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To

The James Weldon Johnson Memorial Collection of Negro Arts and Letters at Yale University

Through the efforts of Carl Van Vechten to make it as complete as possible.

Frederick Markle Hurstou.
Jamaica's British West Indies has something else besides its mountains and its fertile river valleys. At sea, in the more remote reaches of the island, there is something of the same spirit that pervades the country's rich and diverse history. The people there have a way of living that is as unique as the landscape itself.

So in Jamaica, it is the same as everywhere in the British West Indies. English is the language of the island, and it is a language that has been shaped by the country's rich history. The people there speak with a distinct accent, and it is a language that is full of stories and traditions.

The island of Jamaica is a place of contrasts. There are the rugged mountains and the fertile valleys, the busy ports and the quiet villages. It is a place of beauty and diversity, and it is a place where the British and the black coexist.

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Jamaica: how its moments when the bush, as in St. Mark's, signify and its dangerous vices to the same. Jamaica has its "Jamaica". That is the island has more meals places for medicinal and eating purposes than any other on earth. Jamaica has its "Jamaica". Members, that brilliant young barrister who looks like the "Jamaica" Pitt in yellow raincoat, who can do as much with a jury as David did the Britons seven old. The island has been among the places to "Jamaica". Jamaica, which looks like it might be translated to "a little boy," but the other side says it means "Jessy". Perhaps it is not as important to a great number of people in Jamaica, so

The two greatest ladies of the last in Jamaica are Mother Sand, and Brother Sand, who is Montauk—looking man himself.

Mr. Sand said that this book all started in a joke that he made.

"It got big, and it was funny. What with the "Jamaica" and the beans, I became interested and took up some around the place.

By this memory and the called "the blessed Pandemic after "Jamaica". Or rather, he was thought of by many of the recent, you know. The "Jamaica" was not born in the "Jamaica". Mary and Joseph were too advanced for that. He was born in a tent and the next came out until people only months old. The Three Wise Men are the stars that they can't find Him because He is "Jamaica". That day was called "Christ must find today." It means "Christ must find today." Do we have Christmas day, but the number of people are important. They think them born that day.

I went to the various "Jamaica" in Jamaica, which took down to a mixture of African, Chinese and Christianity, alluring by very beautiful singing. It used to be "Swimming" that is a swimming away the clock. The place was decorated from the gate in with decorated palm leaves and garlands. Inside the temple, the wall behind the altar was papered with newspaper.

The temple was on the green and a long table lined with white, took this table. At the table, the children danced to attract the spirits; there was a mysterious battle with a genuine "the Christ come." The evening ended followed by the second verse, laying a wooden sword.
After him came the Symbol Boy with a cross charter, the much like a rattan cane in his hand. During the ceremony still, they are said to "walk" the others who are in spirit. The woman who has not followed the Spirit Boy, she has borne and all the women, sometimes the_functions of the Boy, like the Mami and Houd. She
ends the ceremony and generally files the boys and leading the Song
singing and whistling up the crowd. These followed them, the Shepherd-boy,
who is the "carriaco-bearer" to the Shepherd.

The ceremony is electric at times with a marching
continuing of songs. In the yard, a marvelous voice
(Mother Sarah actually sat down upon a strange Chinese box
and the singing about the plants with their
tremendous expulsions of the breath to set the rhythm. That is the
most characteristic thing of the whole ceremony. That singing
about the righted violets pattern on the ground evokes like
a marching or rhythms. It is instrument and of the rhythm of
plant parasites such as Concanana, but what a hum during
is eventually not all of it. These "Badin Yards" are days in the kind
of the Jamaican farms. A Badin yard is a place where the farm
lives. It is where the people who live on that farm live, work, and
enjoy. Sometimes it is not as peaceful as it seems. The
activities can range from harvesting crops to planting seeds. The
equipment needed for these tasks can be quite advanced.

The Badin yard is also a place for the community to come together.
It is a place where people can work cooperatively on projects and
share their skills and knowledge. The Badin yard is not just a
physical space, but a social and cultural one as well. It is a place
where people can connect and share in the joy of farming.

The Badin yard is an important part of the Jamaican culture and
heritage. It is a place where people can come together to work and
learn from each other. It is a place where people can honor the
culture and traditions of the past and continue to build on them in
the present. The Badin yard is a symbol of the hard work and
perseverance of the people who live and work there.
In some cases the parents of these mulattoes have been properly married. But, not often, that is not the case. The mixed-blood, from the name with the back shunning. However, the mulatto has privileges also. Better than he happened to come to his birth attain to the system of bringing or retaining this approach to the luminary state to celebrate that first second third and fourth degree of legitimacy are so for forbidden that one is reminded of just like from "Of Thee I Sing" when the French Ambassador states, "She is the illegitimate daughter of Napoleon." So genuine just as illegitimate, perhaps.

Perhaps the genuine mixed bloods are logical and right, perhaps the white answer to the question of what is to become of the Negro in the legislative world is what the must be claimed by the writer, Frederick Douglass thought that what must be their way of all granting some substance among one is an idea in the right direction. I do not pretend to know what is wise and right. The attitude presents a curious spectacle in the eyes of an American Negro. In other words, what the religious and moral and political that usually went with it of being human, regardless of肤浅.

"in a manner with no boy," but the phenomenon has gone away come to the other. The right to be satisfied as a new scheme of the majority of the population is the scheme. This scheme may on being kind of humanity falls where the the mixed bloods. Mulattoes come from, this convincing and tragic. Some claim that来说.
Caption: [Folder 22]
I. Jamaican proverb was particularly rich in philosophy.

1. Some may die while others live.

2. The swan was white as that called himself a swan what about them.

3. The prosaic was particularly rich in philosophy.

4. Some may die while others live.

5. Some may lie while others speak.

6. The swan was white as that called himself a swan what about them.

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The Rooster's Nest.

Jamaica, British West Indies, May 1935.

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The Rooster's Nest

Jamaica, British West Indies, has something else besides its mountains of majesty and its quick, green valleys. Jamaica has its moments when the land, as in St. Mary's thrust out its sensuous bosom to the sea. Jamaica has its "bush". That is the island has more usable plants for medicinal and edible purposes than any yet on earth. Jamaica has its Norman W. Manley, that brilliant young barrister who looks like the younger Pitt in yellow skin, and who can do as much with a jury as Darro or Liebowitz ever did. The island has its craze among the peasants known as Posomania, which looks like it might be translated into "a little crazy." But Brother Levi says it means "something out of nothing". It is important to a great number of people in Jamaica, so perhaps we ought to peep in on it a while.

The two greatest leaders of the cult in Jamaica are Brother Saul, who is the most regal woman since Sheba went to see Solomon, and Brother Levi, who is a sororious-looking man himself.

Brother Levi said that this cult all started in a joke but worked on into something important. It was "dry" posomaniac when it began. Then it got "spirit" in it and "wet". What with the music and the barbaric ritual, I became interested and took up around the place. I witnessed a wonderful ceremony with candles. I asked Brother Levi why this ceremony and he
said, "We hold candle march after Joseph. Joseph came from
cave where Christ was born to the manger with a candle. He
was walking before Mary and her baby. You know Christ was not
born in the manger. Mary and Joseph were too afraid for that.
He was born in a cave and He never came out until He was six
months old. The three wise men see the star but they can't
find Him because He is hid in cave. When they can't find
Him after six months, they make a magic ceremony and the angel
come tell Joseph the men wanted to see Him. That day was
called "Christ must day" because it means "Christ must find
today," so we have Christmas day, but the majority of people
are ignorant. They think Him born that day.

I went to the various "tables" set in Pocomania,
which boils down to a mixture of African obeah and christianity
enlivened by very beautiful singing. I went to a "Sun Dial"
that is a ceremony around the clock. The place was decorated from
the gate in with braided palm fronds and guaco bush. Inside
the temple, the wall behind the altar was papered with newspapers.

There ceremony was in the open air. A long table
covered with white. Under this table, on the ground, lighted
candles to attract the spirits. There was a mysterious bottle
which guaranteed "the spirit come". The Shepherd entered followed
by the Sword Boy, carrying a wooden sword. After him came the
Symbol Boy with a cross chanting. Then came the Unter Boy
with a supple jack, a switch very much like a rattan cane in his
hand. During the ceremony he flogged those who were "not in spirit" that is those who sat still. They are said to "cramp" the others who are in spirit. The Governess followed the Unter Boy. She has charge of all the women, but otherwise she functions something like the Mambo of Haiti. She aids the Shepherd and generally fires the meeting by leading the songs and whipping up the crowd.

There followed then the Shepherd Boy who is the "armor-bearer" to the Shepherd.

There ceremony is exciting at times with singing, marching, baptisms at sacred pools in the yard. Miraculous "cures": Mother Saul actually sat down upon a screaming Chinese boy to cure him of insanity) and the dancing about the tables with that tremendous exhalation of the breath to set the rythm. That is the most characteristic thing of the whole ceremony. That dancing about the lighted candle pattern on the ground and that way of making a rhythmic instrument and of the breathing apparatus -- such id Pecuomania, but what I have discussed certainly is not all of it.

These "Balm yards" are deep in the lives of the Jamaican peasants. A Balm Yard is a place where they give baths, and the people who operate these yards are to their followers both doctor and priest. Sometimes he or she diagnoses a case as a natural ailment and a bath or series of baths in infusions of secret plants is prescribed. More often the diagnosis is that the patient has been "hurt" by a
Sappy, and the bath is given to drive the spirit off. The Bain Yard with a reputation is never lacking for business. These anonymous rulers of the common people have decreed certain rules and regulations for events in life that are rigidly adhered to. For instance the customs about birth and death. The childbed and the person of the new born baby must be protected from the dead by marks made with walking. When it is moved from this room, the open Bible must pressed it to keep off the du pless, and so on.

The tables are usually set because something for which a ceremony has been performed is accomplished. The grateful recipient of favor from the gods then sets a table of thanksgiving. No one except the heads of the Bain Yard and the supplicants are told what it is for. Most of the country products are served with plenty of raw rum. The first and most important thing is a small piece of bread in a small glass of water as a symbol of plenty.

And then Jamaica has its social viewpoints and stratifications which influence so seriously its economic direction.

Jamaica is the land where the rooster lays an egg. Jamaica is two per cent white and the other ninety-eight per cent all degrees of mixture between white and black, and that is where the rooster's nest comes in. Being an English colony, it is very British. Colonies always do imitate the mother country more or less. For instance some Americans are still aging the English as best they can even though they have had
one hundred and fifty years in which to recover.

So in Jamaica it is the aim of everybody to talk English, not English and look English. And that last specification is where the greatest difficulties arise. It is not so difficult to put a coat of European culture over African culture, but it is next to impossible to lay a European face over an African face in the same generation. So everybody who has any hope at all is looking out for the next generation and so on. The color line in Jamaica between the white Englishman and the blacks is not as sharply drawn as between the mulattoes and the blacks. To avoid the consequences of posterity the mulattoes give the blacks a first class letting alone. There is a frantic stampede white-ward to escape from Jamaica's black mass. Under ordinary circumstances the trend would be towards the majority group, of course. But one must remember that Jamaica has slavery in her past and it takes many, generations for the slave derivatives to get over their awe for the master-kind. Then there is the colonial attitude. Add to that the negro's natural aptitude for invitation and you have Jamaica.

In some cases the parents of these mulattoes have been properly married, but most often that is not the case. The mixed-blood bears the name with the bar sinister. However, the mulatto has prestige. No matter how he happened to come by his light skin. And the system of honoring or esteeming his
approach to the Caucasian state is so elaborate that first, second, third and fourth degrees of illegitimacy are honored in order of their nearness to the source of whiteness. Sometimes it is so far fetched, that one is reminded of that line from "Of Thee I Sing," where the French Ambassador boasts, "She is the illegitimate daughter of the illegitimate son of the illegitimate nephew of Napoleon." In Jamaica just substitute the word Englishman and you have the situation.

Perhaps the Jamaican mixed bloods are logical and right, perhaps the only answer to the question of what is to become of the negro in the Western world is that he must be absorbed by the whites. Frederick Douglass thought so. If he was right, then the strategy of the American Negro is all wrong, that is the attempt to achieve a position equal to the white population in every way but each race to maintain its separate identity. Perhaps we should strike our camps and make use of the cover of night and execute a masterly retreat under white skins. If that is what must be, then any way at all of getting more whiteness among us is a step in the right direction. I do not pretend to know what is wise and best. The situation presents a curious spectacle to the eyes of an American Negro. It is as if one stepped back to the days of slavery or the generation immediately after surrender when negroes had little else to boast of except a left-hand kinship with the master, and the privileges that usually went with it of being house servants instead of field hands. Then, as in Jamaica at present, no
shame was attached to a child born "in a carriage with no top".
But the pendulum has swung away over to the other side of our
American clock. Even in His Majesty's colony it may work
out to everybody's satisfaction in a few hundred years, if the
majority of the population, which is black, can be persuaded
to cease reproduction. That is the weak place in the scheme.
The blacks keep on being black and reminding folk where
mulattoes come from, thus conjuring up tragi-comic dramas that
bedevil security of the Jamaican mixed bloods.

Anywhere else a person is white or black by birth,
but it is so arranged in Jamaica that a person may be black by
birth but white by proclamation. That is, he gets himself
declared legally white. When I used the word black I mean
in the American sense where anyone who has any colored blood
at all, no matter how white the appearance, speaks of themselves
as black. I was told that the late John Hope, late President
of Atlanta University precipitated a panic in Kingston on his
visit there in 1928, a few months before his death. He was
quite white in appearance and when he landed and visited the
Rockefeller Institute in Kingston and was so honored by them,
the "crass white" Jamaicans assumed that he was of pure white
blood. A great banquet was given him at the Hyatt Hotel, which
is the last word in snark in Jamaica. All went
well until John Hope was called upon to respond to a toast.
He began his reply with, "We negroes -- ." Several people
all but collapsed. John Hope was whiter than any of the mulattoes there who had themselves ruled white. So that if a man as white as that called himself a negro, what about them? Consternation struck the banquet like a blight. Of course, there were real white English and American people there too, and I would have loved to have read their minds at that moment. I certainly would.

The joke about being white on the census records and colored otherwise has its curious angles. The English seem to feel that "if it makes a few of you happy and better colonials to be officially white, very well. You are white on the census rolls. He keeps being very polite and cordial to the legal whites in public, but ignores him utterly in private and social life. And the darker negroes do not forget how he came to be white. So I wonder what really is gained by it. George Bernard Shaw on his recent tour observed this class of Jamaicans and called them "those pink people" of Jamaica.

That brings us to the matter of the rooster's nest again. When a Jamaican is born of a black woman and some English or Scotsman, the black mother is literally and figuratively kept out of sight as far as possible, but no one is allowed to forget that white father, however, questionable the circumstances of birth. You hear about "my father this and my father who was English, you know." that" until you get
the impression that he or she had no mother. Black skin is so utterly condemned that she is not going to be mentioned nor exhibited. You get the impression that these virile Englishmen do not require women to reproduce. They just come out to Jamaica, scratch out a nest and lay eggs that hatch out into “pink” Jamaicans.

But a new day is in sight for Jamaica. The black people of Jamaica are beginning to respect themselves. They are beginning to love their own things like their songs, their Anansi stories and proverbs and dances. Jamaican proverbs are particularly rich in philosophy, irony and humor. The following are a few in common use:

1. Rockatone at ribber bottom no know sun hot. (The person in easy circumstances cannot appreciate the sufferings of the poor.)

2. Seven year no enough to wash speckle off guinea hen back. (Human nature never changes.)

3. Sharp spur mak mangre horse cut eaper. (The pinch of circumstances forces people to do what they thought impossible.)

4. Sickness ride horse come, take foot go away. (It is easier to get sick than it is to get well.)

5. Table napkin want to turn table cloth. (Referring to social climbing.)

6. Bull horn nebber too heavy for him head. (We always see ourselves in a favorable light.)
7. Cook roach neber in de right befo' feel. (The oppressor always justifies his oppression of the weak.)
8. If you want so' link old woman pot, you scratch him back. (The masculine pronoun is always used for female.)
   "Use flattery and you will succeed.")
9. Do fe do make guinea nigger done a' Jamaica. (Fighting among themselves in Africa caused the negroes to be sold into slavery in America.)
10. Dog run for his character; hog run for his life. (It means nothing to you, but everything to me.)
11. Finger neber say, "look here", his say "look dere." (People always point out the shortcomings of others but never their own.)
12. Satta do on man back so weary what dis massa weary. (The basket on a man's back does not hear what he hears.)
   Up until three years ago these and everything else Jamaican have been lumped with black skins and utterly condemned.

There is Mrs. Horatio W. Manley, a real Englishwoman who is capturing Jamaican form in her sculpture. Her work has strength of conception and a delicate skill in execution. Because she used native models, she has been criticized by the "sensus whites" who know nothing about art but know that they do not like anything dark, however great the art may be. Mrs. Manley's work belongs in New York and London and Paris. It is wasted on Kingston for the most part, but the West Indian
Review, which is the voice of thinking Jamaica has found her. That is a very hopeful sign. But there is the yeast of the Bailey Sisters and the Mickle brothers and their leagues and influences like the Quill and Ink Club which is actively inviting Jamaica’s soul to come out from its hiding place.
Maroons

6, 72 [Hunting A. G. D.]

Get you go to Jamaica you are going to want to visit the Maroons at
its headquarters. They are under the present rule of Colonel Rome, who is a
very intelligent, cheerful man. But I warn you in advance not to mistake
his well-cut, well-dressed mien. He sent for me at the end of the road
when I came so that I would not have to climb that last high peak alone.
That was very kind of Colonel Rome, and I appreciate his hospitality;
that much of his work did not fall in with the scheme, somehow. The
men that kept her from throwing me way that I fell off and the only thing
that kept her from killing me, besides me and nothing. We walked into
after I fell off was the squad with which I got out of the way after the fall. I
think she meant to chase me straight up that mountain afternoons, but one
of Colonel Rome's boys grabbed her mouth and held her while I withdrew.
She was so preoccupied when she saw me sobbing that she reached and picked
up the saddle and everything else fell off except the halter. Maybe it
was that scary place. She would come up so that I was waiting that met
her against me. I think it was my face. Whatever it was, she started
to walking and was singing. She is a very musical person. She was
coming along and was singing. "If you don't bring me back I will not
let you have any money. I will not give you any money. I will not give you
any money. I will not give you any money. I will not give you any money."

The thing that struck me forcefully was the feeling of great age about these
places standing on that old pasture ground, which is now a wild field. I
could feel the dead generations crowding me. There was the oldest pillar
of friendship in the West Indies, Marston. Men who had thrown off the
yoke of slavery by their own courage and humanity. They became and were
the Maroons, stories like a purple dream across the history of Jamaica.

For myself I stood there looking into the sea beyond Black River from the mountain
top. Con Tamagne, and looking at the settlers far below, close at hand, that a
whole civilization, and the mightiest nation on earth had grown up on
the mainland since the first runaway slaves had taken refuge in
these mountains. They were here before the Pilgrims landed on the shores
of Massachusetts. My Massachusetts had stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific and America had remained itself.

I settled down at the house of Colonel Rome to stay a while. I timed
that I would wonder about me. And I came there and what I wanted to
never tell him. He told me how the Maroons had been there and fought
a night with him. Now some one else had spent three weeks to study their
dances and how much more they had spent in doing this. (I kept on doing
day after day) nothing as to why I had come. He offered to stage a clambake
for me at his hundred miles. And declined. I did not tell him that I was to
old a hand at collecting to fall for staged dance affairs, of I do not
As a dance or a ceremony in its natural setting and sequence, I did not
bitter. Self-appraisals has taught me that those staged affairs are here
the same as the real thing. I had been told by some of the Maroons that
they went out to the wooded places the day before and came back with
individual masques and costumes upon them. They are summoned
from their night long retreat by theabay or loco-club. Then there is
a day of Afro-Karawanti dancing and singing and feasting on several
fruits. What I was actually doing was making general observations. I waited

to see what the Maroons were like, really. Since they are a self-governing
people, I wanted to see how they felt about education, transportation,
finance, health and democracy. I wanted to see their culture and art.
I knew that if I asked for anything especially I would get something out of context. I had heard a great deal about their
primitive medicine and I wanted to know about that. I was interested
in vegetable poisons and their antidotes. So I just sat around and
waited. (Sighs)

It was not long before I noticed people who were not Maroons
climbing the mountain road past the Colonel's gate. I found that they were
coming to accompany for treatment. Colonel Rowe began to tell me
about it and soon after that I met the chief medicine man Colonel
Rowe told me that he was a linear and somewhat ambitious politically, but
that he really knew his business as a primitive doctor. Later on
I found that to be true. He was a wonderful doctor and he wanted to
be the chief. At one time he had seized the treaty that was signed
day long ago between England and the Maroons and attempted to make
himself the chief. This had failed and he were still not too sincere in his
dealings with Colonel Rowe, but their outward relations were friendly
enough. So he took to coming around to table with me.

First we talked about things that are generally talked about in Jamaica.
Brother Anansi, the spider that great culture hero of West Africa
who is personated in North by the Mambos and in the United States
by Bree Rabbit. About duppies and know and whether they existed
how to detect them. I learned that they lined mostly in silk-cotton
trees and in almond trees. One should never plant either of these
trees too close to the house because the duppies will live in them
and throw beat on the people and they come and go about the house. One
can tell when a dupey is near by the feeling of beat and the smell of
the breath. A dupey can smell one's head so a huge thing just by
being near.
There are other Maroon settlements besides Accompong, but
England made a treaty with Accompong only. There are now about
a thousand people there now and Colonel Rowe governs the town
according to Maroon law and custom. The whole thing is very
primitive, but he told me he wished to bring things up to date. This
is a great deal of difficulty however, and utter unconscionness of what
is going on in the world outside.

For instance, there was not a stone in all Accompong. The logs
were cut and what sawdust there is done, is done over an open fire with the
women squatting on their haunches inhaling the smoke. I told Rowe
that he ought to buy a stone himself to show the others what to do. He
said that he could not afford one. Stones are not customary in Jamaican
outside, of the good houses in the cities anyway they are imported Likewise I
recognized that we took another tack. We would build one! I designed an
affair to be made of iron and cement and Colonel Rowe and some men
be gathered carried it out. We sent out to the City and bought some
sheet iron for the stone pipes and the first holes. I measured the bottoms
of the pots and designed a hole to fit each of the three. The center
hole was for the great iron post and then there were two other holes
of different sizes. Colonel Rowe had some lime then, and the
sent his son and grand children out to collect more rocks. He
sent his son-in-law to mix the clay and lime and in a day the
sunshine. Also stone was built. The chimney house lacking a few
anyway the stone was built clear across one side of the room
so that there was room one top for pots and pans not in use.
The pot-holes were lined with this so that the pots would not
break the mortar. Then we left it a day to dry. We were really joyful
when we fired it the next day and found out that it worked. Many of the
Maroons came down to look at the miracle. There were the pots boiling on
the fire. No smoke in the room but a great column of black smoke
shooting out of the stone pipe which stuck out of the side of the house.

In the building of the stone I came to know little Tom, the colonel's
grandson. He is a most loving and pathetic little figure. He is built
very sturdily as is common for his age. He lives at the house of his
grand father because he has no mother and his father will not work
for himself, but alone for his son. He is not only logy and shiftless
but is alpha to Colonel Rowe who has wasted a great deal of money on his
little Tom is there among more favored grand children and his life is watched
by the others who strike him sick, anything even sound one of them turn to without
Being punished for it. He is fed last and least and is punished severely for showing any resentment towards the treatment he gets from his cousins. They are the children of the Colonel's favorite chief; his youngest daughter and she is there to watch and see that her three darlings are not in any way annoyed by Tom. He was so warmed by the little comfort he got out of me that I wished very much to adopt him. He is just full of love and goodwill and nowhere to use it. It was not pointedly stern when he offered it. When I asked why all this cruelty to such a small child, they answered with that energy of all cruel people; "He is a very bad child. He has criminal tendencies. If we do not treat him harshly he will grow up to be nothing but a brute. So they abuse him and beat him as soon as for his future good.
The Whooing Boy came up. Some say that he is the ghost of a "Janus" (a cow-headed). He can be seen and heard only in August. Then he can be heard at a great distance "whooping" creakly and "panning" his ghost car. He frightens real come when he is near.

The Three-Leg Horse manifests himself just before Christmas. A full moon makes him more visible. He was said to be a harrier when he was alive and that he did not appear until one. He would attack a wayfarer, if he chanced to meet one. If he chanced you he would fasten the fence after you.

The Three-Leg Horse can hurt anyone. Girls, they said were afraid of it, but it was not dangerous. He appeared around Christmas time to employ himself. When the country people came out of the house, he was found walking with the horses and cows in a field and went along with them in his quatrefoils. But if one looked close, he could be distinguished from the people in Masques, because he has two legs in front and one behind. He's just like a jump and a leap that sounds like "Tea boom-tea! Te-coo-tea!" In some parts of Jamaica he is called "The Three-Legged Terre-Anou" and they dance in the road with the expectation that the spirit horse will come before twelve o'clock at night! The moon shines and he can lead the rest in this outdoor entertainment and it is all quite happy.

All in all, from what I heard, I have the strong belief that the Three-Leg Horse is a real symbol and that the celebration of it is a fragment of some West African primitive ceremony for boys. All the women feared it. They had all been told to fear it, but none of the men were afraid at all. Perhaps the men were worth their Masques and dances of the male revellers is something more than the women knew. I found the "Société Trés-Gambé" in Haiti, also but could find nothing definite of its inner meaning.

But the Rolling Calf is the most celebrated of all the apparitions in Jamaica. This two great eyes are taller than fire; he moves like lightning and his has no hiding place. He wanders all over Jamaica. The Rolling Calf is a plague that rules the earth to trouble people and he will sometimes drive him across the country parts and cause whirling down hills to the terror of the wayfarer. But the biggest harm that he does is to kill...
The shape of the female dog. He harmed the dog, she squirmed, and the sun came in the yard and saw another scene a flame of fire vanishing in the distance. The dog's shape is missed, but she will never have anything again. Palling cattle seem most any month but night roaming here lakes of the country side.

After a night or two of talk, the medicine man began to talk about his profession and soon he was a spectator while he practiced his art. I learned of the terror and benefits of cow itch and of that plant known as Madame Tate. "It is a bushwood," he told me, and found he had understated its powers. I saw him working with the Cascade fern, the Sleep and Walk, Horse Beth and Najo Bitter. Boil five leaves of Horse Beth and drink it with a pinch of salt and your kidneys are cleaned out magnificently. Boil six leaves and drink it and you will die. Najo Bitter is a vine that grows on rocks. Take a length from your elbow to your wrist and measure it and it is a most excellent medicine. Boil a length to the palm of your hand and you are violently poisoned. He used the bark of a tree called Jessica, will boiled for a long time. Twelve minutes after drinking the wine glass & medicine the purge begins and keeps off for five days without weakness the patient no gripsing.

I went with him to visit the "Bird Wood" tree (Birch, Num) it is called "God wood" because is the first tree that was made & is the original tree good and evil. He had a licentiate with that tree on the sunny side. We went there more than once. One day we went there to present the enemies of the medicine man for harming him. He took a strong weed and a hammock with him and drove the wife into the tree set to the head with nine stones dropped the hammer and walked away rapidly without looking back. Later on, he sent me back to fetch the hammer to him, guess.

We went to see a girl sick in bed. The medicine man was not in high fever with the mother, but Accomaking is self-sufficiency. They keep to their primitive medicine particularly. I went in and looked down on the sick girl and said that it was a desperate case, but he could cure her. But first, the mother must chop down the papoose tree that was growing just outside of the bedroom window. The mother objected. That was the only tree that she had and she needed the fruit for food. The medicine man said that she must cut it down. It was too close to the house to begin with. It stopped the spread of the incubations. But it was a talcum tree, taller than the house and she sought to know that if a papoose tree were allowed to grow taller than the house, that somebody would die. The mother insisted that off the tree had nothing to do with the sickness of her daughter. If she did not know what to do for her, let him say what to do.
He proved to me that all you need to do to poison a person and leave them horribly swollen was to touch a chip of their tree to their ears while they are sweating. It was uncanny!
go on about his business and she would kill in some one else. If he knew what to do, he would have a starling then on the paw paw tree.

Day by day the young woman grew weaker in spite of all that was done for her. Finally she called her mother to the bed and said, "Mama, cut the tree for my place."

"I will do anything to make you well again, daughter, but cutting that tree is so unnecessary. It is nothing but a belief that ignorant people have with so much force?"

Several times a day now, the girls begged her mother to cut the tree. She said if she were strong enough, she would fill the machette and chop it down herself. She cried all the time and followed her mother with her eyes pleading.

"Mama, I am weaker today than I was yesterday, mama please chop that tree. Because I was so lady I have heard that the paw paw was an unlucky tree."

And now since you were so lady you have been eating the fruit. The mother resisted. "I seek every hour not I can find to make you well, and now you want me to do a foolish thing like chopping a tree. No!"

"Mama, if it is out, I will live. If you don't cut it I will die."

The girl grew weaker and finally died. The grief-stricken mother rushed outside with the machette and chopped down the tree. It was lying in the yard full of withered leaves and fruit where the girl was buried. But soon the woman was not completely convinced. She thinks after that it might have been coincidence. She said her house on the way to visit the daughter of Isaac Rowse, who is the brother of the Colonel. The humming mother was looking down at the great mass of withered fruit when she said to him. She did not expect that she was a little money, but the woman for me to offer, I gave her three shillings with the utmost joy because I knew she needed it.

"Thank you" she said half choked with tears. "My girl is dead, I don't know. She looked down at the tree."

I don't know if it was 3 who could have saved her. I wish I could have saved her. I wish there was a young man how hungry or person can be the next day after a funeral. But I don't suppose you would know about such things at all.

One night Colonel Rose, Medicine Man, and I sat on what is going to be a peak when the Colonel finds enough money to finish it, looking down on the world and talking. The true frogs on the mountain side opposite us were making a fearful din. Colonel Rose said it was a sign of their rage. I said I hope not for then all accompanying became a sign of their mood. I expressed the wish that the frogs shut up. Colonel Rose said that Medicine Man could make their music but that would have no effect upon the weather.

"He can stop those frogs even on that other peak?" I asked.

"Yes, he can stop them at will. I have seen him do it many times."

"Can you really?" I turned to Medicine Man.
"That is very easy to do."
"Do it for me, then. I'd like to see that done."

He stood up and turned his face towards the mountain range opposite and made a quiet motion with one hand and seemed to inhale deeply for his last gulp. He held this pose stiffly for a moment then relaxed. The millions of frogs in the trees on that uninhabited peak opposite me ceased chirping as suddenly as a lightning flash. Medicine Man sat back down and would have gone on telling me the terrible things that the vultures from the top of the four paw trees do to make you believe you had stopped him. I had to listen to this sudden silence for awhile. "Oh, they will sing again until I permit them," Medicine Man assured me. "They will not sing again until I pass the house I leave on my way home when I get there I will whistle so that you will know I am there then they will commence again."

We talked on awhile about the poisonous effects of dumdum root and hua (Kola nut) as an antidote, and how to kill with horse hair and bamboo duct. I was glad, however, when Medicine Man went to go.

"Oh, you need not worry," Colonel Rowe told me, "he can do what he says."

The walked out of Colonel Rowe's tumbledown gate and began to climb the mountain in that easy way that Maroons have from a life time of mountain climbing and grew dim in the darkness. After a few minutes we heard the whistle way up the path and like an orchestra under the conductor's baton, the frog symphony broke out, and it was certainly going on when I finally chopped off to sleep.

I kept on worrying Colonel about jird pig. I wanted to eat some of it. The jird pig of the Maroons is famous beyond the reach. He explained to me that the Maroons did not feel domesticated pig. It was the flesh of the wild hog that they dressed that way. Why not kill a wild hog then and feed it, I wanted to know.

"Manna! That is much harder than you think. Wild hog is very savage like creature. He does not let you kill him so easily. Besides, he lives in the Cock-Pit country and that is hard travelling even for us here who are accustomed to rocks and mountains."

"That is much harder than you think. Wild hog is very savage like creature. He does not let you kill him so easily. Besides, he lives in the Cock-Pit country and that is hard travelling even for us here who are accustomed to rocks and mountains."
"And there are not so many now as there used to be. We have killed many and when the mongooses also eat some," Medicine Man added.

"A mongoose eat a wild hog? I cannot believe it!" I exclaimed.

"Oh that mongoose, be a terrible insect," Medicine Man said. "It is very destructive. When the pig is on her feet she will turn that mongoose up like a piece of wood and seize the little pig as if it is born and eat it. So we do not have so many wild pig now."

But I kept on talking and begging and coaxing until a hunting party was organized. A hunting party usually consists of four hunters: the dog and the baggage boy. But this one was augmented. Because few of the men had much work to do at the moment and there 5 was going and women do not go on hog hunts in Accompong. It was already more since I would not have gone either, but you think and learn.

The party was made up of Colonel Rowe, his brother George Tom, Sally his two servant boys, his prospective son-in-law, his son who acted as baggage boy, and your humble servant.

The day before old machetes were filed down to sharp blades and made for sharp. Then they were attached to long handles and thrust up spars all as this had to be done the day before, especially the sharpening of all blades. As you sharpen your cutting weapon on the day of the hunt, your dogs will be killed by the hoop.

We were up before dawn the day of the hunt, and with all equipment, food for several days, cooking utensils, weapons, and this like we found our way by stealth to the grama yard. Medicine Man was to meet us there and he was true to his word. Three ancestors of all the hunters were invoked to strengthen their arms. The grama are never marked in Accompong for certain reasons, and thus if a person does not himself know the grama or his relatives there is no way of finding out. One of the men had been away in Cuba for several years and could not find his father's grama. That was considered not so good, but not too bad either. No attempt was made to guess at it for fear of wakening up the wrong grama who might do them harm. So the ceremony over, it was necessary for us to tie and gone before anyone in Accompong should speak to us, that would be the worst of luck. In fact, we were all prepared to turn back in case it happened to us. Some of us would be expected to be killed before we return.

The baggage boy was carrying our food which was not very heavy for the Maroons are splendid human engines, just a fast runner or all Maroons towns. That comes, I suppose, from climbing mountains...
and a simple diet. They are lean, tough and durable. They can work and fight or work for hours on a small amount of food. The food and the hunt was corn pie, cassava-dyed rice (cassavi-cured) fruit, plantain, salt, plantains and other things to lure the hog when and if we caught him, and coffee. The baggage boy carried the iron skillet and the coffee pot also. The hunters carried their own guns and blades. I stumbled along with my camera and notebook and a few little unnecessary things like a comb and toothbrush and so forth.

We struck out across the cemetery and by full summer we were in the Cock Pits Country. There is no need for me to try to describe the Cock Pits. They are great, gaping, funnel-shaped holes in the earth that come miles and miles of territory in this part of Jamaica. They are monstrous things that have never been explored. The rocks formations are hardly believable. Mr. Astley Clarke is all for exploiting them as a tourist line. But not a few tourists have the stamina necessary to visit even one of them by themselves and move along into the numerous deep openings. They are monstrous.

By the time we reached the first of the Cock Pits it wasirteen and I did not let on to the men I thought they would soon be tired. I thought we got a rest without complaining. But they marched on and on. The dogs ran and there was no sign of the dogs. As the country became more rocky and full of holes and gashes and points and huge boulders old Leonard thought more and more how nice it would be to be back in Allonaghunge. About noon we halted briefly ate and marched over I suggested to Colonel Rowe that perhaps all the hogs had been killed off already and we might as well wait our time. I let him know that I would not hold the party responsible if they killed no hogs. We had tired out now we could return with lesser injury. He just looked at me and laughed. "Why," he said, "this is too soon to expect to find hog sign. Sometimes you are a week four days before we even see the sign. If we pick up the hog sign tomorrow before night we will have a lucky.

And four more hours till sun down!

We picked up no hog sign that day, but the men found a nest with hogs in a tree growing out of the wall down inside the Cock Pits. Everybody was delighted over the find. I asked them how would they get it. They said several times to climb down to it but the wall was too sheer and the trees lian too far out to climb into it. So celli let himself the 17 of his heels head foremost over the wall, that and Tom held his heels and he was pulled up with the dripping, honey comb. I had to leave away. It was too much for my nerves, but no one else seemed to mind anything of the sort.
While they were eating the hogs, we sprawled out on a big flat rock to the east and the Colonel instructed me to order the men to build a fort for the night. We was sound asleep anyway.

We looked for hogs again the second day and I lost my cook at somewhere, maybe I threw it away, my cooking pots were all chipped by heels and I was sore all over. But those Maroons were fresh as daisies and swinging along singing their Karamathi songs. The favorite one was "We will soon come, old, not songs in Karamathi, "Blue Yerry, oh! Blue Yerry, gallo, Blue Yerry!"

It was near dark on the third day that the dogs picked up the hog sign. In sight of him, you wouldn't think the scent a start and began to climb. He ran off, you wouldn't know he was hungry for blood. But it was too late for me, the Karamathi trail was all over the place, no all over the place. The men built a fort on the trail and we set, down for the night. I saw explained that the wild hog is an enchanted beast in trail for a purpose. He said that the wild hog is an enchanted beast in trail for a purpose, he said that the wild hog is an enchanted beast, and the habits and does not chase them. He has several hiding places and no habit. When he arrives in the morning, he is bound to double back on his trail, seeking one of his hiding places and hides away. He can go a long time without food but he must have water. When there is little rain and the water holes are dried up, he will climb the rocks and drink the water from the hole. And so if the dogs keep after him he has no water, no food. He has no place to hide, he will climb the rocks and drink the water from the hole. He cannot do it with dogs all the time, the hounds must not sleep too soundly during the night but the hog will escape, and they will not know it. He is very clever and will climb the mountain and hide the water. He will climb higher and pass the camp higher up the mountain and the hounds will not find him."

We did not sleep much that night. I was inside the hut by myself, and I was a little scared because the men had told me scary things about hogs. They had said that when a wild hog, harassed by the dogs and hunter turns loose down the trail, you must be prepared to fire him in the trail or kill him. He is hideously tough and unless the bullet strikes him squarely and in a vital spot, it might be deflected. Then the men had to go in with their knives and skewers and kill on the table. I was afraid that the men would go to sleep and the hounds would keep us up. We knew it. So I kept awake and kept the others awake by talking and asking questions. We could hear the dogs at a distance, barking and charging and snarling. So the night passed.

The next day the Chaco was really hot. About noon the party divided: Bob Poin with three men went ahead to catch up with the dogs and see if the dog
The men took their Marchites and chopped down enough branches to make a small shack and inside of an hour it was ready for use.
had made a stand. Tom, Colley and Tom stayed with me. That is why I
tried to tackle the hunters. We had to do this for we could not double back on my aid. We heard a
loud cry of noise for ahead, but no sound of shots nor anything louder.
By their shots, however, the sounds were coming nearer and the men looked after their guns. Then we heard a trifling and prolonged battle and the barking of the dogs ceased.

"Sounds like he has killed the dogs," said Tom.

"Killed some dogs?" I asked.

"If he is a big one, that would not be hard for him to do," Tom said.

"When he gets desperate he will kill anything that stands in his way.

"He will not kill the dogs if he can get at the hunter. Sometimes he will
charge the dogs, and sure enough, first that the hunter is caught off his
and attack. A man is in real danger then.

It was not long after that we heard the deep barking. It was a language
and it seemed when we heard it was a huge bull dog coming to the right and I moved
nearer to it so that I might hide behind it if necessary after hearing the
wider barking approach and came. The barking came nearer. Now we could hear
him whining and struggling. Smaller shots were heard and we got ready to meet the
charge. The howl with the barking of the dogs, with the dogs that came charging down upon us, I had never pictured anything so huge, so
fierce, nor so fast. Mammals cleared the way. We had come too fast for
Tom to get a good aim on a balled shot.

Just around a huge rock he whirled about and made two complete
wheels faster than a man thought and backed into a small opening in the rock. He had made his stand and resolved to fight. Only his sound was audible
from where we were. The men kept closer and Tom cleared or shots
the bullet killed his horse, and the shots crackled off it, rolled the
shot to his knees. We rushed forward, the man first to finish him. With the bullets, at that moment he leaped up and charged the crowd.
I raced back to the big rock and scrambled up, what was going on behind
my back I did not know until I got on top of the rock and looked back. Tom
told us it was safe. Colley had not quite made it. The big had
led the muscles in the calf of his leg and he was down. But Tom rushed in at almost pressed the muzzle of his rifle against the head of the man
and fired. The big made a half turn and fell. Tom shot him again to
while we were doing the best we could for Colley, the others came. They
posibly the man supported him and all we made a circle around the fallen
man and his dog and visited each other for days. This was done with the
utmost gravity. Finally Colonel Rowe said, "Well, we got him. We
"That's a trick."

Then all of the men began to cut dry wood for a big fire. When the fire began to be lively they cut green bush so as to catch off the heat. When the side was thoroughly clean, they scraped the other sides and then washed the whole to a snowy white and gutted the hog. Everything was now done in high good humor. No effort was made to season the chitterlings and hams. What were referred to as "the fifth quarter," because there was no way to handle it on the march. All of the bones were removed, seasoned and dried over the fire, so that they could be taken home. The meat was then seasoned with pepper and spices and put over the fire to cook. It was such a big hog that it took nearly all night to finish cooking. It required two men to turn it over when necessary, while it was being cooked and give off delicious odors. The men talked and told stories and sang songs. One told the story of Paul Bogle, the Jamaican hero of the War of 1797 who made such a noble fight against the British, unable to stop the fight until they could capture the leader, the finally appealed to their new allies, the Maroons, who some say betrayed Bogle into the hands of the English. Paul Bogle never knew how it was that he was shot, but his family and the war stopped.

Towards morning we ate our fill of pork back. It is more desirable than our barbecues. It is so hard to imagine anything better than pork the way the Maroons ate it. When we had eaten all that we could take, the next was passed up with the bones and we started the long trek back to camp. My whistled beats told me that we could never get there but we finally did. What was left of the whole pig was given to the families and friends of the hunters. They never sell it because they say they need for fear, we came marching in singing the Karamante songs.

Blue Gery ai,
Blue Gery lily
Blue Gery gallo
Blue Gery!
Death of Sécoute

25 3 25

This is the story of the death of President Sécoute the way people tell it. The history books all say that assassination took

place in the explosions that destroyed the palace and the people do

not tell it that way. Not one person, high or low, ever told me that

Sécoute was killed by the explosion but the destruction of the palace

to cover up the fact that the President was already dead by violence.

There are many reasons given for the alleged assassination and

each one of these witnesses had its own cast of characters in the tragedy

But the main actors always remain the same. These men were ambitious

and stood to gain political power and what goes with it in Haiti. The death

of President Sécoute.

For example, some tell a story of the little son of Sécoute who was

said to be a love child. He loved the boy with a great love, but

that seemed not to be reason enough to cause him to marry the mother

of his child. She belonged to a high caste family and there was said

to be a great deal of bad feeling between the family of the young woman

and the President. Those who continued that this friction was behind the as-

sassination point out that the child was not in the palace when the

explosion took place. He was at the home of his mother's people.

All the other reasons given for his alleged assassination was po-

litical. The only difference were, whose political aspirations were being

pitted off by the destruction of Sécoute. (over)

The first person who told me about it said that he was not even killed

in the presidente's mansion. Said that a messenger came to the president to

visit his little son who was with his mother at the time. He disguised him-

self and entered the bus driven by the coachman of the Palace called

Edmond, whose estate was called Port Salouvo. That Sécoute left the Connaught at the house of one of

this minister and never came out again. That is his story and mine.

The family whose honor had been outraged by the refusal of Sécoute to

marry the daughter of the house had secretly formed forces with the president's

political enemies. Some of them were in the house when Sécoute arrived.

The arrangements for the body to be carried out on the Palace and de

to be buried had already been made but it was tampered with replaced in

the bus and driven out to the estate of one of the busts painters to be buried.

The old coachman was rewarded and the Palace blown up.
It is not to be inferred from this that Le Conte was a traitor. On the contrary, he is credited with beginning numerous reforms and generally taking progressive steps. He was merely in the way of other men's ambitions by holding the office.
The very next person that I told this version to, agreed that I went into the bus and that he did leave the Palace of the Gate of Palmar. But they maintained that he was killed while I was the coachman when he treated certain places on the Palace of the Gate of Palmar. The President at that very moment. President Segovia would come out of the car and walk, but the President would go out of the car and walk. The President would come out of the car and walk. Then the bus was surrounded and he was killed and stopped. But this was in the street. It was a street of a beautiful man who himself had presidential ambitions.

But I kept talking to people and asking questions about Segovia, about the people, and the same in the essential points; minor details differed. Of course, all the reports that I was the President of the Interior was most faithful to his chief and loved him as a brother. He got wind of a conspiracy against the life of Segovia and warned him time and again to be careful. But the President was not inclined to take him too seriously. He knew that he was very popular with the people and went to work building the case against him, planning other interventions. But the President began to be really alarmed and began to name names. He accused Taveras Augustin, Valdes Harry, Chief Surelis, and the Secretary, Minister of Agriculture, of plotting to overthrow the regime of Segovia to make Augustin President in his stead. He urged the President to lose no time in arresting Augustin and Harry, but such was the confidence of Segovia in his well-known that he refused to believe his advice. He put it down to overexcitement on the part of a friend. This was the state of affairs for some time before the night of the assassination.

One man told me what he saw on the night of August 7, 1912, it was the habit of many young men of the upper class to gather at Thibaudet's Cafe on the Cham de Mars to eat, sip drinks and play dices, practically every night. This night of August 7, the crowds who usually come, came in large numbers, and there were no empty places. Because, as he explained, "when the tambour sounds, the horses come." Meaning those who love a thing will follow it.

But this particular evening, there was to be no tambour. The young social and political lights there's coffee and some one called for the disc. Thibaudet's face grew very stern. "Guillermo, no disco tonight, you will leave early as usual. Go close the Cafe and get to bed at a good hour. Good evening, gentleman."

The man was not naturally surprised at this most unusual announcement. He left the place reluctantly, in little groups and went elsewhere. My informant says, "Palace and saw the president standing in the balcony of the Palace..."}

The people had made for him, the President, was just standing there outside.
The conspirators were held by seeming immunity. They began to kow with some assurance. Rumors of plots and conspiracies increased. Definite plans seemed to have been made. And...
Across from the palace, and watching it, Colonel Tancrd Augusti, waited on his stagecoach, their lazy scenery amusing.

This is what they say was going on inside the palace. Some time during the night, the word to Seconrde was passed that he must see him on a matter of vital importance. It was a matter that necessitated the greatest secrecy, and Seconrde, hearing this topic to require secrecy, went to the room where Netette used to always sit when he needed to be left alone for a moment. The room was not only used as a place of prayer, but also as a place to meditate. He was in the habit of spending time in prayer and reflection.

Seconrde went to the room where Netette used to sit, and called him. Netette, who was always present, asked what he needed. Seconrde explained that he had received some urgent news and needed to discuss it with him. They went to a more private room where Seconrde revealed that he had been told by a trusted friend that there was a plot against the President. Seconrde asked Netette to figure out how much he knew and to report back to him as soon as possible.

Netette was hesitant at first, but eventually agreed to help. He told Seconrde that the President was planning a secret meeting with some important figures and that he had overheard some discussions about it. Seconrde was worried and asked Netette to keep an eye on the situation and to inform him immediately if anything suspicious happened.

Netette agreed and went to the meeting, which was attended by several ministers. He noticed that the President was acting strangely and seemed to be distracted. He also noticed that Seconrde was acting nervously, which made him suspicious.

When Netette went to the palace, he was met by Seconrde and some other officials. They asked him to follow them and to take a seat in the President's study. Netette was taken aback by the sudden turn of events and felt uneasy.

Seconrde explained that he had received a tip that the President was planning to carry out a violent act against one of the ministers. Netette was shocked but agreed to help if it was necessary.

Seconrde asked Netette to come back later and told him to keep an eye on the situation. Netette agreed and went back to his office, where he immediately reported the situation to Seconrde. Seconrde was relieved and thanked Netette for his help.

The following day, Netette was called to the President's study again. He was told that the President had decided to carry out the planned act, but that it was not possible to go through with it due to complications. Seconrde was relieved and thanked Netette for his help.

The next day, Netette was called to the President's study once again. He was told that the President had decided to carry out the planned act, but that it was not possible to go through with it due to complications. Seconrde was relieved and thanked Netette for his help.

The situation continued to escalate, and Netette was constantly on the lookout for any signs of danger. He continued to report to Seconrde, who was always there to offer support.

Netette was eventually given a position of power within the government and continued to work closely with Seconrde, who was always there to offer guidance and support.
The young men recalled of their dice game and social evening.

3. He began a rambling narrative that not only lacked any evidence of plot, the fragmentary words were:

3. The work was done. Lescot was dead and his body actually removed from the palace without the faithful guard suspecting that he was not safely in bed. The conspirators must continue to send for aid and hurriedly to the house to verify the information. The body was carefully examined, there was no mistake. The body was then placed at the feet of the men who tracked the success of the coup in terms of the flowers for the coming elections were gone once again.

That settled, the final details that would dispose of the body and cover the evidence of the assassinations were done once for the last time. The body was left in the care and in the hands of the same men where it now was. It was loyal to the conspirators and they had the assurance that the body would be disposed of as planned. The higher minds might go on and come to the matter of elections. He knew they would remember him when making the new appointments. They would not believe the body would have been seen against most certainly. It would not be seen by anyone who favored Lescot. In his lifetime, few had the conspirators hurried away to attend to matters of state while others remained here in the house with the body of Teoncle, waiting.
As the harbor in a boat and killed as these bodies were mowed down, the man who cut up the bodies and dragged it away, became an infamous criminal. When the body was brought to the headquarters waiting in the house, it was to carry out the final details to cover up the murder of General 23 on. He dragged him from his bed. He was told nothing about what had gone on before. He was reduced to blow up the palace at once or die. It is to be remembered that great stores of ammunition were handed in the palace. He was forced to rig up a device to set off this immense hand of explosives. It is said that only fear of certain death persuaded the young man to do the work.

Thus early in the morning of August 8, 1912, the sits of Port-au-Prince were rocked by an explosion that completely wrecked the palace. Other buildings were also injured. People were thrown out of their beds in Belair, soldiers, the Palace guard were belted out of the quarters, head lines, limbs, eyes burnt out, the powder and guns bodies and parts.

The people of Port-au-Prince awakened like that and other blue and red rushed out doors because everybody thought it was an earthquake. When they got outside they saw the palace and came running. Putting their cries of surprise and terror with the hunt and screaming crowds off from the wreckage, Sanseviere, rushed into the ruins seeking his friend Senohite, who was not there and would not have been able to save him if he had been. Nobody could stop the Minister of the Interior. He tore off the dais that held he rushed about through the smoking ruin calling Senohite and being solicitors of him. He kept crying and that he had warned him against his enemies.

When the daylight came he picked up something that nobody could say the way things were, nobody could say the formation matter was not the late president either. They held a state funeral and burial.

All that being settled right away, funeral August with the help of 23 pointed him to power. One day there had been Senohite occupying the palace, popular with the people, and going on about building this Colombo. Suddenly this man was to occupy the National Palace for many years. The people wanted it to be that way, it turned their thoughts towards the late man.
Finding no way to help Secunde, finding nothing in the likeness of his friend, he kept
for him still, he who held David at the gates when they brought home Absalom.
They say that the friendship between Sansanique and Secunde was a
beautiful thing. Here was another Damon and Pythias, another David and
Jonathan. For alone of all these near to Secunde was not concerned with
his political future. He had rushed into the ruins to do those things
which became a man and a friend. No matter who tells the story and how,
they dwell on the nobility of Sansanique. And indeed, it is nothing to write
songs about.
But evidently God did not agree with the Haitian people, for beloved
God reprimanded their candidate by placing him out of the palace. The poor
people was corrected, and Tawel and Augustine became their rulers.
The sight of the explosion must have affected him deeply, if the rumor is
true that he took to talking to himself. Also, they say he declined to pass the
ruins, and avoided doing so until one day he attended a wedding and
the carriages were passing the ruins before he realized it. The sight of
the tragic spot must have touched his compassion too deeply, for he
began to mutter aloud and almost left the carriage. At any rate, the
palace food proved too rich for him, for less than a year after he had
taken office he died of a digestive disturbance that his enemies
called poison. So God must have changed His mind about him also, and
while he was being buried, even before his body left the Cathedral, for the
latter, the mourners heard shots being fired from different parts of the
city of Port-au-Prince. The successor to Tawel and Augustine were being
"elected."

This is what they say in Port-au-Prince about the death of President
Scort, who built the great Cascade.

Ah Bobo
For four hundred years the slaves of Haiti had yearned for peace.
For three hundred years the island was spoken of as a paradise of riches
and pleasures, but that was in reference to the whites to whom the spirit of
the land gave welcome. Haiti has meant spilt blood and tears for blacks.
So the Haitians got no answers to their prayers. Even when they had fought
dawn out all white oppressors, oppression did not leave. They revered
peace like kingdoms and other ruling names, they sought it in the highest,
fairest mountains of the island and in the smallest, quietest, secluded
plains. But it eluded them and vanished into thin air. Hence it was to
come to them from another land and another people utterly unlike the
Haitian people in any respect. The Prophet might have said: "Your fathers
from stole and your peace shall come when these symbols shall appear:
There shall come a voice in the night, a new and blood
River shall flow from a man-made hole in your chief city. This
shall be as dry from the heart of Haiti's agony. It is a broken tree,
They shall be a day and the day shall be a howl, and the howl
shall be remembered in Haiti's foreg. Old nations beyond the borders
be a plume against the sky, it
shall be a black plume against the sky which shall give fright to
Many at its coming, but it shall bring peace to Haiti. You who live
hope watch for these signs, many false prophets shall arise who
will promise you peace and faith, but they are leading in the desire of
peace. Wait for the plume in the sky."
The Voice in the Night

A whisper ran along the edge of the dawn. A young girl heard rifle shots, spotting the darkness of a night that was holding its breath. The girl stared in fright and went to waken her father and her family. They were, but there was no need. All Haiti was awake and listening for shots. The father ordered the family to dress quickly and questioned the young girl nervously, "Your eggs are gone? What did you see?"

"Just a whisper, go see if the door is secure," said the voice. The girl raced the door ajar and kept outside. A hand of Carlos passed swinging machetes. They were signs on many gates announcing that foreigners occupied those houses.

"But this is a street of foreigners," said one of the Carlos to his fellow. "Let us go into a street of Haitians to kill some people." The girl dived for her barrel full of knife-blankets, hunting work.

The girl crept out onto the sidewalk again, straining to translate the whisper. The night's order! Her father find the unlocked door, his gun at hand, crossed the street. She saw someone all but leaping along the sidewalk, as close to the wall as possible. She thought: it was the son of an neighbor around the corner; the shadow:

"What are you doing, carefully, Janic?" "I'm just going walking." "I heard shots, Herman, why are you outside tonight? I saw Carlos walking!"

"The boy kept close to the door to give tongues to the speechless something that was moving in the air." "Say she, Herman! The people in the prison are dead!"

"How do you know that, Herman?"

"I heard things. The people in the prison are dead." The Bloody Prime Minister and the women of Port-au-Prince came to the prison that dark morning. Winged tongues had whispered at every door: "The people in the prison are dead!" The people in the prison are dead." A boy would have jumped to death if Jean Villerm's Guillaume Sam was still president in the palace or a French in the French Legation. But nobody listened to them talk. The elected man had said, "The people in the prison are dead." In Casse he said, "If they are any questions, are our people dead?" A boy had heard shots and the President had issued orders to kill the
outside the ominous pollution of the city was more evident. The
sky was brighter and the air was less contaminated. The
water was clearer and the fish were more plentiful.

Some blamed the political fees who had buried President San's
three-point where the red soil nearly two hundred men, the members of good
democracy sat invisibly around these men as judges for the good
behaviors. The leaders then as to whether they supported or whether they
supported the S and Administration. Some denounced the machinations of San and his
advocates. President San as he said, was a cheat and a fraud. He was a man of no
trust. He had no respect for established rules or
disciplining the party. He did not respect the conventions. He was a quick
and calculated criminal. He had been in the palace for five months, he had
seen enough to ensure him to "secure his future." If he had understood
intelligence and the national funders who then must do whatever it took to
secure their positions. When San had captured the presidency, he
had not become any richer by a dynasty. Yet, how much more
from the people and viscosity of the Court, why did San ignore the connotations
in the situation? Under the man was a quickly studied king eating in good manners. To
the situation? Under the man was a quickly studied king eating in good manners. To
the situation? Under the man was a quickly studied king eating in good manners. To
the situation? Under the man was a quickly studied king eating in good manners. To

political prisoners in the prison at the first shots of the opposing forces. And how it was generally agreed that the shots had come from the Champ de Mars and that the President's Cold Army, for which he had defended, had caved in before it assaulted the President's Cause.

So now the families of the prisoners were there and the must go into the jail. Screams and groans had been reported with muffled shots. The families must know if the bodies, somehow preserved to their own. The body of blood on the bed, blood drained by bullets. But the President's Cause's chief military officer of the government could not be found to be questioned. Chocotte and Paul Herard were indeed, rumors said, but no one could enter to question them, but always discussed a chain from the inside of the prison, flowing with guts and lots of blood. The door crashed open before the king of families and friends of families and they surged to the cells of their relatives to be reassured of their safety.

The Crescendo Cry

They in huddled stillness were shot bodies and cut bodies, screams of soldiers were heard through the night. The broken in by machetes, bodies, and bodies dropped away. Helplessly crushed in by machetes, bodies, and bodies stepped away. Helplessly crushed in by machetes, bodies, and bodies stepped away. The huddled mass of bodies screamed for help, for blood, for justice. The blood screamed, the women screamed, the men screamed, the women screamed. The blood screamed, the women screamed, the men screamed.

And the thin reached up from his shot in the horizons to listen.

The Survivors

They left the house in the dead and found a man. He screamed and shouted: "I heard, I heard them - they said, 'fifteen men, forward! Murdered and killed!" Then the whispering, "I heard Chocotte, the adjutant say, 'five close to March.' Then the whispering, "I heard Chocotte, the adjutant say, 'five close to March.'"

"Yes, we must go, are we not? The daughter of July 17 is 17. But 2 are still alive, are we not? The daughter of July 17 is 17. But 2 are still alive, are we not?"

"But where is the body of Charles Oscar Etienne, "Palmyre lived," yes?"

"But where is the body of Charles Oscar Etienne? "Palmyre lived," yes?"

"It is the friend of Guillaume Sami. Some one assassinated him."

"But honor be greater than his friendship. And his friendship was such a monster of a man, that it is a thing like death to Oscar Etienne is dead. Only when his dead body could such a thing happen.
happened. Show me the body of Emmeric. Look near the bodies of my three young sons. It must be there. He could not have betrayed them. By their young lives in so watching a manner, some well and found the body of this honorable man who died in defense of his own honor and the helplessness of his prisoners. We must bury him with honor like his great ones. He died defending Haiti from brutality and butchery like J. Percier.

So Polynier went about among the dismembered parts of bodies which no one could give a name searching for one small piece of the protector of the helpless that he might do it honor and thus wish his own grief which was a terrible thing. For a while some one told him "But Emmeric is not dead. He was seen to leave the prison before five o’clock at was it who ordered the massacre. He has taken refuge in the Dominican legation. He will not come out for any reason at all."

"Then I must go and bring him out. I will be a great kindness to him after this terrible and in my sons. He will not wish to live and remember his defeat in the earning of this duty. I must hurry to relieve him of his memories."

Polynier rushed to the Dominican legation and dragged out the origin of Emmeric who went limp into terror when he saw the awful face of the Emmeric who went limp into terror. He murdered "mistaken" and "misunderstood," and placed the blame upon President Vilbrun Sam. But it is doubtful if Polynier heard a word. He dragged him to the sidewalk and if Polynier heard a word. He dragged him to the sidewalk and if Polynier heard a word. He dragged him to the sidewalk and if Polynier heard a word. He dragged him to the sidewalk and if Polynier heard a word. He dragged him to the sidewalk and if Polynier heard a word. He dragged him to the sidewalk and if Polynier heard a word. He dragged him to the sidewalk and if Polynier heard a word. He dragged him to the sidewalk and if Polynier heard a word. He dragged him to the sidewalk and if Polynier heard a word. He dragged him to the sidewalk and if Polynier heard a word. He dragged him to the sidewalk and if Polynier heard a word. 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The crowd followed him to the house of Thémis where they whipped it first and then burned it to its foundations. In their rage they left nothing standing that one might say "Here are the remains of the house of Thémis who betrayed and slaughtered defenceless men under his protection for the crime of difference of political
as they passed grim and solemn, men called out encouragement from houses along the way. Women wept at windows. Bodies after they had climbed towards the great church of the Sacred Heart. Funeral processions tied in tight about their loves walked all about the square.

The black peasant woman fell upon her knees with her arms outstretched, like a crucified one cried, "They say the white man is coming to rule Haiti again. The black man's no good to his own, but the white man come!"

With the bodies in the earth, with the expectation of American intervention, with the prayers of such cries in their hearts, the people moved towards the French legation. They were hot to be heard. For this day of this act of America's national act was upon them, upon a Howl. The entangled voices of Haiti had changed from a yell to a howl. They dragged bodies from his hiding place; the chopped massed hungrily outside the legation gates. They dragged him through our path, a woman whose dignity he had refused. She held a broom, stung him a vicious blow with to the people who chopped off his parts and dragged this torso in the streets.

The Plume against the Sky

Smoke! They were live that they were the smoke of the American battleship itself against the sky. They were live that when Admiral Caperton from afar off gazed at Pasteur-quines through his field glasses, they were so engrossed when the U.S.S. Wabash in the harbor with Admiral Caperton in command, when the howls, he found the head of William San hoisted on a pole on the chomp. San's head was dragged and his torso burning with a glory in his eyes, except those who had been colored it while it was living. But it should be entombed in marble for it was the deliverance of Haiti. Comrades had beaten him back the outside enemies of Haiti. But the bloody stump of San's head was to quell Haiti's ritual fear, who had become more dangerous to Haiti than anyone else. The smoke from the funnels of the U.S.S. Washington was a black plume with a white hope. This was the last hour of the last day of the last year that ambitious and greedy gentlemen could substitute. Without blades for victory in power, it was the cry of revolution and the beginning of peace.
The people who had not been able to get into the church stopped the procession of bodies as they were carried from the church and hope over them.

2 General Jose Vicente Guillermo came until the dawn of the day of the massacre, President of the Republic.
the peasant general governor president Simon when he took the field against tayget, confident by dint of
numerous and best directed bullets always won battles of Haiti sailed for Jamaica.
It is the story of a peasant who gained the palace
but lost his soul. Simalo was the architect of all that was peace
he had the cabinet members and several others persons of
importance assembled at the Palace. He delivered one of the victims
mascara a faint gas, dismissed them, but a few intimate
were allowed to remain and wonder about informally. The
President was moving towards his private apartments
when he ran into his Minister of War, jacques
Marie. He stopped suddenly as if he had seen a ghost
and then broke into tears and said: "My dear Marie, as
soon as I see you long beard, I think of my dear
Simalo," and he wept so hard that the other guests felt
that they had better keep with him. (over)

Apologies to Simon, celestine and Simalo the Haitian
add to that old proverb about not being able to make a
strike and out of a cow's ear, the sage remark that
one cannot lie to the God. One may not hear one's
word to the mysteries.
But soon the tales of the "servites" in the palace, the sacrifices at Mountaintown House, the cruelty of Celestina, and the affair of the goat filled Haiti's cup of disgust to the brim. Insurrections began. Simon and Celestina confident in their boa marched out to conquer as before. Simon beat down one uprising only to be met by others. He was living over the life of Macbeth and his lady, both betrayed by their mysteries. After many married months, no doubt he remembered the days when he was governor of any lays when he, his priestess daughter and his goat were happy rulers, before ambition tricked them into the palace.
Haiti, the thief, daughter of France, also has its Guy of Arc.

Celestine Simon stood once against the Maid of Orleans. Bastin and three young women sprung alike from the soil. Both and three did come to indelible glory by no other right than conjunction with

notorious plots and spirits. Both of these women stood behind

Queen Marie, and both departed their glory for ignominy. The

Duke of Burgundy turned again at the stake. The conquering

knight, the heir to the haughty palace, deserted him to a dag, and dishonored old

public life. They have not lost their places in the minds of the people,

more legends surround the name of Simon than any other character

in the History of Haiti.

History says that General Francois Antoine Simon was President of Haiti, but practically the whole country agrees that he never should have been. There are countless tales of this man's addicci-

tion to his position, his constant stunts, and his desire to be seen in the palace where he had nicely

to lie. He is not known what to do in matters of state, what to say

to foreign representatives, and how to behave amid the bruises of

the palace. But his presence there had never been considered

to be the cause of any trouble. It was enough for the simple, honest, President.

Abreu and wanted to

they knew he was ignorant and foolish, it was

in the palace. But they did not show him into the palace to do anything. It was just

about matters of state, at least they knew what they wanted to do, and

they did things, and the fear of them to the people was.

The passing of the

years had

made

the

development

of

Haiti.
Caption: [Folder 23]

\[
\frac{34}{37} + \frac{4}{5} = 18.90
\]
perfect tool in office as a façade were too great to be lost on the account of the tool’s bad social form. What the “advisors” had not reckoned with was Celestina Simon and Simalo, the first Mambo. That was no secret. Everyone around Aray Cayes and the area knew that General François Antoine Simon was a great follower of the law, and that his daughter Celestina was his trusted priestess. No one was surprised at this for while Simon was the military governor of the Depôt of the South, it was well known that he had come up the military ladder from the most humble beginnings. Also, practically everyone had heard of his partner Simalo. But no one had mentioned Celestina and Simalo in the palace. It was claimed by the soldiers of Simon’s army that they were invincible because of the presence of the priestess Celestina and her consort, Simalo, in the front ranks of the force, their combined prowess utterly routed the government forces at Anacaona. Warhapsoby said.

General Simon, it is recalled, had taken the field because he had been removed from office by Noel Alexis. He had been removed because he let it be known that he had presidential ambitions and President Alexis had no idea as to who should follow him in office. So he determined to square Simon by demoting him. But as Noel Alexis well knew, Simon was being prompted by others, with more intelligence but less courage, and Simon won the battle of Anacaona because his way into the National palace only because the government was betrayed and because others had uses for a man like Simon. But Simon brought along with his usefulness himself, his daughter Celestina and Simalo, the first. There are tales of tales of the services to the lord on that march from Aray Cayes to Port-au-Prince, especially the service that Celestina made to Gourou Terrible, the god of war, during the war of the men of her army impersonating to bullet and blade. The stories of her part in the battles, of her marching in advance of the men and fighting them by her own ferocious attack.
The enemy had at all proceeded to the Capitol. The populace of the new army and called her the black Joan of Arc. Her prestige increased and the flattering about her became absurd and frantic whatever President Simon decided was a daughter, she was received and respected as a great sophisticated hand in Port-au-Prince at the court of his pontific ous presence in the palace with his superstitious attachments to his daughter and his goat.

But the daughter died very quickly, in the first place Simon was not the manageable as another patron. He took the flattering fact that the sayings of Celestine and the behavior of Simalo were of greater importance to him than any other national affairs for indeed the women and the goat had come to be affairs of the nation.

The disinclination and the fear of the upperclass Haitians grew with their astonishment. For instance when it was common knowledge of the services and the ceremonies being held in the national palaces, many of them decided to keep as far away as possible and to have nothing at all to do with such persons. But President Simon thought differently. He gave grand dinners and other state functions and the aristocrats did not refuse his invitations. They knew the temper of the manatees slaves and dancers. Before this face they laughed loudly at moment this back was turned the look at each other fear we drinking wine or blood and wine?" they asked each other in most really beef or is it? But just then the face of the
President was turned towards them and they danced and
swallowed with fear and image and somewhat to smile
and flatter. Often it was said that a wooden scenery was
seen in the basement chambers while the statue functioned
flitting its fanciful way in the shadow.

The Mountain House, the summer palace of President
Simon, was the scene of the greatest ceremonies, however.
It was rumored that this took place the celebrations of the
dread East Race and that years later the blood stains
on the walls and floors of one room were so ghostly that
they were difficult to cover with paint. These Simon and all
those in the high places who believed with him gathered for
these services under the rites of Celestina and Simalo.

The most dramatic story of all tells about the breaking
of Simalo’s heart. Rumors had it that years before there had been
a “marriage” between Celestina and Simalo. A love-faithed
prophecy tied them together for many decades and the power
to each depended upon the other. All had gone happily until
they were elevated to the palace. Then the flattening of many
years’ fame. Simon hoped that his slave daughter might capture a high
position and wealth. This and the ears heard the flattening
they heard none of the fear and discomfort that was increased of
about them. Simon and Celestina saw nothing in the way of an
advantageous marriage, so they began to plan for it. So for now
they could see, the only barrier was the previous barroom to
Simalo. So they set about getting a divorce.

A powerful woman whom Simon had brought from the
south with him was said to have officiated at this ceremony
at the same time an elaborate function was going on in
the hall of the palace. It was to be a celebration of the
marriage of Celestina from her vows to the groom so that she might
marry a man. Celestina herself was kept in her own chamber
until the ceremony was over. It was said to be excruciating
wrench to her as she sustained the sorrow with difficulty.
It was only the prospect of a brilliant marriage, rivaling that of
the daughter of the President that sustained her in her final.
President Simon himself went from salon to basement several times watching the progress, in his impatience to report the "Electoration" of Celestina. Feeling of course that several men of wealth and education were ready to prostitute themselves before his daughter and each time that he left the room the waiting crowd above stairs exchanged hurried looks and whispered about the election, going on below the floor. It was one of those secrets that everyone had gotten hold of.

Finally, as he started below again, an attendant met him in the corridor and whispered that the election was over and "Celestina set libre"! The President sought his daughter and led her into the great salon announcing "Celestina is free; she may marry anyone she chooses now."

The news was received in great excitement. There was a polite show of joy, but no man rushed forward to take the widow of Simalo. One young deputy who expected his usual position was fired on from ambush, it was never known what that was. At any rate, she has never married a man.

As for Simalo, it is said that his grief over the divorce was so great that he did not live long after that. A few days later he was dead and both Simon and Celestina were suddenly with grief. It is said that they could not bear the thought of Simalo being dumped in a hole and buried like any other dead animal. He must be buried like a virgin. So a priest and the Catholic Church were trickled into giving him a Christian burial. It was only then that the service was completed over that the priest declared that all this holy service had been performed over a goad. Some believed that the ill luck that attended the Simalo after his death was because of the divorce of Simalo and the numerous accounts of Simon's grief at the loss of his great goat. He used to wear his listener with his mourning of the feats of Simalo in military campaigns. It was said that he considered the goat more than his beard, more than men more than just a friend. There was something of a worship.
The body of Simão, in a closed coffin, was borne to the Cathedral, in great pomp and glory. It was represented to the priest that a close relative of the President had passed away. There were great boughs of flowers, smelling heavily, and the processions for the dead and great weeping. A most impressive funeral; all in all.
Of this triumvirate, who had come up from the south to the
Capital of Haiti, perhaps Simón, by his early death, came off
best. They were President Simón and the princes, these three
statesmen or corrupt politicians who planned to use him to their
own advantage, believing that he was wise by the magic powers
of his daughter and his gods. He firmly believed that for
him, he never would have become Governor of the South,
then he was making every financial, social, diplomatic and
political move until thinking that he was cutting a great
figure. A foreign ship steamed into the harbor and it is
announced to President Simón that "the princeSimón
from parts here were." (in Danish, Prince to speak with
you) and President Simón examined the prince's mouth
very carefully when he arrived and laughing, "The haitians
are great drinkers," he explained to the prince, "they come and
tell me that a prince with black teeth (dents noirs) was
after all those years the educated fall in Port-au-Prince
for two years. They do not laugh at the clowns who occupied his palace
an elderly woman living in poverty in the South and the
prince of the days when she had a special military attachment to him
from the palace are gone. She is a surly figure of the fact
the man whose victorious army drove Simón from power,
the man who revealed a terrible curse against
so that when the palace was blown up and Leconte killed.
But anyway, it must have been disconcerting at work.

There are many to agree with him on this. It is said
that Celestina was possessed of the greatest courage and
urged her father to fight at every challenge. It was because
of this prompt and strong action that he pulled
himself up by his bootstraps. Of course, they say a
way of explanation that Celestina had this great courage
because she had such power from the love. They never
failed her until she broke the vows. But, anyway, it
is a matter of history that she not only had great
personal bravery, she was able to inspire others
with the same. Her father and his soldiers being
the first to feel her personality.
We came to a point of huge mango trees where a man was standing beside the road. It was the place to leave the bus, and to go down a trail path, a
running water next to chilli plants among the Guayus, (and the name of the bush was)
behind the trees. We walked two miles further and the village was nowhere to be
seen. We had reached our destination—the compound of Amici De Leon who is
a cousin of Dein Domenez and for whom the mission was going to be
up the show packet. We had called because there were formalities that he
required it.

A lone came out with a torch light and brought warm meal and water.
Among the signatures of a fire upon the ground, and threw the water
three times upon the ground for the dead. Mambo Etienne said the words,
they went through a ritual proper to the occasion but without the other
hymns as pages out and threw water ceremonially through the rounds,
after that we all went inside.

We found great piles of palm leaves piled under the pétrole and
gay colored paper. The women were waiting to be told what to do and
Mambo Etienne put us all to work stripping the palm leaves into
stripes for fire that was done at a slow pace like a quiet, cream and
green aquatic plant. There were going to be cut into smaller pieces and used
to decorate the pétrole and the various representations of the gods, here work
was going on under the great altars that was to be dedicated to
for and later in the night I went out there and slept by the sleep the
next morning Dein Domenez himself arrived with the rest of the clan after
and there was a great ceremony at the entrance for him. We were given
some delicious hot tea called chayuela before breakfast and it was a most
refreshing and surprising thing. Off to the lonely house for anyone to dance it
was put to work cutting up the colored paper to be strung across the pétrole to
decorate it and spent the entire morning at it. By lunch time a kernel was
ready to collect. When the pétrole was all dedicated, I went out to the
beach, in the place where the women were cutting great quanta of food. I
noticed that Madame Etienne found the roads himself to support the
load iron cooking pots, and that he worked each week with the vines
plant in chayola. She announced me that this was done to keep them
warm when they were heated.

Soon Dein Domenez sent for me to come to him under the pétrole
He was breaking in the Ascen. That must be done to remain it for a
few days or a few years. He wanted me to see how it was done, he
was allowed to help him restoring the heads and make lovely that
now of the group that becomes the most sacred object in Haitian art.
Of the stories which contains love. Each important god has a head of
different color dedicated to him as his and pastor represented on the
representation of the heads on the Ascen and in the group work and that
all the gods from a horse to a horseman. The Collier turned it over as long as it was elaborated as the Collier Lesage or, as it was called, as the Collier of the horseman. It is a splendid affair that is placed about his shoulders in a specific manner, it must be very long for that.

That afternoon the ceremonies began. The drums and the horned men were dedicated, and of course the very first ceremony was to put on Legeau's cloak. The scholars told me that the African word is Gebalh in French. Perhaps the people are in error. All I know is they say: “Papa Legou, amour, continue pour moi, pasrs.” Anyway, in the courtyard of the house of Anne. La Cour, the great preparation was going on: the deep red, fine-drawn, blue and white, with the symbols of blue and red on it, was flying from a pole high on the house, with its rooster and horned man: for the god who loves it. It was red, the red rooster that was in front of the house. People in the street saw the great horned man decorated with large palm leaves. Pieces of this wrapped palm leaves were everywhere. In the house were the colors for the different gods: the god with an iron serpent beside it for Donavilla, “Le père de vie.” The one who lives in the sky and whose symbol on earth is the serpent. In the second room were the things dedicated to the gods of the serpent, their splendid colors. The Congo and the Red Sea should be celebrated in the same room, but they should be under the same roof.

Soon now we were reminded to the horned to appear, and Mambo turned in red and yellow handkerchief on his head in the proper color. The drummers were already beating the drums as Deon was already in front of the house. This was a very loud shrilling, when he was all in that the place could hold, he shouted his head into the immense and gigantic, and began the memorable ceremony.

Dein Donay: Ela Grand-Père Éternel,
No: Ela Grand-Père Éternel, Sin Dios,
Ela Grand-Père Éternel, Sin Dios Aquí,
Ela Grand-Père Éternel, Sin Dios Ahora.

Dein Donay: Ela Saint-Michel,
No: Ela Saint Michel, Sin Dios,
Ela Saint Michel, Sin Dios Aquí,
Ela Saint Michel, Sin Dios Ahora.

Thrice upon the Christian side and the same responses were sung for each name. Thus the horseman began to chant the names of the voodoo gods and we responded as before, including the pagan deities in our chant.
The altar was set. That is, a large figure or "signature" of the god.

The "food" and drink of the god were arranged in a "M.A.R.E.M."

The "W.E."

That is, seated things were in the macaire on the altar and the water and other drinks were there also to offer to the god. Also the macaire with the corn meal with which Deir Donuz would make the "verm" or signature of the god later was on the altar also in easy reach.
"The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

- Eleanor Roosevelt
Here this was an interruption. Three women entered all dressed in black. They looked like a mother and her daughters. The service was promptly stopped and the Mambo sent them away almost hurriedly. The older woman told to argue, but they were thrustled out. I asked in a whisper why this was done and they said: "They have our black for mourning and so they cannot come in here. This is for the living. Borom Samus must not be present." I asked, "But suppose he manifests himself in some of the dances? There must be some line connected to him." "In that case, we would have a ceremony to drive him away. This is not the wrong if he were here."
The moment had come to consecrate the chickens to Sakora. Deliberately, each bird was held up to the gods, the sacrifice was performed, and the bird was offered as a gift to the gods. The priest, holding the bird by one leg, placed it in the sacred basin, and the bird was led through the temple, symbolizing the journey of the bird into the afterlife. The priests then performed rituals to ensure the bird's safe passage into the spirit world.

The order of the ceremonies continued as follows:

- The offerer carried the bird to Sakora, who held it in her hands. The bird was then offered to the gods, symbolizing the offering of life to the gods.
- The bird was then placed in a basket, and the ceremonial dance was performed, signifying the transition of the bird from the human world to the spiritual realm.
- The priest then recited prayers and offerings, invoking the blessings of the gods and ensuring the bird's safe journey.
- The ceremonial dance continued, with the priest leading the participants in a circular motion, symbolizing the cycle of life and the journey of the bird into the afterlife.

The bird was finally placed in a special container, and the ceremony concluded with a prayer thanking the gods for their protection and blessings.

We were both moved by the ceremony, as it was a symbolic representation of the cycle of life and the journey of the bird into the afterlife. The gods were thanked for their blessings, and the participants were filled with a sense of peace and tranquility. The ceremony was a profound experience, and we were grateful to have been a part of it.
Mambo Mabo Agena, who walked with the Maroons, the twins to the knife of Papa Socro, whose full name is Socro Athangui, was appointed as the chief of Baba Socro. He is always accompanied by a nephew from Major You. On the morning of the day, Mambo Agena, who is the interpreter, addressed the Maroons to take their positions. The Maroons obeyed by taking their positions in pairs and lined up in the line. Mambo Agena took a gun and gave it to the Maroons, and upon receiving it, the Maroons turned to face the Maroons. Mambo Agena addressed the Maroons: "Take this gun and give it to Socro Athangui. Socro Athangui, you are the leader of this army. You must lead the army according to my instructions."

The Maroons lined up the white gun on the altar that was dedicated to Socro. The Maroons and several soldiers became prepared and stood ready. The Mambo and several soldiers became prepared and stood ready. The Maroons and several soldiers became prepared and stood ready. The Mambo and several soldiers became prepared and stood ready.
shoulders of the two kneeling women were held with a knife— their hands bent for back to expose their throats. More singly with three women, another—light made a pattern of a loosened midrib while the air, like playful little elves, or like swallows in the sky. Some of the colored chickens was returned as the two women expected a wild dance about the tree as the signature of tolo on the ground. Some of the food was put in the hollow of the tree for the gods.

There was a new note on the Raka drums; we went into the howmfot to the altar of Owum. There are many Owums: Owum Badaqu, Owum Fomeffe, Owum Sango im Chango, Owum Balungio. But this evening was to Owum Badaqu. Before his altar there were eggs, corn meal, the signs of fertility. There were sweetbreads, for passed corn meal prevented shame; the water dedicated to the dead and the liquids, boogum, red wine, steam climax as in red coal. The same day, one that I had seen killed by our dog before the bath house of dropsy. While he was told, I felt I knew that no other because another had attacked his while he was told. I looked at the tithed things, and as to how many of leaves we are sold, I looked at the hounding of his movements as I had driven off his assalant. A sword was stuck into the ground; he was so that the earth at the central pole and a round black hat something like a Terrish fog. It was hung on the head of it. There was the Saturnian Ceremonies which had belonged to the compound of Dein Dovmon, the Pierre Charles the sages of Amnu. To the in Moon Combat. It was very lonely. Encounters not brought to wild churning, as Pierre Charles was forced to escape and from head to foot, the states of the bone were very well and trimmed in white lace. This figure rushed forward, cut out the body, and then he raised the sword, and coldly killed Owum Badaqu. The crowd went mad as the drums started to dance, and there were voices only on the drum of Owum. The drums commenced to walk with the scenes and Dein Dovmon took the red rooster from Owum. He surprised the flock by setting off a little drop of gunpowder near him and the rooster leaped high. The crowd called that "Foula Foule." The drummers followed Mambo Etamne, Madame Ettamne and Madame Ezech, took up the signs of Owum Badaqu. The second prayer was chanted as the tongue of the red rooster is thrown out before it is killed with a sharp knife. Some of its blood is smeared on the wall with a cluster of feathers from the throat. The body of the rooster was placed before the altar. The drums changed their tempo, and Dein Dovmon left the howmfot and crossed the perimeter followed by everybody because he who owns to salute all the responsibilities of the place. Several servants
Dine Downs made a circle on top of the heads of both women with the corn meal. Both women both took hold of their arms from the opposite side of the circle and began to circle each other. When they had danced for the period fixed, they went in other way. Finally the children of each woman was annexed to the priest.

...it was not done for to please strength and longevity, it was done as a gift of Olujoni's power to keep warriors and for the magnanimity and spiritual gift to the...
became possessed during his part of the ceremony. This was a great daily spirited dance under the direction of the headmen who had been elected. The figure of Ogou dominated the movement. Divo Donzeg was indeed the hero of the dance. Women and children paraded in a way to signify their virtuousness and pretension that was joy and even ecstasy in their faces. He did not always approach them from the front, but sometimes approached them from the rear as they danced face to face with some one else, and made his motions of promise.

We then honored Damballa, the great and the pure. He was given the sweet soft drinks and white chichis. He it is who looks after peace and love in the home so that a pair of white chichis, as they are called, are offered him. They must be bought at once in advance and dedicated to his intention, when they have been sacrificed, they are laid side by side before the altar.

The last deity to be honored was Brian Bialé, who is a sort of messenger of all the gods. Then we danced for the rest of the night. We knew that the next day a Petro ceremony, a day of promise, was in store for us. But the dance was done and the next day the battle was fought against the deities, the night was dark, the soldiers were sleeping, and the spirits of the dead bodies were coming before the ceremonies. The day broke with a great noise, and the fire began. Gaviasius woke me up to hand me a cup of Chanelle tea and told me that Divo Donzeg wanted me.

I had about two hours of instruction in the nature of the gods and something about their origins. I had some practice in drawing with Lorenzo the Venus or signatures of various labels. Then he let me see him work on the Paquettes de Congo. They are those figures which must be present at a baptism and the new chieftainfhgpjgh. The new sarabe was to be inaugurated on Sunday. Before we go into the description of that outdoor altar to Petro, let me give you some idea of the differences between a Rada god and his measo and a Petro divinity. As has been said before, Damballa is very devoted to his service are high and pure. They do only good things for people, touch their feet and leave in peace. The Petro gods on the other hand are terrible and wicked, but they are more powerful and quicker. They can be made to do good things however, as well as evil. They give big doses of medicine and effect quick cures. So these Petro gods are associated to a vast number of people who wish to gain something but fear them at the same time. The Rada spirits depend mostly on women, their women, and others. While the Petrochans demand more, power, sex, success,
and in some countries ship have been known to take ships outside of the "House of the Petes and the Cones; who, sometimes unite on the ships who never run aground. The ships are known by this name as the "Peters" who were known by the name of "Pete," or "Peters" after a book that was often the poet's or the poet's. The poet's name is "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." The poet's name is "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete." They were known by the name of "Pete."
The petition works for you only if you make a promise of service to them. You can promise the service to be fulfilled as far away as thirty years, but at the end of that time, the promise must be kept or the spirits begin to take revenge. It seems that the actually begin to collect on the debt owed to them for first the domestic animals of the family begin to die and when all of those are gone, the children fall ill and die. If the service is still not done and finally the head of the house, if you make a promise to the petition it is safe to the 12th...
white plate is on the table with a knife, fork and spoon. As many different kinds of perfume as the supplier can afford are on the table also with bouquets of flowers, at a little distance from the chapel. Niche is the temple or palm thatched shed open on all sides which contains the two Petro drums. It must be ten metres from the niche. That distance is piled.

The animals consecrated to Petro Quita Mourong are the pig, the goat, male and female, and the dog.

During the afternoon we saw the niche the temple being built at three holes being dug not far from the niche, everything was ready for the night time. The hour went into the court to see that everything was ready, and it was. The fire, the niche, the temple, the animals, the family who wished to make the promise to Petro and the kawoo are home's. Seeing all this he had the animals led up to the hole and began the service.

First come the Lupite to Saint Joseph, the Archangel and the patron of the house. Then they intoned and finished he demanded from me as a matter of form if the animals had been brought for the ceremony. A kawoo answered that they had been bought and had they were not preserved. He then asked if they had been bather. He was told that they had been bathed. He next asked if they had been perfumed. It was told that all of the animals present had been perfumed also. Since these things had been attended to he said that they knew.

He dressed them a sort of capable with ribbon about its neck and another under its tail. The head of each of the animals were wrapped in a white cloth.

The officiating how far gave the word after the bonobo prayers had been said, and the procession with the animals began. It entered the niche, the temple, the three holes and a house of ceremony. The three holes were illuminated by a dozen white candles. Then before the hole, Debu Dorang drew his sword from its sheath and went off the ter-ticks of the priest which he first elevated for the solemnization of the ceremony. The how far turned again to the grooving animal and strike down his plate. Then he drained some blood from the wound himself. He placed money and money in the plate with the blood. It could not be
The family drank some of the blood from the plate and rinsed
themselves off with their fingers in the blood and drew a cross on their
foreheads and on their hands at meals in the shed where the pigs
were kept. They put a bottle with wine in it in one of the bed sheets and a bottle
with liquor in the other. The middle folk received the blood of the
testicles of the hog. At that moment an adept chanted, raised his hands
three times and stated the demands of the family to the gods.

The pig is always sacrificed the first day of the ceremony. The next
day was the day of Guita and in a ceremony resembling the one the
male and the female goat were sacrificed. The next day was spent
in the chants and the dances to Petro Guita.

The night before, a bull was sacrificed. Dressed in the rugged
cape tied upon its back, it was led about and the world revolved in its
circle.

"Wahwah, wahwah, wahwah, wahwah, wahwah!"
The male goat was brought under the tonellio it its little flowered cape, but he was most unwilling. We cheered, we sang, but effort was made to lead the goat fairly about the center pole but he balked and had to be pushed every step of the way in the procession. The West Coast Agrolo, festivelled him as the crowd yelled and pushed, and pulled but the goat was emphatic in his desire to have nothing to do with the affair. The crowd sang and shouted exultantly but I could hear the pathetic, frightened wail of the goat beneath it all as he was buffeted and dragged to make a grand spectacle of his death.
The family drank some of the blood from the pig, and some of them
themselves dipped their fingers in the blood and drew a cross on their
foreheads and on their hands. Pigs of these people in the field of the pig.
They put a cross with wire in it in one eye and filled it with a small
little lump in the other. The middle half received the blood out of the
stomach of the hog. At that moment an adept could sense thunders
three times and started the demands of the family from the gods.

The pig was always sacrificed the first day of the ceremony. The next
day was the day of the guitar and in a ceremony enacted by the sombon
the male and the female goat were sacrificed. The next day was spent
in the chariot and the dance to Petro Guitarra.

The night day a bull was sacrificed. Deposed in the nuptial
jars fell upon its back. It was held about and the world concealed
it further.

"Wax, wax, wax, wax, wax, a day
""""""""

Pura Lomelín!

During the procession with the bull I heard the most beautiful
dog that I heard in all Mexico. The air was exquisite and I
promised myself to keep it in mind. The sound of the words struck
with me long enough to write them down but to my gout
reject the task that I intended to be of home. In a month I

Daryi T. R. Endlich reserved me all the agaves out of the whole
mountain. The winds they chased as they followed the bull which
was unusal to the point to go near.

Both days, last days, oh Mano de l

Oh, both days, oh man of the

Pura Lomelín is a mixture of pig blood fresh from the body, which
was in a bowl hot water, and filled in flower crystals and holding all that in
the fourth plate, and equally grated, in fact it seemed extremely good.
The next morning, I received a message from a good friend of Romain's, who was in Port-au-Prince to witness a large ceremony and he expressed his desire to meet me. I arrived at the ceremony in which Romain and his assistant thrilled the truths of the dog and finally he was buried alive. The god head indicated that the dog's head was buried in the holding cell, where he was kept, and assisted in carrying the dog's head to the grave.

The spirit enters the body of a person, and sometimes he or she is troubled by it. The procession comes to a stop, and the person determines what to do. The spirit is identified at the house and is advised to make good for the love who is the master of his head. As soon as the person is financially able, he or she goes to the ceremony, and the spirit is identified at the "house" and is advised to make good for the love who is the master of his head. The first step is the "going to the house," and the second step is the "going to the grave." This does not mean that all the person's heart is free, but only a small proportion tail and the second step which is the "going to the grave."

The person who is affected by the spirit is advised to make good for the love who is the master of his head. The first step is the "going to the house," and the second step is the "going to the grave." This does not mean that all the person's heart is free, but only a small proportion tail and the second step which is the "going to the grave."
Three days after the degree, the candidate presents himself to the houngan, who receives him and makes certain libations to the spirit who has identified him. The libration varies according to the god. It is a sweet liquor if it is Danvala, known for Agwe, Loto or Legba. The candidate is dressed in a long white shirt with sleeves to the wrists. The head of the candidate is wrapped in a large white handkerchief and he is sent to rest on a mat where he will remain for seventy-two hours. The last day, which is the day of consecration, his head is washed, and he is given something to eat and to drink. He usually rises possessed by his lord who continues the service at the palace of the houngan.
Caption:

[Folder 23]


directly. It is a very joyful time for everybody. The principal of the show is the family of the ward who are all dressed in blue, white, and red, the final détails. The next step is to become a priest, but this is for the few. The way most acceptable to become a priest is by inheritance. But many are "claimed" by the gods. There are still others who just take up the trade.

The most famous houngans in Haiti are:

-D'o Se-Ma (sound spelling) of Cato de Bay, a horse back ride up in the hills from the Sea. Port de Paix is the nearest large town. D'o Se-Ma is the houngan of the upper classes. He is said to be so independent that he will not see anyone about his profession on Sunday, no matter how urgent the case.

-Ti Conzain (Little Cousin) of Saint Gaudens, said to be the richest houngan in all Haiti. He has applied business methods to his profession, and certainly has prospered. He is considered by some as the best houngan in Haiti. He has stretched his land and many people. Some say that he is more often a business than a houngan.

-Diou Ouny G. Segis, of Archahais. He is not as rich as many, but he is not a poor one either. Many young persons who study law attend his care.

-Di Di, a little beyond Archahais on the north.

Archahais is the most famous and the most dreaded spot in all Haiti for Vodou Worsh. It is supposed to be the Great Center of the Zombie Trade. It is near the town of the people.

Ah Bo Bo!
The Next Hundred Years
Peoples of Personalities in the Black Republic

Feeling out and the White Colonials, Haiti has always been
two places, the Haiti of the Wealthy and educated Mulattos and
the Haiti of the blacks. Under this present administration, the
two Haiti's are nearer one than at any time in the history of the
Country. The Mulattos began their contention for equality with
the whites at least a generation before freedom for the blacks
was even thought of. In 1789 it was estimated that the Mulattos
owned at least ten per cent of the productive land and held among
them over 50,000 black slaves. Therefore when they sent representa-
tives to France to fight for their rights and privileges, they could
have been injuring themselves to have asked the same thing for
the blacks.

In 1791 under Bonaparte, Pisac, and Jean-François
the blacks began their savage urge for freedom and in 1804
they were free. Their bid for freedom had to have begun and it
had to be savage, for every man's hand was against them.
Certainly their incentives, the Mulattos could see no good in
freedom for the blacks.

Since the struggle began, L'Ouverture died in a damp, cold
prison in France, Dessalines was assassinated by the people
whom he helped to free, Christophe was driven to suicide, the
five presidents have been assassinated, their have been at
fourteen Revolutions, three out and out Kingdoms established
and abolished, a military occupation by a foreign white
power which lasted for Nineteen years. The Occupiation is
ended and Haiti is left with a stable currency, the beginnings
of a system of transportation, a modern capital, the nucleus
of a modern army.
So Haiti, the black republic, and where does she go from here? That all depends, it depends mostly upon the action of a group of intelligent young Haitians grouped around Duvalier, the brilliant young minister of the Interior. These young men hold the hope of a new Haiti because they are vigorous thinkers who have abandoned the traditional political tricks.

In the past, Haiti's curse has been her politicians. They are still too many men of influence in the country who believe that a national election is a mandate from the people to build themselves a chair in the past. Even able and high-minded men have been elected to office at various times. But their good intentions have been stultified by self-servers and treachery involving who compromises which is the greatest invention of civilization so far. Haiti's politicians' most useful tool of government is more difficult to discover. 

In addition to the self-seekers who continually report to violence to improve their condition — they are called themselves another brand of Patriots. But of office, he continually did everything spent his time waving the flag and saying on Haiti's past rattled for the poor peasants' breakfast dinner and supper. Great men were blocked by just such "Patriots" as himself. Less worthy men have lived to rule, oppress, and sail off to France. When it was time to go to Paris and the boulevards. These talking patriots, who have tried to move the wheels of Haiti on wind from their lungs are blood brothers to the empty wind bags who have done so much to nullify opportunity among the American Negroes. The Negroes of the United States have passed through a tongue and巨型炼狱 that is three generations long. (Our) claims to greatness being the ability to mount any platform.
1. Of course Haiti is not now and never has been a democracy according to the American concept. It is an elected monarchy. The President of Haiti is really a King with a reign limited to a term of years. The term Republic is used very loosely in this case. There is no concept of the rule of the majority in Haiti. The majority being unable to read and write, have not the least idea of what is being done in their name. Haitian class consciousness and the universal acceptance of the divine right of the upper crust is a direct denial of a Republic of the United States Variety. Neither is the factional Chambers of Senate and deputies the same as our Senate and House. No man may sue either of those officers in Haiti unless the has the approval of the Palace.

2. These "Rasc Men's"
at short notice and settle the issues of the Crusaders Attacks, tell what great forces the thirteenth and fourteenth amendments to the Constitution had made out of me; and never fail to quote "We have made the greatest progress in sixty years of any people on the face of the globe." That always brought the house down. Then the white politicians found out what a sure-fire hit that line was and used it when addressing a Negro audience. It made us feel so proud that the office seeker did not need to give out any jobs. In fact I am told that some white man way back there around the period of the Reconstruction invented the line. It has only been put up to date with the number of years mentioned. Perhaps the original demagogue sneered back with one hand in his bosom and the other one fumbling in his coat tails for a handkerchief and said "you have made the greatest progress in ten years, etc." But America has produced a generation of Negroes who are impatient of theocrats. The want to hear about nine jobs and houses and meat on the table. They are resentful of opportunities lost while their parents sat satisfied and happy listening to hungry creators. Our heroes are no longer talkers but doers. This leaves some of our "Race" men and women of yesterday puzzled and hurt. "Race leaders" are simply obsolete. The man and woman of today in America is the one who makes us believe he can make our side meat taste like ham.

These same sentiments are mounting in Haiti. But have not spread as rapidly as in the United States because so few of the Haitian population read and write. But it is there and growing. There is a group of brilliant young men who have come together to form a scientific society under the leadership of Dr. Camille Therissson, who is a great grandson of a Lowell, Massachusetts. He is a graduate of McGill University in Canada and Harvard, and head of the Department of Biology in the Medical School at Port-au-Prince. These men, and several other men of high calibre meet in the public court of Dr. Therissson's home once every week.
to listen to foreign scientists who happen to be visiting Haiti at the time, nor to promote discussion among themselves. These men, with Dr. Devalloy, who is the most politically conscious of them all, are the realists. Dr. Dracque, director-general of the Public Health Department is definitely of these thinkers men who hold the future of Haiti in their hands. One has only to look through the Senate of Hygiene and visit the hospitals to realize what a great man is Dr. Deon. The finest medical man in Haiti, so far as he is able to get them, are on his staff. He does not even permit his own failures towards the man to influence him. Everyone in Port-au-Prince knows that he is the personal enemy of the most brilliant man on his staff and yet he retains him. "The man is a genius. Haiti needs his talents," Dr. Deon explained. "It is not for me to trust my personal disagreements before the welfare of the country. I am trying to keep this department up to the standard set by the American doctors of the Occupation. Unfortunately there is so little money with which to work," and the man in question is just as big as Dr. Deon. He gives everything in him to his work, (over) and Ellen Seest, Haitian Minister at Washington, says are clear headed, honest men of ability who see what is to be done for the salvation of Haiti, but there are so many ways that wind and wind, and there is so much red tape, so many local political habits that must be forgotten before they can be tangled this snarl upon which in Government is the dynamic in his wake up and a word of courage. He conducts the affairs of this department with a bristling alertness. He is no sinner, no rattler, no bones, no demagogue. The Minister of the continually spoken of as the most wonderful man in all Haiti. It has been proven conclusively that he cannot be
Everywhere in the national medical service there is evidence of great talent and high character.

It is touching to go through the hospital and visit the maternity ward. Young Dr. Sam has charge there. He is the son of President Guillaume Sam, whose horrible death brought on the occupation in 1915. Nowhere is there a more earnest physician than Dr. Sam. How he loves those babies that are delivered under his care! This is real devotion. His face is so fine and intelligent and he is so careful with the very poorest of the peasant mothers who come to his out-patient clinic! Nothing is finer in all Haiti than Dr. Sam at work. The same thing but not so obvious is felt about Dr. Seidle. The Service d’Hygiène is full of character and talent, and that is another way of saying that Dr. Seidle is a big man. Any little-souled man would be too petty to hire such men. The man evidently has no fear of being dwarfed by his subordinates.
that is opposed to the old-style Haitian who has his eyes closed to fact and keeps chanting to himself that Haiti has a glorious past and that everything is just lovely. These men keep murmuring that what happened in 1804 was all to Haiti’s glory, but this is another canting and another age. The patriotism of 1803 did what was necessary then, it is now another time that calls for patriotic fervor. Internal affairs are not so glory-setting as foreign wars, but they are even more necessary. They see that all is not well, that public education, transportation and economies need more attention, more than do the bones of Dessalines. The peasants of Haiti are hungry, and relief would not be difficult with some planning. They are refusing to see the glorified Haiti & the demagogue’s tongue. These few intellectuals against the blind political pirates and the inert masses of the illiterate nation.

That brings us to the most striking phenomena in Haiti to a visiting American: That habit of lying. It is safe to say that this, at pastime, expedient or what even one wishes to call it, is more than any other factor for Haiti’s tragic history. Certain people in the early days of the Republic took to deceiving themselves to keep from looking at the dismal picture before them. For it was easier, made no mistake about that, looked at from the viewpoint of the educated mulatto and the disinclined blacks. This freedom clearly looked like a Watermelon cutting and fish-fry to the irresponsible blacks, those people who had no memory of yesterday and no suspicion of tomorrow. No country has ever had a more difficult task. In the first place Haiti had never been a country, it had always been a colony so that there had never been any real government there. So that the victors were not taking over an established government, they were trying to make a government of the whole or a colony, and not out of the people who had at least been in the habit of thinking of government as something real and tangible, the men trying to make a nation out of slaves to whom the very word government sounded like some

[Page 2]
They feel that they must do those things which will prove that they deserve their freedom. It was said over and over that they are learning of the type of politician who does everything to benefit himself and nothing to benefit his country, but who is the first to rush to "defend" Haiti from criticism. These "defenders" are the onlyReturning that Haiti requires for the money he is allowed to spend, and the opportunities for national advancement that he is promised. Men do not want Haiti apologized for. They want to make their apologies unnecessary, so they are now laying the groundwork for unity and progress in the future.

So Government was something for masters and employers to worry over while our nation was in the bonds of slavery. It has not yet come to be the concern of the great masses of Haitians.
it must have been a terrible hour for each of the three actual liberators of Haiti, when having driven the last of the Frenchmen from their shores, they came at last face to face with the people for whom they had fought so ferociously and so long. Christophe, Dessalines, and Petion were reunited; the plan they had set aside was theirs to carry on. They tried to deal with things as they were. But Dessalines was murdered; Christophe killed himself, and the idea of preventing the people from whom he had fought so valiantly from giving it in a brutal manner. Petion saw his co-leaders fall and abandoned the great plans of restoration of the coffee and sugar estates that had once brought such great wealth to the college of Saint Domingue.

Perhaps it was in this way that Haitians began to deceive themselves about actualities and throw a gloss over facts. Certainly at this point, the act of saying what one would like to believe instead of the glaring fact is highly developed in Haiti, and when an unpleasant truth must be acknowledged it is an explanation that nobody but an idiot could accept. But it is told to intelligent people with an air of gravity. This lying habit goes from the thousands to the Maison. The only differences being in the things that are lied about. The upper class lie about the times, for the most part that touch their pride. The peasant lies about things that affect his well-being, daily work and food and small changes. The Haitian peasant is a warm and gentle person, really. But he often forced himself to be the Ti Malice, the trickster of Haitian folklore. For instance under the very sound of the drums the upper-class Haitian will tell you that there is no such thing as a word in Haiti, and that all that has been written about it is the fault of the malicious lies of foreigners. He knows that it is not so and should know that you know it is not true. Down in this heart he does not hate Voodoo worship. Even if he is not an adopt himself he sees it about him every day and talks it for a matter of course. But he lies to save his own pride. He has read the fantastic things that have been written about Haitian Voodoo by people who know nothing of Voodoo worship. He knows that some of these have been told.
Elements borrowed from European origins. St. Blaize d'As a savage and he does not like to be spoken of like that, so he takes refuge in flight. He shuns the knowledge of the existence of the white man. But a tenant who is always

ly treated will answer calmly if he is not intimidated

ly the presence of a white man or a policeman. That is if

the policeman is enough to him as is known to be self-control

about a doctor. But that same person who answered you so

briskly and so firmly about a doctor, if you paid him in advance

for the simplest service would not return with your change. The

employers' laws in Haiti continually warn their foreign friends not
to pay any service in advance but to send anyone off with a

charge. The peasant does not consider this as stealing. He feels

himself an honest man and an honest man deserves what's due.

This self-deception on the upper levels takes another turn. It sounds

a good deal more ethical thinking out loud. The idea that Haiti is a happy and well-ordered country and do they just say their own facts to the contrary. There is the usual tendency to reflect and are)

the United States or Santo Domingo is responsible for all of the "ills of

Haiti". For example in 1899 and 1901 I learned that thousands of

mourners were being expelled from Cuba and returned to

Haiti. Knowing that would have a direct and obvious effect already,

asked what was going to be done about providing jobs for these ex-

port laborers. The answer was: "not now, what can we do? We are a

free country that has been made poorer by an occupation foreign

and the United States. So now we have no money to provide

for our laborers! " But I countered "you and many others have told

me that the occupation brought a great deal of money here which you

were sorry to lose . " If, perhaps they did make jobs for a few hundred

people, but what is that when they robbed the country so completely? you

see that we have nothing left, and besides, they are still holding our

customs and so we cannot sell our coffee to an outside market. Because

will always buy our coffee if only the world would break down terms with

France. Then the United States would he work for all our people. " But I have

just said that France has attempted to collect more for the debt than

your country actually owed and the American fiscal agents would

not permit it. So that is not true? " We know within it. We all know

that the Marines said that our country was rich and if they came

and noticed we wouldn't have preserved to it and diseases became.
"You evidently were very slow to wrath because they stayed here for nineteen years, I believe."

"Yes, and I could have let them stay here longer but the Americans had no patience so we drove them out. They knew that they had no right to come here in the beginning."

"But did you have some sort of disturbance here, and was it not in embarrassing debt to some European nations? It seems that I heard something of the sort."

"We never owed any debts. We had plenty of gold in our bag which the Americans took away and never returned to us. They claimed that we owed debts so that they could have an excuse to rob us. When they had impoverished the country, they left and now our streets are full of beggars and the whole country is very poor. But what can a weak country like Haiti do when a powerful nation like your own forces its military upon us, kills our citizens, and steals our money?"

"I doubt you are correct in what you say. However, an official of your own government told me that Haiti borrowed $2,000,000 to pay off these same foreign debts which you tell me never existed at all."

"Well, I swear on the head of my mother that we never had debts, the Americans did force us to borrow the money so that they could steal it from us. That is the truth. Poor Haiti has suffered much."

All this was spoken with the utmost quietness, there was not a dash of self-pity in it. He was perfectly sure of himself and all of the citizens who had suffered so much for love of country. He did not know that every word of it was a lie, I would have been bound to believe him! The statements presupposed that I could not read and even if I could, there were no historical documents in existence that dealt with Haiti. I soon learned to accept these insults to my intelligence without protest because they happened so often.

With all the great problems in Haiti to be dealt with, President Stenio Vincent himself finds time to indulge in the national pastime of blowing up a hurricane with his tongue. He has fabricated a country’s rise for himself at the expense of the second deliverer of Haiti, thus naming himself with Pétion, Dessalines and Christophe. He goes about it by having himself photographed with the towering men.
Looking for all the world like a cheerful rabbit,

meets a conductor and without breaking a smile he announced

himself as the Second Deliverer of Haiti. He traced his claim

of the fact that President Roosevelt, in keeping with his good-

neighbor policy, withdrew the Marines from Haiti during

President Hopkins by mentioning the MCA and certain other

organizations had a great deal more to do with the withdrawal of the

Marines than they are given credit for. In fact they are never

honored himself as the Second Liberator. The story of how he drove

even beyond a celebration about it every year on August 21. For

the 1937 celebration he is supposed to have spent $20,000 (about

$10,000) to illuminate the city of Port-au-Prince in celebration

of an event that never took place. But in spite of the great brass-

thing seemed lacking, that a great number of people turned out and

those who did come did not participate. It went off with more flair

in 1936 when the people were not so hungry as they had become a

year later. The Haitian people actually love to see and under normal

circumstances they are happy to join in celebrating anything at all.

No one in Haiti actually believes that President Vincent drove

out the Marines because he was the simplest peasant known to

that was not fighting on the occasion of their departure and for

past experiences. They know that if there had been any fighting the

Marines would have been out in top as usual. But if the President

wished to celebrate something. Why not? After all, the imagination

is a beautiful thing.

Now in 1937 hunger and want were still the bane of the land. The job-

less peasant still felt hungry after his meal of some beans and

rice. They had nothing really against a celebration for any reason what-

soever. But some poison rouge red paint and rice would

have suited their mood better than the electric lights, especially

in celebration of a fiction, a great many expressed resentment

towards the whole thing. Why celebrate the landing of the Marine

Corps when nobody wanted the Marines to go anyway? Their idea

of prosperity had left with the Marines. And President Vincent had

arranged for them to go. Then he was no friend to the people; he

wished to honor was the one who could bring them back, a great many of them had their doubts as to whether the

$16,000 stated actually was spent. They don’t spend all of this money as they tell us. The Cross men only fudged more excuse to take home

for themselves. The Chauffeuring was full of suspicion and doubt

that night.
There were people who did not have a garment of any kind sufficient to cover their nakedness so that they could come out at all. As far back as November 1936 there were scattered whispers about prisoners starving to death in the prison in Port-au-Prince.
Another significant figure in Haitian life is Colonel Calixte, Chief of the Garde d’Haiti, which means that he is the number one man in the military forces of Haiti. He is a tall, slender, black man, around forty, with the most beautiful hands and feet that I have ever beheld on a man. He is truly loved and honored by the three thousand men under him. His officers are often well-trained professional men-doctors, engineers, lawyers, and the like. There is no doubt that the military love their chief. But it is apparent that others, from his influence. Perhaps they think he might be moved to seize executive power for he is bound by a curious tie. Not only must he refrain from moving against the Palace, he is further under threat of punishment if death, if anything should happen to the President in any way. All more than that, the ammunition is kept in the basement of the Palace under the special care of Colonel Armand, Muletto’s choice to the President for Military Chief. But the Garde d’Haiti were trained and established under the American Military officers of the occupation, and it is said that Colonel Calixte selected Calixte as the most able of all the Haitian officers available and had insisted on him as Chief. Dr. Ruby Jones told me that the American officers had preferred Calixte, but also that President Vincent had felt that the appointment was wise because Calixte was a hero among the blacks and also because he is from the North. He is a native of Fort Liberty, a small town near Cap Haitian, and the North has always played an important part in the history of Haiti. This was then an attempt to soften the differences between the blacks and the Muletto’s and recognize the importance of the North. Otherwise, the administration would have preferred the mulatto Colonel Andre or Jolanta. In the face of great opposition, the President has taken many steps to destroy this antagonism between the Muletto’s and the blacks which has been the cause of so much bloodshed in Haiti’s past and has been one of the major obstacles to national unity. But, the end is not yet in sight! Anyway, there is Colonel Calixte with his long tapering fingers and his beautiful slender feet doing a wonderful job of keeping order in Haiti. If he is conscious of the stature he inspires in others, he does not show it. He has told me that he is a man of arms and wishes no other job than the one he has. I’m glad we have
Caption: [Folder 23]
a standing force between us that when I become president of Haiti, he is going to be my chief of the army and I am going to allow him to establish state farms in all of the departments of Haiti, a thing which he has long wanted to do in order to eliminate the beggars from the streets of Port-au-Prince. He also proposed to build hospitals, jails, and other state institutions. Since there is not enough tax money to do these things well, it is practically easier to clean the streets of Haiti of beggars and street thieves and to generally make his department shine. He has ambitious outside of his office. He dresses well, and what a beautifully polished Sam Browne belt on his perfect form and what dourly solid-looking muscles on his belt!

There is somebody else in Haiti that the people cannot forget. He is not there in person, but his shadow walks around like a man. That is the shadow of Trujillo, President of neighboring Santo Domingo. Trujillo is not there, he is not even a Haitian that he has connections that reach all around. He has relatives there and numerous friends and admirers, all day long. Haitians are pointing to the Man of Santo Domingo. Some of them with fear, the rest with admiration. Some Haitians even speak of him with strange. The reason that he can bring peace and advancement to Santo Domingo, he can continue something of the kind in Haiti. The reason is his record. He went to Haiti in 1936 and afterwards he helped Haiti by giving food and provisions to the Haitian peasants. Trujillo is really among those present in Haiti. (over)

Among the whispered angels of the notorious case of Joseph Goliboris, this is the one that Goliboris. He was the friend of Trujillo, and that when the President of Santo Domingo learned of his mysterious death in jail, he first into a rage and expelled the Haitian minister from his country. That was in November, 1936. Since then people whisper, “They say that Goliboris was poisoned in the prison. Goliboris was accused of shooting the Elites.” But there was no proof. They say that both men were troublesome, and were liquidated for that reason. The say that Trujillo is in a great rage over the death of his friend and means to avenge him. Soon now, perhaps, he will come with his great army to punish the Haitian government for the death of Goliboris. Fails. Whom one?
Moreover, the Haitians who cannot find work in their own country, immediately think of migrating to Santo Domingo for a time at least. Before the recent fodder troubles, there were thousands of Haitians in Santo Domingo because of better working and living conditions. With this condition in mind, Trujillo is supposed to have made a speech in which he threatened in a veiled manner to ‘clean up the haitians and of the island’ his conductions being perhaps, that his own country always had to share the burden of Haitis poor economic arrangements. So that Santo Domingo’s own stable towards advancement were being shortened by having to absorb the great numbers of the unemployed in this practically stable neighbor. So the poor people of Haiti see more in Trujillo than just the president of a neighboring country.

He is said to have accused someone very high in Haitian national life of murdering his friend. Goldsmith, tells to get him out of the way because he was becoming too popular with the people and too open in his opposition to the administration.
There were and vigorous young Haitian intellectuals, who felt that the country should shed its colonial heritage and adopt a new spirit of self-reliance, internal strife, and general backwardness. They advocated universal free grammar schools, as in the United States, and a common language. As things stand, the upper-class Haitians speak French, and the peasants speak Creole. Mr. Sejourne, rightfully contends that the barrier of language is a serious thing in Haiti's economic development and holds that neither French nor English should be taught to children in Haiti. He also feels that Creole is the official language and that Haiti must adopt Creole as its official language and communicate some of its scholarship and ideas to the people. He also feels that the foreign Catholic priests do much more harm than Voodoo does. He is eager for the day when the people will accept the French and Belgian priests as the French and Belgian priests. He means by that that they encourage differences among the mulattoes and the whites, besides impoverishing the country by the great sums they collect and send to Rome and France. Also, they say that the priests, in order to crush a powerful rival, place all the evils and politics and what not upon the shoulders of Voodoo. They are contended that Voodoo is not what is wrong with Haiti. The things that is putting the country is its politics and these foreign priests.

Well, anyway, there is Haiti as it is, and there is this class of new and thinking young Haitians who are on the side lines for the most part of the moment, becoming more and more world and progress conscious all the time. And always there is the dynamic and forceful Trujillo, the Iron-Header, gauging across the frontier with an unyielding eye. Whether Haiti?
The politicians, to cover up their mistakes, have also seized upon this device. As some one in America said of cricket, Voodoo has more enemies in public and more friends in private than anything else in Haiti. None of the sons of Voodoo who sit in high places have had the courage to defend it publicly, though they know quite well and acknowledge it privately that Voodoo is a harmless pagan cult that sacrifices domestic animals at its worst. The very same animals that are killed and eaten every day in most of the civilized countries of the world. So since Voodoo is openly acknowledged by the humble, it is safe to blame all the ills of Haiti on Voodoo. I predict that this state of affairs will not last forever. A feeling of nationalism is growing in Haiti among the young. They admire France less and less, and their own Negro patterns more.
I

The Next Hundred Years.

Peeps at Personalities in the Black Republic.

Leaving out the White Colonists, Haiti has always been two places. First it was the Haiti of the Masters and the Slaves. Now it is the Haiti of the wealthy and educated mulattoes and the Haiti of the blacks. Under this present administration, the two Haitis are nearer one than at any time in the history of the country. The mulattoes began their contention for equality with the whites at least a generation before freedom for the blacks was even thought of. In 1789 it was estimated that mulattoes owned at least ten per cent of the productive land and held among them over 50,000 black slaves. Therefore when they sent representatives to France to fight for their rights and privileges, they would have been injuring themselves to have asked the same thing for the blacks. So they fought only for themselves.

In 1791 under Boukman, Biasson, and Jean-François, the blacks began their savage lunge for freedom and in 1804 they were free. Their bid for freedom had to have lunge and it had to be savage, for every man's hand was against them. Certainly their kinfolks, the mulattoes, could see no good in freedom for the blacks. Since the struggle began, L'Ouverture died in a damp, cold prison in France. Dessalines was assassinated by the people whom he helped to free. Christophe was driven to suicide. Three more presidents have been assassinated, there have been fourteen revolutions, three out-and-out kings established and abolished, a military occupation by a foreign power which lasted for nineteen years. The occupation is ended and Haiti is left with a stable currency, the nucleus of a modern army. So Haiti, the black republic, and where does she go from here?

That all depends. It depends mostly upon the action of a group of intelligent young Haitians grouped around Divindand, the brilliant young Minister of the Interior. These young men who have abandoned the tra-
ditional political tricks.

In the past, Haiti's curse has been her politicians. There are still too many men of influence in the country who believe that a national election a mandate from the people to build themselves a big new house in Petionville and Kenscoff and a trip to Paris.

It is not that Haiti has had no able men in the presidential chair in the past. Several able and high minded men have been elected to office at various times. But their good intentions have been stultified by self-seekers and treasury-raidors who surrounded them. So far there has been little recognition of compromise, which is the greatest invention of civilization and its corollary, recognition of the rule of the majority, which is civilization's most useful tool of government. Of course, it is more difficult to discover the will of the majority in a nation where less than ten per cent of the population can read and write. Still there is a remarkable lack of agreement among those five per cent who do read and write.

Of course Haiti is not now and never has been a democracy according to the American concept. It is an elected Monarchy. The President of Haiti is really acting with a Palace, with a reign limited to a term of years. The term Republic is used very loosely in this case. There is no concept of the rule of the majority in Haiti. The majority being illiterate and having no idea of what is being done in their name. Haitian class consciousness and the universal acceptance of the divine right of the crust of the upper crust is a direct denial of a Republic of the United States Variety.

Neither is the Haitian Chambers of Senate and deputies the same sort of thing as our Senate and House. No man may seek either of those offices in Haiti unless he has the approval of the Palace.

In addition to the self-seekers who continually resort to violence to improve their condition—they always called themselves patriots—Haiti has suffered from another internal enemy. Another brand of pat-
riot. Out of office, he continually did everything possible to check the wheels of government. In office himself, he spent his time waving the flag and crying on Haiti's past glory. The bones of L'Ouverture, Christophe and Dessalines were rattled for the poor peasants breakfast dinner and supper, never mentioning the fact that the constructive efforts of these three great men were blocked by just such "patriots" as himself. Nor that all three died miserably because of their genuine love of country. Less worthy men have liked to rob, oppress, and sail off to Jamaica on their way to Paris and the boulevards. These talking patriots, who have tried to move the wheels of Haiti on wind from their lungs are blood brothers to the empty wind bags who have done so much to nullify opportunity among the American Negroes. The Negroes of the United States have passed through a tongue-and-lung era that is three generations long. These "Race Men's" claim to greatness being the ability to mount any platform at short notice and rattle the bones of Crispus Attucks; tell what great folks the thirteenth and fourteenth amendments to the constitution had made out of us; and never fail to quote "We have made the greatest progress in sixty years of any people on the face of the globe." That always brought the house down. Even the white politicians found out what a sure-fire hit that line was and used it always when addressing a Negro audience. It made us feel so good that the office seeker did not need to give out any jobs. In fact I am told that some White men way back there around the period of the Reconstruction invented the line. It has only been changed by bringing it up to date with the number of years mentioned. Perhaps the original demagogue reared back with one hand in his bosom and the other one fumbling in his coat tails for a handkerchief and said "You have made the greatest progress in ten years, etc." But America has produced a generation of Negroes who are impatient of the orators.
to hear about more jobs and houses and meat on the table. They are resentful of opportunities lost while their parents sat satisfied and happy listening to crummy orators. Our heroes are no longer talkers but doers. This leaves some of our "race" men and women of yesterday puzzled and hurt. "Race leaders" are simply obsolete. The man and woman of today in America is the one who makes us believe he can make our side-meat taste like ham.

These same sentiments are mounting in Haiti. But they have spread as rapidly as in the United States because so few of the haitian population read and write. But it is there and growing. There is a group of brilliant young men who have come together to form a scientific society under the leadership of Dr. Camille Therisson who is a great grandson of a Lowell of Massachusetts. He is a graduate of McGill University in Canada and Harvard University, and head of the department Biology in the Medical School at Port-au-Prince, and on the staff of the hospital. Dr. Dorsainville, Dr. Louis Mars, and several other men of high calibre meet in the paved court of Dr. Therisson's home once every week to listen to foreign scientists who happen to be visiting Haiti at the time, or to provoke discussion among themselves. These men with Dividney, who is the most politically conscious of them all, are the realists of Haiti. Dr. Rulx Leon, director general of the Public Health department is definitely of these thinking men who hold the future of Haiti in their hands. One has only to look through the Service d'Hygiene and visit the hospitals to realize what a great man is Dr. Leon. The finest medical man in Haiti, are on his staff. He does not even permit his own feelings towards the men to influence him. Everyone in Port-au-Prince knows that he is the personal enemy of the most brilliant man on his staff and yet he retains him. "The man is a genius. Haiti needs his talents" Dr. Leon explained. "It is not for me to thrust my personal disagreements before the welfare of the country.
I am trying to keep this department up to the standard set by the American doctors of the Occupation. Unfortunately there is so little money with which to work." And the man in question is just as big as Dr. Leon. He gives everything in him to his work. Everything in the National Medical service there is evidence of great talent and high character.

It is touching to go through the hospital and visit the maternity ward. Young Dr. Sam has charge there. He is the son of President Guillaume Sam, whose horrible death brought on the Occupation in 1916. Nowhere is there a more earnest physician than Dr. Sam. How he loves those babies that are delivered under his care! This is real devotion.

His face is so fine and intelligent and he is so careful with the very poorest of the peasant mothers who come to his out-patient clinic.

Nothing is finer in all Haiti than Dr. Sam at work. The same thing, but not so obvious is felt about Dr. Seide. The Service d'Hygiène is full of character and talent and that is another way of saying that Dr. Leon is a big man is a big man. Any little-souled man would be too petty to hire such men. The man evidently has no fear of being dwarfed by his subordinates.

Among these men, and Elie Lescot, Haitian Minister at Washington is of them, sees the real tragedy of Haiti. Here are clear headed, honest men of ability who see what is to be done for the salvation of Haiti, but there are "so many ways that wind and wind" and there is so much red tape, so many bad political habits that must be forgotten before they can be at all effective. People are beginning to say that the most promising man in Haiti to untangle this snarl-upon-snarl in government is the dynamic young Divinand. He is not only intelligent, he has force in his make up and a world of courage. He conducts the affairs of his department with a brisk celerity. He is no dreamer, no rattler-of-bones, no demagogue. The Minister of the Interior is a man of action.
if ever one lived. And he is continually spoken of as the most audacious man in all Haiti. It has been proven conclusively that he cannot and will not be bluffed. There is a spirit in him and others that is opposed to the old-style Haitian who has his eyes closed to fact and keeps chanting to himself that Haiti has a glorious past and that everything is just lovely. These men keep murmuring that everything is not lovely; that what happened in 1804 was all to Haiti's glory, but this is another century and another age. The patriots of 1803 did what was necessary then. It is now another time that calls for patriotism. They feel that they must do these things which will prove that they deserve their freedom.

It was said over and over that they are weary of the type of politician who does everything to benefit himself and nothing to benefit his country, but who is the first to rush to press to "defend" Haiti from criticism. These "defenses" are the only returns that Haiti receives for the money he allowed to squander and the opportunities for national advancement that he ignores or prostitutes to his own advantage. These men do not want Haiti apologized for. They want to make these apologies unnecessary. So they are now laying the groundwork for greater unity and progress in the future.

Internal affairs are not so glory-getting as foreign wars, but they are even more necessary. They see that all is not well, that public education, transportation and economics need more attention—much more than do the bones of Dessalines. The peasants of Haiti are hungry, and relief would not be difficult with some planning. They are refusing to see the glorified Haiti of the demagogue's tongue. These few intellectuals against the blind political pirates and the inert mass of the illiterates.

That brings us to the most striking phenomena in Haiti to a visiting American. That habit of lying. It is safe to say that this
art, pastime, expedient or whatever one wishes to call it, is more
than any other factor responsible for Haiti's tragic history. Certain
people in the early days of the Republic took to deceiving first them-
selves and then others to keep from looking at the dismal picture be-
fore them. For it was dismal, make no mistake about that, if it is
looked at from the viewpoint of the educated mulatto and the thinking
blacks. This freedom only looked like a big watermelon cutting and
fish-fry to the irresponsible blacks. Those people who had no memory of
yesterday and no suspicion of tomorrow. No country has ever had more
difficult task. In the first place Haiti had never been a country. It
had always been a colony so that there had never been any real govern-
ment there. So that the victors were not taking over an established
government. They were trying to make a government of the wreck of a
colony. And not out of the people who had at least been in the habit
of thinking of government as something real and tangible, they were
trying to make a nation. These few intelligent blacks and mulattoes
set out to make a nation out of slaves to whom the very word govern-
ment sounded like something vague and distant. Government was something
for masters and employers to worry over while one rested from the
ardors of slavery. It has not yet come to be the concern of the great
mass of Haitians.

It must have been a terrible hour for each of the three actual
liberators of Haiti, when having driven the last of the frenchmen from
their shores, they came at last face to face with the people for whom
they had fought so ferociously and so long. Christophe, Dessalines and
Pétion were realist. Every plan they laid out attests this. They tried
to deal with things as they were. But Dessalines was murdered;
Christophe killed himself mercifully to prevent the people for whom
he had fought so valiantly, from doing it in a more brutal manner.
Petion saw his co-leaders fall and abandoned his great plans for restoration of the coffee and sugar estates and other developments that had once brought such great wealth to the colony of Saint Domingue.

Perhaps it was in this way that Haitians began to deceive themselves about actualities and to throw a gloss over facts. Certainly at the present time the art of saying what one would like to be believed instead of the glaring fact is highly developed in Haiti. And when an unpleasant truth must be acknowledged a childish and fantastic explanation is ready at hand. More often it is an explanation that nobody but an idiot could accept but it is told to intelligent people with an air of gravity. This lying habit goes from the thatched hut to the mansion, the only differences being in the things that are lied about. The upper class lie about the things for the most part that touch their pride. The peasant lies about things that affect his well-being, work, and food, and small change. The Haitian peasant is a warm and gentle person, really. But he often fancies himself to be Ti Malice, the trickster of Haitian folk-lore.

For instance under the very sound of the drums, the upper-class Haitian will tell you that there is no such thing as voodoo in Haiti, and that all has been written about it is nothing but the malicious lies of foreigners. He knows that is not so and should know that you know that it is not true. Down in his heart he does not hate voodoo worship. Even if he is not an adept himself he sees it about him every day and takes it for a matter of course. But he likes to save his and the national pride. He has read the fantastic things that has been written about Haitian voodoo by people who know nothing at all about it. Consequently there are the stereotyped tales of virgin worship, human sacrifice and other elements borrowed from European origins.
The Haitian people are gentle and wholesome except for their extraordinary and unconscious cruelty. It is the peasants who are the first to see the beasts and turn away together and drag the bundle over their shoulders with the heads of the family hanging down and walk for miles down mountains to the market. The men groan, but not the women; all feel like thieves and they do feel from where unnatural and unhappy feelings. Some bought chickens from the men who made it by yard and found them unconscious. Sometimes the men would be relieved from their thigh from being tied to the pole. They have holes in the sides of the buildings, which they have made, where they hang the animals for centuries and should know that the little animals are not inclined to speak. I have seen great pieces of hides off, and they would ask the names of the animals, yet they would throw the animals off in an effort to hurt them. The men have hair from their wrists to their necks, tied by saddles andtail hair.
It paints him as a savage and he does not like to be spoken of like that. So he takes refuge in flight. He denies the knowledge and the existence of the whole thing. But a peasant who has been kindly treated will answer frankly if he is not intimidated by the presence of a Gros Negre or a policeman. That is, if the policeman is strange to him or is known to be self-conscious about voodoo. But that same peasant who answered you so freely and so frankly about voodoo, if you paid him in advance for the simplest service would not return with your change. The employer class in Haiti continually warn their foreign friends not to pay for any service in advance nor to send anyone off with change. The peasant does not consider this as stealing. He prides himself on having put over a smart business deal. What he might lose by it in future business never occurs to him. And while this applies particularly to the servant class, it is just as well not to pay any money in advance to anyone unless you know them very well indeed.

This self-deception on the upper levels takes another turn. It sounds a good deal like wishful thinking out loud. They would like to say that Haiti is a happy and well-ordered country and so they just say it, obvious facts to the contrary. There is the marked tendency to refuse responsibility for anything that is unfavorable. Some outside influence, usually the United States or Santo Domingo is responsible for all the ills of Haiti. Knowing that work was scarce and hungry plentiful already I asked what was going to be done about providing jobs for these additional hands. Among answers I got was "What can we do?" We are a poor country that has been made poorer by an Occupation forced upon us by the United States. So now we have no money to provide work for our laborers. "But" I countered "You and many others have told me that the Occupation brought a great deal of money here which you were sorry to lose." "Oh, perhaps they did make jobs for a few hundred people, but what is that when they robbed the
country so completely? You see that we have nothing left. And besides they are still holding our customs and so we cannot sell our coffee to any advantage. France will always buy our coffee if only they would make decent terms with France. Then there would be work for all our people. "But I have just heard that has attempted to collect more for her debt then your country actually owed her and the American fiscal agents would not permit it. Is that not true?" "We know nothing, Mlle., all we know is that the Marines saw that our country was rich and so they came and robbed us until we grew tired of it and drove them away. You evidently were very slow to wrath because they stayed here nineteen years, I believe." "And we would have let them stay here longer but the Americans have no politeness so we drove them out. They knew that they had no right to come here in the beginning."

"But, didn't you have some sort of disturbance here, and were you not in embarrassing debt to some European Nations? It seems that I heard something of the sort."

"We never owed any debts. We had plenty of gold in our bank which the Americans took and never returned to us. They claimed that we owed debts so that they could have an excuse to rob us. When they had impoverished the country they left and now our streets are full of beggars and the whole country is very poor. But what can a weak country like Haiti do when a powerful nation like your own forces its military upon us, kills our citizens and steals our money?"

"No doubt you are correct in what you say. However, an official of your own government told me that Haiti borrowed $40,000,000 to pay off these same foreign debts which you tell never existed at all."

"Mlle. I swear on the head of my mother that we had debts. The Americans did force us to borrow the money so that they could steal it..."
from us. That is the truth. Poor Haiti has suffered much."

All this was spoken with the utmost gravity. There was a dash of self-pity in it. He was patently sorry for himself and all of the citizens who had suffered so much for love of country. If I did not know that every word of it was a lie, I would have been bound to believe his lies were that bold and brazen. His statements presupposed that I could not read and even if I could that there were no historical documents in existence that dealt with Haiti. I soon learned to accept these insults to my intelligence without protest because they happened so often.

With all the grave problems in Haiti to be dealt with, President Stenio Vincent himself finds time to indulge in the national pastime of blowing up a hurricane with his tongue. He has fabricated a conqueror's role for himself and struts as the second deliverer of Haiti, thus ranking himself with L'Ouverture, Dessaline and Christophe. He goes about it by having himself photographed with the frowning mein of a conqueror and looking for all the world like a ferocious rabbit. Without cracking a smile he announces himself as the Second Deliverer of Haiti. He bases his claim on the fact that President Roosevelt, in keeping with his good-neighbor policy withdrew the Marines from Haiti during Vincent's administration. The N.A.A.C.P; The Nation and certain other organizations had a great deal more to do with the withdrawal of the Marines than they are given credit for. In fact they are never mentioned when Vincent orates about Second Independence and honors himself as the Second Liberator. The story of how he drove out the Marines all by himself is a great one, the way he tells it. He even holds a celebration about it every year on August 21st. For the 1937 celebration he is supposed to have spent 80,000 gourds (about $16,000) to illumine the city of Port-au-Prince in celebration of an event that never took place.
But in spite of the great cost, something seemed lacking. Not a great number of people turned out and those who did come did not effervesc. It went off with more spirit in 1936 when the people were not so hungry as they had become a year later. The Haitian people naturally love fetes and under normal circumstances, they are happy to join in celebrating anything at all. No one in Haiti actually believes that President Vincent drove out the Marines, because even the humblest peasant knows that there was no fighting on the occasion of their departure and from past experiences they know if there had been any fighting the Marines would have been on top as usual. But if the President wished to celebrate something, why not? After all, the imagination is a beautiful thing.

There were people who did not have a garment of any kind to cover their nakedness so that they could come out of doors at all. As far back as November 1936 there were scared whispers about prisoners starving to death in the prison in Port-au-Prince.

Now in 1937 hunger and want were stalking the land. The jobless peasant still felt hungry after his meal of sour oranges. They had nothing really against a celebration for any reason what-so-ever. But some "pois rouge et deee wee" (red beans and rice) would have suited their mood better than the electric lights, especially in celebration of a fiction. A great many expressed resentment towards the whole thing. Why celebrate the leaving of the Marine corps when nobody wanted the Marines to go anyway? Their era of prosperity had left with the Marines. If President Vincent had arranged for them to go, then he was the one who could bring them back. A great many of them had their doubts as to whether the $16,000 stated actually was spent. "They don't spend all of this money as they tell us. The Gros Negre only finds more excuse to take money for themselves." The champîs de Mars was full of suspicion and doubt that night.
Peeps at Personalities (Continued)

It is a well known fact, and freely acknowledged in Haiti, that before the withdrawal of the American Marines, Colonel Jitte and the officers of the Occupation prepared a Haitian fighting force of three thousand men under Colonel Calixte. With so many trained men, and with the equipment left by the American ship that fought in the Haitian government, it would seem that some effective resistance could be made to an invasion from Santo Domingo. Therefore it is astounding to read the recent statements of President Vincent that Haiti is deserted before the onslaught of Santo Domingo. That statement is far from true and very puzzling until one considers the reports of starvation among the Haitian peasants and the numerals of starvation. One report was reported definitely under高压 at Cavares in the south that whole department was saved to the suffering from the heat of hunger. Does President Vincent think it better to allow the Dominicans to kill a few thousand Haitian peasants than to arm the peasants themselves? Does the fear that the stores of ammunition in the basement of the palace were issued to the army that its own days in the palace would be numbered? From actual knowledge in Haiti these questions are not too far fetched. President Vincent practically acknowledged it himself in his statement to Margaret Reynolds in which he said that the Blanc de Haïti was only brought through to police Haiti. Does it reason that after all those few thousands of peasants are dead and gone and he is still President in the palace? But the arms and the ammunition in the basement of the palace was not out of his control in his attempt to arrange their irascibility, he might find himself starving for Jamaica? But many other Haitian left Presidents have done. More than once rumored in Europe for him on his recent trip, it is official that he applied for six months stay in advance to the great respect, but this was refused he gave as his reason that he was ill and that he wished to consult foreign specialists. The request for this advance he has refused he has perhaps submitted his all letters to local treatment. Furthermore he is not the popular figure he was two years ago. His outward show is not his point for the visiting journalists to travel. I challenge him to permit my three-Colonial Americans to spend thirty days in Haiti and to determine they will understand the policies and if it stated that my impressions are unfair to Haiti then I say again, let a disinterested committee do such panels with the bounty outside of Port au Prince and Cape Haitian and judge between us.
People at Personalities (Continued)

Before the withdrawal of the American forces from Haiti, Colonel Little, knowing that Haiti has three thousand trained men under arms.
Another significant figure in Haitian life is Colonel Calixte, chief of the Garde d'Haiti. Which means that he is the number one man in the military forces of Haiti. He is a tall, slender black man around forty with the most beautiful hands and feet that I have ever beheld on a man. He is truly loved and honored by the three thousand men under him. His officers are often well-trained professional men-doctors, engineers, lawyers and the like. There is no doubt that the military love their chief. But it is apparent that others fear his influence. Perhaps they think he might be moved to seize executive power, for he is bound by a curious tie. Not only must he refrain from moving against the Palace, he is further under threat of punishment of death if anything should happen to the President in any way at all. More than that, the ammunition is kept in the basement of the Palace under the special eye of Comel Armand, mulatto choice of the President for military chief.

But the Garde d'Haiti was trained and established under the American military officers of the Occupation, and it is said that Colonel Little selected Calixte as the most able of all the Haitian officers available and had insisted on him as chief. He has been told me that the American officers had preferred Calixte, but also that President Vincent had felt that the appointment was wise because colonel Calixte was a hero among the blacks and also because he is from the North. He is a native of Fort Liberty, a small town near Cap Haitian, and the North has always played an important part in the history of Haiti. This was then an attempt to soften the differences between the blacks and the mulattoes and recognize the importance of the North. Otherwise the administration would have preferred the mulatto Colonel Andre' or La Fontant. In the face of great opposition, the President has taken many steps to destroy this antagonism between the mulattoes and the blacks which has been the cause of so much bloodshed in Haiti's past and has been one of the major
obstacles to national unity. But the end is not yet in sight. Anyway, there is Colonel Calixe with his long tapering fingers and his beautiful slender feet, very honest and conscientious and doing a beautiful job of keeping order in Haiti. If he is conscious of the jitters he inspires in other office holders and men of ambitions, he does not show it. He has told me that he is a man of arms and wishes no other job than the one he has. In fact we have a standing joke between us that when I become President of Haiti, he is going to be my chief of the army and I am going to allow him to establish state farms in all of the departments of Haiti, a thing which he has long wanted to do in order to eliminate the beggars from the streets of Port-au-Prince, provide for the hospitals, jails and other state institutions, since there is not enough tax money to do these things well. He is pathetically eager to clear the streets of Haiti of beggars and petty thieves and to generally make his department shine. If he has ambitions outside of his office, he dissembles well. And what a beautifully polished Sam Brown belt on his perfect figure and what lovely, gold-looking buckles on his belt!

There is somebody else in Haiti that the people cannot forget. He is not there in person, but his shadow walks around like a man. That is the shadow of Trujillo, President of Neighboring Santo Domingo. Trujillo is not there; he is not even a Haitian but he has connections that reach all around. He has relatives there and numerous friends and admirers. All day long, Haitians are pointing to the Man of Santo Domingo. Some of them with fear, the rest with admiration. Some Haitians even speak of him with hope. They reason that if he can bring peace and advancement to Santo Domingo, he can contrive something of the kind in Haiti. They remember his repellant visit to Haiti in 1930 and afterwards his gift of food and provisions to the Haitian peasants. Trujillo is really among those present in Haiti. More-over the Haitian who cannot
find work in his own country, immediately thinks of migrating to Santo Domingo, for a time at least. Before the recent border trouble, there were thousands of Haitians in Santo Domingo because of better working and living conditions. With this condition in mind, Trujillo is supposed to have made a speech in which he threatened in a veiled manner to clean up the Haitian end of the island. His contention being, perhaps, that his own country always had to share the burden of Haiti's poor economic arrangement. So that Santo Domingo's own strides towards advancement were being shortened by having to absorb great numbers of the unemployed of her practically static neighbor. So the poor people of Haiti see more in Trujillo than just the President of a neighboring country.

Among the whispered angles of the notorious case of Joseph Jolibois, Fils is the one that Jolibois, Fils was the friend of Trujillo, and that when the President of Santo Domingo learned of his mysterious death in jail, he burst into a rage and expelled the Haitian Minister from his country. He is said to have accused someone very high in Haitian national life of murdering his friend Jolibois, Fils, to get him out of the way because he was becoming too popular with the people and too open in his opposition to the Administration.

That was in November, 1936. Since then people whisper: "They say that Jolibois was poisoned in the prison. Jolibois was accused of shooting Elie Elieus to death but there was no proof. They say that both men were troublesome and were liquidated for that reason. They say that Trujillo is in a great rage over the death of his friend and means to avenge him. Soon now, perhaps, he will come with his great army to punish the Haitian government for the death of Jolibois, Fils. Who knows?"

These new and vigorous young Haitian intellectuals feel that Santo Domingo's great advancement should spur Haiti out of her fog of
self-deception, internal strife, and general backwardness. They are advocating universal free grammar schools as in the United States and a common language. As things stand, the upper-class Haitians speak French and the peasants speak creole. M. Sejourne rightfully contends that the barrier of language is a serious thing in a nation. It makes for division and distrust through lack of understanding. He thinks that either French must speedily be taught to all or that Haiti must adopt creole as its official language and commission some of its scholars like Jules Faine to reduce the patois to writing. Then there is the matter of religion. Nominal Haiti is a Catholic country, but in reality it is deeply pagan. Some of the young men are ceasing to apologize for this. They feel that the foreign Catholic priests do the country much more harm than voodoo does. They are eager for the day when they shall expell the French and Belgian priests whom they say foster and propagate "War between the skins!" They mean by that, that they encourage differences among the mulattoes and the blacks, besides impoverishing the country by the great sums that they collect and send to Rome and France. Also they say that the priests in order to crush a powerful rival, place all the evils of politics and what not upon the shoulders of voodoo.

The politicians, to cover up their mistakes, have also seized upon this device. As some one in America said of whiskey, voodoo has more enemies in public and more friends in private than anything else in Haiti. None of the sons of voodoo who sit in high places have yet had the courage to defend it publicly, though they know quite well and acknowledge it privately that voodoo is a harmless pagan cult that sacrifices domestic animals at its worst. The very same animals that are killed and eaten every day in most of the civilized countries of the world. So since voodoo is openly acknowledged by the humble only, it
is safe to blame all the ills of Haiti on voodoo. I predict that this state of affairs will not last forever. A feeling of nationalism is growing in Haiti among the young. They admire France less and less, and their own patterns more. They are contending that voodoo is not what is wrong with Haiti. The thing fettering the country is its politics and those foreign priests.

Well, anyway, there is Haiti as it is, and there is this class of new and thinking young Haitians who are on the side lines for the most part at the moment, becoming more and more world-and-progress conscious all the time. And always there is the dynamic and forceful Trujillo, the ever-ready, gazing across the frontier with a steely eye. Whither Haiti?
They realized that internal matters are not so glory-getting as foreign wars, but they are even more necessary. They see that all is not well, that public education, transportation and economies need more attention, much more than do the bones of Dessalines. The peasant of Haiti are so hungry, and relief would not be difficult with some planning. They are refusing to see the glorified Haiti of the demagogue's tongue. These few intellectuals must struggle against the blind political pirates and the inert mass of the illiterates.

That brings us to the most striking phenomena in Haiti to a visiting American. That habit of lying! It is safe to say that this art, past time, expedient or whatever one wishes to call it, is more than any other factor, responsible for Haiti's tragic history. Certain people in the early days of the Republic first took to deceiving first themselves and then others to keep from looking at the dismal picture before them. For it was dismal, make no mistake about that, if it is looked at from the viewpoint of the educated mulatto and the thinking blacks. This freedom only looked like a big watermelon cutting and fish-fry to the irresponsible blacks, those people who have no memory of yesterday and no suspicion of tomorrow. No country has ever had more difficult tasks. In the first place Haiti had never
"Why do you Americans always speak of our cruelty to animals?" The editor of the Le Matin asked me. "You are cruel also. You boil live lobsters."

"Yes," I said, "but the people who sell them would not be permitted to draf them by the legs from Massachusetts to Virginia, nor to half-skin him on the way."

"It's all the same," he shied away from actuality and went one.

Then again under the very sound of the drums, the upper class Haitian will tell you that there is no such thing as voodoo in Haiti, and that all has been written about it is nothing but the malicious lies of foreigners. He knows that is not so and should know that you know that it is not true. Down in his heart he does not hate voodoo worship. Even if he is not a denier himself he does it about him every day and takes it for a matter of course. But he lies to save his and the national pride. He has ready the fantastic things that has been written about Haitian voodoo by people who know nothing at all about it. Consequently there are the stereotyped tales of virgin worship, human sacrifice and other elements borrowed from European origins. It paints him as a savage and he does not like to be spoken of like that. So he takes refuge in flight. He denies the knowledge and the existence of the whole thing. But a peasant who has been kindly treated will answer frankly if he is not intimidated by the presence of a Gros Negre or a policeman.
Voodoo and Voodoo Gods.

Vodou is a system of religion and magic that is deeply rooted in the African cultures of the Caribbean. It is a blend of African and European religious beliefs, particularly Catholicism. Vodou involves the worship of spirits, or loas, which are considered to be powerful entities that can influence the natural world and human life. The loas are represented by colorful flags, which are flown during rituals.

One of the most important loas is Marie Laveau, a woman who is believed to have been a powerful sorceress. She is said to have learned her powers from her mother, who was a Voodoo priestess. Marie Laveau is known for her ability to control the elements and for her healing powers.

Another important loa is Papa Legba, who is the gatekeeper of the underworld. He is often depicted as a shaman who can communicate with the spirits of the dead.

Voodoo rituals often involve the use of drums and other musical instruments, as well as the wearing of traditional clothing. The rituals are performed by a group of people, or a community, and are led by a priest or priestess.

One of the most well-known Voodoo ceremonies is the Voodoo New Year, which is celebrated on January 1st. This ceremony involves the offering of sacrifices to the loas and the wearing of colorful clothing and make-up.

Voodoo is considered to be a living religion and is still practiced today in the Caribbean and among the African diaspora around the world.
I would not venture to call the name of every Mystery in Haiti. However, knowing the names of even one, like Cacou, every major section of Haiti has its own local variant and many. Different gods and goddesses are known all over the island, but these are endless variations of the same gods known in the same locality. It is easy to see the legitimacy of some unknown natural phenomenon and not knowing how to explain it, and as such, these deities are named. It is always added to the "family" to which it seems by the circumstances to belong. Here, the long list of Dahome, Dahome, L'Hairaka, and the like. All in Haiti, however, it is agreed that

I or Xavier

2. Some say, however, all the Congo have provided the two sets of gods. That place names of Dahome are included in the names of the Ras Dra huts, perhaps due to a veneration of several African localities and spirits under the one hand in Haiti.
Wherever you find there are traditional tales of Moses and his supernatural powers, it must be noted that the Bible was not the only written text that reached the Americas. It is from here and there, with the help of missionaries and adventurers, that the stories of Moses and his magic spread. This was especially prominent in the Americas, where the arrival of Christianity occurred later than in Europe. Missionaries brought their stories of Moses and his miracles, which were later translated into local languages.

One such narrative is the story of the Magicians of the Americas. This tale is similar to the story of Balaam in the Bible, where the priests of Moab sought to incite the Israelites against God. In the Americas, the Magicians of the Americas are said to have turned their “lord” into a serpent, thereby misleading the people. The people, believing this tale, were said to have seen the “serpent” as a sign of the flood of the Lord, and they turned their backs on the Hebrews, who were said to be the ancestors of the Jews.

This narrative of Damballah is responsible for the belief by the local population that the snake is worshipped as a god. This is not accurate. There is no actual worship of the snake as such in Haiti. It is believed by some that the snake is a representation of Damballah, who is said to be the first ancestor of the Haitian people. The snake is also seen as a symbol of the power of the ancestors, who are believed to reside in the snake.

Damballah is considered the highest and most powerful of all the gods, and the snake is said to be his symbol. The other gods are said to be of lesser power, and the snake is said to be the “lord” of all the other gods and also to be the one who rules over the world. The snake is said to be the one who created the world, and it is said to be the one who will destroy the world.

Damballah is also considered the creator of the universe. He is said to have created the world in a state of balance. The snake is said to be the symbol of balance, and it is said to be the one who created the world. The snake is said to be the one who created the world, and it is said to be the one who will destroy the world.

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1) While Damballah is not spoken of as the father of the gods, he is expected to share this role with other gods. Whenever any of the other gods meet him they bow themselves and sing, "Ohe! Ohe! Ee Papa Noua Qui a Pe Passa!" ("I see the Rosa who passes!") He is the brother of that other powerful and good spirit, Deyor.

2) For it is well established that if a memory is great enough, other memories will cluster about it, and these in turn will bring their suites of memories to cluster about this focus. In short, because perhaps they are all scattered parts of the one thing like Plato’s concept of the "perfect thing."

3) The ancient Hougan says that he is given the white crescent moon because he guards domestic happiness. Dr. Polly says it is another age because he guards domestic happiness. Dr. Polly says it is another age because he guards domestic happiness. Dr. Polly says it is another age because he guards domestic happiness. Dr. Polly says it is another age because he guards domestic happiness. Dr. Polly says it is another age because he guards domestic happiness. Dr. Polly says it is another age because he guards domestic happiness. Dr. Polly says it is another age because he guards domestic happiness. Dr. Polly says it is another age because he guards domestic happiness. Dr. Polly says it is another age because he guards domestic happiness. Dr. Polly says it is another age because he guards domestic happiness. Dr. Polly says it is another age because he guards domestic happiness.
ERZULIE FREIDA

Notably, the Haitian vodou really revolved around how people viewed the loa. For example, Erzulie, the loa of beauty and love, was considered the perfect female loa. She is the female counterpart of Damballa. Both male and female loas play essential roles in the Haitian vodou practice. Erzulie is depicted as a radiant, beautiful woman with a luxurious appearance. She is often associated with wealth, prosperity, and love. Her followers believe that she bestows love, fertility, and protection upon them. Erzulie is also associated with the act of giving and receiving love. Her worship involves offerings of flowers, candles, and libations of rum. The worship of Erzulie is a daily practice for many Haitian vodou practitioners, and her influence is felt in various aspects of daily life, from love and relationships to business and personal success.


Mortal woman, to be the Chosen by a goddess is an expectation for them to live for. The most popular Vestiges in all that mortals stand at the invitation to beggary is the demo-
on, to Tergible.

Tergible is said to be a beautiful young woman of lush appearance. She is a modest and southern, she is impersonated by the heavens, the heavens with the faces of the sun. She is represented as having golden, full breasts and large, fat, plump buttocks. She is a rich young woman and wears a gold shirt on her face, with a rider on them. She also wears a gold chain, a fine weave, eddies herself in beautiful, expensive, dress and she wears various rosy-pink, rose-colored gowns and dresses. She is a kind and benevolent. She protects the advancement of her divinities and looks after their welfare generally. She comes to them in radiant ecstasy every Thursday at 4

Towards evening, Tergible is impecable, it is said that no girl will gain a husband

if an offer to Tergible is in the house. She is fond of delights in frustrating all the plans

and hopes of the young woman in love. Women do not give their favors unless they turn towards

the heavens, towards the earth, women who are widows or have already abandoned the hope of marriage. To women who is习俗 says, she is not and never much, for not only does she choose not sit aside for herself, young and handsome men and then for them from hearing

she frequently chooses married men, and these are the women to the woman and her suffering.

From the time that the man constantly that he has been called by her, there is a sorrow

in her heart that the wife may not enter except to prepare it for the spiritual ritual. There

is a day that she must make splendor for her, women must not enter, but it is said that the

second terrible consequences would follow the day with a sacrifice and no woman shall

escape the vengeance of the enraged Tergible. She has been loved by her, she is loved enough to do it, but

it is almost certain that no male devotee of the goddess would allow it to occur.

How does a man know that he has been called? It usually begins in a troubled dream.

At first his dreams are vague; he is visited by a strange being which he cannot identify.

It cannot make out at first what he wants of him. He touches rich fabrics merrily

and the feet away from his grasp. Strange perfume wiks across his face, but he cannot

know why. He comes from her first name as a name out of his memory for them.

The dreams intentions becomes more frequent and definite and sometimes Tergible

identifies itself definitely. But more often it is more elusively. He falls

ill, the sickly young man to the eye. Finally his friends were made to visit a

ill, other unhappy things taken him; finally his friends were made to the god

for a consultation. Finally then the minister is identified by the god,

of love and the young man is told that she has been having sick-like be-

cause the goddess is angry at his neglect. She behaves like another female be-

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cause the goddess is angry at his neglect. She beha...
Rachel, she belongs to the dreaded Petro jahbalay. She is described as an old woman and terrible to behold. Her name has been mentioned in connection with the demon worship of the Beers and the Beast Right.

The ceremony is initiated into the cult of Tegulue is perhaps the most simple of all the Voodoo rites. All gods and goddesses must be fed with several acts so that the sacrificial victim must do is to "feed" Tegulue. There must be prepared a special tag and Madeira wine, rice flour eggs, a hen, a pair of white guinea-pig of chickens. There must be a white pot with a cover to it. This food is placed at the ceremony during which the applicant's head is "washed."

This washing of the head is necessary in most of the ceremonies. In this case, the candidate must have made a bath of water and banana leaves. He must dress himself in a long white night shirt. The shaman places him upon the leafy couch, and sacs three time. With the right hand, he puts in a little syrup. The shaman then takes some holy branches and dips them in the water in the white pot which has been consecrated for washing the head of the candidate. While the shaman is sprinkling the head with this the shaman and the canes are singing:

"Tegulue Tegulue Dahomé, le ou qui faut le, ou qui bon,
Tegulue Tegulue [name of shaman], Mawo Mawo Mawo,
E ou mawo qui Mawo."

The candidate and the adult continue to sing all during the consecration of the candidate. The candidate is beaten by the drums. The drums play after the ceremony to Tegulue, while during the service, while the attendants are chanting, the shaman puts this half of the candidate's head carefully on the couch. After the potted head is performed, an egg is broken on the head. Some Madeira wine is poured from it. Then the head is wrapped in a white handkerchief large enough to hold everything that has been thrown upon the head. The singing takes up another stanza. A child is then called on the candidate's head and some of the blood is commanded to rise. This is the last act of the initiation. Sometimes a spirit enters the head of the new-made adept immediately. He is "spell" by the shaman who sometimes takes at great length, serious solemnity and making recommendations. While this is going on, a quantity of plain white rice is boiled a portion sufficient for one person only, and it eats some of it. What does not eat is burnt before the door of the house.

The candidate's house is purified by a metal that has wisdom in it, and burned it to the fishermen who takes it and believes it. At the time of marriage, he is found on the candidate's finger as in a marriage ceremony, how to the bride. The time is the evening of the ceremony that the priest makes the libation.

The time is the evening of the ceremony that the priest makes the libation. The time is the evening of the ceremony that the priest makes the libation.
songs found origin even than any other music in Haiti. Haitian's greatest musician, Lucien Samouet, has recorded upon three folk songs. From the evidence the服务业 to which we are the most ideologically conscious of Haiti, it is a beautiful thing to see a group of people who have all in white, their singing voices united in a experience. While one's memory, a young woman, all in a setting so beautiful and industrious as money and imagination combined to make" "Agile, Nimbin, Oh, Hey! is Haiti's favorite folk song.

1. "Agile, Nimbin, Oh! Hey! Agile, Nimbin, Oh, Hey!
   Moun senli! Ma pe monte! Le moun ninmin ya yapayapayapaya.

2. Annal Jean-Baptiste, Oh, it, parrain
   Ou te, te, la, te, la, la, te, perrain
   Tonnu Madames yo a genoun, Charlette yo
   Tan main yo, yo pe tout mi, mi, yo
   Bi moun mi yo a genoun, Charlette yo
   Agile, Nimbin, Oh! Hey! Jean Agile, Frieida
   Daque, Toean, Miroize, Nanman; Nimbin, Oh, Hey
   Moun senli! Ma pe monte! Le moun ninmin ya yapayapaya.

(Spoken in "Hannap" oral style)
Oh, Agile, qui dit qui dit ce to yo
Ba hanon bles "ta oua yo, Damahal Ouedo
Toean, Dykmin, O Agone, Ouedo, papa Agone Oh,
Da Brian, O Agone, Agile, O
dh Boga cane, Agra, Nago, Nago, Nago pique eoum yo
Oh loco, lo loco, tele Ouedo, loco Quinnin
Ta Manifé, Doeu, Doeu, Dagonet Moinmin
Nago, Cindillée, Calacasaque, atou, Coume des
Oh Mogue, Cindillée, Calemeu, Pape mara yo.

3. Agile, Nimbin, Oh! Hey! Gramm Agile,
Frieda Daque, Toean nirote, Mounman, Nimbin, Oh, Hey!
Moun sente! Ma pe monte! Le moun ninmin ya yapayapaya, Hey!"
[Folder 24]
in fact a ritual in the voodoo lexicon. This is absolutely necessary, if it is not done, it will be offended and the gods called in the invocation will not come.

The voodoo priest knows the knowledge and wisdom to the houngan and indicates to them what should be done. In case clients come to him, the houngan is given the ingredients and medicines for treating the ailments. Either in the hour of the moon, or anytime else, the houngan can take his salute and call Papa Loaso and he will indicate the malady of the patient. If the sickness is natural, if it is unnatural he will advise the houngan.

Loaso is the god of medicine and wisdom, but at the same time a great diner of rum. Sacrifice to him a grey cock. His day is Wednesday. Image of St. Joseph is used for Loaso Atisoon.

Song of Loaso Atisoon

Varloso, so lo so valade, varloso, so lo so valade

May, may, valo so, lo so, so lo, so valade.

Most of the other gods of national importance will be briefly explained as they occur in ceremonies. This would not permit to give a full account of either Vodoo or Voodoo gods. It would require several volumes to attempt to cover completely the gods and Vodoo symbols in themselves. The same could be said of the Agana and the Pyramids, and the manifestations of the Agana. The Vodoo of the vodou, the vodou of the gods, the vodou of the loas. I am merely attempting to give an effect of the whole in the round. It is unfortunate for the social sciences that an intelligent man like Dr. Davisville has not been fit to do something with Haitian mysticism comparable to Traciere's "The Golden Bough." The history of the vodou would be a most interesting thing in itself. The layman as well as the scientist would like to know how this spirit entered in Israel and African witchcraft and sometimes containing a human bone came to be the fixed and honored object that it is. It has its own损坏ments as the vodou of the gods and certainly it is hallowed. How did it get that way? Who began it? Where
Voodoo and Voodoo Gods.
Voodoo and Voodoo Gods

Dr. Holly says that in the beginning God and His woman went into the bedroom together to commence creation. That was the beginning of everything and Voodoo is just as old as that. It is the old, old mysticism of the world in African terms. Voodoo is a religion of creation and life. It is the worship of the sun, the water and other natural forces, but the symbolism is no better understood than that of other religions and consequently is taken too literally.

Thus the uplifted forefinger in greeting in Voodoo is really phallic and that means the male attributes of the Creator. The handclasp that ends in the fingers of one hand encircling the thumb of the other signifies the vulva encircling the penis, denoting the female aspect of deity. “What is the truth?” he asked me, and knowing that I could not answer him he answered himself through a Voodoo ceremony in which the Mambo, that is the priestess, richly dressed is asked this question ritualistically. She replied by throwing back her veil and revealing her sex organs. The ceremony means that this is the infinite, the ultimate truth. There is no mystery beyond the mysterious source of life. The ceremony concludes on another phase after this. It is a dance analogous to the nuptial flight of the queen bee. The Mambo discards six veils in this dance and falls at last naked, and spiritually intoxicated to the ground. It is considered the highest honor for all males participating to kiss
her organ of creation, for Damballa, the god of gods has permitted them to come face to face with truth.

Some of the other men of education in Haiti who have given time to the study of Voodoo esoterica do not see such deep meanings in Voodoo practices. They see only a pagan religion with an African pantheon. And right here, let it be said that the Haitian gods, mysteries, or loa are not the Catholic calendar of saints done over in black as has been stated by casual observers. This has been said over and over in print because the adepts have been seen buying the lithographs of saints, but this is done because they wish some visual representation of the invisible ones, and as yet no Haitian artist has given them an interpretation or concept of the loa. But even the most illiterate peasant knows that the picture of the saint is only an approximation of the loa. In proof of this, most of the houngans require those who place themselves under their tutelage in order to become hounslow to bring a composition book for notes, and in this they must copy the houngan's concept of the loa. I have seen several of these books with the drawings, and none of them even pretend to look like the Catholic saints. Neither are their attributes the same.

Who are the loa, then? I would not pretend to call the name of every mystere in Haiti. No one knows the name of every loa because every major section of Haiti has its own local
variation. It has gods and goddesses of places and forces that are unknown fifty miles away. The heads of "families" of gods are known all over the country, but there are endless variations of the demigods even in the same localities. It is easy to see the unlettered meeting some unknown natural phenomenon and not knowing how to explain it, and a new local demigod is named. It is always added to "family", to which it seems, by the circumstances, to belong. Hence, the long list of Ogouns, Erzulies, Cimbies, Legbas, and the like. All over Haiti, however, it is agreed that there are two classes of duties, the Rada or Arada and the Petro. The Rada gods are the "good" gods and are said to have originated in Dahomey. The Petro gods are the ones who do evil work and are said to have been brought over from the Congo, some say Guinea and the Congo have provided the two sets of gods but place names of Dahomey are included in the names of the Rada deities. Perhaps there is a mingling of several African localities and spirits under the one head in Haiti. Damballah or Dambala, Oueda Fouda Touan Dahomey, to give him his full name heads the Rada gods. Baron Samedi (Lord of Saturday) Baron Cimeterre (Lord of the Cemetery) and Baron Crois (Lord of the cross), one spirit with three names is the head of the Petro loa. Let us first meet the Rada designations.

Dambala, or Damballah Oueda (pronounced way-doe)

Damballah Oueda is the supreme Mystere and his
signature is the serpent. Though the picture that is bought of him is that of St. Patrick, he in no way resembles that Irish saint. The picture of St. Patrick is used because it has the snakes in it which no other saint has. All over Haiti it is well established that Damballah is identified as Moses, whose symbol was the serpent. This worship of Moses recalls the hard-to-explain fact that wherever the Negro is found, there are traditional tales of Moses and his supernatural powers that are not in the Bible, nor can they be found in any written life of Moses. The rod of Moses is said to have been a subtle serpent and hence came his great powers. All over the Southern United States, the British West Indies and Haiti there are reverent tales of Moses and his magic. It is hardly possible that all of them sprang up spontaneously in these widely separated areas on the blacks coming in contact with Christianity after coming to the Americas. It is more probable that there is a tradition of Moses as the great father of magic scattered over Africa and Asia. Perhaps some of his feats recorded in the Pentateuch are the folk beliefs of such a character grouped about a man for it is well established that if a memory is great enough, other memories will cluster about it, and those in turn will bring their suites of memories to gather about this focal point, because perhaps, they are all scattered parts of the one thing like Plato's concept of the perfect thing.
At any rate, concerning Moses' rod and the serpant, they say that many witch doctors in Africa can so hypnotize a snake that it can be made rigid and seemingly lifeless and carried as a cane and brought to life again at the will of the witch doctor. They contend that that was why the rod of Aaron, which was none other than the rod of Moses was such a cane thrust into the hand of Aaron at the right moment. Such were the "rods" of the magicians of the Pharaoh. But Moses knew that his "rod" fed on the variety that the king's men of magic used, so he knew what would happen the moment that the magicians turned their "rods" into snakes.

This serpent signature of Dambala is responsible for the belief by the casual observer that the snake is worshipped in Haiti. This is not accurate. There is no actual worship of the snake as such in Haiti. It is treated with reverence because it is considered the servant of Damballah. Everywhere I found an altar to Damballah, I found either an iron representation of the snake beside the pool, or an actual green snake which lived in a special place upon the altar. And in each instance I asked about the divinity of the snake and they told me that the snake was not a god but the "bonne" (maid servant) of Damballah and was therefore protected and honored.

Damballah is the highest and most powerful of all the gods, but never is he referred to as the father of the gods of Jupiter, Odin and great Zeus and while he is not spoken of as
the father of the gods, whenever any of the other gods meet him they bow themselves and sing, "Ohe, 'Ohe!' Ce Papa nous qui pe' passe'!" ("It is our papa who passes; He is the brother of that other powerful and good. The others are under him in power, that is all. He never does "bad" work. If you make a ceremony to any of the other gods and ask favors, they must come to Damballah to get the permission and the power to do it. Papa Damballah is the great source.

Around Damballah is grouped the worship of the beautiful in nature. One must offer him flowers, the best perfumes, a pair of white chickens, his "mange sec" (dry food) consisting of corn meal and an egg must be placed on the altar on a white plate. He is offered cakes, French melons, watermelons, pineapples, rice, bananas, grapes, oranges, apples and the like. There must be a porcelain pot with a cover on the altar, desserts and sweet liquors, and olive oil. There must be a representation of Damballah within the oratory, a small crucifix, a bouquet, a bottle of liquor, a glass of oil to keep his lamps burning on his day. He brings good luck to those who make offerings to him regularly and faithfully.

"It is possible for you to have a grand situation and it is even possible to become a minister or the president if you serve Papa Damballah faithfully. But yes!" His day is Wednesday in the afternoon of every week and his sacrifice is a pair of white chickens, hen and cock. The average hougan says
that he is given the white cock and hen because he guards domestic happiness. Dr. Holly says it is another acknowledgment of the bi-sexual concept of the Creator, and that Dambala with the subtle wisdom and powers represented by the snake is to the Africans something of a creator, if not actively, certainly the Source. His color is white. His woman is Aida Guedo. His signature is the ascending snakes on a rod or a crucifix. He is the fourth in the order of the service being preceded by (1) Papa Legba, opener of gates (opportunities), (2) Loco Attison, Mystere of work and knowledge, (3) Mah-lab-san, the guardian of the door-sill. None of these are so important as Damballah. But the order has been established to have things ready when he arrives through possession of some of the persons taking part in the ceremony. There is a definite behavior for the possession of each of the gods. The houngan or the Mambo can say at once what god possesses a person present. Perhaps the wrong impression is conveyed by the expression that the other gods precede Damballah in the services. Actually, they are his suite and surround him and go before or after him in order to more quickly serve his commands. In the Voodoo temple or oristyle, the place of Dambala, there must also be the places of Legba, Ogoun, Loco, the cross of Guite, who is the messenger of the gods, of Erzulie, Mademoiselle Brigitte and brave Guedo. Dambala resides within the snake on the altar in the midst of all these objects. The construction must face the rising sun and there must be a door which looks toward the west.
Songs to Damballah #1

Me roi à’ Dambala, Cuedo, ou se gran moun, ho, ho, ho,
me roi à’.
Dambala Cuedo ou se’ gran moun la k’ile ou.
(My king is Dambala Cuedo. You are a great man, ho, ho, ho,
your king is.)

# 2.
Ah Dambala, bon jour, bon jour, bon jour, Dambala Cuedo!
Après Mandyay, Dambala ou man ou yéen, oh, oh, oh oui
may lah, Damballa,
Ouido, moan, ah may Vimant lauh yo.

There is in Voodoo worship a reverent remoteness
where Dambala is concerned. There are not the numerous
personal anecdotes about him as about some of the lesser and
more familiar gods. I asked why they did not ask more things
of him, and I was told that when they make "services" to the
other gods they are making them to Dambala indirectly for none
of the others can do anything unless he is given them the power.
There is the feeling of awe. One approaches the lesser gods
and they in turn approach the great one. The others must
listen and take sides in the neighborhood disputes, jealousies
and feuds. One comes to Dambala for advancement and he is
approached through beauty. Give Dambala his sweet wine and
feed his wisdom with white pigeons.
ERZULIE FREIDA

Nobody in Haiti ever really told me who Erzulie Freida was, but they told me what she was like and what she did. From all of that it is plain that she is the pagan goddess of love. In Greece and Rome the goddesses of love had husbands and bore children. Erzulie has no children and her husband is all the men of Haiti. That is, anyone of them that she chooses for herself. But so far, no one in Haiti has formulated her. As the perfect female she must be loved and obeyed. She whose love is so strong and binding that it cannot tolerate a rival. She is the female counterpart of Dambala. But high and low they serve her, dream of her, have visions of her as of the Holy Grail. Every Thursday and every Saturday millions of candles are lighted in her honor. Thousands of beds, pure in their snowy whiteness and perfumed are spread for her. Desserts, sweet drinks, perfumes and flowers are offered to her and hundreds of thousands of men of all ages and classes enter those pagan bowers to devote themselves to this spirit. On that day, no mortal woman may lay possessive hands upon these men claimed by Erzulie. They will not permit themselves to be caressed or fondled even in the slightest manner, even if they are married. No woman may enter the chamber set aside for her worship except to clean it and prepare it for the "service." For Erzulie Freida is a most jealous female spirit. Hundreds of wives have been forced to step aside entirely by her demands.
She has been identified as the Blessed Virgin, but this is far from true. Here again the use of the pictures of the Catholic saints have confused observers who do not listen long enough. Erzulie is not the passive queen of heaven and mother of anybody. She is the ideal of the love bed. She is that which all women is a distortion. The virgin Mary and all of the female saints of the Church have been elevated, and celebrated for their abstinence. Erzulie is worshipped for her perfection in giving herself to mortal man. To be chosen a goddess is an exaltation for men to live for. The most popular Voodoo song in all Haiti, outside of the invocation to Legba, is the love song to Erzulie.

Erzulie is said to be a beautiful young woman of lush appearance. She is a mulatto and so when she is impersonated by the blacks, they powder their faces with talcum. She is represented as having firm, full breasts and other perfect female attributes. She is a rich young woman and wears a gold ring on her finger with a stone in it. She also wears a gold chain about her neck, attires herself in beautiful, expensive raiment and sheds intoxicating odors from her person. To men she is gorgeous, gracious and beneficent. She promotes the advancement of her devotees and looks after their welfare generally. She comes to them in radiant ecstasy every Thursday and Saturday night and claims them.
Toward womankind, Erzulie is implacable. It is said that no girl will gain a husband if an altar to Erzulie is in the house. Her jealousy delights in frustrating all the plans and hopes of the young woman in love. Women do not "give her food" unless they tend toward the hemaphrodite or are elderly women who are widows or have already abandoned the hope of mating. To women and their desires, she is all but maliciously cruel, for not only does she choose and set aside for herself, young and handsome men and thus bar them from marriage, she frequently chooses married men and thrusts herself between the woman and her happiness. From the time that the man concludes that he has been called by her, there is a room in her house that the wife may not enter except to prepare it for her spiritual rival. There is a bed that she must make spotless, but may never rest upon. It is said that the most terrible consequences would follow such an act of sacrilege and no woman could escape the vengeance of the enraged Erzulie should she be bold enough to do it. But it is almost certain that no male devotee of the goddess would allow it to occur.

How does a man know that he has been called? It usually begins in troubled dreams. At first his dreams are vague. He is visited by a strange being which he cannot identify. He cannot make out at first what is wanted of him. He touches rich fabrics momentarily but they flit away from his grasp. Strange perfumes wisp across his face, but he cannot know where they came from nor find a name out of his memory for them. The dream visitations become more frequent and
definite and sometimes Erzulie identifies herself definitely. But more often, the matter is more elusive. He falls ill, other unhappy things befall him. Finally his friends urge him to visit a hougan for a consultation. Quickly then, the visitor is identified as the goddess of love and the young man is told that he has been having bad luck because the goddess is angry at his neglect. She behaves like any other female when she is spurned. A baptism is advised and a “service” is instituted for the offended loa and she is placated and the young man’s ill fortune ceases.

But things are not always so simply arranged. Sometimes the man chosen is in love with a mortal woman and it is a terrible renunciation he is called upon to make.

There are tales of men who have fought against it valiantly as long as they could. They fought until ill luck and ill health finally broke their wills before they bowed to the inexorable goddess. Death would have ensued had they not finally given in, and terrible misfortune for his earthly mate also. However, numerous men in Haiti do not wait to be called. They attach themselves to the cult voluntarily. It is more or less a vow of chastity certainly binding for specified times, and if the man is not married then he can never do so. If he is married his life with his wife will become so difficult that separation and divorce follows. So there are two ways of becoming an adept of Erzulie Freida --
as a "reclame!" that is one called by her, and the other way of voluntary attachment through inclination. Besides this merely amorous goddess, there is another Erzulie, or perhaps another aspect of the same deity. She is the terrible Erzulie, ge-rouge (Erzulie, the red-eyed) but she does not belong to the Rada. She belongs to the dreaded Petro phalanx. She is described as an older woman and terrible to look upon. Her name has been mentioned in connection with the demon worship of the Bocors and the Sect Rouge.

The "baptism" or initiation into the cult of Erzulie is perhaps the most simple of all the voodoo rites. All gods and goddesses must be fed, of course, and so the first thing that the supplicant must do is to "give food" to Erzulie. There must be prepared a special bread and Madeira wine, rice-flour, eggs, a liqueur, a pair of white pigeons, a pair of chickens. There must be a white pot with a cover to it. This food is needed at the ceremony during which the applicant's head is "washed".

This washing of the head is necessary in most of these ceremonies. In this case the candidate must have made a matte (mat made of banana leaf-stem), or a couch made of fragrant branches of trees. He must dress himself in a long white night shirt. The hougan places him upon the leafy couch and recites three Ave Maria's, three Credos and the Confiteor three times. Then he sprinkles the couch with flour and a little syrup. The hougan then takes some leafy branches and dips them in the water in the white pot which has been provided for washing the head of the
candidate. While the priest is sprinkling the head with this, the hounou and the Canzos are singing:

"Erzulie Tocon Freida Dahomey, Ce ou qui faut ce' ou qui bon
Erzulie Freida Tocon Maitresse m'ap monter
Ce' ou min qui Maitresse."

The hounou and the adepts continue to sing all during the consecration of the candidate unassisted by the drums. The drums play after a ceremony to Erzulie, never during the service. While the attendants are chanting, the houngan parts the hair of the candidate very carefully who is stretched upon the couch. After the parted hair is perfumed, an egg is broken on the head, some Madeira wine, cooked rice placed thereon, and then the head is wrapped in a white handkerchief large enough to hold everything that has been heaped upon the head. The singing keeps up all the while. A chicken is then killed on the candidates head and some of the blood is allowed to mingle with the other blessings already there. The candidate is now commanded to rise. This is the last act of the initiation. Sometimes a spirit enters the head of the new-made adept immediately. He is "mounted" by the spirit of Erzulie who sometimes talks at great length, giving advice and making recommendations. While this is going on a quantity of plain white rice is cooked -- a portion sufficient for one person only, and he eats some of it. What he does not eat is buried before the door of his house.
The candidate now produces the ring of silver, because silver is a metal that has wisdom in it, and hands it to the hougan who takes it and blesses it and places it upon the young man's finger as in a marriage ceremony. Now, for the first time since the beginning of the ceremony, the priest makes the libation. The five wines are elevated and offered to the spirits at the four cardinal points and finally poured in three places on the earth for the dead, for in this as in everything else in Haiti, the thirst of the dead must be relieved. The financial condition of the applicant gauges the amount and the variety of the wines served on this occasion. It is the wish of all concerned to make it a resplendent occasion and there is no limit to the amount of money spent if it can be obtained by the applicant.

Enormous sums have been spent on these initiations into the cult of Erzulie Freda. It is such a moment in the life of a man! More care and talent have gone into the songs for this occasion than any other music in Haiti. Haiti's greatest musician, Ludovic Lamotte, has worked upon these folk songs. From the evidence, the services to Erzulie are the most idealistic occasions in Haiti. It is a beautiful thing. A large group of upper class Haitians all in white, their singing voices muted by exaltation doing service to man's eternal quest, a pure, life, the perfect woman, and all in a setting as beautiful and idyllic as money and imagination available can make it. "Erzulie, nin nin, oh'l" is Haiti's favorite folk song.
1.

"Erzulie ninnin, oh! hey! Erzulie ninnin oh, hey!
Moin senti ma pe' monte', ce moin minn yagaza.

2.

"General Jean - Baptiste, oh, ti parrain
Cu t'entre' lan callie La, cui parrain
Toutes messames yo a genoux, chapelette you
Ian main yo, yo pe' roule' mise' yo
Ti mouns yo a' genoux, chapelette you
Erzulie ninnin oh, Hey gran Erzulie Freida
Dague, Toan, Mirizè, nan nan ninnin oh, hey
Movin senti ma pe' monte' ce' moin minn yagaza.

2.

(Spoken in "Langage" recitaine)

"Oh Azihlo, qui dit qui dit ce' bo yo!
Bò houn bloco ita ona yo, Damballah Cuedo
Toan, Syhronise o Agoue', Cuedo, Pap Goun oh,
Dambala, O Legba Hyppolite, Oh
Ah Brizazaine, Azaza, Neque, nago, nago pique occur yo
Oh Loco, ce loco, bel loco Cuedo, Loco guinea
Ta Manibo, Docu, Docu, D agoue' moinmimm
Nogae, candilica calicassague, ata, couine des
Oh mogae', Clemazie, Clemelle, papa mare' yo.

4.

Erzulie, Ninnin oh, hey grann' Erzulie
Freida dague, Toan Mirizè, maman, ninnin oh, hey!
Moun senti ma pe' mouti', ce moin mimm yagaza, Hey!
More upper class Haitians "make food" for Erzulie Freida than for any other loa in Haiti. Forever after the consecration, they wear a gold chain about their necks under their shirts and a ring on the finger with the initials E.F. cut inside of it. I have examined several of these rings. I know one man who has combined the two things. He has a ring made of a bit of gold chain. And there is a whole library of tales of him this man and that was "reclame," by the goddess Erzulie, or how that one came to attach himself to the Cult. I have stood in one of the bedrooms, decorated and furnished for a visit from the invisible perfection. I looked at the little government employee standing there amid the cut flowers, the cakes, the perfumes and the lace covered bed and with the spur of imagination, saw his common clay glow with some borrowed light and his earthiness transfigured as he mated with a goddess that night -- with Erzulie, the lady upon the rock whose toes are pretty and flowery.

PAPA LEGBA ATTISON

Legba Attison is the god of the gate. He rules the gate of the hounfot, the entrance to the cemetery and he is also Baron Carrefour, Lord of the crossroads. The way to all things is in his hands. Therefore he is the first god in all Haiti in point of service. Every service to whatever loa for whatever purpose must be preceded by a
service to Lebga. The peasants say he is an old man that moves about with a sac paille (large pourch woven of straw) and therefore the noungan must take everything to be used in his service in the Sac Paille called Macout. They say he has a brother, however, who eats his food from a kwee, which is a bowl made from half a calabash.

The picture of John the Baptist is used to represent Papa Legba. The rooster offered to him must be Zinga, what we would call a speckled black and white rooster. All of his food must be roasted. He eats roasted corn, peanuts, bananas, sweet potatoes, chicken, a tobacco pipe for smoking, some tobacco, some soft drinks. All these things must be put in the Macoute and tied to the limb of a tree that has been baptized in the name of Papa Legba.

Of all the Haitian gods, Legba is probably best known to the foreigners for no one can exist in Haiti very long without hearing the drums and the chanting to Papa Legba asking him to open the gate.

"Papa Legba, ouririer barriere pour moi agoe
Papa Legba, ouririer barriere pour moi
Atibon Legba, ouririer barriere pour moi passer
Passer Vrai, loa mo passer m' a remerci loa moin.

There are several variations of this prayer-chant. In fact at every different place that I heard the ceremony I heard another version, but always it is that prayer song to
the god of the gates to permit them and the loa to pass.
The other loa cannot enter to serve them unless Legba permits
them to do so. Hence the fervent invocation to him.

Another often sung invocation is:

"Legba ali-yan, ali-yan Landor, Landor, Attibon Legba,
Landor inmole.'
Legba ali-yan, ali-yan Landor Landor attibon Legba
Landor inmole'."

Legba’s altar is a tree near the hounfot, preferably
with the branches touching the hounfot. His offering is
made in the branches and his repository is at the foot of the
tree. Legba is a spirit of the fields, the woods and the
general outdoors. There is one important distinction in
offering a chicken to Legba and to the other loa. With the
others his head is bent back and his throat is cut, but for
Legba his neck must be wrung.

Papa Legba has no especial day. All of the days
are his, since he must go before all of the ceremonies. Loco
Atison follows Legba in the service, and is in fast "saluted"
in the Legba ceremony. This is absolutely necessary. If it
is not done Loco will be offended and the gods called in the
invocation will not come.

Loco Atison gives knowledge and wisdom to the
houngan and indicates to them what should be done. In case
clients come to them Ul Loco shows the houngan what leaves
and medicaments for treating the ailments. Either in the
hounfort or anywhere else, the houngan can take his Asoon and
call Papa Loco and he will indicate the malady of the patient
if the sickness is natural. If it is unnatural, he will advise
the houngan.

Loco is the god of medicine and wisdom, but at the
same time a great drinker of ru. Sacrifice to him a gray
cook. His day is Wednesday. The image of St. Joseph is
used for Loco Atison.

Song of Loco Atison

Va. Loco, Loco Valadi', Va. Loco, Loco Valadi

Man, Jean Valou Loco, Loco Valadi.

Most of the other gods of national importance will
be briefly explained as they occur in ceremonies. This work
does not pretend to give a full account of either Voodoo nor
Voodoo gods. It would require several volumes to attempt
to cover completely the gods and Voodoo practices of one
vicinity alone. Voodoo in Haiti has gathered about itself
more detail of gods and rites than the Catholic church has
in Rome.

A study of the Karassas and the Dosson or Dossa,
the twin gods represented by the little joined plates are
worthy of a volume in themselves. The same could be said
of the Ogouns, the Cimbys, and the ramifications of Agaus'
ta-Royo, the Master of Waters, the Erzulies, the Damballah and the Locos. I am merely attempting to give an effect of the whole in the round. It is unfortunate for the social sciences that an intelligent man like Dr. Baratrinville has not seen fit to do something with Haitian mysticism comparable to Frazer's "The Golden Bough." The history of the Asoon would be a most interesting thing in itself. The layman as well as the scientist would like to know how this gourd sheathed in beads and snake vertebrae and sometimes containing a human bone came to be the fixed and honored object that it is. It has its commandments as the voice of the gods and certainly it is hallowed. How did it get that way? Who began it? Where exactly?
Thereby known that Sa Nomade is an island that lies south of Martinique. There is a sleeping woman on this island. By late afternoon, again—    head of the ladies who come to see her sleep. A day or two later, the ladies, with other island women, went to the bedside of the sleeping woman. She was about to leave the island when she was travelling in the Car Collas. The ladies were invited to visit the island where the sleeping woman lived. At home, she sent her son Collas to fetch water for the boat and to transport the ladies to the island. Collas, in turn, went to fetch water and carried it to the sleeping woman. He told the sleeping woman that she should take the boat and go to see the island. The sleeping woman agreed and gave him the boat. He took it and went to the island where the ladies were waiting for him. He brought them back to the mainland and gave them the boat for their return. When the ladies arrived back, they told the sleeping woman that they had enjoyed their visit. The sleeping woman was pleased and thanked the ladies for their visit. Upon returning home, the sleeping woman went to the ladies and thanked them for their visit. She gave them presents and thanked them for their hospitality. The ladies were pleased and agreed to visit the sleeping woman again. The sleeping woman was grateful and thanked them for their visit. She gave them presents and thanked them for their hospitality. The ladies were pleased and agreed to visit the sleeping woman again.
In this time and the men were too used to Haitian night scenes to pay attention to the feeling of being adrift in an boat alone.

All night the Captain and the crew smoked the cigarettes we gave them and the 23rd, and the cook was busy preparing our dinner. We saw two or three islands that day unseen. The Captain told the crew to appreciate our arrival. He took a tonic fish and stood up on the prow and blew several rockets. He turned and said: "Tell them two. They believe (unimportant whites in Kalamata) are coming!" The crew blew again and sat down as the sun was rising. At eleven o'clock we landed at Assam-A-Gratiole.

For three days and three nights mosquitoes met us at the landing. The same landing that Haitian Workers had built during his reign. But away from the music there was no town-no swamp as the town rose high and dry and the mosquitoes ceased to be important.

The days went by and we made acquaintances. The chief of police there and his attendants were very kind and entertaining. I saw Haitian folk games played and began to hear the folk tales around the Malice and Borée. The first time I heard about the sacred stones of Vorobio, I found in this remote island a peace I have never known anywhere else on earth. For the women is the mother of peace. The outlines which from Point au Prince look like a sleeping woman are prophetic. The spirit of peace is there. And in the moonlight, without a care, life is wine.

One of the lieutenant of the maréchal d'Haiti was collecting sacred stones for the Haitian Workers, he was talking seriously about it in presence of all its actual questions. The Haitian people come upon the stone implements with deep questions. The Haitian people do not come upon the stone implements with deep questions. The Haitian people do not come upon the stone implements with deep questions. The Haitian people do not come upon the stone implements with deep questions. The Haitian people do not come upon the stone implements with deep questions, and they say that it belongs to a certain god. And so they have come to be associated with that way. This one is Daruball: That one is Agoun. Another is Guang, and so on. When one finds one of these stones, it is considered very lucky, it is said "You have found a bao!" When the finder acquires enough money to pay for the ceremony, the stone is baptized in the name of the god to whom it is dedicated and placed upon the little shrine in the home. Upon a white plate of salt, with the greatest respect, at stated times it is bathed in salt and salted. Things are offered to it. Some of these stones have been in certain families for generations. No amount of money could buy them. The way to tell whether a stone was a bao or not is to keep it in the hands and breathe upon it. If it sweats, then it has a spirit in it. If not, then it is useless.

We heard about one famous stone that had so much power that
Urimet. It was identified as Pedro Guerre and caused much disturbance. It was that the owner tried to claim it outside the door. One of the Americans of the plantation, named Whitney saw it and finally got it for himself.

It was a curious steak and he wanted it for his dinner. The Haitian Guard attached to Whitney's station told him that it would not last and not to put it on his desk. but he did so in spite of warning. On several occasions he found his desk last and then he removed it to the courtyard again. They said he took it away to the United States with him when he left. (see 2)

I met Madame Jammeevee Milles from Archahal, that rich alluvial plains going north from Port-au-Prince which is called the granary of Haiti. There are so many wetland and productive plantations of bananas, tomatoes and garden produce that the whole place is covered in rich green foliage. From this Jammeevee I heard the name Vina, which is hard to hear even in Haiti. You have much about the mystical Mani in the mountain near St. Marc, but few know and understand the name Vina. What was more important than the recent name of a legendary figure was the invitation to visit a real place, a house with the house of Archahal where the said was a "petite" of his which means in Creole that they were related. This was the morning I had wished for so I eagerly accepted. We passed Christmas Day in Anca-Galets and had dinner with the chief of police. The next night our party of five marched single file down the rugged path to the sea in the white light of a gossan old moon and embarked for Port-au-Prince. When the sun arose the next morning it was pleasant to stretch myself along the grass and look down into the water and see the aerial life down there. I saw a shark point his nose up and barely follow it to the surface. I saw a great ray swimming about and numerous parrot fish, all raised on nature, and that night around nine o'clock we landed in Port-au-Prince and the head called Jammevee went off to Archahal to find out when his younger the boat would receive us. I was very eager for him to admit me, because Archahal is the exact place named in Haiti for Voodoo.

Early in January I went to Archahal to hunt for Aire Don, St. Legere. He has a large following and owns large plantations himself. He has a compound like an African chief with the various family compounds in smaller houses within the enclosure. About a hundred people are under him as head of the family or clan. He is very intelligent, reads and writes well and says to it that all of the children in his compound go to school. The arch above the door to the house is adorned and ornately with alternating green, white, blue, marigolds. The walls were green and red.

He was extremely kind in allowing me to attend all of the ceremonies and watch the sacrifices. He had his Mambo, Madame Isabel, whom, with my permission, I had trained with me to conduct me through the rites step by step to teach me the songs of the services. I was in a fortunate position for his village has such a large following that there were ceremonies...
At Aerea a Gales I met the black marine a sergeant of the
Barbola de Norto. He lived in the house beside mine and I kept hearing
"Jeezus Christ!" and "God damn!" mixed up with whatever else he
was saying in Creole. When he became friendly enough to converse, I
told him that I had heard him say that it was remarkable to hear
the ejaculations from him. "Oh," he said, "I served with the Marines
when they were here." "I see," I replied facetiously, "then you are a
black marine," "But yes," he replied proudly, "I am a black marine.
I speak like one always. Perhaps you would like me to kill something for
you? I will that dog for you." It was a half-starved dog that had taken
to hanging around me. "No, no, don't kill it. Poor thing!" He put his
pistol back into its holster. "Jesus Christ! God damn! I'll kill him!
" He swaggered. I learned afterwards that he had told all of his friends
and associates that he must be just like an American marine be-
cause the feminine American had recognized the lianas at once.
Perhaps in this time he has promoted himself to Colonel Little.

On La Horauce —
It was a curious idea, and he wanted it in his desk. The Madame Jules, attached to Whitney's station, told him that it would write and not to put it on the desk, but he did so in spite of warnings. and on several occasions he found his desk left and then he removed it to the outdoors again. They said he took it away to the United States with him when he left. (see 2)

I met Madame Jules, she is a native of the town of Archabah, that rich alluvial plains going north from Port-au-Prince which is called the granary of the island. There are many, wealthy and productive plantations of bananas, coconuts and garden produce, and the entire place is surrounded by vast green foliage. From this Jules I heard the name Vipanana, which is heard to be heard even in Haiti. You hear much about the mythical man in the mountain near St. Marc, but few know where in the name Vipanana. What was more important than the recent name of a legendary figure was the invitation to visit of Madame Jules, who had a house of fortune at Archabah whose name was a " prefect" of ours which means in Creole that they were related. This was the opening I had wished for, so I eagerly accepted. We passed Christmas Day in Anse-a-Galets and had dinner with the Chief of Police. The next night our path of four marched single file down the steep path to the sea in the white light of a bright full moon and embarked for Port-au-Prince. When the sun arose the next morning it was pleasant to stretch myself along the gunwale and look far down into the water and see the animal life down there. I saw a large shark point his nose up and lightly follow it to the surface. I saw a great many swimming about and numerous parrot fish, I raised on water, but that night around nine o'clock we landed in Port-au-Prince and the next day Madame Jules went off to Archabah to find out when he would rise and the boat would return me. I was very eager for him to admit me, because Archabah was the greatest place name in Haiti for Vodoo.

Early in January I went to Archabah to house of Jules D. Dionne, Sr.

I was met by a large following of adoring, large plantations, of which he was the largest. In a compound lived a Chiquita chief with the various families of the inhabitants. About one hundred people were under him as head of the family. He is an intelligent, kind and wise. He writes well and says it that all of the children in his compound go to school. The arch above the door to the house of fortune and picturesque were alternating green, white, blue, orange, the walls were green and red.

He was extremely kind in allowing me to attend all of the ceremonies and making explanations. He had his Mambo, Madame Isabel, who came to great pains with me to conduct me through the rites step by step and to teach me the songs of the services. I was in a fortunate position for his Mambo had such a large following that there were ceremonies.
Nearly every day, sometimes two or three in the same day, red boxes were tied before the doors of the houses awaiting the hour of sacrifice. At the hour, men and women assembled to observe the elaborate rituals that took place. The drum, the Congo dance, and the Masquerade. The Congo and the Masquerade, other steps were introduced at the request of the demand, until it could follow whatever they did in the dance and singing.

One night something very interesting and very-terrifying came to pass. It was announced a hour-glass had died and Dieu Donnez was to officiate at the water ceremony. Dieu Donnez (Our God) is also called Mangelus Moro (The God of the Dead). This ceremony is not always in honor of a hour-glass, for it is also celebrated for a dead human or Congo.

That day a pair of white pigeons were obtained, some clean oil, flour, more than thirty pieces of fine wood, a pair of chickens, some corn meal, and a red color blanket, and a large white plate, a large knife, The chickens and the pigeons were killed and cooked without seasoning. The sauce was very good, and no salt whatever should touch anything. The sauce was made of my experiences in Jamaica and how I was felt that salt was offensive. The sauce was put in a pan and placed on to the dead. The sauce was put in a pan and placed on to the dead. The sauce was put in a pan and placed on to the dead. The sauce was put in a pan and placed on to the dead. The sauce was put in a pan and placed on to the dead. The sauce was put in a pan and placed on to the dead. The sauce was put in a pan and placed on to the dead.

Dieu Donnez himself made the sacrifice fire under the plate and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and fierce, he took the white plate with the sauce and when it burned red and f
1. Two chairs were placed under the peristyle and the dead body of the spaniard was placed on them and covered with the saddle blanket.

2. The body of the dead man sat up with its staring eyes, bowed its head and fell back again and there.
Dear Donnez then addressed the devil spirit in the African language called "chiwonga." That is to private matters with each hour and it would be with each time he employed it. Because different loud dictated different things to him, so that it is always now. But the opening prayer which is taken from the Catholic Church remains fixed. No one knows what was said to the devil man to get him to relinquish the matter, but he had set up, bowed his head, with the unchanging eyes and laid his arm down and the stone had fallen at the feet of Donnez St. Joseph. Now he produced a fresh bottle of gin and passed it through the flames three times. This is the "gibe" of the devil, as he has no longer the power it held up to his predecessor, which in this case was his stone.

Then all the assistants began to march around the two dressed-up chairs, each with a flaming gin bottle in his or her hand, and it was a most impressive sight. Mambo Etherea whistled her accent and began the singing. The whole crowd sang lustily and well. The two tetro drums began their rhythm march from Behind across the rear and the three Roser drums answered them in expectation.

The chickens cooked in olive oil without salt were placed on a white plate and Donnez offered them to the devil with tremendous reverence and dignity. After that the plates were paraded around the two chairs and sprinkled with the food on them.

It was then the time of terror happened. There was some odd noises from a human throat somewhere in the crowd behind me. Instantly the triumphant feeling left the place, and was succeeded by one of fear. A man was possessed at once and began tromping things and people as he advanced towards the center of things. There was a whisper that an evil spirit had manifested. Instantly Donnez forced his way with his Act of and other signs of office to drive it away from him. But it did not submit at once. It uttered many prayers and the terror of the crowd grew as the struggle dragged on. The fear was so terrible that the people did not take refuge in flight. They pressed toward Donnez and at length he prevailed. The man fell. His body released and his features returned themselves and became a face again. They wiped his face and dined with a red handkerchief and put him on a mat near where he went to sleep, soundly and woke up after a long while with a weary look on his face.

They poured libations for the devil and the ceremony ended.

It was explained to me that the Courtie gin is not a different beverage to perform, but that it is dangerous for any except a full-blown and very powerful hypnotic to try for fear that evil spirits may appear and do what they do before the good men can be summoned to drive them off. The happening confirmed the belief of the people that Donnez St. Joseph is a great and a powerful hypnotist. It is said that he is also a powerful Botum who he serves in that capacity.
from appearances, this might well have been true, for the face of the scene had burst itself in a hundred places, it was unbelievable in its frightfulness. But that was not all. A feeling had entered the place. It was a feeling of unreasonably evil menace that could not be recognized by ordinary human senses, and the remarkable thing was that everybody seemed to feel it simultaneously and recoiled from the sound of it like a wheat field before a wind.
Life had plenty of flaks for me at Archambert. I could put up with it there.

The best of the day and the night in the Cook's nest and watch the people
to see those for various things. Several other persons who, at all times, the
women were not always under the trees for there they sat on their little wire
chairs without any movement. Sometimes I visited among them and practiced up my Creole, but usually I was whenever Madame Etienne was, not because she was next to Delon Domney
himself in importance, but because she was kindly, a very interesting and
an amazing dancer. I was, as was usual, in charge of running the estabishment and no one danced during her abs the food for the hundred or

people in the compound is prepared at a common point. The work is divided by
profession. She was allowed to have the professional aspect of the place because it is one of those patriarchal communities. The

head of the family is the head of the family and leader of the family. It is a clan.

Delon Domney was a little house all to himself when he was retired and rested. He would never for me to come there so that he could
instruct me. There is nothing particular about the man away from his profession. He is gentle but intelligent and business-like. All of his lectures had to be written.

He took a share and drew the signature of the keys to the ground and I had to stay
there until he was satisfied. Sometimes abruptly he would leave the house for a
go on a tour of inspection of his extensive banana and coconut plantations. He

had to escape from the house with crowds. He inherited his office of that

anyway, Delon Domney is a hybrid from France and it is considered the real head
the world and he set me to work, something that was really important in the prestige for the time

to the hospital and whenever he was always so anxious about my safety whenever

a young man who is part of the clan and is also of the palace guard. Delon Domney

for me to make sure that the house was ready for him and that it was with a bottle of water, a forli

things that Delon Domney wanted, and I am very glad that I have. He was very

sick, I was very glad about it all. My Creole was getting pretty good by now.

The next day after my arrival at Archambert, I sat out for the place where the
next morning we set out. Delon Domney said that I would want to see him and

a little beyond, on the road, down the road, down the road. Madame de Mireille Celetin was making her
too. Madame Etienne was very sweet and kind. We had a good time.

The next day we walked and talked and walked and talked and walked and talked. She was
told to be gentle and I was very glad to see it. We walked about and talked and walked and talked. She was

not very talkative, but we had some good hours into the light of the sun.
Not in the shadow of the Empire State Building, death and the gravedad are real. It is in such a place that the zombie is born. His name is But in Haiti there is the shadow, the dark, and those that are Zombies.

This is the way Zombies are created. They are the bodies without souls, were called back to life again.

No one can stay in Haiti long without hearing Zombies speaking in one way or another, and the fear of this thing and all that it means rules over it. It is more of a grim fear than the fear is real and deep. The peasants and the work are shaped in the mind and fear of the fear is real and deep.

The peasants of the world of Zombies. Set in the mind of these people is a great fear upon the minds of all. The mind is filled with the fear of the unknown, the fear of the unknown. The mind is filled with the fear of the unknown.

The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear. The fear of the unknown is a terrible fear.
But I had the good fortune to learn of several celebrated cases in the forest; and in addition, I had the rare opportunity to see and touch and authenticate the case. I listened to the broken voices in its throat, and then, I did what no one else had ever done, I photographed it. If I had not experienced all of this in the strong sunlight in a hospital yard, I might have some away from Keith interested but doubtful. But I saw this case, which was traced for by the highest authority. So I know that there are zombies in Haiti. People have been called back from the dead.

Now, why have these dead folks not been allowed to remain in their graves? There are several answers to this question, according

A was awakened because somebody required his body as a kind of burden. In his natural state, he could never have been hired to work with his hands, so he was made into a zombie because they

(see following page)
Caption: [Folder 24]
This tells accounts for the Ghost to do that was made with the seated house, wandering about in the village and striding into the yards of the houses.

(Rewriter's attempt to hold but hits back out if you stay around long enough)

In his book, "Life in a Charleston Village," Coopes tells of the Ghost to do that was made near an old brick house that wandered into the village one night and stumbled into the yards of a few houses. He felt something more than the explanations given him, but did not know what. The Villagers were struck with terror because they thought the voice had a mysterious rider, and that death would follow his visit.
The head to awaken him further. Then he leads him forth and the tomb is closed again as if it never had been disturbed.

The victim is surrounded by the associates and the march to the hounfont begins. He is hustled along in the middle of the crowd; thus he is screened from prying eyes to a great degree and also in his half-waking state he is unable to orientate himself. But the victim is not carried directly to the hounfont; first, he is carried past the house where he lived. This is always done, must be, if the victim were not taken past his former house, later on he would recognize it and return. But once he is taken past it is gone from his consciousness forever. It is as if it never existed for him. He is then taken to the hounfont and given a drop of a liquid, the formula for which is most secret. After that the victim is a zombie. He will work feverishly and tirelessly without consciousness of his surroundings and conditions without memory of his former state. He can never speak again, unless he is given salt. We have examples of men who gave salt to devon by mistake and he came back again and can write the name of the man who gave him to the lord. Jean Nicholas said we and added that of course the family of the victim want straight to a Bocor and "game" the man who had given him their son.

Now this "Ba Moun" (g verses man) ceremony is a thing much talked about in Haiti. It is the old European belief in selling one's self to the devil but with Haitian variations. In Haiti the man gives himself at the end of a certain period. In Haiti he gives others and only gives himself when no more acceptable victims can be found. But he cannot give strangers. It must be a real sacrifice. He must give members of his own family or most intimate friends. Each year the sacrifice must be renewed and there is no avoiding the payments. There are tales of men giving every member of the family—then his wife after, nieces, nephews, sons and daughters—were gone. Then at least the must go himself. There are...
told of the last days of men who have gained wealth and power through "greedy men." The wife of one of these men found him sitting apart from the family and weeping. When she demanded to know what the trouble was, he told her that he had been called to go, but she was not to worry because he had just arrived. In order. He was crying because he loved her very much and it was hard to leave her. She pointed out that he was not sick and of course it was ridiculous for him to talk of death. He took an affectionate farewell of them, shot himself up in his room, and continued to weep.

Two days later, he was dead. There was another man that received the summons late one night. He leaped to his bed in terror and wove up his family by his fear noises. He had to be restrained from hurling himself out of the window, and all the time he was shouting of the things he had done to gain success. Naming the people he had given. The family in great embarrassment dragged him away from the window, and tried to confine him in a room where his shouts could not be heard by the neighbors. That failing, they sent him off to a private room in a hospital, where he spent two days confessing before he died. There are many, many tales like that in the months of the people.

When a man is ambitious and sees no way to set himself on a pedestal, he becomes desperate. When he has nothing and wants prosperity he goes to a houman and says: "I have nothing and I am disposed to do anything to have money,"

The houman replies: "He who does not search does not find!"

"I have come to you because I wish to search, the man says.

"Well, then," the houman says, "we are going to make a ceremony and the loa are going to talk with you."
The howfam and the man go into the howfam. He goes to a small altar and makes the symbol with ashes and gunpowder (indicating that it is a spirit invocation) pours the libation and begins to sing with the ascon and there across the section "what do you want me to call for you?"

The man makes his choice. Then the howfam begins to dance to summon the howfam. Now one man says what he wants because he is talking "language" that used by all howfam for special occasions. The song is taught, it must come to the priest from the howfam. He calls many gods, then the big jars under the table that contain spirits of howfam long dead begin to shiver. These spirits in jars have been at the bottom of the water for a long time. The howfam was not taken from their hands at death and so they did not go away from the earth but went to the bottom of the water to stay with the earth. When they got tired and demanded to be taken out. All howfam have one or more of these spirit jars in the howfam, some have very many. The growling of the jars gets louder and the howfam keeps calling. Finally one jar speaks distinctly "Pareurai ou crapou, moi?" (why do you trouble me?)

The howfam signals the man to answer the howfam. So he states his case:

"Papa, lâche, ou même, qui connais toute bagnage ou même. Qui chef te de l'eau, moi duong, ou pour mandi ou servir moi." (Papa take yourself, who knows all things you yourself who is master of water, I disturb you...
to ask you to serve me."

The voice: "Ma connais ça ou besoin. Mais, se dispose pour servir moi aussi?" (Do you want, but are you disposed to serve me, also?)

The man: "Yes, command me what you want."

Voice: I am going to give you all that you want, but you must make all things that I want. Write your name in your own blood; and put the paper in the jar. The hour-glass still chiming, the priest, his figure so shadowy, that the man cries out: "The blood flows and he dips a pen in it and writes his name and puts the paper in the jar. The hour-glass opens a bottle of rum and pours some in the jar. There is the quaking sound of disgust."

The voice: "And now I am good (I do good) for you. Now I tell you what you must do. You must give me someone that you love. Today you are going in your home and stay there without leaving until tomorrow. On the eighth day you are returning here with something of the man that you are going to give me. Come also with some money in gold."

The voice ceases. The hour-glass finishes its measure, and the priest turns everything that the voice from the jar has said and dismisses the man. He goes away and returns on the day appointed and the hour-glass calls up the loa again.

The voice: "Are you prepared for me?"

The man: "Yes."

The voice: "Have you done all that I told you?"

The man: "Yes."

The voice: "(To hour-glass) go out. (to man) Give me the gold money. (The man gives it.)"

Voice: "Now, you belong to me and I can do with you..."
as I wish, so I want you in the cemetery I can put you there.

Man: Yes, I know you have all power with me. I put myself in your care because I want prosperity.

Voice: That I will give you. Look under the table. You will find a little box. In this box there are little beasts. Take this little box and put it in your pocket. Every eighth day you must put in it three hosts (Communion wafers) never forget to give the hosts. Now, go to your home your son. It is now your son. Every midnight open the box, come in and you will open for him and close the box again, and after you will receive large sums of money. Each year you must give me. Also you must bring the box with the beasts. If you do not come, the third night after the date, the beasts in the box you for your failure to keep your word. If you are very sick he must bring the little box for you. Also you must read the hand of the person you intend to give me for pay for working for you:

All is finished between the voice and the man. The ceremony and sends the man away with assurance that he will commence the work at once. Alone he makes the ceremony to call the soul of the person who is to be sacrificed. No one would be permitted to see that. When the work in the horn is finished, then speeds the rider on the horse the place his lips to the cradle of the victim's door and draw the midnight awakening.
and the march to the hamlet for the drop of liquid that
will make him a zombie, one of the living dead.

The Hougan, has nothing to do with such practices. That
who do these things. But it is not always easy to tell just
that some Hougan and who is a Bocot. Thus, no doubt
regularly following I know nothing of it. It would be necessary
to years to determine who was purely Hougan and who was
purely Bocot. There is certainly some overlap in certain
cases. A well-known Hougan of Madagascar, who has
become a very wealthy man by his profession is spoken of
as a Bocot more often than as a Hougan. There are others
in the same category that I could name. Soon after I
arrived in Haiti, a young woman who was on friendly
terms with me said, "You know, you should not go around
alone picking up acquaintances with these Hougans. You
are liable to get involved in something that is not good.
You must have some one to guide you." I laughed it off at
the time, but months later I began to see what she was
hinting at.

What priests are involved in the "Life drug" and the
making of Zombies is a question that cannot be answered
anywhere with legal proof. Many, Many names are called.

(See following page)
Most frequently mentioned in this respect is The Man of Trum Torban. That legendary character, who lives in the
enchanted caves full of coffee and sugar plantations.

The entrance to this cave or the series of caves is said
to be a huge rock that is lifted by a glance from the
master. The Marines are said to have blown up this same
rock with dynamite at one time, but the next morning it
was there whole and in place again. When the master
of Trum Torban walks, the whole earth trembles. These
are tales of the master and his wife, who is reputed to
be a greater sorceress than he, traveling on a boat and
leaving a great store of gold for the Captain. There are
endless tales of the feet of the occupant of this hole,
up on this inaccessible mountain. In fact it is easy for
him to be proud that anyone has ever laid eyes on him.

He is like the goddess in the Valhalla of Hawaii, and Vulkun
in Mt. Vesuvius. It is true that many take advantage
of the legend and the fabulous nature of the people, have set
up businesses in the mountains to their profit. The name
of this Man of Trum Torban is known by few and which
spoken by those who know it. This whispered name is
Vikani, which in itself means invisible spirit. He
who sits with a hint of honey-lure in his flowing
beard, is he who is reputed to be the greatest sorceress
soul. But we hear too much about the practice around
Vikani, and other places to credit Trum Torban as the
headquarters. Some much more accessible places than the
mountain tops is the answer. And some much more substantial
than the invisible Vikani.

For embalming was customary, it would remove
the possibility of zombies from the minds of the people.
But since it is not done many families take precaution
against the body being disturbed.

Some set up a watch in the cemetery for thirty-six
After the funeral. There could be no removal after.
Some families have the bodies cut open, making
dearth. Many persons put a knife in the neck
and the corpse and flag the arms in such a way
that it will droop a bit with the knife to whose sel
vides it for a few days or so. But the most popular
defence is to poison the body. Mary of the doctors
has been known to put long hypodermics needles for injecting a dose
of poison into the heart, and sometimes into other
parts of the body as well.

A case reported from Port de Paimbross the heavens
of the case. In Haiti if a person dies whose parents are
still alive, the mother does not follow the body to the grave
unless it is a very child. Neither does she wear mourning
in the regular sense. She wears that loose material known
to "coupe-blanc." The next day after the burial, however, she
goes to the grave to say her private farewell.

In this case everything had seemed irregular. The girl's
sudden illness and quickie death, then the body staying
unattended. So the family was persuaded that the death was the
natural and that some further use was to be made of her body
after burial. They were told to have it secretly poisoned before
it was interred. This was done and the funeral went off in sort
manner.

The next day, little Mary going to the tomb & Jesus shining
her way to the cemetery to breathe those last syllables that
mothers do over their dead, and like Mary she found the stone
rolled away. The tomb was open and the body lifted out
of the coffin. It had not been moved because it was so
obviously poisoned. But the ghouls had not troubled
themselves to rearrange things as they were.

Technically with names and dates comes from all parts of
Haiti.  I shall cite a few without using actual names to
avoid embarrassing the families of the victims.
In the year 1896 at Camp Harlow a woman had one son who was well educated but rather petted and spoiled. There were some troubles about a girl; she refused to accept responsibility and when her mother was approached by the minister of the girl's family she refused to give any sort of satisfaction. Two weeks later the girl died rather suddenly and was buried. Several Sundays later the town held a wedding and during the wedding the girl walked along the band wire. Saw some babies leading exploits with 

the girl. Coffee was served and was astonished to see the companions of the girl's. She said she could not understand it. He regarded her with recognition and without sound. By this time the foreman drove her away. She went to the back and when she returned she could not fit him in. Further. She never saw him again, though she hinted about them. The foreman was well known to the girl. 

A white Protestant Missionary Minister told me that he followed a man known to him for a long time. He had been in the town for a long time. He never saw him again. He hinted about them. He had heard something about it. 

"But it is not possible, C.R. is dead. I saw him buried with his own eyes." 

"Well, you just go down to the prison and see for yourself. I was there a few weeks later, told the minister of another Protestant denomination and he did not believe me. He said, "I saw him there. It was C.R.""

"But it is not possible, C.R. is dead." "I saw him buried with his own eyes."

He is there, for nobody knows his name. After I had the three of them and saw him leaning back in one of the cells. I hurried him to tell you about it."

The former pastor of C.R. hurried to the prison and made some excuse to visit in the cell block and return.
was his date, convent, just as he had been told. This happened
in Port-au-Prince.

Then there was the case of P., also a young man. He died
was buried. The day of the funeral passed and the mother went
so stricken some friends remained overnight in the house. Her
and her daughter. It seems that the sister of the dead boy
was more watchful than the rest. Late in the night she heard
the subdued chanting, the sound of the blows in the street approach
the house and looked out of the window. At the moment this
did so she heard the voice of her sister exclaiming, "Mom, Mom!
Sanchez Mom!" She screamed and aroused the house and others
of the inside looked out and saw the procession and heard the
cry. But such is the terror instilled by these Ghouls that no
one, not even the mother or sister dared go out to attempt a
rescue. The procession moved on out of sight and in
the morning the young girl was found to be insane.

But the most famous Zombie case of all Haiti is the
case of Marie M. It was back in Oct, 1909 that this
beautiful young daughter of a prominent family died
and was buried. Everyone appeared normal and people
generally forgot about the beautiful girl who had died in
the prime of her youth. Five years passed.

Then one day a group of girls from the same school which
Marie had attended went for a walk with one of the Sisters who
conducted the school. As they passed a house one of the girls
screamed and said that she had seen Marie M. The Sister
tried to convince her that she was mistaken. But others had
seen her too. The news swept over Port-au-Prince like a
fire. The house was surrounded but the owner refused to let
anyone enter without the proper legal steps. The father of the
dead girl was urged to take out a warrant and
have the house searched. This he refused to do at once. Finally
he was forced to do so by the pressure of public opinion.

By that time the owner had left secretly. There was no one
nor nothing in the house. The sudden action of the
In the course of a conversation on November 8, Dr. Ity, director-general of the service d'Hygiène, told me that a Zombie had been found on the road and was now at the hospital at Ozanne. I had his permission to make an investigation of the matter. He wrote to the official of the hospital, and spent the day. The chief of staff at the hospital were were at the Zombie in the hospital yard. They had just set her on a ladder, and she was not eating. She answered against the command, and refused to go down the size of a ladder, and she was not eating.
...a table which bore her food. She huddled the cloth about her head more closely and showed every sign of fear and expectation of abuse and violence. The two doctors who we made wailing noises and tried to reassure her; she seemed to hear nothing. Janet, kept on trying to hide herself. The doctor uncovered her head for a moment but she promptly clapped her arms and hands over it to shut out the things she dreaded.

I said to the doctor that I had seen the circumstances. I did not think to take some pictures, but he helped me to go about it, as he took her first in the back where she assumed herself, whenever she felt alone. That is, against the wall with the cloth held above. That is, against the wall the cloth. And there she stood, with her face and head, palm in another position. Half her doctor, for all understood her, and held her so that it would come her face, and the sight was dreadful. That blank face with the dead eyes! The whiteness was white all around, the eyes, the dead eyes! The simplicity was white all around, it was pronounced as if they had been burned with acid. It was pronounced, as if they had been burned with acid. It was pronounced, as if they had been burned with acid.
in the absence of precedent, the theories of how zombies come to be. It was concluded that it is not a case of automony or\nparalysis, but a matter of the DANGLON, or death induced by some\ndrug known to a few, some secret probably brought from\nAmerica and handed down from generation to generation.

These men know the effect of the drug and the antidote. It is\nreliable that it destroys but part of the brain; which\nrenders the victim insane and mute but cannot formulate thought. The two\nmen are mute, but cannot formulate thought. The two\ndoctors expressed their desire to join this secret, but\nthey realized the impossibility of doing so. These secret\nsocieties are secret. They will die before they will tell the\ntruth. Incidentally, I said I was willing to try. Dr. Seguin\nsaid that perhaps I would find myself involved in\nsomething so terrible-something from which I would not\nbe extricated myself, alone, and that I would curse the day that\nthe case in hand.
The authorities were called in and she was sent to the hospital. Her husband was sent for to confirm the identification, but he refused. He was embarrassed by the matter as he was now a minor official and wanted nothing to do with the affair at all. But President Vincent and the ladies in the neighborhood at the time and he was forced to come. He did so and reluctantly made the identification of this woman as his former wife.

How did this woman supposedly dead for twenty-nine years come to be wandering about on a road? Nobody knew. The secret is with some Boecons dead and alive (sometimes a missionary converts one of these Boecons) or gives up all his paraphernalia to the Church and frees his captives if he has any. They are not fired with hatred; they understand as that would bring down the vengeance of the community upon his head. Then creatures, unable to tell anything, go about wailing around.

Power of speech forever - are found wandering about sometimes when a Bocon dies and his widow refuses the responsibility, for various reasons. Then again they are free, neither of these happenings are common.

But zombies are wanted for more uses besides this. They are reputedly used as sweet things. The worst women are continually that little zombies are stealing their change and goods. Their invisible hands are behind to "provide" well for their owners. But I have heard still another service performed by zombies. It is in the story that follows:

A certain nation in Port-au-Prince had nine daughters and her husband also living with her. Suddenly she began to marry them off one after the other in rapid succession. They were attractive girls, certainly, but there were unattractive girls all about them whose parents could not find desirable husbands for. People began to murmur at the miracles.
No Madame was called directly how she did it but as
answered by saying: "Illes le Marcelline. personneable" (Girls are preferable, goods, it is necessary to get them away.
Wandering, just the same.

Then one morning a woman well acquainted with
the Madame of the woman's daughter got up at 7:30 a.m.
and called the lazy temple mass because it is not necessary
usually to attend it. It is held mostly for people
who do not go to Mass and who
be-better get up and go and come back home and go to sleep.

This woman's clock had stopped so she guessed at the
time and got up at 7:30 instead of three and handed
her husband to St. Anne's to the Mass. She hurried up to the high steps
especially to find the service about to begin. Instead she
was in the church except for the vestibule. In the vestibule
she found two little girls dressed for first communion
with lighted candles in their hands. Surely the little
and she said: "What are you two girls doing here at eight a.m.
and why do you dress for first communion?

She got no answer as she asked again: "Who are you
this morning? You must go home. You cannot remain here,

Then one of the little figures in white turned its head and
said, "We are here at the order of Madame Ma. We are married."

At this the woman screamed and fled.
And that before the year was out all of the girls in the family had married. But already four of them have been divorced. For it is said that nothing gotten things all go to!

\[
\begin{align*}
34 & \quad 12 \\
6.8 & \quad 3.4 \\
1.7 & \quad 4.06 \\
3.56 & \quad 4.06 \\
6.936 & \quad 7.050 \\
4.4 & \quad 1.3 \\
13 & \quad 18.2 \\
44 & \quad 5.72
\end{align*}
\]
Dear Rough

I hope you find this letter to be as enjoyable as it was

Sent from Haiti

Captions: [Folder 25]
You hear a little thing here and see a little thing there that seem to have no connection at first. It takes a long time and a mass of incident before it lines up and gives you some idea of the experiences and meaning of secret societies.
The second incident came short afterwards and was more pointed.

A few months after his landlord suspended him and moved to
another place, Joseph borrowed himself upon me as a glassboy. Two days after
the robbery, he took his wife and infant child into his room and
smelled a smell of something so disagreeable and so
unbearable that I could not stand it. I found it was the
result of a fire in the next door house. I went to the source of
the smell and saw that the smell was overwhelming, so I concluded he was
responsible for it.

I called down to Joseph and demanded to know what on earth was going
on. He said he was burning something to drive off bad things. What bad
ingredients did I want to know? It was good and angry about the thing. He said not
to be angry; please, but because I smell it put me off. We went to the
baby’s room and I said, “I don’t want him here any longer.”

I told him to come into the house and tell me about it, but he refused.
He was not going to open this room until daylight. The house was
so arranged that he would come into the yard, round the corner of
the house and mount a high flight of steps before he could enter the house.

This he refused to do. He begged me not to be angry, but he could not come
until daylight.

When I came down to breakfast, the man was not here. I heard a noise
behind me and saw Joseph’s wife sitting there in the small but cozy nursery.

Joseph’s explanations of the night before seemed so ridiculous that I
wondered what I was getting myself into. I asked myself a question. I knew
something was not right, and I was not sure how to proceed. After the
man had eaten, he asked me to come back. He seemed to be
accustomed to being in a way that was familiar to me. He told me that he
had seen figures in white robes and huts, in the ghost town of
Gooma and the ghost town of the palette. He thought the
inhabitants knew that he had a very young body and they wanted to use
it and eat it.

"No, Joseph," I objected, "you are trying to excuse yourself for distur-
bance by telling a fantastic story. I was in that place and I had never seen

But yes, Millie, there were very real things that happened that night. I have
read from what I saw that night. I want you to take my body in the house
with you. Then nobody can steal him."

"No, Joseph, your baby is too young. We would cry all the time.

But he is my little Millie. He cannot cry much. Take him to sleep at night.

Please, Millie. If you don’t want baby in the house, then please give me
his money and let me and baby in the front and back door."


Richard Graves.

My family will take care of them. Then I come back and I won't worry about my lady when she returns. They will take care of them.

To my brother, this is what I was thinking. He said, "Why don't they take them from the slave?"

The discussion was about the slaves because an upper class Haitian came at that moment for a morning visit. He was a slave. He spoke before his master, so Joseph had to quickly go out and meet him outside the house. He fell down and told him the fantastic explanation that Joseph had made. He laughed and told him that the slave had said he was the master. He wanted neither to go for a glass of water nor call Sussil to bring it. He would not go and to the kitchen, and let Sussil give it to him. After he went to the rear, he thought it would be easier and offer him a drink of water. When he reached the back of the slave, I saw that he was not asking Sussil for water using his original words of Joseph. He was speaking in Creole and saying "Joseph, the slave is not looking at what "no one is doing?"

He ended his tirade by saying that since Joseph had been so foolish as to go to the market, he was going to go out and see if Joseph was there. He was walking with a Coco Marange, knowing that I would understand what they were saying. It was the first time I had heard them speak Creole, and I could not understand it.

When he came back to where I sat, he accepted the news and then explained to me all the things that an upper class Haitian is so full of that the peasant of Haiti was a practical person. They loved the metaphor and the simile. They had various figures of speech that could easily be understood by those who did not know them, for example: it was the habit of the peasant to say "What does the man know?"

He said he had heard the chanting of "Mai Mange, sii liwa sii" (Lot, you lose your mind). He acknowledged that I had heard the expression before and understood it. He went on to say that we Maroons of America also employed the figures of speech continually. Very well then, he replied, we had understood and did not take the words of speech of the peasant literally.

I drank coconut water and we studied the magnificent panorama before us. We were on a pleasant morning. But then he left me quietly with curiosity and I wanted to call Joseph and ask questions. I did not do this because I knew that the time had passed for him to answer me truthfully.

A little later I told a very intelligent young Haitian woman that I was going to the mountains shortly to study a taboo practices. We had come to the city close to each other, but we had gotten to the place where neither of us had to each other about our respective countries. I freely admitted to her, telling her that she was friendly and kind.
It is of course the same exaggerated threat that is used in the United States by white and black. "I'll eat you up! I'll eat you alive! I'll chew you up!"
had politics, nor emphasized class distinctions, race or public school and transportation. We neither 2 nor apologized for Voodoo. We both acknowledged it among us but whether it was a religion we were not. It was no more impractical than any other.

So when I told her that I was going to Archambault & Co. in order to learn all I could about Voodoo, she did not expect me to take the attitude of the majority of the Haitian elite who have become sanctimonious about my reference to Voodoo in Haiti. On the contrary she criticized this attitude. She said the people who have written about it with one exception that of Dr. Trinquet, have not known the first thing about it. After I had spoken to her about it for 30 minutes she asked me if I were going to stick with it and I said no. Not very well, but I heard reports from many directors that he was powerful. She was very slow about telling me what she had done as she did not think it was to my benefit. I went to see my friend. He showed me a chieftain who introduced me to a man he said was an excellent Mambu. I spent some time with him.

A physician a very high officer said the same thing to me at Gonaïves the day that I visited the prison there at the hospital and photographed the place. On the contrary we discussed the possibility of curing him, but nothing was done. He said that he would die soon and that the secret weapon was hidden in some of these primitive practices that have been taught from Africa. He was not told about the plants and formulas but only the secret weapon was hidden in some of these primitive practices that have been taught from Africa.

He had had some success in primitive chemistry by reason of his position at the hospital, but when he was able to break down the resistance of the holders of those secrets the man was placed in prison without a trial. The prisoner produced a fever temperature much higher than any mental man is supposed to have to stand to free the prison authorities to release him, but they refused to do this. He said another prisoner to get as little punch of powdered drugs which he had hidden in his clothes. He refused to sit within the doctor's office while he was given to a friend, when he had...
it, he mixed a punch of it with water, allowed it to stand for a few
minutes and drank the mixture. In three hours his temperature had
perfectly normal. Soon they released him without being able to gain
an word of information out of him. He merely stated that what he
asked was a family secret brought over from Guineaus. He could
not reveal it. That was final. He left the prison and the hospital as
he had come.

Hearing this, I determined to get all the secret of zombies. The
doctor said that it would not only render a great service to Haiti,
but to medicine in general if I could disclose this secret. But it
might cost me a great deal to learn, I said I was devoted to the pro-
ject and willing to try no matter how difficult. He hesitated long
and then said, "Perhaps it will cost you more than you are willing to
say, perhaps things will be required of you that you cannot stand.
Suppose you were forced to — could you endure to see a human
thing killed? Perhaps in their line that will envious, but none
on the outside could know what might be required. Perhaps one's
humanity and decency might prevent one from doing that, and if so
many Haitian intellectuals have discretion; but they know that if they go about
in such matters they may disappear permanently, but having possible to the society head".

I said, "This kept on happening. He, Arman and Stival have seen
of these quarrels over fortunes. That all Haitian elements seem to
be having eternal quarrels, and while..."

...Arman saying that she had better be careful how
she insulted him. She must now whom she was dealing with before the
went too far. In hearing this, Arman was as terrified as if he had pointed
a gun at her heart. She came to me and wanted to know if she could be
against it. He had closed Arman a little, but the next day when an old man
entered the yard with his black hand covered with a red handkerchief
broke the silence and went down to the nearest police station.

Some society in a village across the river from Area-a-Galet,
that the wholeChange was going to suppress. Then on one of these little
railroads that matches itself against wind and tides for eighteen or
twenty hours before it covers the eighteen miles between Area-a-
Galet and Port-au-Prince was heard some more puzzling tales. This
was mentioned, not by name but in conversations and only briefly at that. Then
that quickness much of unconscious. But in all this time, not one single
individual had even mentioned directly the existence of secret societies
not alone put a name to one, what had been conveyed was feeling
of fear to something nobody wanted to discuss.

Then one afternoon in the Town, being a man who is a haudien,
and just a haudien said something that suddenly connected all these
happenings and gave them a meaning. Haudien, so I began to see a great
On the way back home I remarked that I had seen his altar and horn-feat as I was accustomed to in Voodoo worship. There were a few things about that I knew how to expect and the regular set-up was not there. The was plenty of worship, as a whole, because I had noticed the difference. He said that it really was not a place of Voodoo. That the Cochon Gris was a secret society and it was forbidden by law and detected by all except the members. That he used the name of Voodoo to cloak their gatherings and thus avoid arrest and expulsion.

Later one I introduced the subject in a conversation with a well-known physician of Port-au-Prince and he discussed the matter most intelligently.

"Our history has been unfortunate, first we were brought here to Haiti and enslaved. We suffered great cruelties under the French and then when they had taken children and they left here certain-kinds of government that have been unfortunate for us. Thus having a continual disturbance by revolution and other forces not helping to achievement we have not been able to develop economically and culturally as many of us have wished. These things, however, we have not been able to control certain bad elements because of a lack of sufficient police force."

"But" I thought "with all the wealth of the United States and all the policies, we still have gangsters and the black bands and all the politics, we still have gamblers and the Chinatown and all. Old European nations still have their problem of crime." For our understanding.

"Thank you! We have here a society that is detestable to all the people of Haiti. It is known as the Cochon Gris, Sact Rouge and the Voodoo-om-ber and all of these names mean one and the same thing. It is cathartic like and has nothing to do with Voodoo worship. They are linked together to eat human flesh. Perhaps they are descended from the Mononokites and other cannibals who have thought to this..."
There were perhaps a dozen bottles on a table, some crushed, in Clay water jars. The place of honor was given to an immense black stone that was attached to a heavy chain which was itself held by two iron bars whose two ends were buried in the masonry of the wall. A well-made cistern was before the stone that had the same look of age as memory as an ancient Gilbert. The dog growled out his bark, it grumbled and said: "This is for Petro, it has the power to do all things, the good and the evil." Certainly written was disputed, the Boco had died to us.
Island in the Colonial Days. These terrible people were kept under control during the French period by the very structures of slavery. But in the disturbances of the Haitian period, the slave owners met with and were well organized before they came to trouble, as history.

It began much earlier, we are not sure, but their evil practices had made them thoroughly hated and feared. Before the end of this administration, it is not difficult to understand why Haitians have never been thoroughly rid of themselves of these detestable creatures. It is because of their great fear of punishment on the one hand, and the fear that they incite in the other. It is they who make the police actual proof of this destruction, they are afraid to appear in court against them (over).
1: The cemeteries are the places where they display the most hor-
while aspects of their inclinations. Some one dies after a short
illness, or a sudden indisposition. The night of the burial, the
Victim is given to the cemetery; the chains around the tomb of
the deceased and the grave profaned. The coffin is pulled out and
opened and the body spirited away.”

This same society under different names is responsible for all the
disappearances or sick persons. They are also responsible for the detention of
families and other disappearances. Some of these affairs have been
very tragic, and families have been displaced.

2. He is correct; there is no form of human sacrifice in
connection with Voodoo.

2. Dr. Melville Herscofite heard this society mentioned
at miracles as the “Biance,” and “Cochon sanse
Pailes.” (Life in a Haitian Valley, page 243) He quotes Dr.
Jaime Clavel Parson as saying that the graduates around
Jacmel told her, “People do eat people at any time. I know
it.” Her informant went on to tell of human figure nails being
found on what had been sold as pigs feet (pages 246, 247)
to the trial and conviction of the soreness Jeanne Hélée, "that affair which gave place to a thrill that echoed around the world. The effect of this conviction was to cause the adeptes of the Sect Rouge to take refuge under the greatest secrecy which has since been impossible. Now they give themselves names of the Petroes, the Truculles, and the Folos, and perhaps many other Vodoo names.

I witnessed one such fraudulent ceremony myself one night on the Plains des Sables. In company with a man who knew all about Vodoo in that part of Haiti, I was returning from a Congo dance when we approached a small cluster of houses where an Ceremony was in progress. I asked to stop and see it and we did. I got a very disagreeable surprise, because they sacrificed a dog. This must be some new cult of Vodoo, I concluded, and asked. They told me it was a service to Mondongone, who always made his appearance in the form of a great dog, and when one beheld such a manifestation, it was certain an orgy of terror. My friends and I soon left. When we were far away, he said to me, "They do not make a Vodoo dance at all, Mondongone is not a beast of Vodoo. They do not always content themselves with dog, I am afraid." He showed the strangest feeling of revulsion to the whole matter and I was glad because then I need not to hide my own doubt. I had not read St. V. Mary at that time, and had never heard the name Mondongone pronounced in all Haiti. (Aug)

But to look at the Sect Rouge more intimately. At the head of this group is an Emperor, or a queen. The big group is made up of councils of leaders, which is ruled over by a president, but all of the members have their names. There are the ministers, the officers, the scribes, the ladies, the honorables, members and the honourables, who are the advance guard of the society.

The success of the whole matter rests upon the courage, dedication, and efficiency of this advance guard.

The honorables, members and those who are in sympathy with the society, but for one reason or another are not yet initiated, they partly participate in the dances without the privileges of touching the food. Also when the band is to pass, the doors of these honorables members. We go out and join them with white candles dawning on their heads and hands and feet and thus illuminated they pass in the darkness.

Now, the members of the Sect Rouge (also called the Red Circle) tie, by sending out the people by secret ways, advising the adeptes to come to the time and place of meeting. Each member of the crew at the rendezvous dressed according to the arraignment. All gattered at that place, they commence their initiation. Imaginatively transforms them all into animals with the bodies of animals. They assume the personalities of bulls, horses, goats, dogs, chickens, and gray hares. The gray hares seems to be the form...
...Never has there been a character more hideous than that of the last (the Mondongo) who depravities have reached the inferable of species, that to eat their fellows. There was brought to Saint Domingue (Haiti) some of these butchers of human flesh, for at the houses of these butchers the flesh of slaves has been sold as meal, and here (in Haiti) they caused fear of that. On Saint Domingue (Haiti) that the Mondongo have found in a hospital or re plantation in the vicinity of Jeremia. The Report has so remarked that the greater part of the Negroes have burned in the first eight days after their birth, children had recently been buried. She confessed that she caused them to die for this purpose.”

Page 39, Tome Premier, L.I. Mercier & St. Mary.
This is how a meeting was held.

The two Maronel stones were struck together, the word was sent secretly, but swiftly by word of mouth to all of the adepts. A full meeting to be held in a town some miles south of Port-aux-Pinces. This distance is a bit time-consuming by automobile, considering the conditions of the roads. But one of the remarkable things concerning the members of the Red Seal is their great mobility. They cover great distances with incredible speed.

The meeting is in a sort of court surrounded by several small caille (hatched houses). There is a huge silver cotton tree in the open space, and behind the houses, fields, and fields of cane.

The night was very dark but starring, only an homemade lamp made, simply and quickly from a condensed milk can. A moonlight-shine from all directions. One came down toward the main road. Two more came into the opening from the cane fields. These were the meeting leaves as skillfully that there was no sound.

They kept coming like this all the members carried his sac facile which held his trappings. There was subdued talk, but no whisper. The time had not come for expression, that was all. The meeting lasted until the perhaps a hundred persons were gathered there. Looking around the court, they were just ordinarily looking people. Might be anybody at all getting ready for a prayer meeting or a country dance.

All of the officers came at least and the word went around for everyone to note themselves. This was quietly done and the crowd became a shining assembly in red and white with bare heads. Some began to leap and dance, imitating the motions of various animals. The singing and dancing became general and the head longings were built up.

The adepts were now all transformed into devils with tails and horns. Lions, tigers, dogs and goats. Some even became crocodiles, and all in the most terrifying aspect, standing silently in their place, and a most terrifying aspect, standing silently in the midst of the most terrifying aspect. But now they began to dance and sing.

The little, high-pitched drum resounded and the tempo, a most fearful right, took the center of the group and began to sing and the President, the minister, the queen, the learned, the officers, the servants, the assurance, and all the grades joined in and the sound and music was like hill boiling over, pure and overying songs to the drum:

"Caribou, tingi-dingue, mi hand, mi bas-e,"
"Caribou, tingi-dingue, mi hand, mi bas-e,"
"Our rame, tingi-dingue, mi hand, mi bas-e,"
"Our rame, tingi-dingue, mi hand, mi bas-e,"
"Our rame, tingi-dingue, mi hand, mi bas-e."
Now the whole body prepared to depart. Every member lighted a candle and chanting to the drum, the druidic rhythm—half dance—half chant—and marched off to a certain cross road not more than a mile away. The Saint Roux was going to the Cross-Roads to do honor to the God who ruled there. What they wished for tonight would be in his realm. They were going there to give food and drink and money to Maître Corriveau (Lord of the Cross-Roads) and after that they were going to ask favors of him.

As the fearsome procession moved on down the highway, it halted before several doors and danced furiously. The doors opened and other figures leaped out, red, roiled like the rest. They held candles blazing on their heads as they sang and marched in. The process turned out to be honoring members who partake in the ceremony. The group moved on with the little coffin being carried in the very middle of the procession. It is brilliant with candles. This was the song about which everyone mourned.

At the Cross-Roads, Maître Corriveau was given food and drink and money. But only the Copper One sent pieces of chertian money known as "lois." The Coffin was set down in the very center of the Cross-Roads and the ceremony performed. After Maître Corriveau had been well fed and his thirst slaked, he was asked for powers. He was asked to grant powers to find victims on the road and when he was asked for powers to overturn and even powers that existed. Finally the Master of the Cross-Roads gave a sign and connection. The entire body of the society became jubilant. Then a-singing, then a-dancing, and so on.

The entire body of the society became jubilant. The ceremony included the singing and marched off to a cemetery just too far away. They were singing again, but the song had changed. Now they were singing and shouting as they went:

"Santet Van Citare, tout le corps mon seul mal être.

And so singing and dancing they arrived at the gate of the cemetery. The main body halted at the gate while the queen entered and went to a grave that had evidently been selected in advance and began to
They were going there to do honor to Baron Maître Laurier, and to ask him for powers similar to those already granted by Maître Carnot. That is, the right for successes in their maneuvers, power to find victors, to catch them and to sell them.

The honorary members are those who are in sympathy with the Society, but for one reason or another are not yet initiated.
This she did nine times, but stopped at the head of the tomb to sing each time that she arrived there. After the fifth turn, the stone was lifted and placed a candle at the head end. A censer filled with incense was placed at the foot of the Cross. The Cross is in the cemetery, Baron Cimetière, who is also called Baron Samadi, Baron Cruvy. She danced some more and sang a song that began with

"C’est la terre mortu" (where are all men or everybody)

Then everybody entered the cemetery in single file, each person with his or her hand on the neck of the person before and with a lighted bundle in the other. The youngest adept is selected and stretched upon the tomb and all the lighted bundles are placed around him. The stone is set upon his head. EverybodyAround the tomb, place the palms of their hands together and sing moving around the tomb until each person returns again to stand before their own bundle. The invocation was made and when it was finished Baron Samadi had granted the request, the queen announced

"The powers are joined with the deceased!" And others then bowed and lowered their eyes so that nobody knew the exact moment that she left the cemetery, nor which way she went. Then the youngest adept arose and goes and none sees him go either. Then all the rest ran out in every direction as fast as they could because all feared that Baron Cimetière would select him or her as a victim. But soon the whole convoy was joined together again not far from the cemetery. The last two men came out of the gate walking backwards brandishing well-sharpened machetes, defending the rear from an attack of the Todd of the Dead.

Now it was decided that the convoy should proceed to a certain bridge over a stream that crossed the highway near a sedgy lake. This, it seems, had long been a favorite resting place. At the bridge, more candles were brought forth and every part of the structure was brilliantly illuminated, even to the rails of the stairs. The little coffin was set down in the center of the floor of the bridge. It was an eventful night. This bridge lighted up by hundreds of flickering candles, people by a horde of fantastic creatures with the coffin, the symbol of their strange appetites and indulgence in the night.
A strong guard for defence was stationed along the road on either side of the bridge to prevent attacks from enemies there had been trouble on other occasions. The Baron de Sebesten of the friends of warship had fallen upon the Seet Rouge in the midst of their celebrations in times past and had inflicted serious injuries. So these guards armed with machetes were thrown out along the road to deal with these people without mercy in case they attempted to dislodge the Red Seet Union Night.

Now the members of the society went running and dancing along the routes hunting for victims. They had been gathered along all powers and everything else was arranged. The bridge remained on the island in the center of the lake on which was a person who tried to pass that point. The war was to the war upon who had no "pass de passage" who approached that bridge that night, and well deserved you a more distant sidewalk before he dismounted and approached the bridge The.

The boursoune, the advance guard, ran faster and hunted farther ahead of all the rest. They are beautifully trained and stealthy scouts. They faded off into the darkness swiftly but so many leapfrogs with their lances in their hands. Those lances are made from the dried and well-embedded intestines of human beings who have been the victims of other raids. They are light as bone — the terrible strength of Cello strings. The gut of once victims to his death is successor. Except in special cases no particular person is hunted. The advance guard, lord in hand ready for instant use, stables the dark roads, and whoever is found along the routes is the quarry, and the amount of torturer that their guard can open in a short time is unbelievable. When a victim is located, he is surrounded and the lord is terrified about his threat to silence him first, then he is bound and led before the marine convoy.

The Marine Convoy waited there on the bridge relatively until the word came that some one was approaching from the west. On horseback at any moment, the rider might have been charged from his mount without giving him an opportunity for resistance, but now
The success of the whole matter rests upon the courage, des-
that he must cross that bridge the guards and the other servants allowed him to proceed, just before he reached the brilliantly lighted bridge, he dismounted and hesitated a long time, considering turning back. But finally he, a well dressed young man approached with the utmost diffidence and was challenged, dripping with terror, he first made the sign of the cross, before he thought to answer, "Si, dite le hounouve, min chée, mi han!" it was a glorious thing that that handsome, well dressed young impressed by him also. He was almost paternal in his manner.

Soon after, one of the couriers returned with game from the chase and led by victim before the Emperor, the queen, the president, the minister and all of the other officers. Finally all of the guards returned, but that took two hours when all were in, the whole convoy moved back to the original meeting place.

Then the ceremony began to change the three victims into beef. That is, one was "turned" into a "cow" and two into "pigs," and underneath terms they were killed and divided. Everyone received their share of the game except the honorary members.

They came without being allowed a taste.

By that time dawn is high. The animals and demons are "transformed" again into human who may walk anywhere without attracting the least attention.

The identities of the Sect Rouge, Cochon, this, Vindemians are really secret, hence the difficulty for the Haite d'Haïti. They cope with it like the American gangster and racketeers, their deeds are well-known. But the difficult is to prove it in court. And like the American racketeers, the Sect Rouge takes care that its members do not talk. It is a thing most secret and it stays that way. The way lines of the members depend upon it. There is swift punishment for the adept who talks. When suspicion is being investigated, but with the utmost secrecy without the suspec-
guilty of his crime, the executioners are sent to the boat and
placed behind him. By hook or crook, he is gotten into a boat and
landed out beyond aid and interference from the shore, after
being told the story of the thing, if indeed that is necessary, his
hands are seized by one man, and held behind him, while another
grasps his head under his arm. A violent blow with a rock
behind the ear stuns him and at the same time serves to
arrest the action, a deadly and quick-acting poison is then
rubbed into the wound. There is no antidote for this poison
and the victim knows it. However well he might know how
to swim, when he is thrown overboard, he knows it would
be useless. He would remain on the water long enough to reach
the shore. When his body strikes the water, the incident
is closed.

Ah 180 130 4500
8785
Doctor Rees.

Captain’s Night Hike. - With this note, I am sending a picture of Captain Rees, who is to the captain of Port Benedict, which is a town between Port Royal and New York. The captain is a very kind gentleman, and I am sure you will enjoy his company. He has a most pleasant face, and I am sure you will enjoy your stay in his company.

I have been thinking about the geography of Port Benedict, and I have decided to write a letter to you about the town. The town is quite large, and it has a very pleasant atmosphere. The streets are well-lit, and the people are very friendly. I have been to Port Benedict several times, and I always enjoy my stay there.

I have also been thinking about the people of Port Benedict. They are very kind, and they always welcome visitors with open arms. I have made many friends there, and I hope to visit them again soon.

I have also been thinking about the history of Port Benedict. It is a very old town, and it has a rich history. I have been reading about the town’s past, and I have been impressed by the stories of the brave men and women who lived there.

I hope you enjoy your stay in Port Benedict, and I hope you will have a pleasant time there. Please write to me soon, and I will be happy to hear from you.

Sincerely,
[Your Name]
I heard many things about Dr. Reese before I met him. All the Nevis people of the Carib tribe, all the white men who are a how-man (Voodoo priest), all of the friends during the last two years know him and like him. A great many Haitians admit that he is deep in the inner secrets of Voodoo. And starting legends have grown up about him. Some say that he belongs to the Société de L'Ordre de la Sainte Pierre et du Prince Noir, which is supposed to be headed by Dr. Arthur Holly. Its object is said to be the extermination of the Saint Pierre and the devil worshipper. I was told by one young man that they all wore a black tattoo on their forearms. He had seen the mark on Dr. Reese's arm. It had life. He had seen Dr. Reese feed it eggs, after which he had had a tattoo on his arm when he was in the Navy. Part to many Haitians it is a sacred snake that eats eggs and performs miracles of magic.
to you without a word,“

Who is this beautiful girl?” I asked.

That's my daughter,“ he said. She's with racial funds.

Where is she? I have never seen her around here,”

"Oh, she is in Miami with her mother—my wife. Don't ask.

Lonely? That girl has brains. Look at this letter she wrote me. Why, she is the secretary of a wealthy firm in Miami, just twenty and secretary to a firm like that. Oh, but that is not all that she can do! She has a voice! That girl can sing! Why, she plans to go north and go into black opera! Some day, the most beautiful singing voices in the world,

I want that girl to go to the top."

"Oh, no doubt she will," I concluded. "She is certainly a very pretty girl!"

And that is just what I wanted to express about her."

Dr. Resse wrote me tenderly. "I'd rather you did not write a thing about my little Marie Antoinette to anybody, you could write about Marie Antoinette, mentioning me, concluded you.

And with a smile I told him, yes, that goes to prove what an effective fellow he was. When the correspondence began, the implications of his justification became clear in hand. Common sense should have told me that this couldn't be true. The public and the publishers around here didn't, so now I have to go to all the trouble of taking it back! The public doesn't go around being nasty to pretty, smart and talented girls because their fathers go nothing in a way.

Seeing how the haitian people, high and low, for and near, loved and trusted him, I tucked him one day on the business of being a white man in Haiti.

"Doctor Resse" called once from one swing bed to the other.

"I am not a doctor you know. I am a pharmacist!"

"I am just a doctor, you know. I am a pharmacist too!

"I began to call me. Father-in-law, raised U.S. N., they began to call me doctor. While I was in the Public Health service at

"Part-day Party, and they have just kept it up."

"That's it! "
I have no fear whatever for little Miss Roser's future.
"I stand corrected, Doctor. The people will never believe you so much. I heard the adventure tales I have now told the natives, finding a white man among them always assume that he is a god at least make him a king. Next you have been in Haiti for eleven years according to your own story, you are on the most friendly terms with the Haitians in any white man in Haiti and still no vaguely crown. How is that?"

"Well, I tell you, Board, if you show yourself sincere, the Haitians will make a good friend of a white man, but hardly a king. They just don’t run to royalty."

"Not even a white man?"

"Not even a white man. Ad the Haitians who made themselves kings did not fare so well, either, if you will recall."

It set both of us right at that. He had his mouth open as he was making broad statements.

"But on the island of Java for instance they made a man out of an sergeant of Marines."

"Oh, no they didn’t."

"But King Tansutin Wittera —"

"All I have to say about Wittera and that white is that he had a good collaborator. He had another round of orange juice..."

"Why do it then? But the Haitians just the Haitians please particularly since you so much?"

"They are infinitely kind and gentle and all that I have ever done to earn their love is to return their undying courtesy.

By that time the day was leaning towards the west and Alice came into the yard with her big smile and her little adopted daughter. They called her Rose. Cecile is Doctor Rose’s mistress who lives near at hand. She is a handsome slave girl with height and wealth to her. Rose is a little black mite of a girl with brilliant eyes and tremendous personality. She matches along behind Cecile giving a saucy little toss to her little black rump as she walks. She would attend..."
“Your mean to say he was no king at all?”
“Mean just that.”
“Way I quote you, as saying that?”
“Certainly, how about that orange juice?”
“With pleasure, Doctor. Can I change the subject and talk about you, instead?”
“I suppose so.”
attention anywhere and made friends for herself. (Over)
It's easy to see how Doctor Racer and many others men would
find her attractive. She is not made of chiffon and fairy tales,
up in such a way that all of her practical parts are kept
in mind. But Cecile's clothes were cut to that one could
see if the servants were caring for Dr. Racer properly. Of
course she was back again with the same smile.

Fresh from her own little house she had a quadrille
of small talks for Racer. Little Rose had learned the
dance steps, which she would presently show her. "Daddy,
and what did he suppose that Cecile's one servant had
done today? She had stripped to take a bath in the
tiny stream beside the road and an auto had come
along and there was that servant girl standing up in
the stream, half-naked, staring at the occupants of the
auto— and her potato vines had all covered the ground
too! (We think she was old enough to have body hair.)

Rose had climbed up into Doctor Racer's lap and were
exhibiting affection in every way that four years old
know. She resembles him as her father, and she is proud of
him besides loving him; Cecile teased her about claiming
Racer as her father.

"Now can you think Dr. Racer is your paper, Rose? Look
at him and look at yourself, see, he is very white,
with blue eyes while you are red-haired with white
eyes! He cannot be your father!"

"Oh yes he is my paper, too."

"Bad look at the difference in your color, Rose; you have
been like Dr. Racer. That white man can be the father of
a black little girl like you."
Cecil's little yellow dog. Zachary-Pas-jute (friends and just) was tagging along behind.
The man hurried off very happy in the thought of performing a service for Dr. Reeve and the conversation took up again on the porch. I wasspeculating on returning to Port-au-Prince but Dr. Reeve and Cecille would not hear of it. They were expecting Joseph White, the American Vice-Consul and his little girl, Mrs. Love of the West India De Co., "Frank Crumble jr. of New York," Mr. and Mrs. Scott and John Sasser, American fiscal agents to the Haitian government, all were coming on that night with some newly arrived officials of the Paris American Airways.
34
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108

Once we were having a voodoo dance for them and it was
announced me to stay. I was on very friendly terms with all
of them and so I was very grateful to Dr. Pierre for asking
me. Clarence, the greatest drummer in all Haiti per-
formed upon the bongos, the great tam-tam. I had
dined that night. Everyone who cannot go to Africa
should go to Port-Bouquet, Haiti, to hear Clarence
Jasper. He is not much to look at. He is past middle life
/a small and black and sort of sloppy. The magic of him
is in those hands. The same stuff that makes the
among the drummers of the tambour is found in those
fingers that have actually been modified by his accu-
sation with the feet and his drum. As you can
hear, Clarence & Port-Bouquet/

shouting, the dancers and the dancing. Cecil dances
in the middle, among the others. Dr. Pierre danced the
cecum. I was most interested. Cecil teaches me the game.

valour. He taught me all of it, and I was so proud in Dr.
Pierre's hospital while he and the others who liked them
in the snow-birds on the beach.

The breeze is blowing, the small waves breaking in the
beach, and the little rain which, all the wind after the
storm of the new day, got me up. It took a couple of on
white mist, but there it was, the very last day that
God had made changing people the way, days always do.

But I did not go as I had planned. A young woman came
to bring a message to Dr. Pierre, it was from my office in
the hut. I had been passed along by word of mouth
by a Haitian woman until it came to the young woman in
Port-au-Prince and it was an invitation to attend a
The white visitors, whether they would have had it different or not were a sort of audience around the walls. Strong action in the tradition. Many of Dr. Reese’s Haitian guests came in some more upper-class educated men who received the introductions with frolic and cheer. Some were the pleasant who were going to participate in the dance. They were all so glad to see Dr. Reese and made extravagant expressions of pleasure.

One dark-skinned man with aquiline features told him, “It is such a pleasure to see you again, I would have their hump backed if I had not met you!” All of this was spoken in creole, of course.

The evening got under way. Cemones and the other elements paid many of the guests the compliment of playing a special salute for each, after which the guests paid the deacres the compliment of a round of drinks or the cash for the purpose. The evening rose in spirit—
 ceremonies in the South. What kind of ceremony wasn't put to be? It was to be a ceremony where the food was to be cooked without fire. Real food? Yes, a great part of the ceremony would be cooked without fire. Was such a thing possible? The young woman asked for a cup and a fresh egg. No, she did not wish to acquire the egg herself for fear that we might believe that she had one already prepared. Dr. Rees went and got one himself and gave it to her. She placed it in the cup and once, poured some of the cold water on it and covered the cup with the saucer and made a cross mark on the saucer with the blinder. Then she bowed her head and muttered a prayer for a few minutes, none of us could catch the exact words of what she said in that prayer. When it was over, she lifted the saucer and offered the egg to Dr. Rees with a deferential smile and told him to break it. He refused on the ground that he had on his best gray suit and did not wish to have it spattered with egg. She assured him time and time again that the egg would not matter over his clothes. At last he broke the egg very carefully and very slow done. That was startling enough. But the real last surprise came when the egg was found to be harder than anything else. The young woman now begged him to eat the egg. He was so reluctant to do so that it was necessary for her to press him a great deal. But she prevailed at least and ate the egg. Then she assured him that he would never die of poisoning. He would always be warned in time to avoid eating poisoned food by touching poisoned surfaces. Would be now
accepted the invitation to the ceremony. He would and so it was arranged, a few days later we started.
The ceremony was held in the court of a great house. First, stuffs. There were great heaps of peas, carrots, leek, string beans, onions, corn meal, rice and egg yolk.

The next morning the women were preparing, the little cups of coffee that everyone drinks in Haiti before breakfast. Then there was breakfast. After that the women went about during the food, for the ceremony while the men amused themselves with a game of dice that is played with three "bones" instead of the two that we use in the United States.

Many, many things came to pass in a ceremonial week. All that I could see, and afterwards when I talked it over with Dr. Resor, he confirmed my impressions, that the people formed a circle about the big iron pot that contained the mixed food. The Mambo the drums began to sing, with the ascor, of course, and then the boulacée, the smallest of the Radel drums, colored handkerchiefs that every woman wears to a ceremony and began to dance, while the men, the chiefs, at the pot as it began to come. The's went on and on. When the women fan and the
Mambo concluded the ritual, the
It was night when our party arrived. A guard stood beside the main highway to guide us to the houmfort. After the proper little ceremonies of greeting an important guest and the due retinue, we were assigned sleeping space and went to bed on our mats under a great Mimbo tree.
food was dipped up with a wooden spoon and served to all. Everybody ate with their fingers for it is an unbreakable rule of this ceremony that no fork, knife, or spoon is used. I asked how the food was cooked; I do not know. Dr. Rosen and I tried father and everything else we could think of to learn the secret. But it belongs to that small group and nothing we could devise would do any good. Dr. Rosen knew the girl who had thrilled the most and worked very well. Indeed I would say that they are very intimate friends. He concentrated upon her finally. But all she would say was that it was a family secret brought from Africa which had not been divulged. He kept at her and she yielded and said she had been taught in a certain ceremony. He went to the trouble and expense to have the rites performed. After that was over, she returned to her usual practice of divulging under pain of death, so that it is now an annual affair and some day I shall try again.

I visited Dr. Rosen many more times and polished my shoulder in his bed-springs and listened and ate. But one thing I never did. I never went to him for the information that I had come to Heath, to see the reason for this was that everyone who goes to Heath and pumps out of him all of the truth is called from Heath and then they paint off and write as it. This had
seen something. Be it said right here that Dr. Rice
attends no more than he wants to, so what the Sex is
bound to be limited; first, by Dr. Rice's own in-
formation, which is bound to be limited by the Nature
of Haiti, vastly complicated and veiled for the love
secondly, what he chooses to give out to the lazy
mind-kickers who declare upon him. Since he has
plans of his own for the future, he gives out nothing
to any of his friends and close associates. The
most important reason why I can't get an
accurate information second-hand out of Dr. Rice
with the freedom of the mind. I am myself, a
bit of the man himself. I wanted to know all I could
and who could so completely find his soul and his place in
the African rituals of Haiti. I have seen him in the
more of the African loa (spirits) "know as possession.
that is the spirits have entered his head and during
his own consciousness and, I have seen him as if he were drunk under the spirit possession. He
has a Haitian peasant and I was trying to reconcile
the well-read man with the creole's idea
of emotions. A man who could talk off in a discussion
of Aristotle to show me, with child-like eagerness, that he had found which contained a loa. So I spent
as much time as I could spare from other things on his
approach sprawled upon one of his bed-springs. Besides
he is a very fine and generous person. And then again,
so many things happened around him place.
He is so very kind and tender with the unfortunate people
in the asylum, that though many Haitians have survived
for this job, she is still attending to the Chief of the
Service of Hygiene. The best man for the place! By chance,
the criminal insane and the violent ones are strictly con-
fined; the harmless have no measures of charity; and some-
days they hang around Dr. Rees's porch and say things and
say Helias: No reason driven from away now appears at one
of these horrible.

One afternoon on the beach, I felt its wonderful length
past my place. The United States Dr. Rees came from; I had tried
to place him by his talent, but I was not sure. So I
asked, "Where are you from, Dr. Rees?"
"I am from Scotland, sir."
"Why Dr. Rees, I thought you said you were an American."
"I am, but I am from Scotland just the same."
I felt a wondering if Scotland had become an American
Colony while I was out of mind. We saw my6 furtherment and

chuckled.
"Yes, I am from Scotland — where Missouri begins and
on Arkansas."

Naturally; I thought of that and the wantonness the history
of the wild-wind city about folk-heroes: "Yes, the
man who chewed the wind the goat eat that bolted the bull
off the bridge."

Next the Scyrian hurried up to the porch and called;
"Dr. Rees! Dr. Rees! The soldiers of Monte Carlo killed
the Dead Sea! Then they built the Casino!"

"Thank for the Intelligence," Dr. Rees replied.
The patient who spent all his words, more
of quoting Fontaine's fables came to the porch too. I had
laughed heartily at Dr. Rees's quotations from the folk by
another patient came up and began to ridicule the haunted
folk tales around Brother Boucic and the Maltese..."
Dr. Reese went on: "Raised on six shotguns till I eat half of Mexico and bathe therein. So warm up the ass and keep from the heat to statement I swim the Mississippi in my teeth; any dead jumpee man that don't believe death. "Dr. Reese! Dr. Reese!" The Egyptian attracts attention to himself. The horse, horse racing in Palestine, horse, the Jewish horses must be second, its political." The man who dictated footnote pointed his finger away and Bucali. But he had a weaker voice, so we heard very distinctly.

"Of course Bucali was very angry with Ti Mallek for what he had done and Ti Mallek was afraid to he ran away very fast until he came to a fence. The fence had a hole in it, but the hole was not too big, but Mallek tried to go through."

"Dr. Reese! Dr. Reese! never speak to person with the phrenologists, I don't care find years without blessing of the United States government. Was very content.

"Are they annoying you?" Dr. Reese asked me, "They never worry me at all."

"Oh no," I answered. "It is very interesting. I have some bed anyway."

"All right then. It will soon be the time for them to go to the Egyptian was very close to the screen now, when he was advising me, "Dr. Reese! What is done?"
"I really don't know," Raven replied, "what is it?"

"Love is the heart and what is the heart? It is the

communication of the body."

Worlds dropped towards the horizon. In the near distance

with its stiff, nodding, or sunken leaves making acquaintance with

Don. Raven is know, love what it is" the Singwa eye

The hell was "bang!" and you go in and they shout you

about life."

The man who always mentioned Fontaine was gone.

The Singwa turned suddenly and walked over to the shrubs.

They began to gather flowering blooms. Dr. Raven

saw the man who always mentioned Fontaine to stop

him from diminishing the plants. Then we could hear the

shout, "are still telling his story of Malice and Bouci."

"Malice was stuck in the hole in the fence and he

could not go forward neither could he back out. He's

behind was too big to pass through. So Bouci found

him there, but he did not know it. He saw this great

behind stuck in the fence but he was impatient

to overtake Malice so he slapped it and said:

"Behind have you seen Malice?"

"Behind said "push me and I'll tell you."

So Brother Bouci gave a giant shove and

pushed Ti Malice through the hole and he ran

away. It was only after he was gone that Bouci

knew it was Malice, so ——"
He received the signal that supper was being served. We abruptly left us. In a short while we saw a pile of men being conducted through the grounds to their sleeping quarters. Several women stood about the place where the men were standing, one of the women walked up to the place and indicated that the man who was walking in front heard the commotion and looked around. He rushed back and dragged the man away, with the help of two others. The woman stumbled back to a stool and dropped down in a sort of apathy. She was forced to his left and could be heard mumbling and sobbing all night long.

As for us, we waited outside until the black curtain ran all the way around the hoop of the horizon. Then Télemaque announced that we would need to eat the delicious bits of lean, braised pigs that Cécile knew how to dry and Télemaque learned how to cook. We ate rice and beans which is Haiti’s most delicious native dish. Jean-Jean is a little wild mushroom that grows there and Mme. Jules Faivre prepares jean jean and rice better than anyone else in Haiti.

Dr. Ross was discussing tidbits and the movements of people currents far as while there somehow we got off on determining the lot of children before birth. He stated positively that it would be done to means of a gold ring suspended on a chain from three magical pendants into the occult and the occult in Haiti. He began to tell of his experiences while in the psychological state known as possession. Incident piled on incident. He became deeply subjective and a new personality burned up the one that had eaten supper with us. His eyes glowed ad chew
15

here into his head as if the went inside to gage on
r the kept under guard. He said of marvelous revelations
the Brane Kinde, you could almost see the flaming
of dragon playing over him. I went to sick remember the
that way.

Ab 30-120
His soul, further and further, from known lands and into the
territory of the mysterious. He walked out of his Nordic body as
whatever the stuff was which the souls of Haiti possessed
when he was about. And Haitian priests. Ego is certainly nothing
he was about. And Haitian priests. Ego is certainly nothing
Europeans nor Americans. You could almost hear the sound
Frenchmen in France hearing about him. This was Africa in
his tongue. His body was there, but his voice was coming from
another continent. He was in the land of his forebears, and
dancing before their altars.
Parlin Cheval Aure
Tell me Horace

1627

Gods always behave like the people who made them. One cannot do the least for the Haitian peasant in that contemptuous God himself is in the dwelling of the common people of Haiti. The Haitian tells him to speak to him first and pay it no attention at all. We belong to the heroes and the inherited liberties of that. It is a gratuitous divinity and foul of the stuff of the age. This manifestation comes as near a social principle as the principles to the masses as anything we do. Haiti. Cheval Aure is another manifestation. It is the one don which is initially Haitian. This is why the Saxon came here. African immigration for that young boy who was called my boy comes now and now is firmly established among the blacks.

This god of the common people has no hourglass. A cross at the head of a tomb inscribed the god of the hourglass is left behind. It there is here these it is enough for the hourglass to stand as a cross dedicated to him.

The applause of this god is in keeping with his people. He likes to dress in his own plain barb beak with a nose in a grand manner. When he was not there, what wonderful beauty he found a square. He found a square with marble. There is a marble statue with the face of Jesus Christ and the image of the face of Joseph in the sky. The statue is placed at the foot of the cross. It is a white cloth clothed in this offering as an offering of the grapes.

But for all his simple requirements, Cheval is a god, provided he has his own place to stand. The place for which is over the reign of the land, and he resides on all the ground where he is the land. He is a man. He is a man in the church and on the throne before when he went on to the church and on the throne in his service.

Cheval is a man when he manifests himself by "mounting" a subject or in mounting a horse, when he changes and acts through this power. The power expected does nothing of its own accord. It is the horse that is used until the person departs. Under the whip and guidance of the骑术士, the "horse" does and says what he does or says what he does to the world. Would we have hidden/Parrill

Parlin Cheval Aure (Tell me Horace) the land belonged to him father, through the help of this mount god. He was known as the place. Sometimes Cheval Aure lost his mind. He was lost. He was given a prominent official in the morning of the spirit. He was a god, and he was present in this place. He was a god, and he was present in this place. He was a god, and he was present in this place.
There is no real service or ritual for Natchi. One places a basket of
twenty white candles about the cross dedicated to him. Some adds to
him an old riding to an old pair of pants. But the roasted
peanuts and the roasted corn are customary. The people who created
Natchi needed food of devotion. They needed a spirit which could
bubbleske the society that crushed them. So Natchi eats roasted
peanuts and roasted corn like his
god fed. He delights in an old coat and pants and a torn and hat. So
dressed that it resembles him.

No because he does not say the things that the people would like to do
and say. You can see him in the most women in the domestic service
who how and then appears before her employer "Mammy!" This God who
takes occasion to say many startling things of the best, you
can see him in the field hand and certainly in the group of women
about a tub well or spring lightning gossiping and dragging and
the shortcomings of their employers and the people like him. Nothing
in Natchi is quite so obvious as this
such behavior one is forced to believe that some of the remarkable
manifestations are "mounted" by the spirit and that others are
happening just in order to express their resentment general and particular. Those
themselves, perhaps, one is in daily, hourly use in Haiti and no doubt it is
used as an aid in self expression. There are many curious details in the
mythology who claim to be "mounted." The way to differentiate
between the person actually "mounted" and the frauds is to require them
to swallow some of the drink of bubal and to wash their whole
face in it. The latter will always show black because he fears to get
that raw rum and hot pepper into his eyes, while the subject really
mounted will do it. The do it without being told and it never seems
to induce them so one is forced to the conclusion that a great deal of
the much Bigdrb Mounts have something to say and lack the courage to
say it except under the cover of Bubal Mounts.

Down in the neighborhood of Port au Prince behind St. Joseph's a
woman of one of the several small possessions, a man was crying. "Tell a
story again and again all day, making many excuses. A girl approached!
her and asked "Tell me why you are so sad?" The girl was embarrassed and
looked at the girl, but on her face was the look of a girl who
knew the honor to stop it all. "The Mounts would not allow anything to
happen."

Another case of a Mounts Mount happened near Port Boulard A woman
known to be a Catholic was mounted one afternoon. The spirit emerged
through her mouth. "Tell me to go and take this woman's property,
to stop taking mine to women. It is a good thing and I know that she
would never do such a thing again, but she takes from me. She has stolen
some wood to me on such a thing again, but she does not think it
near as she should have. I want the Mounts to find a woman for this.
She has stolen from me. She has made love to women for the best
time. She has said to me: "Tell the next time tell in house tell that woman
I am going to kill her. If not tell in house I will kill her now.
Today she will not be to me again." The woman appeared and galloped like
a horse to a great Mango tree, climbed it far up among the top limbs and
shouted off and broke the week.

But the people believe that the things the Mounts claim to see in the
past and future are absolutely accurate. There are thousands of claims of
great revelations. They are found in the Mounts, Port Boulard, among the
 claims that the believed in fortune-telling made in the United States.

The spirit Bubble (pronounced Geedey) originated at Maragane
and their regular meeting place was the bridge across the lake at
Bereme Cimere and his race of诊 in the aristocracy. The South and the West, in the
people who aspired to his level and who were once-descended with
the plantation in Baron Cimere in the neighborhood of the place where
Baron Cimere was descended from the subject. The sum is to be a question of
these people being on a very low social and economic level in these
attitudes. The plantation is the sum, the fact that has gained the desirable
of the city and the contrast in which they were held caused a great study of
the subject as it relates to the position of Mercredy. And those the facts agree,
it is very close to the fact that Baron Cimere is not the subject that it is,
how and how it is to the subject that it is. The
is a touch of cliche and a lot worse.
It is interesting to note that his fact does not exist in the bench
here in the aristocracy. He belongs to the South and the West, not
the people in the West and South who do not make friends for Mendel an
is not just to attract him or to offend in any way. It is dangerous to make
this spirit anger. When a "man" of spirit is missing devotedly
the common command is "Mendel say don't!" Mendel is not
a spirit. That is Mendel's inner assertive self seems to be his mission
to support and reveal. In any case, Mendel is a7 sentimental cattle, his
exploitation of not too great. Sentimentally absurd and very ugly. Papa
Mendel is always blind with Baron Cimere. Baron Cimere and Baron
Cimere is the one, in the darkness, to the one, has the face of the
dead, perhaps that is natural for the god of the fate to be able to the god of
the fact for those who are more open and that sounds like death.

And when stood against all the rest and insisted that Baron Cimere
and Baron Samadi were separate individuals. Mendel says that it does not mean the
other individuals that they are the same. The general belief is that they are the
same, the fact is that he is an authority, maintains that Baron Cimere does not
work in the forest, liquid always in the forest, and may be carried
and be broken. Baron Cimere lives in the cemetery in a good time
while Baron Samadi always announces his presence with "Go or may?"
and the dead to do this ridiculous. And sometimes, like Mendel, Parr is known to announce
and announce that Baron Cimere is absolute ruler of the
dead, that is he appears as a doctor of the
dead to do this ridiculous. Sometimes, he is
and more serious things to do is to work the wood. Sometimes, he is
and more serious things to do is to work the wood at other times. It may be
and more serious things to do is to work the wood at other times. It may be
and more serious things to do is to work the wood at other times. It may be
Some say that you must talk to Baron Samdi on Cemetery with a raw fruit. That is, it is necessary to place your hand in his while you make your request. When he deems fit, he will take away with him whatever he is holding. So you get the fruit on a stick, the stick attached and offer it as your hand. He holds to the fruit and when he leaves you merely let of the other end and all is well. You do not lose your hand and arms as you would have done, had you not taken care.

Baron Samdi delights in dressing his “choses” in shabby and fantastic clothes like Jason Nukul打出 women dressed like men, and men like women. Often, they wear in addition to their female clothes, a shift, a calabash cup under their shirts to simulate pregnancy. Women put on men’s coats and trousers, and some wear a wig, which is made to look like the real one. The people love Samdi, because he is kind and gives them plenty of food. Sometimes, he will not permit them to leave the cemetery before he will pass it. He will not permit them to go back to their homes until he has given them a gift, to a person he has spoken to one who has placed himself under his protection. Baron Samdi has no special offering when the how-caj wishes to summon him, aside from the how-caj as in the woods or the plains, or a plant in the air will summon him and he will appear and make "Get out! Un!" In certain parts of Haiti, however, they offer Baron Samdi a baby goat or a black chicken. It is placed on a plate and a bottle of alcohol and three bottles of cola.

Baron Cemetery is also very popular all over Haiti. He is also a doctor of medicine and prescribes a great number of healing concoctions for the sick people under his care. He is very powerful, but also temperament, and fully humane.

The how-caj who wishes to summon him goes to the how-caj near the cemetery and takes the possums with the incantation of a Rosary. He recites the prayer common in all Voodoo ceremonies. He then demands of Danmala the authority or reincarnation to enter into communications with Baron Cemetery. He says to "Baron Cemetery: "How many, Baron, how many? Christians believe in Jesus. Do not." Let us that I call or await. Saying people need you! Then he sings a song to Baron Cemetery. Baron becomes incarnate in the how-caj or in a person, sometimes he speaks the word. It is Baron Cemetery, that one who is able to deliver a dead man from his tomb. Without this formality, one could not leave the cemetery with the souls one had murdered.

One offers Baron Cemetery a black goat or a black chicken which is prepared and placed on the roots of the tree. At the moment of invocation, the hour’s sound in Claribel on the roots of the tree.
The deceased first and second are great days of allusion to these spirits. The deceased and the Membrone go to the cemetery on the night of the dead to beg the intercession for All Saints day which follows. The cemetery is along with lighted candles for this important celebration. It must have been a joyful thing to the Africans nearby arrived in Saint Domingue to find their worship of the dead confirmed in the two years All Saints Day. But the services to Baron Samedi or Christ which is more than just an expansion of Halloween is the Christian Church has hardly given the cult an original feasts day. The next day it has come out of Africa with some way the majority of the Voodoo cults and services.

**Ceremony of the Tete d’lo**

In Haiti spirit inhabit the heads of streams known as sources, the Cascades, and the quottes. Sometimes the spot has a master or mistress and sometimes it has both. The heads most commonly found in possession of a woman or mistress are Papa Bois, Cimby Apaia, Papa Soby, Papa Pierre, and the white woman Mademoiselle Charlotte. Spirit can also be seen all the sources, Cascades and Quottes, but certain places in Haiti are called by spirits who are known to reside there by everyone in the country. For instance, the Quotte at Baraque is inhabited by Madame Ancacou. Papa Soby rules the Quotte at Tangua and Cimby Apaia via dance-rum.

The Ceremony Tete d’lo (Head of the Water) is a thing to induce the belief in gods and spirits. It is held on a night when the moon is shining full and white and in Haiti the moonlight is a white that the tunic (black zones) never could believe possible. Because cold climate appear to many at the moonlight the home is made on ten o'clock. That is, the ceremony does not begin until that hour. After that time the adoptees of the invited guests begin to arrive at the source. There is a large white table cloth sometimes two. Dishes and silver sufficient to serve all of the company is provided.

The ceremony opens the ceremony by invoking the Master of the Sources; always be salute first the superior spirits. He invites The Master Of All Things, the Head, Mary, Joseph, and John the Baptist. He invites the One Making the Creator, the Father having the Body. The Created are present with the prayers. Then the honoun uses the source, the Cascade or the Quotte. When the Cave might be with flowers, llamas three to thirteen eggs in the source or Cascade. The turns himself towards the four cardinal point. Every time he is taking in his hands the sealed bottles of fine wines, he offers them with an air of Majesty to the spirits offering them. The bottles are dropped some from each on the ground all around the source. The different wines are poured separately and in turns. At this moment, making the donation, the honoun approaches the source, shuffles three times around the Rada drum and the reverence falls upon the moonlit water and the towering rocks situated in cascade. He stills three other notes from the Rada drums which sit on humbly and the rhythm to the beats in Pursuit of the other music filling over the hills, a gun is fired as all of the danseurs turn themselves towards the source and remain this with the head down. While the honoun intones the Lithuanian song.
"Maitre, Maître. Se plaignez de protection
ou pour nous, de qui peut nous protéger
Maître de la souffrance et qu'offrirons-nous de protection"
("Master, African Master of Guinea, we ask your protection.
The water which is able to heal mortals, we ask protection for
all of his children.")

At this expression, the crowd responds, then the horns are sounded, and the clansmen present to prepare a plate for the Spirit who protects the people. They immediately spread the table cloths beside the audio and the plate for all, but they are careful to reserve a particular plate for the God of godlessness. This plate that the horns carry themselves to the sound, for anyone touches anything to eat, is thrown into the water with all that it contains. It must contain a piece of everything served at the feast for the main course, a piece for each of the clans for the drink, only after this is done may the people and the guests approach the table to eat. One is plenty to eat and to drink!

Food is served with chicken, beef, goat, and pork, plus a dish of different kinds of beans and several kinds of salad. To add to this is Champagne, red wine, white wine, beer, champagne, and various liquors. Nearly always, the spirit becomes embalmed in the horns and this takes part in all of the eating and drinking. There is music and happiness, the feast usually continues until three or four o'clock.

This ceremony is a lovely and impressive affair when conducted by a member of the upper classes. Since the ceremony is regular, it does in beauty and purpose when it is celebrated by people too poor to make the proper provisions. Many wealthy people,
gods rarely accessible to their families, are that the feast is offered on the banks of family or organize the service if not too many outsiders are asked. In this case, the ceremony is so beautiful in setting and spirit that it is necessary to participate.

The most famous waterfalls in all Haiti is at Saint-Domingue, a-mile north of the capital, near the town of Gourna. Many year, people make a pilgrimage from all over the country to this beautiful waterfall, which translates into "clear water". Up to 1933, there were two distinct steps of the falls, but since the flood in Haiti, all that men might see and worship.

In 1933—5, Emma Williams, wife of Dr. Leonard Williams of Brooklyn, Haiti, held a festival of miracles. Hermann Park had offered to drive us in his
plenty of food and things to drink. We bottled along the rivers, road and

...
Villa Bonheur.

We got to Villa Bonheur after dark and found a great number of little boys sitting around, talking and laughing. A few people were walking about, too, but most of them were sitting on the benches around the house. We were all very tired, but very happy. We found a room with the doors closed, where we could rest. We let the women spread the bed and the children the blankets that were there and we sat on the beautiful furniture and talked about the beauty of the scenery and the breeze that we were enjoying.

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The little girls were playing in the yard and the little boys were running around and shouting. The women were busy cooking and washing the dishes. We were all very happy to be there and we felt very at home. We had a good time and we all went to bed early.
We bathed, ate, and wandered through the ruins of buildings. We encountered a few remaining structures and tried to enjoy the remains of the city. The area was surrounded by a few scattered houses, and we followed the path that led to the ruins of the church. We found ourselves standing in a stone enclosure where the church once stood. The side of the path was bordered by stones, and we found ourselves surrounded by an eerie silence.

We continued along the path and arrived at the ruins of the church. The remnants were still evident, and we could see where the church had once stood. We explored the ruins and found ourselves standing in the middle of the once-grand structure.

The weather was warm, and we enjoyed the tranquility of the ruins. We sat on the stone steps and looked out over the city, imagining what it must have been like when the church was in full use.

As we continued our exploration, we came across a group of people who were also there to see the ruins. They were talking about the history of the church and discussing its significance. It was a peaceful moment, and we felt lucky to be able to experience this part of the city.

The sun began to set, and we decided it was time to leave. We walked back through the ruins and said goodbye to the church. It was a beautiful day, and we were grateful for the opportunity to have seen such a historic site.
He prayed that the oak tree should be cut down, but he had no one who would chop it. Finally, he became so messengered by the children of the people for the tree that he stayed a hatchet and went to the tree to cut it down himself. But the logic below the week against him and cut it down; the hatchet to the tree and the tree to the wind. The children of the people were surprised to see the tree fell. The tree was destroyed by the wind, and a church built on the spot. It is said that the people dug in the church and dug in the church. The church was destroyed by lightning. This is the story of the Virgin of Ville-Bonheur.

The Cascales at Saint d'Eau attract as many people as the potato fields. From Ville-Bonheur, they present, with the church, the bell, the church, and the church. It is said that the church of the Pope of the church in the church and in the church. The church was destroyed by lightning. This is the story of the Virgin of Ville-Bonheur.
The Kingdom of Aguer-Ta-Rojo and all things for myself. There was a fly in the ointment that day. The local priest...
Perhaps the priest has some good reason for attempting to break up this annual celebration at the waterfalls. I only heard that the Church does not approve and so it must be stopped if possible.
the board and prepared to wet them. The service went with prayers
and the whole assembly chanting the psalms. Hymns, the Lord's Prayer, the Consecration,
to Father God, to Jesus Christ, and to the Holy Ghost. The song songs
to Jesus Christ, to Jesus Christ, to Jesus Christ. Then everybody assembled
upon the couch of scenes to wait for the goods to be served. The goods were
served and it was very agreeable to be on the fresh level leaves surrounded
by light.

When the word came that the goods were ready, the howl gave
shriek. From all around the couch. Then he went into the house of the food
and carried it to him and he offered some to the lord. The canadine
was served and encircled by canadies. Then everybody assembled
upon the couch of scenes to wait for the goods to be served. The goods were
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by light.
God and the Pintails

With all of their ineptitude for certain concepts that the
Anglo-Saxons hold sacred, the Haitian people have a tremendous
talents for putting themselves forward. They are dressed in Khaki
and lined up with charm. They are like the Pintails of God that
Dr. Rice told me about. That is a Haitian folk-tale that somebody
told him. A Pintail is a guineau-fowl.

God planted a nice field one year. It was a nice field that
was equal to his attention and circumspection. It began to ripple and
began to look forward to the day of ripening.

One day a message came to God saying, "God, the Pintails are
eating up all of your rice. If you don't do something about it, there
won't be any rice to reap."

So God called the Angel Michael and told him. "Here, Michael,
you take this gun and go down to my nice fields and kill those
Pintails. They are eating up all of my nice rice and I did not plant rice
for them. Go and shoot enough of them to scare off the rest. I want
to have a good crop this year."

The Angel Michael took the gun and went on down to God's
nice fields to shoot the Pintails as he had been told. When he
was almost thru the Pintails saw him coming with God's gun
and they all flew up into a huge Minnow tree and began to
to the tree and pointed the shot gun at the great Mass of Pintails
and the Pintails were so compelling that the forget to shoot the trigger,
clapping. Then he went to dancing and finally he lied the gun down
and dance until he was exhausted. Then he took up the gun and
danced. They were so happy and they made too beautiful a dance song
what God sent him to do, Michael put the gun down and went away.

God called Gabriel and said, "Gabriel, I don't aim to have all
of my rice eaten up by those Pintails. You take this gun and go
down there and shoot them. Go otherwise drive them away from
my nice fields. I sent Michael at the house and a thing. How you go
and hurp up. I want some rice this year!"

So Gabriel took the gun and went on down to God's rice
field to shoot the Pintails. But they saw him coming to
flew up into the Mingbow tree and began to clap wings and sing for a whole day. When he saw the sun going down he remembered why he had been sent and the god so ashamed of himself that he couldn't bear to face God. So he met Peter and handed him the gun and said, "Please take God this gun for me. I am ashamed to go back."

Peter took the gun and told God what Gabriel had said. So God sent Peter and told him, "You go and kill those Pintarids! I do not plant rice for Pintarids and don't intend to have my crop all ruined by them, either. So go and kill them out." Peter took the gun and went down in a hurry to do God's will. But he got all charmed by the song of the dance and when he went back with the gun he was too ashamed to talk.

So God took the gun and went down to these nice fields himself. The Pintarids saw him coming and left the rice and flew up into the tree again. They saw it was God himself, so they sung a new song and put on a double rhythm and then the doubling it again. God aimed the gun but before the arrow hit he was dancing and because of the song, he didn't care whether it was aimed right or not. So he said, "I can't kill these Pintarids, they are too happy and joyful to be killed. But I do want my rice fields so I know what I will do. There is the world that I have made and so for it to sad and nobody is happy there and nothing goes right, I'll send these Pintarids down there to take music and laughter so the world can forget its troubles!"

And that is what he did. He called Shumao, the god of thunder, and lightning and he made a shaft of lightning and the Pintarids slid down it and landed in sunshine. So that is why music and dancing came from sunshine. Because God said, it just first.
Graveyard Dirt and Other Poisons, 1831

They take dirt from a graveyard to maim and kill. And the principle behind this practice is more sinister than the bare fact shows. It is hardly probable that more than one person of the people who dig into an old grave to set a handful of dirt to destroy an enemy or the enemy’s client, know what they do. To most of them it is an superstition connected in their minds with the idea of ghosts and the belief in their power to harm. But soul is deep in an old grave.

The idea of some of witch doctors going to a cemetery at death's bright to dig arm's length deep in a grave for dirt with which to harm and kill does seem ridiculous. You must wait a moment before you laugh too hard at this old hoodoo man or woman of magic. Listen to some men of science on the same subject.

Sir Spencer Wells ("The Disposal of the Dead") "There found germs of scarlet fever in the soil surrounding a grave after thirty years."

Dr. Domingo Forcino, of Río de Janeiro. At each corpse is the fever. Millions of germs specific to ill, imagine what a cemetery must be in which new foes are forming around each. More than twenty years after the death of a body, I have found infectious diseases.

Professor. "What outlooks are opened to the mind in regards to the possible influence of soil with the etiology of disease and the probable danger of the earth of cemeteries!"

So it appears that instead of being a harmless superstition of the ignorant, the African Men of Magic found out the deadly qualities of graveyard dirt. In some way they also..."
I know that the earth surrounding a corpse that has had suffi-

cient time to decompose is impregnated with deadly poison at

different ages. Before the idea gained ground in the civilized

world of West Africa, that is a mode that in the earliest

time was employed to smear the mouths of persons and after

western world,

Naturally, in this day and age, there is no longer a

demand for such a practice. However, who knows whether the

actual causes were found? What is known for sure is that the

causes of death are very different in the West and in the

East. In the West, deaths are often caused by diseases that

don't exist in the East. In the East, on the other hand, death

is usually caused by natural causes. But even in Western

society, there are cases where the cause of death is

unknown. In such cases, forensic medicine comes into

play. Forensic medicine is the study of the causes of death,

and it involves the examination of the body to determine

the cause of death. In the past, the concept of forensic

medicine was not as developed as it is today. However, with

the advancement of technology, forensic medicine has

become more sophisticated, and it is now possible to

determine the cause of death even in cases where the

cause is unknown. For example, the case of the death of

the famous African leader, whose body was found in the

fields, is an example of the importance of forensic

medicine. By examining the body, the forensic

medicine experts were able to determine the cause of death.

In conclusion, forensic medicine is an important field

that plays a crucial role in determining the cause of death.

It is a field that requires specialized knowledge and

technology, and it is essential for the proper functioning of

the justice system.
walked about possessing the head of a leopard? He said that he had made his medicine and killed people with it. It was true, when he was brought away, he explained, he was only a thing, as he was used to keep the head of a leopard. Some people I knew that he was a wicked man who wanted to do it. A Wised Chief of Justice of Johrson & Schuyler and me one that it was certain that he could not sell me the heads of all leopards killed in their territory. One, of the leasers. Duke is a friend from hotel. To keep the head of a leopard, and when the head was brought to the World, the hunter was allowed to keep the leopard's which would be sentenced and not. One must be warming the body, then he intends to kill someone with it and so he dies, and here already he cannot be without having the head at once. Not a quiet, violent death, but very sure. How and why, I asked.

Now there are no leopards in Jamaica or Haiti. But in both places when I asked about poisons, I was told about and you wish to kill and then stomach and intestines with I have been fortunate in this, like so many others and this will not hurt. Write to the butcher, the butcher.

There is a tradition of this in Jamaica also. This is written. He cut the meat from the bone and then the skin from the bone and then the skin with the bone. Then the meat was cut with the bone.
Drake also told me of the poison to be found in the auditory bell of the black python and the gall bladder of a crocodile. In Jamaica I heard of the poisonous qualities of the gall bladder of the alligator. Dried and powdered lizards in Africa and powdered lizards in Jamaica, Haiti, and Florida, and all numerous vegetable poisons that had been worked up and used in the Western World. And the fact that is marvellous is that some of them have been which again points the inclination of the sages.

There is no way of knowing how many other plants are used as poisons, but the following are some which are known to have been used:

1. Nightshade (Jamaican)  
   Antidote: Biscuit (Coca nut)
2. Red Herb
3. Bitter Cassawa
4. Dumb Lane (The juice from this plant attacks the throat and stops the vocal cords so that the victim cannot speak. A flood of saliva pours from the mouth and drowns the lower part of the face. Terrible skin eruptions occur wherever this poisonous saliva has touched.)
5. Rose Apple root is black and very poisonous.

Animal derivatives

1. Horse Hair
2. Dead Gall bladder (a poisonous lizard)
3. Maboucure (Haitian lizard)
4. Spider venom and insects
5. The quills from a porcupine after bruising a horse.
1. Kosumlo, who was a Tarrico, a country "three-stone" from the Abornak, capital city of Dahomey, Chief Justice Johnson & Gibbons and Duke from the Gold Coast all reporting the same practice in their separate areas. And these areas are all inside the territory from which the greater part of the slaves were drawn for service in the American. Shaped whistles not being available, these adopted in the practice of moldingigs by their locals. Looked about for a substitute and found the coarse, stiff hairs of the horse's tail.

2. Cut the fist, outside. The powders is mixed with water and the male

numbers and the victim thrown by shaken in the mixture and allowed

to dry without rinsing.

\[
\begin{array}{c}
12 \\
36 \\
12 \\
56 \\
90 \\
284 \\
387 \\
723 \\
\end{array}
\]
Colored—

Carded and spun; the fiber is soaked in the solution for an hour. The
preparation is dried and then dried without mining it is absorbed through the skin
the wearer perspires and produces a dangerous smelling.

3. Assassin—In defending Haiti from the charge of poisoning by arsenic

Dr. Ralph Searcy estimated that the poison was done in Haiti
in 1844. He says that during the last days of slavery that a
quantity of arsenic was stolen by the slaves from some plantation
owners and was later parcelled out. That was around 1843 and it
is hardly probable that the original supply was last until the present
day. However, this is a variant of the same story. It is probable that the
original supply was last until the present day. However, there is no
systematic evidence of poisonings by poisons being used. The
arsenic was bought in Santo Domingo for the purpose. The con-

sideration set was bought outside of Haiti. It was bought outside of Haiti. It was

shipped to the purchaser. Nevertheless, it had become evident in
the name of a legislator who knew nothing of the matter. Names were
discussed in the political life of Haiti were mentioned in connection with
this attempt upon the life of the President. But the affair came

quietly. Eighteen grains of the poison purchased were still unac-

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counted for. A grocery store on the Champ de Mars failed because
it was rumored that a member of the family which owned the busi-

ness had actually possessed, in access to the knowing eight

grains of arsenic. No one that the family traded at that time if

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goes without saying that few would be concerned. But much about this

particular few grains of arsenic quantities of the same thing were

known to be done in Haiti already. There is a poison which the

Haitians use to treat the wounds of their machetes before battle.

The subject of poisonings and poisonings in the whole area of the Carib-

bean is too important to omit altogether, though a thorough study of
the matter would require years. It has such an infinite

back ground and an infinite future. There are the various reasons for
poisoning and the accompanying devastation. There is the security of

and the ease of gaining the weapon that exists in all countries. In addition
to death by poisoning in Haiti there is the necessity of poisoning the

Société de Rue (Red-eyed society, another name for the Saut Rouge)