

## The Rockwood Review.

and a large druggist's bill! being amongst them—and found ourselves several hundred dollars poorer than when we landed in the country, and with almost empty pockets. Out of the wreck, by dint of severer diplomacy than we wish ever to be forced to use again, so nearly did it border on a miser's crime, we held a precious balance of \$35. When W—— was able to walk, we took the train for La Guyara, intending to make our way to the city of Mexico. We had to wait in LaGuyara for more than a week for a steamer, and when that arrived the captain would not accept a passenger. The smallpox had been raging in Valencia, Caracas, Porto Cabello and LaGuyara for three months. Thousands have died. At last we found a boat which would take us to New York. But we had only \$15. The captain listened to my entreaties and accepted me as a waiter and cabin boy. Next day he refused to take me, as he was afraid of his own position and the smallpox. I could not blame him. We were not entirely at the end of our resources. We could at least get to Curacao, for the deck passage could be had for ten dollars. We took it, and slept under the starlight, with a party of Turks and Arabians, who had recently arrived by a steamer from Europe. Towards early morning there fell a tropical shower that drenched us to the skin. We did not care, for it was the first stage homewards. That we suffered from the violence of the rushing shower need not be told, but the mingled scarlet, white and gold of Curacao, bursting upon our view as morning broke, made us speedily forget our hunger and distress.

On landing, we gave our last dollar to a hotel-keeper, and took up our abode with him. The sun blazed forth soon after our arrival, and we have had reason often since then to dread the recurrence of this daily scourge. For four days we found friends amongst

merchants who gave us subsistence, but could find us no employment for which we were thought to be fitted. The American Consul told us of a College where we might meet with a home of more or less value. But we were anxious to reach the city of Mexico, where we hope yet to find success. We boarded steamer after steamer, Italian, French, American, German, Holland, but none would take us under any condition. The dreaded smallpox was our bugaboo and theirs. We tried to get a Carthegena Columbo, but were repulsed. We found shelter in a brig bound for New York, a two-master about 75 feet long, but they sailed without us. Everywhere, upon everybody, was the horror of the deadly smallpox.

Availing ourselves of the American Consul's honest and valued advice, we sought the principal of the College in which we are now resident. Three weeks ago, we came here to teach on trial for our board. Now the Director wishes us to contract to remain for four months, after which he will give me at least the position of second director and head teacher of English, with three other teachers under me, at a salary of \$75 per month, or \$900 American gold for a year. We do not wish to remain here, and are anxious to reach Mexico, but needs must when the unmentionable drives, and impatient as we are, we must learn to wait. We have not made a contract yet, but expect to do so in a few days, and hope to be guaranteed \$35 each per month, with board. For this we are to teach five hours per day, and take charge of studies at night, and on Sundays. As board here is worth \$25 per month, this is not an illiberal arrangement with starving men. We still hope to leave for Mexico, and to be there on Christmas Day, with a capital of \$50 each. What shall we do? Money is made by Trade alone, and that we shall attempt. If we should