She died in 1861, some accounts say in Kingston, and others in London. Her sister, Mrs. Louisa Grant, survived her for thirty-four years, dying at an advanced age in 1905. The greater share of the space in Louisa's obituary notices was given to Mary Seacole. But her fame had faded, and she was remembered chiefly as an odd type and as the Female Ulysses.

Two years after that, Blundell Hall was destroyed in the earthquake of 1907, and a marble works was established on its site.
But Mary received many personal proofs of admiration from those in high places, which probably meant more to her than money. She was awarded two medals. Count Gleichen, a nephew of Queen Victoria, made a small bust of her in wood, which may be seen in the Institute of Jamaica's museum. She was received by several members of the Royal family.

Two years later she published a book written in the first person. It was entitled Wonderful Adventures of Mrs. Seacole in Many Lands. There was a line crediting a certain W.J.S. with having edited it. A preface was contributed by Russell of the Times, whom I have already quoted. The well-known firm of Blackwood issued the volume.

It was an open question whether Mary actually sat down and produced a manuscript, or whether the work was a job of what is nowadays called ghost-writing. Did W.J.S. really edit, or did he have Mary tell him her story and then put it into words for her? At all events the narrative is phrased in a straightforward manner, and has touches of the humour and pride in her achievements which we may suppose were typical of Mary.

The autobiography sold well and gave its author a reputation as being one of the most picturesque women of the day.

Mary Seacole came back to Jamaica. Off and on, she helped her sister Louisa, now Mrs. Grant, to run the Blundell Hall guest house. The place grew into an important hotel, much frequented by planters and their families as well as the military. But Mary had acquired a taste for London life and managed to make several more ocean trips northward.

Once she just walked over to Buckingham Palace and rang the bell. Rebuked by the guard for having come without an appointment, she said: "Cho, me son, the Royal family is glad any time to ask me up for tea." And so it proved to be -- on that occasion.