PIEBALD REPUBLICS.

Hayti and Dominica Socially and Politically Contrasted.

The African Ahead of the Creole Democracy.

POINTS OF SIMILARITY AND DIFFERENCE.

Why the Republican Theory of Government Fails There.

INTERVIEW WITH LUPERON.

Preparations for Revolution in St. Domingo.

UNITED STATES SPIES IN HAYTI.

The Samana Bay Company in Peril from Invasion.

AMONG THE VOUDOU WORSHIPPERS.

High Times in the Sable Society of Port au Prince.

THE MAGNIFICENT PRINCESS SOULOUQUE.

A Leaf from the Arabian Nights.

The Folly of Grant's Annexation Project.

PORT AU PRINCE, Hayti, April 2, 1873.

Between Poles and Russians, French and Germans, radicals and democrats, husbands and mothers-in-law, there never existed a more cordial spirit of detestation than between Haytians and Dominicans. Both peoples are little better than overgrown children, and they have a silly way of railing at each other which is painfully amusing. When I told a prominent Dominican at Porto Plata that I meditated a trip to Hayti he shook his head and said, "You will be sorry for going. They are a dirty set of savages over there—getting worse every day. Very backward people, all black, and plenty of cannibals among them." A native of Hayti said to me before leaving Dominican territory, "Now, you are going where you will see a people of enterprise and intelligence—not like these cowardly and ignorant Dominicans. Here not one man in a hundred can read and write. Over there you will find a common school system and hundreds of persons who have received an academic education in England and France. You will find also, that the people are industrious and that they manufacture something else besides rum, the only thing made by native hands in all Dominican territory." This is a sample of the manner these interesting folks talk of each other, and in consequence of the mutual ill-feeling there is

NO TREATY OF AMITY AND COMMERCE

between them. The Dominicans both hate and fear their neighbors, and frighten their children to bed with the dread name of Haytians. The sentiment of fear on the part of the Dominicans is not inspired by the superior prowess of the Haytians. On the contrary the former are the better soldiers, and the latter know it so well that in a contest of equal numbers they invariably decline coming to close quarters, so great is their

TERROR OF THE MACHETE,

in the use of which no people excel the Dominicans. I saw a two-minute fight at Monte Christi between a couple of Dominicans armed with machetes, and in that brief time the ground was littered with fingers and ears and pieces of flesh and clothing from various parts of the body. In portions of the island it is rare for a native to have his full complement of fingers. To a Dominican the machete is everything. To cut his toe nails or cut down a palm tree he brings this weapon alone into requisition. In battle he throws away his rifle if the enemy happen to be handy and sails in with his trusty machete. It is the reputation of the Haytians for making *san coche* (Irish stew) of their prisoners that makes them appear so dreadful to their neighbors. It is a pity both races cannot live on better terms for really the

FINEST PART OF THE ISLAND,

that upon the border line, is reduced to the condition of a desert, by reason of the international animosity. I rode into a town called Dajabon, on the borders, one evening, and in a collection of about two hundred houses, built of mahogany, found but one occupied. The marauding rascals on either side had depopulated this and six other small towns on a line of forty miles back in the interior. Saget, the President of Hayti, like a sensible and intelligent ruler, has been seeking by various means—at one time through the mediation of the English Consul General at Port au Prince, Mr. Spencer St. John—to induce Baez to enter into a treaty of amity and commerce between the two Republics, and stop this border warfare, but in vain. Baez wants the condition of hostility kept up to scare the Dominicans into annexation to the United States. He and his generals represent to the people that annexation is the only measure which will secure them from Haytian invasion and internal disturbance.

THE TWO COUNTRIES CONTRASTED.

Of the two countries Hayti has the larger population and the smaller area of territory. The Haytians are seven-eighths black and one eighth Creole. The Dominicans are three-quarters Creole and one quarter black. In both Republics the Creole is the ruling and aristocratic element. The revenue of Hayti is three millions a year, that of Dominica one million. In Dominica they manufacture nothing but rum, and of that universal drink there is as much imported as there is made at home. Everything they wear and use, down to the indispensable machete, is brought from Germany and England; half their provisions are imported from America, and even the planks and beams used in the construction of stores and the better class of private dwellings come from foreign hands. In Hayti there are various industries. They have workers in iron, tin, copper, wood and leather. They manufacture first rate saddles and bridles, and they build houses which have some claim to architectural beauty. Only about five per cent of the Dominicans can read and write, against thirty per cent of the Haytians. The market of Port au Prince displays twenty times a greater abundance of fruit, vegetables, fish, meat and general provisions than that of St. Domingo city, though the difference of population in favor of the former is only a few thousands. Neither people kill themselves by hard work; but, of the two, the Haytians are undoubtedly the more industrious. The social and political morals of the two countries are exactly on a par. There are more thieving rascals in the government of Hayti, because there is more money to steal; and as for the sanctity of the marriage tie, it is held in about equal regard by both races. The Haytians cherish a much more ardent love of country than the Dominicans, and they have a far prouder record to point at than their neighbors. Twice they drove the French from their soil, and without the loan of a single dollar or a word of sympathy or encouragement from any of the nations of the world, they have managed to preserve their nationality up to the present time. We hear of no application on the part of this much-despised people for annexation to the United States or for help from any quarter. The Dominicans are

A SAD, GENTLE, APATHETIC RACE;

the Haytians bold, confident, impulsive. The former to rally the standard of "revolution" cautiously and conduct the overthrow of a government with comparative humanity; the latter fly to arms without a thought of the cause or the consequence, and, when victorious, treat the beaten party with merciless savagery. In the one you trace the phlegm of the Spaniard; in the other the volatility of the French.

Within the last quarter of a century they have each entertained themselves with about an equal number of "revolutions." The constitutions of both republics are nearly alike, with one special difference in the seventh article of the constitution of Hayti, that no white man can own property in the country, vote or hold office. Not so with the Dominicans. While not over friendly to foreigners, they allow them to have most of the privileges of the natives. A strong effort is now being made to amend the seventh article of the Haytian constitution, and Mr. Van Bokkeleyn, an American, is taking an active part in urging the reform. While the Dominican army has three general officers to every half dozen privates, the Haytian has five. In the former there is little attention paid to dress; in the latter dress is everything. We have a Presidential review here the first Sunday of every month, at which may be seen three hundred

GENERALS DRESSED IN GORGEOUS UNIFORMS (?),

and no two alike. One wears a yellow coat with a blue sash, another a blue coat with a yellow sash, and so on. When a native becomes owner of a plantation or of any property worth taking care of he secures a certificate as "general," which enables him to wear a uniform, and the moment he gets inside of that he can go out in the street and hammer any simple looking darkey on the head as long as he likes. The blacks, more especially in the country, have a profound reverence for a uniform with cocked hat and feathers. They are happy to be knocked about like old shoes if it be done by anybody wearing epaulettes. The marshal of a St. Patrick's procession would have no trouble in making his way through a crowd of these people. He could lay about him with his staff and enjoy a more pleasant immunity from retaliation than he could possibly hope for in Donnybrook fair. The Haytians are not savages, nor have they retrograded so far as the world supposes. I have been

AMONG THEIR "CANNIBALS,"

and took supper with them, and while hunting over the border for the elusive Luperon and his reported army of five thousand invaders, I came with my peon Captain Joe, a darkey, shrewd and brave, all the way from Turk's Island to a shanty in the night, where they were raising old Harry.

"Dems de Voudou folks," cried Joe with terror in his accents.

"Never mind, old man," said I, "the Voudou people never touch strangers."

"Dat's a fack, boss," exclaimed a voice from under a mango tree, and Joe was at once made easy in his mind, for here was another Turk's islander, a naturalized Haytian, and a sham believer in Voudou. There were thirty men and women in the house, and half as many more outside stretched on the grass in an apparently torpid condition. The festivities had been going on for three days, and these on the outside of the house had been placed *hors de combat* from too much dancing and drinking.

"Is this a Voudou feast?" I asked, of the naturalized Turk's islander.

"Yaas, boss, dis am de reel ginoowine Voodoo."

"Where is Voudou himself?"

"It's not hisself; it is a image; look right yere," and there, sure enough, propped against the wall, with a lot of brown wax candles burning on the table in front, was a piece of mahogany, carved into the figure of a serpent. When the dancing began they caught hold of Joe, who trembled like an aspen leaf, and hauled him on to the middle of the floor. A flour barrel with both ends knocked out was slipped over his head and drawn down around his legs. At first poor Joe looked the picture of abject fear; but gradually, as the atrocious fun of the Voudou cancan developed itself, his nose and mouth relaxed into a very broad smile. In fifteen minutes after the dance begun there was less clothing among the men and women than Adam and Eve commenced the world with.

THE NOISES AND SMELLS

were overpowering, and it required but little imagination to suppose the insane revellers had been dining off fried piccaninny. After the dancing came the sacrifice. It was a large, well-fed goat. Poor puck was stretched on the table and amid the oddest sounding incantations was bled and disembowelled, the blood being caught in a calabash bowl and handed round, spiced with tafia or rum, to drink, while yet steaming. It tasted much better than the milk of the same animal. Joe was rolled around in the barrel after this and made to eat a part of the goat's interior which is usually relegated to the manure heap. I said to the naturalized Turk's islander, whom I suspected to be a scoffer, "Peter, when do they sacrifice the babies?" Peter looked both amused and shocked. "Don't ax me, boss," said he, "dar's anoder man yere speaks English, and if dey was to know what you axed me, dar would be trouble sure."

"But, Peter," I continued, "what is that man with the knife in his hand, handling these babies for in the corner?"

"Why, boss, dat's jes' on'y to scare 'em. Dey scarcifices no babies; nottin' but chickens and goats. If dey was to scarifice a baby dey'd all git shot."

With one or two exceptions all the men and women were dead drunk when Joe and I left that night to grope our way by the light of the stars to the road leading to Juana Mende.

That babies have been eaten at some of these feasts there is no question. It is only two years ago since a woman was shot for consuming the large number of twenty-one; but, from all the reliable information I can obtain, cases of cannibalism are now of phenomenal occurrence. If babies are still used anywhere as festal delicacies it is done in profound secrecy, for the law sets its face against cannibalistic practices and Malthusian heresies.

THE QUESTION OF SMELL.

For hospitality both races are equally famed, though in the choice of travel I should prefer going among the Dominicans who, without being any cleaner in their habits than the Haytians, are more neutral in the matter of smell. The climate of Port au Prince is a few degrees warmer and less pleasant than that of any town in Dominica, while the climate of Cape Haytien, in Hayti, is superior to any on the entire island. I doubt if Naples can compete with

CAPE HAYTIEN

in the matter of blue skies and balmy breezes. It was here in the long ago 50,000 Frenchmen settled and called the place "Petit Paris." An earthquake came in 1842 and buried 8,000 people in the wreck of the beautiful town. To visit it now is very like strolling through the ruins of Pompeii, with the exception that the one speaks exclusively of the dead past, while the other, rising rapidly from its ashes, strews around reminders of the living present. San Domingo city, the capital of Dominica, is a cleaner place and is richer in historical associations than the capital of this country, but it is as far behind Port au Prince in commercial wealth as Baltimore is behind New York. The soil, scenery and harbor accommodations of Hayti are superior to those of Dominica. The leading article of export from the latter is tobacco, from the former coffee. Hayti has genuine coal mines. Dominica, so far, has revealed no better fuel than lignite. General Brice, a native of Port au Prince, has commenced a railroad from here, and will start for the States in a few weeks to purchase his rolling stock. It will be some time before a native of the other side of the island imitates his example.

POOR MATERIAL FOR DEMOCRACY.

As to the fitness of either people to carry on a republican form of government I have a few words to say. Both countries are Republics nominally—that is, each has an elective President and an elective House of Representatives, and there all of popular government begins and ends. The President of Hayti is elected by the Chambers, the members of which obtain their seats after the manner of the owners of pocket boroughs in England. The President of Dominica can elect himself as often as he likes, provided the army is on his side. In neither country is there any conception of the real nature of a republican form of government. A popular vote has no binding efficacy, and the popular candidate for President is he who inspires most terror by his sword. Every man of the grade of general believes he ought to be President, and when you have two or three hundred in one country cherishing this faith and holding popular suffrage in supreme contempt as a thing of no consequence "revolutions" will come and go like April showers. Here is my friend

GENERAL LORQUET,

civil and military commander of this arrondissement, with the eye of an eagle and the face of a roused lion, before whom all alone armed mobs have quailed and melted away. He is in favor of General Dominique for next President because he is senior officer of the army, and he intimates that his turn as President should follow Dominique as he follows in seniority, and he swears by the tall top of La Coupe Mountain that unless it does he will try, like Trenawney's men, and know the reason why. How can a country prosper where there is so much uncertainty, so much instability, so much plotting and counter plotting?

The clear truth is neither Haytians nor Dominicans, nor the Spanish-American races anywhere, understand the science of republican government, and the result of their ignorance is to turn into a positive curse what to us is an inestimable blessing. What a rich and delightful land this would be were it governed by the wise and kindly absolutism exercised over Brazil by the Emperor Dom Pedro! The blight of the country is its mock republican government, which gives

NO SECURITY TO PROPERTY,

allows no toleration of adverse opinions and encourages every weak ambition to lawless outrages in the name of reform and revolution. If Senator Sumner could only see this country and its people with his own eyes he would shake his head and say as I do, "Give them a dictator or an absolute monarch, for their Republic is a travesty and a crime against the people."

THE OLD DARKY EMPEROR.

Had Soulouque, who reigned here as Emperor some years ago, only a trifle more sense and intelligence he could have accomplished wonders for the country. He had plenty of backbone and allowed no trifling with his authority. Capital came and settled here during his reign and there was ample protection for life and property, but he was a vain and selfish old chap, and along with saddling a lot of dukes, counts and barons of his creation on the country he grabbed all the surplus revenue on which he could lay his hands. He was an imperial Bill Tweed and died worth thirty millions. They had a king here in the halcyon days of Hayti over fifty years ago named Christophe, a magnificent old darky who thought nothing of shooting twelve men of a morning with his own hands by way of an appetizer.

A VAST UNDERTAKING.

I have been looking at his famous citadel, near Cape Haytien, and I am at a loss to know why it is not put down among the wonders of the world. It covers the table of a mountain peak as high as Mount Washington and almost as steep as the Palisades. That table comprises fifty acres. The walls are 180 feet high, with room enough on top to march forty men abreast. It had accommodation for 20,000 soldiers and 20,000 civilians. Its armament comprised 3,000 cannon, and there was magazine room for half a million kegs of powder. Over the principal and only entrance was a vast iron tank for melting lead, and machinery to precipitate the scalding liquid on the heads of a storming party.

THE TERRIBLE CHRISTOPHE.

Here Christophe resolved to flee with his people, if the French ever again conquered his country. He yoked 100 men to a gun when he wanted it hauled to the top of the mountain. One day half the contingent of a gun revolted against the exhausting labor. Christophe rode up, learned the state of affairs, and there and then this sweet tempered King shot with his own hands fifty of the revolters and made the rest take the gun to the top. He built a magnificent palace at the foot of the mountain and called it "Sans Souci," the ruins of which may be seen to this day. Finally this old ruffian was paralyzed in one of his limbs, and the news of the happy casualty induced a rising of the people against his authority. When he heard of this he called for his six brace of pistols and swore not a man of the revolters should be left alive, but finding himself unable to mount his horse and balked in his vengeance, he turned around and blew his brains out. Now Hayti was never more prosperous than in that King's reign. He had a law strictly enforced that no boy should grow up without learning a trade or some useful occupation. Idleness was prohibited, and as a consequence there was no poverty. Had the King been less inhuman and more enlightened he could have founded a dynasty which might have come down to this day, strong in the affections of a rich and contented people.

A REPUBLIC WHICH PROVES A CURSE.

Now what is the condition to-day? A general feeling of insecurity, because no one can tell from one hour to the other what is about to become of the government. Last month twenty-two young men were shot up at Gonaives for starting a cry in favor of Salomon for President. I landed at Cape Haytian from a schooner, on which Miss Salnave and her younger brother, offspring of ex-President Salnave, who was shot, were passengers. We were about twelve in number, and as we marched in the blazing sun from one general's office to another, at each of which a look at the passports was demanded, the Salnaves received a perfect ovation. Women rushed out of their houses to kiss Miss Salnave and her brother, and lots of spruce young fellows offered themselves as an escort. Miss Salnave has a fine, durable, ebony complexion, and when I heard her greeted by a sable sister with the remark, "Why, how sunburnt you are," I wondered if it were meant for sarcasm.

A MYSTERIOUS PASSPORT.

The authorities were uneasy at the attentions showered on the Salnave party, and in consequence all the innocent outside passengers came in for much unfounded suspicion. I was the only one without a passport, but the circular in German, from a meerschaum factory in Bremen which I committed to the inspection of the first topiotical major general did the business instantly, as something "no fellah could make out" and had better let slide. Young Salnave was ordered back to the schooner on which he arrived, but his sister was allowed to remain. All this youth needed was a little pluck to start a small revolution just then.

A DICTATOR WANTED.

All this fretting suspense which so paralyzes industry and drives capital away comes of a republican form of government among a people who know no more what it means than they do the nature of the spots on the sun. Give them a Dictator such as Guzman Blanco, of Venezuela, who is now actively lifting that country from the depths of wretchedness and bankruptcy. They have a man in Hayti who could make her happy and prosperous, because he is enlightened beyond his fellows and has a will of iron, if he would only seize the reins of power and put an end to the mockery of law and liberty carried on in the name of a republic. That is General Lorquet, with whom I had an interesting interview. He is a power with the masses. Of the Jacksonian mould—rugged, stubborn, clear-headed—great confidence is placed in him by all classes. "As long as he commands this arrondissement Port au Prince is safe." Such is the general conclusion. Give this beautiful country a stable, economic and intelligent administration, with a lease of power for twelve or twenty years, and there would be no limit to its prosperity. There is really no animosity to white people, as has been so much represented. On the contrary, the people are kind and civil, and in the country parts are affable and extremely hospitable to foreigners. Of course they are mostly black, but it is wonderful how soon the stranger loses sight of the fact and looks beyond the face to the complexion of the qualities behind it.

INTERVIEW WITH LUPERON.

He Thinks Cabral Has Grown Rusty—His Great Idea of Making Hayti and Dominica One Republic—Preparations for Crossing the Border—Dogged by United States Spies—What the Samana Bay Company May Expect.

LA COUPE, Hayti, April 5, 1873.

I have at last found Luperon and had a long talk with him. The report was untrue that he had started with an invading force for Dominican territory. He had simply made a reconnoissance of the border, in company with another Dominican, formerly an officer in the army. Since his return Minister Curiel, of the Baez Cabinet, passed down the valley of Monte Christi and spoke to various meetings of the people, explaining the rental of Samana Bay to an American company, and broadly stating that the United States government was identified with the enterprise and committed to the protection of Dominican territory. The result of Minister Curiel's speeches was to stir up a strong feeling against the government, and Luperon showed me a bundle of letters he had just received from Dominicans across the border, requesting him to come along, as they were ripe for revolution.

SKETCH OF LUPERON.

I was surprised to find this well-known filibustering chief so youthful in fact and appearance. He is but thirty-four years, so that when he fought to rid Dominican soil of the Spaniards over ten years ago he was barely twenty-two, yet at that time he was a prominent fighter in the ranks of the patriots. He is a well-built, sinewy man, of five feet nine inches, spare in the face, clear and honest in the eye, wearing a small mustache, and showing in his manner and conversation much self-poise and decision. He was dressed in a suit of dark gray, heavy enough for the mountains above us, but rather warm-looking in the valley with the thermometer among the nineties. The blood of three races mingled in his composition. The outline of the face was Indian, the hair decidedly African and the features suggestively Spanish. He answered every question in a pleasant, fluent way and with an uncommon degree of frankness. I had heard he was a great horseman, so we had a trifle of horse talk to start with. He said he once rode the distance between Santiago and Monte Christi in six hours, swimming the River Yaque twice upon the way. I believe the road is about one hundred and twenty miles. This is hardly credible.

WHAT LUPERON THINKS OF CABRAL.

"General," I inquired, "what are the relations between you and Cabral. I shall start to see Cabral in a few days, and should be glad to know beforehand if you and he are on good terms, and also whether he or you hold the superior command, and which of you intends to move on the frontier first?"

"You overwhelm me," said Luperon, laughing, "but I shall endeavor to answer your questions *seriatim*. There was a difference between myself and General Cabral, but it is in a fair way to be entirely removed. I complained of Cabral's slowness and lack of co-operation. He has been here now over three years and has done nothing. He reminds me of a man living on his relations and making no effort to shift for himself. Had he co-operated with me a year ago I should have been in St. Domingo city now. I wrote to him to say he was getting old and rusty, and that it was time for him to wake up and be stirring. He had an idea that I should play a subordinate part, and had no title to dictate a programme or suggest a policy. Now, I claim to represent

THE TRUE IDEA OF THE PATRIOTS

in both the eastern and western parts of the island. I feel satisfied the two peoples can be brought together, and one republic established on this island strong enough to be independent of outside aid, and bold enough to resist outside interference. This has been the dream of my life, and I shall test the force that is in it. As to which of us holds the superior command it is really a matter that should not affect our relations. My attention is directed to the northern, his to the southern frontier. We can co-operate with perfect harmony, without disputing who is first or second in command. Should we be successful and drive Baez out still there need be no dispute, for the people would be free to decide on a candidate for the Presidency. As far as I am concerned I have no ambition for the place. I want to see the integrity of my country preserved. I look upon the atrocity of Baez in giving away Dominican soil to foreigners as deserving of death. Do you imagine our people approve of what has been done? No, Señor. How would Americans like to have President Grant sell the peninsula of Florida to a party of foreigners and put the money in his own pocket? That would be an analogous case. The people of the eastern part of the island have been swindled, and they mean to have redress.

READY TO MOVE ON THE BORDER.

As to which of us intends to move on the frontier first I cannot speak definitely. I am ready to start to-morrow. I can command two thousand rifles now; but I might say the armament is subordinate to the question of transportation and supplies. There is no army in the world needs so little in the way of subsistence as the Dominican. They can march without shoes and they can live on sugar cane ever so long; but I should prefer a hundred men well mounted to five times the number on foot, because very much depends on rapidity of movement. I am waiting to see what my friends across the border are prepared to furnish before I initiate operations.

WHO SUSTAINS THE ENTERPRISE.

"Allow me to ask you, General, who are your aiders and abettors in this enterprise?"

"Well, that is rather pointed; but I have no objection to state that several of the promises of assistance I have received come from outside of this island.

"Has the Haytian Government promised you assistance?"

"Not exactly. They are friendly and sympathizing and have been at pains to secure harmony of sentiment and action beween General Cabral and myself."

"Have any of the merchants of St. Themas or Curacoa promised to advance the sinews of war?"

"There are people in both those places, who would, no doubt, be willing to help us; but I have not asked them. Not that I should be ashamed to request help from them, but I wanted to see my way clear to the end of this undertaking, before making application. In case of failure their money would be lost, and my aim is to make failure in the least degree possible."

WHAT THE SAMANA COMPANY MAY EXPECT.

"What would you do with the Samana Bay Company in case you triumphed and were elected President?"

"The first thing I should do would be to institute a rigid investigation into the manner by which the sale or rental of the peninsula was brought about. I should compel the company to make a clear, sworn statement of all the property they now claim to hold under treaty, and all outside of the Peninsula of Samana, for which they pay no rent and have not paid for in fee simple nor in any other way, I should demand to be returned to the Government. I am informed this company claims to own more land than is on the face of the treaty, and that Baez has his share hidden away with the rest. Having ascertained this much I should let the people be fully informed of the exact character of the Samana scheme, and then without pressure or intimidation, and in the freest and fullest manner, take a vote on the question. In the meantime these American gentlemen at Samana would remain in undisturbed possession of their property, fulfilling the terms of their agreement and awaiting the honest decision of the Dominican people."

"However, I suppose you are not hostile to the introduction of capital into the country after the manner of the Samana Bay Company?"

"By no means. I should welcome capital from any and every quarter, but I want

NO UNDERHAND SCHEMES,

in the name of commercial speculations, looking to the destruction of the country's nationality. From all I can learn this Samana business is a cover for annexation, and to that I am opposed and will be opposed as long as I live. The people are against annexation. The moment Minister Curiel said to them that the United States was behind the speculation a *prise d'armes* was organized along the line and expresses sent from several points calling me to take command and lead them against the government. I shall be there time enough."

"If you believe yourself that the United States government is identified with the Samana Bay Company and friendly to Baez have you not some fears of invading Dominican territory and meddling with this American property?"

UNITED STATES SPIES WATCHING LUPERON.

"On the contrary, the knowledge of the fact that the United States is interfering in this matter stimulates me to greater opposition. If the United States government—or, rather, President Grant—has not an interest still in St. Domingo and is not watching an opportunity for annexation, why do they keep spies around this country, dogging my footsteps? Every move I make is reported at Washington, and I suppose your Secretary of State shares his information with President Baez. But I don't care. Everybody knows my intentions, and the surveillance of American spies will have little effect in preventing me from carrying out my programme."

"But, General, don't you think annexation would help the country?"

HAPPY WITHOUT ANNEXATION.

"No, Señor. I speak as a native—a lover of my country. We have not all your advanced civilization; but see how happy we are without it. Our wants are few and easily supplied. We are frugal, temperate and contented. With annexation we might possibly have more pelces of silver to counterbalance our loss of nationality, and more mechanical contrivances to set off against the heart-burning jealousies of alien domination. High as my regard is for America I hope I shall never live to see this island annexed to it. That and that alone I shall fight against forever. I see by the HERALD you were kind enough to lend me that a handful of Indians in California have for some time been keeping at bay the forces of the government. With a few hundred men how long do you suppose it would take a foreign army to drive me out of the mountains of St. Jean de Goava? Well, somewhere about half a century."

SAMANA A BLIND.

"Then you are satisfied the United States government means annexation, and is using the Samana Company only as a blind?"

"That is it—as a blind. Now, the people begin to see better where the double dealing is, and they are growing more and more inflamed over the manner in which they have been duped. I see they have a new governor in Samana."

FABENS TOUCHED OFF.

"Yes, General. His name is Colonel Joseph Warren Fabens, a gentleman of great personal beauty and highly uncommon talents."

"*Caramba!* Uncommon talents! I should say so. I know the oily Fabens well. He and Cazneau were in business together in St. Domingo City some years ago, but Fabens was never contented with an ordinary business. He wanted to be dabbling in diplomacy and speculation, and the fellow is at the bottom of all this annexation agitation. But he has no practical brains. To give you an instance. He went into a speculation in camels at one time, and brought some thirty or forty to the island, expecting to acclimate them and propagate the species. It was afterwards discovered that he left all the males in St. Domingo city, and had the females shipped to Monte Christi, 300 miles away. I wonder where his brains were then?"

THE LAZY CABRAL.

"Is Cabral too old for active operations in the field?"

"No, not too old. He is about fifty-eight, but he is too lazy. I am not disposed to disparage the General in any way, but he has left himself open to very unfavorable comment in this country by forever pretending to be on the eve of doing something and never doing anything. I have been waiting long enough for his co-operation, and if he fails to come to time on this occasion I shall consider myself bound to act with entire independence of him. The border people clamor for me to come."

PLAN OF OPERATIONS.

"Allow me to ask what might be your plan of operations."

"The truth is, I have several plans, and which of them I shall adopt after crossing the line must depend on circumstances. I can cross over to Guayacanas, on the Yaque River, and be in Porto Plata three days after leaving the border. Porto Plata can supply the sinews of war for an advance on St. Domingo City, and my private opinion is that before I get there Baez will be on his way to Europe, where his money is invested; but then a great deal must be contingent on the action of the people, of whom I have strong hopes. If you care to come along I can furnish you with a horse, and pledge myself to provide you with three meals of sugar cane per day."

"Thank you, General. The attraction is very great; but there is really more excitement in New York. Hoping you may have a pleasant time and enjoy good health on your approaching journey, I beg to say farewell," and we parted, the General jumping briskly from his chair and accompanying me to the head of the stairs. A change of government may at any moment be expected in San Domingo, and this is the result of afflicting such countries with the sham of republicanism.

RELICS OF SABLE IMPERIALISM.

Princess Soulouque and Her Most Magnificent Rig—A Quarter Million Dollars' Worth of Diamonds, Silks and Sapphires on Horseback—An Imperial Supper—The Arabian Nights Eclipsed.

PORT AU PRINCE, Hayti, April 7, 1873.

To have a princess and the only daughter of an emperor for a companion in a three-mile ride is a circumstance not of everyday occurrence in the travelling experience of a newspaper man. Princesses are common enough in Europe. They are scarce with us in the United States, except on the stage, and in the West Indies I doubt if there be any other now living except the imperial beauty I accompanied to town yesterday morning. Our Minister, Mr. Ebenezer Bassett, who, as you are aware, is not a blonde but a brunette of the proscribed shade, has as lovely a place of residence outside the steaming city of Port au Prince as may be found in the tropics. Bassett is a splendid fellow and deserves to live in a palace, which, I am happy to say, he does. He stretches his legs of an evening, after his work is done, on the imported tiles once trod by the august pedal extremities of the Emperor Soulouque. In another palace, a few hundred yards above our Minister's residence, embowered in palms, almond and mango trees, lives the relict of Soulouque, and there, likewise, resides his only daughter, the Princess Soulouque. Count von Bokkelyn, Major Burke, Chief Engineer Bushnell, of the Haytian Navy, and other guests of the Minister, had all gone to town when the Princess rode down to the broad piazza where I was sitting engaged measuring with a telescope the character of a vessel distinctly visible sixty miles away on the pale silver rim of the horizon. The morning was lovely beyond description, and the whole air was thick with the perfume of the jasmine.

THE PICTURE IN FRONT

of the house was all the heart could desire—a busy town below, a peaceful rippling sea beyond, tree-clad mountains, scattered clusters of royal palms and vivid patches of varying green, forming a mosaic in verdure over the spreading lawns surrounding the dwelling. It was while all this splendid tropical beauty was at its best, and the dewdrops still glistened on the rosebushes, that the vision burst upon me which I am about to describe. Mounted on a cream-colored Venezuelan horse seventeen hands high, with white mane and tail, was a lady about two shades removed from the complexion of anthracite coal. She was dressed as no other lady I ever saw before was ever dressed on horseback. Her rig was unique, novel, gorgeous. Her riding robe was sky-blue silk, and around her waist she wore

A SASH OF GOLD

that fluttered in a dazzling streamer behind her. Her hat was plumed with scarlet ostrich feathers. Her ample bosom heaved beneath a sapphire brooch as large as a saucer and her ears sustained the weight of $30,000 of diamond brilliants. A necklace of diamonds contributed to the dazzling splendor of her apparel, and its value might be roughly estimated at about $100,000. Her gloves were yellow doeskin, worn with long gauntlets, such as the English Life Guards wear. The handle of her riding whip was studded with rubies and emeralds, and the bridle chain of her horse was of solid glittering silver. This was the dead Emperor's daughter, Princess Soulouque, once the bright particular star of the imperial palace and the beloved idol of Port au Prince. She was proceeding to the city and so was I, and as we happened to be acquainted we went together. I wanted to see the effect of all that gorgeous raiment and adornment on the broad plain of the Champ de Mars. She talked with much animation as we rode along through the odorous lanes and pointed with

HER RIDING WHIP

to the ruins of her father's palace. "And there you passed so many happy days," I sympathizingly observed. "Oh! yes," she responded, "happiest of my life; so nice a place. It was (with a sigh) *trop de bonheur;* but where's the use to regret?" and she laughed in a light, ringing, silvery tone that was music in itself. Soon we were on the soft, green carpet of the level Champ de Mars, and her noble steed leaped exultingly forward. Then he cavorted around for some time

DANCING A POLKA ON HIS HIND LEGS,

after the fashion of the military trained horses of the country. Finally, he made a break for town, with his quarter of a million of freight, and as he moved like a whirlwind the lovely Princess seemed like a brilliant meteor, wherein all the colors of the rainbow and all the gems of the ocean blended and shone. It had been some time before since the Princess visited the city, though living within a quarter of an hour's ride. Her appearance was recognized half a mile away, and all the people crowded to the doors and windows, work ceased along the street, the men removed their hats and the women bowed in melting admiration. The entrance of the Princess created a profound impression, yet I could not help thinking if the same moving picture met the vulgar and irreverent gaze of the folks of some town of Illinois or Indiana the profane remark would have been made—"By jingo, here comes a circus!" I left the Princess at the residence of a former lady of rank, relict of the Duc de Marmalade.

But I must hurry on to the event that wound up the day—the supper at the country palace. There were twenty guests and exactly twenty waiters—the latter dressed in

SCARLET CLAWHAMMERS,

green silk vests, blue plush breeches and yellow stockings. They were as black as the familiar ace of spades and they must certainly have used up a barrel of flour in powdering their wool. They sifted a good deal of this over the guests' shoulders during the supper. The tea service was a present from the Emperor of China and the water pitcher from the Mikado of Japan. The walls of the room were hung with tapestry from the Gobelins; the floor was composed of porphyry tiles, and from the ceiling was suspended a golden censor that filled the room with the most delicious odors. The dinner service was all gold and the tablecloth was a present from the Grand Llama of Thibet. There were twenty-three courses and the whole so elaborate and so utterly different in style from anything of the kind at home as to defy intelligent description. Two hours were consumed at the dinner and samples of the most precious wines of France moistened and illuminated the gastronomic part of the business. Singing birds filled the room and a band of music wrestled with operatic airs on the balcony. I sat next to the Princess, but the ponderous flounces of her brocade dress kept me four feet from her elbow. I found her a lady of great common sense, of the most polished manners, highly educated, speaking six languages with fluency and at home in music, painting and sculpture. It was policy, not want of taste, that suggested the extraordinary rig of the morning. Minister Bassett was a guest and the life of the company. He was ably supported by Count Van Bokkelyn, whose genial stories about yellow fever and its playful caprices were duly appreciated. The Empress was on hand, dressed in rainbow satin. She proved

A VERY INTERESTING LADY

and her accomplishments all the way up from the kitchen to the *salon* are too numerous to mention. Her son-in-law, the Marquis Lubin, a gentleman resembling that famous knight of the trowel, Mr. A. Garvey, but twice as large, presided, and made a very jolly host. Chief Engineer Bushnell, the only white man in the Haytian navy, and the only one who never gets seasick on a cruise sang later in the evening some of Beranger's chansons. The Princess and the Count

DANCED A MINUET,

and "Old Virginny" was given by the Empress and Major Burke, of Jamaica, with a vim that drew forth applause even from the musicians. The English Consul General, Mr. St. John, declined to dance a hornpipe, so General Lorquet kept the fun up by executing a Highland fling. The evening wound up with a brilliant display of fireworks, a torchlight procession and ice cream. The income of the Princess is about a quarter of a million a year, and the people say she deserves it all, because she knows how to spend it.

SOCIETY IN PORT AU PRINCE.

is very gay, especially in July and August, and a favorite drinking song among the white and creole bucks is a French translation of the British India song:

"Ho! stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis here the illusion lies;
Hurrah for the dead already,
Here's to the next that dies."

The people are very polite and Frenchy, and if one could forget the color he might easily imagine himself in the Faubourg St. Denis, Paris. They dress in very capricious ways, and it is no uncommon thing to see a man with a pair of patent leather boots and a hiatus in the aft section of his pantaloons, but still they are a very interesting people.

OPPOSITION TO SAMANA.

The Splendid Bay of Mancanille—The Baez Government Willing to Sell Dominican Territory in Lots to Suit Purchasers—The Folly of Annexation—A People Unfit for Union or Communion with the Great Republic.

CAPE HAYTIEN, Hayti, March 30, 1873.

If there be any capitalists still left in Wall street or thereabouts anxious to compete for fortune with the Samana Bay Company I would recommend them to send in proposals to Messrs. Baez, Curiel & Co., directors of the Dominican government, for the purchase of Mancanille Bay, which, without being quite as large as that of Samana, is nevertheless a splendid bight of the sea. The finest river in the country, the Yaque, navigable for steamboats eighty miles falls into it. Coffee lands are on the right hand shore and cotton lands on the left. I spent three days exploring the bay, the river and the country around it, and in a circuitous trip of over sixty miles met with but one solitary habitation; yet the wondrous soil of the region back from the bay might sustain a million of people. Curiel, the Minister of Finance, implored me to go and see it, and say that the Dominican government were willing to rent out the bay "and adjoining grounds to responsible parties at reasonable rates." Being border land it has no attraction for individual settlers, but a company flying the Stars and Stripes would soon stop the bushwhacking amusements that prevail and make the country suitable for people unused to firearms and accustomed to go to church. Curiel thinks that if this bay were rented out annexation would be hastened and placed beyond peradventure, because if you draw a line from Samana to Mancanile you cut the island in twain. Annexation is

THE DARLING OBJECT

after all at the palace in St. Domingo city and in the White House at Washington. In the letting out of Mancanile Bay American capitalists will have the preference over all others. It will go for less than Samana, but it will pay better, for there is a natural wagon road extending a hundred miles into the interior, besides the river, which is navigable nearly the same distance. There are six fathoms of water within a jump of the shore around the bay, and, if so disposed, you can sit here in a boat all the day long and watch the sea-cows grazing on the sea clover at the bottom, forty feet under your keel. In the beautiful, but deserted valleys, back from the bay—especially that of Saveneta—you ride in guinea grass as high as the pommel of your saddle. The Spaniards found silver in the mountains, and here my friend Oley, the star of promise in the West India Company, fished out the four dollars' worth of gold which stirred up such

A FEVER OF HOPE

in the breast of Sam Barlow. Why the engineers of the Samana concern neglected to take a look at this part of the country I cannot understand. It was very little out of their way, and Baez, in an impulse of generosity, might, if asked, have thrown it in for nothing with the Samana bargain. Now it is likely to fall into the hands of an opposition company, for Curiel says that Baez is not bound to exclude other purchasers of real estate in favor of the West India Company. On the contrary, he is rather disposed to cut up the whole territory of the Republic into lots and offer it for sale in quantities to suit purchasers.

Regarding annexation, your correspondent's thoughts and conclusions, after some experience of the country (quite enough for a sound judgment), are that the Republic of the United States will secure no benefit by the acquisition of the island, whether it be the Haytian or Dominican part. To aid the material interests of the Dominican people we could do no better thing than annex the island. It would help them much, but it would add nothing to our wealth, integrity or prosperity. On the principle of doing good at our own expense to helpless and impoverished n