

AUGUST

At El Porvenir C.A.

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The month of August with its ashen mantle makes its triumphant entry into Guatemala amidst the resounding cheers! of its inhabitants, who will be confused with the very sad cries of the horses. Young people, the elderly and even children anxiously await the arrival of the month of horseback riding, the fair and walnuts.

This August also arrived, but it arrived sadder and more melancholic than ever, crying aloud about our business failure that, in its view, will prevent us from having fun. August was born! I have never seen you celebrated with more enthusiasm and for the first time, I have suspected that luxury is in inverse proportion to the wealth of countries.

On the 13th, 14th and 15th the Jocotenango road was completely full of walkers of all kinds; now on foot, wearing exquisite costumes adorned with expensive rhinestones, now on horseback wearing steeds that represent medium capitals and now, finally, shown in superb carriages that import real fortunes.

But leaving aside these considerations with philosophical honors, which have nothing more, we will not say entertaining, but not even profitable, let's move on to deal with the purely recreational part of the matter.

Jocotenango dressed up to receive its patrons and added to its usual decorations a beautiful arch located in the middle of its avenue and whose purpose was to place the band there.

Since everything is criticized here, then they began to criticize the poor arch, ensuring that it would serve as a hindrance to the passage of carriages and horses, and a thousand epigrams thrown from the rosy mouths of the passers-by crashed against the strong columns of the construction site.

Happily, and thanks to the omnipotence of God, nothing unpleasant happened, although some carriage drivers, not very skilled and some young people, not of the best taste, showed off, walking through the crowd at a fast trot, considering it a feat of account, when they squeezed a young lady or made a gentleman see stars. Certainly, the police could have prevented that disorder; But since we were in fair season, it was necessary to leave everyone free to act as best suited them. Long live self-government! I am sure that Mr. Rossignon has had a headache in Paris, thinking about how much we missed his presence.

Despite this, the mood has been extraordinary, especially on the 15th and Sunday the 18th. Some have calculated that there were more than two hundred

carriages in Jocotenango and that the number of souls that walked could reach 3,000, not counting those of the bulls, cows, horses, donkeys, etc. that populated the plain.

We are very sorry not to be able to detail even the most superficial things that stood out due to their costumes, their saddles, etc.; but since that would be starting to write an article on customs, a work beyond our strength, and which, on the other hand, has been done by our eminent writer Salomé Jil, although with reference to another year, we will confine ourselves to announcing in August that it will no longer be He alone will bring Guatemala out of its mortal apathy and that November, with its cold mists, will herald another time of animation and joy.

We will not conclude without dedicating two words to the Mexican TAUMATURGE Don Ricardo Vargas who, with his admirable skills of sleight of hand, has contributed to distracting us during the month of festivities. This gentleman has earned the sympathies of the public, both for his ability and for his selflessness and philanthropy in dedicating a function to the benefit of our Hospital.

May Mr. Vargas receive our farewell and our ardent wishes for his happiness.