On board the Mary between

Dear Mrs. Neighbors,

A week ago...no, barely six days ago Captain and Mrs. Neighbors (hosts) and Dr. Norris and I (guests) sailed from Porto Rico in the Dorothy just at sunset, sailing from the very bay General Miles entered of the American occupation of Porto Rico twenty-five years ago.

We landed at La Romana and went at once to Neighbors' house. I met one of my first Institute teachers, Dr. Norris, and his husband who is the civil engineer, live on one of three houses here in a sugar plantation.

Captain and Mrs. Neighbors bought their C awe to the boat, and if it is not getting the east before the hour, let me say, in six days we have traveled as said car over good roads. bad roads, and what way other drives than my Texas husband would be impossible and unsurpassable roads. 10 69 miles, we have gone 268 miles by boat, and six hours stiff mountain climbing on horseback. Goodnight for six days, no? We have travelled on an average of 16 hours daily, resting eight hours.
Saint Domingo is thinly settled. There are few towns far apart. There are immense fields under cultivation, there are thousands of acres of virgin soil, untouched by man, richer and richer every year and to which the great acres of 31 per cent is charged as it stands. 3.4 per acre clean.

It is wonderful land, grown corn for fifty years without fertilizing or replanting. It can, producing rice, but there are almost no schools! Year 1900 and 2014.

After twenty minutes with our lovely Porto Rican teacher who helped us 9 years in the Institute, we went to Guayanilla, then to Hidalgo, then on to San Pedro de Macoris, the third largest city in the Republic. The head of the mission is a young pastor of largest church is an Institute boy. He showed us his church - screened above the roof, and windows with heavy wire guard to protect his congregation from Catholic stones. The days of persecution are not over but this dear boy and his wife are working...
church furniture, altar, and pulpit, its beauty and design. The cathedral, beautifully adorned to look like marble, is a few hundred years old, its priceless brass candlesticks. I was up at five next morning and travelled 259 miles by Rickshaw, just at the wheel with more bumpy memories till we arrived at midnight at Port au Prince, the capital of Haiti. Breakfast in the capital of one republic, dinner in the capital of another, that's going some. (I was not meaning sleepy.)

But I forgot to tell you what happened on the way to Port au Prince. The scenery was so beautiful that it was out of adjectives. The mountains are as much as twice the size of those in England, the scenery more rugged than P.R. or Haiti's mountains. There are no signs of road, and the thermometer readings were in all directions. Near a place where a road bridge was being built, there was a sign "Detect." There was almost a road, just chopped out through the jungle. Naturally, we got lost. The Rickshaw ran on its wheels, jumped ditches, endured frightful screeching of tires until we were rescued by the hour of the day, a wandering musician with an accordion under one arm and a guitar under the other.
He laid his second man in the running board, grasped the door of the car, and directed us to safety. He had placed his fighting cock at my feet. Dressing me to scan first he dropped the string and gave all his attention to getting us out of the jungle. But the cock began to peck my ankles with his sharpened bill. When I remonstrated he flew out the window. Then a second bird appeared in Captain Higginson whose well-earned medals in France had taught him how to be master of any situation — so Captain Higginson grabbed the string as the cock flew out the window. Then the cock is dragged back, settles his spurs on the back of my neck a second, then is given over to his owner who now ties his cock by his long string to his own black toe, and away goes our rescuer down the jungle!

In Natchez the American was in charge of public works, sanitation, agriculture, and finance.

In the capital, Montevideo Bracke was the head of our Presbyterian church boys. He was in charge of the finances of a big automobile house, on a salary of $275 per month.
We could not get accommodation in Port au Prince, so we went to a hotel in the city. It closed at 10 p.m. at night. The manager of our hotel was painted at night. The French was taking us to the nearest street corner, where we found a place where some Americans were staying. We had five men in our group, so we got up early, had petrol tea and hot coffee and went from there. We had to go to the nearest蒸汽火车 to the French. When we arrived, we found a man and woman waiting for the train. They had a small child with them. We asked them if they had seen any people in this area. They said they had seen a man and a woman walking in the street.

We then went to the market, where we saw some women selling vegetables.

We saw some women selling vegetables at night, getting ready for the market.

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The French was waiting for us near the market. We asked them if they had seen any people in this area. They said they had seen a man and a woman walking in the street.

In the early morning, we passed a village church where a woman brought a tin candle to an extinguished flame in the wall. She spoiled enough candle wax to form another candle to the wall, then stood in prayer to the painting. They were knelt. Both in St. John's, Haiti, we saw old cemeteries. Every grave had a small cement house on top, with painted windows.
and looks like a real home.

In both republics, we saw women with dresses made of oblong pieces of different kinds of cloth, each oblong representing some demand made of the virgin and received by the men of the house. How many of us Christians keep a record of our answered prayers? I can learn from them.

The market place of Port-au-Prince was a seething mass of black people in bright colors, offering fruits, vegetables, baskets and hats for sale. The peasant women wore black dresses with different colored strips, apparently a costume to which she belonged.

In Haiti, burros, goats, and even pigs were yoked to keep them out of gardens. I saw a funny little pig with a Y-shaped stick like a "mexican shortener." It was curious indeed.

We marched to Port-au-Prince. We stopped at an inn for lunch. Just before dark, we went over the most beautiful roadway. We went over the most beautiful roadway. It was covered with cumin, deadly, daring engineering, its long miles of cumin winding around the sides of a cluster of mountains, fringed
above a quaint village - a road of white stone winding among green trees, ferns and flowers, as high above the valley was hardly bare. Look down, where on could see miles of beauty - flowers, of sky and clouds - so far the I want no words to describe it.

March 16 shorty after dark found us at Cape Nativ. Early next morning a French drake took us in his car out to the wonderful palace of Dastoumi. This was a palace of architectural beauty, built in a plateau of natural beauty - again wonderful. Some of the gold color still remains on the inner walls, and a bit of the blue can be found. We could find little of the red color described by Mrs. Niles.

Another hall by Curtis was built this palace. He called himself Emperor. Mrs. Niles says that he brought his ladies from Philadelphia. I heard that he brought his blackchildren, that Roland in greatest part of the story which is so interesting I cannot sleep tonight in this boat until I have written it all about it.
After enjoying the immense palace, we looked out to what is called the Tree of Justice, an immense tree where this slave emperor or emperor slave administered his brand of justice. The tree is a beautiful one, as we have none like it in P.P. I do not mind its variety. But instead of being a grand palace as in Christophe's time, there stood a group of small houses, and a black carriage at the head of every street. We mounted the carriage and accepted the devotion of our attendants and after three hours terrible climbing we reached the top. Here above us suddenly appeared one of the most wonderful feats of building in the present world—that is not my remark. It is said that this climb between two world travellers, one of whom said that "Citadel of Fear," ranked with the pyramids. The other quoted another world wide traveller who said the only building in the world to compare with this existed in the Fancy of India.
This citadel is built on the top of a steep mountain. It is as big as a city block. It has a hundred cannon in four tiers. It has piles of cannon balls from 15 inch down to six inch. The doors are arranged in rows 15 ft long. According to size, it has brass mortars datted 1771 + 1756. Beautiful things (if anything connected with wars is beautiful) with French mottoes and Lion heads in relief.

On the very top of this citadel we found the fancy shaped down beds the Emperor was building for his wife. Then in said great pile of stone & continue the building. Had the Emperor lived to finish it.

Within the structure are the graves of the Emperor and his French architect. There are chimney's and a kitchen & evidently...
The Emperor was building living rooms for 
the family on the top. I have no idea of 
the height of the citadel. Somebody says six stories 
but I am no judge.

Why no museum or no foundation is trying 
to preserve the old citadel. I cannot under 
stand. Why histories do not mention it is 
because so few people know about it.