

affluence of colour or a wealth of perfume new to us who hail from the frozen North. Do not fail to get some one who is able to do so to point out to you the little that is yet to be seen of the wreck of the *St. Paul*. She was the relic of the Armada composed of twelve huge ships, each named after one of the Disciples, sent to meet Nelson, who made short work of them. The *St. Paul* escaped, and met her fate in this lovely harbour.

Now, Santiago lies before you, looking for all the world like a city of Algiers, or Tripoli. Up a cobblestone road you go, passing priests in black shovel-hats, soldiers in blue jean, men with big spurs astride of little pony-like horses that seem to be mere bags of bones, yet scamper through the streets with their feet tinkling most merrily; trains of mules laden with pack-saddles, and tied head to tail like a tow of boats. Opposite is the Cathedral with its frequent rataplan of harsh, seemingly cracked bells. Don't miss the interior of this large edifice. The head of the Church of Rome in Cuba is here, and the celebrations are often elaborate. How strange the dresses, silks, jewels, and laces on the statues of the Virgin:

You are in a city, founded by Velasquez in 1514, the oldest in the West Indies, if not in America; certainly the oldest of any size on the continent. Take a volante and ride slowly about, in the cool of the day. You see the houses are only one story high. This is a precaution against earthquakes. You can see in and through them, and very neat and cool the ones in the nicer streets appear. The external walls are of limestone, stained and painted. You will see every house roofed with cumbrous scallop-patterned tiles and every window fenced with light iron-work. Waggons are scarce, as they should be, for they are the heaviest and most absurd things imaginable. The fact is that there are few roads, excepting in the cities, and what there are would ruin any but the heaviest vehicles. The main shopping street at night is very gay with gas-jets. The street is a rough cobble road with sidewalks too narrow for a stout man to walk on. The quaint, old-fashioned stores, almost as open as the roadway itself, are in many cases lustrous with mosaic floors and frescoed ceilings.

The next stopping place of the ship, after a run of 325 miles along the coast, but too far out in the Caribbean Sea to see the reefs and rocks that make a nearer course unwise, is Cienfuegos. The entrance to this port is also exceedingly pretty, though the course is not so serpentine, nor the view so grandly beautiful