

burdened with the responsibility of ten children, was very badly afflicted, though the poor soul yearned to devote her loving energies to her equally miserable offspring.

But on the evening of the fourth day trunks and personal property of every description began to be moved about, and we made active preparation for landing. Dropping anchor, however, after 5 p.m. in the harbour of Havana, we naturally and indignantly attributed the fact of our having to remain in the channel all night to the laziness and indifference of the Spanish authorities, who could not be induced for love or money to pass the necessary papers at such a late hour as 5.15 p.m. But the harbour is one of a hundred, and well worth a short description. Lying in 23 deg. 8 m. 15 sec. N. latitude, and 82 deg. 22 m. 5 sec. W. longitude, it is connected with the open sea by a channel half a mile long by only 350 yards in width, with deep water without bar or obstruction. It there forms a superb bay of some three miles long, with a breadth of perhaps half that distance, and is sheltered on all sides by rising ground, thus forming a refuge capable of accommodating 1,200 of the largest vessels. Several large fortresses—El Moro, La Cabana, Numero 4, Atares, Principe, and La Punta—frown down in sullen silence upon the placid waters of the bay. The citadel, too, is strongly fortified, as indeed are the entire walls of the city. The view is striking, unique, unparalleled for its combination of symmetry and picturesque effect.

At 4 o'clock a.m. the thermometer stood at 65° in the shade, and long ere the sun rose we were straining our eyes through the darkness in our endeavour to make out the form of the fantastic multitude of boats, manned by Cuban darkies, each and every one of whom clamoured incessantly for the privilege of taking ashore each and every individual passenger on board the steamer. Excessive competition, however, did not seem to have the usual desirable effect of cutting rates to any appreciable extent, as the most modest fee charged for landing was \$2 in gold. I could not help thinking that the Spanish Government, like the Emperor of China, and a few other imbecilities I know of, badly want some very practical hint that they are a long way behind the age, and should be compelled to make the improvements demanded by the necessities of civilized commerce. A foreign landing stage for the port of Havana is surely not too much to expect in these advanced times of facilitated commercial intercourse. As it is, even the cargoes have to be lauded and loaded by means of lighters.

I dodged about among a score of dirty hotel-runners and interpreters, speaking English, French and Spanish, and having intimated my intention of stopping at the "Telegrapho," had the pleasure of seeing my baggage thrown like a sack of potatoes into a crowded boat, where I soon found myself *in propria persona*, having arrived there, so far as I can recall the events of such a trying time, by a somewhat similar and almost as unceremonious a process.

On landing, I found that Spanish territory does not quite mean instant liberty to the man who plants his foot upon it; I was mobbed by semi-polite, officials, custom-house officers and soldiers. My baggage was fingered and subjected to the sense of smell of several dignitaries, though it was of a peaceful and innocent nature. I am since inclined to believe that these excellent officers were suspicious that my tooth-powder was in reality a contraband supply of that more deadly material which has made their island smoke so fatally within the last few years. At last, by paying \$2.50 in gold for a signature to my passport, I was allowed to commence a fresh struggle with an ever-to-be-remembered specimen of a Cuban cab-driver. The same sad need exists in Havana, as in Italy, Spain and other countries of Southern Europe for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The drivers lash and goad their poor, half-starved beasts in a manner terrific to behold. I expostulated with my Jehu as well as I could in my ignorance of Spanish; but I am sorry to have to record that in the brief space of half an hour's driving through narrow and dirty streets, he used up enough oaths and whip to consign him to purgatory for, I should estimate, a period of at least 2,000 years.

The "Telegrapho" hotel presents from the outside appearance but little calculated to soothe a traveller as tired and hungry as I was. Large enough it looked, but it might have been the original house built by Sebastian de Ocampo, the first discoverer of these parts, in 1509, A.D., so old and dilapidated are its externals. Inside, however, it is cheerful and comfortable. My rooms were pleasant enough to enrapture a Montrealer in mid-winter. A large hole in the wall supplied the place of windows, and a luxurious parlour led out of an airy bedroom. As I inhaled the fresh breezes let into my romantic hole, a fragrant cup of coffee was brought me, with fresh oranges and bananas and bread as light as the pure element that softened the beautiful landscape before me.

Happiness and sweet content now reigned supreme in my heart, and coming to the philosophical conclusion that we find throughout the world a deal of good mixed with much evil, I determined to pass no judgment on the Capital of Cuba until I had taken further steps to acquaint myself as much as I could with its past and present history. The result of my researches will be given in my next letter.

D. A. Ansell.

THE LATE J. D. WESTCOTT.

Having, in common with many associates of the Press, been long intimate with the "dear old Governor," a few words will not come amiss from one who had a sincere regard for him while he was alive, and who mourns his loss and his eternal severance from the few journalists who were wont to meet on Saturday nights in "league defensive" and for the purpose of relaxing themselves from their weekly official work by cheerful conversation and a social pipe and cup at the Kuklos Club.

Referring to my "Shakspeare Birthday Book," in which are the autographs of my friends and intimate acquaintances, I find: "James D. Westcott, born May 31st, 1801, at Alexandria, Va." The quotation for the day from the poet is apt:—

"Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way."

Antony and Cleopatra, Act III., Sc. 6.

The "Governor's" heart was always cheery, the times that drove him into exile never made him querulous with his fate; to the last he kept his honour and his allegiance to the cause he so warmly espoused. He had an heroic spirit, and though he had in his own country "once trod the ways of glory, and sounded all the depths and shoals of honour" beneath that of President, he was simple in his habits, unostentatious in manner, and preferred the society of those from whom he could gain information, and to whom he could impart any of that practical knowledge of "men and things" of which his fertile brain was so rich a granary. He had an intense contempt, if not hatred for puffing and "humbug," hypocrisy and pretence, and when such subjects were introduced an animating discussion was sure to follow, and I have heard the "Governor" declare that for the most part the harangues of political speakers, the disquisitions of political pamphleteers and the denunciations against oppression and corruption were all Cant, Cant, Cant! He was one of those blunt kind of men who having been invited to a party where the wines were bad, the company vulgar, and the conversation stupid, would openly say that it was one of the dulllest and most disagreeable parties at which it had ever been his misfortune to be present, and yet he could not be accused of cant in his bluntness, or humbug in affected honesty. He had a great dislike to "Newspapers" who endeavour to enrich the language of Addison and Johnson with terms borrowed from the vocabulary of the "swell mob." He once had it in contemplation to compose a treatise upon theatrical puffing, the "humbug" of public spectacles, "operatic laudations," the "buttering" lecturers, artists and authors &c., and dedicating it to the booksellers, professors, reviewers, critics, stage-managers, &c., of Canada.

Shortly before his last illness, and when his eye sight was failing him, he brought me a very confused and almost illegible manuscript, it was, probably, one of his last attempts at writing,—and as I could not decipher it, I took down the following from his dictation which I now give for the benefit of all whom it may concern;—but more particularly for the benefit of the readers of the SPECTATOR.

In America, more than elsewhere, custom has sanctioned the publication of biographical notices of persons distinguished in their respective vocations during their lives; whilst living autobiographies are not unusual, and of them it may justly be said that they are often ridiculous for their amount of self laudation, especially when written by persons who are styled self-made men, who, as a sarcastic writer says, are generally noted for their intense admiration of their maker.

In an American work, consisting of numerous volumes, there are many biographical and autobiographical notices of distinguished American men and women, some politicians, some senators, some parsons, some philosophers, some lawyers, some actors, some chemists, some geologists, some artists, and some of other professions, which have been undoubtedly written by themselves, there is such a thorough-going "egoism" in the lives and experiences of the authors, and so much that is empty and conceited, that there is no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the autobiographers are intensely in love with themselves.

It is true that some members of the professions alluded to are not constrained to resort to the indelicate avocation of scribbling their own praise.

Parsons have in their loving congregations members of both sexes who are willing to assume the burden of presenting to the public encomiastic notices of their adored pastors, for as much as the fame they acquire thereby partly enures to their flock and of course to themselves. Partisans of politicians have an interest in eulogistic notices of their leader, for his advancement is their promotion. The army followers of the warrior divide with their chief the honour and fame with which they clothe him. Publishers being interested in the sale of the works of an author, naturally strive to advance his popularity by getting newspaper puffs. The disciples of philosophical or geological theorists are influenced to laud their wondrous revelations and discoveries in so much as a portion of the fame will fall upon themselves. Chemists are wont