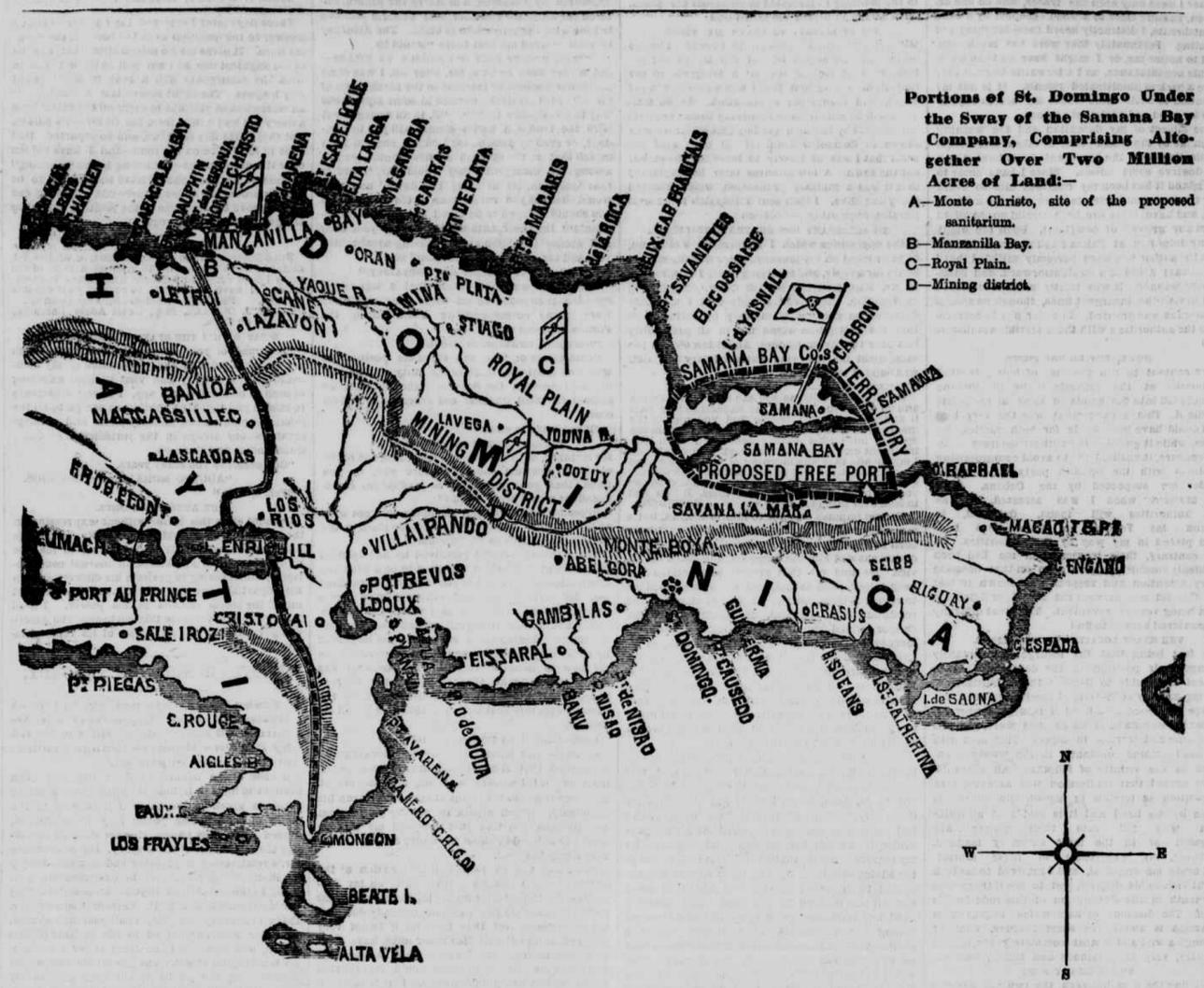


THE NEW PARADISE.

Map of St. Domingo, Showing the Possessions of the Samana Bay Company, with Their Remarkable Flag. This is the Land Flowing with Milk and Honey and Such Like in Abundance.



Portions of St. Domingo Under the Sway of the Samana Bay Company, Comprising Altogether Over Two Million Acres of Land—
A—Monte Christo, site of the proposed sanitarium.
B—Manzanilla Bay.
C—Royal Plain.
D—Mining district.

ance of Cuba. And, by the way, the mention of Cuba suggests to me the fact that among our Pilgrims were five Cubans, worthy, ardent, high-toned men, who would insist last night, spite of my protestations, on drinking five times over the health of the *HERALD* Commissioner. There is nothing to be said for the steamer as a work of naval architecture. When there was any rolling to be done she went at it with a will; but that curious compound of overrowing humor, stern devotion to duty and general incapacity in all things, Captain Delaney, has my heartiest recommendation.

WHERE IS THE COMPANY?
It was a grievous disappointment that I had no representation among us of the directors of the West India Company. Why was this? True, we had Captain Samuels, but where were all the rest? It was reasonable to indulge the hope that half a dozen at least of the great guns of the new speculation who had put up their money to secure the venture would come down to take a look at their property, to look at the towering hills leamed with coal, copper, iron, and lead, but not least, virgin gold; to look at the endless acres of sugar-cane, bananas, plantains, figs, dates, yams, cocoa-nuts, alligator pears, mahogany, lignum vitae, logwood, rock salt and well-fed, happy darters. Where were President Stockwell, Sam Barlow, Henry Clews, Tom Scott, Oliver Ames? and where, in thunder, was Dr. Samuel G. Howe? Howe has missed the most glorious opportunity of his life. He might have succeeded in giving his name to the pioneer town which we are about to carve out on the shores of St. Domingo. In a few days, for endless ages it would have been called "Howesville." The Pilgrims missed him much, but much more did they deplore the absence of his gentle and eloquent spouse, Madam Julia Ward Howe, whose memory is so much cherished by the nation, more grateful than Jamaica rum or Trinidad twist tobacco. When the admirable Howe and his snits of unmarried maidens—beautiful girls of forty and upwards—from the succulent soil of Massachusetts—came here nine months ago to see if the island was adapted for New England beans and Bibles, they left, on their departure, an odor of sanctity and pork behind them (a sort of spiritual and physical essence) that is remembered to this day.

A FLOWER OF BEAUTY.
Tradition has it that one of these intellectual virgins wore red hair, and, in seeking to carry into effect Howe's theory that the negroes were more St. Domingo was harmless to the whites, she had her delicate face dreadfully blistered, to relieve which she used vast quantities of flour. The novel appearance her features presented with this conspicuous emollient plastered plentifully over them is still recalled by the natives as a bewildering exhibition of American beauty. Howe came here originally for the good of his country and also for the good of his health. The latter consideration was an all-powerful one with the Professor.

In the early mornings he might have been seen riding violently across country on the back of a native bull for the good of his health; and in the evenings, to exercise the muscles of his vertebrae, he climbed the royal palm tree and did a thousand things unfamiliar to the Massachusetts school of muscular hygiene for the benefit of his constitution. Perhaps St. Domingo has done so much for the good of his precious health that he feels under no necessity to return. Still he might have made it convenient to be with us.

THE DREAMLAND BAND.
The hearts of our pilgrim party burned with high hopes of the happiness in store for them. All was gold that glittered. They saw themselves in imagination lying down to rapturous dreams at night to the music of tropical birds, and waking in the mornings to ready-made coffee and burned rum; with nothing to do but sit under the shade of heaven-kissing palms and have their weary feet in the foam of sapphire seas.

Captain Samuels stood forth as the promulgator of the new enterprise. He was with the Pilgrims, but not of them. Save a Californian miner named Gey, who in a previous tramp of seven months through the island scraped together exactly \$4 in gold dust, no one else of the party had ever visited St. Domingo. Gey was going down again, satisfied there was gold galore somewhere, and pledged to let the company know some better results than had attended his first experiment. Mr. Halsey came down to lay out the town that is to be and survey the route for a railroad from Samana Bay to any place most necessary and convenient. Captain Plummer, a full-blown blossom of West Point and a handsome and gallant fellow, came down to assist Halsey or keep him company. I don't know which. All the rest had the world before them where to choose, and they selected St. Domingo. There was Mr. Rennie, from Canada, who had been his limitation between the happiness of owning Samana lots and the misery of having to manage them prematurely with his own hands. There was Mr. Henry H. Marsh, of New Jersey, who in a most romantic spirit left his home to help in any way towards making the scheme of American colonization a success, to raise the Dominican native to a proper sense of his manhood and turn an honest penny at the same time. Mr. E. Stewart, of Boston, a happy young fellow, had the donkey element of the St. Domingo animal kingdom constantly in his eye. His estimate was that two or three million emigrants who might go to Samana Bay would need a donkey each for business or pleasure. His purpose was to create a corner in donkeys by bartering for the animals with the natives through a carpet-bag full of Connecticut jewelry. I regret to say my first attempt in this line failed in the Comercio street of Porto Plata resulted in a miserable failure; but, like ex-Sheriff O'Brien, he is young and energetic. Mr. Seaman, of Providence, a gentleman very much like ex-Mayor Hall, kept the patent himself, by which he expects to run a sawmill up the mountains among the mahogany trees, and turn the living trunks in a twinkling into chairs, tables, tea caddies, writing desks, &c.

YANKEE NOTIONS.
Mr. Adams, from the same city of ingenious spirits, and bringing with him a most philosophic spirit of resignation to yellow fever and Haytian marauders, proposes to chop down his logwood trees and grind them up in a coffee mill. The ground logwood can thus be exported in small packages in place of in bulky chunks of lumber, as heretofore. He thinks he can also make a good quality of claret wine out of the solution of powdered logwood. Adams is a genius, and would make his fortune in or out of Samana.

Mr. Ward, of New York, a great joker and humorist—but a very serious in his private—comes down in his old business as undertaker and coffin-maker. He will go into partnership with Seaman, and have his coffins made on the spot out of the living mahogany and tombstones out of lignum vitae, which is just as hard as marble and far more durable. Should he have a surplus on hand he thinks he can export a good article of coffin to New York at reasonable rates. Mr. Delgado, of New York, has his eye on a sugar plantation. Mr. Calleja thinks photographs of the eminent directors of the company will sell well among the natives. Mr. Macias, of New York, is satisfied that Samana as a free port will make it the paradise of cigar smokers, and has accordingly ordered his cigar stand. Mr. Delmonte, of Havana, will build a theatre very likely. Mr. Vanduin will start a hotel, and the beautiful stewardess of the "Tybee" will open a millinery store. Thus, you see, our Pilgrims have various ends in view, and no one will be base enough to wish them other than success.

A DOMINICAN PATRIOT.
Now I shall come to relate the fruits of our progress and the facts and the wisdom we have learned so far. The first question the interested people on the steamer put the Captain of the Port when he boarded us this morning was, whether the ratification by the people of the Samana purchase had been made. The Captain said it had, and his soft eyes gleamed at the happy reflection. He told us as the next item of news that there had been a "revolution" a week previous near Santiago de los Caballeros. Laitte, a former Governor of this district of the Republic, had risen in arms and for two days held the road to Porto Plata. The motive of Laitte's proceeding was what Laitte described infamous the surrender

of a portion of the territory of the Republic. Gonzales, who is now the Governor here, acted with surprising energy. He collected all the troops roundabout, and moving quickly on the refractory Laitte demolished his ragged battalions and reasserted the sovereignty of Baez. After hearing this I went ashore. There were already crowded around the vessel lighters for discharging the cargo and boats to take passengers to land. All were manned by negroes, many of whom spoke English in the plantation dialect. They were barefooted and lightly encumbered with clothing, and their manners were very civil, considering that they were sovereign citizens.

A SCENE IN THE TROPICS.
Sailing in a small boat through the open roadstead to the shore, it was impossible not to feel charmed with the beauty of the picture presented by the little red-roofed town nestling under the green shadow of the giant hill, Mount Isabelilla. It was cloudy, but the air was exquisitely balmy. The tropical vegetation, fresh from recent rains, looked vividly bright; and the orange, the royal palm, oleanthus, cocconut, papaw tree, and endless plants of tropical growth and bloom lining the shore and hillside for miles away, were a scene so novel to northern eyes, but lately come from gazing on the snow and slush-laden streets of New York, as to stir up some little enthusiasm. To the left of the little harbor stood an old Spanish fort, over which the Dominican flag was waving. A more woe-begone and utterly contemptible object of defence it would be impossible to conceive, but it is a fit type of the genius and character of the people. Fancy Castle William, on Governor's Island, washed almost entirely away in a deluge of red mud, and three rusty guns and a hundred ragged soldiers mounting guard for national defence and integrity over the ruins. As we landed we saw a fair sample of the enterprise of the people and the fostering care of the government. A hundred young bulls, yoked to rude carts, were out deep in the water, taking off the freight brought lither by the lighters from the steamer. Ten yards away a pier had been put up for passengers alone, though the addition of a few feet to its width would have made it available for the discharge of freight as well; but no, the far-seeing economy of the government frowned upon the erection of a pier at which vessels might unload, because each bull cart paid tribute to the Custom House!

WHAT DOMINICANS THINK.
The beauty of the picture of the town presented from the roadstead disappeared, as I am afraid to think will every other anticipatory delight formed of the island when we set foot on shore. The brutal Spaniards set the town on fire ten years ago, and accident helped to give it to the flames again some eighteen months since; therefore ruin brooded over an otherwise prosperous scene, for Porto Plata is a great place for the export of tobacco and little else. With the exception of a dozen German merchants and a Yankee and Englishman here and there, the population seems to belong to the peculiar Spanish Dominican type, in which there is a large dash of the full-blooded negro. Many of the stores were models of their kind, and there was evidence of a large business with the interior in the well-stocked shelves of the wholesale concerns; but the burned walls of a hundred houses told how terribly Spanish barbarity had wrought destruction on every side. I took pains to ascertain the feelings of the people about the Samana sale, and about the mode of taking the vote. Almost every one to whom I spoke outside of the merchant class appeared to be pleased at the vague something of earthy blessing that loomed up to their imagination in the new idea. Notwithstanding that, the prosperity of this town, such as it is, seems threatened by the creation of Samana into a free port. Still, there can be no doubt that the people favor it. A few merchants protest. Many of them talk approvingly of the introduction of this American scheme because they jump to the conclusion that it will give them exemption from periodic revolution and do them good generally. As for this thing of the vote, the taking of which the *HERALD* Commissioner made it a particular point of his inquiry to find out, it is the most ridiculous farce. The American engineers of the Samana purchase told Baez that to satisfy the people at home in the United States and float the scheme into more odorous popularity the formal sense of the Dominicans should be taken on the question whether they approved of what Baez and

his Cabinet had done or not. Baez ordered the vote or *placet* in the way such votes have always been ordered in this painful parody of a republic, and now that the affair is over, I venture to say that not six dissentient votes will be found among all recorded. Their style of voting is different from ours, but is literally not voting at all. Here it is in a few lines:—

A MODEL PLEBISCITE.
"All in favor of the government selling Samana to a party of American capitalists come up and say so, and all opposed come up likewise and say they are in favor of it, or take the consequences;" and that idea, "take the consequences," is the magic one by which a Dominican ruler can make a *placet* tell whichever way he pleases. Now, there need hardly be a doubt that a majority of the people are in favor of selling Samana; and therefore this unanimous vote taken to sustain the government was only a work of supererogation. But, in Heaven's name, let not the eloquent directors of the West India Company use it as an appeal to the people of the United States. Suffrage here, and everywhere else where ignorance reigns, is a sham of the most monstrous kind. Nobody in this island votes contrary to the wishes of the ruling power, for to do so is to imperil every material prospect. Therefore the suffrage, I say, is a sham, and is no criterion of the nation's desire. I believe, however, that in the matter of Samana there is a decided preponderance of opinion in favor. But I have only just landed, and I must postpone until another letter any fuller remarks.

A PRISONER OF DUNGEONS.
Going up to the old fort where the Faistafian army of the Republic was represented by a coarse and a hundred ragged soldiers mounting guard for national defence and integrity over the ruins. As we landed we saw a fair sample of the enterprise of the people and the fostering care of the government. A hundred young bulls, yoked to rude carts, were out deep in the water, taking off the freight brought lither by the lighters from the steamer. Ten yards away a pier had been put up for passengers alone, though the addition of a few feet to its width would have made it available for the discharge of freight as well; but no, the far-seeing economy of the government frowned upon the erection of a pier at which vessels might unload, because each bull cart paid tribute to the Custom House!

Description of the Scenery of the Bay-Sugar Plantations—Something of a Carpet-Bagger.
SAMANA BAY, ST. DOMINGO, FEB. 12, 1873.
Leaving Porto Plata yesterday at five o'clock in the afternoon we arrived here at seven this morning, after a voyage of fourteen hours, during which most of our native Dominican passengers, bound for Samana and St. Domingo City, were seasick, but seasick with such a sad and prostrate resignation as to present an appearance more like the victims of melancholia than of anything else. The second day of our stay in Porto Plata was devoted by our Pilgrims to all sorts of sight-seeing, such as it was. I had the best of that bargain, for I happened to be one of a party of six, who, by invitation, paid a visit to the sugar plantation belonging to Mr. Loyaquis, of Cuba. Of the future operators in Samana Bay lots were Mr. Rennie, Mr. Stewart, Captain Farrington, and, of course, Mr. Ward, who intends to open the cemetery. Then there was Mr. Loyaquis, who married a beautiful belle of Fourteenth street, New York, the owner of the plantation, his brother and Mr. Uhlraub, of New York. It was the most favorable introduction we could have had to the singular fertility of this land, for the number of plantations on the island might be counted at the fingers' ends; but there was one, only a few minutes' walk from the pier, with such a skill and capital were brought to bear upon a soil more fruitful than that of the most favored regions of the Southern States.

LUXURIOUS NATURE.
The result might be seen in the rank luxuriance of the cane-fields and the wealth of varied growth everywhere. The cocconut grove, that threw its welcome shade around dwelling and sugar house, was an especial object of wonder and delight to the appreciative eyes of the Pilgrims. They gazed and gazed in rapture on the palm trees, and their mouths watered at the sight of the endless acres of sugar cane waving a long bright surface of green in the delicious breeze from the harbor. The climax of happiness was attained

when a darty, with a formidable machete, hurled to earth from an altitude of forty feet half a hundred cocconuts, and in the milk of this extraordinary fruit, beautifully tempered with gin (a la Smyth), the visitors adjoined allegiance to their native land and swore by the tropics and St. Domingo. The soil of this grove was as black as ink and as deep as a well. The cocoa trees grew to maturity in seven years, and bore fruit longer than the average span of a man's existence. Each was valued, at the Dominican standard, as being worth \$10, so that a thousand of them would be as safe an investment as corner lots near the Central Park.

FERTILITY.
The sugar estate of 150 acres turned out annually 400 barrels of sugar, 200 barrels of molasses and a quantity of the native rum called *aguardiente*, of which our pioneers had better beware, or each one of them will be dead as a door nail before he gets accustomed to drinking a gallon per day. Having disposed of the milk of the cocconut to a liberal extent, examined the sugar-making machinery and admired the curious shifting of light and shadow on the mountains in the background, we retired to the farm house to breakfast, which, in this country, is usually served at eleven o'clock, though slightly anticipated at an earlier hour (six or seven) by a dash at a cup of coffee and the crust of a loaf. A breakfast of seven courses, plentifully lubricated by claret, sauterne and champagne, was a novelty to our innocents, but none the less welcome.

SUMMER RESIDENCE.
It would make the fortune of an American architect if he could manage to put up some such houses as the one on this plantation at our summer watering places, where the heat in July and August is certainly more oppressive than we felt yesterday morning—yet here it is perennial summer. The dwelling was nearly all verandah and lattice, and a copious breeze flowed into and around the house on every side. Of course, we talked a good deal at breakfast over the prospects of Samana and of St. Domingo generally. Mr. Loyaquis rather liked the island; but he preferred Cuba, and when it was liberated, as he expected it would be very soon, he should return. The brother of our host and Captain Farrington, ex British Consul, had made up their minds to go to Samana. They argued that the fact of Samana being declared a free port would take away the trade of Curacao and St. Thomas, and concentrate it at the former port.

THE KEY OF THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.
It was pointed out by some one that St. Thomas was over a hundred miles nearer the course of the steamers carrying on the European and general American trade, and that twelve hours' sail was a consideration, besides, it was an old established port, and was the key of the West India Islands, to all of which it held a position for trade and easy communication. Mr. Loyaquis favored the prospects of Samana because of its harbor, which, at a small expense, could be made as safe as a canal lock for ships, and because of its being superior in point of health to St. Thomas, where the sea breeze was shut off in the hot season by a range of hills back of the port, and yellow fever had its own way in consequence. Captain Farrington said he had been waiting over two years for annexation, or the transfer of Samana to any hands likely to make it a profitable place in which to live. In a six years' residence in St. Domingo he had failed to make anything worth while; yet he hated to leave, for he liked the climate, having spent a great portion of his life in the West Indies. There was money to be made in St. Domingo by any man of average ability and industry, but a radical change was essential in the habits of trade and governmental conditions of the country. It was useless to strive with limited means and simple bone and muscle to win fortune where so much congress to obstruct the labor—a mendacity and thriftless people, long credits, worthless currency, roadless and pathless land, never-ending dissensions and the unfailing bugbear of Haytian invasion.

THE MERCANTILE VIEW.
Mr. Uhlraub thought that many merchants of Porto Plata would establish branch houses in Samana so as to reap the advantage of its being a free port. Speaking afterwards to several persons engaged in the wholesale business in the town I found a few disposed to believe that their customers up the country would leave them altogether and trade at Samana, which forms the other angle of an equilateral, having its apex at Santiago, sixty miles off. Others declared that while it was

possible for them to suffer in Porto Plata by the contiguity of a free port like Samana, they could provide against loss by securing houses at the latter point to meet the wants of such customers of theirs as lived nearer to the Peninsula than to Porto Plata. The conclusion I reached was that a rather shaky feeling existed in the town over this West India speculation, and that, while it cannot destroy Porto Plata as a place of export for mahogany and tobacco, the two leading and, in truth, only articles of commerce, it will annihilate its prospects of becoming the chief point of trade in St. Domingo.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.
That breakfast, while developing such points as I have given about Samana Bay, had also the merit (less serious, to be sure) of revealing a capacity for vocal and instrumental music among some of the visitors that must go a long way towards rendering the new settlement a lively resort. Stewart, still cherishing a strong faith in the success of his contemplated speculation in the donkeys and ponies of St. Domingo, sang, "The Campdown Races;" Ward, faithful to his grimly facetious trust that the Samana cemetery would come out top of the heap of fortunes, gave us "Down Among the Dead Men;" with a tearful accompaniment; Rennie, still undecided whether to transfer his attachment from the beautiful snow of Canada to the festooned cedars of the Vega Real, warbled "How Happy Could I Be with Either;" and the *HERALD* Commissioner, by way of proxy for the rest of the fellow voyagers, made an effort to give "The Memory of the Past."

Then we rode back to town on horses, and amid much handshaking and cries of "God save the Pilgrims!" from some of our bilious well-wishers, departed for the steamer.

THE READING FEATURES AND THE CLIMATE AND SOIL.
It strikes me it must be a peculiarly constituted class of our citizens who, making but limited incomes, content themselves in such towns as Porto Plata. Putting the scenery aside (and I should say any day prefer, so far as I have seen, the Highlands of the Hudson), I cannot perceive the attraction for any intelligent English speaking person. No gas at nights, no solitary place of entertainment, no reading or lecture room, no newspapers save a feeble little sheet, *Le Progreso*, that flickers at weekly intervals; no walks in the country, no roads, no white faces save a handful of differing tastes and nationalities; no anything of the hundred things this age of progress and invention affords to make life enjoyable in other latitudes. The climate and the soil are the two redeeming features. Coming from the snows of the North, where you are all now wearing overcoats and warming your toes at the fire, it was delightful to loiter back under the shade of the capra tree, the thermometer at eighty, a gentle dreamy breeze from over the shimmering blue of the ocean fanning your face, while at hand, were the lime, orange, zapote, calimite, avocado pear, guamano, mango, tamarind, pomegranate and banana. In the rear of Mr. Maatsen's residence at Porto Plata we enjoyed this tropical sensation. He himself was as happy as the much envied "big snower," but his wife would at times reproach him with the dulness and the drought, call the town a horrid hole, and sigh for the beer and the brazen joys of the music gardens of Hamburg. There was one man we came across whom the town suited to a period. This was Dr. Tuff (very tough customer), "from Tecondroga, by the great Jehovah and General Ethan Allen and the Continental Congress." He fired off the foregoing at every passenger he suspected of coming from America. Some of us were told to beware of him; that he was a worse bore than the Hoosac tunnel; but most of the innocent crowd fell victims to the rascal. The lucky ones were cautioned to look out for a man with a lame leg, and before they had been wandering half an hour they could detect a crooked turn in a limb one mile off, and had also taken an inventory of all the deformed humanity, save one single case, in the town. They had much to do, dodging around corners and slipping out through back yards and bedrooms. One of this number—Adams, as usual—fell a sacrifice in the end. He strolled carelessly away from the party of vigilance, and, being a man as unsuspecting as the late Horace Greeley, together with wearing spectacles and carrying his head at a slope to the North Pole when taking on a southerly course, he sailed right into the port of

the place. We turned a corner in time to witness his unhappy fate. Tuff stood on tiptoe in the door of his dentistry, a gleam of Satanian joy in his eyes as his victim hove in sight. Presently we heard a tremendous cry, "Here's an American citizen," and Tuff, with his arms up as if he had been shot, plunged into two feet of water in the middle of the street and hauled his prize, neck and heels, across the pond to his den. "Poor Adams!" was the general exclamation. Dripping from mud and rain, that citizen from Tecondroga would insist upon calling his unlucky prisoner about Ethan Allen, the Continental Congress, the price for filling teeth, the number of bananas on an acre, the name and all about the man who built the old stovepipe has brought with him ten years before from Tecondroga, the reason why the milk in the cocconuts was put there from the beginning, several matters on geology and astronomy and Tuff's own treatise on Spiritualism. It is to be hoped the Samana Bay Company will get the Baez government to banish Tuff to Alta Vela, for if he comes to the new settlement—and there is every likelihood he will—beware to its prospects forever. After this you will say that an American citizen, even from Tecondroga, is not a power abroad!

First Impressions of the Future Settlement—The Natives Anticipating Golden Joys.
SANTA BARBARA, SAMANA BAY, ST. DOMINGO, FEB. 13, 1873.
To resume the thread of my story. The morning of yesterday, when we entered this bay, was as lovely as ever came out of the heavens. I saw nothing extraordinary in the approach to Porto Plata (possibly because it was raining), but the emotions that stirred the souls of previous narrators; but I can forgive the enthusiasm that has but half expended itself on the beautiful Bay of Samana. We rounded Cape Balandra just as the sun was rising over a sea as gorgeous as ever Turner painted. It was tropical to a fault, and the fault was there was too much brilliant color. But the sea had not all the glory of the picture to itself, for sky and shore lent their aid to frame a sight so full of beauty and splendor, of tender tints, now opaline, again all roseate and again all golden, that the senses were confused with the teeming effects of the invisible artist, yet the heart protested that any shadow or sombre change should for a moment rest upon a scene so eminently bright and captivating. To you folks, shivering under the gloom of northern skies, this may seem the language of exaggeration; but you should have seen Captain Delaney, the typification of prose scepticism, drop his three-foot glass to feast his naked eyes upon the grandeur of the spectacle. Onward we moved, breaking the glassy surface of the bay into ripples that seemed to lose themselves like a dream in the calm of eternity. The shore to our right flung at its summit a long, green, waving pennon to the sky. Afar off on the other shore there was a deep purple lining to the horizon that faded in the perspective into a gauzy glimmer of the faintest amethyst.

SANTA BARBARA.
Of course everybody was on deck save one or two Pilgrims whose passion for deck poker overcame their natural love for the beauties of sunrise. But then they came to stay, and their chances of having such sights free-gratis for nothing are well assured for the future. The nose of the Tybee was directed for the harbor of Santa Barbara, on the shores of which a town will soon arise, if prophecy is not at fault, where all the graces of civilization will be wedded to the most redundant luxuries of a tropical clime. Islands, like huge crowns of emerald dropped in the calm, swelling sea, were left to the right of us, and we bore straight along to a pier, where we moored the noble Tybee right comfortably for the day. Santa Barbara, like a chalk line at the bottom of a flowered drop curtain, stood off to our right about half a mile. It stretched the base of a high range of hills, clothed to the top with all those plants and trees familiar to the readers of tropical botany. Presently there came on deck Colonel Joseph Warren Fabens, who owns a handsome slice of this territory. I looked for some display of emotion in his address of welcome, for was he not Governor of the Peninsula, and were we not the pioneer colony destined to make Samana the talk and the envy of the world? He was happy to see us, and so was Mr. Price, the Consul, whose residence on the high jutting promontory made every Pilgrim heart expand with the anticipation of having some such elevated station for life. Fabens set about the work of inspecting the discharge of the vessel's freight, and the voice of Albert, the mate, might have been heard through the early morning echoing among the hills, keeping the dusky stevedores to their duty. One of the native canoes rowed by a darty, whose Philadelphia parents allowed him to get hopelessly involved in the Spanish dialect, took two of us to Santa Barbara, and through the various streets, lanes, alleys and nondescript squares of that singular village of eighty-four houses we wandered in the early forenoon. In the meantime, of course, there was great commotion among the emigrants on board. All eyes were riveted on the scene of the future settlement. To be sure, there were no ready-made plantations to the eye, but there was a general concurrence that all the material was right there in front of us out of which to carve happy homes and fortunes. There was a general anxiety to see the carpenters from Harlem at work, to see that hotel erected which it took us hours to discharge, to see the workings of the kitchen and the billiard room of American manufacture that we brought along; but Delaney was inexorable, and our departure for St. Domingo city should come off in the morning, no matter what was the state of the weather, the work of the Harlem carpenters had, therefore, to be postponed for inspection till our return. I hardly think I escaped interviewing every man within the limits of Santa Barbara village on the question of the hour. It cost but little time, though in one instance it involved the expense of a dinner, which cost such a fabulous sum to the interviewer that he had the inhumanity to hope that the new city of Samana would so utterly ruin the piratical trade of Santa Barbara that every adult voter therein might be thrown an outcast on the face of the earth. Notwithstanding this, all the visitors from the vessel were happy. Riding out in the cool of the day, under maras and mangos and plantain trees, I met with various representatives of the country, some speaking English, others pantomiming in Spanish or something like it, but all with an evident delight with the approaching millennium. There were no votes in this colony, at least—against renaming Samana Bay to an American name, for these shrewd natives know too well what good it would do them, and they had American capital as the temptress might have hailed the appearance of the Promised Land. This is not confined to this simple village. All Dominicans know it will bring something more than the sympathy which it can have always had and the charity which they never wanted. Yet they are wonderfully alive to the value of the silver dollar, and, innocent as they are, they are, they have as lively an appreciation as any. My that the Colonization of Samana by American emigrants will make this little town prosperous and gay. It is all nonsense to offer those people sympathy on the score of being plundered by the invasion of the so-called West India Company. The latter confer on them as sublime a favor as when I consented with a good grace to lay down \$20 in silver for a dinner given, in Nassau street, would have been deemed outrageous at fifty cents. In a turn of the road leading out of the village I came in sight of a group whose faces were familiar, but whose names I did not know, and to the manner born. On closer approach I discovered the central figure to be Captain Samuels, leaning comely against the hip joint of a cocconut tree, and smoking his cigar with as easy unconcern as if he were poised at the captain's wheel of the Dreadnought in a summer cruise of Newport. Near him was Mr. Halsey, describing with a banana stick in an off-hand way a diagram of the country of La Vega and the course of the Yuna River. Mr. Gey pondered the diagram drawn on the soft soil of the road, and suggested here and there improvements in the rude sketch of the topography, while Captain Plummer advanced a theory that the experience of travelling seadom harmonized with topograph-