping-place my teeth were chattering, and before dismounting I had an ague. The situation was most wild and romantic, hanging on the side of an immense ravine; but I would have exchanged its beauties for a blazing coal fire. The hut was the highest on the mountain, built of mud, with no opening but the door and the cracks in the wall. Opposite the door was a figure of the Virgin, and on each side was a frame for a bed; on one of them my friends spread the bear's skin, and tumbling me upon it, wrapped me up in the poncha. I had promised myself a social evening; but who can be sure of an hour of pleasure? I was entirely unfit for use; but my friends made me some hot tea; the place was perfectly quiet; and, upon the whole, I had as comfortable a chill and fever as I ever experienced.

Before daylight we resumed our journey; the road was rough and precipitous; in one place a tornado had swept the mountain, and the trees lay across the road so thickly as to make it almost impassable; we were obliged to dismount, and climb over some and creep under others. Beyond this we came into an open region, where nothing but cedar and thorns grew; and here I saw whortleberries for the first time in Central America. In that wild region there was a charm in seeing anything that was familiar to me at home, and I should perhaps have become sentimental, but they were hard and tasteless. As we rose we entered a region of clouds; very soon they became so thick that we could see nothing; the figures of our own party were barely distinguishable, and we lost all hope of any view from the top of the volcano. Grass still grew, and we ascended till we reached a belt of

barren sand and lava; and here, to our great joy, we emerged from the region of clouds, and saw the top of the volcano, without a vapour upon it, seeming to mingle with the clear blue sky; and at that early hour the sun was not high enough to play upon its top.

Mr. Lawrence, who had exerted himself in walking, lay down to rest, and the doctor and I walked on. The crater was about two miles in circumference, rent and broken by time or some great convulsion; the fragments stood high, bare, and grand as mountains, and within were three or four smaller craters. We ascended on the south side by a ridge running east and west till we reached a high point, at which there was an immense gap in the crater impossible to cross. The lofty point on which we stood was perfectly clear, the atmosphere was of transparent purity, and looking beyond the region of desolation, below us, at a distance of perhaps 2,000 feet, the whole country was covered with clouds, and the city at the foot of the volcano was invisible. By degrees the more distant clouds were lifted, and over the immense bed we saw at the same moment the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This was the grand spectacle we had hoped but scarcely expected to behold. My companions had ascended the volcano several times, but on account of the clouds had only seen the two seas once before. The points at which they were visible were the Gulf of Nicoya and the harbour of San Juan, not directly opposite, but nearly at right angles to each other, so that we saw them without turning the body. In a right line over the tops of the mountains neither was more than twenty miles distant, and from the great height at which we stood they seemed almost at our feet. It is the only point in the world which commands a view of the two seas; and I ranked the sight with those most interesting occasions, when from the top of Mount Sinai I looked out upon the Desert of Arabia, and from Mount Hor I saw the Dead Sea.*

We returned to our horses, and found Mr. Lawrence and the guide asleep. We woke them, kindled a fire, made chocolate, and descended. In an hour we reached the hut at which we had slept, and at two o'clock Cartago.

Toward evening I set out with Mr. Lovel for a stroll. The streets were all alike, long and straight, and there was nobody in them. We fell into one which seemed to have no end, and at some distance were intercepted by a procession coming down a cross street. It was headed by boys playing on violins; and then came a small barrow tastefully decorated, and strewed with flowers. It was a bier carrying the body

* I have understood from several persons who have crossed the isthmus from Chagres to Panama, that there is no point on the road from which the two seas are visible.

of a child to the cemetery. We followed, and passing it at the gate, entered through a chapel, at the door of which sat three or four men selling lottery tickets, one of whom asked us if we wished to see the grave of our countryman. We assented, and he conducted us to the grave of a young American whom I had known by sight, and several members of whose family I knew personally. He died about a year before my visit, and his funeral was attended with mournful circumstances. The vicar refused him burial in consecrated ground. Dr. Bridley, who was the only European resident in Cartago, and at whose house he died, rode over to San José, and, making a strong point of the treaty existing between the United States and Central America, obtained an order from the government for his burial in the cemetery. Still the fanatic vicar, acting, as he said, under a higher power, refused. A messenger was sent to San José, and two companies of soldiers were ordered to the doctor's house to escort the body to the grave. At night men were stationed at its side to watch that it was not dug up and thrown out. The next day the vicar, with the cross and images of saints, and all the emblems of the church, and a large concourse of citizens, moved in solemn procession to the cemetery, and formally reconsecrated the ground which had been polluted by the burial of a heretic. The grave is the third from the corridor.

In the corridor, and in an honoured place among the principal dead of Cartago, lay the body of another stranger, an Englishman named Baillie. The day before his death the alcalde was called in to draw his will, who, according to the customary form, asked him if he was a Christian. Mr. Baillie answered yes; and the alcalde wrote him *Catolico Romano Apostolico Christiano*. Mr. Baillie himself did not contemplate this; he knew the difficulty in the case of my countryman about six months before; and wishing to spare his friends a disagreeable, and, perhaps, unsuccessful controversy, had already indicated a particular tree under which he wished to be buried. Before the will was read to him he died. His answer to the alcalde was considered evidence of his orthodoxy; his friends did not interfere, and he was buried under the special direction of the priests, with all the holiest ceremonies of the Church. It was the greatest day ever known in Cartago. The funeral was attended by all the citizens. The procession started from the door of the church, headed by violins and drums; priests followed, with all the crosses, figures of saints, and banners that had been accumulating from the foundation of the city. At the corners of the plaza and of all the principal streets, the procession stopped to sing hallelujahs, to represent the joy in Heaven over a sinner that repents.

While standing in the corridor we saw pass the man who had accompanied the bier, with the child in his arms. He was its father, and with a smile on his face was carrying it to its grave. He was followed by two boys playing on violins, and others were laughing around. The child was dressed in white, with a wreath of roses around its head; and as it lay in its father's arms it did not seem dead, but sleeping. The grave was not quite ready, and the boys sat on the heap of dirt thrown out, and played the violin till it was finished. The father then laid the child carefully in its final resting-place, with its head to the rising sun; folded its little hands across its breast, and closed its fingers around a small wooden crucifix; and it seemed, as they thought it was, happy at escaping the troubles of an uncertain world. There were no tears shed; on the contrary, all were cheerful; and though it appeared heartless, it was not because the father did not love his child, but because he and all his friends had been taught to believe, and were firm in the conviction, that, taken away so young, it was transferred immediately to a better world. The father sprinkled a handful of dirt over its face, the grave-digger took his shovel, in a few moments the little grave was filled up, and, preceded by the boy playing on his violin, we all went away together.

The next morning, with great regret, I took leave of my kind friends, and returned to San José.

It was my misfortune to be the sport of other men's wives. I lost the best servant I had in Guatemala, because his wife was afraid to trust him with me; and on my return I found Hezoos at the convent waiting for me. While putting my things in order, without looking me in the face, he told me of the hardships his wife, "la pobra," had suffered during his absence, and how difficult it was for a married woman to get along without her husband. I saw to what he was tending; and feeling, particularly since the recurrence of my fever and ague, the importance of having a good servant in the long journey I had before me, with the selfishness of a traveller I encouraged his vagabond propensities, by telling him that in a few weeks he would be tired of home, and would not have so good an opportunity of getting away. This seemed so sensible, that he discontinued his hints, and went off contented.

At three o'clock I felt uncertain in regard to my chill, but, determined not to give way, dressed myself, and went to dine with Mr. Steipel. Before sitting down, the blueness of my lips, and a tendency to use superfluous syllables, betrayed me; and my old enemy shook me all the way back to the convent, and into bed. Fever followed, and I lay in bed all next day, receiving many visits at the door, and a

few inside. One of the latter was from 'Hezoos, who returned stronger than before, and, coming to the point, said that he himself was anxious to go with me, but his wife would not consent. I felt that if she had taken the field against me, it was all over; but told him that he had made a contract, and was already overpaid; and sent her a pair of gold earrings, to keep her quiet.

For four days in succession I had a recurrence of chill and fever. Every kindness was shown me in the convent,—friends visited me, and Dr. Bridley came over from Cartago to attend me; but withal I was desponding. The day fixed for setting out with Alvarado arrived. It was impossible to go; Dr. Bridley told me that it would be unwise, while any tendency to the disease remained, to undertake it. There were six days of desert travelling to the port of San Juan, without a house on the road, but mountains to cross and rivers to ford. The whole party was to go on foot except myself; four extra men would be needed to pass my mule over some difficult places, and there was always more or less rain. San Juan was a collection of miserable huts, and from that place it was necessary to embark in a bungo for ten or fifteen days on an unhealthy river. Besides all this, I had the alternative to return by the Cosmopolita to Zonzonate, or to go to Guatemala by land, a journey of 1,200 miles, through a country destitute of accommodations for travellers, and dangerous from the convulsions of civil war. At night, as I lay alone in the convent, and by the light of a small candle saw the bats flying along the roof, I felt gloomy, and would have been glad to be at home.

Still I could not bear the idea of losing all I came for. The land-route lay along the coast of the Pacific, and for three days was the same as to the port. I determined to go by land, but, by the advice of Dr. Bridley, to start in time for the vessel; and, in the hope that I should not have another chill, I bought two of the best mules in San José, one being that on which I had ascended the Volcano of Cartago, and the other a macho, not more than half broke, but the finest animal I ever mounted.

To return to 'Hezoos. The morning after I gave him the earrings he had not come, but sent word that he had the fever and ague. The next day he had it much worse; and, satisfied that I must lose him, I sent him word that if he would procure me a good substitute, I would release him. This raised him from bed, and in the afternoon he came with his substitute, who had very much the air of being the first man he had picked up in the street. His dress was a pair of cotton trousers, with a shirt outside, and a high, bell-crowned, narrow-brimmed black straw hat; and all that he had in the world was on his back.

His hair was cut very close, except in front, where it hung in long locks over his face; in short, he was the *beau ideal* of a Central American vagabond. I did not like his looks, but I was at the time under the influence of fever, and told him I could give him no answer. He came again the next day, at a moment when I wanted some service; and by degrees, though I never hired him, he quietly engaged me as his master.

The morning before I left, Don Augustin Gutierrez called upon me, and, seeing this man at the door, expressed his surprise, telling me that he was the town blackguard, a drunkard, gambler, robber, and assassin; that the first night on the road he would rob, and perhaps murder me. Shortly after, Mr. Lawrence entered, who told me that he had just heard the same thing. I discharged him at once, and apparently not much to his surprise, though he still continued round the convent, as he said, in my employ. It was very important for me to set out in time for the vessel, and I had but that day to look out for another. 'Hezoos was astonished at the changes time had made in the character of his friend. He said that he had known him when a boy, and had not seen him for many years till the day he brought him to me, when he had stumbled upon him in the street. Not feeling perfectly released, after a great deal of running, he brought me another, whose name was Nicolas. In any other country I should have called him a mulatto; but in Central America there are so many different shades that I am at a loss how to designate him. He was by trade a mason. 'Hezoos had encountered him at his work, and talked him into a desire to see Guatemala and Mexico, and come back as rich as himself. He presented himself just as he left his work, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up above his elbows, and his trousers above his knees: a rough diamond for a valet; but he was honest, could take care of mules, and make chocolate. I did not ask more. He was married, too; and, as his wife did not interfere with me, I liked him the better for it.