

The Rockwood Review.

where a deep, deep blue. As our course was out of the route of usual ocean traffic, we sighted only two vessels belonging to our line. And then we had opportunity to take in our surroundings. Talk of beauty! We are judges at last, we have been fascinated. The beautiful *Senoritas*! What delirious eyes, what depth of olive complexion, what wealth of expression, what charm of manners! I no longer wonder that Byron lost his head, when he described the affluence of Spanish charms. And yet I haven't altogether rid myself of admiration of "The Lady of the Snows." But that bevy of maidens bound from Parisian Schools at New York Colleges, for their homes in Curacao nearly made me traitor. A new scene opened up, for we sighted land at last. St. Domingo to the right, Puerto Rica to the left, and Nona to the front of us. Weather, July like, air balmy, invigorating. Sea a deep fathomless blue, sky clear, trade winds beginning to be felt. Nothing but excess could exceed this perfect peace. Every breath is laden with sweet life. The sea has embraced my spirit. I am wedded to its burnished blue. Does a tropical sun set? It slowly glides into the furthest heavens on our horizon, with a blaze of molten gold. Our thermometer showed 82 in the shade, 82 in the water. The negro deck-wenchs slopped about barefooted, shirtless, wearing little more than a picturesque grin. Passengers lolled in the sweet breeze, arrayed in clothing of spotless white. And as the sun sank like a brand of living flame, burning its way into the sea, I felt that I had experienced the beginning of a new life, if not an entrance to a better world. On Friday Curacao Island was sighted, and we regretted that the termination of our pleasant voyage had come all too soon. We land. What a change? Here is a street before us filled with burros, women, boys, dogs, ramshackle carriages, hens, goats,

naked girls, shirtless babies, vegetables, sacks, casks, barrels—all redolent with nauseating odors. Negresses bear on their heads loaves of black solid bread from the early morning ovens, while their hands are occupied in the manufacture of huge cigarettes for immediate home use. Children dart between your legs in chase of stray goats and chickens. Young and hideously pretty negresses ply their needles awkwardly as they sit upon the pavement, wearing a length of gaudy cotton wound around their heads, with much less upon their bodies. They smoke monstrous cigars continuously. A crowd of squalling Spanish, French and Holland speaking negroes and whites follow us as if we were a circus. The whole of the narrow street is occupied by a tramway. A car drawn by two jackasses, runs every half hour, and when it does everyone leaves the street to let it pass. The track is two feet wide, and the car which is covered, has a width of four feet, and accommodates a dozen passengers. We accept its service, and after making a good start are detained on a back street while the conductor takes his dinner. This consumes time, but gives opportunity for observation. We see that every tradesman plies his occupation on the street. The tailor is working at his cloth, the blacksmith at his forge, the watchmaker at his wares, and the baker at his oven. Filthy houses have driven them out of doors. But I must refrain, and leave to another letter a relation of my further experiences."
