

## The Rockwood Review.

morrow. This is the one striking characteristic which attracts the attention of the northerner. Climate has much to do with morals, and a cool breeze and necessity are not without their uses.

To get across a bridge of boats and planks to the town proper, we were taxed two Holland cents, of which twenty-five are worth a nickel. Had we taken off our shoes, we could have gone across for one cent. The punishment is made to fit the crime, it is to be presumed, and the aristocrat who wears leather, has to be made to share the burdens of the workers. One tenth of the people here wear sandals of wood having a thong of leather and knot between the greater toes to hold the toe parts on while the heel flaps. The remainder go barefoot, and hideous, black and dirty feet are owned by men, women, girls and boys.

The Jewish quarter was somewhat cleaner and more prosperous in appearance than the other sections of the city. But a wealth of color prevailed here as elsewhere. Smooth plaster and tinted houses were the types. The Jews were undistinguishable from the negroes. Some houses were really pretty and luxuriously furnished, and mostly of one or two storeys. The people are very immoral, when viewed from our standpoint, so much so in fact, that the worst form of vice is advertized in signs of monstrous letters. Along the street, no projecting sign impeded the view, but flat on the smooth plaster walls of the shops, hung letters and words—Hollandaise—conveying to the reader a knowledge of the occupation of the owner. The houses and streets are numbered. No American names appeared, and we met in this quarter but one North American—a veritable Yankee—who had ventured so far south with his "Greatest Show on Earth," and erected a large circus tent on the principal plaza. We wondered whether the jokes of the clown were to be given

in the Hollandaise or Spanish tongue.

We met a detachment of native negro and Holland soldiers on the bridge, all in charge of a drunken Lieutenant. They did not pretend to "keep time," and every soldier smoked a cigarette, and carried a knotted paper strand, used in dashing off the flies,—which, strange to say, did not "bodder I." They lazily dragged their rusty guns after them upon the ground. Their uniforms, of blue and gaudy red, seemed as if they had been mired in the mud of centuries, and hung limp and loose. We threw stones at them—goodness knows why—as a proof of our disgust. Entering the fort, we found the buildings massive but rotten, built of decaying brick and plastered in imitation of stone. Negroes were lying flat on the pavement attempting to patch it, soldiers, in duty white cotton uniforms, Hollanders in soiled linen and costly silk hats, lolled about in the intense heat. Across the narrow harbour, lay the Philadelphia and Venezuela steamships. Beside them were British merchantmen of steel, being laden and unladen. Several British men-of-war called at the port that day, but hurriedly rushed off to sea again, on account of the prevalence of yellow fever upon the island.

Going aboard "The Venezuela" in the afternoon, to avoid the sweltering tropical heat, we found the view of the harbour one of astounding variety and life. Hundreds of "double ender" row boats, and flat bottom sculling crafts, were hurried hither and thither, each bearing barrels and bales. Naked negroes sat perched aloft on the dirty merchandise, while behind in the water, a shoal of little swimmers fought each other for the chance droppings of fruits from the craft. The stone quay was lined and underlined with hordes of negresses, uglier even than their hideous husbands. Beneath the outer staircases of the warehouses hung bundles of rags. Presently a