

coat having been torn from top to bottom. On my very first turn in bed I heard this precise sound, though in more portentous tones. What's that? Alas! there was no deception; the sacking underneath was simply rotten, and was rent in twain for a long space, the vacuum of which was but too perceptible. Very little lay below me—for in hot weather, even if you can furnish them, featherbeds are not wanted—so that I lay in momentary anticipation of going through. And had a joking American been there, he might ironically have asked me, "Are you through?" There was only one remedy—to lie as still as death; and how I got through without getting through I know not. When the morning came, I was an early riser; the porters were there again, and on my expostulating about the sum they asked, their reply was, "Look at the road." Such, I say again, is Cuba outside Havana.

Our steamer was delayed by much cargo, but we sailed at a good hour, and moved quietly down the beautiful double-mountained bay. But it is towards the entrance and at the entrance itself that the special beauties appear. You know not how you are to get out; and when at last you see your gigantic gateway between the noble rocks, the whistle is sternly put on in order to warn any incoming vessel that might by chance be outside, for there is not room for both to pass. To enter by that great ocean gate, to wind through the watery labyrinth, and finally to burst into the open bay with Santiago glittering among