

of the family of the Marquis de Ramos were kind enough to present me with a specimen of the greatest curiosity of the island—the daquilla, or lace-tree. If the outer bark of a branch of this remarkable plant is bruised with a mallet, and a knife run down it, the laminæ of vegetable lace are disclosed, which, when carefully opened out, afford lace nearly as fine and strong as Brussels, and from six to twelve inches in width.

I took a passage in a small Spanish schooner to proceed to New Orleans, but she sailed before her time, and although I followed her in a boat out to sea, yet she would not lie-to to pick me up. But what was an inconvenience at the time, turned out eventually a merciful intervention of Providence in my behalf; the schooner was wrecked off the Louisiana coast. I returned from the fruitless chase, and spent the evening with a countryman, Mr. John Norman, to whom I am under many obligations for supplying me with statistical and commercial information.

It was high time for me to leave Havannah, for I saw the priests going about in their volantes to administer extreme unction to yellow-fever patients, with a little boy ringing a bell before them, and another bearing a lantern. Yet since I had made up my mind to risk New Orleans at the most unhealthy season, I had no very pleasant prospect before me. Still I did not give way to alarm, having fortunately some sources from whence to derive comfort and confidence. I next took a passage in the Aurora Spanish brigantine, placed my baggage