

The Rockwood Review.

room, through the open door of which we listen and watch the Director teaching Spanish grammar or literature to a senior class. No real rest, no solitude, no peace. In the afternoon my comrade teaches classes of French and German, while I take charge of a third class, in English speaking and grammar, and a senior class in English idioms. In doing this my explanations and conversation are given partly in English, and partly in Spanish. Of the other teachers, one is a Dutchman, one a Curacaoan mulatto, one a New Yorker, one a Lutheran minister, while another is an English mulatto from the Barbadoes. Among the seniors are young men who aid in teaching.

At four or five in the afternoon, the sun has relented sufficiently to permit an open air walk. We often go, accompanied by a bevy of some dozen or so of pupils, on a trip to the back waters of the Bay, or climb over the coral cliffs, where we look down upon a scene of hills and valleys, stretches of water, and groups of houses which is almost beyond description. The time has been consumed in English and Spanish conversation, of which we gladly avail ourselves, and at six-thirty we return to the school-court, where we impatiently await the dinner bell. The sound of this is a signal for a rush up the rear stairway, and into the dininghall. The teachers are placed at heads of tables, to watch the feeding processes of the smaller fry. A band of ten negro servants bear porcelain trays of food, and place them before us. The first tray contains rice, and this we eat in dry expectation of the second course consisting of fried plantains. A third and a fourth course follow, consisting respectively of hard meat from Venezuela, and beans from Columbia, as a supplement, and with bread and surale fruit the menu is complete. Ten minutes later, black coffee is brought in. The bell rings, and to the sound of a not very reverently rendered

grace, we leave the hall. The meals are varied vigorously in one particular only, but the variety consists simply of giving No. 4 first to-morrow, with 3 and 2 in the lead on following days, until No. 1 is reached again.

Immediately after dinner the smaller boys are congregated in the main saloon, where they study until eight. After that comes bed once more. On Sundays we accompany the boys to church to hear mass. The teachers have a division of latin. Each morning, noon and night, holiday, Saturday or Sunday, we have watches in turn, and during his allotted period, each teacher presides over the play and studies of the boys. It is an acknowledged necessity, but none the less disagreeable for all, that for the continued noise of our juvenile charges is something indescribable and almost unendurable. Let me add a few more notes. Over each doorway is the warning sign—"No se sumar," translated into "No one can smoke," but notwithstanding this restriction, all the boys are inveterate cigarette consumers. The teachers too smoke in the classrooms, at the table, and even while teaching. Marbles is the only game played. All enthusiastically sympathize with the Americans in the present war. Old negro women, half naked, hang about the court, bearing on their head trays of "dulse," candy and fruit, which the boys buy.

Cups of black coffee are brought to us about ten o'clock at night, as a southern night cup. We sleep on wretchedly small cots, covered with a blanket, on which we lie. Over us is a sheet only. The nights are cool and hot, if you can understand such a seeming anomaly, and night air is decidedly malarial. Insects do not trouble here as they did in Curacao. The Dutch are cleanly in their houses and their habits. Much more could be added, but must await further opportunity. Meanwhile we keep up our pluck, and feel that we are doing some