

We left Havana on Dec. 11th for New York dressed in linen suits, and with a thermometer of about 80 degrees; in two days we were glad to put on heavy flannels, thick suits and overcoats, and when we arrived in New York on the 15th we found everything frozen up and the thermometer down to zero. Thus ended a most pleasant six weeks holiday. The last man I shook hands with on the steamer in Havana died at Ciego in the centre of Cuba three weeks after our departure.