

LETTER FROM MISS BLACKADDAR.

TACARIGUA, TRINIDAD,

Jan. 24th. 1892.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—This is such a beautiful morning, a sweet wind blowing, flowers in bloom, birds flying about, people going to the river to bathe, all this on the 24th of January—while over all comes the sound of the bells of the Presbyterian church in Arouca some two miles away.

The village where I live is a very large one. The houses are mostly made of mud, not lofty but well ventilated, often the cow or donkey or sprightly goat live in peace and harmony with the members of the household. Little brown children play in a very scanty costume or none at all. The mothers are carrying water on their heads, just as gracefully as did Rebecca long ago.

You would not think it was the day of rest, people are washing, bathing and selling. Shops are open till nine o'clock in the morning, and I imagine the back doors are open all day.

Saturday afternoon, our market is held, fruits and vegetables are sold, in the evening nearly everyone gets drunk.

A week ago two Coolie men had a fight. One was so badly injured that he died next day. A Coolie man came home one afternoon, had reasons to think his wife was untrue to him, took up a cutlass, and, in sight of people commenced cutting up the unhappy woman; her head and hands were severed from the body and before he could be stopped seventeen wounds had been inflicted. This dreadful deed took place on the estate just back of us.

Another painful thing occurred. A Coolie went out in the country to buy vegetables. The owner of the garden, a negro, took the Coolie to a lonely part of the place and fired at him point blank. One eye was destroyed and the nose partly shot away, then the negro robbed the wounded man and calmly walked away, leaving the victim to bleed to death. Some one hearing the shot, was impelled to go and see what had taken place, called for

aid and had the wounded man taken to the hospital where I saw him. I think the poor fellow is still alive.

But you must not think such dreadful things are always going on here. If you consider our mixed population we really are a law abiding people.

I did not tell you we carry on temperance work. At a meeting held in Tunapuna lately where Dr. Morton is settled, a man who was accustomed to drink, attended, at the request of a friend. He was so impressed on hearing the speeches and learning how dangerous rum is, that he decided then and there *never to drink* again, and so far he has kept it.

Our boys and girls do very well indeed. They sing and recite, make speeches, and some do more, they keep their pledge.

One day one of our Band of Hope boys missed the train and was walking in company with a man. They had walked some miles in the heat and dust. When they reached a shop the man said, "Yousef, will you drink some rum?" "No," was the answer—"the school boys do not drink." "Well, will you take a cigar?" "No, I do not smoke." "Ah," said the man—"you boys are fools and stupid, you do not like this or that, Miss Blackadder is spoiling you." "Well," said Yousef, perhaps what you say is true, but I will tell you what, "all we boys like too much good bread and butter." The man took the hint and gave the brave little Band of Hope boy a big loaf of bread and plenty of butter. Now would not that Hindoo boy's plan work well in New Brunswick, or any where else. If people want to treat others, why not treat them to things they like to eat as well as to force them to take things that they do not like and that will lead to danger.

This same Yousef came in laughing one day and on being asked the cause of so much levity, answered, a Coolie man on the street was vexed and made the rude remark, "All women this country are like dogs." A woman jumped up and said, "all man this country are like donkeys." The crowd roared with delight. The woman had won. So you see even the mild Hindoo woman will sometimes assert her rights.