PRUSSIA.

BERLIN REVIVING AFTER THE WAR—EXPECTED FESTIVITIES—RETURN OF THE LANDWHHER—RELATIONS WITH FRANCE—THE SOUTH GERMAN STATES—THE REACTIONARY PARTY AT COURT.

From Our Special Correspondent.

BERLIN, Sept. 13, 1866.

Our streets are gradually again recovering their former appearance. Singularly deserted during the war, they are again thronged with visitors, and business is reassumed. Only the large number of persons still in mourning reminds of the past, for two pestilences raged at once. While thousands lost their lives in Bohemia and on the Main, the movement of troops from the north-eastern seaports through Berlin had spread the cholera till down to the Danube, and it has caused serious ravages in the population of our large towns, and more go in the camps of our army. This evil guest seems to have left us, too; the number of cases is daily diminishing, and the restoration of peace seems to free us also from this worst plague.

The solemn entrance of the guards, which is to take place this day week, occupies naturally all minds. The festivity will last three days. The two first days will be taken up by the solemn entrance of about 40,000 men of all arms, and the third by banquets, spectacles, concerts, fireworks, etc. The town will be illuminated in the evening. The project of a great concert banquet to all the troops has been abandoned on account of its difficult execution, and has been reduced to a great dinner to be given to the King, Princes and staff officers of the troops which are to be represented by a deputation from each regiment. For the remainder it is proposed that they should be invited to numbers by citizens, a proposition which has met with such response that the whole corps d'armée is already distributed. From the differences of station in life of the hosts and of the soldiers under our system all ranks of society are represented. The plan will produce some singular combinations.

The character of our army to appear in these half dozen scenes can be still better seen already daily at the return of our "Landwehr," which, in compliance with its natural wish, has been already discharged. They are received by friends and relations at the stations. Yesterday I watched such a scene. The men came from Bohemia in the station-yard, from which the public was excluded; they had still once more to undergo muster. Their attention was, however, very little, for already they looked for their people outside, and when they were let out, there was a rush and a bustle of men and women of the people, of children and gentlemen down through all classes of people, and the elegant carriages and the hackneys left, and against the small companies walked away with their "Landwehrman" in their midst. There was many a fine scene for the artist. The influence of these soldiers on public opinion becomes already perceptible, and here we see again what value our military system possesses where there is no substitute buying. Effective in war, it proves salutary after peace is restored. We remain free from that mad love for war and conquest and glory which has made the French unhappy within and their neighbors without. We will never feel that sickly craving for glory called there "Chauvinism." All circles have the sacrifices of war before them, the returning soldiers are proud of their doings, but still more glad to be home again. There will be no thirst for war, notwithstanding the past has certainly contributed to increase our confidence against any foreign aggression. Whatever may be the resolves of France, it appears now as if we should have a longer period of peace before the envy of our neighbors and the hatred of the vanquished call us again on the battle-field.

Our relations to France are said to have undergone a very favorable change, principally since the removal of Drouyn de Lhuys. It is said here that it has been produced by the reiterated declaration of Count Bismark of his readiness to let France take Belgium, and that this idea had now found a better hearing at the Tuileries than formerly.

I doubt very much if things are so far advanced. The thought exists, certainly, but not without the comprehension that the system of compensation once admitted, France might easily go further. These rumors of Prussian offers have probably originated from a sharp article of the officious *Nordd. Zeitung*, apparently against the Belgian press, but in reality threatening the Belgian State itself. The ministerial paper complained bitterly of the attacks on Prussian policy, and reminded the Belgian-French press that least of any it had any right to talk about oppressed nationalities, or domination of one section of country over another, for the smaller French portion of the Belgians did oppress the larger Flemish section of the country. This attack reminds one of the frequently resuscitated project to divide Belgium according to its nationalities by annexing the southern Walloon-French part with France, and the northern Flemish part with the Netherlands.

But I believe, as I said, the article was at most a "ballon d'essai," as our neighbors call it.

More important for us are at this moment the transactions with the south German States, principally Bavaria, and which are said to take a course highly favorable for Prussia.

The old super complaint of Austria and these States has notoriously left behind much bad blood and scandal between the former allies. Each side were accusing each other of all the misfortune and even of treachery. Austria pretends to have been betrayed by Bavaria before and during the war, and Bavaria accuses Austria of having been cheated during her peace negotiations. The dethroned King of Hanover says he himself was betrayed by Bavaria. In Bavaria tries to justify herself by pretending her South German allies had left her in a bad lix, because they were not ready for war, as they say.

Altogether, Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg and Hesse seem particularly angry with Baden. The commander of the Baden division, Prince William of Baden, brother of the reigning Grand Duke, had, in a declaratory moment, refused obedience to the commander-in-chief of the allies, and there had been every cause to believe he would pass quite openly to the Prussians. Prussian diplomacy naturally seeks to increase the split, and it seems to have succeeded to set Austria and Bavaria most thoroughly against each other by confidential communications about the transactions had by it with Austria and Bavaria separately before, during and after the war.

It seems, indeed, easier for it to produce disunion between governments than unity in the people. If the Prussian Government were inclined to adopt an open, straightforward policy, it would soon show that the population in all Germany, and principally the most educated and wealthy part of it, would be perfectly ready to ally itself as closely as possible. But, unfortunately, the influence of the reactionary party at the court is daily increasing, and in the Ministry, too, the liberal turn, so often spoken about by its friends, makes still wait. Even the peace with the Chamber seems to become of short duration. The demands for the loan are so great and exceed so much real necessity that they meet with a strong opposition. To this must be added that the Ministry asks the money so unconditionally at its own disposal, that, even with the conciliatory feeling prevailing, the measure will hardly obtain a majority. If this should be, the inner conflict will exactly recommence with the triumphal entrance of the troops. And if the Ministry should make good its threats to dissolve again the Chamber elected under the war pressure, we should learn to know the influence of the war generally on election. I believe the Ministry would make a sorry calculation by a secret election in the face of a heavy loan of 60,000,000, and it might see that the same people, who so valiantly fought its battles at Land wehrmen, should declare against it at the polls.

BERLIN.

HONORARY MILITARY CONNECTION RENOUNCED BY AUSTRIA—THE VENETIAN DEBT—AUSTRIA AND REVOLUTION—AUSTRIAN CIVILIZATION.

From Our Special Correspondent.

BERLIN, Sept. 13, 1866.

Whether it be the pranks of ill-humor played by Austria, whether it be some scheme of her protector, the late mystery-man of Europe, Louis Napoleon, there is no gainsaying that the strain is visibly increasing. The Austrian Minister of War has issued an order, according to which the regiments of the Austrian army bearing the names of the King of Prussia, the Prussian Princes and the Grand-Dukes of Mecklenburg, ally of Prussia, and of Baden, son-in-law of the King of Prussia, will no longer be so designated. At the same time, three Austrian Archdukes, whose names are borne by Prussian regiments, have addressed letters to the King depreciating for the future that honorary connection with the Prussian army, on the ground that the "events of the late war had gone far beyond the rules of ordinary warfare"—which, if anything, seems to mean that the writers have been thrashed in a very extraordinary manner. Now, any reasonable man will rejoice at the abolition of that silly custom bequeathed from the holy alliance, but Austrian archdukes, not being distinguished for reasonableness, but greatly addicted to trifles and pageantry, the fact is very significant; a loud disavowal of Art. I of the recently concluded peace, that there shall be peace and amity between the high contracting parties. The Emperor Francis Joseph, honorary chief of a regiment of Prussian grenades, has not yet given in his resignation.

These things, however, are mere symptoms; but there is a serious quarrel between Austria and Italy which may any day affect Prussia too. The matter in dispute is the repartition of the public debt of Venice and the revaluation of certain State property. Of the previous state of the quarrel I am not aware; but official people here talk of a possibility of stopping the release of prisoners, evacuation of Bohemia, and demobilization of the Prussian army. Certain it is that the disbanding of the Hungarian legion has been suddenly countermanded. This legion, stationed in the utmost corner of Silesia, almost within hail of the Austrian frontier, is obviously a nasty thorn in the side of Austria, and may remain so even after it has disappeared from view. Also in this business Bismark left the beaten path. He did apply to Kossuth; he even evaded the man who, with all his wonderful talents, has the misfortune of ruining any cause. One fine day several gentlemen from the depth of Hungary, well connected within and without, made their entry into Berlin and settled down under feigned names in a very quiet manner in some hotel garni. In the course of a few days they had selected and enlisted 2,000 men from among the prisoners of war. After a few more days one battalion, two squadrons and a battery were equipped, armed, officered in such such an admirable manner that all the officers of the army who have had an opportunity of observing, in spite of the usual decline of volunteers and free troops, have fallen quite in love with the legion. A very kind feeling has sprung up on both sides, and as ample funds are ready to provide for men and officers when the dissolution will have taken place, the men will carry home with themselves a pleasant recollection which may be fortified on some future day. Of course there are a few grumblers among the officers, who cannot be brought to understand that their game was a hazardous one, and that there was loss as well as gain on the cards.

Looking out for allies with a view to a coming struggle, one of the official prints of Vienna has fixed upon "the sixth great power, the revolution." A striking instance of the disarray spreading all over official Austria! For, what country in Europe has more to fear from revolution—revolution political, national, social, than Austria? Nevertheless there are some signs of an intention to act that strange alliance into practical operation. Some time before the war, in fact as long as two years ago, a publisher at Vienna applied for permission to publish a kind of international review and met with a refusal. Suddenly the first monthly number of the "International Review" appears, dated July 1, but given to the public considerably later, bearing on the title page no editor's name, contrary to German custom, but on the cover a long list of contributors, including names of almost every country and of every shade of liberal opinion, to a proposed leader of the communist school. One of the articles, pointed against Prussia, is written and signed by a journalist who lately fled from Berlin to evade a penalty inflicted upon him for slandering the Government. Simultaneously and in obvious connections with that engine of war, another Vienna newspaper pledges its word to show to the world before long that the seat and fountain head of true German learning, true German literature, true German civilization, is nowhere but in Austria. The plan is not altogether novel of gathering light from abroad in some kind of Archimedean (but mind ye well only with revolution abroad) mirror for the double purpose of shedding a luster and setting fire to the house of an enemy or a rival. Katharine II. of Russia tried it in her days, but then she had rather less saltpeter and petroleum in her house than Austria has at present.

In order not to be blinded for ever so short a time by the standard of true German civilization, which is going to be erected at Vienna, it will be useful to collect a few of those specimens of Austrian civilization that are pouring in with the reports of the returning Prussian army. You remember that first proclamation of Benedek's giving up prospectively the might-be conquered provinces of Prussia to indiscriminate plunder, and the tardy disavowal, followed by another more decent proclamation. Yet there is now the fullest evidence that the first proclamation was genuine, has been extensively circulated among the Austrian soldiers, but by a very clever dodge, printed only in the Bohemian, Ruthenian, Slavonian, Croatian, and such like languages, highly interesting to the comparative philologist, but gibberish to all the world beside. Quite in harmony with the spirit that dictated that proclamation has been the conduct of Austrian officers in battle, savage-like, spurning the established custom of international law, without the faith which Knights to knighthood bore, and whatever else to chivalry belongs.

In some hand-to-hand encounter between horsemen near Skalitz a Prussian officer is felled to the ground and taken for dead. After a while he moves convulsively. An Austrian officer riding up to him cries out, Is that dog not yet done for? and gives him a finishing stroke. Numerous instances of that kind are authenticated. A Prussian half-pay officer, Major von Hirschfeld, while quietly traveling in Bavaria, is arrested, given up to the Austrians on suspicion of being a spy, and handed over to the tender mercies of one Rheil, a captain acting as Judge-Advocate. He was kept in a kind of black hole with 50 felons, some in irons, for weeks without getting a change of linen, and condeed to live upon three kreuzer, something like three cents, a day, while his tormentor appropriated the sword and portemonnae of his victim. At last he was released, there being no shadow of an evidence; but when he tried to rise from the bare boards on which he had laid so long, he found his legs paralyzed. There were no hospitals, no ambulances provided for the Austrians; their wounded were not more cared for than beasts. The Prussian hospitals are even now thronged with Austrian prisoners. By way of reprisals, it would seem, for such neglect on the part of their superiors, Austrian soldiers did not hesitate to cut off the fingers of their wounded officers to facilitate the appropriation of their wedding rings. Some of these wretches, caught *in flagranti* by the Prussians, have been kept in chains to be given up to the justice of their own country. There is no surplus of civilization to be expected from Austria!

THE WEST INDIES.

HISTORIC GROUND—THE SPANISH SETTLERS AND THE INDIANS—OUR NAVY IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN SEAS—THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC—NATURE OF ITS GOVERNMENT—VALUABLE RESULTS OF AMERICAN RECOGNITION.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

SANTO DOMINGO, August 15, 1866.

The United States steamer Mackinaw, Commander Drake, arrived at this roadstead last Friday, and on Saturday came into the Ozama, where she has now laid three days, to the unbounded gratification of the Young America of Santo Domingo. She lies close to the left bank of the river, just under the slope on which the first city of Santo Domingo was attempted, and the old place must now look much as it did when Columbus was brought in chains to the water's edge to be embarked like a felon, for Spain, in return for his gift of a new world to that ungrateful kingdom. From where I now write I can see the gallant steamer floating her star-crowded flag in view of the bare and desolate walls of the "House of Columbus"—which his descendents were never permitted by jealous Spain to finish and occupy. Her prow turns to the rocky bank a short mile higher up the river, whence gushes the pure and copious "Fountain of Columbus." By the side of that fountain the boy-brother and heir of the last Indian Princess of this region was, "for greater terror and example to the disloyal Indians, first severely scourged, and then, for the more ignominy, hanged like a dog." His sin was that the chiefs of his people had, in the name of this youth, claimed the right to retain their freedom and a part of their lands, by virtue of a formal agreement made with his mother when she *presented* to the Spaniards the site on which the present city of Santo Domingo was build, and *lent* them the services of 7,000 of her subjects to built the first fortifications. When these were built, the Spaniards retained the laborers as "pagan slaves," and divided them in "repartimientos" among their officials. This is their own record, and they saw no reason to black for their own admission that the 10 year old cacique of Ozama and their too confiding and generous friend, the Queen of the West, were tortured and hanged by the side of this fountain as a "terror and example" to any and all of the red race who should presume to claim liberty and the possession of their own lands on the faith of pledges made by Columbus to the native chiefs who had welcomed the Spanish discoverers and shared their all with them.

The Young America of this city has never before had such an ample opportunity to show naval visitors from the United States these first footprints of Spain on this continent, and they are making the most of it on both sides. While one party is taken to the grottoes of Santa Anna—the old cave temples of the Priest Princes of Ozama—others are conducted to the sites of the earliest events of known American history; others, still, who have a taste for rough mountain trips, have gone to the "Copper Hills," thirty miles to the northward. I expect to be on the track of these "geological marines"—as a saucy Middy defines them—and, if not too tired myself, shall be able to report the story of their fatigues: for a sixty-mile ride, out and back, among the roadless Copper Hills, is no light pastime.

The whole impression of the late visit of American ships of war to this the chief port and political capital of the Dominican Republic is valuable to American interests, but there is one little and needless drawback, of which hereafter. To keep for the instant to the benefits of these naval visits, I must ask your indulgence, and forget partisanship, to go back to 1854, and James Guthrie, then Secretary of the Treasury. It was suggested one evening at his house, not as a party, nor even as an administration measure, since I think no step was ever taken to carry it out, that our *steam* navy ought to be a perfectly organized *sea patrol*; that it should be increased by the addition of a certain number of swift steamers, of light draft, which should patrol the American seas in particular, in regular beats, and at certain intervals, looking in and exchanging letter bags at all the Consulates, and thus bring the minor and half-forgotten, but not unimportant ports of the Antilles, the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, into stated communication, and enable our merchants and manufacturers to understand and profit by the currents of trade along this whole circle of action. Sound and admirable arguments were offered in favor of this definite organization of the naval force of the Union, and the late circle of steamer visits along the Antilles seem regulated by this principle, and at any rate are producing good results. Among other humanizing effects the white inhabitants of the Antilles are unlearning a deep, desponding belief that the ruling party in the United States is working for their destruction, as a race; that it has been, and is, the settled policy of certain parties to reduce these rich, fruitful and wondrously beautiful Antilles, to a cluster of unproductive anarchies on the Haytien platform of the exclusion of the white race from citizen rights. Is that your doctrine? or is the doctrine of THE TRIBUNE the Dominican principle of perfect "equality of all races before the law" with a fair chance for white people if they behave themselves? President Johnson indorsed the doctrine of equal rights when he recognized the Dominican Republic and asked Congress to provide for permanent diplomatic relations as it had done for Hayti, and that simple act silenced in the West Indies many unjust fears that the *domination*, not the *equal rights*, of the negroes in these islands was the settled desire of the rulers of the United States. This brings me to the error—as I consider it—which some one in authority committed when the Mackinaw omitted to salute the Dominican flag as it does that of Hayti. The omission was commented on in all the European consulates as an evidence that the United States Government had withdrawn its recognition of the Dominican Republic. The Dominican Republic has an independent National existence as an American Republic, and the excuse that it has not yet settled its internal machinery of Government has not vitiated the right of its flag—the symbol of its nationality, and not of any one President or party—to be recognized and saluted by the U. S. men-of-war. Our ships are the only ones that have failed to treat the young Republic that fought out the Monroe Doctrine so bravely, and was the first State in America to establish as a national principle the equal rights of *all* races. The European men-of-war come in and salute the white cross standard of the Republic with scrupulous formality, while those of the Republican Union omit the civility. Let this be amended.

So much for international principles and civilities; and now for a few simple facts about the Dominican Government. I have read in New-York papers curious compositions of truth and falsehood, copied from the Havana press, about the wretched disorganization of the Dominican Republic, its poverty and its incessant revolutions. The country was ruined and desolated by the revengeful Spaniards on their retreat, beyond all description; cattle, fences, fruit trees, everything that fire, steel and powder could destroy, were laid low by their zeal of hatred, that no food or crops should be raised by the "stubborn Dominican rebels," and fearful destitution, almost famine, has been the result. The war of deliverance was fought by the natives without pay, and almost every man, from their generals downward, had to support himself. Since the restoration, these men are much divided against each other on questions of foreign aid and domestic policy, and as each chief has his partisans, they "pronounce" and counter-pronounce to a great extent; but these are bloodless fermentations which will finally settle of themselves.

The present and merely provisional Government is a triumvirate composed of Pimental, an able and public-spirited white gentleman from the golden libao; Superon, a brave, active and aspiring young man with an African tinge, who represents the Northern, as Pimental does the Central District of the Republic, and of "Garcia the Honest," who in like way sustains the interest of the Southern coast and population in this triple executive. Meanwhile local law and order prevail in all the Communes. With all this suffering the roads through the whole country are safe, and foreign property is as secure and is respected with as much legality and good faith as it is in the United States. Is not this honorable fact worth a word from the press of the Union for this friendless Dominican Republic?

THE COPPER HILLS—A JOURNEY ON THE BANKS OF THE NIGUA—CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY—AMERICAN MINES—LIBERALITY OF THE DOMINICAN GOVERNMENT TO AMERICAN COMPANIES.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

THE COPPER MOUNTAINS, Aug. 18, 1866.

I had engaged Simon Bradley—a native born American of pure African descent, but a jewel of a guide—to find horses and help me overtake the "geological marines" of the U. S. S. Mackinaw, before they should leave the Copper Hills. There are two roads to that immensely rich but alarmingly rough region; one by the Jaina River ferry—which I had tried before and considered hard—and one by the Savannas, which—well, we won't anticipate. Simon had me up in the saddle, outside of the West Gate and half way through the wide and straggling streets of the San Carlos suburb of Santo Domingo City, before either the sun or myself fairly knew we were up. After that for 15 miles through a green and fertile, but terribly devastated country, we were both wide awake. Up to then the country had been level or beautifully undulating, but it suddenly became hilly and soon painfully difficult. At a small cabin without floor, almost no roof and but a piece of a door, we heard that a party of "grand" Americans had stopped there, and that the "handsome officer" had dropped a famous piece of money while handing the woman some silver change. This piece of *monedo famosa* was a bright new nickel cent, and the loser is in this way informed where he can find his missing penny and his brevet of beauty. We pressed on, over roads torn and gullied by the late severe freshets, into all sorts of slippery pits, until we were brought up about a league above San Cristobal by an accident to Simon's horse. It slipped on a boulder in crossing the Nigua, and we had to turn to the nearest cottage for rest and help, instead of following up the exploring party. We were now at the southern edge of the singular region very loosely defined here as *El Cobre*. Back of us to the sea there is no trace of mineral wealth, but ahead and to the right and left for miles after miles stretches an interminable series of sharp hills, seamed with steep ravines, and everywhere on those hills and gorges copper in some form or other shows itself. Luckily we had fallen into kind and copper-wise hands, and if I chose to display my scientific love I could astonish you by the variety and brilliance of that day's acquirements. Our host, Don José C., is niched in the very gate of the copper region. Coming up—whether from San Domingo or Palenque—its two seaports, 30 miles apart on the coast, and each about the same distance from the Gate—though the latter route is less intersected by deep river beds—this pass must equally be taken to reach the Henneken mines to the East, or the new group of American mines now opening on the western affluents of the Nigua. Don José has lived half a century among these hills, since he was old enough to explore them, with an English traveler who was a great mine-owner at home, and he is a living record of all that has occurred with regard to them. He knew and honored the late lamented Theodore Henneken—of whom every one in the hills speaks with respectful affection—and he tried to make me understand why his noble mining domain was never worked. Companies in England, and compromises, and heirs, and Spanish interference, and a confusing whirl of complications, tired out my patience, and I settled the whole thing as I sat down to dinner, into the single and simple finality that with almost boundless treasures at his disposal, he died poor. At the end of 20 years of mental toil over and about them he had probably bequeathed 20 law suits, where he ought to have bequeathed as many fortunes, to his successors.

Happily for my object, Don José could give me a clearer account of the exploring party from the Mackinaw. They had left the main branch of the Nigua to the left, and were then examining the eastern, and less rugged declivities of the great copper zone. "To-morrow they are to come this way," so runs the word, said our sociable host, "and to-morrow they will see plenty of copper veins and plenty of high hills." "It is hard work to be called pleasure, but you Americans stop for nothing," added his kindly dame. This was Wednesday last, and near evening, so I accepted Don José's hospitable advice, to rest at his cottage for the night and take the western, or "river path" under his guidance in the morning. When he called me at sunrise, to take a cup of coffee, I felt the inspiring charms of the cool, exhilarating mountain air, and was ready to believe all I had ever heard of the free and healthy life of these tropical hills.

I thought to leave Simon behind, as his horse was too lame to ride, but he joined us with a nacuta (native basket) of provisions for the day, and as he said he could make the march best on foot, we permitted him to try it, and he was right. Our course by right up the winding bed of the Nigua. The steep Sierras hem it in closely, but the impetuous self-willed stream bites out of their feet a strip of margin for itself. First on the one side and then on the other it nips something from whichever of the inclosing hills is the least stony-hearted, and thus a thread of road—the merest donkey-path—has been attained, but in following it we had to cross and recross the river a score of times before Don José halted us with the triumphant exclamation, "Here is a magnificent American mine." A high, steep, and somewhat detached mountain, covered with a dense forest, interlaced with an incredibly compact mass of vines and undergrowth, in green and silent grandeur rose before us. No trace of human care or work was visible. Don José relieved the blank surprise of the moment by proposing to show us the mines, explaining, as we clambered up the rugged hill-face, that all this district had been explored by the scientific agents of certain New-York companies, who had the "minas *inscribidas en iglesia, alcaldia y ministerior*"—recorded in church, court and State Department. About 20 feet up we came to a kind of path, and by it we traced for a few yards a vein two or three inches wide, and a few steps further a still broader one; and so on, until we had counted seven such indications in the space of say 20 yards square. By that time I had enough of it. The naval explorers from the Mackinaw charged upon these steep breastworks of nature with more resolution, but I, having no more courage than I need for a prudent daily consumption, was glad to get back to my horse after a short look. Even the little belt of roadway which the Nigua has won from these over-towering hills is often incumbered with such immense blocks falling from the rocks above, that the small sure-footed donkey of the country can scarcely hold its own when these huge masses close the path and force them into the bed of the stream. We had turned one of them at a sharp curve in the river bed and saw another with the sparkling rapids dancing round it close before us. The mountain walls and the noisy rapids were alike formidable, but with Don José on one side and Simon on the other I was threading along when suddenly a ringing, unmistakably English "Clear the way, Simon!" called my attention to the point at the upper end of this troublesome reach of the river. Round the point and right down upon us rushed a long train of donkeys. Straggling, staggering and almost swimming at times under their loads they fairly took us up in their medley of men and animals and carried us back fifty yards where we brought up in the center of their line on the bit of better road we had left behind twenty minutes before. For an instant we were uncertain whether we belonged to the donkeys or the donkeys to us. It must have been the latter, for a tall and fine, though Indian looking gentleman rode gallantly down the rapids in rear of the whole train, and after hoping, with a polite bow, that we had suffered no inconvenience, assured us that all we saw were Americanos and at our disposal.

"Are all those boys and donkeys Americans?" I asked Don José—for my ideas had been too much stirred up for perfect lucidity. "Yes, all"—he stopped in his cordial greetings to the last comer to make answer. "Si Como no?" Yes. Why not? Simon explained that this train of 30 or 40 donkeys had come with copper ore from a mine two miles further on, and *the first of the Santo Domingo copper deposits ever worked by the enterprise of our citizens*. He added that the only man in this crowd who could speak English was, like himself, the son of an American freedman. Both their fathers were liberated and sent to the Island 30 years ago by a gentleman of Richmond, Virginia. This man and a few native laborers were then with the donkey train to break up and remove such obstructions in the roadway as those now before us. Picks, crowbars, &c., were quickly unslung from the animal appropriated to the service, and were already ringing wholesome Yankee music on the intruding rocks when Don José rejoined me to say that his *pariente* (relative), Justo, would turn back if I wished to go on and see the new American mines. There was temptation in the very name, and I eagerly embraced the offer.

"The road before is somewhat difficult," said our new friend, apologetically, as we reëntered the rapids. "The part of it you have passed over with José has been improved by the Americanos, and is now very good." If he calls that *good* what is the *bad* like, I wondered to myself. I learned the difference as we scrambled over the "unimproved" road, but the thought of getting a whole day ahead of the geological marines in visiting the site of this great first enterprise of our citizens made me careless of fatigue and reckless of torn apparel. I am now in the very heart of the mining region, but I will not attempt details to-day, though I have the authorities all before me. I will state in brief that citizens of New-York have seven clusters of copper veins, each set forming a distinct and legally-recorded mine, and each represented by a distinct investment of Northern capital. All are regularly outlining their work, and all this is the swift outgrowth of one little message from President Johnson. I have nothing to do with the man or his party, but American interests and historic truth demand the public assertion of the fact. President Johnson's Message to Congress recognizing the Dominican Republic was but a tardy act of justice, for which I should not have died of gratitude had I been President here; but this measure of friendliness was instantly responded to here by granting liberal mining concessions to all the American applicants then before the Dominican Government, and liberal laws were enacted to enlarge and secure the interests of American enterprise in general. A gentleman, whose long official acquaintance here had qualified him for the duty, was invited to assume the charge of making these several grantees understand the breadth and liberality of the Dominican policy, and already $50,000 of Northern gold is operating the way for the profitable investment of millions. This policy will assure the speedy elevation of this desolated State to the rank of a rich customer for the productions and manufactures of the United States. But enough for to-day.

I shall remain two days here in order to see the engineers from the United States steamer, and then visit the other points at which our Yankee pioneers are at work.

A TRIP TO COLORADO.

XIV.—FINAL ADVENTURES IN THE MIDDLE PARK.

From Our Special Correspondent.

BUCKSKIN JOE, South Park, July 3, 1866.

When we awoke in our camp, on the banks of the river which we supposed to be Snake, yesterday morning, the ground was covered with a white frost, and the water remaining in our tin cups was turned to ice. To bathe a sun-blistered face on such a morning, is a torture rather than a luxury; yet the air was at once a tonic, a stimulant, and a flavor. The peaks across the valley—not much less than 15,000 feet in hight—flashed in rosy splendor; the dew sprinkled with diamonds the silver of the sage-fields; the meadow-larks sang joyously, and our spirits rose with the belief that the uncertain portion of our journey was nearly over.

A ride of three miles up the valley brought us to another river—a fuller stream than the last, foaming down through a wild gap in the mountains on our left. At this place the Blue receives a considerable affluent on the opposite side—a circumstance which told us precisely where we were. The stream where we had encamped is still nameless; it was the Snake which we had now reached. We forded it with some difficulty, the water rushing over our saddles, and followed a barely discernible trail along the foot of the mountains. The valley of the Blue became narrow, hemmed in by the feet of spurs from the main chain. The bottom-land was marshy and full of pools, and we were sometimes forced to climb around quagmires and fallen timber, at points of threatening steepness. Sometimes, also, a slide of rocks had come down from above, leaving piles over which the animals must slowly and cautiously be led. The little gray coneys sat on the stones above, and barked at us as we passed.

It is rather difficult to measure distance during travel of this kind; but I suppose we had made about three miles after fording Snake River, when the trail—or, rather, what was left of it—terminated at the Blue. There were signs that the stream had been crossed here, and as we had been looking with longing eyes at the pleasant open bottoms on the other side, we imagined our troubles at an end. Mr. McCandless plunged in, his mule breasting the impetuous current, and, after being carried down some yards, succeeded in getting out on the other bank. Mr. Byers followed, and then the pack-mule, Peter; but, on reaching the center of the stream both were carried away. I was watching the horse, madly endeavoring to swim against the current, when there was a sudden call for help. The drift-timber had made a raft just below, the force of the stream set directly toward it, and horse and rider were being drawn, as it appeared, to inevitable destruction. Mr. Sumner sprang into the water and caught Mr. Byers's hand; but the next moment he was out of his depth, and barely succeeded in swimming ashore.

All this seemed to take place in a second. The river made a short curve, around a little tongue of land, across which we sprang, in time to see Mr. Byers catch at and hold the branch of a drifted tree, in passing. In another moment he had extricated himself from the saddle. White rushed into the water with a lariat, and the danger was over. Horse and rider got out separately, without much trouble, although the latter was already chilled to the bones and nearly benumbed. The pack-mule, with all our luggage, was completely submerged, and we should probably have lost everything, had not White grasped the mule's ear at the turn of the river, and thus assisted the beast to recover his footing. It was all over before we were clearly aware of the full extent of the danger and our own fears.

When the wet clothes had been wrung out, and the wet pistols fired, we set forward, compelled to follow the east bank of the Blue, with *no* trail. We had the choice between mud-holes and fallen timber, or a steep of loose gravel and sliding stones, which defied us to get a firm foothold. Thus we worked our way along, with almost incredible labor, for an hour or more, when we reached an overhanging rocky wall, at the foot of which the river foamed and roared in a narrow channel. When we had climbed around the rocks and reached the mountain-side above, a fearful-looking slant of disintegrated shale, through which a few stunted aspen bushes grew, lay before us. One more degree of steepness would have made the pass impossible. The crumbled rock slid from under our feet and rattled in showers from the brink of the precipice into the water below; and but for the help which the bushes gave us in the worst places, we should probably have followed. Messrs. Byers and Davis, who were in advance, seemed at times to be hanging in the air. In the midst of this pass, a badger whisked around the corner of a rock, tempting one of the party to let himself down to the edge of the bluff in the hope of getting a shot; but the animal was safe in some hole or crevice.

While resting among the roots of a pine-tree, which enabled me also to support my pony, I descried Mr. Candless riding up the meadows beyond the river, with a mounted Indian on each side of him. I noticed, moreover, that the latter kept pace with him and took pains to keep him between them. As they were Utes, there was no trouble to be feared, and we supposed they were guiding him toward Breckenridge. Beyond this perilous corner of the mountain we found a faint trail, with a promise of better travel ahead. Mr. Beard and White were in the rear, and it was amusing to watch them follow us, clinging for life to the bushes and roots, while their animals, with more than human cunning, picked their way step by step, through the sliding fragments.

A mile or two more, and a broad valley opened on our left. A very muddy stream—which could be none other than Swan River—came down it to join the Blue. Mr. McC. and one of the Indians here rode down to the opposite bank and hailed us. The latter was the famous Ute chief, Colorado; he said we could now either ford the Blue, or take a good trail to Breckenridge on our side of the river. We chose the latter, and presently came in sight of Delaware Flats—a collection of log cabins, across the open valley. Leaving them to the left, we struck toward another settlement called Buffalo Flats; both places are inhabited by miners engaged in gulch washing. The cattle pasturing on the grassy bottoms were a welcome sight, after five days of savage Nature. I greeted a young fellow, heading mules on horseback, with a very superfluous feeling of friendship; for he made a short, surly answer and rode away.

Being now but four miles from Breckenridge, we spurred our weary animals forward, taking a trail which led for a long distance through a burned forest. It was scenery of the most hideous character. Tens of thousands of charred black poles, striped with white where the bark had sprung off, made a wilderness of desolation which was worse than a desert. The boughs had been almost entirely consumed; the sunshine and the blue of the sky were split into a myriad of parallel slices, which fatigued and distracted the eye, until one almost became giddy in riding through. I cannot recall any phase of mundane scenery so disagreeable as this.

Finally the wood came to an end, and green meadows and snowy peaks refreshed our eyes. Over ditches, heaps of stone and gravel, and all the usual debris of gulch-mining, we rode toward some cabins which beckoned to us through scattered clumps of pine. A flag-staff, with something white at half-mast; canvas-covered wagons in the shade; a long street of log-houses; signs of "Boarding," "Miner's Home," and "Saloon," and a motley group of rough individuals, among whom we detected the beard of our parted comrade and the blanket of the chief—such was Breckenridge!

The place dates from 1860—yet, of the five thousand miners who flocked to this part of the Middle Park in that year, probably not more than five hundred remain. At present there is a slight increase of life. Some new cabins are going up, and for so me distance beyond the limits of building one sees lots staked out, and signs displayed: "Preempted by —— ——." At the first house we reached, we found a long table set for dinner, and a barrel of beer on tap, which had come over the snowy range from Montgomery the previous day. The host, Mr. Sutherland, suspected our impatient hunger, and only delayed the meal long enough to add the unexpected delicacy of oyster soup. Then, taking the bugle with which he blew the signal for the immortal Light Brigade to charge at Balaclava, he made the notes of "Peas upon the trencher" ring over the shanties of Breckenridge. Since that splendid Crimean episode, Mr. Sutherland and his bugle have done loyal service in a Colorado regiment. I was glad of the chance which made us almost the first guests of his new establishment—especially as his bounty in providing equals his gallantry in fighting.

In strolling up the street, after dinner, I discovered that the apparent flag of truce at half-mast was in reality a national ensign, out of which the mountain rains had washed every particle of color. The stars and stripes were only to be distinguished by the seams. There was comical cause of mourning: the bully of Breckenridge—a German grocer—had been whipped, the day before, by the bully of Buffalo Flats! The flag-staff is planted in front of a log court-house. While I was gazing upon the emblem of defeat and regret, I noticed two individuals entering the building. One was middle-aged, and carried a book under his arm: he wore "store clothes." The other, a lively young fellow, with a mustache, sported a flannel shirt. The latter re-appeared on the balcony, in a moment, and proclaimed in a loud voice:

"O yes! O yes! The Honorable Probate Court is now in session!"

Thereupon he withdrew. The announcement produced no effect, for he immediately came forth again, and cried:

"O yes! O yes! The Honorable Probate Court is now adjourned!"

I waited, to see the Honorable Probate Court come forth, with the book under his arm; but, instead of that, the lively young man made his appearance for the third time, with a new announcement:

"O yes! O yes! The Honorable Commissioners' Court is now in session!"

How many other Courts were represented by these two individuals, I am unable to say: but the rapidity and ease with which the sessions were held gave me a cheerful impression of the primitive simplicity and peace of the population. To be sure, the flag at half-mast hinted of other customs; yet these may not be incompatible with an idyllic state of society.

We discovered a hotel—or its equivalent—kept by Mr. and Mrs. Silverthorn, who welcomed us like old friends. The walls of their large cabin were covered with newspapers, and presented a variety of advertisements and local news, from New-Hampshire to Salt Lake. If the colored lithographs on the wall were doubtful specimens of art, there were good indications of literature on the table. The kind hostess promised us beds—real beds, with sheets and pillows—and the good host would have taken me to any number of lodes and gulch-washings, if I had not been almost too sore to bend a joint. I barely succeeded in going far enough to inspect a patch of timothy grass, grown from the wild seed of the mountains. It is a slight experiment, but enough to show what may be made of those portions of the Middle Park which are too cold for grain. The residents of the place profess to be delighted with the climate, although there is no month in the year without frost, and the Winter snow is frequently three or four feet in depth. They have very little sickness of any kind, and recover from wounds or hardships with a rapidity unknown elsewhere. I was informed that the Honorable Probate and Commissioners' Court once tumbled down a fearful precipice and was picked up, a mass of fractures and dislocations—yet here he was, good for several sessions a day!

Our friends, Byers and Sumner, were so chilled to the marrow by their adventure in the Blue River, that neither the subsequent ride, nor dinner, nor the hot noonday sun, could warm their benumbed bodies. They therefore built a fire in the adjoining wood, and lay beside it nearly all the afternoon. I would gladly have joined them, but for the duty of recording our journey, and the task which awaited me in the evening. The Court-House, to my surprise, was filled with an attentive and intelligent audience, and I regretted that I was unable to comply with their request that I should recite Mrs. Norton's poem of "Bingen."

There had been some doubt concerning the practicability of the pass across the main chain to Montgomery, which is in the South Park, on the head-waters of the South Platte; but in the afternoon Mr. Matthews arrived, having ridden from Buckskin Joe to pilot us over. This is called, I believe, the Hoosier Pass: a little to the east of it is the Tarryall Pass, from Hamilton to Breckenridge, which is traversed by vehicles, even during the Winter. There is also a direct trail from Breckenridge to Georgetown, near the head of Snake River. Without doubt other and probably better points for crossing the mountains will be found, when they are more thoroughly explored.

Mrs. Silverthorn kept her promise. When the artist and myself found ourselves stretched out in a broad feather-bed, with something