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(W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.)

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No 21.

THE ISLE OF TRINIDAD.

ITS PEOPLE, CUSTOMS, AND CIVILIZATION.

The Shrewd Shopper—The Mosquito's Fondness for Americans—Other Disagreeable Points—The Native and Imported Labor—Superstitious Beliefs and Performances.

To the Editor of the Gazette:

PORT-OF-SPAIN, Trinidad, B. W. I., April 27th, 1898.—The stores of Trinidad are numerous, large and well stocked. I think I mentioned in a former letter that one establishment (some employ some two hundred clerks pronounced clerks). They vary in size from this down to the small one-roomed shop in which you can stand in the center and reach every article it contains. Competition is keen enough to bring prices down to a reasonable rate. English coinage, pounds, shillings and pence, is that used, but the prices quoted are usually in dollars and cents. This is confusing to anyone, unless familiar with both values. A shilling, or "bob" of many countries, is worth two pence or one dollar; a "bit" equals 10c, though we have no single coin of that value; and all the postage stamps on my letters home are worth two-pence half-penny (to be "English") or five cents. It is rather amusing sometimes to listen to the bargaining arguments and allegations in the stores. The practice, I am told, was once universal, and is still common, for the merchant to place a private mark, indicating the price, upon any article displayed for sale, and the clerk is allowed to get as much as he can from the customer above the figure named. Consequently, a stranger is, on occasions, abundantly deceived, where the wily Trinidadian, who is up to the dodger, can never be caught. For instance I know of many cases somewhat on the order of this: A Creole peasant woman, colored, of course, who, however, must be called a lady (custom insists upon it), goes into a dry goods store, and pointing to a creosote or something of the sort the following dialogue between herself and the clerk ensues:

"How you does sell dis?"

Clerk: "Sixty cents, madam, best quality."

Lady: "Eh, eh! You is tink me foolish!"

Clerk: "Well, I'll give it you for half a dollar."

Lady (without condescending a reply), sucks her teeth, with an air of supreme contempt, wheels round and proceeds to leave the store with much dignity,—but when nearing street— "Here, madam, take it for four bits!"

The lady" insists at once, she was expecting the offer and would have been disappointed at not receiving it, but still with a view to keeping up appearances, and not to come off her stilt too readily, she says, with an air of indifference: "Gie me, quick now, 'til I huz no time to waste," and becomes the happy purchaser of the coveted bits of hippy.

In this bargaining it will have been noticed that one of the parties "sucked teeth." This is a most impressive form of speech and means volumes. You require to see or hear it to appreciate its full significance. Whole pages, quires, fanns of words could not more forcibly express disgust or withering contempt than does this apparently harmless and facile proceeding. I comment it to your powers of observation whenever you may meet with it.

You will be a very short time in Trinidad before you have made the acquaintance of the mosquito. He is persevering in the pursuit of his prey, he is insatiable and he is a great gourmand. If you are clear-skinned, rosy-complexioned, with a good circulation of American blood coursing through your veins, rely upon it before you have been landed twenty-four hours, Mr. Mosquito will have spotted you, breakfasted, dined and supped very much at your expense, taking several courses at each meal. After your first night here you will wake up in the morning finding to your surprise that, in spite of netting and other preventive measures you may have taken, your face, arms, hands, etc., are speckled with bumps, which you have an irresistible desire to scratch and rub. However, you must consider this a compliment. He has given up his every-day withered and dried up West Indian fare for what is to him a sort of leshap luxury. Leave the bumps to themselves and they will soon be all right; or rub a little lime juice (lime is very plentiful here) on the irritating part, but do not scratch it. If you want mosquito in all your glory go to the woods for a day's hunting, especially near swampy land. They are simply merciless and bite through any amount of clothing. Once stung, under advice, I tried what smearing the face, neck and hands with cocoonat oil would do. Horror! the remedy aggravated the disease! After all, there is nothing like putting up with self. One variety of insect torment, alleged to be a mosquito, causes a painful sore in a week or two a small wart-shaped worm forms in the spot. I have seen these worms taken from dogs and other animals and as most credibly informed that we frail humans are subject or liable to similar affliction.

Another little pest is the sand-fly. It requires a keen eyesight to see these little creatures though they may be swarming in the atmosphere around you. It is not until you have felt a series of itobings, now on the face, now on the hands, or any part of the body which may be exposed, you make the discovery that sand-flies are bothering you. They will, however, only annoy you at early morning and late afternoon. The country people set fire to "bush," that is, dried leaves and twigs or cocoonat husks, anything that will smolder well, and the smoke drives away the enemy. It is an open question which of the two evils is the

lesser. There is a still more diminutive pest in the shape of the rove. A beast he is in truth, and withal red, though you cannot often get a glimpse of him. He makes his attacks on your legs, socks or stockings being no obstacle to him, and as you cannot easily discern him, you scratch away until you produce an excoriation, and your fancied evil becomes a reality. The bite-rove frequents coarse grass and disreputable trading animals considerably who, poor things, get this wretched little torment on their noses as well as their limbs.

We have another curiosity in the shape of the chigo, which is nothing less than a penetrating flea, but rounder in shape and with a harder epidermis. It is very small and usually bories itself in the feet, generally the left, but the sensation is rather pleasant, but it becomes very aggravating, and you had better reject your new tenant in an amicable manner as possible. Some of the Creole and Coolie servants are adepts in the art of extracting "jiggers," and when the operation is well performed the sensation is charming. The object of the chigo has in inserting itself, is to deposit its eggs, and the grand thing is to get out the bug as it were intact. When you see a bhowne-eyed, the Coolie, or a Luclinda, the black maid triumphantly displaying the little round bug which she has extracted on the point of a needle, you feel that an operation has been successfully carried through which involved skill, delicacy and not a little science.

Besides these tiny robbers and assassins are a host of larger ones, such as scorpions, centipedes and spiders. Taking them in the order of the only harmful spider is the hairy-legged gentleman—the tarantula, of which there are two kinds, white and black. The bite is nearly always severe and in some cases, I am told, has proven fatal. I have a very choice specimen of the black tarantula safely corked up in a bottle of rum. He is as large as my hand, and a creature with whom I desire no close intimacy. Ants are abundant and, generally, harmless enough, the most common being "crazy ants," so called from the apparent aimlessness of their zig-zag movements. I need scarcely say that there is a great deal of method in their madness, as you will see for yourself. Spill any substance on the ground, and the ants will generally, in a few moments, report upon it to their superiors, and in no time a whole army will be clearing it up, taking it away for the future. Some morning you may find your rose-tree stripped of its foliage, and looking about you will discover a large line of ants marching away in file, each with his leaf, or part of one, stuck up like a mill or banner. The "crazy ants" are not so common. Some months ago I gave you a newspaper clipping describing a nest of these ants, which was about sixty feet square, had half a dozen "roads," each six inches wide, leading to it, and was located just on the outskirts of Port-of-Spain. Some ants bite a little, others sting, and still others, larger and more accomplished than the rest, do both.

Cockroaches are more common than scorpions, and some of them are large—eight to twelve inches long. They are extremely fond of them and crawl, kill and eat them with dexterity. These, and scorpions too, bite or nip rather badly, sometimes severely, but only rarely bears a case.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

FULL OF EARTH'S HONORS AND LAURELS-CROWNED.

Character and Life Sketch of England's Great Premier—He was of Scottish Blood, but Born an English Man—Four Times Premier of Great Britain—Peace-Lover, Peace-Maker, and Not a Weak Christian.

Charlotte Observer, May 20.

William Ewart Gladstone was, in the Providence of God, born of Scotch parents on English soil and destined, for the best part of a marvelous career, to lead the van of progress of the splendid British Empire.

Educated at Eton, where he was the intimate friend of Arthur Hallam and Frederick Tennyson, and also at Oxford, where the principles of Church and State and Toryism were instilled into his intellect, he nevertheless set out as a radical, and with a keen eye and open mind sought to know and teach the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It was no doubt his life-long attitude that led to the critic's charges of instability and vacillation. What statesman of modern times, who has left the impress of his mind upon the history of his country and his age, has not been open to them?

In Parliament in 1832, at the age of 23, a Conservative and State-Churchman of the strictest sect, as his public career rounded itself out through the stormy years, he became a Liberal of the ultra radical type. The advocate of Church disestablishment, the proponent of free trade, the proponent of the aristocracy because the great boon of the aristocracy was the extension of the suffrage to the people. In the process of evolution in political faith led him, in his old age, into the championship of home rule for the Irish. Whether he was ahead of his times or whether he blundered, he split his party and failed utterly in carrying the measure to a successful issue. His championship of it, however, was a logical sequence of his early weaning away from the cause of royalty and the aristocracy to lead the cause of the people. Whether the story is true or no, it is often related that her gracious Majesty, Victoria, once protested to the Premier that a measure be favored was distasteful to her. Upon Mr. Gladstone's stubborn defense of his policy, the Queen, losing her temper, harshly remarked, "You forget who I am, Mr. Gladstone, I am the Queen of England!" "And Your Majesty forgets who I am," replied the Prime Minister. "I am the people of England!"

Whatever the charge of inconsistency brought against Mr. Gladstone, he was ever faithful to his task of guarding the interests of the vast class of his countrymen, whom Abraham Lincoln would have designated as "the plain people." Gladstone persistently refused a peerage, a rank, or a title, with starting boldness to cry out, "The Lords must go!" till the monarch, back House of Lords became affrighted and made pacific concessions to the Commons.

"What did Gladstone ever accomplish?" is a question not infrequently heard from his critics. While it may be impossible to put one's finger down upon any single achievement of Gladstone for the British, so stupendous as the unification of the German Empire by Bismarck for the Teutons, it would nevertheless be absurd to say that England's Grand Old Man had never done anything for his people that will stand the test of time. The disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869 and the extension of the franchise in 1884 are among the notable results of his public ministry. His services to his country as a leader have, too, been of incalculable value to England as the money-lender of the nations and the first upon the waters of the globe with her argosies of commerce. Mr. Gladstone's speciality in public office seems to have been the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and at times he added to this trust that of the First Lordship of the Treasury. A comment falling under our eye reads as follows:

It was in 1843, that Gladstone was appointed vice-president of the House of Trade under Peel, that, for the first time, he had a great chance to display his extraordinary powers as financier and debater. His duty was to explain to the House the meaning of a revised tariff that had abolished or reduced duties 1,300 articles. The way he performed this difficult task, which only a man of mathematical and mercantile accomplishments could cope with, made him recognized as a master of financial statesmanship. From this session it became apparent that a man who could tariff schedules glow with interest was of no uncommon stuff.

Disraeli was Gladstone's troublesome rival in the Commons and in the management of public affairs. In the great debates Disraeli excelled in keen sarcasm. Gladstone excelled in the clarity of his explanations and the ability to present a measure popularly. Both were of splendid intellect. Both were loyal Englishmen. The former, an aristocrat and statesman, stood fast in the regard of the Queen. The latter cordially hated by her for his democracy, Jew and Anglo-Saxon! Each a splendid type of the two most remarkable races that ever peopled the earth: Which was the able? Which was the greater? Their struggle for the mastery, for the first time in British statescraft, was a duel of giants. Let us say they were peers. Certainly the Anglo-Saxon will be remembered in history as long as the Jew.

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SPANISH MATTER.

A British Ship Captain Finds Amusements for his Country at Havana.

Hull-Mercury, 18th.

Captain Wood, of the British steamer Erivick, which arrived at Hollman's wharf yesterday morning with a cargo of sulphur ore from Kuala, Spain, brings memories of experiences in that Spanish flag, which indicate that neither the flag of Great Britain nor her subjects are free from the insults of the Spaniards.

Captain Wood says that from April 23 to 27, the time he remained in that port, there was a continuation of parades and speeches every night directed to entice the Spaniards and vilify the Americans, and incidentally the British.

Letters paid to load the Erivick refused to perform their duty because it was consigned to Baltimore, an American city. Captain Wood left without discharging loading to the capacity of the ship, which he thinks never could have been done.

An instance of the hatred of the Spaniards for the English hotel where Captain Wood and two other British shipmasters made their home was the seizure of the upper story of the hotel by the Spanish consul, a resident of Spain, had tendered his resignation upon the beginning of the troubles and turned over his papers to the Venezuelan flag of the United States and the insignia he displayed before consulate officers were in the possession of the Venezuelan consul, the mob made an attack upon the hotel.

Captain Wood and his two friends and the proprietor of the hotel barricaded every entrance. Stones, wood and knives were buried against the door and it was forced. Captain Wood and all with him made an exit through the back and saved themselves.

Captain Wood says a red cloth waved at a bull in a Spanish ring by a Madrider would not irritate the animal half as much as the sight of the Stars and Stripes, or even the motion of the United States would a Spaniard, either of high or low degree.

The Old and the New Opportunity.

New York World.

When this war broke out we had every opportunity to end it quickly. If Dewey's splendid performance had been followed up by the destruction of the Havana forts, by the conquest of Porto Rico, by the capture of Matanzas or by any other operation of the kind, there would have been an immediate end to the war.

Spain was already on the brink of a revolution. It needed only one or two more decisive victories to end the war as Napoleon's war with Austria. But our Washington board of strategy are not Napoleonics. They have pondered and pondered and wasted time till the great opportunity is lost.

They have unwittingly played into the hands of the Spanish. Instead of sending our great naval engines of destruction to repeat Dewey's performance, they have kept them dodging about all the seas in search of an elusive foe whose sole purpose was to avoid battle and to restrain our ships from everything like decisive action by judicious manœuvring.

The result is that we now have a prolonged war on our hands, when we might have made an end of the affair in thirty days. We have given Hissago time to stretch telegraph wires all around Cuba, and we have thus multiplied our power to concentrate troops and resist our landing.

We shall "do the job," of course. But the cost of its doing, both in money and in brave men's lives, will be very greatly increased because of Sunday school strategy and debating society directions of military operations.

Why not even now make an end of the potting? Why not turn Sampson and Schley and the military people to the work of the people? Napoleon said that "one battle is better than two good ones." Surely one general under orders to capture Cuba would do more than any board of strategy bent upon making the most peaceful and bloodless war possible.

"You cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs," said Bismarck. And the more promptly we proceed to break eggs the fewer eggs shall we have to break.

A Gigantic Tobacco Trust.

The St. Louis Republic says: "Indications point to an early consummation of the deal for the organization of the gigantic Continental Tobacco Company. It is understood that the capital stock of the new corporation will be fixed at \$20,000,000 and that it will take in all of the big pipe tobacco factories in the United States."

Whooping Cough.

I had a little boy who was nearly dead from an attack of whooping cough. My neighbors recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I did not think that any medicine would help him, but after giving him a few doses of that remedy I noticed an improvement, and one bottle cured him entirely. It is the best cough medicine I ever had in the house.—J. L. Moore, South Burgetstown, Pa. For sale by J. E. Curry & Co.

George Downing, alias Swallow, the man arrested under suspicion of being a spy in the service of Spain, hanged himself at the Washington, D. C. barracks on Thursday last week. A towel and silk handkerchief were used as the instruments of death. The evidence against him was strong and he realized his fate and anticipated it.

SHIP'S HATCH OF FACTS.

Crossing "Dewey" on Pictures by Action.

"The pictures in some of the latest orange newspapers of battleships in action are about as funny as the Japanese ideas of perspective," said a naval officer to a Washington Star man. "These pictures represent the opposing ships blazing away at each other with 15-inch rifles as a range of about 100 feet, and the artists certainly work up the thing to make the thing look terrible enough in all conscience. It's a wonder to me they don't represent the crews of the opposing ships in the act of using grappling irons, as they did in engagements in close quarters in the days of 70-gun frigates. As a matter of fact, if either battleship in an engagement between vessels of today got within such a range of another, she's anything but a ship. It would simply be a mass of iron shot. One big shell delivered at such a range would leave only the debris of the struck ship floating on the surface of the water. Modern ships of war are not devised to get in any such range of each other in action. The nearest that any of the opposing ships in the great naval battle on the Yalu had to each other was a triffe under two miles, and what two battleships do to another at that range is a thing beyond calculation. The naval engagement of this era is very largely a matter of manœuvring—of presenting the smallest possible target to the guns of the enemy's ship, and of forcing the enemy to present their biggest hull to the range finders. When the commander of a ship in the coming engagement, can convince to get in his work on the enemy's ship, with only pointing with his bow in their direction—leaving them practically only a razor's edge target—he is liable to cut them up. But while there is still a drill in the United States navy called "repelling boarders," the drill is only retained in the manual for the sake of exercising the gun, and the only boarding line will be done by gun crews taking possession of boarders ships after the latter have struck their colors."

The Propaganda.

Charlotte Observer.

The following one of the resolutions adopted by the Populist State convention, deserves consideration:

"Resolved, That this convention elect a committee to confer with any party or faction of party which declares its endorsement of the above principles and purposes and which favors co-operation with Populist party, to carry the same into effect upon such basis as will maintain intact the integrity of the People's party, and as will preserve to it not less than its present representation in both State and national affairs."

Our Raleigh correspondent remarks very truly upon this in yesterday's paper: "I do not think the really important one. It means a demand for a Populist Senator, five Congressmen, and plenty of 'pigs' generally." "That is what it means. The Populist party of this State mustered in the last election about 30,000 voters. Upon the basis of the vote in the State convention Tuesday night, it may be said that Senator Butler controls two-thirds of the party and Representative Skinner one-third; or one 30,000 voters and the other 10,000. Suppose, then, that Senator Butler can deliver the whole of his 20,000 in a Democratic Populist fusion deal. The Democratic party has a strength of about 148,000. This makes a deal in the office with 20,000 and give them the lion's share of the booty."

That is the only way to look at it and looked at it that way what do Democrats think of the proposition? In considering it they need to bear in mind the return of Mr. Butler to the Senate or the sending in his stead of some other Populist of his faction.

Dewey at Manila and Brink of Cadiz.

The Baltimore Sun points out a most remarkable similarity in the achievements of Commodore Dewey at Manila to that of Sir Francis Drake in his destruction of the Spanish fleet in Cadiz harbor. In the first place the victory of Dewey was just 211 years ago, to-day after that of Drake at Cadiz, the latter battle being fought on April 10, 1577 (May 1, according to our calendar). The parallelism between the two fights is very complete. Drake ran the gauntlet of the land batteries, entered the harbor, burned and sank the Spanish ships, and made himself master of the situation although he did not have sufficient troops to land and hold the city. In the light he did not lose a ship nor a man. Dewey, 211 years after, on the same day of the same month, ran the harbor forts, entered Manila Bay, sank and burned all the Spanish warships, making himself likewise master of the situation, but not having sufficient troops to land and occupy the city, and in the battle he did not lose a ship nor a sailor. Verily, history repeats itself.

A Soldier's Story to His Uncle.

The Columbia Globe tells the following good one: A few days ago a young girl sent a certain member of the Dewey Guards a delightful cake. He was afraid to leave it without a protector in camp when he was called to be mustered into service with his company, so he took the cake along with his arms. Captain Fuller noticed the bundle and laughed heartily when told what it was. He told the young fellow that he was glad to see that he was starting in with the day's ration. The captain made him put it on the ground beside him while the ceremony of taking the oath was being gone through. When it was over the young soldier picked up his private cake and he and a few friends enjoyed it last night.

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