

General Alexander Petion, Haiti's "Blood-hating" Leader

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more politic to have one of them leader, took an inferior position.

In this, the final struggle, Petion again distinguished himself. He defeated the French general, Keerverseau, on the plains of Mirebalais, then going to the rescue of two other generals who had been beaten he gathered the debris of their forces, and laid siege to Port au Prince which he captured after a brilliant assault. This was the crowning defeat of the French.

Possessed Greatest Courage

Like Toussaint, Christophe, and Dessalines, Petion set at all times an example of the highest courage. Once while playing a game of draughts (checkers) a loaded shell fell through the roof of the house he was in. All dashed precipitately out, save Petion, who stopped to pick up the "men" his opponent had thrown away.

With the French driven from the island, Dessalines was named president. Petion, whose military genius had played the leading part, effaced himself for the black chief.

But Dessalines who was a tyrant of the most odious sort, established an absolute monarchy. He ordered a massacre of all the white people on the island, and followed that by a massacre of the mulattoes and their black friends.

He monopolized the wealth of his country for the benefit of himself, his favorites, and his mistresses, and reared on the foundations of the liberty he had helped so ably to establish an abominable tyranny. Finally he was shot dead on the parade field by his own men.

Two figures now loomed for the presidency: Petion, who had reared the standard of liberty against Dessalines; and Christophe, leader of the blacks, a man, valiant and firm, distinguished in bearing, but brutal and illiterate. Again Petion effaced himself and Christophe was chosen.

But Christophe, not content with limited power, wished to be absolute master. He founded a dictatorship and finally set up a monarchy at the other end of the island, with himself as king.

Petion was now named president in



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another part of the island, and Christophe's people tired of his tyranny, began to desert him. Christophe had instituted a system of labor little short of slavery, and was squandering an enormous amount of money.

Thirteen Years of Bloodshed

In the meantime, war was going on between Christophe and Petion with one or the other now in the ascendancy. Finally Petion defeated Christophe in two battles, in one of which the cream of Christophe's army deserted to Petion before the battle. Retiring to his end of the island, Christophe disturbed Petion no more, and finally killed himself.

But Petion's troubles were not over. Rigaud, the old mulatto leader, a cruel and unscrupulous man, returned from exile. Petion, to preserve the peace, made him his second in command, but Rigaud disdaining service under his former subordinate, revolted. His death, a year later, left Petion in peace.

Petion now devoted his energies to the rebuilding of the nation which had been ruined by thirteen years of bloodshed of the most terrible sort. He founded a government on the liberties of all the people, regardless of color; he placed his army on a respectable footing; encouraged agriculture; established schools; paid off the public debts; filled the treasury; restored the foreign trade; protected the whites; and improved, by his diplomacy, the relations between mulattoes and blacks.

With his wise administration he ushered in the Golden Age of Haiti which lasted for twenty years after his death—the only considerable period of real peace the republic has had before or since.

In Petion there breathed the spirit of perfect liberty and justice for all men. When the great South American patriot, Bolivar, was refused asylum in every country, Petion welcomed him and gave him men and money, twice. In a letter, dated February 8, 1916, Bolivar, victorious, speaks of Petion as "being in fact the author of our liberty." But it was Petion's advice to Bolivar that is most significant. Petion, recalling how liberated America had retained her slaves, advised Bolivar that his first move should be the freeing of the slaves of his native land, for said he: "How can you free a country if you don't free all the people in it?"

Would Not Take Medicine

In 1815, Petion was named president for life by a grateful country. But he was not to enjoy the honor long. Three years later, stricken with fever, he died at the age of 48.

In his illness he refused all medicine and nourishment, deliberately choosing to die, it is said, thoroughly disillusioned with life, and sickened by the general selfishness of those about him. Most of all was he tired of that greatest bane of Haiti, the rivalry between mulattoes and blacks, which was always being used by designing leaders.

Petion had striven unceasingly to heal this wound, even to the extent of discouraging the use of the words, Negro and mulatto. In this respect he was a greater patriot than Toussaint. All the black leaders had tried hard, too, but had eventually lost patience.

Dessalines, after the defeat of the French had ripped the white out of the French Haitian flag, leaving the red and the blue to represent the black and the mulatto, but later he inserted black and placed it vertically to mark the supremacy of the blacks. Petion took out the black and replaced the red and blue, horizontally, to denote the equality of both groups, and so the flag remains to this day.

At times, Petion did appear weak but it was his horror of violence and bloodshed that made him so. For instance, when France, free at last by the caging of Napoleon, sent out delegates to demand the submission of the island, Petion received them courteously and offered an indemnity, but Christophe had them shot.

Petion is frequently referred to as "the George Washington" of Haiti. But for the fact that Toussaint's earlier opportunities were far inferior to his, he, and not Toussaint, would have been Haiti's greatest citizen.

In bearing, Petion was reserved and carried himself like one who feels he is born to a great destiny.

THE END.

Satan's Henchman

By ART NAYLOR—Widely-Known Author

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silence, but finally got a chance to scrutinize the man Theo had mentioned. "Theo, that guy hangs out with a bunch around Foo Chang's 'Paradise' cabaret. Say, as soon as we finish, let's take a walk over there and see if this fellow shows up there after we duck him."

And it proved out as Harry had predicted. Out a side entrance, through devious passages and alleys, then by taxi, the two friends reached their destination, minus Theo's shadow. At Foo Chang's place the night's activities were just getting into full swing. They secured a table in a secluded corner where they could view the dancers and diners, at the same time easily observing all arrivals.

The "Paradise" was a gaudily decorated affair, noted for its black and tan policy. In the check rooms neatly uniformed Negro girls were in attendance. The tables surrounding the roped-off dancing arena were served by obsequious Chinese waiters. A Negro jazz band was enthroned upon the dias from which they poured forth their blatant melodies to the delight of a huge crowd of pleasure seekers of mixed races.

"Well, your big moment from shadowland very evidently got lost in the shuffle," laughed Harry, "but I'll bet you he shows up here before long. Boy, what this place holds, would open Uncle Sam's eyes. Some of the worst crooks in the country hang out here, and I understand that in connection with this joint there is a network of inconceivable accommodations. Every known drug and liquor can be had if you possess the

secret passwords. Underground passages, hide-outs, and rooms that are scream proof."

"The wiley old Foo Chang must pay a huge sum for the protection he enjoys," remarked Theo. "I, too, have heard that there are party girls here for hire, of every nationality on the face of the globe."

A "Slap in the Face"

"The half has never been told, but one of these days, old man, the truth will come to light."

"Look! Over there at that table by the second post," Theo exclaimed. "There's that man, Terry, Bolton's friend" and—believe it or not, Harry—the man sitting next to him is the bandit we caught yesterday. Now, how do you suppose he got out so soon, and who is behind him? The plot seems to grow decidedly thicker."

"Yes, and now it's your turn to look. Right there in the door, see, there's your big shadow, and he's going straight to Terry's table. I'll bet. Watch him. Didn't I tell you so?"

But Theodore Ashton and his chum were not through with surprises, for at that instant J. Francis Bolton, with the magnificent Clarice Oliver on his arm, were ushered to a reserved table close by. Both Clarice and Bolton recognized Theo and Harry as they were seated. Clarice's face flushed as she bowed a greeting, but the face of her escort clouded unpleasantly, and he appeared to be somewhat under the influence of liquor.

"Well, can you beat that?" muttered Harry.

"There's trouble brewing, Harry."

and it isn't very far away," Theo predicted.

(To be continued)



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