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Williams, Mary E.

Susan Hale

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Brownstown, Jamaica  
March 17. 1903

To Miss  
Mary E. Williams

Dear Moinuloh,

You are a dear girl & write me nice letters, and if I don't respond now it may be not at all, for I am actually beginning to wind up my affairs (and have only four pens left I can bear to use) Kelly wrote a fine account of your wedding, and even the Reformed Philip mentions it in his (only) letter just received. Kelly says your mother was perfectly lovely, — and I hear also favourable reports of her daughters, all her daughters. So now, Mavis, when you are married, I must be sure to be there. This reminds me of dear Katy, and her wedding. I saw the death of old Mr. Cunningham Codrington with great pleasure in a Transcript this October had at Mandeville

and then we drove on again on great mountains after with  
views of St. James to the country and away — every this sea! —  
I finally about sunset returning in some pretty strong light  
beautiful views of Barbados, and roads, lodged with several  
hibiscus, & Christinas, where I saw with his happy new wife;  
I saw the Brown's from St. James, who took me home, & months ago &  
Talamon and Monty, Hay. I that night I felt secure  
in the feeling of the "Catholics," and few hours out of history  
in Miss Muller's excellent lodgings, — my first year on an important  
Jamaica (there was no visitors) outside, the full moon gleaming on a  
forest of Marana ponds that shore and water is a soft noise  
from a sheet wind say in the morning. She's often (after a bath in by the)  
and when I made a face at Cuthbert's wife, a weak dark child melted  
with a coffee bucket and splashed caught and melted a little one, for the  
I am back in about the (I shall) next day, but perhaps have some. The other  
where



To Miss Mary E. Williams.

Browns Town, Jamaica.  
March 17, 1903.

Dear Moinntch,

# # # Jamaica has kept on being just as delightful. The climate suits me absolutely. My passion is driving about in a Buggy with all my Pots and Pans about me. I am just off the Crowning Trip of all,--more than 100 miles, four days through beautiful and unusual country; that called the "Cock Pit Country" so snarly with hills and crags, ravines, swamps, waterfalls, precipices, that a few roads have been but lately wriggles through.

We started early in the mornings, David and me and the two mules, and had only coffee and bread (Jamaica butter is nasty). Somewhere on the road I got the habit of buying six eggs from any old Lady we met, and while we were changing horses at the next place consisting generally of a fork in the road with a house or two, I would get the eggs boiled and a little salt done up in a rag, and some bread. At Tombstone a man gave me six bananas, none for sale, but the country full of them. That day David and I cracked our eggs on rocks sitting above a beautiful Turquoise Water-fall by the side of a river that went brawling along with great tropical trees overhanging the stream hung with elephants ears (a twisting vine) and great cords hanging down, and Gobs of orchids. At noon very likely we found some place with a bed, and perhaps a cup of tea, where I rested while David took out the horses, (changed from mules at Tombstone) but nothing much to eat till Lodgings at night, and then we drove on again over great mountain tops with views of glorious rolling country and away-away the Sea! So finally about sunset Wednesday we came rolling down through beautiful arcades of Bamboo, and roads hedged with scarlet hibiscus, to Christiana, where Dan with his buggy was waiting; Dan the Brown's Town driver, who took me hence, 2 months ago to Falmouth and Montego Bay. So that night I slept secure in the keeping of two "Coachmans", and four horses out to pasture in Miss Mullin's excellent lodgings,--my door open on an upstairs verandah (there was no window); outside, the full moon gleaming on a forest of Banana fronds that shone and rustled in a soft breeze (only a sheet mind you). In the morning I had coffee (after a bath in a big tub) and when I made a face at condensed milk, a small dark child rushed into a coffee thicket and apparently caught and milked a wild cow, for she came back with a pail full (boiled). Next day Dan brought me here 30 miles. The whole village came out to greet my return. It's a dear little place, and besides, a convenient gete on this tour which was planned for me by experts. I am resting here (reculer pour mieux sauter) for my race is nearly run in Jamaica. On Thursday I drive 30 miles, then by train from Ewarton to Spanish town, thence rail to Kingston, thence drive across the Island to Annotto Bay and finally Port Antonio, where I want to stop awhile before sailing for home. Probably I shall take "Watson" the S. S. I came in from Philadelphia April 14th, but things nautical and Jamaica are so uncertain, it may not be Watson and it may not be Philadelphia and it may not be the -- 14th. Anyhow it will be Arthur's, Baltimore, by April 20th or thereabouts; and I want to open the Matunuck House May 1st--I want to go there, shed my trunk,--my winter clothes are smashed to an unused pulp at the bottom of it, and my summer clothes are in Rags. Then I want to come to Thorndike to refit, and press all your hands

and have you see me with my fine Jamaica bloom on me. The dust,  
and eke the water here, are so red that my skin is also, and my  
hair a delicate auburn.

All of which, dear, if all goes well, will soon be happening.  
I have had a lovely winter, but begin to hanker for "folks", and I  
am always your loving

Susan.





Brown's Loran, Dec 23. 1905

7 a.m. 70° Put address  
United Fruit Co  
Port Antonio  
Jamaica B.W.I.

Dear Annie,  
Who shall have today my


Joyous Morning Song but you after  
your good letter which came yesterday!

Give my love to Carla. Tell her how  
long I am feeling for her and then all;

Write with to her but not just this  
minute. Wasn't it strange that the  
Miss Baby came at the same time!

It's delightful to think Mr Atkinson  
had his Scotland trip, and time to think  
to you, and to talk about it, in full health.

The sun is just rising over the ~~edge~~  
of my bowl, and the Lovering (or something)  
must be waking up. They live

just on the rim of it, up &   
there, and I see the <sup>sun</sup> light striking them  
before it gets to shining down here on me

Thank of the weather accounts these flowers and ferns. <sup>When the wind blows them</sup>

although my thermometer says 70! - But at day when it used

to say 80 in the night. I'm sure Monday a great deal

and my thermometer, and it seemed true in bed this

morning, that sunlight felt my eye, that it is 70! Fahrenheit,

only 22° Centigrade, don't you think so? (The T. was 75 Friday)

- At day when I was out & had without a word exchanged

great with this drink and the relations with cat's but

see these are better, - admirer, - in the first place my good

Mr Muller, who is really a cultured general man; he is an

and heard last night at the time. Judge Cole. (English)  
Ladys in the Lodgings, just receiving the news and saying to tell  
but something [with Brown] by speech - No Dr Hall, English church,  
No Dr Muller, hospital, has called, my other family who is great thank  
with my own words, - to &



The little Brown's Town is a bowl  
(I am reading Henry's Golden Bowl by  
the way but at the rate of one  
sentence, i.e. a page, a week, a desert  
between each) ~~lined~~ <sup>lined</sup> with Banana  
Trees and churches, and my "lodgings"  
is down in the bottom of it with  
everything going by. — Early inhabitants to  
open their little shops, children on  
errands, very likely with logs  
of wood on their heads, and  
very straight little backs, a  
small boy, with no special clothes  
on but a crush felt hat, carrying  
somebody's breakfast somewhere else on  
a tray. — I am taking my coffee and  
manip in our veranda. <sup>Below me in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>our</sup> yard  
a tall pole is festooned with morning glory of  
deepest blue (more than cobalt) It looks a  
little too much like a Christmas Card, for it  
decorates the Sign of the "Hotel and Livery."



Hotel for all <sup>these</sup> things before shuttles, when I saw the first time  
but the capture is never coming back, all the more for expecting it.  
Its kind of marketplace, the chain of little Brown's Town, is  
it has no any previous idea was like my last place, or any kind of  
It just gemittled — in fact it is comfortable one. What  
couldn't be exactly said of my Harbour. It heaves my Bed  
there. I had heard that meeting it — Some times Stephen  
Kuntz, my excellent mail wheel comes right here at 7 am. <sup>from the P.O.</sup>  
bought by a pale brown man, has a little from good excellent ship  
Smith, when I see "My's, describing the events in my last Henry  
since my departure, and it is worthy and even to humour, all  
above appetites in a great mind, <sup>but I don't</sup> <sup>stand</sup> it & so. — It is cooler  
see, which I don't quite like I can not of sailing this morning, (though  
to see with a night along)

Oh a plenty of them. I am afraid they  
will write me & thump, but they  
havent begun yet. At present I  
have not stirred out of my "Lard"  
since I arrived last Tuesday noon  
in my Buggy driving from Dry Harbour.  
But they say I must go to Market  
to day, Saturday before Christmas, ~~and~~ <sup>with</sup>  
all the Dark World aboard - at  
~~the~~ twelve noon. So I must brace.

They <sup>the Darks</sup> have begun to celebrate, just  
like on 4<sup>th</sup> of July, with untimely  
crackers before light and strange  
bellowings, and mistletoe is brought  
in from the woods & decorate us, and  
there is a Turkey shut up and fattening.

= I have such nice letters from my  
family that I feel quite easy about  
them. In the first place, Pa has taken  
to writing me regularly Sundays, and good  
patented letters with real information in them  
[not only "Love is the Whole" as the boys would say.]

Then Arthur is there, right with them, and he has written me  
a splendid letter taking each member by turn & explaining  
his or her circumstances - I'm dead or were worried about  
Ma Hale last summer, and that worried Park, which worried  
Nelly, which worried Abby (Miss Clark) which -- put me and  
Arthur on the War Path, and we have since been labouring  
for a certain Serenity which seems to have fallen upon them  
Lybil had an establishment of her own near Baltimore, and  
is & receives with the Matrons of Mrs Mason's Dancing Class in  
Philadelphia. - So I don't see but I can go on eating  
my Maugs in Peace for the present. I have a good letter  
from Sally Church. They went in Wain's Motor to N.Y. in 4 1/2 hours.  
Polly Weedon is happy as Kings and Queens. I wish somebody  
would write me more about the Hale game when she matrimonialised  
a party. Goodbye Dear Maug with me well, & write again. Yours &c

1820, March 10<sup>th</sup>  
I was the only breakfast at our long table this morning. It was kind, rough and wobbly in the night.

I think I must tell you about our leaving on Wed, the dahabeah - Duffellows, <sup>with</sup> their maid, Mr W Early, Mr Lupton, party, & finish, and partly & have our dear sailors & ourselves, as the Lt took no interest in them. Mr shook hands with them all on their lower deck. They adieu, Evelyn, she has been very nice about turbans, backstreak, & faces, &c. while I have amused them greatly, by my native dances - 10 sailors, the Reis the 2<sup>d</sup> Reis, the Kubrao, the Cook, the Cook boy, - Bed-Reddin, the Waiter, - Mahommed, the Singer, - all these in red turbans with white eyes, gleaming teeth, - came up the bank after us and crowded round the

As conjecture he on the arrival of the little weather.

After the other and great weather in heavy and chain - by the way, sent it rather sweet of Betty & Muriel a bride to be for them? But a word here - you know and safety, but I have written from nothing. How does your mother hate his rule!

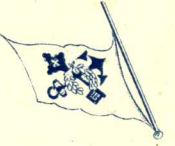
How I missed about Cole's poisoning, how could I come! But it grows about Betty's millions! - I hate their

chastisement in Mrs Galt a dance - had with Betty Ross -

at the moment. How long have you all, and how is your

stage - I have been lately afraid of the night and in!

But now I believe when had not & got home - the first after you had done. It was not forget me brother and a tongue sandal!



NORDDUITSCHER Lloyd  
BREMER

DAMPFER SCHLESWIG

Carriage, which Saleh, the Nagoman, interpreted for us,  
"Saleh" <sup>Said I</sup> told them we love them all. "A shout arose  
from them - they touched their forehead, some say there  
were tears in Yellow Jacket's eyes. My Mohammed Saïd  
a sweet boy with slender buff legs, who always held  
me & me tight. crossing the gang plank or going to see  
Temple, had departed with the French, - but I had  
him afterwards in the Hotel, and gave him 20 piastres. He  
is about 16, and has a wife and 2 children -  
I shall miss these creatures, they are children, so simple -  
I call them our toys which we have played with all  
winter; and now they are put back in their Box. I think  
Whitting Tomp Jones, Lordy's spouse, into turban and gown;  
wouldst you? -

Speaking of Davis, you know he has dug up Susan Tii  
the mother in law of something of Amestep II, a great  
"find" with a Chariot in excellent condition, a  
table with conversation on it, all manner of things -  
This said that Theodore faints 3 times with excitement  
(a more likely the bad air) when he first entered the tomb  
He hasn't seen them since this story came on them -  
They are now <sup>coming</sup> down the river, but walking round as we  
did probably in adverse winds. You know I became very  
fond of him. He calls me "Aunt Susan" and in an  
occasional fit, call him Theodore -  
But ain't it interesting about Mo, the misogynist. I  
hope she is a nice girl. His mother was exceedingly, if  
I have got her right in my memory. I am Gladys -

— Mail this by Farlick; but he gave  
signs of departing rather suddenly, and  
I have been seeing him off for half an  
hour, so now I wish to take a new leaf ]  
You know we are miles from R.R.s. and  
loyalty leaves in a Carryall called Biggy,  
with Mules strapped on behind, bunch  
basket like, two Mules, and David on  
Sackly & drive. There is a great deal  
of standing round waiting for the beneficiary  
& come out and shake hands. This  
reminds me of Matunch, where Betty  
says, "Well; Susan wants to get rid of  
us so we may as well start." For  
old Farlick, it's delightful to have him  
gone; but he was Palatine all the same.

Since that I have been reading over  
your letter <sup>Feb 8th</sup> again, dear. I wish we had lots of  
things. That American Actress must  
be interesting. If she is from the Pacific Coast  
and not the Middle West, her voice is  
likely to be melodious, and her accent,  
enunciation and pro-ditto (I have no  
skill in spelling these qualities) attractive.

Oh, Mamma, wasn't it terrible about Louis. I am so glad since I could  
do nothing that I didn't know about it till it was passed.  
But I hate to even feel that he has been suffering so; the dear  
long suffering Boy. I wrote them at once but have heard nothing.  
In fact I'm starved for letters this year. Miss Aunt  
Lucretia's garrulous pen so much. She used at least to  
acknowledge my letters, and take an interest in my doings -  
The Hales are so absorbed in their Senators and sick, that  
much as ever they write at all, though Parba is very good about  
observing the Sabbath with a letter to me which generally  
gets posted in the course of the week. But I do him  
justice he has (confia) sent me a thrilling account of Arthur's  
prowess in the Baltimore fire. I am rejoiced that Kelly is in  
a good place, keeping house, giving tea, making cakes, doing the white work  
&c. &c, instead of making up <sup>and doing</sup> more than eleven her Model and the  
Telephone at all hours. Their flat is on the ground floor. Bad but boring  
Susan.