AS OLD AS THE MOON

FLORENCE J. STODDARD

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THE MOON MAIDEN VENTURING FORTH FROM THE GROTTO

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Cuban Legends: Folklore of the Antillas

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TO THE MEMORY

OF THOSE BEINGS AND FORCES

THAT FIRST LED MY MIND

FROM THE SAVAGERY OF INFANCY TOWARD

THE CIVILIZATION OF EDUCATION AND

THE DELIGHTS OF SYMPATHY,

THESE TALES OF PRIMITIVE

PEOPLE ARE REVERENTLY

DEDICATED

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FOREWORD

THIS book is offered without apologies. What is sometimes said of the presumption of adding to the number of published works and of inviting a public, already surfeited with every sort of literature, to read something more, does not seem to be reasonable in view of the fact that there is a constant demand for something new to read, something newly published, if not new in thought. Therefore, in offering something to read each author, however humble his work, can claim to be serving the public, if what is offered is at all new.

In the stories that make up this volume, I have the honour to present something new in that they have never before been set forth in collected form. The myths of the Antillas and Lucayas are to be found only in fragmentary hints or casual

allusions running through overlying narratives of the conquerors' adventurers. Only when search for them is made persistently does a sentence here, a phrase there, the baldest statement somewhere — the only "brief mention" in the otherwise wordy accounts given by the early Spanish writers — reveal even the germ of a legend. These fragments I have had to piece together bit by bit, feeling for what was unsaid to complete what was given for a consistent whole.

Since these myths have not before been separated from historic chronicles or supplied with a key to their probable origin and order, they have had no attention and no individual place. It is in giving them such place now that this book may claim to be new. The stories are as nuggets that still have much ore clinging to them, but should be placed in settings for safeguarding. The settings, and whatever burnishing they may have acquired

in handling, have been made to suit as nearly with the eras to which the tales belong as is consistent with offering them to present-day tastes. Those stories that are of provable historic foundation, have been made to follow known conditions. The whole collection will, I hope, be considered with something of that sympathy for the subject that has gone to its preparation.

FLORENCE JACKSON STODDARD.

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PREFACE

It is because the most important island of the Antillas has become one of the countries to reckon with individually, that attention to Cuba should include not only knowledge of her commercial significance, but of her origin and mental growth. The early legends of a people are admitted to be a keynote to a comprehension of their development, consequently of their character. No one disputes the fact that trade is the means, as it is the necessity, of bringing people together, or that the exchange of business relations naturally compels intercourse between different nations, but perhaps few realize that commercial motives for intercourse between governments can be aided by understanding the national characteristics of the associates, or that the simple tales of the beginnings of a

people's literature will assist that understanding materially.

The fast changing conditions in the islands of the West Indies causes the ethnologist and historian, and should cause the financial investor also, to feel that no time is to be lost in gathering and preserving everything that will forward an understanding of the people of those islands and their developments up to the era when statistical report may take the place, authoritatively, of less definite but perhaps quite as real information. For, as the near future places these regions among the more advanced lands, the spirit of commercial competition will dim the traces of the earlier life and the world will lose the link that could unite, consistently, the unprovable statements regarding the ancient existence with the more definite history of their modern condition, unless that link can be secured before it is too late. If not, the people

will be more incomprehensible than they might have been; dealing with them will be more difficult than it need have been, and literature will not gain as it would have gained, that which is truly American in primitive thought.

I am convinced that one of the greatest causes for disagreement between the Latin-Americans and the Anglo-Saxon -Americans is the lack of desire both races have shown in finding any fundamental reason for a union of interests. The present century begins to show a possible reason through improved commercial relations. But an intellectual *rapprochement* would promote more cordial trade connections in direct proportion as it would enrich the literature of both races. Ignorance on our part of the beginnings of literature in the Spanish colonies has brought about much of the misunderstanding of sectional influences, and the islanders themselves have not given this point the attention it should receive.

The legends and tales here presented aim to show the mental condition found in the Antillas, by the conquerors, and the growth of thought and fancy since then as evidenced in the folk-lore. The later tales are historic or have foundation in real events. Those that show the Indian beliefs at the time of the discovery, were gathered as the Foreword has explained. These myths differ from most other legends or fables in that they have no background against which to be placed; they have no aid from preserved historic association, no ancestry, no established romance motive. In the island of Cuba the Indians whom the Spaniards found there could not, Herrera thought, have been occupants of the land for more than three centuries. They were in a state which showed the combined influence of barbarous, savage, and uncivilized life. Their legends and superstitions concerned only material things or forces directed to objects that might

be sensed. No abstract qualities received their attention, a proof that they had not reached a really reflecting state — or else were misinterpreted.

It is noteworthy that what we know of these races, gathered as it is from the writings of the conquerors' scribes, rarely touches the mental attitude of the Indian concerning things spiritual. No psychic or moral motives such as North American Indians showed appear. I believe that the reason for this can be traced in the temper of the Spaniards toward the savages. They were bent wholly upon plunder, and felt no interest in the red men beyond their possessions that could become booty. But the colonists who peopled the northern country, going as they did to seek "freedom to worship God," regarded the savages as beings whose thoughts, aims, ideals and beliefs it was worth while to learn. The tribes of the Lucayas and Antillas had, doubtless, as fine fancies as

their northern relatives, or as the Peruvians and Aztecs. They were of finer race than the Caribs of Boriquen (now Porto Rico) and were allied to the Aruacos of South America. They were gentle and pacific, their dispositions undoubtedly being one of the chief causes of their speedy extermination by the conquerors. Within fifty years after the discovery there were practically no Indians in the Greater Antillas. Their legends, therefore, are the least tinged with European influence of any found in America, and belong to the most remote epoch from which the Western Hemisphere can give its own contribution to literary thought.

In Cuba the folklore ceases to be Indian after the introduction of African slaves. It then takes a trend similar to the Negro literature of our own section of the continent. The Hampa-Afro-Cubana are mere superstitions of a low order held by Negroes of no education and of slight mental

development. They should not be taken as illustrative of fancies held by the aborigines of the island nor as ideas of European settlers who now make up the Cuban people. Almost pure African beliefs maintain among certain of the Negro population and in this respect entirely separate the holders of such from the whites. But many of the tales of the early slave times are well worth preserving and in their order, as showing the direction fancy took, are valuable. Following these come the real Cuban legends connected with religious faiths and historic events mixed with fanciful and superstitious ideas that have significance as political entity grows. The most stirring of these relate to the times of the buccaneers and to the periods of heroic struggle for national independence. The independence is won at last — the greatest of the Greater Antillas is free. In taking a place among nations, Cuba's contribution to literature is one of the

most precious things she offers to the world, and may these tales of the primitive thought and growth of fancy in the island be to her, and for her, further help to understanding herself and being understood by others.

INTRODUCTION TO STUDENTS

LEGENDS, myths, folk-stories show us how human beings began to think. In every country the first inhabitants have been savages. People are savage or barbarous until they have begun to think and reason and to act from both reason and thought. The acts of brutes are guided by what is called instinct, which is so like to certain forms of reasoning that animal lovers sometimes claim that brutes think, even if they do not do so in the way man reflects. But brutes have never advanced beyond the ability to act by instinct; they have never learned really to think. Man has advanced because he has thought.

While man was still no more able to think than other animals did, he guided his acts by instinct as brutes guide theirs. But when he had learned to put reason and

thought together, he became a human being, he stood upright on his two feet. In the beginning man had walked on all fours as most brutes do still; but like some creatures such as the raccoon and monkey, he used his forefeet in a way different from that in which he used his hind feet. Gradually he trusted his weight to his hind feet and kept his forefeet, now become his hands, for other purposes. Still, all this time, he undoubtedly acted from instinct and had not thought.

But when he had been walking and sitting upright long enough for his brain to perform its proper work, his reasoning and thinking powers grew. Then it was that man began to speak, to talk, not as brutes do in growls, or chatterings — that much he had done, also, while he went on all fours; now he used words. He commenced as a baby does, with just a few words and no verbs, so that he could not make sentences. But, by and by his reasoning powers growing

all the time and guiding him in finding a better way to tell his thoughts, he put in verbs. From that time on he learned to talk better and better, for he was always thinking more and more deeply.

Before he could reason well, man wondered very much about everything he saw, and he was exceedingly afraid of unknown things. The savage man is more fearful than the brute for, in gaining his reason, he has lost the animal instinct that knows, without reasoning, what is harmful and what is not. It was this fear that caused man to become superstitious, full of fancies that he was not yet wise enough to reason out entirely. Man was in this state when he began to tell his fancies which have become the stories we call myths or legends. Such stories are not true, probably — that is, the thing told of may not have happened; yet the stories are true in another sense, for they are really the tales and the beliefs that were held by the men who first had these

fancies. In every land savages began to make their own records in this way, by telling wonder-stories which were sometimes combinations of fancy and fact and sometimes wholly imaginary ideas. These were repeated over and over, handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter, until they were known to the whole tribe. In nearly every land the wonder-stories are similar; they grew out of the same causes and they make people akin the world over.

When we understand that all people of every race, white, black, red, and yellow, sprang from savages who were, before they advanced even to that state, only unthinking animals, we see how weak and silly it is to be boastful or proud of being born in civilized times and countries, as though it were our effort that brought this about. It is only our good fortune that we were born after our race had ceased to be savages.

Columbus, when he discovered America, found, as is known, red men, in a savage

state still, inhabitating the country. They had reached, however, the story-telling stage; they had legends and myths. Many of the myths of the North American Indians are told by the poet Longfellow in the story of Hiawatha. The legends in this book are those that were told by the Indians who lived in the first lands visited by Columbus, the Islands of the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico. The Discoverer commanded Brother Ramon, a friar who was in his company of explorers, to write down all the tales he could understand from the Indian's telling after the language of the savages had been learned, somewhat, by the Spaniards. These stories were mentioned by the son of Columbus, Fernando, in the memoirs he wrote of the life of his father and so preserved. A copy of Fernando's book is in the Astor Library, New York, where students may go and see it if they please. It is one of the most valuable and rare books known. But all the stories in this

little volume will not be found in Fernando Colon's work, for neither Brother Ramon nor he collected all the myths of the islands. A long search would have to be made in many books to find the germs of every story as here told.

The island savages believed, as other Indian tribes did, and Asiatic and African races have, that the sun was the god of all things, and they worshipped him, calling themselves children of the sun. The savage found that his comfort and happiness depended upon the sun; it ripened his harvests; it gave him light and warmth, so he adored it. But he believed in lesser gods and also in evil spirits by which he fancied those things were sent that made him uncomfortable and unhappy. As his ability to talk grew, he made stories of all these imaginary beings and passed them on to his descendants as other savage people have done. So through the Conqueror they come to us.

And besides these, this book gives some of the stories of the Conquerors themselves, in the islands that are called the Antillas and the Lucayas. They lie between North and South America and are included in what is commonly known as the West Indies. As these islands are becoming more and more important, we need to know all we can about them.

I

MYTHS OF SAVAGE PERIOD, PRIOR TO CONQUEST

(PROBABLY FROM TENTH CENTURY)

WHEN THE EARTH WAS A CHILD

LONG ago, before there were any white people in the great country that we call America, little Indian children used to ask the older people the same questions that our little boys and girls put to their elders to-day. They would watch the arrow makers string their bows and say, "Why do you do that?" though they knew quite well that the bows were to carry the arrows that would kill birds and animals for food, or defend the tribe from enemies. They would ask other questions, though, whose answers they did not know. "What is the earth?" they would say, and when the old people answered, "It is this land you live upon," they would question again, saying, "Where did it come from?" When they were told that the good Genie sent it from the clouds, which was what

the Indians believed, they would ask all about the good Genie, where he lived, what was his name, what he could do, if he was kind or stern. And in that Long Ago, just as in this pleasant Now-a-Days, the wise elder people would gather the children about them and teach them what they should know about the earth, the great spirit, where all the men of the tribes came from, what the priests, whom they called Behiques, commanded and many things besides. And what they told the children was so curious and interesting that, although it is only fable and legend to us, it is worth knowing. This is what those ancient Indian teachers used to tell of the Tainos.

Once upon a time the Earth was not old as she is now. But, although she was young, she was not so beautiful as she is to-day for she was like a very little child that wrinkles up its face until it seems to have neither eyes, nor nose, but only an enormous

mouth. By and by the Earth learned to open her eyes and to use her mouth to smile and to speak, as well as to eat with; then she became more lovely.

This Earth had come, in a great cloud, from another world in the far-off sky. Everything upon the Earth was made in that other world in the clouds which was the country of the good Genie. At first the Earth had no mountains, no flowers, no birds — nothing; but the Genie sent these things presently. No one was able to see the Genie for he was very proud, and would not show himself. He was old, *so* old, for he had lived forever; there was no time when he had not been living, yonder in the World beyond the clouds, and his mother, too; but he had no father. The Dead all returned to the cloud-world and to the presence of the Genie; but sometimes they could come back to Earth, and they always liked to walk at close of day in the paths men took when they went out alone.

For this reason, lest the spirits of the Dead should visit them too often, the Tainos did not go out alone at night if they could help doing so.

The great Genie was called Yocauna-gua-Maonocon and his mother had five different names: they were: Atabuia, Mamona, Gua-cara-pita, Lulla, Guimasoa. Strange names, indeed, and truly they were great to bear, but too many for the Earth, being so young, to remember. Therefore it was that all the tribes of the Tainos gave allegiance to their Behiques who, being priests, were able to remember and to speak these mighty names for the people.

Strong men were the priests, and wise. They consulted the Cemies to learn what the people should do, and thus the infant Earth was taught well. The Cemies told the Behiques and the Behiques told the people at what time they should plough, sow, reap, gather fruits, and make the

good drinks; also what kind of harvest they would have. There was a wonderful plant that the Behiques burned and breathed of when they needed to consult the Cemies — whose little images in stone and wood the Caciques had in their houses. The plant had long, silky leaves, and was a most beautiful green while growing, but when it was dried, as it had to be before it could be burned, it was brown. The Behiques called it cojiba, and they made incense of it, burning it before the Cemies' images and breathing it through a long, two-pronged tube that they called a tobacco. From the smoke that made rings and wreaths about their heads, the priests heard the Cemies speak to them telling the will of Maonocon and the happenings of the future.

But the Behiques told the people also that there was an evil spirit, Mabuya, who must be appeased. The smoke of the burning cojiba that was breathed through the

tobacco tube, enabled the priests to see the designs of Mabuya. He was the mischievous spirit of evil, and very wicked sometimes. He would pretend to speak in the voice of the good Genie, and to tell the people to drink much of the juice of the maize which would make them fancy absurd things and dream strange dreams and perform ridiculous or bad deeds. Then Mabuya would follow and laugh with glee when his ill-natured counsel had brought people to sorrow. Some of the Behiques would not burn the cojiba to him, but rolled up the leaves into long, hard little sticks, and putting one of these into the mouth they would set it to burning that the incense might pass through their nostrils and inspire them to speak the will of the good Genie; whereupon Mabuya would have to run away.

When the Earth had grown old enough to understand that the sunshine was beautiful and that it made all things on the

earth to grow and to give men pleasure, she perceived that, besides the good Genie who lived in the clouds, there was another mighty spirit to adore, and her people all became worshippers of the Sun, who had for his bride the goddess of the waves. Vagoniona was their son and the only being who could, without permission, wander in the sunlight or upon the Earth. He came to be the father of all mankind.

The Earth was still very young when she began to play with the Waters. Now the Waters were much older than she, and though they smiled often and were willing to indulge the Earth in many ways, they did not think it fitting that she should become so bold. They grew sullen, therefore, when she lifted her head too high and shook her green crown far above them, and when she began to nourish the human beings that Vagoniona allowed to come into the light — when she set up a boast

of being the Mother of Nature, though she was such a young and beautiful mother, it might seem strange anyone could do aught but love her — the jealous Waters began to lash themselves into fury.

Still the Earth was so happy and innocent of intending wrong that she only laughed at the angry Waters, and her rocks tossed them back and tumbled them about as if they had been babies in swaddling clothes. Then it was that the Waters appealed to Mabuya to allow them to punish the Earth.

Mabuya being the spirit of evil granted this request. Thus began the terrible rains, the floods that rose from the sea and fell from the sky. The smile of the young Earth was quenched; her beautiful head was laid low; she was buffeted and stripped of all her possessions, and the children she had nourished were destroyed, for over all the face of the land washed the terrible flood.

Only one of all those men who had lived upon the bosom of the Earth was saved from this great vengeance of the Waters. He being wise, the Cemies had warned and ordered to build a canoe into which to put those of his household and their flocks so that when the Waters had grown tired of being angry and again allowed the Earth to show herself above them, the people and the creatures of the great canoe were all that were in the land.

By and by the Earth forgot she had been punished and, being still young, she dared to lift her head proudly once more. And she was very fair; not until her children began to say they were old and to go bowed before affliction, and to have white hair and wrinkled faces — not until then did the Earth grow aged; she was, in those happy times, only the child of the clouds and the air, while the people were the children of Vagoniona.

THE COMING OF MEN

THE father of mankind, who was that Son of the Sun, the great Vagoniona, had the souls of people shut into great caves where they could not see the Earth nor the Sun. There they were obliged to live waiting until they should be called to earth. When they were summoned, Vagoniona would go into the cave and breathe upon those he wanted to send out into the world. The liberty of all the other beings depended upon the will of Vagoniona who was, therefore, a mighty spirit. Even when he was not in the caves none of the souls there would leave their places for the terrible Machokael guarded the entrance, never quitting it day or night, and not only preventing anyone from leaving, but holding all prisoners who came in.

Now, upon the Earth the people began to find that there were not enough inhabitants and the Behiques were implored to beg for more. It seemed that, in vain did the priests ask of Maonocon, the good Genie; he did not answer. Then the Sun was fervently prayed to. Yet, in spite of all the petitions that were made to Maonocon and to the Sun and to Vagoniona, there were still too few men in the land to till it and to defend it, and the people did not know what to do to bring more inhabitants to their country. Some of them made a pilgrimage to the caves and tried to call to the men within to come out. But the men could not hear for they were weeping aloud over the loss of their women and children; Vagoniona had taken them away! Not to send them upon the earth, though. He had been angry at something that happened in the caves, and for punishment had taken out the women and children. In vain the people

waited outside the caves and called to the men to come and help them to perform their tasks on the earth. Grim old Machokael still stood guard.

But it happened that as the people turned away in despair, one of them broke some of the branches of the trees, and some of the vines that hung over the entrance to the caves, and a ray of sunlight entered. At that, Machokael, astonished, wished to know what this beautiful thing was, and where it came from; he had never before seen light. He tried to pick up the sunbeam from the ground; but, behold, he could not grasp it, although it rested on his hand, and he could feel it warm, yet without weight. Little by little the sun-ray crept away, and when it was gone, Machokael still watched the glow it made upon the trees, and the wonder of it filled his heart with a longing he had never felt before. When the day closed in and the sky, he could now see through the broken

vines grew dark, he ventured forth from the cave. Darkness he was used to, so he dared to go toward the dark without. But he lifted his eyes and saw the countless stars in the deep blue sky; he did not know what the stars were; he thought their light was many sunbeams that had moved far away. All night he stood watching. When the dawn began to come his wonder increased. Then, suddenly, from the rosy East shot up the Sun and sent into the eyes of Machokael a glorious beam — the whole universe was illumined. But Machokael stood outside the entrance of the cave transfixed by the glory of day; turned, by the force of his amazement, into a great white stone, he stood a pillar of rock, silent and motionless, but reflecting the wonderful light and gathering and holding the living warmth of those ardent rays.

And the men within the cave had crept out to look also. When they found their guardian gone they ran joyously from the

darkness into the sunshine; they distributed themselves over the land; they started in search of the women and children who had been taken away from them; they peopled the waste places and entered into the labour of cultivating the ground, of hunting and fishing and building homes.

And because the first men of the earth were wise and lived on the flesh of young fish and on the fresh fruits of the wilds, they lived long. All time that the Earth remained young, they were good and the spirit of evil could not tarry among them. The great Genie watched over them and the tribes multiplied and throve, living in peace except for the fierce Caribs who belonged in a land far away.

THE MIRABOLANOS

WHEN the ancient Mirabolanos trees begin to mourn it is because the West Wind has started out to visit the North Wind and, having met his brother half-way, they have both turned and begun to run toward the Earth. This makes a great breeze, a pleasant breeze and the trees like it, for then, once more, they can talk to each other.

Nearly always the trees can not say anything; they are like Guaniquinaje, the dog — they are dumb. This makes them unhappy, for they were not always dumb. Once they were able to move about and to speak, not merely murmur and moan with their branches as they do now, but really talk. Once they were not trees at all but were men, although they could not, even then, wander around the world as other men may, for they lived inside the earth.

In the caves Caji and Bajagua they were shut up and there they had to wait until Vagoniona should come to breathe upon them and let them become human beings and dwell upon the earth. Vagoniona had tarried in coming and they had grown weary waiting. One day they were so tired that they cried out bitterly.

"It is so dark," they said to one another; "if only we might see something bright and beautiful, we should not mind waiting so long."

Into the caves there blew that day some stray leaves. The wind had whirled them far into the grotto. These leaves told wonderful tales; they spoke in soft whispers as they danced gaily over the ground and their stories were of the world of sunshine.

"Oh, we must see the sunshine," cried those who were to be Mirabolanos; "let us go out and look but once upon it, then we shall be content to return to the cave."

"But Machokael will not let us go," said one.

"Where is Machokael?" the rest asked, "we have not seen him to-day; perhaps for once he is asleep." So they went to look for the guardian of the cave who was fierce and stern and would never let them out because Vagoniona had forbidden them to go. He was not to be found anywhere. Then the bravest of them went out into the world; nothing stopped them for at the cave's entrance no Machokael was on guard; there was only a big white stone that glittered in the sunshine.

But Vagoniona saw them go and as he had not given them permission he was displeased. Then he spoke to the Sun and he called to the North Wind, upon which the North Wind blew hard and the cave people stopped for they saw no more sunshine. Still they would not go back to the cave; therefore Vagoniona sent different messages to the Sun and to the North Wind. The

clouds became darker and darker; presently rain began to fall, much rain, until the ground was soaked and all things that walked upon it or stood upon it sank deep into the mud. All at once the rain clouds lifted, the rain ceased, the North Wind departed and the Sun showed his face in a blaze of radiance.

The cave people had tried to move out of the mud, but it held them fast; then when the Sun came out they forgot to try, so charmed were they with the splendour of the light; they stood gazing in joy and amaze. But even as they looked, they, themselves, changed; their arms were held to their sides by some force they could not see while strong bark began to enclose their bodies. Their hair lifted and spread out into branches that took on whispering leaves. In a short time instead of men, there stood in the sunshine near the caves, some trees that had not been in that spot before and of a kind that no one knew.

The Sun withdrew his light and from the clouds that still hovered near, fell more rain; it sprinkled the new trees. When the sun shone out once again the trees were firmly planted. They took root and grew and throve, always able to spread out their leaves under the gracious rays of the Sun, always eager to look up into his bright face. But because these cave dwellers had ventured, without permission, beyond the grottoes, they were now trees who might have been men. And in that land they are called Mirabolanos.

WHERE THE SUN AND MOON CAME FROM

AFTER the great flood, all the Indians of the Islands feared to build huts so they dwelt in caves. There were not many people because all excepting the wise Cacique and his wives and sons had been drowned in the flood. The wise Cacique was not drowned for he had built a great canoe and put into it his whole family and many creatures besides. He had done so because the Behique had warned him that a great rain was coming and had told him to build the strong canoe.

As there were not many people when the waters had returned to the sea and left the land dry, there were grottoes enough for them all to live in and also for the spirits that dwelt in caves, waiting until they were called out into the light and air. But the

grottoes in which men lived were not deep hidden at the edge of the sea as were the caves inhabited by spirits. In one of the deepest caves lived the Sun and the Moon: it was called the cave Jobaba. From this place none of the bright beams of the Sun nor the soft light of the Moon could reach the earth; only the stars shone in the sky.

At last the Sun and Moon became tired of the cave. There was, indeed, scarcely room for both of them in that grotto and the light they made was so great it blinded even themselves. It was the Sun who first grew impatient; his glory hurt him because he was so close to it and he did not think of anything but how he could be more comfortable. Said he to the Moon:

"It is not fitting that I who am the father of all life and who may command all the spirits that are in the caves, should be shut up this way with another luminary, even one so small and weak as you are. You ought

to go away and leave this cave to me; I can easily fill it all."

"But where shall I go?" asked the Moon anxiously; "there is no other cave for me."

"Well, there is the biggest cave of all not yet full," answered the Sun, "there is the huge blue cave of the sky. The stars don't need so much space, there is plenty of room for you. Why don't you go out and light it up? Try!"

Reluctantly the Moon consented to try. She was so grieved that the Sun found her in his way that she drooped the points of her silver crescent down, down till the hollow would n't have held a drop of water. Timidly she ventured forth from the cave and she was so delicate and small that she looked quite unable to do anything for herself. Thereupon the Air took pity on her and offered to lift her up so that she could reach a place in the sky. The sky-cave was so big that the little Moon was terribly frightened and tried to hide her face in the

skirts of the clouds and when, at last, she had poised herself it was only a slender, silver rim that any one could see of her. By and by, though, she grew less afraid, and then, little by little, she showed her whole face, and everyone who saw it, loved it.

Meantime, the Sun had found himself just as cramped in the cave as ever. It is true that when the Moon went away he had wanted, at the last, to go, too, but he had thought a whole, great cave to himself was too fine a thing to leave. Yet, when he saw his little companion in that beautiful blue dome that arched far above the entrance to his own dwelling, he became angry that so small a thing as the Moon should have a finer place than he had, and, in a sudden temper, he rushed out and sprang into the sky after her.

On seeing him coming, the Moon took fright and began to run away, always looking back, however, though she turned

only a part of her face toward the Sun; so, running and turning, she was lost to view.

It was the Sun now who had the sky-cave to live in, and even the stars left it to him alone. Oh, how glorious it was to be there! At last he could stretch himself to his utmost; he could send his wonderful light in all directions, and he could behold the Earth and all things that adored him. These were many, for he warmed the Earth that had been cold; he made green plants and bright flowers to start out of the dark soil; he made children laugh and men and women glad so that they knelt down and worshipped him, and called themselves "Children of the Sun."

Nevertheless, the Sun became very lonely, for no one came very near to him; no one was really neighbourly; no one was his very own friend. He began to want his little companion the sweet, tender Moon, and at last he determined to go and find her.

But where to look for her? He thought long and hard one evening as he descended the sky-cave; by the time he had reached its lowest edge, he felt sure that he should find her in the cave Jobaba where they had been happy together before he drove her out.

Toward Jobaba, therefore, he went eagerly, but before he could reach it, he saw, emerging from it, the pale, almost averted face of the fair Moon.

"Oh, Moon!" he cried, "where are you going? Why do you fly when I am coming? Dear Moon, do not go away again!"

But the Moon would not listen and would not linger. As the Sun plunged into the cave thinking that if he were within she might return, she mounted high in the clear sky.

Since that time the Sun has never been able to overtake the Moon, or to persuade her to remain very near him. Sometimes

she turns her cold, sweet profile toward him for a little, and once in a great while she dares to turn her back upon him and pass silently before his face, but she never lingers; she will not dwell with him. Both of them return to the grotto to sleep, and from there they start on their daily journey through the sky-cave; but only one of them at a time makes the journey or inhabits Jobaba. The Moon sleeps through the day and when the Sun comes at evening to take his slumber, she has already started on her nightly rounds. Nevertheless, she often looks sad under her silver veil, for never can she forget that she was driven from her home, though because of the memory of it she always shines with alluring brightness on sweethearts. But the Indians say that the gods made her sad that her sighs might refresh the night breezes.

AS OLD AS THE MOON

OLD, very old, was the wise man Lucuey, and yet his mother was older. He could still show the youths what a man may be, but Maya, his mother, could only sit in the shadow of the great ceiba tree and say, "As old as the Moon, as old as the Moon."

One day Higueya, the maiden, came running to Nanota, her mother, asking, "Why does Maya say the Moon is old? I know it is not old, for I see Cuanao's face in it, smiling at me."

Now, Cuanao was a young chief who lived on the other side of the mountains where, as everyone knew, the Moon could not shine, for would not the mountains hide it? Therefore, when the mother of Higueya heard the maiden say that she saw Cuanao's face in the Moon, she knew

that the youth must have left his own country and come to the hither side of the mountains, and Nanota was displeased.

"You must not see Cuanao's face!" she cried to the girl. "He is of a race no one knows. Go and learn of old Lucuey what he can tell you of how our tribe came and what age we are and why we need not look upon any of another race. Go, my daughter!"

And Higueya went running to Lucuey.

She only said, "Tell me," but the old man knew what she wanted to know. They all came to ask him in turn. He, alone, knew for, to the tribe, he was Knowledge. To each one he told the same, but all did not understand alike. To the maiden Higueya he spoke thus:

"On the very day that the Sun sent the Moon from the cave of Jobaba, the Tainos left their cave to people the earth. No tribe had before ventured out of the caves for dark were the valleys and the

mountains because there had been no light to show the way over the land or sea. Timorous were those who issued from the protecting caves and, behold, across their path, stretching along the coast of their island, they beheld a terrible monster that threatened their first steps, so that they could not reach the shore of the land they were commanded to inhabit.

"A Serpent, it was, that reared a mighty head from the waves and lashed the waters with its writhings. The Serpent was like the people of the caves, as old as the Moon; forever had they all lived, though not until they were summoned could any come forth. But while the Moon sprang into the sky, the Serpent having grown, in an instant, to its terrible size, disputed with men for the dominion of the earth.

"Then was the beginning of battle. All the people were made to fight to possess the land, and soon they found that if they

would possess they must subject the enemy that was before them. Now, the good Genie called to them to fight valiantly, and with pride, for they were children of the king of heaven, of the lord of the earth, and all things might be commanded by them. And at this they waged the battle yet more terribly. But their enemy was of unconquerable might, for the strength of the Serpent was as the strength of all beasts and of all men united, and though the people fought desperately they gained not at all. In vain did they call on Vagoniona; no help came to them. In transports of despair again and again they renewed the attack, but were driven back by the monster.

"At last they sent a cry to heaven. There, in the serene sky, floated the Moon that, with themselves and the Horror they were fighting, had been sent into the world at the same instant. Far away as she seemed, the beautiful Light of Night heard

the cry of the people, and came to their aid. Her beams were dazzling; she sent them darting full into the eyes of the Serpent as it raised its head in menace of the people. The Moon's rays bewitched the monster, so that it could not see the people, and they ran swiftly and so reached the shore safely at last.

"Since then, though," old Lucuey reminded Higueya, "every one has had to be careful not to allow the light of the Moon to shine upon anyone who is sleeping or upon uncovered heads, for having known that the wise Serpent was bewitched, it is to be feared that the power of the moonlight might make fools even of people who are as old as the moon."

"And is only one tribe so old?" asked Higueya piteously.

"Only one, which is ours," answered old Lucuey proudly.

"But where did the others come from?" questioned Higueya.

"Ah, who knows?" said the wise man, carelessly.

"How do you know all this, Lucuey?" demanded the maiden, for she was not content to learn that Cuanao's tribe could not be, also, of the chosen people.

"Maya, my mother, told me when I was a child; she tells me still," answered Lucuey, "hear her!"

And listening they heard old Maya murmuring over and over, "As old as the Moon! As old as the Moon!"

No one could contradict her, for she was older, even, than her son, who was the Knowledge of the people. Higueya looked up at the moon, but now no face smiled at her; the clouds hid all but a rim of the bright disk.

WHY THE WOMAN FEARS THE RAT

WHEN the Capromys' turn had come to go into the great canoe that the Wise Chief had built, all the women surrounded the Cacique and prayed him not to take those ugly little animals on the voyage.

"They are the creatures that have destroyed the world," they cried; "always are they gnawing, gnawing at the foundations of things, whether it is at our feet or our houses. They make holes in everything. Is it not plain that they have made holes in the bottom of the earth so that the water comes through and will drown us unless your great canoe can save us, and are not all the people who have no canoe bound to drown? If you take the Capromys upon the boat, they will surely gnaw holes in that also, so we shall, even

yet, fall into the great Water and be drowned. Oh, do not take the Capromys, we pray you!"

But the Cacique thought that Maonocon would be displeased if he slighted the Capromys, so he took them into the canoe with all the other animals.

No sooner was the canoe launched upon the Great Water than the Capromys began as the women had said they would, to gnaw. Over the roar of the sea and the pelting of rain and the strain and creak of the vessel and the scraping of the oars that the chief and his sons wielded, could be heard the little gnaw-aw-aw-ing, of the Capromys. Their strong teeth were tearing and boring at the walls of the canoe. The women, who knew how often the walls of their *bohios* had been destroyed by these creatures, were in despair.

"How shall we save ourselves, our stores or even the canoe?" they asked one another. "If these creatures endan-

gered the foundations of our homes and made us to hate them for that reason, what shall we feel when, because of their mischief, the sea threatens our lives?"

At last they discovered that if they watched constantly and tapped the walls of the canoe whenever the Capromys began to gnaw, they could stop the nibbling, and so prevent the making of holes that would let in the water. But the women got very tired of this, for it was necessary to keep watch, not only every moment of the day, but also every instant through the night; there was, therefore, no cessation of their labour, and no one of them could relieve another because each had her own corner to watch.

Then it was that the women grew angry at the Capromys who annoyed them, and at the chief who had brought the creatures into the boat, and at their sons who laughed at their fears. "For," said these watchers,

"it is their fault that we have to go through this labour that might have been avoided and it is their abode that is threatened as well as ours," so they began to scold.

"Your voices are like the gnawing of Capromys," cried the chief, angrily.

To which the women answered, "That is all the little beasts are good for — to show us how to punish you when you displease us," and they went on scolding.

But presently the men got used to the noise of their voices as they had got used to the gnawing of the Capromys, and paid no more attention to either.

The women continued to watch and to beat off the rats, and then the rats got angry at the women for interfering with their gnawing, so the animals took counsel as to how they could have revenge. It was a long meeting, but at last it broke up, and with so much excitement, it was plain that some satisfactory mode of action had been found. The Capromys rushed

about the walls of the canoe until it seemed as if they would break the boat entirely to pieces. By and by, however, they became quiet. Then, when the women, who were watching to prevent their gnawing, had fallen asleep, because of the quiet, the Capromys began slowly to creep out through the holes they had made. An order had been issued by their commander: they were to slyly reach the women's feet, scramble up their ankles and over their bodies to bite off their ears that had offended by hearing too much.

Now, Xulos, one of the dogs that the chief had taken into the canoe, was an enemy of the Capromys, and having, moreover, become the friend of human beings, he warned the women of the Capromys' intention. Whereat the women jumped up the moment they saw the whisk of a rat's tail, and, springing into their hammocks, hid their feet while they screamed lustily.

The chief and his sons came running. They were very angry that the Capromys, to whom they had given shelter from the flood, should have frightened the women, and they beat off the rats with their macanas made of acana wood. They were also very angry with the women for being afraid, and especially for screaming, so between the crying of the women, who fell to tears after they had ceased to scream, and the scolding of the men, who, it seemed, had also learned of the Capromys, the troublesome animals got away.

After that, the Capromys sent their little relative, the mouse, to worry the people, and now neither mice nor rats ever lose the opportunity of frightening the women, who never fail to scream upon seeing those creatures while the men, who still call the women the scolds, never lose the chance of rating them for being afraid of such insignificant things as rodents.

But the women still watch, for they say—

"We must guard the foundations of our homes from anything that might undermine them."

THE REASON BOHECHIO'S FRIEND WAS DUMB

WHEN the great Bohechio was but a child, he made a wonderful discovery. He had, for his best friend, a dog. The brute, like all of his kind in the lands of the Lucayas, was dumb. The Indians did not think this strange because they did not know that any dog had a voice heard in its bark that tells of joy, or anger, or fear, according as the animal feels. So Bohechio thought nothing of his dog being always silent.

One day the boy went hunting capromys among the majagua groves. He wanted strong, fine gut-strings for his new bow, and only the capromy could furnish any fine enough. Although these little animals could be very bold when they were obliged to fight, they were, by nature, timid, and

had to watch constantly for enemies. But they could get out of the way quickly, for their ears were sharp in catching the least sound warning them of the coming of any strange thing. Even the light tread of Bohechio's little brown feet was enough to send them scurrying. So the boy could only hope to catch one of these rats if he kept very still for a long time. He could do that, for he had learned the Indian child's first lesson which is to remain motionless as long as is necessary, no matter how tired he may become. Bohechio could trust Guaniquinaje to keep still also, for the little beast, though quick as a flash of lightning in moving, made no noise and could not bark.

At last, by patient waiting, Bohechio surprised, and Guaniquinaje caught, a fine, large capromy. The dog shook the rat fiercely by the neck until it had ceased to squeal, and was quite dead; then the boy sat down in the shade of a

majagua tree to skin and draw it, throwing the carcass to the dog, who, having devoured it, sat on his haunches intently watching his little master. Bohechio could not help glancing at his friend now and then, for the dog's eyes regarded him beseechingly, so that at last Bohechio exclaimed:

"Well, what wouldst thou? Hast not had enough to eat? But there is still a portion of the meat left. Speak and tell me; I am sure thou couldst talk if thou wouldst but try."

Immediately Guaniquinaje began to talk; he said:

"No one has ever before invited me to speak, and *I* could not begin first; that would have been bad manners since I am the smallest of the company. Moreover, I am dumb for another reason, my master."

Bohechio was so amazed at hearing the dog speak that he stopped the stretching of his new bow-string to stare at him, and

could hardly find voice to ask, "What is the reason?"

"My master," answered the brute, "if I were not dumb you would not have me for your constant friend, for could I talk I should be as important as you, which you would not like, and, besides, you might also have to distrust me lest I should speak two ways, as men often do. However I put my words, you might think I wished to complain, though I might have meant to commend; or you would, perhaps, take for consent what I intended for protest. Vagoniona decreed that the Guaniquinaje should be dumb that man might have always a friend who would not betray him or contradict him."

At that moment the witch Yauna appeared, and Guaniquinaje was so frightened at being found gossiping that he hid his tail between his legs and ran away.

Bohechio, who had never before seen Yauna, stood up with his back against

a majagua tree and drew his bow fitted with a tight string.

"If you should shoot me," cried the witch, "you would never know the important thing I have come to do and to tell."

At these words Bohechio lowered his bow and gave ear to the witch, who continued thus:

"I have come to charm the dog so that his ability to talk shall never return; he must not become man's equal, therefore no one shall hear him speak ever again, and man may make him a constant companion, for like the sands of the sea, he shall bear no witness of anything. If you would be a great chief, remember to trust only those who are dumb and to remain dumb yourself about your affairs."

Thus it was that while yet a child Bohechio learned the secret of governing men; it was his great discovery. When he returned to the tribe he said nothing of

what had occurred in the forest, and because he knew that secrets are safe only with dumb creatures be became a great chief when he had grown to be a man. He was the friend of many, but he counted Guaniquinaje his only true friend.

THE RUISEÑOR (NIGHTINGALE)

HUACANI was curious. He wanted to go with his friend Vagoniona to visit the Caves of Souls; it was forbidden to visit these and he knew this was so, yet he was determined to enter the mysterious caverns.

The caves, Cazibaxagua and Amayauna, were under the sea in the rock Cauta. In them were gathered the beings who were to become men and women and people the earth. They were happy and content until some of them had been summoned into the world; then they all wanted to go likewise.

Huacani was the fisherman who dropped his nets in the sea near the caves so he knew there were wonderful things to see in those grottoes. Moreover he was a friend of the father of souls, the great Vagoniona who, however, would never take the fisherman with him into the caves. But one day he

sent him to the seashore to get a particular kind of fish and as Huacani pursued his work he thought more than ever how he might visit the caves. Some of the grottoes were great palaces; they stretched away, away under the mountains, and the gold that was of the hills lined them, and the pearls that were of the sea studded their walls and paved the ground. Huacani had always longed to see these splendid places of which his friend had told him.

So now the daring fisherman determined to enter them. He dove into the sea, he swam under the water, he found the gateway of the caves, he went in. The water was like a river flowing through high banks. He followed the banks. At last he could climb upon a shore — always within the cave. Then he caught a glimpse of the dazzling walls as a sun-ray pierced through the water. The next instant all was dark again but at the same time he felt himself lifted and tossed high and he shot up out

of the cave through a tiny rift in the rocks, on, out into the air of the upper world.

But he was no longer Huacani the fisherman; in form he was a bird with soft plumage. He sought refuge in a tree that overhung the cave's invisible roof window. The bird did not utter a note — then, but when the night had fallen and the pale moon was hanging in the sky, he began to sing. So sweet, so wonderful was his voice that the people came from far away to hear the song. Out in the sea the fish ceased to swim and drew near to listen; all the creatures of the forest, beast and bird, left lairs and nests to go closer to the sweet sounds. Although Vagoniona had to punish his friend for disobedience he made him the tenderest singer in the world, the Ruiseñor, the Nightingale, that tries to tell, in its plaintive notes, of the dwelling place of waiting souls that no one has ever seen.

THE FOX AND THE VEJETE

A CERTAIN Fox and a Vejete, an old buffoon, were very good friends. The buffoon who, as was known, was both a merry and a scheming chap but never a thief, said one day to the Fox:

"Friend Fox, here I have a bit of ground and if you like we will cultivate it in partnership."

"Why yes, that would please me," answered the Fox.

"Well, first it is necessary to plough before bad weather is upon us," said the Vejete.

"So it is," agreed the Fox, "and you are wiser in these things than I; see to that while I attend to the rest."

A little later the Vejete came and said, "Now it is necessary to sow."

"Well, you go on with that while I run

out and see to every thing else," answered the Fox.

Some months passed; then the Vejete said, "Comrade, the grass is devouring the wheat, it is necessary to let in the stock."

"So it is," assented the Fox, "you see to it while I am doing other things."

Another little time passed and again the Vejete came to the Fox, saying:

"Comrade, the wheat is ready to harvest; it is necessary to mow it."

"This is certainly the time to do it," answered the Fox; "you attend to the matter while I do all the rest."

The Vejete, good natured as he was, began to lose confidence in his partner and related to a Greyhound, a great friend of his, what had taken place.

The Greyhound, who was clever, saw that the Fox was about to play one of his tricks on the good old buffoon, so he advised the Vejete thus:

"Harvest the wheat yourself; put it

upon the threshing-floor and hide me in one of the sheaves covering me entirely with the exception of one eye by which I can see what is happening in the place."

The Vejete did as he was told and, soon after all was arranged, the Fox arrived. When the cunning fellow saw the threshing-floor and the fine wheat already spread out, he was delighted and began to dance with glee, singing:

"Fine harvest, fine,
And the wheat and the straw
Are mine, mine!"

Dancing he drew near to the sheaf where the Greyhound was concealed. All at once he spied, among the straw, the one eye that was watching him. Then his tone changed to one of alarm as he cried:

"Do I see?—Oh, law, law!"

"Yes, a thing that's not straw,"

shouted the Greyhound as he sprang out of the sheaf, and falling upon the Fox, he speedily finished him.

JULOCO THE RAINBOW GOD AND THE MOON CHILDREN

LITTLE Sicomo, who sometimes went from the land of the fierce Caribs to visit the children of the gentle Siboneyes, could tell great tales. His playfellows would go without their food often to hear his stories. One day the Sun had begun to slide down the sky toward the cave Jobaba when the clouds gathered heavily and people said there would be a great rain.

"It will put out the Sun," said one of the children fearfully.

"It can't," declared Sicomo, "for the Sun is the greatest of all the gods, greater than the clouds or the rain."

While the children disputed, the clouds spread and covered the face of the Sun, and rain fell in torrents. But presently the Sun, impatient at the curtain the clouds had

dropped over him, tore away a portion of it and gazed through at the falling rain.

Immediately a tremendous bow was seen to appear in the sky, and it had a string of colours of ravishing beauty.

"Oh, look," cried one of the boys, "the Sun is stretching his bow to shoot the clouds for covering him up."

"No, no," said Sicomo, "it is not the Sun; that is the god Juloco, the spirit of the rainbow who comes to show himself to send away the clouds and the rain."

"Where does he get the beautiful colours?" asked the little Siboneyes, and the Carib boy said:

"He sends his warriors to hunt hummingbirds, and his fishermen to net blue and gold fish, and his women to gather the green leaves and his children to catch young lizards, and all these are the food that he eats and that give him his beautiful clothes.

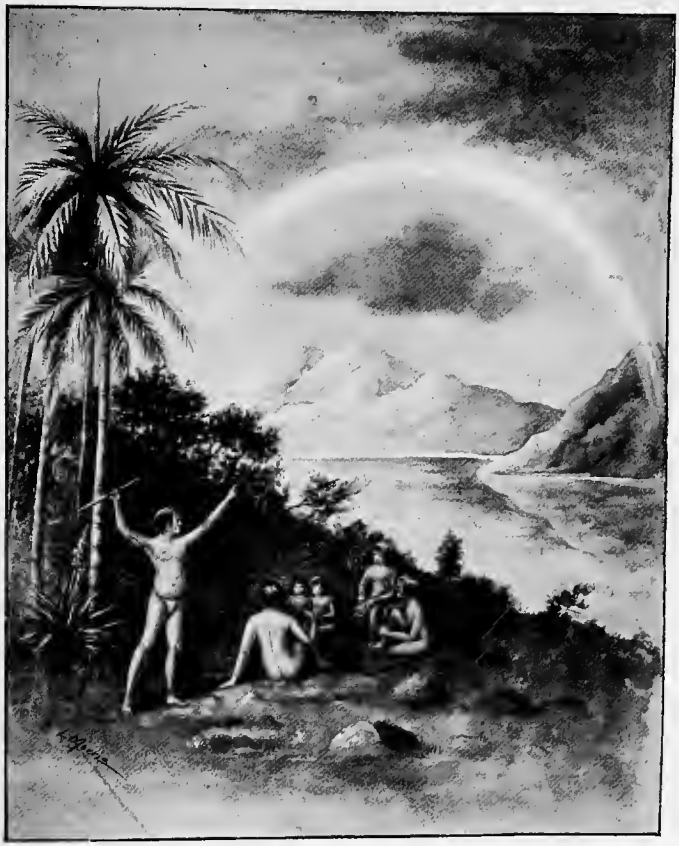
Meantime, the Sun exclaimed to the Rain: "Why do you fall between me and the green

earth, you gray creature? You are so cold and pale you ought to get out of the way when I come."

"But I can't do that," answered the Rain. "I am sorry, beautiful Sun, that I am ugly; please forgive me and I will try to be useful."

At that the Sun, pleased with the Rain's compliment, smiled on her, and behold, each of her drops shone with all the colours that Juloco was showing in his lovely bow and the Rain was astonished to find herself suddenly as beautiful as a god. Over on the sky beyond she saw her reflection, and she was filled with such delight that she forgot to fall while she gazed at herself. But no sooner had she ceased to send the shining drops down than the bright colours on the sky were gone and as the children looked up at Juloco, he, too, disappeared.

"That is the way they always do," Sicomo told them. "The Rain takes Juloco away when she goes; though he doesn't always



"'OH, LOOK', CRIED ONE OF THE BOYS, 'THE SUN IS STRETCHING HIS BOW TO SHOOT THE CLOUDS FOR COVERING HIM UP'"

come with her he never comes without her, which is strange for she is a sullen witch that only looks pleasant just before she starts home."

"Where do they go?" asked the Siboneyes.

"To the caves, of course," Sicomo told them. "You have no such caves in Cuba as we have, so you cannot go to search for them."

"Yes we have wonderful caves," the Siboney children cried all in a breath, "and there is the cave where the Sun will go to when the Moon comes out; she has been sleeping there all day; he will go to sleep presently. Come, we will show it to you, but first tell us a story."

"Very well," agreed Sicomo, "I will tell you the story of our Sun and Moon; they are much greater than yours, as you will see. Lucuo, the greatest of the gods, had ten sons who also became gods. The eldest of them was the Moon, Noum, a great hunter and a

traveller who could go round and round the world whenever he liked and make every man afraid, for he could make men fools when he wished. He was more beautiful than you can imagine and proud of it so that he showed himself boastfully to the Earth. But in that instant the Sun looked out a moment and he was much more glorious than the Moon, so that Noum was provoked with him for appearing and filled with shame that the Earth should see a more beautiful creature than himself. Consequently he ran away and hid, and for a long time he would not come out but at last he chose the night for his time to reign and now the Earth welcomes him when he comes, as gladly as she does the Sun when he rises for the day."

"But why are they greater than our Sun and Moon?" asked one of the Siboneyes.

"I will tell you that when you show me where your Sun and Moon dwell," answered Sicomo.

"Let us go at once," said his companions, "and see, Juloco again shows a little; the end of his bow rests near the cave where our Sun sleeps, perhaps the rainbow has stopped to visit Jobaba; if we find him there we will shut him in so that he shall be ours and will drive away the rain when we ask him."

The boys set out to run to the cave and imprison the lovely rainbow; they ran and ran; they knew quite well where the cave was but with all their running they could not reach it. The Sun set and the Moon came up and still they were running and people say they are running still for, across the face of the Moon, their shadows show them to be forever chasing another shadow, which must be that of the rainbow itself.

TOA, TOA, THE MAMMA BOYS

WHEN the Father of Men was grieving at losing his friend Huacani, who had been changed into the nightingale because he had tried to discover the unborn souls of human beings, he vented his displeasure, as unreasonable people have often done since then, on innocent folk, and he punished the men who lived in the caves that Huacani had tried to enter. The way in which he punished them was by taking out of the caves all the women and children.

Now the women and children went out with him very willingly, when they were invited, for they were always eager for pleasure and change, and at first they enjoyed themselves. But presently the Father of Men took the women, the babies, and the girls up on a high mountain and left them there, where they couldn't get down alone.

The boys he kept with him, making them run about wherever he went. He took them everywhere, telling them they must do as he did if they would become great men. This was unfortunate for the boys; some of them were still very little fellows and their short legs could not get over the ground as fast as their leader was able to do with his great strides. Moreover, to do just as he did in all ways was not possible. Then, too, the great being whose business it was to populate the earth by ordering the men out of the caves at his pleasure, could not trouble to think of all that little boys needed, so it fell out that the children he dragged about after him were often very sad, and very tired and very hungry for many things.

At last they began to cry. Still striving to run after their great commander, they could not but grieve for their mothers' arms and their mothers' care, nor could they help sobbing or even calling out plaintively, "Toa, toa!" In the Indian language of

that land "toa" meant *mother*. The miserable little boys were weeping and calling for their mothers.

This made the Father of Men angry. He gave the boys a terrible look, but they did not see it; they were so unhappy, their eyes were so full of tears, their poor throats were so dry and achy, and they were so tired roaming all over the world that they could think of nothing but their misery, and heart-brokenly cried, "Toa, toa, toa!"

Just at that moment they came to a river bank, and, on seeing the water, the Father of Men suddenly thought of a way to rid himself of the troublesome, crying children. "In with you," he cried, "all you croakers! into the mud puddles, your proper place, and become frogs that shall be forever grunting and croaking, 'Toa, toa.'"

And into the water tumbled the little boys who, tired with all their leader had expected of them were glad enough to be left to themselves, especially in a place

where they might drink their fill. They paddled about in the stream to their hearts' content and never tried to go very far from it. Crouching down always beneath some water-washed stone, their legs gradually doubled up so they could only stretch them out when they took a long leap, and after a time they walked no more but went in great leaps or a hop, skip and jump. By and by they forgot all their life in the cave or in roaming about with the Father of Men. They never learned to talk but they still know, and repeat constantly, the first baby call for their mother and they say, over and over in the same tone and in the soft, long forgotten Indian syllable, "Toa! Toa-a! Toa-a-a-d!"

II

INDIAN LEGENDS OF THE CONQUEST PERIOD

(FIFTEENTH TO SIXTEENTH CENTURY)

THE FAST OF THE SIBONEYES

ALL the people of the valley of Tamamo knew that Umatao was fasting. For two months he had eaten nothing. It was the law that he should fast if he would know the will of the Cemies which the Behique would reveal to him when he should have become purified of all things and when his ears were closed to the sounds of the land so that he might the better hear the command of the Great Spirit.

"I am sorry for Umatao, the Good," said Biautex, who loved good eating and was watching Itau prepare a meal of the huge white fish that had been that morning brought from the waters of Nipe bay. Yonder, under the trees, hung the big, sweet papayas that, also, were to swell the feast. "I should not like to fast," remarked the boy.

"Give me that elaxi," demanded Itau, pausing from stuffing the fish with maize bread, and, as Biautex carried her some of the green peppers that hung on a string from a tree-branch, "You!" she exclaimed scornfully, "what does it matter whether or not *you* fast? You would not be one who could take the message of the Behique if you did leave your stomach vacant a little."

"Oh, then I can be all the happier eating what I want and there must be some one to swallow all the food that is so ill cooked none of the Caciques will taste it," returned the boy saucily.

"Ptt!" sniffed the girl, and flung a gourdful of water at the lad. He only laughed, at which she picked up a red earthen jar and made to empty its contents over him.

"Not the grease," he cried, and quickly got out of the way; but he soon came back. "It is a pity that Umatao can't have some

of it, Itau; you have done that fish beautifully."

"Umatao is better off as he is," the girl said, but her voice showed that Biautex's flattery had been noticed. He took advantage of this. "Do tell me," he said coaxingly, "does Umatao really take no food at all? To fast thirty, fifty days! How then can he still live?"

"Because he is a son of the Sun and mighty to endure," answered the girl.

The boy looked cunningly from her to an earthen vessel set over a low fire. "What is in that pot?" he questioned.

"Oh, that! it's the juice of the hobo; it must be strong to rub on the limbs of old Acatao. I have that to do besides all my other work.

"Why, give it to me," cried the boy, springing up, "I'll rub his legs."

"*You!*" scornfully again, "why, you'll spill half of it; I couldn't trust you."

"At least, then, give me a little to rub the

legs of my dog." He looked very shrewdly at Itau and bent down to take the lid off the simmering pot.

It was a strange lid, a thin disk, roughly beaten out and much crinkled and stained; yet it shone, sparkling in the sunlight. Well it might, for it was gold. The Indian boy and girl, who stood over it, wore no clothes at all but they had bracelets and collars of gold hammered into thin strips, and the girl's black hair was held back from her face with a gold ornament.

Itau sprang at Biautex fiercely as he attempted to look into the pot. "Let that alone," she cried; "for your dog indeed! What does a voiceless brute want of that precious ointment?" Then she suddenly changed her tone. "Do go away now, like a good fellow, and let me get the dinner properly. See, you shall have a big cup of ector when all is ready." She looked at him so coaxingly that he could not help smiling.

"You don't deceive me though," he said; "the Behiques may not see your scheme but I do. I am sure that you take Umatao something every night or he could not last so long without food."

"No, no," cried Itau. "Would I prevent the spirit of the Cemies from visiting the soul of Umatao? And how could that be if Umatao were defiled with food? You are wrong; I go to see him every night it is true, but I take him nothing. Come with me yourself and see."

"May I?" he asked eagerly. "Gladly will I go; so now, till then I will take from your sight the presence of my shadow."

When he had gone off to the cane fields where the industrious Indians were busily at work, the girl took the pot from the low fire, strained its contents through a thick leaf and set it away to cool. By and by she tested it, found it right and emptied it into a long carved gourd that had a hole in its slender neck. This done, she went into a

little palm-leaf-covered hut near by and came out tying around her waist a pretty leaf apron. With the gourd in her hand she went away over a hill, on up a rough path, to a frowning height. There, under the shadow of an overhanging rock, she stopped beside an old man who lay upon the ground. He looked as if he were dead, but his eyes opened as she laid a hand on his head.

"Again thou art come, daughter," he murmured, "but of what use? I am unworthy to hear the words of the gods for my strength will not keep me till the Behique speaks. Thy ministrations are vain, my Itau."

"Let me try yet once more," pleaded the girl, and she began to pour upon his shrivelled flesh the juice from the gourd; she rubbed it gently into the pores of the skin. As she did this he fell asleep and presently she stole away, taking another path down the mountain.

This brought her to a tiny hut under the hill. Within swung a hammock and in it lay a little old man with very bright eyes.

"Who never forgets is a child of Vagoniona," he said as the girl began to anoint his limbs in the same way she had ministered to the old man of the mountain. "For the care thou givest the old, there is a reward," said the aged Acatao, "and because, in spite of the hobo ointment and the juice of the maize thou bringest me to swallow, I grow weaker daily, I shall tell thee now, before the power to speak is gone."

The girl crouched down by the hammock; her eyes looked terrified. "I am but a girl," she whispered. "I shall be only a woman; it is too much honour that thou speak thus to me. Let me call Biautex; he is young and foolish, but he will be a man and to him thou mayest fittingly speak."

"Not so," cried Acatao; "thou hast in thee the wisdom of many mothers that shall

be. Listen: Vagoniona has been to visit me."

"Oh, mighty one!" exclaimed the girl.

"He bade me find the best woman of the Siboneyes and tell her to make ready against a great day. A new ruler of the land of Cuba draws near; he will come over the sea; a wind will bring him from the land of other gods who will be jealous of our gods, and their chiefs will destroy our chiefs but the woman shall preserve the name of the tribes, her sons shall possess the land in later days."

Acatao's voice ceased; Itau knelt and trembled. Who was the best woman of the tribe? she dared not ask. Presently Acatao said "Go, daughter of the Siboneyes, make ready for thy destiny." And she returned to her cabin marvelling and afraid.

When Biautex came at nightfall to go with Itau to visit the fasting Umatao, the girl said nothing of Acatao's revelation.

Umatao lay as she had left him; he was

too weak to move, he was surely ready to receive the will of the gods. As the boy and girl drew near a loud, strong voice suddenly spoke out of the rocks that hung above Umatao. The chief answered in weak tones.

"Speak, O great one — I listen."

From behind the rocks came out a slow-moving figure; it was wrapped in a garment of feathers and had, upon its head, a crown of beautiful quills held in a band of gold. It was the Behique. Bending over Umatao he waved a wand that he held in one hand; with the other he described, in the air, strange figures, the while muttering, now low, now loud, indistinguishable words. Then he stooped and blew a great blast of breath into the face of Umatao and, starting back, smote the old man sharply upon the soles of his extended feet at the same time calling, "Arise."

And, although he had been too weak to move just now, Umatao obeyed and arose

and stood before the Behique. Then spake the priest, seeing not the youth and the girl who stood near.

"To thee who art now worthy, O Umatao, the Cemies send word that harvests will be favourable; there will be much sweetness gathered from the fields and the cojiba will afford many tobaccos of peace. There will be born sons to the tribes ever powerful and the Caciques shall rule. These things thou mayest make known to the people. The Behique has spoken." Before their eyes he seemed to melt away and Umatao fell, like a broken stick upon the ground. Itau and Biautex crept away under cover of the shadows.

"Is it not plain that Vagoniona sends his messages to the good?" asked the girl, and the boy made answer, "The future will tell."

Later, while all the tribe slept, Itau once more climbed the mountain. Under a cloak of fine skins she carried something. When

she had again reached Umatao's side, she drew out a little gourd and set it to the old man's lips. "Drink now of the juice of the cocoa for thy fast is done, O Umatao, but sip slowly that thy veins be not too swiftly filled."

When he could speak Umatao questioned, "How knewest thou?"

"The night warned me," Itau answered.

"Did it also tell thee Vagoniona's commands?"

"Not so, they are not for me who am to be a woman," she said.

"Thou art wrong," spoke Umatao, "to me spake the Great Spirit himself; the Behique brought one message, Vagoniona another and the vision was the third. Therein I saw thee alone, the tribes gone, thou only left to bear the Siboneyes to the end."

Itau trembled as she ministered to Umatao. What meant these words? In one day the dying Acatao and the wise

Umatao taught by the Great Spirit himself had told her of a wonderful destiny. She was frightened when she returned to her hut.

At the door a tall form rose up. Itau bowed before it, though she trembled.

"Whence dost thou come, daughter?" asked the stranger.

"From the venerable Umatao, my father."

"He cannot tell thee what I can tell," said the Indian. "Behold I have returned from the isles beyond the world; I come from the waters of the great fish. Terrible things have appeared upon the sea; strange men who wear hair upon their faces as well as upon their heads and put upon their bodies wonderful garments. At Guanahani they appeared but they pursue the waves to the uttermost limit; here will they come also presently and the day of our people will end. Go, put on thy collar of *cibas* and make ready to sit as becomes a chief's daughter; then may we show these strange

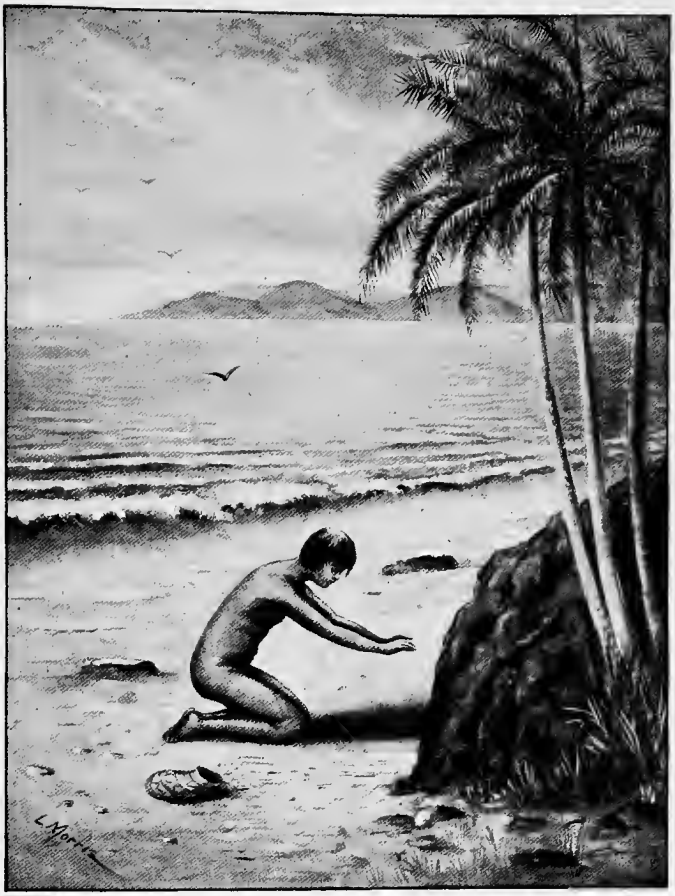
beings that we have power to serve them so they shall not destroy us."

Itau went to do her father's bidding. Soon all the tribe was warned; every Indian put on the most beautiful collars and bracelets, pearls and gold that he possessed. For days all made ready to receive the strangers but when they did not come the Indians slowly ceased to watch; they no longer feared, and by and by they went as usual about their tasks and forgot that a warning of danger had been given.

SONS OF THE SUN

"One little, two little, three little
Indian boys,
Four little, five little, six little
Indian boys.
The first was killed, the second was drowned,
The others were lost and never were found,
One little, two little, three little
Indian boys,
Four little, five little, six little
Indian boys."

THEY were playing along the shore of a beautiful bay where blue, blue water gleamed far as the eyes could see and, near the rocks lapping waves, that curled into white foam on their edges, broke into sparkling green rivulets that looked like melted jewels washing up from the sea. The six little naked Indian boys ran about among the coral rocks picking up something very busily. Each boy carried in his left hand a little basket; it was long in shape,



"ONE OF THE BOYS STOPPED, LAID HIS BASKET CAREFULLY UPON THE GROUND, AND MADE A DEEP REVERENCE"

like a pear and of such beautiful soft fibre that while it was empty it hung limp as if made of silk.

Not long were the baskets empty; the boys were very industrious, even the smallest of them, and there seemed to be quantities of things to pick up for they scarcely straightened their backs as they searched, grasped and dropped into their baskets what they had found. At last the eldest boy, or at least the biggest one, stood up and gave a sharp high whistle; he did it by putting two fingers across his lips. The sound caused all the boys to look up; some of them were far down the coast. The boy who had whistled made a waving motion with one hand, whereat all the boys began to run toward him. He led the way up from the rocks, where the water was now higher than when the boys began their search, to a bank where some thick shrubs made shade. The sun had been scarcely above the line of the blue sea, but now it was high enough

to cast long shadows in front of the boys as they walked from it. One of the boys stopped, laid his basket carefully upon the ground and made a deep reverence; he bowed to his own shadow.

"Don't do that in my presence," exclaimed the biggest boy. "The Behiques say that to worship anything but the Sun and the Zemes is wicked; the Sun gives us everything, he is great and powerful and beautiful; we should worship him with all our hearts because without him we should have nothing."

"Guayo knows that also," said Biautex. "He sits reverently at the teachings of the Behiques."

One of the smaller boys drew near to Guayo who, rising from making another deep reverence to his shadow, took up his basket and proceeded.

"Why do you do that?" asked the little boy.

"Let Hacha tell you," answered the other

proudly, "he knows more than any of us; he knows how was created the earth and the heavens, the beasts and the creatures that we sprang from; he knows all about the great flood that destroyed our ancestors, all but one whom the Behiques warned so that he made a mighty canoe and took into it all his sons and their mothers and their beasts and birds, especially the *aura* which, when he sent it forth, went at once to feed on the dead bodies that the sea had first drowned and then cast up. Hacha knows that we are descended from that one of the three sons who had no clothing with which to cover their father when his brothers, in shame that the Cacique had fallen into foolish sleep, brought skins to hide him. We may go, therefore, unclothed. Hacha knows, and he can tell you how we know this from afar; how there came three wise men, one from the East and one from the West and one from the South — all from different ways and at different times, all men of years and

wisdom which made known to our forefathers that which they already knew was truth. Tell it, Hacha, and also the rest."

"Oh, we know all that," cried the boys.

"Silence," cried Hacha in a stern voice; "do you forget to be respectful to your elders and" —he gave a haughty glance at Guayo —"to strangers?"

At that Guayo turned fiercely. "Do you call me stranger who am born on this island and my father and father's father and his father? Do you forget that the deluge swept away your ancestors while it preserved mine?"

The two boys stopped and looked searchingly and savagely at one another. The younger boys drew back; it was as if they were prepared to see a contest and feared to show which side they favoured. At that instant a faint, distant cry arose, a call like "Cooee, cooee!"

Guayo's face relaxed. "For the sake of my mother whose people were mighty

enough to know that man's shadow is worshipful because it is the outline of Vagoniona, the Father of mankind, and contains not wickedness that man allows to enter his soul — I scorn your scorn. My mother calls; you may have the shells I have gathered — I go." He threw upon the ground the basket he had carried and ran to meet the woman whose call, "Cooee," was sounding louder as she approached.

"He should not be the son of a woman of a strange nation if he would be of our people," said Hacha as if to excuse himself. He sat down under the rushes and emptied his basket's contents on the ground. The other boys followed his example. Then the lad who had declared that Guayo was reverent under teaching said stoutly:

"The Cacique Guacanajari said to my father that the mother of Guayo was of the most ancient race of Aruacos who live far, far to the south in a very rich land."

"Ptt!" answered Hacha, "who knows

where they come from when the warriors bring them back, returning from their raids. When I am old enough to go on raids I will tell you whether or not there are any such people as the Aruacos. We Siboneyes are certainly of a finer race; see how strong and tall are my mother and sisters, and yours too, Macho, and yours, Bori, all of our women indeed. The mother of Guayo is little and useless, she cannot string the bow of her man."

"But she can make beautiful collars," Bori protested.

"Ptt!" again Hacha exclaimed.

The boys had emptied out their basket, and strewed over the ground the shells they had picked up. There were many sorts: some were tiny, jewel-like things of marvellous colourings; others were larger but of shape so wonderful that they looked as if cunning hands had fashioned them. The boys picked them over, sorting the kinds. When each had his own arranged he began

comparing them with the others. In the end the most perfect ones of each kind were put together, every boy's collection being drawn from to complete an assortment. So closely had the boys applied themselves to this work that they had ceased to talk and had paid no attention to time. The five black heads bent over their task as if they had never thought of anything else. Their heads went up like the heads of deer surprised as a strange grating sound was heard. Five pairs of black eyes swept the scene; nothing appeared to be altered, nothing showed what could have made the sound.

At that moment a little bronze figure came bounding from the land side toward them, but noiselessly. Hacha stood up, anger in his eyes. "So he returns," he exclaimed, "he comes to take back his gift; we scorn it, but to take it back is perfidy."

The boys all rose and watched Guayo approaching. Again the grating sound was

heard, this time louder; the boys started; it came from behind them though Guayo was approaching in front. Their native suspicion made them all regard him fiercely. But they stood rigid, not moving a muscle. They looked like five little bronze figures. The light on their dark skins made them shine as though they had been polished by a sculptor's hand. Their slender limbs looked slighter even than they were against yellow red rocks and sand and the wonderful blue of the sky that bent above the rushes near them; farther on, a group of feathery palm trees waved gently their fringed branches; they made the only motion visible until the glance travelled on to the rushing form of Guayo. But he was on the scene before the eye could move over it. His breath hardly lasted as he cried out:

"Look behind you; they come, the enemy the Behiques foretold."

The boys all turned and looked toward the beach; at a distance down the coast

they saw a large object drawn up on the sand, and beyond, in the water another approaching.

"It is the sea serpent Vagoniona has sent from the caves of Haiti to destroy us," cried Hacha, his eyes wide with terror.

"No, it is the Evil Spirit of Whiteness that has appeared in the Isles of the Lucayas and moves over the sea to rest on the land. A messenger, swift running, has come to our Nitaiño bringing a message for him to send the Cacique; the message is from Guanahani where first the Evil Whiteness appeared; men bring it, strange men; like devils are they and like gods. Flee, I have come to tell you; flee before they see there are inhabitants in the land."

"Ayme! already they have seen," answered Hacha; "gather up the cibas for the sacred collars, boys, and let us fly."

The boys made themselves flat upon the sand while they filled the baskets with the choicest of the shells they had been sorting.

But Guayo sprang among them and tried to stay them.

"There is not time," he cried; "look, they are here, just behind these rocks; make rather a peace offering. Give them of the finest and they will be gone."

"Ah!" exclaimed Hacha angrily, "they are of your mother's people, no doubt; they come to rob us of our sacred things and you come to frighten us that we may give to them without struggle. That, for your insolence and perfidy," and he struck Guayo a terrible blow on the temple with his fist doubled into a knot of iron.

The smallest of the boys gave a cry as Guayo dropped on the sand. At that instant an awful figure appeared from behind the rushes. Upon its head glittered a covering that looked harder than the hardest rocks; its front was enveloped in more of the shining, hard substance and it extended terrible arms that looked strong as the world itself, the sun sparkling on

invincible plates that encircled them. The hands carried death-promising weapons frightful to behold. In voices that, to the trembling Indian boys seemed the tones of the dreaded enemies of Vagoniona, the strange creatures cried to them. Their fear rooted the lads to the spot; they had not voices with which to answer nor could they understand the language of the speakers.

The creatures rushed upon them. The boys, recovering ability to move, tried to escape; their naked bodies writhed in the clutches of terrible hands that grasped them, but their childish strength was as nothing to the strength of these fiends. There were many of them. Some held the boys while others gathered up the shells, quickly discerning that some were finer than others and keeping such apart. They pointed to the shells and motioned to the boys to get more, to lead the way to where others would be found. They pointed to the little gold placques some of the boys wore on strings

on their necks, and, by signs, demanded to be given these. The boys shook their heads; they pointed to the shells and waved their hands toward the sea-shore; pointed to the gold and waved their hands toward the mountains whose blue tops showed above the palm trees.

And all the while the boys struggled to get free. The strangers grasped them the tighter and, turning back from the shore, moved toward the water. The boys cried out at that. Hacha used his fists and feet and then his teeth; the others followed his example. Then the strangers struck them cruel blows and one ran back to the prostrate form of Guayo, whom they had turned over and seemed to think dead, and with the terrible weapon he had in his hand, he made a thunderbolt to pass through the little body. It writhed and turned; Guayo opened his eyes, gasped and stretched stark upon the sand. The stranger laughed, showing horrible broken teeth and black

spaces between, and running to the men who held the boys shook at them the death-bringing weapon, pointed to the gold placques on their necks and made them understand that they would share Guayo's fate if they would not lead the strangers to the place of gold.

Then the boys nodded, indicating that they must be left free to walk. Hacha it was who acted for them all. In his own tongue he said to the boys, "When they have loosened us run, each one of you, all in different directions; call out 'The gold is here, is here,' and Vagoniona help us to deliverance!"

But the strangers did not leave the lads to walk freely; they held a hand of each in those rock-hard fingers of theirs. Hacha tried to wrest his away; instantly he was picked up and carried like an infant. Then it was he put his fingers to his lips and blew, before he could be stopped, a shrill, loud, far call. The next moment his

head was enveloped in a heavy wrapping and the strangers, turning, ran rapidly toward the sea and the great objects they had left upon the beach. Into these objects they sprang, tossing the boys in also. But one, the smallest lad, fell into the water. The strangers heeded him not for yonder over the hill came running the braves of the tribe, fitting, as they ran, the great arrows to their bows.

Out upon the water the strangers pushed the great objects they had come in which must, indeed, be nothing other than canoes of most marvellous kind. Out, out they propelled them beyond the range of the speeding arrows that were sent after them. Then they leaned on their oars and laughed. The most terrible of them stood up and lifted his great weapon, pointing it at the Siboneyes, the warriors of the tribe who, the boys could see, had come at Hacha's call. But their valour was useless; behold the stranger carried with him the thunder-

bolts of heaven and even the Cacique would be helpless to save. Yonder on the shore was one little Indian killed; in the lapping water lay the body of another drowned; and here, in this terrible canoe were the others of that little band of six who went so merrily this morning to gather shells for the royal collars of their tribe. Would the four little Indian boys be lost and never be found? Who knows?

CAYAGUAYO, THE MERCHANT

THE beach was the market place of the Indian village, and the famous merchant, Cayaguayo, who was loading his canoe for a voyage to the land of the Guanahacahibes, kept the small traders busy supplying his needs. He walked up and down the rows of Indians who squatted beside their wares, upon the sands. Some had heaps of shells in loose piles or in baskets; some brought fruits of many sorts, some offered sweet juices made from the fruits and put into long-necked gourds; some showed honey in the comb laid upon shining leaves; some held out nuts cracked, ready to eat and some brought almonds and cocoanuts whole in the shell. A woman displayed aprons of fibre ornamented with colors painted upon them. An old man mixed tinted clay in a flat gourd and was

ready to paint the bodies of those who wished to be decorated. A number of boys stood over a fire built in a nest of stones and held the ends of long wooden rods over the slow coals burning them to sharp points that would make the simple sticks into formidable lances. Farther on men fitted fine pointed bits of stone, huge teeth of animals and strong fish-scales to shorter darts. One grim old fellow stood guard over his stock, not seeming to want to sell it.

"More hatchets, Guanajo?" Cayaguayo asked. "Where did they come from?"

The man shrugged his lean shoulders thereby making it plain he had associated with some not of Indian blood and manners.

"The island has never had many of these," Cayaguayo continued; "our people could not fashion them, you know, and the great Genie who planted them deep in the ground did not show men how to make them multiply."

"Um-mh!" exclaimed Guanajo, "when

the white strangers came to Haiti they had such hatchets, and even better; they have shown the Haitian how to make such; I learned of them. These did not grow in the Earth, but they are good hatchets."

"So they are, and I will bring you for them corn from Guanahacahibe or a cotton strip. Do you agree?"

"As you like, but the cotton is the best exchange. The Camagueyanos can grow corn equal to what Guanahacahibe raises."

"Take some of my macanas, Cayaguayo?" asked a sturdy youth coming up with a bundle of clubs. "See, here are some made of corbana if you like that wood or there are those of palm and of acana."

They were terrible looking clubs, as wide as three fingers of a man's hand and as long as an ordinary man is tall. They had two exceedingly sharp points and were grasped by two handles set near one end so they could be used as battle axes. Cayaguayo bartered for the clubs.

"Of old the people had no need of these things," he said; "no Caribs visited the western end of the island and the Guanahacahibes did not fight with any, but the White Evil have spread to many places, they may reach even to the country of the mountain rivers; the people will need macanas. Take these to the canoe."

Out on the bay the enormous canoe was being loaded from small skiffs by bare-backed, slim-limbed men and boys. All the things the merchant had been bargaining for were taken to be loaded into the big vessel. The Indian carriers waded out as far as they could and transferred their burdens to the skiffs which took them to the bigger boat.

"Where are the Coris skins I ordered of you?" Cayaguayo, about to embark, asked of a youth accompanying him.

"The men of the Ciguayo tribe promised to shoot the animals and bring them here to-day," answered the lad.

"I see them not," the merchant exclaimed angrily; "we cannot sail without them for I have promised them to the Cacique of Siguanea."

The youth looked frightened, but at that very instant several canoes rounded the point of rocks running into the bay.

"Here they are," cried the lad. In a few moments the strong brown arms of the rowers had sent the canoes well up on the sands of the beach. Quickly they were spreading out before the merchant's eyes beautiful great mantles and strips of soft white fur as fine and delicate as velvet. There were some dark skins too, a few of deer and of a pale gray fur, while there were many of feathers in a number of lovely hues.

Cayaguayo's face ceased to look angry; he made prompt bargains and sent the skins to be added to his cargo.

"Know you that the strangers, the White Evil, have gone southward?" asked one of the new comers. "The great admiral him-

self has gone to the isle of the tall trees; the pines will sigh over the stranger's head and soon he will possess those lands as he does what he has taken from the people of Haiti."

"He will trade," said the merchant; "I fear him not. Those Indians who refuse to enter into commerce with him will suffer; he is cruel to them that deny him what he asks, so they lose double. Now, away to the canoe," he called to his men; "we should reach Siguanea before the sun returns from slumber."

Long, deep strokes did the rowers of the big canoe take. The sea was calm, and they could send the boat swiftly through the rippling waves. In the afternoon light the green of hundreds of little islands shone upon the glittering water like jewels set in silver. The ocean and the sky shone like the eyes of laughing children. Under the keel of the canoe the white foam bubbled. The merchant in the prow hailed the men

whose bare arms glistened like rich bronze; they glanced at their commander with fearless, gentle eyes and, laughing, made the canoe fly faster. They looked like big, happy children and the glee in their hearts made work but play. Now and then Cayaguayo called a halt; the rowers rested while the canoe rocked quietly. Night came, and over the sea darkness hung, but only as if a beautiful, deep blue veil were shrouding a fair face; for behind the darkness there was a glow as of warm light and through the great dome of the sky the stars shone as if they were lamps swinging low to the earth.

The sharp air of early morning began to blow cool on the naked backs of the rowers by the time they had reached the shores of Guanahacahibe. At that moment day broke through dark; the gloom and cold were, all in an instant, swept away as the sun, who had slept until the very last moment in the cave of Jobaba, rushed out and began to mount the sky.

And by the light, Cayaguayo beheld a startling sight. Yonder, on the other side of the harbour into which he was taking his canoe and cargo, were floating several strange and fearsome looking objects. The Indians all gazed amazed and frightened. Although they had heard that the strangers were coming to this land, and that the huge canoes which had brought them over the sea were not serpents as some had called them, yet nevertheless the sight of these things was frightful. Though the conquerors had been two years in the islands, Cayaguayo had never before seen any of them. But only a moment did the merchant chief stand fearful and hesitating; the next instant he cried:

"To the right, rowers, out beyond the turn of the cape. Quick! if we escape not the White Evil it will fare worse with all. Bend to it, braves; give of your strength and Vagoniona protect us!"

So swift were the Indians to obey that in

almost a flash the big canoe had shot around the far edge of the point and was out of sight of the Spanish ships lying in the harbour.

Cayaguayo hurriedly got his merchandize ashore; he made a market on the beach such as that where he had lately bought. He sent out messages. "Go to the village," he commanded; "tell the people I am here but they must come unobserved, few at a time, else the conquerors follow, suspecting somewhat, and take all from us all."

In the village of bohio huts the people had seen the canoe coming, had watched it turn and disappear behind the cape. With anxiety they had noted that the formidable sea monsters of the strangers slept still and the guards were unheeding. Then they began to take from their huts, and to carry away, many articles. These they bore toward the shore so that they met the messengers sent to summon them. There followed a time of quick trading. The Cacique for whom the skins had been brought

came himself to fetch them. In exchange he offered a great load of fantastically carved large calabashes and of fine gourds of all shapes. Others brought cotton cloth, of different colours and white, in long strips. Still others came with baskets filled with beads and pierced shells. Bundles of herbs were brought too, and spices of delicious odour.

It was a brisk market that went on there behind the bluff of the headland. Cayaguayo had the exchange cargo quickly loaded, in spite of the long parleys the customers made and the delays of the lagging. At last he had got all on board. The people stood about to see the canoe push off; the rowers, in water up to their necks, were waiting the word to shove the boat down the shelving beach when a shout caused all eyes to turn shoreward. There their startled eyes beheld the invaders running toward them while the shouts were given to stop the canoe's departure. Terror

was on the faces of the Indians; only Cayaguayo did not tremble. With a quick call to his rowers he himself pushed the boat into deep water, waded and swam after her, climbing on board as the others did when they were well off shore.

The Spaniards advanced, firing their thunderbolts, whereat the people on the beach fell on the ground entreating mercy and even Cayaguayo stayed his going.

"Listen," cried one of the strangers, and he spoke in the language of the Siboneyes, which was, indeed, the second of the Indian tongues the conquerors had learned. "Our chief wishes you no harm; he will pay you if you will allow him to see your ship and your merchandize and he will pay you yet more richly if you will guide him to the land of the Gilded Chief of whom all your race speaks."

The people, who had fallen on their faces, rose from the ground; their confidence returned quickly at the sound of a kind

voice. Cayaguayo answered that he would willingly show his boat and its cargo, without pay, but he could not show the way to the land of the Gilded Chief for that was far away; he could only direct the strangers. Then the Spaniards, even the great Admiral himself, came down to the shore. Many things were brought and given as presents to the Indians, glittering things that seemed wonderful, especially the small mirrors in which they could see the marvel of reflection of their own countenances. Soon the Spaniards had gained in barter all the articles Cayaguayo had brought to the Guanahacahibes, but the merchant himself would make no exchange. In the end, though, the Spaniards persuaded him to guide them part of the way on the journey to the land of the Gilded Chief.

The canoe put off and the great caravels got under sail and followed. Out on the sea, beyond sight of land, Cayaguayo ordered his rowers to stop. Standing up in the

prow of his canoe, where the strangers on the decks of the slow following ships could see him, he pointed south and held up one finger, closed his eyes and laid his head on his other hand, signifying they must sail until they had slept and wakened, or one whole day and night. He opened his eyes and showed another finger with the same gestures — that made two days and nights; so with a third and fourth. Then he pointed west and in the same way indicated they must sail two days in that direction, and after that one day more south; in all seven days' journey.

The Spaniards seemed amazed and distressed. Evidently they disbelieved him; they wanted him to come upon their ships and pilot them, but he shook his head, sat down and ordered his rowers to proceed. They obeyed instantly. At their unheeding of an order to stop the Spaniards made to follow in lowered boats and sent some of their thunderbolts after the flying canoe.

But now Nature helped. A gray mist suddenly arose; it grew and spread and presently, over the surface of the wide sea, nothing could be seen. Hidden by the fog, Cayaguayo, knowing those waters as the fish know them, escaped from the White Evil and carried his cargo safely to port.

For twenty years longer Cayaguayo the merchant preserved for his people the traffic of the western extremity of Cuba, then, when Fernandez de Cordoba came, the first American to make trade famous, lost the monopoly of the island's internal commerce.

HATUEY, THE HERO

THE long island that is washed by the restless waters of the Atlantic and by the blue waves of the Caribbean Sea and by the warm currents of the Gulf Stream, was known to all the Indians of the Lucayas and of the Antillas. They called it Cuba, the Beautiful Country of the Dead, because it was a lovely and a joyous land where all the people who had not lived there hoped to go some day and to live as happy spirits after they had died. At the same time this island was inhabited by native tribes that were busy and happy over their every-day living, so it was not what we should call a land of the dead by any means.

The rocky shore of the eastern end of this island stood then, as it does now, boldly out in the strip of water that separates it from the neighbouring land where, in the

Long Ago, dwelt the brave and warlike men of Haiti. In Cuba the people did not love war; they would not fight if they could help it. When, therefore, the Haitians who had fought the Spaniards desperately after being cruelly treated in return for their hospitality to the strangers, tried to incite the Siboneyes to resist the invaders the simple tribes were hard to persuade.

But there was one Haitian brave who thought the people of Cuba must be saved and he, loving his neighbour as himself, determined to try to rescue the beautiful island.

One dark night there went, across the narrow strait that we call, to-day, the Windward Passage, a frail canoe that sought to hide itself, as night came on, behind the rocks along the shore. It carried three Indian boys and the men who rowed it. With peril to the boat and all in it, a landing was made among the dangerous rocks. The canoe was lifted out of the water and carried

away across the open spaces to a tangle of rushes, where it was hidden. Then the larger of the boys called his mates around him.

"Each of us knows well what he is to do, is it not so?" he asked.

The boys nodded gravely.

"You, Mayabonex, what are your orders?"

"To take word to the chief of the Siboneyes that the captain called Velasquez, who has so afflicted the people of Haiti, is about to embark for Cuba."

"And you, Guarocayo?"

"To entreat that Indian who has journeyed toward the setting sun to tell the invaders that in the land of Mexico or of the Aruacos they will find the Gilded One they are ever seeking; so may they lead away those who torment us."

"Have you a word to speak also, Ciguayo?" he asked the smallest boy.

"I bring a message from the good

father, Las Casas," said the child; "he bids all to believe that he labours to save them."

"As for me," announced the speaker, who was Manicate, a son of the once mighty chief of that name, "I come to go through the land and whisper to the people to be ready and to be strong, for Hatuey comes to lead them against the stranger. And now each to his work."

The boys raised the necklaces of black beads they wore and made vows upon them; they took off their collars of pearl and shells and swore by them a great promise; again, putting on their ornaments, the badges of their rank, they turned, each a different way, looked a moment about them and, as though they had been shadows, they disappeared, leaving no trace behind them. But through the land these slim shadows moved and everywhere they went the people let them come close and listened to the messages they brought. Already the islanders

had heard of the terrible Velasquez and of his band of ruthless followers who were cruel beyond anything ever dreamed of. Already they knew that the strangers wished to be served with treasure to gather which others must be oppressed with toil.

"Why have they not laboured, and searched, and found for themselves, in their own land, what they seek here?" they questioned. "Are they lazy, these white men, that they cannot do as others do?"

Yes, that was what they were. So long had these men of Spain lived by spoil that to work for the thing they would fight for seemed to them preposterous, ignoble; so they were indolent in doing anything but that which made adventure and excitement. In their own land the fields were neglected and devastated, the soil brought no living; so they left their country to ruin and went away, to scatter ruin through other lands which they drained of all possessions. No wonder the Indians trembled at the name

of Velasquez, and any who opposed him had a hero's courage.

On a night as dark as that when the boy messengers had come, Hatuey the Indian chief reached the shore of Cuba. This savage who had been shocked at the cruelties he had seen the strangers commit, was endowed with as noble a heart as ever beat, for he could risk sacrificing himself in the effort to help others. For this he had come. The Indians of Oriente, the eastern part of the island, came at his call; he gathered an army to oppose the invaders, for, as he told the Siboneyes, the domination of the white men meant the Indian's slavery and death. To the troops who put themselves under him, he said:

"Comrades, we prepare to meet and oppose these strangers who have come to our lands. They call themselves Christians; we do not know what that may mean in their religion, but in ours it would mean, according to their acts, traitors to justice.

You know that, in Haiti, they have taken from us our lands, our power, our families and our very selves. They have tormented and killed our fathers and brothers; they have destroyed our maidens; they have slain this chief here and that one there. Why do they persecute us, O comrades?"

And the people answered, as with one voice, "Because they are cruel and evil."

"No," said Hatuey, "it is because they wish us to tear up our land, to find that which Maonocon has hidden from us, and to deliver it to them because it is the god they adore. Do you know their god? Behold, I will show you him they love," and uncovering a small palm basket, a little Indian "haba," he showed them a quantity of gold.

"This," he cried, "is the god that these Christians love tenderly and serve loyally. It is to satisfy this god that they torment us and persecute us, destroy our lands and our people and secure to themselves all our

possessions. To find more of this god, they leave Haiti, having taken all they could and laid waste what served them not, and now they come to Cuba to do likewise. You they will break and slay with terrible labour as they have slain my people. But come, let us be before them! Let us make a feast for this all-powerful god and dance before him our great dance and then, when the stranger arrives, the spirit of greed shall not be able to stand against the spirit that fights for us."

The people looked at the glittering metal brought from their mountain streams and washed, and melted, and hammered into disks and worn in honour of the Sun whose colour it was. Yes, this was the thing above all things that the stranger wanted. The words of Hatuey roused them. Believing as he said, it was, indeed, well to honour this idol of the white men to appease him if that might be. A great dance was prepared, a great feast was made; all night they

danced, and ate and drank to the Christians' god of gold. From twilight to dawn they danced until they dropped, one by one, from fatigue, and slept heavily while the intoxication of the drink wore off. When they were recovered Hatuey rose again before them and spoke gravely:

"It is better, you must see after all that has happened in this dance, that we discard the god of the Christians, that we need not again drink and dance to him and no longer give him room anywhere, for should we even swallow this gold and hide it within our bodies, there would the invaders search for it. We will throw it into the waves that none may know where to find it."

But they were too wise to drown the treasure by daylight; at night, by the light of stars only, the gold was lost. Some say it was entrusted to the four lads who had come bearing the four messages from Haiti; that these lads, not trusting even their rowers, took their canoe far out in the bay

and dropped into the depths the basket of gold. Nevertheless, the men of greed discovered that some of the treasure they sought had been sunk in the sea and when Velasquez landed on the island he came in added fury. He was greeted with an onslaught of the Indians. Led by Hatuey, they fought with desperation, but their valour was useless against the firearms of the fierce white men; they were driven back and back. In the mountains they took refuge and there Hatuey made a mighty resistance.

But prisoners had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards; the brave young Manicate was among them. Not to save his own life would Hatuey yield but when he heard that the enemies were inflicting horrible tortures upon that lad, among other captives who were asked to tell of the chief's camping place, he determined to try but once more for victory and if defeated to yield himself to save others from torment. A last terrible battle was

fought; in the mêlée Hatuey was captured. The conquerors gave him a mock trial, condemned him and sentenced him to be burned to death.

They tied this proud and noble Cacique to the iron rod that was planted among the pile of fagots. A priest of the conquerors' camp came and counselled him to be baptized that he might die a Christian, to which Hatuey returned:

"Why should I become a Christian?"

"Because those who die Christians," said the friar, "will go to heaven, where they will be happy forever."

"And will the white men go there?" asked the Indian.

The friar told him that those who had been baptized would surely go.

Then Hatuey cried out in a loud voice, "No, I will be neither baptized nor go to the heaven of those Christians."

When his speech was made known to the Spaniards a fearful shout arose; speedily

torches were set to the fagots and the last of the great Caciques perished amid the savage rejoicings of his enemies. Thus he gave his life for the cause of his adopted people and to this day the stranger who loves the land for which the Haitian chief fought and died is called "As Cuban as Hatuey."

III

NEGRO SLAVE MYTHS OF THE SPANISH PERIOD; TALES OF LOST TREASURE

(SIXTEENTH TO NINETEENTH CENTURY)

WHY THE CROCODILE HAS NO TONGUE

IT WAS a busy time at the plantation of San Claudio; most of the slaves were at work in the cane fields; only two or three of the women were kept at the residencia to attend to the wants of the family, and they were all so busy that it was no wonder Little Andrecita was not much looked after. One day, while her nurse was busy with other things, she ran away through the garden to the river and strayed down the banks far out of sight.

Now Andrecita had been told some wonderful tales of an ancient land far away where gods and goddesses, witches, fairies and monsters made themselves very busy with everyone's affairs and could be very amusing, and she wished very much that she could go to live in the land where these

entertaining things happened. But her nurse, to whom she had related these tales, had comforted her by saying that Cuba was just a fortunately endowed with witches and monsters as any land need wish to be, and chief among the last was Cayman, the river griffin that sometimes came alone, sometimes with his brothers and cousins along the streams, opening his terrible jaws at whatever he saw. He had, said the nurse, a horribly ugly and frightful looking body as long as a bohio or a big canoe and covered with shiny knobs and scales so thick and hard that a cavalier's armour could scarcely be as heavy, and, though his tail was small for such a huge creature, turning back like a bow, it made his head, by contrast, all the more formidable; it was so prodigiously long and he opened his alarming mouth so wide he could easily swallow a cow if he wanted to do so. Cayman's cousins were as ugly as he but they could not run so fast for their legs were shorter

and they were held back by their discouraged looking tails that dragged on the ground as they waddled. Altogether this family of monsters was, the black people maintained, the equal of any monsters to be boasted of anywhere except, perhaps, in Africa where the Congo people remembered to have seen creatures of most superior horribleness.

Nevertheless, Little Andrecita had not been at all frightened when her nurse described this animal, and she never thought of him on the day she wandered by herself along the river bank. She found some good stepping-stones in the stream and she was tip-toeing on them to the other side of the river when she saw the rock she was about to step upon begin to move. She stopped, very much amazed; yes, it was surely moving and now this Little Andrecita suddenly felt very frightened, for this thing she had thought to be a rock lifted up an enormously long head; it opened immense jaws and, to the little girl's unspeakable

horror, it snapped at her. She fell back on the rock she had been about to quit and, clinging to it with might and main, she screamed with terror.

It happened that some of the slaves, who had been working in the cane fields near the river, were just going to their dinner when they heard Little Andrecita's cries.

"It is the witch Chongo," some whispered; "we must not interfere or hinder him or he will bring us evil."

Others said, "No, it is not Chongo, for he does not come that way. It is the voice of the master's child, she must have fallen in a thorn thicket; if we go to her help the master will be pleased," and they ran toward the sound of the cries.

When they burst through the bamboo rushes and saw Little Andrecita crouched on a rock in the middle of the stream while a big crocodile snapped its jaws at her they, too, began to scream. Black Juana was the only one who knew what to do. "Run,"

she cried; "I have been bending so long over the cane I am too stiff to run, but go you all, bring the dogs, Xulos, Quinaje, and the rest to bark at Cayman; the creature will run after them, then we can reach the child; run!"

The messengers ran, they seemed to fly, and the dogs raced back barking furiously, for they had scented at once their arch enemy. On they came and at their appearance the ugly crocodile left off snapping at Little Andrecita and began to run toward the hounds with amazing swiftness, while the dogs, still barking, wildly backed away, and urged by the slaves drew the monster farther and farther off. Black Juana snatched up Little Andrecita and ran home with her.

It was fortunate, indeed, that at San Claudio there were some of that breed of Xulos and Quaniquinajes that had belonged on the island when the white people first came to it. Those dogs had been dumb,

you will remember. But the Negroes say they began to bark after they had fought with a great crocodile and bitten out his tongue. Since that time the monster Cayman has had no tongue, they declare, so there is an awful cavity between his great snapping jaws. And naturally he hates dogs, he and all his family, so that whenever they hear barking they run as fast as possible toward it, hoping, no doubt, to catch the dogs and get back their tongues. But as their legs are shorter than those of a dog, they are always outrun. Then they return sullenly to the streams and marshes and ill-naturedly snap at everything that displeases them. Perhaps it was because they were so snappish in the first place that the dogs had a chance to bite out their tongues.

WHAT THE GALLEONS BROUGHT

WORD had come that a galleon was sighted. It was not the time of year for a galleon to arrive. In the month of September, as everyone knew, the great ships that formed the galleon squadron and the flota were just starting from Spain. There would be many vessels sailing in company; the bigger ones full of rich, rich articles to sell, at three or four times their usual value, to the colonists in New Spain and New Granada, in the Antillas and the Lucayas, but it would be long before they could reach the islands.

The great ships with their valuable stores and tremendous treasure would be companioned by smaller vessels that carried but few goods but had many guns with which to protect the merchantmen. For pirates, corsairs, freebooters were sailing the seas

continually, looking everywhere for prizes they could capture, and no ship was safe that did not go under the escort of men-of-war.

Besides the merchant-ships that came, protected by the flota, often there would sail into the harbour, past the guns of the fortress, great, black, strange-looking vessels that people looked at but did not go very near to. They were the slave-ships.

It was now many years since Ciguayo, a little Indian boy, had come in a frail canoe to Cuba, bringing a letter to the good Padre, Las Casas, begging help for the Indians who were being made slaves in Haiti. The kind priest who had defended the Indians to whom the conquerors were so cruel, was dead long ago; so were the Indians he had tried to help, they, and their children; there were no more Indians left. Under the hard labour and cruelty of their masters they had faded away and in their places were people with black skins who had been brought

from far across the sea. Now in the streets the labourers were black; on the plantations the workers in fields and mills and mines were black; in the homes the servants were black. There were thousands of these blacks, so many that, almost, were the white people lost to view. Yet the few whites were the masters of the many blacks because the Negroes were ignorant as well as poor. The name Negro, which is the Spanish word for black, became a word of reproach because the white people who spoke it were, themselves, too ignorant to know what justice and pity meant. They were only eager to have many slaves that they might live idly themselves. When a slave-ship was coming in, therefore, great was the excitement.

Down by the fortress, whose strong walls were edged about, at low tide, by the dry crags of a coral reef, just as they are to-day, little boys were playing while they watched to see "what comes."

"If it were a corsair," cried one lad, "I should like it to be a Frenchman, the same who came before, for now we have La Fuerza, and Morro is also finished, we could pay him back finely; our guns can destroy anything now. Oh! anything."

"No," said another boy, "they cannot destroy the fever that the last slave-ship brought; the fever destroys us and the guns cannot defend us from it."

"Oh, you are always so solemn, José," cried another; "a fever is nothing — there is always fever; the doctors and the Sisters of Mercy can take care of that and if some blacks die, what difference, but ——"

"But *this* fever, yellow fever, kills not only the blacks," answered José fiercely, "it has killed my mother and almost it killed us all," he rubbed one hand slowly over the yellow-white flesh of the other; "it has been brought in the filth and horrors of the slave-ships. Does not my grandfather say that before these ships came there

was no malady, no sickness in all the island? The slave-ships are a curse, Pancho."

But at this moment Pancho gave a joyous shout. Rounding the point where Morro watched both sea and harbour came a great hulk with spreading sails. She came swiftly for the wind was fresh, but tacking cautiously to sail in through the narrow harbour strait. Yet it was a solemn-looking cortege that approached — almost they seemed phantom ships for not a soul moved about their decks, nor from their ports looked out any face. The flags that floated from the mast, fore and aft, were all the signs of life to be seen, and a hush fell upon the people who watched these ships come in.

All at once, though, a figure appeared upon one of the poops, a man waving to the shore. Then young Pancho set up a shout.

"It is he, it is he," he cried; "my father returns! He has brought the blacks who can work the cane; now we shall be rich,

rich. Do you hear, boys? Oh, let us swim out to meet him! Who will wager he can reach the ship as she passes La Fuerza?"

As he spoke Pancho stripped off his clothes. Long hose and velvet breeches were thrown upon the ground, fine ruffled shirt followed and a little white, naked figure sprang across the coral rocks and plunged into the beautiful clear water. The other boys held back; perhaps they had had bathing enough for one day, though the Islanders almost lived in the water, or perhaps the black ship was too fearful a thing to approach. They hesitated and in that instant the man upon the poop of the ship uttered a great cry; he sprang to the taffrail, waving his arms wildly.

"Go back, Pancho," he called; "go back! Por Dios, boys, rescue him. Danger is here!"

The man looked desperate. Other men now appeared on the deck; they all ran about

frantically talking, motioning, crying out orders nobody could understand. On the ship they were lowering a boat. Already, at this great alarm, a little barca had put out from the shore, yet what need? It was but a short, gun-shot's length between shore and ship; what could happen to a good swimmer in that distance?

But what was that in the water just appearing and disappearing above the surface yet moving ever swiftly in the wake of the ship? Some strange and monstrous finny creatures, showing wide, gleaming white throat and huge, saw-like jaws — a grewsome sight.

Had Pancho seen them, that his face was so white when it rose above the water? Did anything pursue him, that he grasped so frantically at an oar held out to him? He never reached it; suddenly his black head disappeared; one of the monster's shapes darted away and from the ship the father's grief-stricken cry went up.

"Sharks in our waters?" cried the boatmen of the barca, peering after the great fish. "Ave Maria! what has brought them?" They looked at the black hulls of the slave-ships. Those told no tales, neither did anything else — until long after. The hundreds of ghastly Negroes who were hauled from the holds of the slavers into the first light and air they had known in many weeks, could tell nothing — then. Long afterward, when some of them had learned to speak the language of their masters, they told how scores and scores of their companions, dying on that fearful voyage, had been thrown in the sea; how the sharks had learned to expect such meals daily and, following the vessels for the prey fed to them, had come to infest the waters where the ships dropped anchor.

And along the coasts, to-day, the fishers also tell that tale. "For look you, señor," say they, "the Indians, and even our first forefathers, swam safely in these bays, aye,

and in the sea itself, beyond. What brought the tiburon but the lure of prey making a pathway through the sea? 'Tis but another of the curses, señor, of the great traffic made by the galleons."

THE TREASURE OF A HUNDRED FIRES

JUAN BAUTISTA and Tomás Ana Maria had their heads close together over the fonda table. No one else was in the small inn café. Long-stemmed glasses of black coffee stood in saucers before them, but for once they were neglecting their favourite drink. Juan Bautista was saying:

"I tell you my friend there *is* treasure out there; I've seen it myself many and many a time when I've been fishing alone. If only someone had been with me, then, I could have got it. I know when Don José Cienfuegos reigned in these parts there was plenty of loot brought to these shores that never went away and never landed. And in the archives are the accounts of how the French corsairs pur-

sued ships to the very shores of the harbour and sank them, yet got away with nothing but the booty from one or two. There remains, it is clear, all the treasure that was in the others. Of course, the water has destroyed much, but doubloons cannot be destroyed. It's worth trying for, this treasure, surely, man!"

"Then why hasn't someone got it before now? Others must have thought to try for it," asked Tomás doubtfully.

"So they have tried, but ill-luck was against them — they hadn't the password, so to speak."

"And you have? That's curious; how comes it, friend?"

"Why, this way, to my notion. Everyone knows that a hen and chickens are always scratching around down there on the coast near the spot where the ships went down. That hen, you know, is the guardian of the treasure. Everyone thinks

that she is going to lead him to it, but no sooner does a stranger get near enough to see into the water than she disappears —she and all her chicks, too. Right before a person's eyes, man, they all vanish."

"Ah?" queried Tomás Ana Maria.

"Yes; but one day I took another way to reach the place," Juan Bautista looked very shrewd as he explained. "I went by water. I got in close enough to see, as I told you, the hulk of the ship and odds and ends lying way down at the bottom of the bay. The hen paid no attention whatever to me; she clucked about on the edge of the shore, and the chicks after her, as sensible as if she were in the patio yonder, walking about among the children. *She never saw the other side of the matter.* So you have only to take her on the side she's not thinking of and, just as with a woman, there you've got her. That is the password."

"Um-m!" said Tomás Ana Maria, "but *did* you get the treasure?"

"Haven't I told you that no man can get it alone?" answered Juan Bautista impatiently, "I came to tell you about it so that you may have some of it if you'll help to get it."

At this point Tomás Ana Maria drank his black coffee; then he asked, "Am I the only one you've told?"

"Well," hesitated the other, "you're the only one I've told all to, and the only one I've asked to go with me."

"Ah!" again said Tomás, and now he rubbed his chin, "somebody may be there before me — or before you, either."

"We can go out together in my small boat," Juan went on, ignoring that last speech. "When we reach the place, one of us can slip over the stern into the water, keeping well out of the hen's sight, dive for one of the wrecks and mark the place before she can make it disappear. Per-

haps he can snatch at something and bring it up; it will be a proof something is there."

"So the treasure vanishes with the hen?"

"Ave Maria!" cried Juan almost past his patience, "that's just it; she charms away the treasure when she disappears; it is only visible when she is about; we've got to submit to being led around by a pecking hen, if we are to keep this treasure in sight."

"Ah!" once more said Tomás Ana Maria in a doubting voice; but he went with Juan Bautista.

The fisherman's little boat cruised cautiously about the bay of the Hundred Fires. Cienfuegos town looked down upon the blue waters across which mighty guns used to be heard firing hundreds of shot and shell. Now men pursue their way in peaceful silence. The clear waters gleam above lost ships and buried treasure for which captains of old sold life dearly. Juan Bautista and Tomás Ana Maria

rowed along, thinking of all the things they could do with the riches buried under those waves.

"Where is this hen and chickens?" asked Tomás at last.

"Patience, patience!" commanded the other, "we shall see her in good time; 'tis never best to hurry unduly."

"But to speak truly, Juan," Tomás asserted, "I've not much notion that anything can be found by a hen's scratching."

"She shows the chicks where to find something," argued Juan.

"But they get it themselves."

"Just what we are going to do!" declared Juan. "Hist, quiet now! there's the hen yonder."

There she was sure enough, a yellow hen and a whole brood of chicks following her. Every little while she stopped and scratched busily, whereupon the chicks would rush up and peck at whatever was shown them, just as other chicks do. With

quiet, majestic step the hen proceeded, moving in a small space as though it were large as the universe. Presently she sat down, clucked to the chicks and gathered them under her wings. Then she dozed.

"Now," whispered Juan, "is the time; she'll not notice us!"

"But where's the treasure?" asked Tomás, peering into the water.

"Why, down there, of course; you'll have to dive for it, man." Juan spoke almost angrily. "You don't expect it is going to rise up out of the bay and ask you to take it, do you?"

"No," admitted Tomás, "I don't expect anything."

"Then you'll get nothing if you expect nothing," growled Juan. "You hold the boat's bow to shore and I'll dive."

Tomás agreed heartily. Cautiously the men exchanged places, watching the hen lest she be roused. But she drowsed, unheeding them. Juan crept over the

stern of the boat and, hanging to it by one hand, was slipping into the water when the hen jumped up with a shrill cackle, a call, a flutter and, right before the eyes of the two men, there in the unshaded open, she and her whole brood vanished.

But Juan dove at the same instant. When he came up presently his face looked as blank as it was wet.

"What did you get?" asked Tomás anxiously.

"Nothing but this," answered the other, disgustedly throwing a sponge into the boat. "Of course, it was too late when I went down; she had already broken the charm. What can you expect of a cackling fool?"

"Why, I expected nothing," said Tomás Ana Maria; "it would seem, friend, that it is best to catch a hen, as well as a woman, before you count on her. Better luck next time."

But the luck has never been better

either for Juan or for any other man. Perhaps a hundred fires have burned and melted the treasure, though the people who ought to know say it is there safe and sound, only the hen always keeps guard over it and no sooner does anyone try to touch it than she charms it away and herself with it.

THE GHOSTLY ARQUEBUS

PEDRO had need of money; he could not dig; to beg he was ashamed, for he was of high degree, but no one knew that, for he was no boaster, and not to a soul had he ever told it or even mentioned that he was honest. Consequently these were two things about him that nobody knew. This made it easier for him to set about trying to get possession of the treasure.

Now, the treasure of the armed chest was, as everyone knew, at the bottom of the bay, and anybody who wished might try to get it; many had tried, and that was not stealing either, for it belonged to none unless it be the Spirit of the Waves that, as all the world has declared, is jealous always of any interference with what is buried in its territory. But that, the good

padre had often said in Pedro's hearing, was all nonsense; there was no Spirit of the Waves, and a poor man who looks for a lost and deserted treasure nobody owns is committing no crime he need be ashamed of.

So Pedro's conscience was clear, and he determined to venture once more to raise the armed chest. He could even defy any Spirit of the Waves there might be for, after all, the chest was not buried, it was in plain sight, there in the sand and rocks at the bottom of the bay. Pedro determined to go alone on this expedition, for he had heard how Tomás and Juan Bautista had gone together on such an errand in Cienfuegos Bay and one of them had blundered; that was because neither of them was alone. Pedro would not risk a blunder; he would go quite alone. To be sure, in order to accomplish this he must go by night, or at least in the dusk. Perhaps the dusk of morning would be

best, for in the gloaming of these beautiful summer nights all the world and his wife remained abroad, and no one could tell how near to the point whence the treasure-spot could be seen anyone might come. Therefore, Pedro decided to start just before the beams of Lucero should have melted into the gray light of dawn.

When the time came, notwithstanding his excellent reasons for feeling satisfied with his plan, Pedro set out with shaking limbs and a heavy heart; almost he was tempted to give up the exploit, but the thought of what he should become possessed of by persisting nerved him to proceed. He could not go, though, with joyous mien. He dared not whistle to keep up his courage, so in desperate need of being cheered he began to put riddles to himself as he went along. Then, as if to plague him further, he could think of none that did not seem to be made on purpose to frighten him.

At the fonda his trick of putting into doggerel rhyme the common conundrums of the people and inventing amusing puzzles, made him popular. But now he could not invent anything, and only his poor jingles — those of ominous sayings, too—rang in his head:

> What thing can it be, what thing can it be,
> That the larger it is the less we can see?

The answer made him shiver:

> It is the darkness and the gloom,
> We never can see though it takes all the room.

Pedro found himself trembling so that he almost dropped the blunderbuss he was carrying as a means of defence if he was forced to do anything violent. Matters were no better with him when another riddle popped into his head:

> What's higher than a pine or reed,
> And yet weighs less than a cumin seed?

For the answer was grewsome:

> Nothing but smoke so high could float
> While treasure sinks in a sinking boat.

By this time Pedro was some distance on his way, and the farther he went the more dreadful to him were the loneliness and the darkness. Now he tried not to think of riddles, but against his will they repeated themselves:

Sailing without sails,
Whistling without lips,
Grasping without hands or nails,
It sees nor touches what it skips.

He knew quite well what *it* was:

The wind that blows
Where the black tide flows;

and his abject fright made him almost helpless. But just then the dawn made a great leap and began to race with the darkness. All the birds woke up and began to chatter together. Pedro no longer felt alone; the feathered wild things kept him company.

Now he had reached the shore. He would not row his boat lest spirits, of several kinds, should be roused and bring

interference; he waded into the water, pushing the boat before him until he could swim, and made straight for the spot where the treasure was. The water was so clear that he could see right to the bottom, and there was light enough now to distinguish things. Yes, there it lay, a great chest and upon its lid a pile of fire-arms, an ancient arquebus among them, the weapons that had been useless in defending the treasure when it went down so long ago beneath the waves. Absurd to say, as the townspeople did, that those water-soaked guns could be used again, much less that they could rise of themselves and attack anyone who attempted to gain the treasure.

Pedro's fright was now all gone. He got his block and tackle ready; he took one end of the rope in his teeth and from the stern of the boat he dove down, down to where the treasure-chest rested beneath the green water.

But, behold! at the instant that Pedro dove, a thundering explosion of firearms rent the air; the sound reverberated along the shore and rolled away, away to the hills as if it would go on forever. As speedily as he had gone down Pedro came up. The rope had been dropped, nor was there anything in his hands, and when, as he climbed, shakingly, into his boat, he looked down to the bottom of the bay, he saw one of the ancient firearms laying itself down upon the treasure chest. The ghostly arquebus had done what rumour said it always did if the treasure was attacked: it had discharged its thunder full at the daring offender.

Pedro in sore fright, yet, withal, deep thankfulness to be spared his life, got away, back to his cabin before the sun was up. He said nothing of his adventure then, but when others, in after time, were heard to speak of the chest of treasure under the waters of the bay, and of the ancient fire-

arms that lay upon its lid, it might be noticed that, presently, he would bring the talk round so that he could tell a tale of the Ghostly Arquebus, which he declared he had heard ever since he could remember.

GLOSSARY-INDEX

Glossary-Index

ACATAO (*A-cah-taow*). Aged Indian in legend, "Fast of the Siboneyes." 67.

AMAYAUNA (*Ah-mah-yow-na*). One of the caves in which lived the souls Vagoniona had to breathe upon before they could enter earth as humans. 48. (See also Cazibaxagua.)

ARUACOS (*Ah-roo-ah-cos*). Tribe belonging to Guarani race of South America, traces of it thought to be evident in some of the islanders.

AS OLD AS THE MOON. Indian saying and legend. 29.

BAJAGUA (*Bah-ha-qua*). One of the caves inhabited by the spirits of men before life. 18. (See also Caji.)

BEADS. Sacred necklaces made of marble and shells. 113.

BEHIQUE (*Be-heek*). Priests, medical men, conjurors, interpreters of the Cemies idols.

BIAUTEX (*Be-ow-tex*). Proper name, boy in tale, "Fast of Siboneyes."

BOHECHIO. Name of the chief of a tribe; boy's name in story.

BOHECHIO'S FRIEND WAS DUMB, THE REASON, legend. 42.

BOHIO (*Bo-hee-o*). Indian name for hut or cottage. 104.

BOYUCA. A province on the south coast.

CACIQUE (*Cah-seek*). Indian name for chief. According to Fort y Roldan, in his book "Cuba Indigina," the c. was not a warrior but a sort of oligarchic governor, or municipal ruler, over his own flock or his own allied

with his neighbour's. In exchange for these rights, the municipality was expected not to acquire more riches than it really needed. The state was divided into pueblos; each pueblo had a cacique. Every cacique had under him as a sort of aide, a naitani or nitaino. There were thirty-two tribes at time of discovery, evidently but two classes, i. e., the cacique naitano, and the behique (priest), and the guajiro, the term used to-day for peasant countryman, corrupted.

CAJI (*Cah-hee*). Name of a cave, the same that was called also Cazibaxagua. 18.

CAOBAS (*Cow-bas*). Resinous pieces of pine used for lighting.

CAONABO (*Cow-nah-bo*). A chief, lord of the mines Cibao, in Haiti. He destroyed the fortress Columbus left there.

CAPROMY. A rat, Indian name for (see legend 35).

CAUNANA (*Cow-nah-nah*). The province where were the caves from which the human race was thought to come when sent by Vagoniona.

CAUTA (*Cow-ta*). Mountains in province of Caunana; rock in which were the caves.

CAVE PEOPLE. Indians believed all people lived in caves after the flood.

CAZIBAXAGUA (*Cah-zee-bah-zag-wah*). One of the caves in which waited the souls to be sent to earth by Vagoniona. (See Amayauna.)

CAYAGUAYO. Indian trader Columbus met at Isle of Pines, 1494.

CAYAGUAYO. The Merchant. 96.

VOCABULARY

Vocabulary

ABLE, *va.* to be able, poder.
ABILITY, *s.* habilidad.
ABODE, *s.* domicilio.
ABOUT, *prep.* al rededor.
ABOVE, *prep.* encima, sobre.
ACCOMPANY, *va.* acompañar.
ACROSS, *ad.* de traves, al traves.
ADOPT, *va.* adoptar, prohijar.
ADVANCE, *va.* avanzar, adelantar.
ADVENTURE, *s.* expedición ó empresa rodeada de peligros.
AFFLICTION, *s.* calamidad, miseria.
AFTER, *prep.* despues, detras, en seguimiento de.
AGAINST, *prep.* contra, junto, cerca.
AGED, *a.* viejo, cargado de años.
AGO, *adv.* largo tiempo, pasado, despues.
AGREED, *part. a.* determinado, convenido.
A HUNTING, WENT A HUNTING, fué á cazar.
ALARMING, *a.* alarmante.
ALIVE, *a.* vivo ó viviente.
ALL, todo; ALL BUT, todo menos, ó excepto; IN ALL DIRECTIONS, por todas partes.
ALLEGIANCE, *s.* lealtad, fidelidad.
ALMOND, *s.* almendra.
ALMOST, *ad.* casi.
ALONE, *a.* solo, solitario.
ALTER, *va.* alterar, mudar.

ALTHOUGH, *conj.* aunque, aun cuando.
AMAZEMENT, *s.* espanto, sorpresa.
ANCHORAGE, *s.* anclaje.
ANCIENT, *a.* antiguo.
ANGRY, *a.* enfadado, enojado.
ANKLE, *s.* tobillo.
ANNOY, *va.* molestar, dañar.
ANOINT, *va.* untar, ungir.
ANOTHER, *a.* otro, distinto.
ANSWER, *s.* repuesta, contestación.
ANXIETY, *s.* ansia.
ANY, *a.* cualquier ó cualquiera; ANYONE, alguno; ANYTHING, algo.
APART, *ad.* aparte, separadamente.
APPEAL, *s.* apelacion; *vn.* apelar.
APPEASE, *va.* aplacar, apaciguar.
APPLY, *va.* aplicar.
APPROACH, *vn.* acercarse; *va.* acercar.
APPROPRIATE, *va.* apropiar, adaptar; *a.* apropiado.
APPROVAL, *s.* aprobación.
APRON, *s.* delantal.
ARBOUR, *s.* emparrado, glorieta.
ARC, *s.* arco de círculo.
ARCH, *s.* arco; *va.* abovedar, cubrir con arcos.
ARCHIVES, *s.* archivos.
ARGUE, *vn.* razonar; *va.* arguir, probar con argumentos.
ARM, *s.* 1, brazo; 2, rama del arbol; 3, brazo de mar; 4, arma.
ARMOUR, *s.* armadura.
AROUND, *ad.* al rededor.
ARQUEBUS, *s.* arcabuz, arma de fuego.

ARTICLES OF MERCHANDISE, *s.* mercaderias; SMALL ARTICLES, menudéncias.

ASK, *va.* pedir, rogar, preguntar; *vn.* buscar, inquirir.

ASLEEP, *ad.* dormido.

ASSENT, *s.* asenso, aprobación; *vn.* asentir.

ASSOCIATION, *s.* compañia, asamblea; *va.* acompañar; *vn.* asociarse.

ASSORTMENTS, *s.* surtido.

ASTONISH, *vn.* pasmar; *va.* asombrar, aturdir.

AT LAST, *prep.* por fin, al fin.

ATTENTION, *s.* atención, cuidado.

AVERT, *va.* desviar, alejar.

AVOID, *va.* evitar, dejar, huir.

AWAY, *ad.* ausente, afuera; *interj.* fuera de aqui! marcha!

BABBLE, *vn.* balbucear, charlar.

BACK, *s.* espalda; TO COME BACK TO, *vn.* volver.

BAPTIZE, *va.* bautizar.

BARE, *a.* desnudo, raso.

BARGAIN, *s.* pacto, compra ó venta; *vn.* negociar.

BARK, *s.* 1, corteza; 2, barco; *vn.* ladrar.

BARTER, *vn.* traficar, permutando géneros; *va.* trocar; *s.* trafico.

BASKET, *s.* canasta.

BATTLE, *s.* batalla; BATTLE-AXE, hacha de armas.

BAY, *s.* habia.

BEACH, *s.* ribera, orilla, playa.

BEAM, *s.* 1, astil; 2, rayo de luz; SUNBEAM, rayo del sol.

BEAR, *va.* llevar.

BEAST, *s.* animal irracional, á distinción del hombre; bestia.

BEAT, *va.* apalear; TO BEAT OUT, arrancar, lanzar.

BEAUTIFUL, *a.* hermoso, bello.

Became, *pp.* del verbo to become, venir á parar.
Begin, *va.* empezar, principiar, comenzar.
Behind, *prep.* detras, tras.
Behold, *va.* ver, mirar, notar; *interj.* vele ahi!
Being, *s.* ente, ser.
Beneath, *ad.* y, *prep.* abajo; bajo ó en paraje mas bajo.
Bent, *pp.* del verbo to bend, inclinar, encorvar.
Beseechingly, *ad.* con suplica.
Besides, *prep.* sobre, fuera de; *ad.* ademas.
Betray, *va.* traicionar, exponer.
Better, *a.* mejor.
Beyond, *prep.* mas alla, allende, fuera.
Biggest, *a.* lo mas grande.
Bit, *s.* pedazo pequeño de alguna cosa, bocado.
Black, *a.* 1, negro, oscuro; 2, grave, triste; 3, horríble, atroz.
Blank, *a.* confuso, turbado.
Blast, *s.* soplo de aire.
Blew, *pp.* del verbo to blow, soplar.
Blue, *a.* azul.
Bluff, *s.* peñasco, roca escarpada.
Boast, *vn.* alabarse, jactarse.
Bold, *a.* intrépido, audaz.
Bosom, *s.* seno, el corazón.
Bottom, *s.* fondo, suelo.
Bound to drown, destinado á sumergir.
Bow, *s.* arco, arma para disparar fleches; rainbow, el arco iris; bowstring, cuerda de arco.
Bracelet, *s.* brazelete.
Branch, *s.* rama.
Breathe, *vn.* respirar.

Breed, *s.* casta, raza.
Breeze, *s.* brisa, viento suave.
Bright, *s.* claro, luciente.
Brisk, *a.* vivo, acelerado.
Broke, *pp.* del verbo to break, romper.
Bronze, *s.* bronce.
Brood, *vn.* considerar, ó rumiar alguna cosa con cuidado.
Brown, *a.* moreno, castaño.
Bubble, *vn.* burbujear, bullir.
Buffet, *vn.* combatir con puñadas; *s.* punada.
Buffoon, *s.* bufon, chocarrero.
Build, *va.* edificar, construir.
Bundle, *s.* mazo envoltorio, paquete.
Burden, *s.* carga.
Buried, *pp.* del verbo to bury, enterrar, esconder.
Burn, *va.* quemar, incendiar.
Burst, *vn.* reventar, rebosar.
Busily, *ad.* apresuradamente, diligentemente.
Busy, *a.* ocupado.
By and by, *prep.* presto, luego.
Cackle, *vn.* cacarear, charlar.
Calabash, *s.* calabaza.
Call, to call to, *va.* llamar; to call upon, implorar, exhortar.
Cane, *s.* caña.
Canoe, *s.* canoa.
Caravel, *s.* carabela.
Carrier, *s.* portador.
Cast, *va.* tirar, arrojar.
Catch, *va.* coger, asir, alcanzar.
Caught, *pp.* del verbo to catch, coger, etc.

CAUTIOUSLY, *ad.* prudentemente, cautamente.
CAVALIER, *s.* caballero de distinción.
CAVE, *s.* cueva, caverna.
CEASE, *vn.* cesar, desistir.
CESSATION, *s.* suspensión, parada.
CHAIN, *va.* encadenar, enlanzar; *s.* cadena, grillete.
CHANGE, *va.* cambiar, convertir; *s.* mudanza.
CHARM, *s.* encanto, embeleso; *va.* encantar, atraer, arrobar.
CHICKEN, *s.* polluelo ó pollo.
CHILD, *s.* niño, niña.
CHOICEST, *a.* lo mas escogido ó exquisito.
CLAIM, *s.* pretension, derecho.
CLAY, *s.* tierra crasa y pegajosa, arcilla.
CLEAR, *a.* clara, trasparente.
CLIMB, *va.* subir, escalar.
CLOAK, *s.* capa.
CLOSE, *va.* cerrar, acabar.
CLOSER, *a.* mas cerca.
CLOTHES, *s.* pl. vestidura, ropaje.
CLOTHING, *s.* vestidos, ropa de toda especie.
CLOUD, *s.* nube; *va.* anubular.
CLUB, *s.* clava, baston.
COALS, *s. pl.* carbon encendido.
COAST, *s.* costa, orilla del mar.
COAXING, *s.* engatusamiento.
COFFEE, *s.* café.
COLLAR, *s.* collar, cadena de metal que rodea el cuello.
COMB, *s.* peine.
COMMANDER, *s.* comandante.
COMPANION, *s.* camarada, socio; *vn.* asociarse.
COMPARE, *va.* comparar, cotejar.

COMPLETE, *a.* completo, acabado; *va.* completar, concluir.
CONDEMN, *va.* condenar, sentenciar á una pena.
CONSEQUENTLY, *ad.* en consecuencia, por consiguiente.
CONSTANTLY, *ad.* constantemente, igualmente.
CONTINUE, *vn.* continuar, durar.
COOL, *a.* fresco.
CORN, *s.* grano, semilla de las mieses, maiz.
CORNER, *s.* angulo, rincón, esquina.
CORSAIR, *s.* corsairo, pirato.
CRACK, *s.* hendedura, estallido.
CRAMP, *va.* apretar.
CREAK, *vn.* crujir, estallar.
CREATURE, *s.* criatura, bestia, animal.
CREEP, *vn.* arrastrar; TO CREEP OUT, salir sin hacer ruido.
CREPT, *pp.* del verbo to creep, arrastrar.
CRIED, *pp.* del verbo to cry, gritar, llorar, vocear.
CRINKLE, *vn.* serpentear; *s.* sinuosidades.
CROAKER, *s.* lo que hace cantos de ranas, reganador.
CROCODILE, *s.* cocodrillo, caiman.
CROSSLY, *ad.* contrariamente, enojadamente.
CROUCH, *vn.* agarcharse.
CROWN, *s.* corona.
CRUEL, *a.* cruel, inhumano, bárbaro.
CULTIVATE, *va.* cultivar, labrar.
CUNNING, *a.* 1, sabio; 2, mañoso, astuto, sutil.
CURL, *va.* ensortijar, ondear.
CURRENT, *s.* corrientes del mar.
CURTAIN, *s.* cortina.
CUSTOMER, *s.* comprador, parroquiano.
DANCE, *vn.* bailar; *s.* danza, baile.
DANGER, *s.* peligro, riesgo.

DARE, *vn.* osar.
DARKNESS, *s.* oscuridad, tinieblas.
DART, *va.* lanzar; *s.* dardo.
DAUGHTER, *s.* hija.
DAWN, *vn.* amanecer, *s.* alba, aurora.
DAY, *s.* día, luz.
DAZZLE, *s.* deslumbramiento.
DEAD, *a.* muerto; *s.* hombres muertos.
DECEIVE, *va.* engañar, defraudar.
DECLARE, *va.* declarar, manifestar.
DEDICATE, *va.* dedicar, consagrar.
DEER, *s.* ciervo.
DEFILE, *va.* profanar.
DEMAND, *va.* demandar, preguntar.
DEPART, *vn.* partir ó partirse.
DEPEND, *vn.* depender, descuidar en una persona.
DEPOSIT, *va.* depositar, consignar.
DEPTH, *s.* hondura, abismo.
DESCEND, *vn.* descender, bajar.
DESPAIR, *s.* desesperación; *vn.* perder la esperanza.
DESTINY, *s.* destino, fortuna.
DESTROY, *va.* destruir, desolar, matar.
DETERMINE, *va.* determinar, decidir.
DEVASTATE, *va.* arruinar, robar.
DEVIL, *s.* diablo, espíritu maligno.
DEVOUR, *va.* devorar, destruir.
DEW, *s.* rocio.
DISAPPEAR, *vn.* desaparecer, perderse de vista.
DISCERN, *va.* percibir, descubrir.
DISCOVER, *va.* revelar, descubrir.
DISHEVEL, *va.* desgreñar, desmelenar.

Disk, *s.* disco.
Displease, *va.* enfadar, ofender.
Dispute, *va.* disputar, arguir.
Distant, *a.* distante, remoto.
Distribute, *va.* repartir, dividir.
Distrust, *va.* desconfiar, *s.* sospecha.
Dog, *s.* perro.
Domination, *s.* dominación, tirania, autoridad.
Door, *s.* puerta.
Double, *va.* doblar, duplicar.
Doubloon, *s.* doblon, moneda de ora de España del valor de 60 reales.
Dove, *s.* palomo ó paloma.
Drag, *va.* arrastrar.
Drain, *s.* desaguadero; *va.* secar, escurrir.
Draw, *va.* tirar, sacar, destripar.
Dread, *s.* miedo, espanto; *va.* temer, recelar.
Drew, *pp.* del verbo to draw, tirar; drew back, *pp.* del verbo retroceder, ó retirar.
Dried, *pp.* del verbo to dry, secar.
Drink, *va.* beber; *s.* bebida.
Drop, *vn.* caer, bajar. *s.* gota.
Drown, *va.* ahogar, sumergir.
Drowse, *va.* adormecer.
Dry, *a.* árido, seco; *va.* secar, enjugar.
Dull, *a.* lerdo, estúpido; dull in colour, ofuscado; *va.* embotar.
Dumb, *a.* mudo.
Dwelt, *pp.* del verbo; to dwell, habitar, morar.
Ear, *s.* oreja, espiga.
Early, *a.* temprano; *ad.* temprano.

EARTH, *s.* tierra, el globo terrestre.
EASILY, *ad.* fácilmente.
EDGE, *s.* punta, borde, márgen.
ELDEST, *a.* lo más anciano.
EMBARK, *va.* embarcar; *vn.* emprender algun negocio.
EMERGE, *vn.* salir; salir de la oscuridad; salir á luz.
EMPTY, *va.* vaciar, evacuar; *a.* vacio, desalojado, vano.
ENABLE, *vn.* habilitar.
ENCIRCLE, *va.* cercar, rodear.
END, *s.* fin, extremidad, término.
ENDANGER, *va.* arriesgar, peligrar.
ENEMY, *s.* enemigo.
ENJOY, *va.* gozar, agradar.
ENORMOUS, *a.* enorme, atroz.
ENOUGH, *a.* bastante; *ad.* basta.
ENTIRELY, *ad.* enteramante, absolutamente.
ENVELOPE, *s.* envolvedor, cubierta; *va.* envolver, esconder.
EQUAL, *a.* igual, semejante.
ESCAPE, *va.* huir, evítar; *s.* descuido, fuga.
ESPECIALLY, *ad.* principalmente, especialmente.
ETERNAL, *a.* eterno, perpetuo.
EVEN, *a.* igual, raso; *ad.* aun, no obstante; *va.* igualar, allanar.
EVIDENTLY, *ad.* claramente, evidentemente.
EXAMPLE, *s.* ejemplo, muestra.
EXCEEDINGLY, *ad.* sumamente, extremamente.
EXCHANGE, *s.* cambio; *va.* trocar, cambiar.
EXCITEMENT, *s.* estímulo, instigación, agitación.
EXCUSE, *va.* excusar, perdonar; *s.* excusa, defensa, disculpa.
EXPLORER, *s.* explorador.
EXTEND, *va.* extender, hacer crecer.

EYE, *s.* ojo, mirada.
FACE, *s.* cara, rostro.
FACT, *s.* hecho, realidad.
FAGOT, *s.* haz ó gavilla de leña.
FAINT, *a.* lánguido, perezoso; *va.* decaer, desmayar.
FAIR, *a.* 1, hermoso; 2, claro, sereno; 3, dulce, blando; 4, recto, justo.
FAIRY, *s.* duende, encantadora.
FANTASTICALLY, *ad.* fantasticamente.
FAR, *ad.* léjos; FAR OFF, á gran distancia.
FASHION, *va.* formar, amoldar.
FAVOUR, *va.* favorecer, amparar; *s.* favor, beneficio.
FAVOURITE, *s.* favorito, confidente; *a.* amado, favorecido.
FEAR, *s.* miedo, FEARFUL, FEARSOME, *a.* miedoso, temeroso.
FEAST, *s.* banquete, festín
FEATHER, *s.* pluma.
FEATHERY *a.* plumado, ligero como una pluma.
FERVENTLY, *ad.* vehementemente, fervientemente.
FETCH, *va.* ir á traer algo, sacar, llegar; TO FETCH AWAY, llevar, quitar.
FIBRE, *s.* fibra, hebra.
FIELD, *s.* campo, llanura de tierra.
FIEND, *s.* enemigo, ente infernal, furia.
FIERCELY, *ad.* furiosamente.
FIGHT, *s.* batalla, pelea; va. guerrear, combatir.
FIGURE, *s.* figura, hechura, cifra ó numero.
FILL, *va.* llenar, hartar.
FINE, *a.* fino, puro, agudo, delicado.
FINGER, *s.* dedo.
FINNY *a.* armado de aletas como los peces
FIRE, *s.* fuego.

FIRING, *pa.* del verbo to fire, tirar.
FISHERMAN, *s.* pescador.
FISHING, *s.* pesca.
FIT, *va.* surtir, proveer.
FITTING, i. e. proper, *a.* propio.
FLASH, *s.* relámpago.
FLAT, *s.* plano; *a.* llano, raso.
FLEW, *pt.* del verbo to fly, huir, volar.
FLEET, *s.* escuadra de navios de guerra, flota, de buques mercantes; *a.* veloz, ligero.
FLESH, *s.* carne.
FLOATING, *pa.* del verbo to float, flotar; *s.* flotante.
FLOCK, *s.* manada; A FLOCK OF BIRDS, bandada de aves.
FLOOD, *s.* diluvio.
FLOWER, *s.* flor.
FLUTTER, *vn.* revolotear; *s.* alboroto, tumulto.
FLY, *va.* huir, volar; *s.* mosca.
FOAM, *s.* espuma; *vn.* espumar.
FOLLOW, *va.* seguir.
FOOL, *s.* idiota, bobo, tonto.
FOOLISH, *a.* indiscreto, tonto.
FORBIDDEN, *pp.* del verbo to forbid, prohibir.
FORCE, *s.* poder, fuerza.
FOREVER, *ad.* para siempre.
FORGOT, *pp.* del verbo to forget, olvidar.
FORMIDABLE, *a.* formidable, tremendo.
FORTH, *ad.* en adelante, fuera.
FOUNDATION, *s.* cimiento, fundamento.
FOX, *s.* zorro.
FRANTICALLY, *ad.* frenéticamente, furiosamente.

FREEBOOTER, *s.* ladron, filibuster, nombre con que, en otro tiempo, fueron conocidos ciertos piratas que saquearon las Antillas.

FREELY, *ad.* libremente.

FROWNING, mirando con ceño. *a.* ceñudo.

FRUIT, *s.* fruta, producto.

FUR, *s.* pelo de las bestias.

FURRY, *s.* hecho de pieles ó parecida de ellas.

FURTHER, *a.* mas distante.

FURY, *s.* furia.

GALLEON, *s.* galeon; bajel grande usuado antiguamente.

GARMENT, *s.* vestidura, vestido.

GASP, *vn.* boquear, suspirar

GATEWAY, *s.* entrada por las puertas de algun cercado.

GATHER, *va.* recoger, rebuscar.

GAZE, *vn.* contemplar; *va.* mirar de hito en hito.

GENII, *s.* espíritu bueno ó malo, numen.

GENTLE, *a.* suave, dócil, manso.

GILD, *va.* dorar.

GLANCE, *s.* ojeada, mirada, vislumbre.

GLEE, *s.* alegria, jovialidad.

GLIMPSE, *s.* vislumbre, mirada pronto y ligera.

GLITTER, *vn.* lucir, brillar; *s.* lustre.

GLOOM, *s.* opacidad, lobreguez.

GLORY, *s.* gloria, honra, alabanza.

GNAW, *s.* roer, mordicar.

GO, *vn.* ir, andar; TO GO ABOUT A THING, intenter, hacer todo lo possible.

GODDESS, *s.* diosa.

GOLD, *s.* oro.

GOT, *pp.* del verbo to get, ganar, adquirir, obtener.

GOURD, *s.* calabaza.
GOVERN, *va.* gobernar, guiar, regir.
GRADUALLY, *ad.* gradualmente.
GRANT, *va.* conceder, dar.
GRASP, *va.* empuñar, asir.
GRATE, *va.* rallar, rechinar.
GRATING, *s.* reja.
GRAVELY, *ad.* seriamente.
GRAY, *a.* and *s.* gris, un color.
GREAT, *a.* gran, grande.
GREED, *s.* codicia, avaricia.
GREEN, *a.* and *s.* verde.
GREET, *va.* saludar; GREETING, salutación.
GREW, *pp.* del verbo to grow, crecer.
GREWSOME, *a.* horrendo, espantoso.
GREYHOUND, *s.* galgo.
GRIEVING, *pa.* lamentando.
GRIFFIN, *s.* grifo, animal fabuloso.
GRIM, *a.* torvo, ceñudo.
GROTTO, *s.* gruta, caverna.
GROUND, *s.* tierra, terreno, suelo.
GROUP, *s.* grupo; *va.* agrupar.
GROVE, *s.* arboleda.
GRUNT, *vn.* gruñir, gemir.
GUARD, *s.* guarda, guardia; *va.* guardar, defender.
GUARDIAN, *s.* el que guarda ó cuida de alguna cosa.
HAIL, *va.* y *n.* saludar a la voz, llamar. á.
HAIR, *s.* pelo.
HALE, *va.* tirar con violencia, arrastrar.
HALF, *s.* mitad; HALF WAY, *ad.* á medio camino.
HALT, *vn.* parar, vacilar; *s.* parada, cojera.

HAMMER, *s.* martillo; *va.* martillar, forjar.
HANDLE, *s.* mango, puño; *va.* manosear, manejar.
HANG, *va.* suspender.
HAPPEN, *vn.* acontecer, acaecer.
HAPPY, *a.* feliz, dichoso.
HARBOUR, puerto, lugar seguro donde pueden entrar los navios.
HARVEST, *s.* agosto, cosecha; *va.* cosechar.
HATCHES, *s. pl.* cuarteles, portezuelas para cerrar las bocas de las escotillas.
HATE, *va.* odiar, detestar.
HAUGHTY, *a.* arrogante, orgulloso, insolente.
HAUNCH, *s.* anca.
HEAD, *s.* cabeza.
HEADLAND, *s.* promontorio, punta, cabo.
HEAP, *s.* montón, agregado de muchas cosas puestas en un lugar.
HEAR, *va.* oir.
HEART, *s.* corazón; HEART-BROKEN, *a.* penetrado de dolor.
HEAVEN, *s.* cielo, firmamento, region eterea, la habitación de Dios.
HEAVILY, *ad.* pesadamente, tristemente.
HELP, *s.* ayuda, socorro; *va.* asistir, sostener.
HEN, *s.* gallina.
HESITATE, *va.* vacilar, dudar.
HID, *pp.* del verbo to hide, esconder, ocultar.
HIGH, *a.* alto, elevado.
HOARSE, *a.* ronco.
HOBO, nombre Indiano, de un locion para bañar los enfermos.
HOLE, *s.* agujero, cavidad.

HONEY, *s.* miel.
HOT, *a.* calido, caliente.
HOUND, *s.* sabueso, perro de monteria.
HOUSEHOLD, *s.* casa, la familia que vive junta en una casa.
HOWEVER, *ad.* en todo caso, no obstante.
HULK, *s.* casco de la embarcación.
HUMAN, *a.* humano; HUMAN BEINGS, *s.* seres humanos, el linaje humano.
HUMMING-BIRD, *s.* guainambi.
HUNTING, *s.* monteria, caza.
HUT, *s.* choza, cabana, bohio, nombre Indiano.
IGNOBLE, *a.* indigno, bajo, vil.
ILLUMINATE, *va.* alumbrar, ilustrar.
ILLUMINE, *va.* iluminar.
IMAGINE, *va.* imaginar, discurrir alguna cosa.
IMMEDIATELY, *ad.* inmediatamente.
IMPATIENT, *a.* impaciente, inquieto.
IMPLORE, *va.* suplicar, rogar, implorar.
INCENSE, *s.* incienso, alabanza lisonjera.
INCREASE, *va.* aumentar, acrecentar.
INDEED, *ad.* verdaderamente, realmente.
INDICATE, *va.* señalar, designar, indicar.
INDISTINGUISHABLE, *a.* indistinguible.
INDOLENT, *a.* perezosa, indolente.
INDULGE, *va.* favorecer, tolerar, conceder.
INDUSTRIOUS, *a.* diligente, aplicado.
INFANCY, *s.* infancia, la edad del hombre hasta que tiene el uso de razón.
INHABITANT, *s.* habitante.
INSIGNIFICANT, *a.* frivolo, nulo.
INSTEAD, *prep.* por, en lugar de.

INTEND, *va.* intentar, tener designio de ejecutar alguna cosa.

INTENTLY, *ad.* ansiosamente.

INTERFERE, *vn.* intervenir, mezclarse.

INVADER, *s.* invasor; INVADE, *va.* invadir, usurpar.

INVINCIBLE, *a.* invencible.

INVITE, *va.* convidar, invitar.

IRON, *s.* hierro.

ISSUE, *vn.* proceder, salir, echar.

JAW, *s.* quijada.

JEALOUS, *a.* zeloso.

JEWEL, *s.* joya.

JOIN, *va.* juntar, unir.

JOURNEY, *s.* jornada, viaje.

JOYOUSLY, *ad.* alegremente, gozosamente.

JUICE, *s.* zumo, jugo.

JUMP, *s.* salto *vn.* saltar, brincar.

JUST, *a.* justo; JUST NOW, ahora mismo; *ad.* justamente.

KEEL, *s.* quilla.

KEEP, *va.* mantener; TO KEEP WATCH, estar á quien vive, velar.

KILL, *va.* matar.

KIND, *a.* benévolo, affable, cariñoso; *s.* especie, clase.

KNOB, *s.* bulto, nudo en la madera.

LABOUR, *s.* trabajo, pena, fatiga; *vn.* trabajar, labrar.

LAG, *vn.* tardar en hacer lo que debe, roncear.

LAID, *pp.* del verbo to lay, extender, poner, echar á lo largo en el suelo.

LAMP, *s.* lámpara, farol.

LANCE, *s.* lanza; va. penetrar con lanza.

LAP, *va.* arrollar; lamer.

Lash, *va.* dar latigazos, azotar.
Later, *ad.* más tarde.
Laugh, *vn.* reir.
Launch, *vn.* arrojarse, tirarse al agua, lanzar.
Law, *s.* ley, regla.
Lead, *s.* plomo, metal blando; primacia, primer lugar; *va.* conducir, guiar.
Leader, *s.* conductor, jefe, comandante.
Lean, *vn.* apoyarse, inclinar.
Leap, *s.* salto; *va.* saltar, palpitar el corazón.
Learn, *va.* aprender.
Leave, *va.* dejar, abandonar.
Leaves, *pl.* de leaf, hoja.
Leg, *s.* pierna.
Less, *a.* menor, ménos.
Lest, *conj.* para que no, por miedo de.
Let, *va.* permitir, dejar.
Liberty, *s.* libertad.
Lift, *va.* elevar, levantar.
Light, *s.* luz, va. alumbrar.
Like, *a.* semejante, parecido; ad. como; *va.* querer, gustar.
Likewise, *ad.* tambien.
Limb, *s.* miembro, parte del cuerpo.
Limp, *s.* cojera; *vn.* cojear.
Line, *s.* línea, raya, punta.
Lip, *s.* labio, borde de alguna cosa.
Listen, *va.* escuchar.
Little, *a.* poco, pequeño.
Live, *vn.* vivir, subsistir.
Lizard, *s.* lagarto.
Load, *s.* carga, peso; *va.* cargar, impedir.

LONELY, *a.* solitario, solo.
LONG, *a.* largo.
LOSS, *s.* pérdida, privación.
LOW, *a.* bajo, hondo.
LOWER, *va.* bajar.
LOYALLY, *ad.* lealmente.
LUMINARY, *s.* lumbrera, cualquiera de los astros que despide luz.
MADE, *pp.* del verbo to make, hacer, ocasionar, causar.
MAIDEN, *s.* doncella.
MAKE, *va.* hacer.
MANNERS, *s. pl.* modales, costumbres, crianza, cortesania.
MANTLE, *s.* manto, mantilla.
MARKET, *s.* mercado, venta.
MAY, signo verbal del tiempos del subjuntivo or del modo potencial.
MEANTIME, *ad.* mientras.
MEANS, *s. pl.* medios.
MEAT, *s.* carne, la parte de los animales que es á propósito para comerse.
MEETING, *s.* junta asamblea.
MELT, *va.* fundir, disolver.
MEN O' WAR, navios de guerra.
MERCHANDISE, *s.* mercaderia.
MERCHANT, *s.* comerciante.
MESSAGE, *s.* mensaje. anuncio.
MIGHTY, *a.* fuerte, potente, vigoroso.
MIND, *s.* mente, entendimienteo; *va.* notar; MINDED, inclinado.
MINISTRATION, *s.* agencia, ministerio.

Mirror, *s.* espejo.
Mischief, *s.* mal, daño, agravio.
Miserable, *a.* desdichado, infeliz.
Misery, *s.* miseria, calamidad.
Mix, *va.* mezclar, juntar.
Mock, *va.* mofar, frustrar.
Mode, *s.* modo, forma, manera.
Moment, *s.* momento, minuto, importancia.
Monster, *s.* mónstruo, lo que es sumamente feo.
Moon, *s.* luna.
Moreover, *ad.* ademas, fuera de esto.
Motion, *s.* movimiento, mocion.
Mouth, *s.* boca.
Mount, *vn.* subir, montar.
Mountain, *s.* monte, sierra, montaña.
Murmur, *vn.* murmullar, grunir, quejarse.
Muscle, *s.* músculo.
Muse, *vn.* meditar.
Mutter, *vn.* hablar entre dientes, musitar.
Muzzle, *s.* boca, geta de los animales.
Naked, *a.* desnudo.
Nature, *s.* naturaleza.
Neck, *s.* cuello.
Needs, *s. pl.* necesidades; *ad.* necesariamente.
Neglect, *va.* descuidar, olvidar.
Neighbourly, *a.* urbano, atento; *ad.* civilmente.
Neither, *conj.* ni, tampoco.
Nest, *s.* nido.
Never, *ad.* nunca, jamas.
Night, *s.* noche.
Noble, *a.* noble, elevado, generoso.

NOISELESSLY, *ad.* sin ruido.

NORTH, *s.* norte, *a.* septentrional; NORTH-WIND, el viento septentrional.

NOTE, *s.* nota, marca, señal; *va.* notar, distinguir.

NOTHING, *s.* nada, ninguna cosa; *ad.* de ningun grado ó medida.

NOTION, *s.* nocion, idea, sentido.

NOURISH, *va.* nutrir, sustentar, alimentar.

NUT, *s.* nuez.

OAR, *s.* remo; *va.* remar.

OBEY, *va.* obedecer.

OBJECT, *s.* objeto, punto; *va.* objetar, hacer cargos.

OBLIGE, *va.* obligar, ligar.

ODDS AND ENDS, picos, y cabos pendientes.

OFFEND, *va.* enfadar, irritar, ofender.

OFFERING, *s.* oferta, sacrificio.

OFTEN, *ad.* frecuentemente, á menudo.

OINTMENT, *s.* unguento.

OLD, *ad.* viejo, antiguo.

OLDER, *a.* más viejo.

OPEN, *a.* abrir.

OPENING, *s.* abertura, entrada.

OPPORTUNITY, *s.* oportunidad, comodidad.

ORDER, *s.* orden, regla, método;*va.* ordenar, mandar.

ORDERING, *s.* manejo, disposición.

ORDINARY, *a.* ordinario, comun, regular.

ORNAMENT, *s.* ornato, adorno; *va.* ornamentar.

OUGHT, *v. imp.* deber; HE OUGHT TO ARRIVE, el debia llegar.

OVER, *prep.* sobre, encima; OVERHANG, *va.* mirar á, dar á, caer á, cabecear, inclinar.

OVERTAKE, *va.* alcanzar, seguir, á alguna persona ó cosa hasta encontrarla.
PADDLE, *s.* bestola ó arrejada.
PAINT, *s.* pintura; *va.* pintar.
PALACE, *s.* palacio.
PALE, *a.* palido, claro.
PARLEY, *s.* conferencia, plática.
PATH, *s.* senda, vereda, camino.
PAY, *s.* paga, sueldo; *va.* pagar.
PEAL, *s.* repique de campanas.
PEAR, *s.* pera.
PEARL, *s.* perla.
PECK, *va.* picotear, picar.
PELTING, *s.* acometimiento.
PEOPLE, *s.* pueblo, populacho; *va.* poblar.
PEPPER, *s.* pimienta; *va.* rociar ó sazonar con pimienta, golpear.
PERCEIVE, *va.* percibir, entender.
PERFECT, *a.* perfecto, puro; *va.* perficionar.
PERFORM, *va.* ejecutar hacer.
PERISH, *vn.* perecer, morir.
PERMISSION, *s.* permision, licencia.
PERSECUTE, *va.* perseguir, molestar.
PERSUADE, *va.* persuadir, excitar.
PHANTOM, *s.* fantasma, espectro.
PICK, *va.* escoger; TO PICK UP, recoger lo que estaba caido.
PIECE, *s.* remiendo, pedazo.
PIERCE, *va.* penetrar, taladrar.
PILE, *s.* estaca, pila, rimero.
PILGRIMAGE, *s.* peregrinación.
PILLARS, coluna, pilar.

PIRATE, *s.* pirata, el ladron que roba por el mar.
PLACE, *s.* lugar, sitio, paraje.
PLAIN, *a.* lleno, raso; *ad* claramente; *s.* llano, llanada.
PLAINTIVE, *a.* lamentoso, lastimoso, dolorido.
PLATE, *s.* plancha ó lámina de metal, plato.
PLEASE, *va.* deleitar, agradar.
PLOUGH, *s.* arado; *vn.* arar, labrar la tierra.
PLUMAGE, *s.* plunaje.
PLUNGE, *va.* sumergir, zampuzar, anegar.
POINT, *s.* punta, agujeta; *va.* apuntar, indicar.
POISE, *va.* balancear.
PORTION, *s.* porción, parte.
POUR, *va.* echar; TO POUR OUT OR DOWN, diluviar.
PRAY, *vn.* orar, rogar.
PRECIOUS, *a.* precioso, costoso.
PREPOSTEROUS, *a.* absurdo, trastrocado.
PRESENT, *s.* regalo.
PRESENTLY, *ad.* luego, al punto.
PRIEST, *s.* sacerdote, Behique, nombre Indiano.
PRIMITIVE, *a.* original, antiguo, primitivo.
PRIZE, *s.* premio, recompensa.
PRODIGIOUS, *a.* portentoso, maravilloso.
PROFILE, *s.* perfil.
PROMPT, *a.* pronto, veloz.
PRONG, *s.* pua, punta.
PROPEL, *va.* impeler, adelantar.
PROVOKE, *va.* irritar, estimular, provocar.
PUDDLE, *s.* lodazel, cenagal.
PUNISH, *va.* castigar.
PURIFY, *va.* limpiar, purificar.
PURSUE, *va.* seguir, proseguir, continuar.

PUSH, *va.* empujar, apretar, estoquear.
PUT, *va.* poner, colocar.
QUANTITY, *s.* cantidad.
QUEER, *a.* extraño, singular, ridiculo.
QUENCH, *va.* apagar, extinguir.
QUERY, *va.* y *n.* preguntar, examinar.
QUEST, *s.* pesquisa.
QUICKLY, *ad.* prontamente.
QUIET, *a.* quieto, pacifico.
QUIT, *va.* descargar, dejar.
RACE, *s.* raza, casta; *vn.* correr con mucha ligereza.
RAGE, *s.* rabia, enoja, furor.
RAID, *va.* asaltar, invadir.
RAIN, *s.* lluvia; *vn.* llover.
RAINBOW, *s.* arco iris.
RANGE, *va.* vagar, *s.* linea, fila.
RAY, *s.* rayo de luz, raya.
READY, *a.* listo, pronto.
REACH, *va.* alcanzar; *s.* alcance.
REAP, *va.* segar; *vn.* hacer el agosto.
REASON, *s.* razón.
REFUSE, *va.* y *n.* negar, repulsar.
RELAX, *va.* relajar, ablandar.
RELUCTANT, *a.* disinclinado, repugnante.
REMAIN, *vn.* quedar.
REMARK, *va.* notar, observar.
REMEMBER, *va.* acordarse, recordar.
REQUEST, *s.* petición; *va.* suplicar.
RESIDENCE *s.* morada, domicillo.
RETURN, *vn.* volver; *s.* regreso.
REVEAL, *va.* revelar, manifestar.

REVENGE, *s.* venganza.
REVERENCE, *s.* veneración, respeto.
REWARD, *s.* recompensa, merecido.
RICH, *a.* rico.
RIGHT, *a.* derecho.
RIM, *s.* borde, márgen.
RIPE, *a.* maduro.
RIPPLING, *s.* el escarceo del agua cuando mana á borbollones.
RIVER, *s.* rio.
RIVULET, *s.* riachuelo, rio pequeño.
ROAM, *va.* andar vagando, correr.
ROAR, *s.* rogido; *vn.* bramar como una bestia feroz.
ROCK, *s.* roca.
ROD, *s.* vara, caña.
RODENT, animal como el raton que muerde ó come.
ROLL, *va.* rodar, girar; TO ROLL UP, arrollar.
ROOF, *s.* tejado, techo.
ROSE, *pp.* del verbo; to rise, ascender, subir, levantarse.
ROSY, *a.* róseo.
ROUGHLY, *ad.* rudamente, asperamente.
ROUND, *a.* redondo; *va.* rodear; *vn.* redondearse.
RUB, *va.* rascar, frotar.
RUIN, *s.* ruina, perdición; *va.* demoler, arruinar.
RUN, *va.* correr; TO RUN INTO, pasar; TO RUN AGROUND, barar.
RUSH, *vn.* tirarse; TO RUSH OUT, salir precipitadamente.
RUSH, *s.* enea, caña.
RUTHLESS, *a.* cruel, endurecido, insensible.
SACRIFICE, *s.* sacrificio; *va.* sacrificar, inmolar.
SAIL, *vn.* dar á la vela; TO SAIL AWAY, partir.

SAND, *s.* arena.
SANE, *a.* sano.
SANK, *pr.* del verbo to sink, hundir.
SAT, *pr.* del verbo to sit (down), sentarse.
SAUCER, *s.* salsera, platillo.
SAVAGERY, *s.* salvajeria, ferocidad.
SAVE, *va.* salvar.
SCALE, *s.* (of fish) escama.
SCARCELY, *ad.* apénas.
SCATTER, *va.* disipar, esparcir.
SCENE, *s.* escena.
SCENT, *s.* olfato, olor; *va.* oler.
SCOLD, *va.* reñir; *s.* regañadora.
SCORNFULLY, *ad.* desdeñadamente.
SCRAPE, *va.* raer, rascar.
SCREAMING, *s.* griteria.
SEA, *s.* mar.
SEARCH, *va.* hallar, buscar, explorar.
SECOND, *a.* segundo; *va.* ayudar, segundar.
SECURE, *va.* asegurar, poner, en seguridad ó á cubierto.
SEEK, *va.* perseguir, buscar.
SEEM, *vn.* parecer.
SEPARATE, *a.* separado, desunido; *va.* separar, romper.
SERPENT, *s.* serpiente.
SEVEN, *s.* y *a.* siete.
SEVERAL, *a.* diversos, muchos
SHADE, *s.* sombra.
SHADOW, *s.* sombras, tinieblas.
SHAPE, *s.* hechura, forma; *va.* formar.
SHARK, *s.* tiburon.
SHARPLY, *ad.* severamente, con filo.

SHEAF, *s.* gavilla.
SHELL, *s.* casco, concha, bomba.
SHELVING, *a.* inclinado.
SHINY, *a.* lustroso.
SHOOK, *pp.* del verbo to shake, temblar, sacudir.
SHORE, *s.* costa, ribera, playa.
SHOREWARD, *ad.* hacia la ribera.
SHORT, *a.* corto; SHORTER, mas corto.
SHOT, *pp.* del verbo to shoot, tirar, lanzar; TO SHOOT UP, crecer (las plantas) (the sun); SHOT UP, levantó.
SHOULDER, *s.* hombro.
SHOUT, *vn.* exclamar, dar gritos.
SHOW, *s.* espectáculo; *va.* mostrar.
SHRIEK, *s.* grito de espanto ó dolor; *vn.* chillar
SHRILL, *a.* agudo, penetrante.
SHRIVEL, *va.* arrugar, doblar.
SHRUB, *s.* arbusto.
SHRUG, *vn.* encogerse de hombros.
SIDE, *s.* lado.
SIGH, *s.* suspiro; *vn.* suspirar.
SIGHT, *s.* vista.
SIGN, *s.* señal.
SILKY, *a.* hecho de seda, sedeño.
SILVER, *s.* plata; *a.* hecho de plata.
SIMMER, *vn.* hervir á fuego lento.
SINCE, *ad.* ya, que, puesto que, desde que.
SKIFF, *s.* esquife, bote pequeño.
SKIN, *s.* piel.
SKY, *s.* cielo.
SLAIN, *pp.* del verbo to slay, matar.
SLAVER, *s.* la embarcacion para llevar esclavos.

SLAVERY, *s.* esclavitud.
SLENDER, *a.* delgado.
SLIDE, *vn.* resbalar; TO SLIDE AWAY, pasar sin ser observado.
SLIGHT, ligero, pequeño; de poca importancia.
SLIM, *a.* delgado; SLIM-LIMBED, con miembros finos, delgados.
SLIP, *vn.* resbalar, SLIP INTO; *va.* meter ó introducir secretamente.
SLOWLY, *ad.* lentamente.
SLUMBER, *s.* sueño ligero.
SLY, *a.* astuto, picaro.
SMALL, *a.* pequeño, chico.
SMILE, *s.* sonrisa; *vn.* sonreirse.
SMOKE, *vn.* humear, arder, fumar; *s.* humo.
SMOTE, *pp.* del verbo to smite; herir, golpear
SNAP, *va.* y *n.* estallar una cosa, morder, tirar una mordiscada.
SOFT, *a.* blando.
SOLE, *s.* planta del pie; *a.* unico, solo.
SOMETIMES, *ad.* algunas veces, de cuando en cuando.
SOON, *ad.* presto, pronto; SOONER, más pronto.
SORROW, *s.* pesar, dolor.
SORRY, *a.* apesadumbrado, triste.
SORT, *s.* género, especie.
SOUL, *s.* alma.
SOUND, *a.* perfecto, entero; *va.* sonar; *s.* sonda, estrecho.
SOUTH, *s.* sud.
SOW, *va.* y *n.* sembrar, arrojar.
SPACE, *s.* espacio.
SPARKLINGLY, *ad.* con brillo, con esplendor.

SPEECH, *s.* habla, el idoma.
SPIRIT, *s.* espíritu, ánimo.
SPOIL, *s.* botin, pillaje.
SPOT, *s.* mancha.
SPREAD, *va.* extender, alargar; *s.* extension.
SPRING, *vn.* brotar, saltar; TO SPRING FORWARD, abalanzarse.
SPRINKLE, *va.* rociar.
SQUAT, *vn.* agacharse, ponerse en cuclillas.
SQUEAL, *vn.* plañir, gritar.
STAIN, *va.* ensuciar, colorar; *s.* mancha, deslustre.
START, *vn.* conmoverse súbitamente por alguna emoción; dar un salto; principiar á hacer una cosa.
STARTLE, excitar por miedo ó sorpresa.
STAR, *s.* estrella.
STEM, *s.* vastago, tallo; *va.* cortar la corriente, ir contra viento ó marea.
STERN, *a.* austere, duro; *s.* (Nau.) popa.
STICK, *s.* palo, baston.
STIFF, *a.* tieso, duro.
STILL, *a.* quieto, tranquilo; *ad.* todavia, aun.
STIRRING, *s.* movimiento; *pa.* del verbo to stir, animar, agitar.
STONE, *s.* piedra.
STOUTLY, *ad.* vigorosamente, con resolucion.
STRAIGHTEN, *va.* poner derecho, enderezar.
STRAIN, *va.* filtrar; estirar; torcer.
STRANGE, *a.* extranjero, singular, extraño.
STRAW, *s.* paja.
STRAY, *vn.* perder el camino, descarriarse.
STRING, *s.* cordon; *va.* encordar.

STRIP, *s.* tira, tirilla; *va.* desnudar, robar.
STRONG, *a.* fuerte, vigoroso.
SUBSTANCE, *s.* sustancia, materia, la hacienda, bienes.
SUDDENLY, *ad.* de repente, súbitamente.
SULLEN, *a.* berrinchudo, malcontento, nada amable, taciturno.
SUMMON, *va.* llamar, citar.
SUNSHINE, *s.* solana, la claridad del sol.
SUPPLY, *va.* dar, suplir.
SURELY, *ad.* seguramente.
SURPRISE, *va.* sorprender.
SURROUND, *va.* circundar, rodear.
SUSPICION, *s.* sospecha.
SWADDLING-BAND, envoltura de niños.
SWALLOW, *va.* engullir, tragar.
SWEET, *a.* dulce, suave, blando.
SWELL, *vn.* hincharse, inflar; *s.* entumecencia; SWELLING SEA, mar de leva.
SWEPT, *pp.* del verbo to sweep, barrer.
SWIFTLY, *ad.* velozmente, ligeramente.
SWIM, *vn.* nadar.
SWING, *vn.* balancear, vibrar.
TAIL, *s.* cola.
TAKEN, *pp.* del verbo to take, tomar.
TALE, *s.* cuento, fábula.
TALL, *a.* alto.
TANGLE, *va.* enredar, atravesar; *s.* enredo, enlace de una cosa con otra.
TAP, *va.* y *n.* tocar alguna ligeramente, golpear lentamente.
TAUGHT, *pp.* del verbo to teach, enseñar.
TEAR, *va.* romper, desgarrar; *s.* raja, rotura.

TEAR, *s.* lágrima, lloro.
TEETH, *s.* pl. de tooth, dientes.
TENDER, *a.* tierno, afectuoso, delicado; TENDEREST, lo más tierno.
TENDERLY, *ad.* con tenura y cariño.
TERROR, *s.* miedo, terror.
THEREFORE, *ad.* y *conj.* por esta razon, por aquello.
THEREIN, *ad.* en aquello, dentro de aquello.
THIRSTY, *a.* sediento; BLOOD THIRSTY, sanguinario.
THOUSAND, *a.* mil.
THREATEN, *va.* amenazar.
THROAT, *s.* garganta.
THROUGH, *prep.* por, por medio de, por entre.
THROW, *va.* y *n.* echar, tirar, lanzar.
THUNDERBOLT, rayo ó centella despedida de las nubes, fulminación.
TIMIDLY, *a.* con miedo, timidamente.
TINT, *s.* tinte, color; *va.* pintar, teñir.
TINY, *a.* pequeño, tenue.
TIP, *s.* punta.
TIRE, *va.* cansar, fatigar
TOGETHER, *ad.* juntamente.
TOIL, trabajo, pena, afan.
TONE, *s.* tono de la voz, lamento, tonillo.
TOOK, *pr.* del verbo to take, tomar; TO TAKE FRIGHT AT, atemorizarse.
TORCH, *s.* antorcha.
TORE, *pp.* del verbo to tear, romper
TORMENT, *s.* pena, tortura.
TORRENT, *s.* torrente, arroya.
TOSS, *va.* corcovear, disparar con violencia.

TOWARD, *ad.* hácia, con.
TOWN, *s.* pueblo, cuidad.
TRACE, *s.* rastro, vereda; *va.* trazar.
TRADE, *s.* comercio, trato.
TRAITOR, *s.* traidor.
TRANSFER, *va.* trasferir, trasportar.
TRANSFIX, *va.* traspasar.
TRAVELLER, *s.* viajero.
TREASURE, *s.* tesoro; *va.* atesorar, guardar.
TREE, *s.* árbol.
TREMBLING, *s.* temor, trémulo.
TREMENDOUS, *a.* formidable, digno de ser temido.
TRIAL, *s.* prueba, ensayo.
TRIBE, *s.* tribu, raza.
TROOP, *s.* tropa; TROOPS, tropas, ejército.
TROUBLESOME, *a.* oneroso, penoso, importuno.
TRULY, *ad.* verdaderamente.
TRY, *va.* y *n.* ensayar, probar.
TUMBLE, *vn.* rodar, trastornar.
TURN, *va.* volver, rechazar.
TWENTIETH, *a.* vigésimo.
UGLY, *a.* feo.
UNCLOTHE, *va.* desnudar.
UNDER, *ad.* debajo.
UNDERMINE, *va.* cavar, ó abrir camino por debajo de la tierra; injuriar por medios ocultos.
UNDERSTAND, *va.* entender.
UNEATEN, *a.* no comido, no devorado.
UNFORTUNATE, *a.* desafortunado, infeliz.
UNHAPPY, *a.* desdichado, infeliz.
UNLESS, *conj.* á menos que, si no.

UNLIKE, *a.* desemejante.
UNOBSERVED, *a.* lo que pasa sin observarse.
UNREASONABLE, *a.* inmoderado, excesivo.
UNTIL, *ad.* hasta, miéntras que.
UNWORTHY, *a.* indigno, vil, bajo.
UPON, *prep.* sobre, encima.
UTTER, *va.* pronunciar las palabras, hablar.
UTTERMOST, *a.* extremo, sumo.
VAIN, *a.* vano, inutil, en vano.
VALLEY, *s.* valle.
VALOR, *s.* valor, esfuerzo, brio.
VALUABLE, *a.* precioso, importante, que vale mucho.
VEIN, *s.* vena.
VELVET, *s.* terciopelo.
VENTURE, *s.* riesgo, aventura.
VESSEL, *s.* vaso (Nau.); buque, embarcación.
VIEW, *s.* vista; *va.* ver. percibir.
VISIBLE, *a.* claro, patente.
VISIT, *s.* visita; *va.* visitar.
VOICE, *s.* voz.
VOYAGE, *s.* viaje; *vn.* navegar.
WADDLE, *vn.* anadear.
WADE, *vn.* vadear.
WAIT, *va.* y *n.* esperar.
WALK, *vn.* pasear, caminar.
WALL, *s.* pared, muralla.
WAND, *s.* vara, ramo; insignia de autoridad.
WANDER, *va.* andar vagando.
WANT, *s.* necesidad.
WAR, *s.* guerra; warlike, *a.* guerrero, belicoso.
WARMTH, *s.* calor moderado.

WARN, *va.* precaver, avisar.
WASH, *va.* lavar, bañar.
WASTE, *va.* malgastar, destruir; *a.* inutil, desolado.
WATCH, *va.* velar; WATCHER, *s.* velador; WATCHING, *s.* vigilancia.
WATER, *s.* agua; *va.* regar, mojar.
WAVE, *s.* ola onda.
WEAK, *a.* debil.
WEAPON, *s.* arma.
WEED, *s.* mala yerba; *va.* escardar.
WELCOME, *a.* bienvenido.
WENT, *pp.* del verbo to go, ir.
WEST, *s.* poniente, occidente.
WHATEVER, *pron.* cualquier, ó cualquiera cosa que.
WHEAT, *s.* trigo.
WHENEVER, *ad.* siempre que, cuando quiera que.
WHEREAT, *ad.* á lo cual.
WHETHER, *ad.* si, sea, sea que; *pron.* cual de los dos.
WHIRL, *va.* girar; *s.* giro muy rapido.
WHISK, *va.* hopear, moverse con velocidad alguna cosa.
WHISPER, *va.* cuchichear, susurrar.
WHISTLE, *va.* silbar.
WHITE, *a.* blanco
WHOLE, *a.* todo, total.
WIDE, *a.* ancho, vasto.
WILL, *s.* voluntad, gana; *va.* y *n.* querer, desear.
WILLINGLY, *ad.* voluntariamente.
WIND, *s.* viento; *va.* soplar; envolver.
WINK, *s.* guiño; *vn.* guiñar, cerrar un ojo.
WISDOM, *s.* sabiduria.
WISE, *a.* sabio.

WITCH, *s.* bruja.
WITHIN, *prep.* dentro, adentro.
WITHSTAND, *va.* resistir.
WIVES, *pl.* de wife, esposa, mujer.
WRINKLE, *va.* arrugar.
WRITHE, *va.* torcer, revolcarse.
WRONG, *s.* injuria; *a.* errado, al reves; *ad.* mal.
YEAR, *s.* año.
YELLOW, *s.* amarillo.
YIELD, *va.* dar, producir, ceder.
YONDER, *a.* y *ad.* alli, alla.
YOUNG, *a.* joven.