

On Board the "Mary" between
Santo Domingo and Porto Rico March 12, 1914

Dear Mrs. Keigwin,

A week ago - no, barely six days ago Captain and Mrs. Heylman (host) and Dr. Harris and I (guest) sailed from Porto Rico on the Dorothy just at sunset, sailing from the very Bay General Miles entered ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{on the occasion} of the American occupation of Porto Rico twenty five years ago.

We landed at La Romana and went at once to Sigisael the home of one of our first Institute teachers. She and her husband, who is a civil engineer, live on and three others live on a sugar plantation.

Captain and Mrs. Heylman brought their car on the boat, and if it is not getting the car before the house, let me say, in six days we have travelled in said car over good roads, bad roads, and what to say other drives than my Texan husband would be impossible and unpassable roads 1069 miles we have gone 268 miles by boat, and six hours stiff mountain climbing on horseback. Good enough for six days - no? We have travelled on an average of 16 hours daily, resting eight hours

2.

Santo Domingo is thinly settled, there are few towns, far apart. There are immense fields under cultivation, ^{the crops are} there are thousands of acres of virgin soil, untouched by man, ^{growing} richer and richer every year and for which the great sum of \$1 per acre is charged as it stands ^{with} \$4 per acre cleared.

It is wonderful land - grows cane for fifty years without fertilizing or replanting. ^{One sugar company owns 200,000 acres here, producing the year 10,000,000 tons per year.}

But there are almost no schools!

After twenty minutes with our lovely Porto Rican teacher who helped us 9 years in the ^{institute}, we went to Guayanmate, then to Seibo, then on to San Pedro de Macoris, ^{one of the} the third largest city in the Republic, the head of the mission work - pastor of largest church is an institute boy - He showed us his church - screened above the roof and windows with heavy wire grating to protect his congregation from Catholic stones. The days of persecution are not over but this dear boy and his wife are working

had and ~~keeping themselves~~ ³ right with God, ~~never claiming~~
His protection and enjoying His blessing.

From there we crossed the Guavato River by raft, the
Boats, having barely enough room on the raft.

away we went across this beautiful country, giving because
there was no way to send you some of the mahogany they were
burning for fire wood, using for rail-road ties, and throwing away

~~as refuse.~~ ~~to be dated~~ ~~near~~ ~~the~~ ~~begin~~ ~~here~~ ~~for~~ ~~near~~ ~~the~~ ~~beginning~~
here ~~then~~ ~~at~~ ~~about~~ ~~six~~ ~~o'clock~~ ~~we~~ ~~arrived~~ ~~in~~ ~~San~~ ~~Francisco~~ ~~City~~,
the capital of the republic. We were shown there the Evangelical
Hospital, and Dr. and Mrs. Morris took us to their pleasant
home for the night. Twice during the night I heard the great
lance knocker resound through the house, as people
called the tired Dr. out for emergencies -

Wait - after dinner we called on the pastor of the largest
Evangelical Church in the capital (all denominations
work together using the word Evangelical, said pastor being one
of our our District boys, and his wife a San German girl
whom Dr. Harris baptized when ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~young~~ ~~girl~~.

⁴
In the capital city we saw ruins of the oldest church in the
new world, San Nicolas - another old Cathedral is there
called San Francisco. Still another old stone building of
early times could be seen from our window at the Dr's.
We went to the most famous and most beautiful Cathedral
to see the remains of Columbus. We could not see his
precious dent as it is only shown once a year Oct 12.
But we saw his tomb which was made in Spain.
A tomb of white marble with figures and flowers,
exquisitely carved in the marble, surrounds the ^{male} black
metal chest which holds a second chest within which
rest the bones of Columbus. Poor man! How he suffered!
and how he is honored now! I hope he can see the things
which come to honor him. I hope he can see that wonderful
Cathedral. Its architecture needs some one who knows how to
describe it. Its gray and white marble floor. Its pure white woodwork
arranged ceiling and doors. Its solid mahogany hand carved

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church furniture, altar and pulpit, its
beyond describing chests, beautifully carved
to look like wine colored lace, four hundred
years old, its priceless brass candle sticks.

We were up at five next morning and travelled 259
miles by Buick, just at the wheel with bones busily
maneuvering 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
am not measuring slavery.)

But I forgot to tell you what happened on the
way to Port au Prince. The scenery was so beautiful
we ran out of adjectives. The mountains are so much
larger than P. R. & Santa Feing, its scenery has
that more grandeur. There are no sign posts, and the
roads run in all directions. Near a place where a new
bridge was being built was a sign "Detour". There
was almost no road - just chopped out jungle.
Naturally we got lost. The Buick ran on two wheels,
jumped ditches, endured frightful scratching of
thorns until we were rescued by the herd of
the day, a wandering musician with an accordion
under one arm and a rooster under the other.

6.

He laid his accordion on the racing boards, grasped the door of the car and directed us to safety. He had placed his fighting cock at my feet. Treating me to care 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 hero appeared in Captain Heylman whose well earned medals in France had taught him how to be master of any situation - so Captain Heylman grabs the string as the cock flies 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 thru the jungle!

In Haiti the American is in charge of Public works, sanitation, agriculture and finance. In the Capital, Port-au-Prince one two of our Porto Rican church boys - Uno was in charge of the finances of a big automobile house, on a salary of \$275 per month.

We could not get accommodations in Port au Prince - all the hotels were full. At eleven o'clock at night the manager of our hotel in his pajamas was taking us to the nearest street corner directing us to another hotel. We finally found a place where some American marines were staying. They gave up their rooms. We had five hours sleep, got up early, had petit pain and bel cafe and went out to call on the minister of finance of Haiti, ^{an} American friend of Mrs. Heyburn's. In a beautiful plaza of the Capitol we saw a great statue of Jean Jacques Dessalines, the negro who freed Haiti from the French. ^{His name is Dessalines, not Dessalines.} ~~The history says~~ when Dessalines tapped 3 times on the snuff box, his men began murdering the French whites wherever they were. Dessalines ^{himself} ~~launched~~ ^{dressed} in the evening after the day of murdering. He showed his body covered with scars given by slave drivers ^{for he had been a slave} and that drove his men to frenzied slaughter.

The principal things in Haiti are Coffee and sugar. There are ~~no~~ ^{no} factories.

We passed thru mirabais, one the strong hold of brigands, where the bandits robbed the peasant women going to + from market. We

met scores of groups of peasant women at night getting ready for the morning market.

We saw the corn drying in the yards. It is gathered in the husk and ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{husks} are tied together much as bananas grow in a bunch, then these huge bunches of ears are hung in the sun.

We saw old fashioned balance scales, large enough to weigh sugar cane.

We saw very few Haitians armed. In ~~South~~ ^{South} ~~country~~ ^{country} ~~every~~ ^{every} ~~where~~ ^{where} we seemed to carry ~~revolvers~~ ^{lots} ~~or~~ ^{+ knife} ~~knives~~ ^{wood for} ~~!~~ ^{part}

We saw them cutting out valuable lignum vitae trees, ^{everywhere}. There is no regard for any of these expensive hard woods. They are used even for ^{making} cart wheels.

In the early evening we passed a village church where a woman brought a tallow candle to an outside niche in the wall. She spilled enough candle grease to fasten her candle to the wall, then stood in prayer to the saint. They never kneel.

Both in S. Dom. + in Haiti we saw old cemetaries. Every grave had a small cement house on top, with painted windows

and looks like a real house. 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 owner of the dress. How many of us Christians
keep a record of our answered prayers? We can
learn from others.

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~~
~~are disappointed~~ There are schools in P. M. P. The girls
were in blue dresses with different colored straps representing
the convent to which she belonged.

In Haiti, burros, goats & even pigs wear yokes
to keep them out of gardens. To see a cunning little pig
with his Y shaped stick like a "nigger shooter"
was curious indeed.

March 9 found us hurrying to Cape Haitien. We
stopped at San Marc for lunch. Just before dark
we went over the most beautiful roadway! Its
beauty, daring engineering, its long miles of curving
around the sides of a cluster of mountains, high

above a quaint village - a ^{narrow} road of white stone winding
among green trees, ferns and flowers, so high above
the valley one hardly dared look down, where one could
see miles of beauty, of color, of sky and clouds - as for
me I have no words to describe it.

March 10 shortly after the dark found us at Cape Hattin.
Early next morning a French driver took us in his car
out to the wonderful palace of Sansouci, the ruins of
an immense palace of architectural beauty, built
in a plateau of natural beauty - again words fail
me. Some of the gold color still remains in the white
walls, and a bit of the blue can be found. We could
find little of the rose color described by Mrs. Nils.
Another hero (?) of Hattin is Christophe who built this
palace. He called himself Emperor. Mrs. Nils says
that he bought two ladies from Philadelphia to lead
his black children, that he lived in greatest pomp
and that he also lived in constant fear of being
captured by the French + that brings me to the
part of the story which is so interesting I cannot
sleep tonight on this boat until I have written you
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. W. I do not know its variety. But instead of trembling slaves as in Christopher's time, there stood a bunch of forlorn looking little horses, and a black Cavalier at the head of every steed. He mounted these horses and accepted the devotion of our attendants and after three hours terrible climbing we respected these little horses - and we were struck dumb with awe. There above us suddenly appeared one of the most wonderful feats of building in the present world - that is not my remark. I made that 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 Citadel is the Taj Mahal of India.

^{from 13. 1871 at ...}
This citadel is built on the top of a steep
mountain. It is as big as a city block. It
has a hundred canon in four tiers. It has
piles of cannon balls from 15 inch down to small
balls arranged in rows 15 ft long according
to size. It has brass mortars dated 1771 +
1756, beautiful things (if anything connected
with war is beautiful) with french mottoes
and lion heads in relief.

On the very top of the citadel we found the
fancy shaped flower beds the emperor was
building for his wife. Then we saw great piles
of stone to continue the building, had the
emperor lived to finish it.

Within the structure are the graves of the
emperor and of his french architect.
There are chimneys and a kitchen + evidently

the emperor was ^{by} building living rooms for
his family on the top. I have no idea of
the height of the citadel, I should say six stories
but I am no judge.

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