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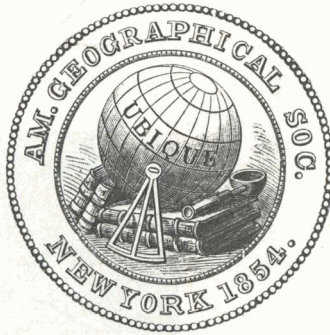
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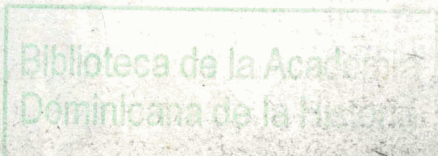
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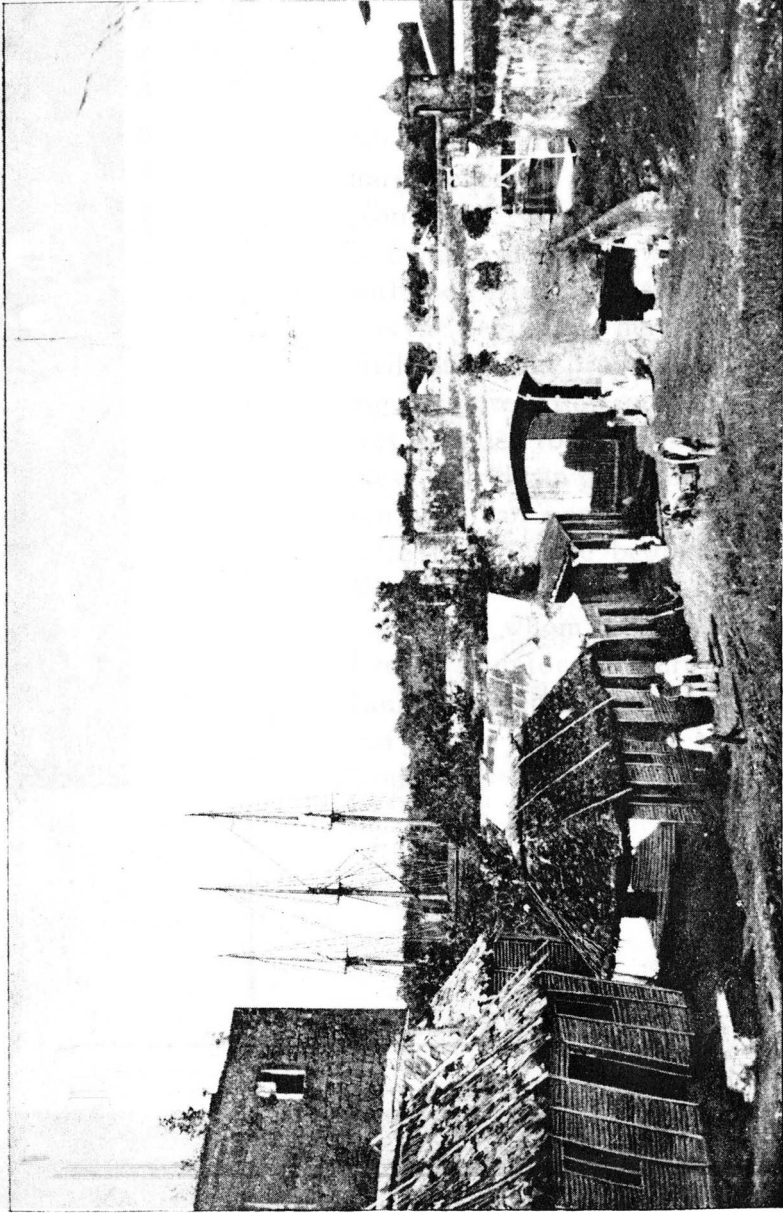
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DON DIEGO GATE AND PALACE, SANTO DOMINGO.

BULLETIN
OF THE
AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Vol. XXIII

1891

No. 4

SANTO DOMINGO CITY.

BY

NATHAN APPLETON.

Santo Domingo! The oldest European city in the Western Hemisphere! The cradle of that extraordinary movement of European or Old World energy and pioneering, which, having begun nearly four hundred years ago, has been sweeping across the Atlantic Ocean with increasing intensity ever since. Here at any rate was the beginning, here was the dawn of the new era of civilization and progress. In this city you have a feeling of appreciation of what the current meant, what it was intended to accomplish, that no other place in the New World can give you. By a little flight of imagination you can people the streets again with those who were here in the beginning of the sixteenth century. You can see the great Admiral, Christopher Columbus himself, of whom there is a superb bronze statue by the French sculptor Guilbert in the Cathedral plaza, with an Indian maiden below, writing a tribute to his fame. You can see his brother and son, Bartholomew and Diego. You can see his companions and followers, Ojeda, Balboa,



Pizarro, Oviedo, Ponce de León, Cortés, Enciso, De Soto, Bobadilla, Ovando, Las Casas and a host of others, soldiers and sailors, priests of many religious orders, merchants and marauders, and a crowd of those who had come to seek their fortunes in the island of Hispaniola, or in the many other places, to reach which Santo Domingo City was the rendezvous and point of departure. The soft tropical air is full of the romance of the past, a romance often suggestive of noble deeds and aspirations for a true and progressive civilization, on the one hand, and, on the other, filled with deeds of cruelty and stained with a shedding of innocent blood which has been a tale of horror to the world ever since.

But let us leave all this flight of fancy for the present, and imagine ourselves dropping anchor in the bay, or open roadstead, about half a mile from the city itself. A boat will soon take us to the wharf by the Custom House on the Ozama river, which is the real harbor, and, as we are rowed comfortably along, with an umbrella to keep off the rays of the sun, we can get a very good idea of the place, as seen from the sea, just as it was and is. The line of walls on the sea front, or south side, is about 1,000 yards in very good condition, and broken here and there with forts and bastions, their stone sentry boxes still defying the touch of man or the elements. A modern lighthouse, with spiral steps and a revolving colored light, is just about midway, and behind you see the roofs of the houses, with here and there the dome of a church, and dotted about in various places the graceful palm, mango and other tropical trees. As you reach the junction of the Ozama river and the sea, you obtain a splendid view of the citadel, or principal fortification of the



place, and, standing well up in the centre, and dominating the mass of buildings, is the tower or prison. It is an imposing structure, perhaps as much to-day when used as a signal tower for all vessels approaching the harbor, as in former times when it was more to protect the city from the attacks of vessels, which did not come on missions of peace and commerce.

You see the fort with its water batteries and inclined approaches, and places which in bygone days were bristling with guns. It will well repay one to make a visit inside, for it is very extensive, and with its outlook over the river and ocean, could easily be turned into a delightful promenade or pleasure resort, at the same time not removing one of the old stones, or taking away the antiquated guns and other relics, of which there are many. The buildings could readily be put in comfortable and habitable shape, so as to be used not only as barracks for soldiers or sailors, but for any other purpose, such as a hospital, or simple dwellings.

Strolling about one afternoon I came across a quantity of old Spanish guns, which would be a curiosity in any national museum, as they had those great uncouth wheels made out of four pieces of wood, as you see in old prints, and in this case the wood was mahogany.* I saw also a French gun dated 1776, a date very dear to us Americans, and also a piece of modern American design, the three inch rifled, or ordnance gun, which I well remembered, as it was just the same as some I served with in the Army of the Potomac more than twenty-five years ago. An old anvil I also noticed, and,

* One of these gun carriages, given to the writer, is now in the U. S. National Museum at Washington.



though made of wood, mahogany or some harder kind, it looked as if it had stood the blows of centuries, and was good for service still.

That the buildings comprising the citadel or arsenal have been put up at various times, and are not all very old, can be seen from the following inscription, which is over the most imposing gate on Colon (Columbus) Street. Between two tall Doric columns in good preservation, and with ornaments above, these words have been cut in the stone :

SE EDIFICO

REINANDO CARLOS III.

AÑO

MDCCLXXXVII.

On the side of the Ozama river the walls are about 1,100 yards long, and then turning at a right angle, and so continuing for a short distance they deflect toward the west, and are built on the incline of the hill, and in a straight line for 1,700 yards towards the village of San Carlos. A fourth side of the five sided city brings you to the ocean and southwest corner of the city, making its entire circumference about 4,500 yards.

There were originally but two gates, that on the Ozama river, called the Puerta Diego, in honor of the son of Columbus, and another at the western side of the town known as the Puerta del Conde at the end of the street de la Separacion, and not far from the north-western angle of the city, which leads directly into the country. The walls, generally speaking, are in a very good state of preservation, though the needs of modern circulation of men and merchandise have caused several



new gates to be opened, but they interfere little with the general harmony of the lines. In one place the wall has recently tumbled down for a short distance, but the tropical vegetation will soon cover it, and perhaps only add to the picturesque effect. The most striking view of them is along the slope on the northern side, where there are some six forts or bastions, so arranged that guns could sweep all the converging country roads.

The configuration of the ground is such that a driveway could easily be made both inside and outside the walls, while the pedestrian could, with a few repairs in different places, make nearly the circuit of the city on the walls themselves, which are of great thickness. I do not hesitate to state that there is no walled city in the world of the size and date of Santo Domingo which is more interesting archaeologically and constructively, while the wonderful tropical vegetation softens the effect by half covering it with luxurious growth. Were its beauties and historical features better known, it would be visited by hundreds of thousands of persons from all parts of the world.

Certainly next in interest, (if not indeed before) to the fortifications and walls, come the churches, convents and nunneries. The two latter have been abolished for a long time, and their buildings are either ruins, or have been put to some other use; while most of the churches, including the Cathedral, are still devoted to the service of the Church of Rome. It is curious to note, especially in the Spanish colonies, how the sword of the soldier was followed by the gown of the priest, and the terrorism of destroying the body was supplanted by that of the supposed saving of the soul, so that the poor na-



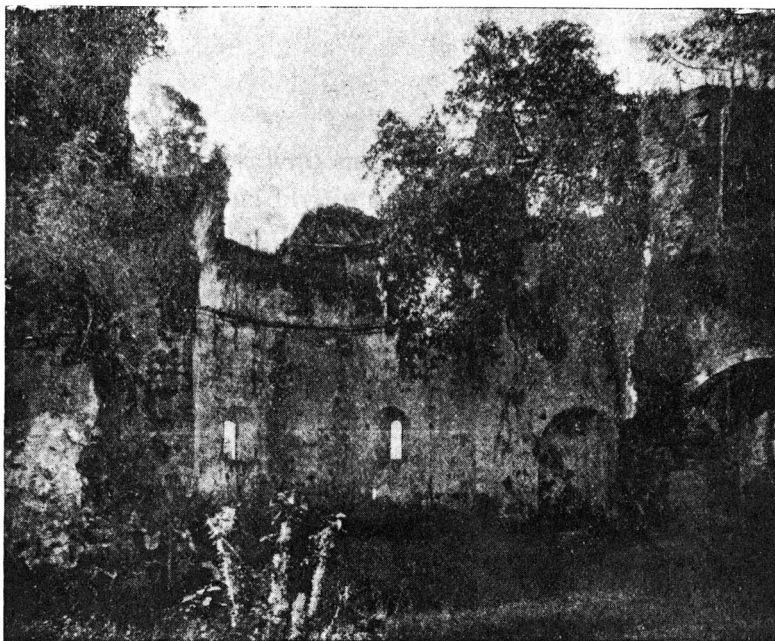
tives, with their simple religion of tradition, were in the difficult position of a choice of evils.

Of the religious ruins by far the grandest is that of the San Franciscan convent and church, which you reach by a stroll of about a quarter of a mile up a gentle incline from the Diego gate. From the side wall of the principal chapel away back through the cloisters and refectory to a well in the rear must be between four and five hundred feet, while the land included in the buildings is several acres in extent. As a ruin it is picturesque in the extreme, with trees growing on its very summit, and a mass of vegetation and ferns and wild flowers below. Over the entrance of the convent are the twisted cords of the Franciscan Order of monks, while under the main portal of the church, or near it, in a side chapel, tradition says that the body of Alonso de Ojeda reposes, who expressed as his dying wish that he, after his checkered career, should be allowed to lie there in peace to prove the mutability of human life. Several attempts have been made to find his bones, but without success. Part of the building is now used as an asylum for the insane.

The hotel in which this was written, known as the Hotel Français or Philipot, from the energetic Frenchman who is its proprietor and who presides over the cuisine as only a Frenchman can, was formerly the priory of the Franciscan convent, as can be seen from the twisted tassels of the Order also over its principal door. There is one large gargoyle or ornamented waterspout, remaining under its eaves, representing what looks like a huge monkey. From the open balcony at which the meals are taken there is a beautiful



view of the ruins not far in the rear. Tradition has it that formerly the priory was connected with the convent by a subterranean passage, and this seems quite possible from the brick and concrete arches and the remains of walls which are in the yard. The walls of the building are two feet in thickness, and the roof is supported by solid mahogany beams.



INTERIOR OF THE FRANCISCAN CONVENT, SANTO DOMINGO.

After the Franciscan, the Dominican church and convent merit most attention, as their remains are very spacious and interesting. The building is situated a little to the east of the centre of the water front on the sea, and three streets back. Part of it is now put to the meritorious use of an evening normal school, well



attended by young workingmen of the city, who cannot leave their trades or occupations during the day-time.

Next should come the Jesuit church and convent, which is now a theatre, and is situated on Colon Street about the centre of the river frontage. From the importance of these three structures it is easy to imagine that there was great rivalry among these three Orders to obtain the mastery in Santo Domingo, and it is probable that between them the Inquisition, with all its horrors, had full sway.

Of the few nunneries that of Santa Clara is now partly in repair, and under the care of some worthy Sisters of Charity, as a home for friendless orphans, and thus also in modern times turned to a good purpose.

The Cathedral in the plaza is a fine building, though it has no high towers, probably from the danger of earthquakes. In it are some handsome chapels, one with a carved reclining figure of Bishop Rodrigo de Bastidas, of Porto Rico, whose father was a friend of Columbus. Here also are the bones of the discoverer Columbus, which are kept in two caskets, one inside the other, under the separate lock and key of three priests, but which are shown to visitors at times on proper application. Near to the Cathedral is the palace of the Archbishop of Santo Domingo, a handsome and comfortable house for the first dignitary of the Church here. The Cathedral was finished in the first half of the sixteenth century, and has been kept in good repair, so that services are now held there. The building is of light yellow, a very common color here, with facings of white. The principal porch, which is on Consistorial Street, is ornamented with some fine carvings in the



stone, and there are also some frescoes of saints that have considerable merit. Farther along to the right in the wall there is a grated niche with a painting of the Saviour, before which candles are generally kept burning.

The Cathedral, with the two churches, Santa Barbara at the end of the street del Comercio in the north part of the city and by the fort of the same name, and the Church de la Rejina in the street de la Universidad, two squares to the west of the Dominican building already mentioned, give an excellent idea of the prevailing color you see in almost all the buildings in the city. The former of these is a bright red, and the latter a clear azure blue, both of them faced, like the Cathedral, with white.

Many of the old houses have at times been painted these different colors, and with the dull gray of age and the blending of the tints do not present a disagreeable sight. Then with the tiled roofs of brick the effect is subdued and made more attractive.

The Church de las Mercedes still exists and is used, though the convent and cloisters adjoining are in ruins. That of San Nicolas is one of the most interesting relics of the old days of Spanish settlement, as it was named after Nicolas Ovando, governor of the place, who doubtless superintended its construction. Very probably it is one of the earliest buildings there, dating from the time when the present Santo Domingo was founded, and this was in 1502. The ruin is very picturesque, with arches in fair condition, and the remains of columns, while over the main door in the street de la Esperanza is left part of a mosaic cross composed of old



Spanish tiles, embedded in the stone. Part of the grounds are now devoted to a private hospital under the care of Dr. Ponce de León.

The little church of San Antonio is a pretty ruin near the northern wall, those of San Miguel and San Lázaro are in use, as also that of del Carmen and the chapel de los Remedios close to the Ozama river, but quite a distance above, as the bank here is high. Near to it is a sun dial which gives the time to-day for all as when it was erected in 1753, as the inscription upon it records.

Of the public buildings of the past in Santo Domingo the most striking is the palace of Diego Colon, the son of the Admiral. It is a fine ruin, and must have been a superb habitation if ever finished and lived in. But here comes in the obscurity, which seems to hang over everything connected with the history of the city. Some will say that it was never occupied, but others think it was partially so, and that Diego, who brought over his wife and quite a retinue of relatives and court followers, used to live in such style that he excited jealousy in Spain. At any rate he went to Spain in 1523, and did not return to Hispaniola.

There is an interesting building in Consistorial Street which is called the Mint, and very likely it was devoted to that purpose, for it does not appear from its construction to have been a private house, and doubtless in the early days much bullion came to Santo Domingo from Mexico and Peru to be melted down and coined. Opposite there is a façade of a house with a medallion head of Christopher Columbus, and others, probably one of King Ferdinand, and two allegorical heads above.

Not far from it is what is known as the "House of



the Three Stories" from the mass of walls and ruins built up on a hill. The houses are almost all of one or two stories in the city. It must have been a palatial residence, but of whom? No one can tell. Any one coming here with the skill and knowledge of the archæologist and engineer combined would find a rich field for research. Every building, every line of walls, every arch ought to be traced out on a map, and so, as Prof. Louis Agassiz has stated that from a few bones of a fish or animal, or even from its fossil remains, the whole could be completed, the entire construction of the old city might be put together.

You enter the unpretentious door of some dilapidated house, and you find yourself in the midst of broken arches and walls which completely puzzle you. Then, as for the wells, often fifty or a hundred feet deep, they seem to be everywhere, and remind you of those you have seen in pictures illustrating Spanish ballads. There must be several hundred of them here, round, and built of stone; at any rate in the yard behind one house which had evidently been an important mansion, I counted at least six. There are also many cisterns for collecting the rain water, which at certain times falls in great profusion.

In this account of the public buildings no mention has been made of the governor's house, or headquarters, recently used as the palace of justice for the meetings of the Supreme Court. It is quite near the Jesuit convent, now the theatre, opposite the sun dial, and overlooks the river Ozama from the high bluff on which it is built. It has evidently passed through many experiences of official life, and, although to-day considerably out of re-



pair, could easily be put in order and made an available building for many purposes.

It is curious that the best part of the city—that is the strip of land inside the fortifications on the sea front—should not have been taken for the finest residences, but so it is. Where there are now a lot of palm-thatched *bohios*, or huts, occupied by the lower classes, there ought to be a drive-way with handsome houses and villas facing the sea, and doubtless this will come in the future. Here, too, is the place, not far from the lighthouse, for a modern hotel, inside the city limits, so that the various points of interest could be easily reached by a short walk, and at the same time right on the border of the sea, whose refreshing waves would dash up almost under the windows of the building. This coast line continuing outside the city walls, and going westward, is very beautiful, for the formation of the rocks is such that the spray is often in many places, even with a light breeze, dashed twenty and more feet in the air. Not far outside of the city, and passing several country estates, you arrive at an excellent place for taking sea baths, known as la Güibia. A reef some distance out prevents the sharks from coming in, and between it, and where the surf breaks on the second beach, there is ample room for plunging in the waves, and swimming as much as you like. Every morning from early dawn you will find plenty of bathers enjoying a dip in the invigorating salt water.

A mile and a half farther on, or perhaps three miles from the city limits, you reach the detached fort of San Jerónimo in good preservation, and a picturesque object on the coast. It was carefully and solidly built, and evi-



dently intended to prevent any hidden approach upon the city from that direction. It could easily be made an attractive resort with a café in its ramparts, from which the cool breezes could be enjoyed.

It is worthy of note that nearly all the forts or bastions on the walls of Santo Domingo are named in honor of some saint; as, for instance, San Antonio, San Francisco, San Miguel, San Lázaro, San Gil, San Fernando, San Diego, while one of them, Santa Bárbara, is named after one of the fair sex, who in some manner seems to have been associated with military matters, especially with the artillery.

And now, as we are out of the limits of the city proper, we might take a look at what there is to be found of interest *extra muros*. First there would come the famous tree of Columbus, which is between the walls and the river, and which, tradition says, was used in the early days of the place to tie vessels moored in the river. It is an immense *ceiba* tree, with wide spreading branches. If these lines should ever come under the eye of the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" it may interest him to know that the writer has measured the tree. He found that at ten feet above the ground, or just at the place where the roots begin to grow downwards and the branches to spread upwards, this huge production of tropical nature measures, in circumference, a very little less than thirty feet.

A short half mile up the river, and on the same side, will bring you to the fountain or well of Columbus, a spring of delicious water which bubbles up quite close to the Ozama river, and which has been used from time immemorial for supplying ships with water. A stone



building has been put up around it, and it is one of the curiosities of the place.

On the eastern bank of the river, where the town of Nueva Isabela was first founded, nought remains of it but the chapel del Rosario, a small and simple but solid building, which was doubtless the first church erected by the Spaniards here. Near to it and up the hill is the village of Pajarito (little bird), a collection of modern *bohios*, with a church, a building for the alcalde, and all the appurtenances of a small town. To cross the river you go by a ferry, but an iron bridge is now in process of construction by some Americans to take the place of the wooden one put up by Mr. Allen Howard Crosby some years ago, and afterwards swept away by the river's force during the rainy season.

Northwest of the city is the village of San Carlos, with an old church, but little else of interest. Near the Conde gate outside are two cemeteries, one for Catholics and the other for Protestants; but considering the antiquity of Santo Domingo, one cannot but be surprised at the small number of graves and at their modernness. You ask where were all the people buried in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—three hundred years of the life of the place—and there is no answer to your question. Very likely many of the remains have been disinterred and consumed by fire at different times.

The longer you stay here and try to make an historical study of Santo Domingo the more you find it hidden in the mystery of the past. There may be records in the Vatican or in Spain, but here there is absolutely nothing to help you. Tradition, and perhaps history,



tells you that about 1495 Miguel Diaz, a young Aragonese who had got into some difficulty with another Spaniard in Isabela, the regular settlement made by Columbus on the north of the island in January, 1494, on his second voyage from Spain, ran away, and, crossing over the land, brought up at last on the banks of the Ozama river. Here he met the beautiful maiden Cacique Zameaca, or Spirit Woven, who was the Princess of the Ozama tribe of Indians. They evidently fell in love at sight, were married, and lived happily for years, until at her suggestion, as she divined that he wanted the companionship of his old friends, he returned to Isabela with a tempting account of gold on the Jaina river and other attractions in the southern part of Hispaniola. His feud with his old enemy, whom he had only wounded, not killed as he had supposed, was made up and he returned with a body of his countrymen. They founded the town of Nueva Isabela and he was its first Alcalde.

But here the troubles of his lovely wife began ; for the Spaniards, with their greed for gold, set the natives at the hardest kind of work, for which physically they were not adapted, and treated them almost as slaves. Zameaca, heartbroken at the misery she had innocently brought upon her people, disappeared from the place and was never heard of again.

The date of foundation of Nueva Isabela has been given by different authorities as that of 1494 and 1496, and so I have selected 1495 as between the two, which may be correct. The tower in the citadel of Santo Domingo is called the Columbus tower, and many persons speak of it as the one in which he was imprisoned by Governor Bobadilla, and from it sent in chains aboard



one of the vessels and so returned to Spain, where he appeared before the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and let them decide for themselves as to the injustice of the treatment to which he had been subjected. But this cannot be accepted as the fact of the case, for Bobadilla arrived at Nueva Isabela in 1500, and it consequently must have been from the east side of the Ozama river that Columbus suffered these cruelties and indignities.

Governor Nicolas Ovando arrived in Hispaniola in 1502, and he at once transferred the city over the river to the place where it exists to-day. One reason for this was the spring of fresh water, already mentioned, which was of the greatest importance to the colonists. The building of the city was pushed forward with great activity, and twenty-five years sufficed to bring it into permanent shape. Indeed the years of its early importance and supremacy can be numbered at, say fifty. The discovery by Balboa of the Pacific Ocean, which led to the occupation of Peru by Pizarro with the atrocities of the Conquest, and that of Mexico by Cortés, greatly changed the situation. So later on it happened that the galleons to Puerto Bello on the isthmus of Darien, and the *flotas* to Vera Cruz in Mexico went to and from Spain without making a rendezvous at Hispaniola. Add to this the colonization of Cuba by Velasquez and that of Florida by Ponce de León, and it is easy to see how the supremacy of Santo Domingo came to a natural end.

Meanwhile, also, many of the neighboring and smaller islands of the West Indies were occupied by different European nations, and early in the 17th century the



English colonization of the Atlantic coast of North America, which had been visited by various navigators shortly after Columbus came to the New World, began in earnest. The French had colonized Canada before this.

It was not until Columbus made his third trip across the Atlantic Ocean that he visited the Ozama river and the site of the city of Santo Domingo. In 1492 he founded the first settlement at Navidad in the bay of Acul, not far from the Cap Haitien of to-day, which in reality was little more than a small stockade fort. On his second voyage to the island he found this place pretty much deserted and in ruins, and selected as the site of the new settlement, which he called Isabela in honor of the queen, a spot not many miles to the west of Puerto Plata, also on the north coast. Of this nothing now remains but ruins.

Before his third voyage, Nueva Isabela had been founded by Miguel Diaz, and there Columbus went in September, 1498, having, after his departure from Spain, visited an island to which he gave the name of Trinidad from its form, and also the coast of South America, without, however, knowing that it was part of the mainland. He remained two years at Santo Domingo and the country in that part of the island, including the celebrated Vega Real, or royal meadow, in which there were settlements made by the Spaniards which often gave him much trouble in their management.

Columbus was sent back to Spain in chains, as already stated, by Bobadilla in 1500, and he remained there long enough to plead his cause before the King and Queen, and obtain the justice which was his due. He then began to make preparations for his fourth and last voy-



age to the Western Hemisphere, but he did not set out upon it until 1502.

He arrived at the harbor of Santo Domingo June 29 of that year, but, by the order of Ovando, was not allowed to go on shore. He continued his voyage in the West Indies, and for the first time visited the coast of the isthmus of Darien, Veragua, and farther north towards Mexico.

This cruise occupied about two years, and, before returning to Spain, he touched again at Santo Domingo, when the same governor, Nicolas Ovando, invited him to land and to remain with him at his house in the city. Shortly after this he returned to Spain and died at Valladolid, May 20, 1506.

Santo Domingo City has passed through many vicissitudes, and has been the theatre of many strange and interesting events, while the beautiful blue water of the roadstead could tell many a tale of naval engagements. Beneath the waves are the wrecks of hundreds of vessels sent there by storms, by striking upon rocks, or by the shots of an enemy.

A few important episodes in the history of Santo Domingo need only be mentioned here. One was the attack and occupation of the place by Admiral Sir Francis Drake, who entered the city January 1, 1587, and took forcible possession of it. He did not remain there long, and was prevented from doing much destruction by the massive solidness of the walls and buildings.

Early in the present century, Gen. Ferrand of France, brought what remained of the ill-starred expedition of Gen. Leclerc, brother-in-law of Napoleon Bonaparte,



across the island from Cap Haitien to Santo Domingo. He remained there several years, and was greatly esteemed as a ruler by the inhabitants. War having broken out between France and Spain at the time when Napoleon put his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain, the French contingent found themselves attacked by the Spanish Dominicans, and, after several defeats and the suicide of Gen. Ferrand, those that remained soon left the place, a mere handful, and returned to France.

From the time that the present Dominican Republic came into existence, February 27, 1844, life has been comparatively peaceful and prosperous in that part of the island. The president of the republic to-day, Gen. Ulises Heureaux, is a ruler who well understands the necessities of the situation and the wishes of his people. He is doing what he can to aid the progress of the country, and the reciprocity treaty with the United States of America, recently put in operation, is one of his wisest acts. He has more than a year still to serve as president, and then will be eligible for re-election for another term of four years, after which he must have a successor for one term, when by the constitution of the country he becomes eligible again.

To form a good idea of the many interesting and picturesque sights and scenes in the city there can be no better post of observation than the windows of the hotel Philipot, the former priory of the San Franciscan Convent. This building is on the Calle del Comercio, (Commercial Street,) with the horse cars passing by it, and directly opposite is the principal market of the city. From early dawn until noon, and even later, there is a going and coming of people, at times quite a crowd, and



the hum of voices floats in through the hotel windows. The market building itself is modern, and well adapted to its purposes, and to the climate. It is a long parallelogram, with entrances at the sides and ends, and a large open space in the centre. The roof is of corrugated iron, but, like part of the rest of the structure has been painted a Pompeian red, so that there is none of that glare so offensive to the eyes. On the front are a great many stalls with meat hanging up, while between it and the street are two stalls devoted to the sale of fish. You see them there in their iridescent tropical colors, large and small, and many of them are excellent eating.

But it is in the groups of women, some inside the building, and others outside, and squatting about the sidewalk that the artist will find his best studies, to which must be added the various itinerant venders, some on foot, some on the jackass (*burro*), the horse, and occasionally one quite comfortably astride of a bull. The assemblage is of all colors, from the deepest black to the purest white, and the women, who predominate, certainly on the curbstone, have their bright and many colored turbans to add to the brilliancy of the scene.

Let us take a group and see what they are selling. You will find the many fruits of the country, bananas or plantains, oranges, pine-apples, *caimitos*, part of which has an acid, but not unpleasant taste, while the piece which connects the fruit with the stem can only be eaten dried and roasted with salt, when it is like our roasted almonds, so much appreciated at fashionable dinners. Then there are *nisperos*, *zapotes*, *guanábanas*, mangoes and many others. Other women are selling vegetables, yams, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, red beans, lettuce,



radishes, rice, etc., etc., while there is plenty of coffee, cacao and brown sugar, which latter three are probably the most valuable products of the land. To them must be added tobacco, and the sale of this is in charge of a man in the corner of the market. It comes in sticks about four feet long, wrapped up in a tight covering of part of the palm tree, just as it is rudely prepared in the country, and so resembles much a huge Bologna sausage. The man skilfully cuts off a piece for the number of *motors** you may wish to expend, and then, as you examine it, you find it is not unlike in color and strength to the famous perique tobacco of Louisiana. Near to him you will find some pipes for sale made here, and in simple artistic forms, of the clay of the country, while another person yet has the stems to go with them.

But enough of the market and the people in it, so let us look at the passers by. First comes the vender of charcoal, who is astride of his jackass, and has on either side a quantity of small baskets, also made from the palm, and filled with charcoal, which is universally used in the kitchens of the place. After him, perhaps, comes the seller of bread, and he is generally mounted upon a horse, it might be difficult to say why, unless it be that bread is a more dignified article than charcoal, and also because he needs an animal that will take him from house to house more quickly than the donkey. He has on either side of his animal a barrel filled with rolls, which are excellent in quality, and have been from time immemorial made by mixing in equal quantities two brands of flour. Each barrel has a great tin cover, on which the man beats a tattoo to announce his visit.

* The smallest nickel coin in circulation, one and a quarter cents.



Then there may be a man having for sale the wild pigeons which at certain seasons of the year fly over the island by millions, and are a much sought article of food. There you see a young fellow selling lottery tickets for the next drawing, which occurs regularly every Sunday afternoon, or a boy with a wooden tray on his head, filled with *dulces*, or the sweetmeats which are always in demand, or a girl may have some little pies made of meat, which are very good.

Imagine next a great lumbering two-wheeled cart, coming down to the wharf from one of the neighboring sugar plantations, and turning round the corner by the market. It has always two yoke of oxen, and, at this season of the year, when the roads are heavy from the rain, three, and in addition to the driver, a boy marches ahead of it to give the right direction to the leading yoke. You will occasionally see running in among the groups about the market a small darkey child of say not more than four years, a perfect picaninny, and with just the amount of clothing he had when first he made his entrance into this world. Sometimes he has a hat on his head, nothing more, while now and then some can be seen whose parents evidently believe that the other end of the body is the more important, for the entire costume will be a diminutive pair of shoes.

It is now about ten o'clock in the morning, and we observe a large and handsome black horse, which came from New York, with generally a trig looking young colored man, "Charlie" by name, upon him, who is the head groom of the President, Gen. Ulises Heureaux. He is leading a second horse, also black, but much smaller, to their regular morning bath in the Ozama, which they, like



most of the other well-kept horses of the place take, and greatly do they enjoy it. The shelving banks of the river are such that at four feet from the shore they can get into deep water, and even have a swim.

The horse is a very important animal in the island, as, from the want of railroads and ordinary carriage roads, locomotion depends almost entirely upon them. Many, and very good ones, are bred here, while others come from Cuba and Porto Rico. They have that easy, ambling gait which will get you over the road a good many miles in an hour, and which is especially adapted to the tropics, where certainly you do not take a ride for the exhilaration of exercise, but simply as a means of getting comfortably from place to place. It is to be noticed that none of the horses have any shoes, and a farrier could not be found on the island, unless it was a person who had learned his trade in some other place. The horses are very sure footed, and can climb up and down what seem almost impassable roads, as the writer knows from experience, and, as the soil is often rocky, (in fact the city of Santo Domingo is built upon a calcareous soil,) and as, moreover, a lame horse or donkey is a very rare sight, it goes to show that shoes are not a necessity to horses, but, like blinders and check-reins, only a useless and often cruel encumbrance.

Now and then a policeman may pass along the street, and exchange a few words with his friends in the market. These policemen are very neat looking, dressed in a light blue tunic and trousers, with a straw hat, and a belt from which is suspended a weapon, which looks like a sword bayonet or a *machete*. This latter instrument is carried by almost all the males of the middle and lower



classes, and it serves for many purposes. They are of various lengths, and are often in ornamental sheaths. They are used to cut a way through the forest, and for this are as skilfully handled as a Maine or Wisconsin lumberman's axe. Again you will see a man with a few clever blows chop off the end of a cocoa-nut, so as to just open it sufficiently to get at the refreshing milk it contains. The machetes come in handy for many household purposes, and are an efficient aid in enabling the native to cut up his food. Hartford, Conn., is the best known place in which they are made, and the famous Collins Co. has doubtless reaped a rich harvest from their sale in every part of America south of the Rio Grande. Though they may give the wearer a somewhat ferocious look, it is very seldom that they are drawn in personal brawls. In fact the people are so peaceful and good natured that the duties of the policemen are very light. You scarcely ever see a drunken man, and this in a place where the question of prohibition is not brought up for discussion, and where the price of rum is so low that in this respect it would even beat cheap American whiskey. The houses of course are open all day, and articles of almost every kind are perfectly safe from the hand of an intruder. The natural instinct of good fellowship prevails everywhere, and laughter and a pleasant greeting in the streets are what you can count upon.

You will be struck with the general neatness of the people, and even the fine clothes of the men and women on Sundays and religious fête days, of which on the average there is at least one a week. Washing clothes, which is extremely well done, forms a lucrative occupa-



tion for the women, and not only do they turn out their own light frocks in good form, but the white, gray and blue suits of the men are as well pressed into shape as any New York dude could ask for. There is also a striking absence of extreme poverty, and you are hardly ever approached by beggars in the streets, except on Saturdays, when they are allowed to ask for assistance abroad or at houses, but, as they do not expect more than the smallest sums, a *motor*, which is one and a quarter cents, or double that, or perhaps five or ten cents, it can be seen that half a dollar or a dollar once a week will go a long way. The Sisters of Charity expect a little more, and very properly, for theirs is a noble work which every one is glad to help.

We can now go down the San Francisco street, pass through the Don Diego gate, and see what is going on at the Custom House, and along the bank of the Ozama river. We will meet a good many carts, as this is the principal thoroughfare up to the town, and also horses and donkeys with their respective loads. The ordinary saddle of these animals is peculiar and merits a description. It is of straw or matting and might be likened in its fitting to the back to a *highly* exaggerated McClellan pattern, so well known in our war. *Highly* is not a bad word, for the rear of the saddle is so elevated that it is a wonder how the leg can be swung over it in mounting. On either side there are huge saddle bags, also of straw, and so large that they can contain what would fill a small cart.

Passing through the gate, which, in the early days of the city, was the only one on the water side, we are on the wharf, where there are generally several vessels.



Some of them may be unloading their cargoes of pine lumber from the United States, always in demand here, with flour and the many other miscellaneous articles sent from our country. There are others from Europe, and a busy scene presents itself. The vessels leaving the port have first of all sugar, the greater portion of which goes to New York, with of course the other agricultural products of the island, and then a large amount of logwood, mahogany, *lignum vitæ*, lancewood, etc. Everything has to pass through the Custom House,* an unpretentious, one storied yellow building, as nearly all the revenues of the government come from the import and export duties; and then the goods can be stored in an open iron warehouse until put upon the ships, or taken into the shops of the city, as it may be.

Close to the Custom House, and up the river about where the station of the "Santo Domingo Shore Line Railroad" to San Cristóbal is to be located, is a small market, especially arranged for the natives who bring down their produce in old-fashioned dugouts, *canoas*, probably of the same type as those used by the Indians when Santo Domingo was founded on the Ozama. Ten or twenty of them may be laid up on the shelving bank, and a glance at their cargo shows that they bring the simple products of the interior, such as corn or maize, which is very much in demand as forage for the different animals. You will see a boat gracefully gliding down the stream, sometimes propelled by the paddle of one

* Since this was written the Custom House has been improved by the addition of another story, and it was officially re-opened on Feb. 27, 1890, the day of national independence.



man, or, if it is very long, by two, and well freighted with the corn-stalks with their tufted tops, and then this same mass of green will be transferred to the back of a donkey, and in such profusion that it will almost cover up and hide his diminutive body. Then again there is plenty of sugar-cane for sale which is eagerly taken by the town folks, especially the young, who enjoy the taste, and at the same time find nourishment in its saccharine fibre. Fruits and vegetables abound, and with the shouts and laughter of buyer and seller, and the not infrequent braying of a jackass, there is plenty of activity. The languages spoken are principally Spanish and English, the former that of the natives in all the Dominican part of the island, while in Haiti French prevails. English has come in from Saint Thomas, which has supplied this place with many excellent negroes, as well as from Turk's Island and other points. You will often meet a negro, as for instance the waiter and general factotum at this hotel (Ferdinand is his name), who speaks perfectly well the three languages, Spanish, English and French.

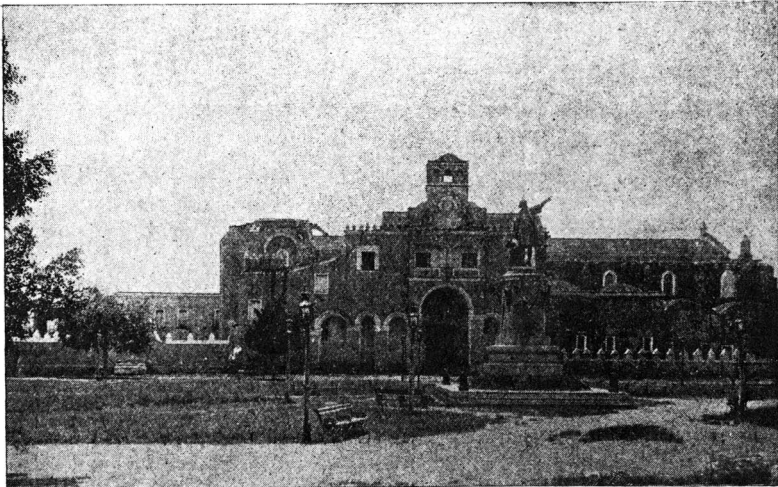
The holidays form an important feature of life in the Dominican Republic. There are so many of these, some national or patriotic, and others purely religious, that it can be calculated there are not more than two hundred working days in the year.

The national fêtes are two, February 27 and August 16. This latter date is to commemorate the uprising in Santiago in 1863, the object being to overthrow the Spanish rule to which they had then been again subjected for two years. It took two more years to accomplish this, and the Spanish Governor and the other officials left



Santo Domingo in 1865 and the country again became a Republic. It is noteworthy that this Spanish re-occupation of the country took place during the four years of our Civil War, when we were not in a position to maintain the Monroe doctrine, as it applied to that part of the West Indies.

At both of these national celebrations religious services are held in the Cathedral, the President and his ministers attending, and here is also a reception at the Government building.



CATHEDRAL, SANTO DOMINGO, AND COLUMBUS MONUMENT.

The religious fêtes are so numerous that we should have a calendar of the Church of Rome to follow them, and for a person in business there this is very necessary so that he can tell when he can count upon having men to work. During fête days they are not easily persuaded, even by a tempting offer of pay, to tear themselves away from their devotions or amusements.



When I first arrived at Santo Domingo City, although the carnival was over and Lent had begun, I was surprised to see the masqueraders driving and riding about the city, or on foot, playing their amusing pranks. The carnival was still in its glory, and, on inquiring how this happened to be, I was told that as it amused the people so much, the Government had given permission for it to continue a week or so longer, and the dignitaries of the Church of Rome did not say nay to this arrangement. One of the delights of the boys was to whack each other over the head and back with inflated bladders, but it was done with the greatest good-nature, and they were careful not to indulge in this amusement in the case of meeting persons who had arrived at years of discretion. The streets were full of people in all sorts of burlesque costumes, and huge horned masks, and there would be heard music in many houses announcing a dance, an entertainment in which the natives delight, notwithstanding the excessive heat.

During Christmas and New Year's the holidays continue for a long time, and so also at Easter, when for two days and nights, forty-eight hours, from ten o'clock on Thursday before Good Friday, until about ten o'clock Saturday morning, everything is at a standstill. If you are on horseback and want to pass through a town or village you have to dismount and lead your horse until you reach the country again. But when the bell of the Cathedral peals the glad note of Resurrection on Saturday morning then, like the Princess in the enchanted palace, everything springs into life again. Young men, with their horses saddled close at hand, mount them and rush off in every direction. The horse cars start again,



carts are seen in the streets, shutters are taken down from shop windows, and business takes a new lease of life and activity.

The Fête Dieu, or Corpus Christi, which comes on June 20, is one of the most important religious observances. The procession, which starts about seven o'clock A. M., is a curious combination of ecclesiastical and military display. Preceding the Host, which is borne by six priests (a handsome canopy of rich material and under it the Archbishop of Santo Domingo and the Cura of the Cathedral) are members of the Cabinet. It is followed by a detachment of soldiers, all of them negroes, though the officers are principally mulattoes, and they make a good appearance in their tropical white helmets, dark green coats and white trousers. A gun is occasionally fired from the citadel, the band in advance plays, and every now and then a stop is made at one of the outdoor altars erected for the occasion in the streets, where a short service is held.

The fête of St. John the Baptist occurs on June 24, and for this the boys make great preparations several days in advance. They insert in the small end of an ox or cow-horn a quill, and then blowing through it, they succeed in producing a remarkable noise, which they keep up all day and well into the night. In the evening bonfires are lit in the streets, and the youths of the place delight in riding on horseback as near as they can to them, even jumping over the burning embers. It is difficult to discover what all this has to do with the life of "one crying in the wilderness," and whose mission it was to "prepare the way of the Lord."

But the most unique of these different religious fêtes



is that of Saint Andrew, which comes on November 30. I went out of my way to enjoy the experience, as otherwise I would hardly have believed it possible in this age. During the morning hours you stay indoors behind the shutters of your house, office or hotel, and if by chance you open them, you may expect to be pelted with eggs filled with some kind of harmless colored fluid, or even cologne water. Later in the day the fun consists in throwing down from the house-tops, or rather from the tops of public buildings accessible to the youths of the place, buckets of water, clean water it is true, upon any one passing below on foot or in a carriage. There is no use in getting mad about it, for it is a custom of the place, and if you do not like it you can stay indoors; but once in the street you must expect the consequences. In spite of warnings, I ventured out, and my umbrella did not prevent me from getting a good ducking, and I was satisfied at this as it enabled me, from personal experience, to tell the story of the day.

There are many other religious fêtes, and often they are held in one quarter of the city only, at a time, for a week or so, and near one of the numerous churches. The streets will then be gaily decorated with bright colored bits of tissue paper suspended on strings from one house to another, and often in addition to the street altars you will see in the windows of the houses any kind of rugs or other draperies suspended, to add to the effect. It all impresses you as a scene of mediæval life that has in some way slipped into the prosaic existence of the money-making electric age in which we live.

Santo Domingo City and the Dominican Republic



have, all the same, caught on to this progressive spirit of material go ahead, and, so far as possible, are keeping step to the music of the times.

It is about three years ago that a cable, laid by a French company, put the island in telegraphic communication with the rest of the world.

At the head of Samaná Bay a railroad starts from Sanchez, and has been built by some English, or rather Scotch capitalists, some sixty miles into the country as far as Concepcion de la Vega. Other roads have been surveyed and projected, and on one of them, starting at Santo Domingo City, some work has already been done.

There are now in the Dominican Republic more than fifteen sugar estates, of which fully half are owned and managed by Americans, while nearly all the sugar is sent to New York, Boston and other of our ports.

The cultivation of cacao and tobacco has, during the last few years, been undertaken more carefully than heretofore, while coffee, which grows at will, is only waiting for intelligent planters to produce it in as good condition as anywhere else in the tropics.

Capital and labor, well directed, are all that is needed to bring this enchanted isle, which has been well called "the Black Diamond of the Antilles," into the front rank as a producer of many of the staples of life.

The reciprocity treaty with the United States is already an important factor towards this desired end. Many of the articles they need from us are now admitted free of duty, while they in return offer us some of the products with which nature has so bountifully supplied them.



If arrangements could be made for our Government to lease the beautiful bay of Samaná as a coaling station and naval rendezvous, it would be one more step in the right direction of aiding the good cause of reciprocity and friendly feeling between the two republics.

