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NOTES ON MEXICAN FOLK-LORE

BY FRANZ BOAS

THE following notes were collected while I was engaged in work for the International School of American Archæology and Ethnology in Mexico.

I. FOLK-LORE OF POCHULATA, OAXACA

In January and February of this year I visited Pochutla, a village in the southern part of Oaxaca, not far from Puerto Angel on the Pacific coast, and about one hundred miles west of Tehuantepec. In former times Zapotecan was spoken in all the villages around Pochutla, while in the village itself a dialect closely akin to the Mexican (Nahua) of the valley of Mexico was spoken. The dialect is almost extinct, but I was able to collect enough to show its close relation to the Mexican dialects of southern Vera Cruz, and probably of Tabasco. The people of Pochutla to-day speak Spanish, and their folk-lore is based largely on Spanish sources. An important position among the folk-tales is held by the "Rabbit and Coyote" tales, which are known from Mexico City eastward to the Gulf coast, and southward to Central America.

Besides the tales, I recorded a number of verses which are sung to the accompaniment of the guitar, riddles, and "decimas" such as are presented by young men to the girls whom they court. The tales were dictated to me by an elderly man, Pedro Marcelino Pastor, and by his daughters. I give here English translations and the Spanish original.

I. TALE OF THE RABBIT

There was a woman who had a *chile*-garden; and every day she went to watch it, because the Rabbit ate much of it. One day she went, and on the road met an *arriera*,¹ and asked her if she did not know how to prevent the Rabbit from eating the *chile*. The *arriera* replied that she did not know, and that she should ask her sister the *barendera*,¹ who came behind. She met the *barendera*, and asked her. Then she said that she should make four little monkeys of wax, and that she should nail them up in the opening in the wall where the Rabbit entered, two on each side, and that she should go the next day to see if the Rabbit had fallen into the trap.

She placed the four little monkeys of wax; and the Rabbit arrived, and said to them, "See here, monkey of wax! If you do not let me pass, I'll box your ears;" and he boxed his ears, and his little hand stuck fast. He said again, "Look here, little monkey of wax! If you don't let me pass, I have another hand, and I'll box your ears again;"

¹ A kind of ant.

and he boxed his ears, and the other little hand stuck fast. He said again, "Look here, little monkey of wax! If you do not let go of my little hands, I'll kick you;" and he kicked him, and his little foot stuck fast. He said again, "Look here, little monkey of wax! If you don't let go of my hands and of my foot, I'll kick you again. I have another little foot."

They were talking thus when the good little daughter arrived, and said to him, "Ah, it must be you who eats my *chile!* Now you'll pay it to me." She put him in a net which she was carrying, and took him to her house. When she arrived, she hung him up in the middle of the house, and said, "What shall I do with you?" She thought she would throw boiling water over him; but the lady had no water, and went to fetch it and left the door locked.

The Rabbit was still hanging in the net; but since the house stood by the roadside, it so happened that a Coyote passed by, and the Rabbit, as soon as he saw the Coyote, began to talk, to speak, and said, "How can they want to marry me by force — me, who is so small, and I do not want to marry!" Then the Coyote drew near, and asked him what he was saying; and Rabbit spoke to him, (asking him) if he (the Coyote) would not place himself in that net, for he himself was caught in the net because they wanted to marry him to a pretty girl, and he did not want to marry. Then the Coyote said to him that he accepted what the Rabbit proposed. The Coyote placed himself in the net, and the Rabbit escaped.

When the dear old woman found the Coyote, she said to him, "Ah, how did the Rabbit turn into a Coyote!" put the pot of water over the fire, and, when it was boiling, she threw it over the Coyote. The Coyote was burnt, but only his backside was burnt. Then the Coyote left, rolling himself on the road, but the Rabbit was on a *pitahaya*-plantation.

When the Coyote passed by, the Rabbit said to him, "Good-day, Uncle Coyote!" and then the Coyote turned to see who spoke to him, and the Coyote said, "Why did you deceive me?" And the Rabbit replied, "Because they did not find me, they punished you; but really I was about to marry a girl." Then he said to him, "Better let us eat *pitahayas*," and threw one down from above. He said to him, "Shut your eyes and open your mouth!" He threw one down, and then another one. The two were clean; but the third one he did not clean, but threw it down with all the spines on it. The Coyote rolled about, and the Rabbit went away.

He saw the Coyote pass by, and said to him, "Coyote, burnt backsides!" The Coyote said, "What do you say to me?" and the Rabbit replied, "I say to you, that you shall come and help me rock my little sister, who is crying, and my mother is not here." The

Coyote did not reply to this. "You owe me much. You deceived me, saying that I was going to marry, and then you threw me a *pitahaya* with spines, and now I'll take revenge for what you have done to me." He said to him, "But I do not know you, and have never seen you. Maybe those are others, perhaps my brothers." And the Coyote said to him, "Then you have brothers?" — "Certainly," he said to him. "Man alive, who knows which one that may be!" — "And you, what are you doing here?" — "My mother has been away a long time to get *tortillas* to eat, and left me here rocking this little girl. Now I wish that you would stay here in my place, while I go to look for her, that she may come." The Coyote staid there. When the Rabbit left, he said to him, "If you see that my sister does not stop crying, box her ears and leave her." The Coyote did so. He got tired of rocking the cradle, and the noise did not stop. He boxed her ears with vigor, and out came a swarm of wasps, who gave the Coyote a good dose and flew away.

The Coyote followed the road, and said to himself, "Where shall I find the Rabbit?" He walked along the road. The Rabbit spoke to him, and said, "Coyote, burnt backsides!" and the Coyote asked him what he was saying. The Rabbit said to him that he was asking him to help him pull out a cheese that was there. The Rabbit was in a pond, and the moon was shining and was seen in the water, and this was the cheese which the Rabbit said he was pulling out. The Rabbit left the Coyote there, saying that he was going to rest for a while, because he was very tired. The Coyote began to pull at the cheese; but since he could never do it, he got tired and went on his way.

After that he walked along the road, when the Rabbit spoke to him, and said, "Good-day, Uncle Coyote!" The Coyote said to him, "Now you won't escape me, for you have deceived me much." — "No," said the Rabbit to him, "it is not I. Since the world has existed I have been placed here in this place, with this stone in my hand;" for the Rabbit, as soon as he had seen the Coyote, put a large stone into his hand, and said that he had been left right there supporting that stone, for, if he let go of it, the world would be lost. The Coyote believed him; and the Rabbit said to him, "Sir, will you not help me a little while with this stone, for I am very tired?" The Coyote took the stone. The Rabbit said to him, "O Uncle Coyote, sir! Don't let go of the stone, else the world will be lost."

The Rabbit went away, saying to the Coyote that he would soon return; but the Rabbit did not come back. He went on; and the Coyote, who was tired, let the stone down gradually, and looked at the sky to see if it was coming down. But when he looked and saw that it was not so, he let the stone down until he put it down on the ground.

He left it and went, and said, "Whenever I find the Rabbit, I must kill him, because he has fooled me too much."

The Rabbit placed himself by the wayside, among the reeds. When the Coyote passed by, the Rabbit held a guitar, which, as soon as he saw the Coyote, he began to play, and said, "Good-day, Uncle Coyote!" The Coyote said to him, "Come down, that we may talk together!" — "No, Uncle Coyote! Indeed, sir, you are much annoyed with me." The Coyote said to him, "You have deceived me much, and therefore I am annoyed." — "No, Uncle Coyote," he said to him, "I am the best one of all, and, sir, don't be annoyed with me. I know well what has happened, but I did not do those things. My brother, he is a very bad one, it is he who has done all these things. But now he is about to marry, and I am waiting for them. They have been delayed a very long time. Who knows what they are doing! I should like to go and look for them if you would stay here and play the guitar; I'll give you a sign, sir, when the bridal couple are coming. I'll fire some rockets, so that you may know it, sir; and then you must play more strongly, so that they can dance when they come."

The Coyote did so. The Rabbit went. After a little while the Rabbit came and set fire to the reeds. The Coyote, believing that the bridal couple were coming, continued to play and began to dance. Before he knew it, he was in the midst of the flames. He could not escape; and the poor Coyote was burnt, and died.

The Rabbit came to look, and mourned the death of the Coyote, and said to himself, "Poor Uncle Coyote! Now he is dead, indeed, and where shall I go now?"

The Rabbit went to the bank of a river. He could not cross the river, and began to say, "Whoever takes me across may eat me." He was saying thus, when the Alligator came, and said to him, "I'll take you across." — "Well!" said the Rabbit. He climbed up on the back of the Alligator. When he came near the other bank, the Alligator said to him, "Now I am going to eat you." — "And don't you feel any pity," replied the Rabbit, "to eat such a little fatty as myself?" The Alligator said, "What shall we do?" — "Let us go nearer the bank," replied the Rabbit, "that you may eat me easily, sir." Already they were on the bank. The Rabbit said to the Alligator, "Does it not seem to you, sir, that there are some large leaves there? I'll fetch them; and then I shall throw myself down, that you may not lose anything." The Alligator agreed. The Rabbit went, and never came back.

On the other side there were old stubbles; and the Rabbit found only a little piece of field, and thought, "I'll sell much corn, and to whom shall I sell it? I'll sell one bushel to Aunt Cockroach, another

one to Aunt Hen, one to Uncle Dog, one to Uncle Lion, and one to Uncle Hunter."

The time came when the corn was to be delivered. The Rabbit had a little ranch; and when he went out to take a walk, he used to lock the door of the ranch. Since, however, he had fooled the Alligator and owed him his life, the Alligator informed himself as to where he lived, and went to place himself near his bed, that the Alligator might eat the Rabbit when he arrived.

The Rabbit was on his guard; and when he arrived, he said, "Good-day, dear House!" The House never replied; but one day when he said, "Good-day, dear House!" the Alligator replied, "Good-day, Rabbit!" — "What? You never answer me, dear House!" He opened the door, looked inside, and, when he saw the back of the Alligator, he said, "What are those pegs that I see here? I am not a guitar-player, and I am not a violinist. I had better go to another ranch!"

There he was when the Cockroach arrived. "Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day, Aunt Cockroach." — "I come for my corn." — "All right, only it is very early. Let us lunch first, and then we will go." They were waiting for their lunch when they saw the Hen. The Rabbit said to the Cockroach, "Listen, Aunt Cockroach! Will not the Hen want to eat you?" — "Certainly, where shall I hide?" The Rabbit said to her, "Madam, hide under this piece of bark here."

When the Hen arrived, "Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day, Aunt Hen!" — "I came for my corn." — "Certainly, let us first take lunch, and then we will go and shell it." The Hen sat down; and the Rabbit said to her, "Madam, would you not like to eat a cockroach?" — "Certainly," said the Hen, "where is it?" The Rabbit showed her the cockroach; and the Rabbit said, "Thus I am getting rid of my troubles."

The Rabbit and the Hen were talking when they discovered the Dog, who was coming. The Rabbit said, "Where are you going to hide, madam? for the Dog is coming, and will want to eat you. Hide under this carrying-basket." The Hen hid, and the Dog arrived.

"Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day, Uncle Dog!" — "I came for my corn." — "Certainly! Sit down for a moment." The Dog seated himself; and the Rabbit said, "Listen, sir! Would you not like to eat a hen?" — "Where is it?" — "It is under this basket." The Dog ate the hen, and continued to talk with the Rabbit.

They were still talking when they saw the Lion; and the Rabbit asked the Dog if he was not afraid that the Lion would eat him. The Dog said, "I am frightened. Where shall I hide?" and the Dog hid behind the house.

The Lion arrived. "Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day,

Uncle Lion!" — "I came for my corn." The Rabbit said to him, "Sir, enter for a moment, we will go right away." The Lion entered; and the Rabbit said to him, "I'll tell you something, sir. Would you not like to eat a dog?" — "Why not? Where is it?" The Rabbit showed him where the dog was, and the Lion ate it at once.

There they were still talking when they discovered the Hunter, who was coming; and the Rabbit said, "Will he not want to kill you, sir?" — "Certainly," said the Lion. "Where shall I hide?" — "Hide on the rafter of the house. There he will not see you, sir, even if he should come. He will not do you any harm."

The Hunter arrived. "Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day, Uncle Hunter!" — "I came for my corn." — "Certainly," he said to him. "Come in, sir, and take a lunch first of hot cakes and fresh cheese, and then we will go to shell the corn. This is the only remaining debt that I have. Meanwhile, sir, would you not like to kill a lion?" The Hunter said "Where is it?" The Rabbit showed him where the lion was, which the Hunter killed. The Hunter killed the lion, and the Rabbit made his escape. When the Hunter came back to the house to look for the Rabbit, he did not find him. The Rabbit had gone away.

He went on, and met a Serpent, who was under a stone and could in no way get out; and she asked every one who passed to pull her out. The Rabbit took pity on her and went to get some levers. He lifted the stone, and the Serpent was able to get out. When she was free, she wanted to eat the Rabbit. Then he said to her, "Why do you want to do this to me? Haven't I done you a favor in taking you out from under that stone?" The Serpent said to him, "Certainly, but don't you know that a good deed is repaid by evil deeds?" — "Allow me three witnesses before I die."

When two horses came down, the Rabbit said, "Excuse me, gentlemen! Just one word! Is it true that a good deed is repaid by an evil deed?" — "That is very true," said the Horse, "for formerly I was a good horse for my master. When he was a boy, he loved me well, and fed me well. Now I am old, and he has let me go into the fields without caring how I fare. Thus it is well said that good deeds are repaid by bad ones."

The Serpent said to him, "Now, do you see? You have only two more chances." When two Steers passed by, the Rabbit said, "Excuse me, gentlemen! Just one word! Is it true that a good deed is repaid by evil ones?" The Steers said, "Even if it causes sorrow, for once my master considered me a valuable animal. I served him well in my time. I was very obedient. As I served him, he loved me well. Now I am old; I am useless; and he has said that he has let me go to the field to recuperate a little, so that he can kill me."

They went on, and met a Donkey. He was standing on one side of the road, and was very sad. "Friend," said the Rabbit, "is it true that a good deed is repaid by evil ones?" — "Even if it causes sorrow," answered the Donkey, "for I gave good service to my master when he was a boy; and to-day, when I am old, he does not want to look at me. I just come from receiving a sound beating, which they gave me because I went to see my master."—"There is no help," said the Serpent, "you must die."

They were talking when a Rooster passed by; and he said to him, "Friend, I must die because of a good deed." — "What good deed have you done?" said the Rooster. "I pulled the Serpent from under a stone, where she had been a long time." The Rooster said, "How was she?" The Serpent placed herself just in the same way as she had been under the rock; and he said, "That is the way you were placed?" The Serpent replied, "Yes." Then he said, "If you were in this position, stay in it." The Rabbit replied, "I owe you my life."

He followed on his way; and they were nearing a town, when the Hunter arrived at his house, and saw the Rabbit. "There is no help, I'll kill you." He put a ball through him, and the Rabbit died. The Hunter took the Rabbit, who was half dead; and the Rabbit said, "Now I believe that a good deed is repaid by evil ones."¹

EL CUENTO DEL CONEJO²

Estaba una señora que tenía un chilarro y todos los días lo iba cuidando porque mucho lo comió el conejo. Un día fué y se encontró con una arriera en el camino y le dijo que si sabía un remedio para curar el conejo que no comiera el chilarro. La arriera contestó que no sabía, que le preguntara á su hermana que era la barendera que atrás venía. Se encontró con la barendera y la preguntó. Entonces ella le dijo que hiciera cuatro monitos de cera, y que los clavara en el portillo á donde entraba el conejo, dos á cada lado, y que al día siguiente fuera á ver si ya había caído el conejo en la trampa.

Puso los cuatro monitos de cera, y el conejo llegó, y el conejo le dijo, "Mira, monito de cera, si no me dejas pasar te doy una trompada," y le dió la trompada y quedó la manita pegada. Le volvió á decir, "Mira, monito de cera, si no me dejas pasar tengo mi otra manita, y te doy otra trompada," y le dió la trompada y quedó la otra manita pegada. Le volvió á decir, "Mira, monito de cera, si no sueltas mis manitas te doy una patada," y le dió la patada; y quedó la patita pegada. Le volvió á decir, "Mira, monito de cera, si no sueltas mis manitas y mi patita te doy otra patada. Tengo mi patita."

En estas pláticas estaban cuando llegó la buena viejita y le dijo, "Ah, tu eres quien comes mi chilarro. Ahora me lo vas á pagar." Lo puso en una red que

¹ The incidents of this story beginning with the tale of the Rabbit and the Alligator do not seem to form part of the regular Rabbit and Coyote cycle. The two Aesopian fables of the Man and the Serpent and the Ingratitude of Man are often told in various parts of Mexico, but do not ordinarily form part of the Rabbit cycle.

² The Spanish is here given without change from the dictated form.

llevaba y lo llevó á su casa. Llegando allá le colgó en media casa y dijo, "¿Qué haré contigo?" Pensó que le iba á echar un poco de agua caliente, pero no tenía agua la señora y se fué á traerla y dejó la puerta cerrada.

El conejo siempre colgaba en la red, pero la casa estaba en frente del camino, así es que pasaba un coyote, y el conejo, tan luego como vió al coyote, comenzó á hablar, á decir, diciendo, "Cómo es posible que me quieran casar á la fuerza, cuando yo estoy muy chiquito y no quiero casarme." Entonces se acercó el coyote, y le preguntó qué cosa es lo que él decía; y le dijo, que si no se quería poner el coyote en esa red, porque él estaba preso porque querían casarlo con una muchacha muy bonita, y él no quería. Entonces el coyote le dijo que sí aceptaba lo que el conejo decía. El coyote se metió en la red y el conejo se salió.

Cuando llegó la buena vieja y se encontró con el coyote, le dijo, "¡Ah, como el conejo se volvió coyote!" puso la olla de agua en la lumbre y, después que estaba hirviendo, la echaba al coyote. El coyote se quemó, pero no se quemó más que atrás en las nalgas. Entonces se fué el coyote; revolcando en el camino se fué, mas el conejo estaba en un pitahayal.

Cuando el coyote pasaba el conejo le dijo, "Adiós, tío coyote," y entonces volvió el coyote quien le hablaba, y le dijo el coyote, "¿Porqué me engañastes?" Y el conejo contestó que "Porqué ya no me encontraron, por eso le dieron á Vd. un castigo; pero, en verdad, me iba á casar con una muchacha." Entonces le dijo, "Mejor será vamos á comer pitahayas," y le tiró una desde arriba. Le dijo, "¡Cierre Vd. los ojos y abra Vd. la boca!" Le tiró una, y le tiró otra. Estaban las dos limpias, pero la tercera no la limpió, sino la tiró con todas las espinas y aguates que tenía. El coyote se quedó revolcando y el conejo se fué.

Vió pasar al coyote y le dijo, "¡Coyote, nalgas quemadas!" El coyote dijo, "¿Qué es lo que me dices?" y el conejo contestó, "Te digo que me vengas á ayudar á mecer á mi hermanita que está llorando, y mi mamá no está." Nada de eso le contestó el coyote. "Tú me debes mucho. Tú me engañastes que me iba á casar, y luego me tirastes la pitahaya con espinas, y ahora me voy á vengar de lo que me has hecho." Le dijo, "Pero yo no te conozco ni te ví. Tal vez serán otros, mis hermanos que tengo." Y le dijo el coyote "¿Entonces tienes más hermanos?"—"Pues sí," le dijo. "Pues hombre, quien sabe quien de ellos será."—"¿Y tú, qué haces aquí?"—"Hace tiempo que mi mamá se fué á buscar tortillas para comer y me dejó meciendo á esta muchachita. Ahora quiero que te quedes aquí en mi lugar, mientras yo me voy á buscarla que venga." El coyote se quedó. El conejo al irse le dijo, "Si ves que mi hermanita no para de llorar, le pegas una trompada y la dejas." El coyote así lo hizo. Se enfadó de mecerla y no paraba el ruido. Le dió una trompada fuerte, y entonces salieron un montón de avispas que le dieron su buena tunda al coyote y se fueron.

El coyote siguió su camino y se dijo "¿A dónde encontraré al conejo?" En el camino iba, andando. El conejo le habló y le dijo, "¡Coyote, nalgas quemadas!" y el coyote le dijo que es lo que él decía. El conejo le dijo, que le rogaba que fuera á donde él estaba para que le ayudara á sacar un queso que estaba allí. El conejo estaba en una laguna de agua, y la luna era la que la alumbraba y que se miraba adentro del agua, y eso era el queso que el conejo le dijo al coyote que sacaba. Allí dejó el conejo al coyote, mientras le dijo que él se iba á descansar un rato, porque él estaba muy cansado. El coyote empezó á sacar el queso, pero como nunca pudo hacerlo, se enfadó y mejor se fué.

Después iba en el camino, cuando el conejo le habló y le dijo, "¡Adiós, tío

coyote!" El coyote le dijo, "Ora no te me escapabas, porque tú me has engañado mucho."—"No," le dijo el conejo, "yo no soy. Desde que el mundo es mundo me pusieron aquí en este lugar con esta piedra en la mano," porque el conejo, tan luego como vió al coyote, se puso una piedra grande en la mano y dijo, que ahí lo habían dejado sosteniendo esa piedra, porque, si él la soltaba, el mundo se perdería. El coyote lo creyó y el conejo le dijo, "¿Vd. no me quiere ayudar un momento con esta piedra? porque es que yo estoy cansado." El coyote agarró la piedra. El conejo le dijo, "¡Ay, tío coyote, no venga Vd. soltar la piedra, porque entonces se pierde el mundo."

El conejo se fué diciendo al coyote que volvería luego. El conejo ya no volvió. Se fué adelante y el coyote, ya cansado, poco á poco fué bajando la piedra y miraba él al cielo á ver si sí venía abajo. Pero como miraba que no era así, fué bajando la piedra hasta que la puso al suelo.

La dejó, y se fué, y dijo, "A donde yo encuentre al conejo, lo tengo que matar, porque mucho se ha burlado de mí."

El conejo se puso á la orilla del camino, encima de un carrizal. Cuando el coyote pasaba, el conejo tenía una guitarra que, tan luego como vió al coyote, empezó á tocarla y le dijo "¡Adiós, tío coyote!" El coyote le dijo, "Bájate que vamos á hablar."—"No, tío coyote; sí Vd. está muy enojado conmigo." El coyote le dijo, "Tú me has engañado mucho, y por eso es que estoy enojado."—"No, tío coyote," le dijo, "yo soy el más bueno de todos, y no se enoje Vd. conmigo. Yo sé bien lo que ha pasado, pero yo no he hecho á Vd. estas cosas. El hermano mío, ese es muy malo, y es quien ha hecho tantas cosas. Pero ahora se va á casar, y estoy en espera de ellos. Se han dilatado mucho. Quien sabe que harán. Yo quisiera ir á verlos, si Vd. se quedara tocando esa guitarra. Le voy á dar á Vd. una seña cuando ya vengan los novios. Voy á tirar dos cohetes para que Vd. sepa, y entonces toca Vd. más para cuando ellos vengan, vengan á bailar."

El coyote sí lo hizo. El conejo se fué. A poco rato vino el conejo y le prendió lumbre al carrizal. El coyote creyendo que los novios venían, siguió á tocar y empezaba á bailar. Cuando el menos sintió estaba en medio de las llamas. Ya no pudo escapar el pobre coyote y se murió quemado.

El conejo vino á ver y lloró la muerte del coyote y se dijo, "Pobre tío coyote, ahora sí se murió y ¿ahora por dónde me iré?"

El conejo se fué á la orilla de un río. No podía pasar el río y empezó á decir, "El quien me pase, me comerá." Así estuvo diciendo, cuando el lagarto llegó y le dijo, "Yo te paso."—"Está bueno," le dijo el conejo. Se subió sobre la espalda del lagarto. Ya que iba cerca de la orilla del otro lado, le dijo el lagarto, "Ahora sí te voy á comer."—"¿Y que no le dé á Vd. lástima," contestó el conejo, "comer á este animal tan gordito que estoy?" El lagarto dijo, "¿Qué hacemos?"—"¡Vamos más á la orilla!" contestó el conejo, "para que Vd. pueda comerme bien." Ya estaban en la orilla. El conejo dijo al lagarto, "No le parece á Vd. que allá están unas hojas muy grandotas. Voy á traerlas y allí me echo para que Vd. no pierda nada." El lagarto le dijo que sí. El conejo se fué, y jamás volvió.

Al otro lado estaba un rastrojo viejo, y no encontró más el conejo que un piceto de milpa, y pensó, "Voy á vender mucho maiz ¿y con quien venderé? Voy á vender con tía cucaracha una fanega, y otra con tía gallina, otra con tío perro, otra con tío león, otra con tío cazador."

El tiempo llegó de entregar el maiz; y él tenía un ranchito, que, cuando el

conejo salió á pasear, cerraba la puerta del ranchito. Pero, como había engañado al lagarto, y le debía la vida, el lagarto se informó á donde vivía y fué á colocarse cerca de su cama, para que, cuando el conejo llegaba, el lagarto lo comía.

El conejo era muy listo, y un día que llegó, dijo él solo, "Buenos días, casita." La casita nunca le contestaba, pero hubo un día que dijo, "Buenos días, casita," el lagarto contestó, "Buenos días, conejo."—"¿Qué? Sí á mi nunca me contestastes, mi casita." Abrió la puerta y vió así adentro, cuando vió el lomo del lagarto, y dijo, "¿Y que son estas clavijas que veo ahí? Yo no soy guitarrista y no soy violinista. ¡Mejor me voy á otro ranchito!"

Allí estaba cuando la cucaracha llegó. "Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tía cucaracha."—"Vengo por mi maiz."—"Está bien. Nada más que está muy temprano. Vamos á almorzar primero y en seguida nos vamos." Estaban esperando el almuerzo cuando divisaron á tía gallina. El conejo dijo á la cucaracha, "Oiga, tía cucaracha, ¿que no quedrá (querrá) comer á Vd. la gallina?"—"¿Como no! ¿A dónde me escondo?" El conejo le dijo, "Escóndase Vd. bajo esta cáscara de palo que está ahí."

Cuando llegó la gallina, "Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tía gallina."—"Vengo por mi maiz."—"Como no, pero primero almorzaremos y en seguida iremos á desgranarlo." La gallina se sentó y el conejo le dijo, "¿Vd. no quisiera comer una cucaracha?"—"Como no," dijo la gallina, "¿á dónde está?" El conejo le enseñó á la cucaracha y el conejo dijo, "Así me voy quitando las drogas."

Estaban platicando el conejo y la gallina, cuando divisaron al perro que ya venía. El conejo dijo, "A dónde se esconderá Vd., porque el perro viene y la quedrá (querrá) comer. Escóndase Vd. bajo de este cargador. "La gallina se escondió, el perro llegó.

"Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tío perro."—"Vengo por mi maiz."—"Como no. ¡Siéntese Vd. un momento!" El perro se sentó y el conejo dijo, "Oiga Vd., ¿no quisiera Vd. comer una gallina?"—"¿A dónde está?"—"Está bajo ese cargador." El perro comió á la gallina y siguió á platicar con el conejo.

Platicando estaban cuando divisaron al león y le dijo al perro que si no tenía miedo del león que lo fuera á comer. El perro dijo, "Me da mucho miedo. ¿A dónde me escondo?" y el perro se escondió atrás de la casita.

El león llegó. "Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tío león."—"Vengo por mi maiz." El conejo le dijo, "Entre Vd. un momento que orita nos vamos." El león entró y el conejo le dijo, "Voy á decir á Vd. una cosa. ¿Vd. no quisiera comer un perro?"—"¿Y porqué no? ¿A dónde está?" El conejo le enseñó á donde estaba el perro y el león luego lo comió.

Después estaban platicando, cuando divisaron al cazador, quien ya venía, y el conejo dijo, "¿Que no quedrá (querrá) matar el cazador á Vd.?"—"Como no," dijo el león. "¿A dónde me escondo?"—"Escóndase Vd. en el tirante de la casa. Ahí no le vé aunque venga. No le hace nada."

El cazador llegó. "Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tío cazador."—"Vengo por mi maiz."—"Como no," le dijo. "Pase Vd. Vamos á almorzar primero tortillas calientes y queso fresco, y en seguida nos iremos á desgranar el maiz. Es la única deuda que me queda. Entre tanto ¿Vd. no quisiera matar un león?" El cazador le dijo, "¿A dónde está?" El conejo le enseñó á donde estaba el león que el cazador mató. Mató al león el cazador, y el conejo se huyó. Cuando volvió el cazador á la casa para buscar al conejo ya no le encontró. El conejo se fué.

Adelante iba, cuando encontró á una serpiente que estaba bajo una piedra y no podía salir de ningun modo, y cada persona que pasaba, le suplicaba que la sacara. El conejo se compadeció y fué á traer unas palancas. Alzó la piedra y la serpiente pudo salir. Después que estaba libre quería comer al conejo. Entonces le dijo, "¿Porqué me quieres hacer eso? ¿No es un bien que yo te he hecho en sacarte de esa piedra?" La serpiente le dijo, "Como no, ¿pero tu no sabes que un bien con un mal se paga?"—"Permíteme tres testigos antes de morir."

Cuando bajaban dos caballos, el conejo dijo, "Dispensen Vdes. una palabra. ¿Es cierto que un bien con un mal se paga?"—"Es muy cierto," dijo el caballo, "porque antes yo fuí buen caballo para mi amo. Cuando era muchacho me quería mucho, me asistía muy bien. Ahora estoy viejo, y me ha largado al campo sin saber de mi vida. Así es que está muy bien dicho que un bien con un mal se paga."

La serpiente le contestó, "¿Ya ves? No te faltan más que dos." Cuando iban pasando dos bueyes, y dijo el conejo, "Dispéñenme Vdes. una palabra. ¿Es cierto que un bien con un mal se paga?" Los bueyes dijeron, "Aunque cause sentimiento, porque yo fuí un buen animal para mi amo. Le serví mucho en mi tiempo. Fuí muy obediente. Como le servía me quería mucho. Ahora estoy viejo; ya no le sirvo para nada, y ha dicho que me largó al campo para que me repusiera un poco y así podrá matarme."

En seguida siguieron adelante y encontraron á un asno. Estaba á un lado del camino muy triste. "Amigo," dijo el conejo. "¿Es cierto que un bien con un mal se paga?"—"Aunque cause sentimiento," contestó el asno, "porque yo, cuando era muchacho le dí buenos servicios á mi amo, y ahora que estoy viejo ya no quiere verme. Acabo de llegar de una fuerte paliza que me dieron por ir á visitar á mi amo."—"No tiene remedio," dijo la serpiente, "Tienes que morir."

Estaban platicando cuando pasaba un gallo que le dijo, "Amigo," me voy á morir por hacer un bien."—"¿Qué bien has hecho?" dijo el gallo. "He sacado esta serpiente que estaba bajo una piedra hace mucho tiempo." El gallo dijo, "¿Cómo estaba?" La serpiente se puso enteramente igual como estaba bajo la peña y le dijo, "¿Así estabas?" La serpiente dijo, "Así." El dijo, "Así estabas, así te quedas." El conejo contestó, "A tí te debo la vida."

Siguió su camino y iban llegando cerca de una población, cuando el cazador llegaba á su casa y divisó al conejo. "Sin remedio voy á matarte." Le pegó un balazo y el conejo se murió. El cazador cogió al conejo que estaba medio muerte y el conejo le dijo, "Ahora sí acabo de creer, que un bien con un mal se paga."

2. RABBIT AND TOAD

The Toad challenged the Rabbit to run a race of five hundred metres. The Rabbit asserted that he would even bet his life; when he saw that the Toad was very stout, he was sure that he would win. The stake amounted to five hundred dollars. The Toad risked the bet because he saw that he could not run fast enough; but he worked it in such a way that he gathered five hundred companions, and placed them in a straight line. Once the line was formed, they tore away; and with the first jump the Rabbit made, he said, "átrepon;" and the

Toad replied, "árrabon." — "Atrepon." — "Arrabon." When the Rabbit saw that he could not win over the Toad — how could he win when the five hundred tore away all at the same time? The Toad had to win because the Rabbit was one, and they were five hundred. He lost the bet.

CONEJO Y SAPO

El sapo le llamó la atención al conejo para que echaran una carrera de quinientos metros. El conejo aseguraba que apostaba hasta su vida; de ver el sapo tan barrigón aseguraba que no le había de ganar. La apuesta era de quinientos pesos. El sapo se arriscó á apostar porque lo vió que no corría bastante, pero el sapo trabajó de tal manera que fué á recoger quinientos compañeros y los formó en linea recta. Una vez que estaba formada, entonces arrancaron y cuando el primer salto que pegó el conejo, decía, "átrepon," y el sapo contestó, "árrabon." — "Atrepon." — "Arrabon."¹ Viendo el conejo que no le pudo ganar al sapo, — ¿cómo había de ganar cuando los quinientos arrancaban á un mismo tiempo? Tuvo que ganar el sapo porque el conejo era uno y aquellos eran quinientos. Perdió la apuesta.

3. GOD

There was a man who had three sons. One day the oldest one said to his father, "Father give me your blessing, for I am going to seek my fortune;" and he went. He walked and walked along a road until he came to an old hut, and there was an old man who was God. The boy said, "Good-day, sir!" — "Good-day, son!" replied the old man. "Have you no work, sir?" — "Certainly," replied the old man. "Come in! Be seated! Let us take lunch, and then you shall go and take a letter to Monjas." After the boy had eaten, he said to him, "Sweep the house, and saddle this donkey and go and take this letter."

The boy went, and came on the road to a red river, and he was much frightened. He threw the letter into the river and went back. The old man said at once, "Have you come back already, son?" — "Already, sir," he said to him. "Did you deliver the letter?" — "Yes;" and the letter had come back again to the hands of God.

"All right!" he said. "Now what do you want? — money or grace?" — "Money," he said to him. "Then take this napkin," he said to him, "and you will have in it whatever you wish for."

The boy went to his house well satisfied, and said, "Father, here I bring this napkin, and we must lunch with it presently." Then the boy said, "Napkin, by the virtue given to thee by God, I ask thee to give me a lunch;" and at once a table was there, with much to eat.

After this the second brother said, "Father, give me your blessing, for I am going to seek my fortune;" and he went the way which his brother had taken. He found the old hut and also the old man. He

¹ *Atrapón*, "deceiver"?; *rábon*, "tailless"?

said, "Good-day, sir!" — "Good-day, my son!" — "Have you nothing to do, sir?" — "Yes," replied the old man. "Come in! Be seated! We will lunch. Then sweep the house, put flowers on the altar; saddle the donkey, and go to take this letter to Monjas."

The boy did so, and also met the red river, threw the letter into the river, and came back. The letter came again to the hands of God.

The boy arrived; and the old man said to him, "Have you come already, son?" — "Already, sir," he replied. "And now, what do you want? — money or grace?" — "Money," replied the boy. Then he presented him with an empty trunk, took a little pole, touched the top of the trunk with it, and said, "Pole, pole, by the virtue that God has given to thee, put this trunk in my house;" and immediately the trunk was transferred to the house of the boy. He bade good-by to the old man; and when he arrived in his house, the trunk was there full of money.

Then the youngest brother said, "Father give me your blessing, for I, too, will seek my fortune." The father gave him his blessing, and the boy took the same road. He found the old hut and God who lived there. The boy said, "Good-day, sir!" — "Good-day, boy!" replied the old man. "Have you no work, sir?" — "Yes," replied the old man. "Come in! Be seated! We will lunch," and he gave him some very tough cakes to eat; and the boy said to himself, "Poor old man! How can he sustain himself on those tough cakes?" and God heard him, and said, "Arise, sweep the house; put flowers on the altar, saddle this donkey, and go to Monjas to take this letter there."

The boy went. First he came to the red river. He had no fear, passed it, and the water reached to the hoofs of the donkey. He went on. He walked and walked. He came to a white, white river. He passed it. Then he came to a green, green river. He passed it. Then he came to a grassy hill, and the cattle that roamed there, how lean they were! Then he came to a barren hill, and the cattle that roamed there were fat. He walked on and on, and came to rocks which were striking one another. Again he walked on and on, and came to a roast that was roasting.

He arrived at Monjas, inquired for the church, and delivered the letter into the hands of the Virgin. Then the Virgin said to the boy, "Take this little hat as a sign that you have delivered to me my letter. Tell God what you have seen on the road."

When the boy went back, there was nothing on the road. He reached the hut of the old man, and the old man said to him, "Have you come already, son?" — "Already," replied the boy. "Well," said the old man to him, "tell me about what you have seen on the road."

"Sir," said the boy to him, "first I saw a red, red river." — "That red river," said God, "is the blood that your mother shed for you."

"Then I saw a white, white river." — "That is the milk that you have sucked."

"Then I saw a green, green river." — "Those are your mother's veins."

"Then I saw a grassy hill with lean cattle." — "Those are the cattle of the rich."

"Then I saw a barren hill with fat cattle." — "Those are the cattle of the poor."

"Then I saw several rocks which struck one another." — "Those are the godmothers when they are fighting."

"When I came to Monjas there was a roast roasting." — "That is the tongue of the gossip."

"Well, son," said God to him, "and now what do you want? — money or grace?" — "Grace," replied the boy. "All right!" said the old man to him. "Take this crucifix, and on the base you will find a present every day."

The boy left well satisfied. When he arrived at his house, he placed the crucifix on his altar; and every day early, when he awoke, he found two dollars on the base of the crucifix.

One day when the boy was eating, he saw at a distance an old man wrapped in his sheet, and full of ulcers, and disgusting to see. He came to the entrance, and said, "Good-day!" — "Good-day, sir!" replied the boy; while the other brothers began to cover the food, because the old man was very disgusting to see. Only the youngest boy gave the old man to eat.

Then the Lord said, "You have not felt disgust at seeing me; and now I'll take you up, body and soul." He took up the boy, and the brothers remained with their food full of grubs, and in the pot, instead of the food, a snake.

DIOS

Era un hombre que tenía tres hijos. Un día le dijo el más grande á su papá, "Papá, écheme Vd. la bendición porque me voy á rogar suerte," y se fué. Anda y anda por un camino, cuando se encontró con una casita vieja y allí estaba un viejecito que era Dios. Dijo el niño, "¡Buenos días, señor!"—"¡Buenos días, hijo!" contestó el viejecito. "¿No tiene Vd. trabajo?"—"Como no," contestó el viejecito. "Entra, siéntate. Vamos á almorzar, y en seguida te vas á dejar una carta á Monjas." Acabó de almorzar el niño y le dijo, "Barre la casa y ensilla este burro, y te vas á dejar esta carta."

Se fué el niño, y en el camino se encontró con un río colorado y se asustó mucho. Tiró la carta en el río y se regresó. Luego le dijo el viejecito, "¿Ya venistes, hijo?"—"Ya, señor," le dijo. "¿Entregastes la carta?"—"Sí," y la carta había vuelto otra vez á las manos de Dios.

"Bueno," dijo, "¿que quieres ahora? ¿Dinero ó las gracias?"—"Dinero," le dijo. "Pues ten esta servietta," le dijo, "y todo lo que quieras, lo tendrás en ella."

Se fué el niño para su casa muy contento y dijo, "Papá, aquí traigo esta servieta que con ella tendrémos que almorzar orita." Entonces dijo el niño, "Servieta, por la virtud que te ha dado Dios, quiero que me des un almuerzo," y luego se formó una mesa con mucho que comer.

En seguida dijo el segundo hermano, "Papá écheme Vd. su bendición, porque me voy á rogar suerte," y se fué por el camino que tomó su hermano. Se encontró con la casita vieja y el viejecito también. Dijo, "¡Buenos días, señor!"—"¡Buenos días, hijo mío!"—"¿Que tiene Vd. que trabajar?"—"Sí," contestó el viejecito. "Entra, siéntate, vamos á almorzar. En seguida barres la casa y echas florecitas al altar; ensillas el burro y te vas á dejar esta carta á Monjas."

Así lo hizo el niño y se volvió á encontrar con el río colorado, tiró la carta en el río y se regresó. Volvió otra vez la carta á las manos de Dios.

Llegó el niño y le dijo el viejecito, "¿Ya venistes, hijo?"—"Ya, señor," contestó. "Y ahora ¿qué quieres? ¿Dinero ó las gracias?"—"Dinero," contestó el niño. Entonces le regaló un baúl vacío, y cogió una barrita y le tocó encima del baúl y dijo, "Barrita, barrita, por la virtud que te ha dado Dios, ponme este baúl á mi casa," y luego se trasladó el baúl á la casa del niño. Se despidió del viejecito y cuando llegó á su casa, estaba el baúl lleno de dinero.

Entonces dijo el hermanito más pequeño, "Papá écheme Vd. su bendición, porque yo tambien me voy á rogar suerte." Le echó su bendición el padre y tomó el niño el mismo camino. Se encontró con la casita vieja y Dios que estaba allí. Dijo el niño, "¡Buenos días, señor!"—"Buenos días, niño!" contestó el viejecito. "¿Que tiene Vd. trabajo?"—"Sí," contestó el viejecito. "Entra, siéntate, vamos á almorzar," y le dió que almorzar unas tortillas muy duras, y dijo el niño entre sí, "Pobre viejecito, como se mantiene con estas tortillas tan duras," y Dios lo oyó y dijo, "Levántate; barre la casa; échale florecitas al altar, ensillas este burro, y te vas para Monjas á dejar esta carta."

Se fué el niño. Primero se encontró con el río colorado. No tuvo miedo, pasó, y le daba el agua hasta los cascos del burro. Se fué. Anda y anda. Se encontró con un río blanco, blanco. Pasó. En seguida se encontró con un río verde, verde. Pasó. Después se encontró con un cerro zacatoso y se rodaban las vacas de flacas que estaban las vacas. Después se encontró con un cerro pelón y se rodaban las vacas de gordas. Luego anda y anda, y se encontró con unas piedras que se encontraban unas con otras. Después anda y anda otra vez y se encontró con una asadura que estaba asando.

Llegó á Monjas, se los preguntó la iglesia y entregó la carta en manos de la Virgen. Entonces le dijo la Virgen al niño, "Toma este sombrerito como seña que me entregastes mi carta. Díle á Dios todo lo que has visto en el camino."

Cuando el niño regresó ya no había nada en el camino. Llegó á la casita vieja y le dijo el viejecito, "¿Ya venistes, hijo?"—"Ya," contestó el niño. "¡Bueno!" le dijo el viejecito, "cuéntame algo de lo que vistes en el camino."

"Señor," le dijo el niño, "primero ví un r o colorado, colorado."—"Pues ese río colorado es," le dijo Dios, "la sangre que derramó tu madre por tí!"

"Después ví un río blanco, blanco."—"Ese es la leche que mamastes."

"Después ví un río verde, verde."—"Ese son las venas de tu madre."

"Después ví un cerro zacatoso que se rodaban las vacas de flacas."—"Esas son las vacas de los ricos."

"Después ví un cerro pelón, que se rodaban las vacas de gordas."—"Esas son las vacas de los pobres."

"Después ví unas piedras que se pegaban unas con otras."—"Esas son las comadres de pila cuando se pelean."

"Cuando llegué á Monjas estaba una asadura asándose."—"Esa es la lengua del chismoso."

"Bueno, hijo," le dijo Dios, "¿y ahora qué quieres, el dinero ó las gracias?"—"Las gracias," contestó el niño. "Está bien," le dijo el viejecito, "ten este crucifijo, y en la peaña (peana) encontrarás todos los días un diario."

Se fué el niño muy contento. Cuando llegó á su casa le colocó en su altar y todos los días cuando amanecía, encontró dos pesos en la peaña del crucifijo.

Cuando un día de tantos estaba el niño almorzando, divisó á lo lejos un viejecito envuelto en su sábana y lleno de llagas, asqueroso. Llegó hasta las puertas y dijo, "¡Buenos días!"—"¡Buenos días, señor!" contestó el niño, y sus demás hermanos comenzaron á tapar la comida, porque les daba mucho asco. Solamente el niño más pequeño le sirvió de comer al viejecito.

Entonces dijo el señor, "Tú no has tenido asco de mí, y ahora te llevaré en cuerpo y alma." Se lo llevó al niño, y sus hermanos se quedaron con sus comidas llenas de gusanos y en la olla, en lugar de comida, una culebra.

4. THE LONG-LEGS¹

There was a Long-Legs, and it was very cold. He was sleeping in the foliage of a tree, and on the next day he could not sleep because his foot was broken.

Then said the Long-Legs, "Cold, cold, how strong you are, who have broken my foot!" Then the Cold said, "But stronger is the Sun, because he heats me."

He went to where the Sun is, and said to him, "Sun, how strong you are, — Sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the cloud, because it covers me."

"Cloud, how strong you are, — cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the wind, because it dissolves me."

"Wind, how strong you are, — wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the wall, because it resists me."

"Wall, how strong you are, — wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the mouse, because he perforates me."

"Mouse, how strong you are, — mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the cat, because he eats me."

"Cat, how strong you are, — cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the stick, because it kills me."

"Stick, how strong you are, — stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that

¹ A kind of mosquito with very long legs.

dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the fire, because it burns me."

"Fire, how strong you are, — fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the water, because it quenches me."

"Water, how strong you are, — water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the steer, because he drinks me."

"Steer, how strong you are, — steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the knife, because it kills me."

"Knife, how strong you are, — knife that kills steer, steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the blacksmith, because he makes me."

"Blacksmith, how strong you are, — blacksmith who makes knife, knife that kills steer, steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is Death, because he kills me."

He went to Death, and said, "Death, how strong you are, — death that kills blacksmith, blacksmith who makes knife, knife that kills steer, steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is God, because he sends me."

"God, how strong you are, — God who sends Death, Death who kills blacksmith, blacksmith who makes knife, knife that kills steer, steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!"

ZANCUDO

Era un Zancudo. Hacía mucho frío y se quedó dormido en la hoja de un árbol, y el día siguiente ya no pudo volar porque se lo quebró su pié.

Entonces dijo el Zancudo, "Frío, frío, qué tan valiente eres tú, que has quebrado á mi pié." Entonces le dijo el frío, "Pero más valiente es el sol, porque me calienta."

Fué á donde está el sol y le dijo, "Sol qué tan valiente eres tú,—sol que calienta al hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es la nube porque me tapa."

"Nube, qué tan valiente eres tú,—nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta al hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el aire, porque me deshace."

"Aire, qué tan valiente eres tú,—aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es la pared, porque me resiste."

"Pared, qué tan valiente eres tú,—pared que resiste al aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el ratón porque me agujerea."

"Ratón, qué tan valiente eres tú,—ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el gato porque me come."

"Gato, qué tan valiente eres tú,—gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el palo porque me mata."

"Palo, qué tan valiente eres tú,—palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es la lumbre porque me quema."

"Lumbre, qué tan valiente eres tú,—lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el agua porque me apaga."

"Agua, qué tan valiente eres tú,—agua que apaga lumbre, lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el buey porque me bebe."

"Buey, qué tan valiente eres tú,—buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbre, lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el cuchillo porque me mata."

"Cuchillo, qué tan valiente eres tú,—cuchillo que mata buey, buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbre, lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el herrero porque me hace."

"Herrero, qué tan valiente eres tú,—herrero que hace cuchillo, cuchillo que mata buey, buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbre, lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es la muerte porque me mata."

Fué á la muerte y dijo, "Muerte qué tan valiente eres tú,—muerte que mata herrero, herrero que hace cuchillo, cuchillo que mata buey, buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbre, lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es Dios porque me manda."

"Dios, qué tan valiente eres tú,—Dios que manda muerte, muerte que mata herrero, herrero que hace cuchillo, cuchillo que mata buey, buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbre, lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."

5. THE CHARCOAL-BURNER

There was a charcoal-burner who had a friend who was very poor and went to sell a basketful of charcoal every day. He gained four *reales*. Once upon a time he came to a very lonely brook, and found some boxes of cigarettes and cigars, several large tables, and began to sweep under the tree. He found four *reales*.

He went home well satisfied, and went to talk with his friend about what he had found. His friend said at once, "I'll go too, and do the same."—"All right!" said he. He gave him instructions, telling him what he had to do.

His friend arrived at the brook and began to sweep, and found the four *reales*; and this was the cave of the robbers. He climbed a tree. At midnight the robbers arrived. They began to play at dice, and the man in the tree above coughed. Then the robbers took him down from the tree and left him half dead. They gathered up his money and took it along.

When a coachman passed by, the charcoal-burner asked him to take him to his house. The coachman agreed. When he arrived at home, he complained to his friend, and said, "You are to blame for my misfortune."—"Don't trouble yourself," he said to him, "I'll give you alms every day. Come to my house, and I'll give you bread."

He went every day; and one day his friend got tired, and said to him, "Look here, friend! I'll give you a very great present, and then you shall never come back to molest me." Then he ordered several cakes to be made, and in every cake a guinea to be put, and then he sent them to the house of his friend.

Then the sick friend said to his daughter, "Look here, daughter! Let us go and distribute these cakes among our neighbors! for we have enough, and what shall we do with so many cakes?" They distributed them, and not one was left to them.

Then they went again to the house of the friend. "How is this?" said the friend to him, "when I gave you so large a present, that you should never come again and trouble me? Imagine! in every cake

there was one guinea." Then the friend said to him, "I have just distributed them among my neighbors, for I did not know what to do with so many."

Before this he had told his daughter to set fire to his hut when she should see him from afar, and the daughter did so. She set fire to the hut, and it is still burning.

EL CARBONERO

Era un carbonero que tenía un compadre que era sumamente pobre y que iba á vender un canasto de carbón todos los días. Ganaba cuatro reales. Una vez llegó á un arroyo muy solo, y encontró unas cajitas de cigarros, de puros, y unas mesas grandes, y comenzó á barrer debajo del árbol. Encontró cuatro reales.

Se fué para su casa muy contento, y él fué á platicar á su compadre lo que se había encontrado. Luego el compadre le dijo, "Yo tambien voy á hacer lo mismo."—"Está bien," le dijo. Le dió todas las indicaciones, que había de hacer.

Llegó el compadre al arroyo y comenzó á barrer y encontró los cuatro reales, y era la cueva de los ladrones. Se trepó al árbol. A media noche llegaron los ladrones. Comenzaron á jugar á los dados, y el señor que estaba en el árbol arriba tosió. Entonces los ladrones lo bajaron del árbol y lo dejaron medio muerto. Recogieron su dinero y se lo llevaron.

Cuando pasó un cochero y le rogó el carbonero que lo trajera á su casa. Aceptó el cochero. Llegando á su casa se quejó con su compadre y le dijo, "Tu tienes la culpa que haya quedado infeliz."—"No tengas cuidado," le dijo, "yo te daré una limosna todos los días. Vienes á mi casa para que yo te dé el pan."

Iba todos los días, y un día de tantos se enfadó el compadre, y le dijo, "Mira, compadre, te voy á dar una limosna muy grande, para que jamás y nunca me vengas á molestar." Entonces mandó hacer unas tortas de pan y en cada torta de pan una onza de oro, y se lo mandó á la casa del compadre.

Entonces el compadre enfermo le dijo á su hija, "Mira, hija; vamos á repartir estas tortas á los vecinos, porque tenemos bastantes, y ¿que harémos con tantas?" Comenzaron á repartirlas sin que le quedaba ninguna.

Se fueron en seguida otra vez á la casa del compadre. "¿Cómo," le dijo el compadre, "¿si ya te dí una limosna tan grande, para que jamás y nunca me vinieras á molestar? Figúrate que cada torta de pan tenía una onza de oro." Entonces el compadre le dijo, "Las acabé de repartir con mis vecinos, porque no sabía que hacer con tantas."

Más antes le había dicho á su hija, que cuando lo viera de lejos, le encendiera lumbre á su casa, y así lo hizo su hija. Le encendió lumbre á la casa y hasta ahora se está quemando.

6. THE DEVIL

There was a man pursued by the Devil, to whom, wherever he went, he appeared in the form of a manikin. Once upon a time the man went to mass, and there was the Devil. Whatever the padre did at mass, the Devil did too. He alighted on the shoulders of the boys, and made them sleep.

The man went and talked with the curate; and the padre said, "I'll take your confession, in order to see why you have these visions. To-morrow go to early mass, in order to see if you'll again see that manikin."

The man went to mass, and there he was. Then he went to confession, and the Demon went there also. Then the padre said, "My son, take this string, and follow the Demon wherever he goes, catch him with this string, and bring him to me."

Again the man went to church with the string in his hand. The Demon left the church, and the man followed behind. He saw how he made some dogs fight; he saw how he made some drunkards fight; and the man followed the Demon. He entered a saloon, and put himself into a pot of *tepache*.¹

Then he went to notify the curate that the Demon had put himself in a pot of *tepache*; and the curate said to him, "Go and ask the lady how much she wants to allow you to put your hand in and pull out that beast that is in the pot." The lady was frightened, and said, "You shall pay me nothing, only pull that beast out of there." Then the man put his hand and the string in, and caught him in a noose. It was not a manikin that came out, but a person with the feet of a rooster; and he took him to where the padre was; and the padre said to him, "Tie him up here, and give him hay to eat."

Then the padre went to where the beast had been tied up, and said to him, "Why are you interfering where it does not behoove you?" The Demon said to him, "Let me go! Promise to free me, and I'll tell you why." — "Yes," said the padre. "I promise to free you; But tell me, why do you come to my church?" Then the Demon replied, "Because you owe a vow to Rome; and if you wish to fulfill it, I'll take you there in four and twenty hours." — "Yes," said the padre to him. "But you know," said the Demon, "we shall not travel by land, but by sea." — "All right!" said the padre. "Early to-morrow we will go."

The next day, when daylight broke, a saddled mule was in front of the door of the curate's house. The padre mounted, and they went on the waters. In four and twenty hours they were in Rome.

The padre arrived at a house, and tied up his mule. The padre went to church, and brought from there many relics, pictures, and rosaries, which he put into a satchel. He did not find the mule tied up, but the people of the house were very much frightened because the mule had turned into a man; and the man said to the landlord, "Would you like to see how I put myself into this bottle of wine here?" — "Yes," said the people, "we should like to see how you do it." Then he put himself into the bottle.

¹ An alcoholic liquor made of a solution of unrefined cane-sugar (*canela*).

The padre came, put the string inside the bottle, caught him in the noose, and pulled him out in the shape of a man. "Let us go!" he said, "I am ready." He tied up the man by the nape of his neck, and he turned again into a saddled mule, and the curate mounted her. Then the mule could not walk, on account of the relics which the curate carried. The Mule said to him, "Throw away those things which you are carrying, for they burn me much. I promise you that you shall find them on your table."

Then the padre threw his relics into the middle of the sea, and in four and twenty hours he arrived at his house. The padre let him go, and said, "Go away, accursed one, and never come again to trouble me." The Demon did not come back.

EL DIABLO

Era un hombre perseguido del diablo que, dondequiera que iba, siempre se le andaba apareciendo en figura de un machín. Una vez se fué á misa el hombre y allí estaba el diablo. Todo lo que hacía el padre en misa lo hacía el demonio también. Se iba en el hombro de los niños y los echaba á dormir.

Fué el hombre y se lo platicó al cura; y le dijo el padre, "Ahora te voy á confesar, á ver porque andas mirando esas visiones. Vas mañana á misa temprano á ver si vuelves otra vez á ver ese machín."

Fué el hombre á misa y allí estaba. En seguida se fué á confesar y allí iba el demonio. Entonces le dijo el padre, "Ten, hijo, este cordón, y dondequiera que vaya el demonio, tú lo sigues y lo lazas con este cordón y me lo traes aquí."

Se fué el hombre otra vez á la iglesia con el cordón en la mano. Salió el demonio de la iglesia y el hombre detrás. Vió como echó unos perros á pelear; vió como echó á unos borrachos á pelear, y siguió el hombre al demonio. Entró en una taverna y se metió en una de las ollas de tepache.

Entonces le fué á avisar al cura que ya estaba allí metido en una de las ollas de tepache, y le dijo el cura, "Anda preguntale á la señora que cuanto quiere por que le metas la mano y saques á este animal que está dentro de la olla." Entonces la señora se asustó mucho y le dijo, "Nada me pagarás, pero saca ese animal de allí." Entonces el hombre metió la mano y el cordón, y lo lazó. Ya no salió el machín sino que un hombre que tenía piés de gallo; y se lo llevó á donde estaba el padre; y le dijo el padre, "Amárralo allí, y échale zacate que comer."

Entonces vino el padre á donde estaba amarrado el animal y le dijo, "¿Porqué tú te andas metiendo á donde no te conviene?" Entonces le dijo el demonio, "¡Déjame ir! Prométeme que me sueltas y te diré porqué."—"Sí," le dijo el padre. "Te prometo soltarte, pero dime ¿porqué te vas en mi templo?" Entonces contestó el demonio, "Porque debes una promesa á Roma, y si quieres ir á cumplirlo yo te llevaré en veinticuatro horas."—"Sí," le dijo el padre. "Pero sabes," le dijo el demonio, "que no vamos á caminar por tierra, sino que por el mar."—"Está bien," le dijo el padre. "Mañana muy temprano nos iremos."

Al otro día, cuando amaneció, una mula ensillada estaba en la puerta del curato, y se montó el padre, y se fueron encima de las aguas. En veinticuatro horas ya estaban en Roma.

Llegó el padre á una casa y amarró la mula. Se fué el padre al templo, y

trajo de allá muchas reliquias, estampas, rosarios. Le colocó en una petaca. Ya no encontró á la mula amarrada, sino que la gente de la casa estaba muy asustada porque se volvió en hombre la mula, y el hombre le dijo al dueño de la casa, "¿Quieren Vdes. ver que yo me puedo meter en esta botella que está ahí?"—"Sí," le dijeron los hombres, "queremos ver que te metas." Y entonces se metió en la botella.

Llegó el padre, metió el cordón dentro de la botella, lo lazó y lo sacó en figura de un hombre. "Vámonos," le dijo, "ya estoy listo." Amarró al hombre del pescuezo y se volvió otra vez la mula ensillada, y se montó en ella el cura. Entonces ya no podía andar la mula por las reliquias que llevaba el cura. Le dijo la mula, "Tira esos mecates que llevas, porque me queman mucho. Te prometo que en tu mesa los encontrarás."

Entonces el padre tiró sus reliquias en medio del mar y en veinticuatro horas llegó al curato. Lo soltó el padre y le dijo, "¡Anda, vete maldito! ya no me vengas á perturbar jamás." Ya no volvió el demonio.

7. THE DEAD

There was an old woman who worked much at night, spinning and weaving her cloth. One moonlight night her dog howled much; and the old woman said, "Why does my dog howl so much?" She took it in her arms, and took the excretion out of the eyes of the dog and put it in her own eyes, and remained there looking out on the street, and she saw a procession coming, — many people with burning candles in their hands. She stood there, and the procession passed the door of her house.

Then one person came out of the procession and gave a candle to the old woman who was standing in the doorway. He said to her, "Take this candle, and to-morrow, when we pass again at the same hour, give it to me." — "Well," said the old woman. She took the candle and put it on her altar. She took the excretion out of her eyes and went to sleep.

The next day, early in the morning, there was no candle, but the shin-bone of a dead person. The old woman was frightened, and went to confession. Then the padre said to her, "Go get a very young infant, and stand in the doorway of your house with the shin-bone in one hand, and the infant in the other. When the procession passes and the man asks for the candle which he gave you last night, and when you give it to him, pinch the baby so that it cries, and give the man the candle with your other hand."

The old woman did so. She stood in the doorway and pinched the baby while she passed the candle to the man; and the Dead said to the old woman, "This protects you, for this was the hour when we were to take you;" and thus the old woman freed herself.

LOS MUERTOS

Pues, era una viejecita que trabajaba mucho de noche en hilar y tejer su manta. Una noche de luna lloraba mucho un perro que tenía, y dijo la viejecita, "¿Porqué

llorará tanto mi perro?" Entonces abrazó al perro y le quitó las chinquiñas de los ojos del perro, y se lo colocó ella en sus ojos, y se quedó mirando á la calle, y vió una procesión que venía: mucha gente con velas en la mano ardiendo. Se quedó parada ella y pasó la procesión en la puerta de la casa.

Entonces salió uno de ellos y le dió una vela á la viejecita que estaba parada en la puerta. Le dijo, "Ten esta vela, y mañana, cuando volvamos á pasar á estas mismas horas, me la das."—"Buena," dijo la viejecita, cogió la vela y la puso en su altar. Se quitó las chinquiñas y se fué á dormir.

Al otro día ya no amaneció la vela, sino que una canilla de muerto. Se asustó la viejecita y se fué á confesar. Entonces le dijo el padre, "Vas á buscar una criatura tierna, y te paras en la puerta de la casa con la canilla en tu mano, y la criatura en la otra mano. Cuando pase la procesión entonces te pide la vela el hombre que te la dió anoche, y cuando tú le des la vela, entonces le pegas un pellizco al nene para que lllore, y con la otra mano le das la vela al hombre."

Así hizo la viejecita. Se paró en la puerta y le dió un pellizco al nene cuando le pasó la vela al hombre; y le dijeron los muertos á la viejecita "que te valga eso, sino ahora era tiempo para que te lleváramos," y así se libró la viejecita.

RIDDLES ¹

I.

In a very dark room is a dead one,
the living one handling the dead one,
and the dead one is shouting.

A piano.

2.

They say I am king, and I have no
kingdom.

They say I am blonde, and have no
hair.

I set the watch, and am no watch-
maker.

The sun.

3.

I am round, like the world;
I am lady with a wreath;
Four hundred sons I have,
And with my tail I hold them.

Pomegranate.

4.

Dark and black
He goes to the sky,
And then falls back,
After giving a cry.

A rocket.

ADIVINOS ¹

I.

En un cuarto muy oscuro está ur
muerto, el vivo tentando al muerto, y
el muerto dando gritos.

El piano.

2.

Dicen que soy rey y no tengo reino.
Dicen que soy rubio y no tengo pelo.
Compongo reloj y no soy relojero.

El sol.

(Chile 695-697; Dem. 927)

3.

Soy redondo como el mundo,
Soy señora con corona,
Cuatrocientos hijos tengo
Y con la cola los mantengo.

La granada.

(Chile 305, 758; Dem. 1010)

4.

Un negrito
Subió al cielo,
Pegó un grito,
Cayó al suelo.

Cohete.

¹The comparative notes are from Eliodoro Flores, *Adivinanzas corrientes en Chile*, Santiago de Chile, 1911 (quoted: Chile); Antonio Machado y Alvarez (Demófilo), *Colección de Enigmas y Adivinanzas*, Sevilla 1880 (quoted Dem.); Fernán Caballero, *Cuentos, Oraciones, Adivinas y Refranes populares é infantiles*, Leipzig 1878 (quoted Cab.); F. R. Marin, *Cantos populares españoles I*, Sevilla 1882 (quoted Mar.). The references to the three last-named books have been taken from the notes to Flores' collection.

5.
(A play on *santa* and *judía*.)

5.
No soy *santa* ni *judía*
Hasta la semana santa
Llegó mi día.

La sandía.
(Compare Chile 674)

6.
A play on *plata-no*.

6.
Oro no es, *plata no* es,
Abre la cortina
Y verás lo que es.

El plátano.
(Chile 618, 619; Dem. 823)

7.
In a very dark hole
Is a man
Mending his rain-coat
With a turkey-feather.

7.
En un barranco muy oscuro
Está un hombre
Remendando su capote
Con pluma de guajalote.

Garlick.

El ajo.
(Compare Chile 400)

8.
White vine,
Black seeds,
Five little bulls,
One calf.
Paper, ink, fingers, pen.

8.
Pámpano blanco,
Semillas negras,
Cinco toritos,
Una ternera.
Papel, tinta, dedos, pluma.
(Chile 548)

9.
A watered court,
A dry court,
Out comes a monkey
Quite tipsy (?).

9.
Patio regado,
Patio árido,
Sale un monito
Bien empinado.

The toad.

El sapo.

10.
White as a dove,
Black as pitch,
It talks and has no tongue,
It runs and has no feet.

10.
Blanca como la paloma,
Negra como la pez,
Habla y no tiene lengua,
Corre y no tiene piés.

A letter.

Una carta.
(Chile 166; Dem. 251, 252; Cab. 129)

11.
In the field has well arisen
That which never has been sowed,
With its green cape
And its pretty red.

11.
En el campo bien nacido
Lo que nunca fué sembrado,
Con su capotito verde
Y su bonito encarnado.

Gold.

Oro.
(Chile 174)

12.
Tivirivirí
Tavaravará

12.
Tivirivirí
Tavaravará

Painted sheet,
What may it be?

The sky.

13.

Pingre pingre is hanging,
Mángara mángara is standing.
If pingre pingre should take a fall,
Mángara mángara would eat it all.
Meat and cat.

Sábana pintada,
¿Que cosa será?

Cielo.

13.

Pingre pingre está colgado,
Mángara mángara está parado.
Si pingre pingre se cayera,
Mángara mángara lo comiera.
Carne y gato.
(Chile 222; Dem. 563; Cab. 120)

A pinpín,
A tantán,
A chirivín,¹
A scorpion.

Bells.

14.

Un pinpín,
Un tantán,
Un chirivín,
Un alacrán.

Campanas.

14.

(A play on *cala* [cut of a melon] and
basa.)

Calabash.

15.

En la *cala* del melón
Tengo fijado mi nombre;
Y en la *basa* del jugador
Mi sobre nombre.

Calabasa.

15.

Letters come and letters go,
Through the air above they blow.
Clouds.

Cartas ven y cartas vienen,
En el aire se mantienen.
Las nubes.
(Compare Chile 192; Dem. 275)

16.

A little basket filled with flowers
Opens at night
And closes in the day.
The stars.

Una canastita llenita de flores
De noche se extiende
Y de día se recoje.
Las estrellas.
(Chile 272, 296)

17.

Button over button,
Button of filigree.
You don't guess me now,
And not from here till to-morrow.
Pineapple.

Botón sobre botón,
Botón de filigrana.
No me adivinas ahora,
Pero ni de aquí á mañana.
Piñas.
(Compare Chile 178, 179)

18.

(Play on words on *agua-cate*.)

Agua pasa por mi casa
Cate de mi corazón
No me divinas ora
Pero ni de aquí á la ocasión.
Aguacate

19.

¹ A kind of root.

20.
A little black one above,
And red Juan below.
Baking-plate on fire.

21.
Without being mule in the mill,
I go with my eyes covered
And feet apart.
Scissors.

22.
An oven,
Four pillars,
Two man-frighteners,
One fly-frightener.

23.
A cow of many colors
Threw herself into the sea.
My sea-water
It could not pass (?).

24.
In a mountain
Is a man.
He has teeth and does not eat,
He has a beard and is no man.
Ear of corn.

25.
A lady is coming who has a lord
With many patches
Without a stitch.
A hen.

26.
He is small, like a rooster,
But can stand more than a horse.
?

20.
Chico negrito arriba
Y Juán colorado abajo.
Comal y lumbre.

21.
Sin ser mulo de molina
Voy con los ojos tapado
Y las patas al compás.
Las tijeras.
(Compare Chile 725-731, 733)

22.
Un horno de pan,
Cuatro pilares,
Dos espanta-gentes,
Un espanta-mosca.
A cow. La vaca.
(Chile 117, 761-764; Dem. 1012; Cab. 78)

23.
Una vaca pinta
Se tiró á la mar.
Mi agua de mar
No pudo pasar (?).
Darkness. La oscuridad.
(Chile 488, 701)

24.
En un monte monterano
Está un hombre franco sano,¹
Tiene diente y no come,
Tiene barbas y no es hombre.
Mazorca.
(Chile 36, 40, 41, 231; Dem. 47)

25.
Una señorita viene aseñorada
Con muchos remiendos
Sin una puntada.
La gallina.
(Chile 286, 287; Dem. 461; Emilia Pardo Bazan,
"Folk-Lore Gallego," in *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares*, vol. iv, p. 69)

26.
Chiquitito, como un gallo
Pero aguanta más que un caballo.
Las cámaras
(Chile 149)

¹ In Chili, hay un padre franciscano.

27.
A pock-marked Indian
Called Barrabas
Who pushes the women
To and fro.

The metate.

27.
Un indito cacarizo
Que se llama Barrabás
Que empuje á las mujeres
Por delante y por detrás.

El metate.

28.
I come from Pochutla
Displeased with Tutepec
My eyes are black
And my heart yellow.

The egg.

28.
De Pochutla vengo arriba
De Tutepec ofendido
Traigo los ojitos negros
Y el corazón amarillo.

El huevo.

(Chile 345, 346, 447; Dem. 536,
541, 543)

29.
What is that thing which one orders
weeping, and that one uses singing?
He pays for it who does not want it,
and he uses it who does not order it.

A coffin.

29.
¿Cuál es el objeto que se encarga
llorando, y se trabaja cantando? Lo
paga él que no lo quiere; y lo usa él
que no lo encarga.

El ataúd.

(Chile 69, 70, 71; Dem. 188)

SONGS

(Sung to the accompaniment of the guitar)

1. A las mujeres quererlas
Y no darles de comer
Darles palo como burro
Y agua caliente á beber.
2. Anda, vete y déjame
Estoy cansado de amarte.
No me metas en peligro
De matar ó que me maten.
3. Díme si ya t'enojastes
Que no me hablas te agradezco.
Del mismo genio soy yo
Que cuando quiero aborrezco.
4. Las mujeres son los diablo
Pariente de los demonio.
Con una tijera vieja
Pelaron á San Antonio.
5. Para quedarme dormido
En medio de tus brazitos
Como niño consentido
Mamando los pechitos.

6. Yo le pregunté á Cupido
Que sí se aman las casada;
Y me respondió afligido
Que esas son las apreciada
Que ofenden á su marido
Y sin interés de nada.
7. No duermo por adorarte
Y por que verte me despero
Que t'estimo hast' en el sueño
Pero cuando la rana crie pelo.
8. Yo te quisiera decir;
Pero sí me duele el alma,
Gertrudis y Margarita,
Dolores y Feliciana.
9. Tus ojitos me han gustado
En compañía de tu ceja;
Tus ojos me quieren hablar
Pero sí tú no los deja.
10. Cúpido con Salomón
Salieron al campo un día,
Pudo más el interés
Que el amor que le tenía.
11. Navegando en una balsa
Me quise desvanecer,
Y me agarré de una zarza
No me pude detener.
Por una cuartilla falsa
Me despreció una mujer.
12. Me embarqué en una falúa
En un barco navegué.
Anda, vete tú por agua,
Que yo por tierra me iré.
13. Que bonito par de ojitos
Me las quisieras vender
Me gusta por San Ganito
Que hast' en el modo de ver(?).
14. Si la pasión te domina
Ó te hace grado el amor
T' estiende la vista y mira
'Hora que estás en la flor
No después te cause envidia
Y quedarás otro mejor.
15. Cupido con su chulona
En el sueño le decía,

“Si no me quieres, pelona,
Abrázame, vida mía
Muérdeme, no seas chiquiona.”

16. La mujer de Salomón
Lo vide y le quise hablar
Y me respondió afligido:
“Póngase á considerar
El que se meta conmigo
La vida le va á costar.”
17. De Salomón y Cupido
Traigo versos muy bonito.
18. Las mujeres al querer
Tienen demás un sentido
Querellan á sus marido
Como potro á persogado
Relinchido y relinchido.
19. Soy como 'l amante mudo
Que ama sin poder hablar
La lengua sí me hace un nudo
Cuando me quiero explicar.
20. Quisiera ser pavo real
Para tener plumas bonita
Pero he sido cardinal
Criado en las tortolita
Como el que quiso no pudo
Querer á la más bonita.

DECIMAS

(Poems presented by young men to their sweethearts)

I.

Un jardín voy á formar
De todas las señoritas
Unas para convertirlas en flores
Y otras en puras rositas.

- I. Las Petronas son manzanas
Las Antonias chirimoyas
Las Gregoritas cebollas
Y limas las Cayetanas
Duraznos serán las Juanas
Que á todo lo han de hermostear
Y el quien quisiere comprar
Prevéngase de antemano
Que para ser hortelano
Un jardín voy á formar.

2. Uvas serán las Marcelas
 Las Candelarias sandías
 Calabasas las Marías
 Y las Teresitas son peras
 Las Matianas y Ceberas
 Ni más ni menos zapote
 Las Marcelinas camote
 Buenos para refrescar
 Las Angelas tejocote
Del jardín que he de formar.

3. Piñas serán las Panchitas
 Las Lolitas azucenas
 Propias para verbenas
 Creo son las Margaritas
 Lechugas las Josefitas
 Las Guadalupe pepinas
 Las Ignacias son cominos
 Que también debo plantar
 Ha de quedar de primera
El jardín que he de formar.

En fin: 4. Brevas serán las Torribias
 Las Juanitas anonovias
 Guayabitas las Zenobias
 Y naranjas las Emilias
 Guineo son las Basilias
 Como son las Leonarditas
 Las Mónicas y Mariquitas
 Que á la vista han de agradar
 Y con puras Margaritas
Un jardín voy á formar.

Fin.

II.

Hasta el muelle fuí con ella
 Comunicando los dos
 Ahí fueron los suspiros
 Cuando ella me dijo adiós.

1. La prenda que yo estimaba
 Ya se apartó de mi lado
 No sé que causa le he dado
 Tanto como lo adoraba.
 Ella nada le faltaba
 Era reluciente estrella
 De mí no tuvo quebrante ella
 En todo era muy cumplida
 Pero no se fué sentida
Hasta el muelle fuí con ella.

2. Le pregunté á mi lucero
 Por qué causa se me iba
 Y me respondió sentida
 "Yo no me voy porque quiero."
 Me dijo con mucho esmero
 "Ahora te quedas con Dios,"
 Se le cerraba la voz
 Pues ya de tanto llorar
 Cuando ella ya iba á montar
Comunicando los dos.
3. Todo se le iba en llorar
 Comunicándome á mí
 Con dolor me despedí
 Cuando 'la fuí á encaminar.
 Pues ya de tanto llorar
 Dos corazones heridos
 Ya se echaban los retiros
 En aquel pueblo tirano
 Cuando ella me dió la mano
Allí fueron los suspiros.

En fin: 4. Ella se quedó llorando
 Yo puse el pié en el estribo
 Me dijo, "Vente conmigo
 Que por tí voy suspirando."
 Y yo le dije llorando
 Con un llanto muy atroz
 Despidiéndonos los dos
 "Para acordarme de tí."
 No pude volver en sí
 Cuando ella me dijo adiós.
Fin.

II. THE TALE OF COYOTE AND RABBIT OF THE CHATINO, OAXACA

The following tale was recorded by me in Pochutla, Oaxaca. It was dictated in Spanish by S. Ezéquiél Vázquez, a Chatino who lived in Pochutla in the winter of 1911-12.

There was a dear old woman who had three sons and had a field of chilarro. Every night a Rabbit came and did damage to it. One day the dear old woman bethought herself of a way to catch the Rabbit. After she had consulted several persons, one of them advised her to make a little monkey of wax, and, after covering the field that held the chilarro, to leave an entrance and to place there the monkey of wax.

At night the Rabbit came, and found the monkey in the doorway. He began to talk with him. He said to him, "Let me enter! I am very hungry. I offer you that you may eat me." Since the monkey did not answer, he struck him with one hand, and stuck fast. He

said, "If you hold this hand, I have another one." He struck him with the other hand also, and stuck fast. Again he said, "You are holding my hands, but I tell you that I have also two feet." He struck him with one foot, and stuck fast. He struck him with the other one, and stuck fast. Again he said, "I have other parts of my body." He struck him with his head, and stuck fast. He struck him with his tail, and stuck fast. He struck him with his chest, and stuck fast.

On the following morning the dear old woman arrived, and found the dear Rabbit stuck to the monkey, and said to him, "So you must be the one who eats my chile!" She took him home, and placed him in a net which was hanging from one of the rafters of the house.

At that time the Coyote passed by; and the Rabbit said to him, "Good-day, Uncle Coyote! Where are you going?" The Coyote replied, "Man alive, what are you doing here?" — "O Uncle Coyote! they have brought me here, because they want to marry me to the young daughter of the lady of this house, and I do not want to marry her. If you are willing to enter into this marriage, pull me out of here, and you shall be married." The Coyote obediently untied the net in which the Rabbit was caught, put himself inside, and the Rabbit hung the net up again where it had been and went away.

After a little while the dear old woman entered the room where this had happened, and saw the Coyote hanging in the net. She said to him, "You have turned from a Rabbit into a Coyote; but, whatever may happen, you will suffer your punishment." She sent for a pot of boiling water and put down a tub, into which she poured the hot water, and then she put the Coyote into it. When he felt the heat, he began to retreat, until finally he could make his escape and promised to pursue the Rabbit and to eat him.

After walking some distance in search of him in various places, he came upon him on a hillside where a cactus grew which had many prickly-pears (*tuna*), and he found the dear Rabbit eating prickly-pears. When he saw the Coyote, he said to him, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside!" The Coyote said to him, "Now, indeed, I'll eat you, because you have fooled me." The Rabbit said to him, "No, uncle, I am not the one who fooled you. See, indeed, what good prickly-pears I am eating!" The Coyote said, "Throw me down one!" The Rabbit carefully removed the spines, and threw it down to him. "How good they are!" said the Coyote. "Throw me another one!" He cleaned the second one also, and threw it down to him. "Man alive, Rabbit, don't get tired of it! Throw me down another one!" He threw down another one, but without cleaning it. The greedy Coyote ate the third prickly-pear, and felt in his throat the pains of the spines. While he began to free himself of these, the Rabbit fled, after having committed this knavery.

The Coyote promised to pursue the Rabbit until he would eat him. After searching for him a long time, he met him on the slope of a great mountain. When he saw the Coyote, he placed himself close to a rock, and said to him, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside!" — "Now, indeed, I'll eat you, Uncle Rabbit," said the Coyote to him. The dear little Rabbit replied, "No, uncle, you won't eat me. See, I am holding now this rock. If I let go of it, the world will come to an end, and I beg of you to help me a while. I am very hungry, and should like to go and take a lunch." The Coyote, very obediently, took hold of the rock, and the Rabbit made his escape. After the Coyote had been there quite a while holding the rock, he got tired, and said, "I'll let go of the rock, even if the world does come to an end. I can't stand it any longer," and he let go of it. The rock began to roll; and the Coyote looked at it and nothing happened; and he said, "Now it is twice that the Rabbit has fooled me; the third time I'll surely eat him."

He pursued him again, until he found him in a field alone, where he stood close to a hive; and when he saw the Coyote, he said to him, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside! What are you doing here?" The Coyote replied to him, "I am looking for you; and now, indeed, I'll eat you, for you have fooled me many a time." — "No, uncle," answered the Rabbit, "I am not the one who has fooled you. That must be one of my companions, for I have been teacher of this school for quite a while. If you like to have a good salary, I'll give you this place." The Coyote accepted; and when he asked the Rabbit for some instructions, the Rabbit replied, "If these boys do not want to study, say to them, 'Study;' and if they do not obey, take this cane and touch the hive three times."

After having given the Coyote this instruction, he went away. The Coyote remained playing his rôle, and said from time to time, "Study, study!" and the bees in that hive did not obey. Then the Coyote struck the hive according to the instructions of the Rabbit until the bees came out and stung him, so that he rolled about.

The Coyote, much offended by the many tricks that the Rabbit had played him, promised to pursue him again, until he should find him and eat him. After having searched for him in several places, he met him on the shore of a lake. When he saw the Coyote, he said, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside! What are you doing hereabouts?" The Coyote replied to him, "I am in search of you; and now, indeed, I am going to eat you, for you have fooled me too much, and I'll punish you for your misdeeds." The dear little Rabbit said to him, "No, uncle, I am not the one who has fooled you. He who has fooled you must have been one of my companions. See! I have been given as a present a very large cheese for my lunch to-day;

but since I have other better things ready, if you like it, I'll give it to you." The Coyote, well satisfied, accepted the present, which, thereupon, he gave to him. The Rabbit said to him, "When you are hungry, go into the lake, until you arrive at the place where the cheese is, and eat it." The Coyote thanked him, and the Rabbit went away.

The moon, which was full, was reflected in the water, and looked like a cheese. The Coyote, who was hungry, went into the water several times, and, since he did not reach the cheese, said that the Rabbit had fooled him again. Indeed, when he looked up to the sky, he saw the full moon. Filled with indignation, the Coyote said, "Now, indeed, I'll go in search of the Rabbit, and I'll eat him."

After having searched the longest time, he came to the bank of a river, and saw the Rabbit, who was rocking himself in a deep place by means of some lianas. When he saw the Coyote, he said, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside!" and the Coyote said to him, "Now, indeed, scoundrel, am I going to eat you, for I have been fooled by you time and again, and your misdeeds deserve punishment." The Rabbit said to him, "Why do you say that to me, Mr. Uncle? I am not the one who has fooled you. Maybe some of my companions have done it. See, indeed! I am taking delightfully fresh air in this hammock; and if you wish to refresh yourself, — for without doubt you are much heated by your walk, — and meanwhile refresh yourself." The Coyote accepted the proposal, and when he had reached the hammock, the Rabbit climbed up some rocks from which the lianas hung down, and began to gnaw at them until they broke; and therewith a detonation was heard in the water, when the Coyote had fallen into it. The Rabbit went his way, and the Coyote was in great trouble to get out of the deep hole. Once out of the hole, he said he would pursue the Rabbit until he should find and eat him.

After going several days in search of the Rabbit, he met him in a large reed, and said to him, "Now, indeed, I'll eat you, for you have fooled me too much, Rabbit." The Rabbit replied, "No, uncle! When did I fool you? See, it is true, I must assist at a marriage, and should like you to play the guitar. Look here, see how many jars of pulque I have! If you accept, they shall all be yours." The Rabbit gave a leaf of corn to the Coyote, for that was his guitar. "And when you hear the noise of rockets, play the guitar more vigorously; then I'll bring the bridal couple, and I'll come at once and we'll dance the fandango."

The dear little Rabbit, when he left the reeds, set fire to the dry leaves, and a great fire started. When the Coyote heard the noise of the green reeds which were burning, he played the corn-leaves more vigorously. When he felt that it was the fire that had come near him,

he could not get out, however hard he tried, and had to die of asfixiation.

COYOTE Y CONEJO

Era una viejecita que tenía tres hijos, y tenía una sembradura de chilarro. Todas las noches iba un conejo á hacerle daño. Un día la viejecita inventó cual sería la manera de coger el conejito. Después de haber consultado con varias personas le indicó una que hiciera un monito de cera, y después de cubrir el corral, que contenía los chillarros, dejar un portillito (*sic!*) y dejar allí el moncito de cera.

En la noche llegó el conejo y encontró al moncito en la puerta. Comenzó á conversar con él. Le dijo, "Déjame entrar que traigo mucha hambre. Te ofrezco que me comas." No habiendo contestado el moncito, le acometió con una mano y se quedó pegado. Le dijo, "Si me agarras esta mano tengo la otra." Volvió á pegarle con la otra mano y se quedó pegado. Volvió a decirle, "Ya me tienes de las dos manos, pero tambien te diré que tengo dos piés." Le pegó con un pié y se quedó pegado. Le pegó con el otro y se quedó pegado. Volvió á decirle, "De mi cuerpo tengo otras cosas más." Le pegó con la cabeza, se quedó pegado. Le pegó con la cola, se quedó pegado. Le pegó con la caja del cuerpo y se quedó pegado.

A la mañana siguiente llegó la viejecita y encontró al conejito pegado al mono y le dijo, "Tu eres el que te estás comiendo mis chilarritos." Se lo llevó para su casa y lo colocó en una red colgada en uno de los atravezaños de la casa.

En esto pasaba el coyote, y le dijo el conejo, "Adiós, tío coyote. ¿A dónde vas?" El coyote le contestó, "¿Qué haces ahí, hombre?"—"Ay, tío coyote, pues me han traído aquí que quieren casarme con la niña hija de la señora de esta casa, y yo no quiero. Pues, si tu quieres contraer dicho enlace, sácame de aquí y te casarás." El coyote obediente desató la red donde estaba el conejo preso, y se metió, y volvió el conejo á colgarla donde estaba y se fué.

Después de algunos instantes entró la viejecita en la pieza á donde sucedió esto y vió al coyote que estaba colgado en la red. Le dijo, "De conejo te volvistes coyote, pero no le hace como quiera, sufrirás tu castigo." Mandó traer una olla de agua hirviendo y colocó una tina en donde echó el agua caliente y metió al coyote. Este, al sentir los ardores, comenzó á retrasar hasta que por fin pudo escaparse prometiendo que seguiría al conejo hasta comérselo.

Después de haber andado algo buscándolo por varios puntos, vino á encontrarlo en una loma á donde había un nopal que tenía muchas tunas y encontrábase el conejito comiendo tunas. Al divisar el coyote, le dijo, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado." El coyote le dijo, "Ahora sí te voy á comer porque me has engañado." El conejo le dijo, "No, tío, yo no soy él que te he engañado. Mira, verás, que buenas tunas me estoy comiendo." El coyote dijo, "¡Echame una!" El conejo le quitó bien los aguates y se la tiró. "Que buenas están," dijo tío coyote. "¡Echame otra!" Volvió á limpiar la segunda tuna y se la tiró. "¡Hombre conejo, no te enfades! ¡Tírame otra!" Volvió á tirarle pero sin limpiarla. El goloso coyote se comió la tercera tuna y sintió en la garganta los ardores del aguate. Comenzando á quitarse de aquellos el conejo escapó después de haber cometido esta picardía.

El coyote prometió seguir al conejo hasta comérselo. Después de haber lo buscado mucho, lo vino á encontrar en una gran ladera. Al ver al coyote se

pegó junto á una peña y le dijo, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado."—"Ahora sí te voy á comer, tío conejo," le dijo el coyote. El conejito le contestó, "No, tío, no me comas. Mira, que ahora estoy teniendo esta peña. Pues si la suelto, se acaba el mundo, y te suplico que me ayudes un rato. Pues tengo una hambre y quiero ir á almorzar." El coyote, muy obediente, agarró la peña, y el conejo se escapó. Después de un gran rato de estar el coyote deteniendo la peña se cansó y dijo, "Pues yo suelto la peña aunque se acabe el mundo. Pues ya no aguanto," y la soltó. La peña comenzó á rodar, y el coyote se quedó mirándola sin haber pasado nada, y dijo, "Pues que con esta van dos que me engaña el conejo, y á las tres, sí me lo cómo."

Volvió á perseguirlo, hasta encontrarlo en un campo solo, donde estaba junto á un panal, y al divisar al coyote le dice, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado. ¿Qué andas haciendo?" El coyote le contestó, "Te ando buscando, porque ahora sí te voy á comer, porque ya me has engañado muchas veces."—"No, tío," le contestó el conejo, "no fuí yo quien te ha engañado. Sería mi otro compañero, porque yo ya tengo tiempo de ser preceptor de esta escuela. Pues si quieres ganar buen salario, te daré este destino." El coyote aceptó y después de pedirle algunas instrucciones el conejito le contestó, "Cuando no quieran estudiar estos muchachos, les dirás 'estudien,' y si no te quieren obedecer, tome esta varita y le tocarás al panal tres veces."

Después de haberle dado esta instrucción al coyote se fué. El coyote se quedó desempeñando su papel y de cuando en cuando decía, 'estudien, estudien;' y las abejas de este panal no obedecían. Entonces el coyote pegó al panal según las indicaciones del conejito alborotando las abejas que le picaron hasta revolverlo.

El coyote ofendido con tantas burlas que el conejo le había hecho prometió seguirlo de nuevo, hasta encontrarlo para comerlo. Después de haberlo buscado en varios lugares lo encontró en la orilla de un lago. Al ver al coyote le dijo, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado. ¿Qué andas haciendo por estos rumbos?" El coyote le contestó, "Ando en busca tuya, y ahora sí te voy á comer, pues me has engañado mucho, y te voy á castigar tus faltas." El conejito le dijo, "No, tío, no he sido yo que te ha engañado. El que te ha engañado habrá sido mi compañero. Pues mira, me han regalado este grandísimo queso para almorzarme hoy. Pero como tengo preparadas otras cosas más buenas, si tu quieres comértelo, te lo regalaré." El coyote, muy contento, aceptó el regalo que entonces le hacía. El conejo le dijo, "Cuando ya tengas hambre, te sumes en este lago hasta llegar á donde está el queso y te lo comerás." El coyote le dió gracias, y el conejo se fué.

Como la luna estaba en su llena, reflejaba en el agua, figurando un queso. El coyote, teniendo ya hambre, se sumió en el agua varias veces, y no alcanzando el queso, dijo, que ya lo había vuelto á engañar el conejo. En efecto, al mirar para el cielo vió que la luna estaba en su llena. Lleno de indignación el coyote dijo, "Ahora sí me voy á buscar al conejo, y me lo cómo."

Después de haber buscado muchísimo, llegó á la orilla de un río, y vió al conejo que se mecía por medio de unos bejuos en una hondura. Al ver al coyote dijo, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado;" y le dice el coyote, "Ahora sí, pícaro, te voy á comer, pues he sido engañado por tí varias veces, y tu falta merece castigo." El conejo le dijo, "¿Porqué me dice Vd. eso, tío? No he

sido yo quien te ha engañado. Tal vez sean otros compañeros. Pues mira, verás, que me estoy dando un aire tan fresco en esta hamaca, y si quieres refrescarte,—porque sin duda vendrás muy caluroso y mientras refréscate.” El coyote aceptó la propuesta, y habiendo llegado á la hamaca, el conejo se trepó sobre unas peñas donde dependía el bejuco, y comenzó á morderlo hasta reventarlo, y con esto se oyó una detonación dentro del agua donde cayó el coyote. El conejo se fué y el coyote quedó en grandes aflicciones para salir de aquella hondura. Una vez salido el coyote de aquella hondura dijo, que seguiría al conejo hasta encontrarlo para comérselo.

Después de varios días de andar el coyote en busca del conejo, lo vino á encontrar entre un gran carrizal y le dice, “Ahora sí te voy á comer, porque me has engañado mucho, conejito.” El conejo le contestó, “No, tío; ¿cuando te he yo engañado? Mira, de veras, que tengo que apadrinar un casamiento y quiero que tu toques la guitarra. Pues, mira, cuantas ollas de pulque tengo preparadas; y si aceptas, tuyo será todo eso.” El conejo le pasó un totemoztle al coyote, que ese era la guitarra, “Y cuando oigas la tronadera de cohetes, me tocas la guitarra mas recio, pues voy á traer los novios y luego vengo para que sigamos el fandango.”

El conejito al salir del carrizal encendió las hojas secas y comenzó un gran quemazón. El coyote, al oír la tronadera de los carrizos verdes que estaban quemando, más recio le daba el totemoztle. Cuando sintió era que la lumbre había llegado junto á él y por más esfuerzos que hizo para salir, nada pudo lograr y tuvo que morir asfixiado.

III. TALES FROM TEHUANTEPEC

The following tales were obtained from a young Tehuano, Samuel Villalobo in Tehuantepec, who wrote them out in the Tehuano dialect of the Zapotecan language. Since I had not sufficient time to revise the Zapotecan phonetics, I give here merely the English translation, which I obtained from another Tehuano, Señor Anselmo Cortez.

I. JUAN TIGRE

A man and his wife were living on their ranch at the outskirts of a village. They had several head of cattle which they milked every day. They used part of the milk for selling, and part for making cheese. The wife was pious, almost a fanatic, and went to mass every day just before her husband finished milking; then she took the milk of the first cows along for sale, and fulfilled her religious duties at the same time.

One Sunday it happened that she urged her husband to go to mass. After they had agreed upon this, he went to church, while she remained behind to milk the cows.

Unfortunately, that day one of them did not come to the corral, and, as it was getting late, the woman went out to look for her all around the corral; but instead of finding the cow of which she was in search, she met a tiger; and before she realized what was happening, the

beast carried her to his cave, where he kept her locked up many years. During this time the poor woman lived on raw meat, which the tiger obtained from the herd of her own husband. At the end of one year the woman gave birth to a boy, the son of the tiger, who grew up, strong and fierce, like his father, but who had human form. The years passed, and the boy developed extraordinary strength. Therefore he opened the stone door of the cavern, which his mother had not been able to move with all the efforts she had made. The mother, with the tenderness that belongs to all of them, taught him to speak, and told him her story as soon as she thought that her son understood her.

The boy asked her one day if she wished to leave her prison, and said that he could free her by killing his own father. The woman accepted the proposal of her son, although with great fear, and made up her mind to suffer the consequences in case he should not succeed. The beast had gone out to bring meat for his family. Then the boy, who was seven years old, searched for a weapon, and found near the cave a stout and heavy pole, with which he prepared himself to murder his father. The boy kept in hiding outside of the enormous rock which served as his mother's prison, when the tiger's terrific and wild howl was heard, which terrified the poor woman inside the cave as never before. The wild beast came to the door, and, when he tried to open it, he received a tremendous blow on the head, which killed him almost immediately. A second blow ended the life of the animal, who lay there, extending his teeth and his claws for a little while, as though he wanted to imbed them in the flesh of his enemy.

The boy and his mother left the dark place in which they had passed such sad days of their existence, and travelled to the ranch of the woman's husband. As might be supposed, the woman had not even a rag with which to cover herself. While they were walking through the woods, she covered herself with leaves; but when they came near the hut, she sent her son to see the master, and to ask him for a garment for his mother, who was naked. That poor man was no other than her husband, who preserved as a sacred token of remembrance the dresses of his beloved wife, whom he believed to have been dead for many years.

The woman reached the home of her husband, to whom she did not disclose herself at once. She only asked for a room in which she and her son might sleep several days. But while these days were passing, he became convinced that she was his wife. He questioned her one day. "Do you remember Mr. H.? You say that you lived here a long time ago?"—"Certainly," replied she. "He was a very good and true man." Then he noticed in her face an expression of sadness which overshadowed her soul and tortured her. He did not doubt any longer, and said to her, "You must be my wife Maria,

whom I have not forgotten a single moment, and whom I love with all my soul." Maria could not restrain her tears, and said, "Yes, I am your wife; rather, I have been your wife; for now, although I should like to call myself so, I am unworthy of loving you. I have lived with a tiger that took me from your side." And she told him all the bitterness and sadness she had endured in the dark abode of that wild beast.

The couple lived united, and loving each other more than in the first years after their marriage. They agreed to take the boy to be baptized; and they called him Juan, and his godfather was the priest of the village. They sent the boy to school; but as soon as his fellows saw him, they made fun of him, and called him *Ladi ri guicha huini* (Little-Hairy-Body) or Juan Tigre. And Juan, who had in his veins the blood of the tiger, with one stroke of his fist left all those who made fun of him foolish for all their lives. His parents, in order to reform him, left him with his godfather, the priest. He thought he could reform Juan by frightening him by means of the skulls of the dead, which, according to the beliefs of the people, haunted the steeple of the church. One day, when Juan went up to toll the bells, he saw two skulls, which jumped about as though moved by a mysterious power. Juan smiled, threw them down so that they rolled about, and, when he arrived at home after calling to mass, he said to the priest, "Godfather, your servant-girl is very careless; she left on the stairs of the steeple the two calabashes in which she makes atole." The priest was surprised at the courage of the boy, and replied, saying that he would tell the girl to take better care of her things.

Then he sent him to another town to take a letter to the priest there, with the condition that he should sleep alone in a hut which stood all by itself in the fields. Juan staid there, as he had been told, continued his way on the following day, and on his way back he slept there again. He had hunger, but had no wood to heat the food that he was carrying. Juan said to himself, "Why is there no wood or straw of any kind to make a fire, and heat my supper?" At the same moment he heard a noise which announced a falling body. They were bones of skeletons, which Juan used as fuel to heat his meal. Undoubtedly the ghosts (*las penas*) knew his courage, and said, "In the corner which looks southward, at a depth of half a yard, you will find a pot full of gold and silver coin, for, on account of this money, we have been haunting this spot for a long time."

Juan left there, and directed his steps to his godfather, to whom he gave the reply to his message, and explained to him the place that had been indicated to him, and where the money was. The priest took this wealth away in small quantities, so that nobody should know what he was doing.

Two years passed. The father of Juan had come to be rich, because he participated in the enormous wealth that his son had found. He, however, on account of his instincts, had to look for adventures, and make himself famous by his deeds throughout the world.

He left his home, armed only with a goodly iron pole, which he alone, on account of his extraordinary strength, could manage. He met a ghost (*duende*), a man who carried enormous stones, and a very noted person called "Big-Finger" (*Dedo mayor*) because he lifted whatever he liked with his first finger and without any effort. These three wished to fight Juan Tigre; but it was impossible to vanquish him, and he made them his slaves. They travelled about several days, and came to a hut in the field which seemed to be inhabited. Notwithstanding appearances, nobody lived there.

The ghost staid there, and was to prepare dinner for his fellows who went out to hunt. Poor ghost! He would better have gone with his friends! A negro, ugly, exceedingly ugly, came to the hut, beat him, threw away his dinner, and ordered him to leave at once, or else he would kill him. The hunters came back, and the ghost explained to them what had happened. Then Juan Tigre, the chief, scolded him severely, and ordered that on the following day Big-Finger should stay at home. To him and to Stone-Carrier happened the same as to the ghost.

Then Juan Tigre said, "You all go and hunt, I shall await the negro and see what he wants." Poor negro! Better he had not come! Juan beat him so hard, that the poor negro had to flee precipitately, leaving a line of blood on the road, for he had torn off one of his ears. When Juan's companions arrived, he gave them a good dinner to eat, while they had not been able to provide a meal.

After dinner they followed the tracks of the negro, and noted that in all probability he had gone down into a well. They brought halters; and Juan went down to the bottom of the well, telling his companions to pull him up as soon as he should shake the rope. After a few moments Juan shook the rope, and his companions began to pull up something heavy. They were surprised to see a beautiful maiden tied in the halter. They lowered the rope again, and pulled up another, younger girl. The same happened a third time. Then each one of these bad people said, "This one shall be my wife!" and each one took his future wife by the arm. They left Juan in the dark well. When the chief saw that the halter was not coming down again, he threatened the negro of whom we have spoken, and who was in the bottom of the well, howling on account of the loss of his ear, with death, if he should not take him out of there. The negro said, "Do not kill me! Let me live here! If you wish for anything, bite my ear which you have, and you will get your wish." Juan bit the ear, and,

to his great surprise, he saw himself out of the well without knowing how it had happened.

By means of the ear he also learned the whereabouts of his companions, who thought Juan would die in the well, and took those beautiful maidens to the house of the King, who said that he was their father, and that they had been carried away by a negro whose whereabouts could not be discovered.

The King compelled his daughters to marry the bad persons who had returned them to their father. They protested, saying that the person who had saved them was a stout, fierce, and ugly man, with whom each of them had left a ring. The father insisted on his idea; and the miserable companions of Juan would have triumphed, if he had not appeared on time at the castle of the King and shown the rings which his daughters had given him.

The King ordered the treacherous friends of Juan to be shot, and said to him, "You shall be the master of my daughters. They love you, because you have saved them from the claws of the monster; and as a prize for your virtues and strength you shall be my heir."

2. A RASCAL

There was a Tehuano who one gay night saw a light of the kind which they say produces money, and, thinking himself unable to visit the light and to mark the place where he had seen it, he put off doing so, intending to go with one of his friends. On the following day he told his friend about what he had seen. They went to the place, marked it, and agreed to meet that same night with crowbars, to proceed with the excavation, and to divide what they were going to take out. The friend of the man who had seen the light went that night, as agreed upon, but the other one did not go. Therefore the other one proceeded alone to open the ground, pulled out the money, and took it to his house without telling the man who had seen the light. This one also went alone the following night with the idea of taking away the hidden money. What was his surprise, when he saw the hole from which his friend had taken the money! On account of this, and sure that nobody else knew about it, he looked up his friend, who had already put on new clothes and a fine hat. He reproached him, and demanded one-half of the money that he had taken out. The other one said that he did not know who had done it. The former man was much annoyed, and intended to frighten the other one with the judge, so that he should return the money.

When he received the summons, he went to a lawyer who was to defend him. The lawyer advised him to tell him the truth, so that he might save him. He confided the truth, and said that he had found and taken two thousand dollars. The lawyer said that if he

would give him one-half of that sum for the work that he would have to do, he would defend him. He agreed, and the lawyer instructed him, saying that he was to go to see the judge on the day and at the hour specified in the summons, and that he should pretend to be mute; after he had greeted the judge with gestures, he should deliver the summons; and when the judge should make known to him the claim against him, he should make with his fingers twice "pis pis pis, pis pis pis;" and if the judge should ask him to act according to the truth, he should do the same, so as to tire him out.

He did so. He went to see the judge, greeted him with movements of the head; and when he delivered the summons, he did everything the lawyer had told him. The judge could not do anything. He got tired, and sent both away, calling them fools.

The lawyer, who had seen all that happened, followed the man to his home; and when he asked him about all that had occurred, he answered him the same way with "pis pis pis, pis pis pis." The lawyer asked him to stop his fooling and to bring one-half of the money agreed upon, but he did not obtain anything. He asked him for one-fourth of the money, but to no effect. When he saw the man's evil intention and rascality, he was disgusted, and said, "Nobody is more to blame than myself, for I advised your mode of defence," and withdrew; while the other one had made a fool of him, of the judge, and of the one who had discovered the money.

IV. NOTES ON THE FOLK-LORE OF TEPOZTLAN

The following two fragments of tales were obtained from Mr. Vera-zaluce, a native of Tepoztlan. The former one belongs to the Rabbit cycle in Tepoztlan as well as in the Valley of Mexico. The opossum takes the place of the rabbit, and the puma that of the coyote.

I. PUMA AND OPOSSUM

A man had a garden in which he was raising *tunas* (prickly-pears). Two animals, the puma and the opossum, came to steal fruit; and the latter climbed a tree and began to eat. Puma asked him to throw down some fruit to him, and opossum complied with his request. Puma, however, ate so greedily, that he swallowed the tunas with the spines and was almost choked. At that moment the owner of the garden was coming, and Opossum made his escape. When they found Puma, who was still struggling with the spines, they gave him a sound beating.

At another time Puma and Opossum came to a rock. Opossum said to Puma, "See! this rock is moving. See how it is cutting through the clouds! Hold on to it while I go to get a meal!" Puma saw the clouds passing over the top of the rock, and believed that the rock was moving. He held on to it while Opossum ran away. When he

had staid away a long time, Puma opened his eyes, and saw that the rock was not moving at all, but that clouds were passing over it.¹

2. LION, COYOTE, AND WOOD-CHOPPER

A wood-chopper was working in the woods. A Lion came along very hungry, and said to the wood-chopper, "I am sorry I have nothing to eat; so there is no help for it, I must eat you." The wood-chopper asked to be spared, but to no avail. Then he said to Lion, "Just let me settle my affairs first, then you may eat me. Meanwhile put your hands here to hold the tree." Lion consented, and put his hands in the crack of the tree. Then the wood-chopper knocked out the wedges, and Lion was caught. After a while a man came past, and Lion prayed to be released. The man did as requested. Then Lion said, "I am sorry I have nothing to eat; so there is no help for it, I must eat you." The man begged for mercy, but Lion would not listen. Then the man promised to bring him his wife's chickens, and Lion finally accepted. The man went home and demanded from his wife her chickens. First she remonstrated; but since the man insisted that he ought to keep his word, she finally said that she would consent. She went and put her dogs into a bag, gave the bag to her husband, and said that those were the chickens. The man went back to redeem his promise, and on his way met Coyote, who accompanied him. When he came to Lion, he left the bag there. Lion untied it, and the dogs jumped out and chased away both him and Coyote.

V. COMPARATIVE NOTES

The study of the Mexican tales recorded in the present number, and of the New-Mexican material published by Professor Aurelio M. Espinosa in Vol. XXIV of this Journal, has led me to the conclusion that the Spanish-American folk-lore as well as that of the American negroes is derived largely from Spanish sources, and that the influence of Spanish folk-lore upon that of the Indians of the Western plateaus and plains has not received sufficient attention, and must be taken into account in the analysis of Western folk-lore and mythology.

The animal tales collected in Mexico have a considerable distribution over the American Continent. They have been fully described from Brazil, and their relationship to negro tales has repeatedly been pointed out.² Later on A. Ernst recorded stories of the same type in Venezuela, and others were collected by Dr. Rudolf Lenz in Chili. In the United States we have material from the Apache, Cherokee, Yuchi, and other

¹ Evidently these are badly told versions of the regular Rabbit cycle. A better account of the second story has been given by Marden from Mexico City (see *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xi (1896), pp. 43-46.

² Charles F. Hartt, *Amazonian Tortoise Myths* (Rio de Janeiro, 1875); *Couto de Magalhães, O Salvagem* (Rio de Janeiro, 1876), pp. 175-281; Herbert Smith, *Brazil, the Amazons, and the Coast* (New York, 1879); Sylvio Romero, *Contos populares do Brazil* (Lisbon, 1883); F. J. de Santa-Anna Nery, *Folk-Lore Brésilien* (Paris, 1889).

southeastern tribes, not to mention more remotely related tales from the more northerly regions.

I will give here a number of tales of the animal cycle, more particularly Rabbit tales recorded in America.

Some of the Coyote tales have been recorded from Mexico City by C. C. Marden;¹ from the Tarahumare, by Lumholtz.² The tale of the rabbit and the cockroach, the hen, the dog, lion and hunter, occurs in identical form in Venezuela. Ernst also records the story of the tar baby.³

There is also a close relation to the Araucanian tales from Chili recorded by Dr. Rudolf Lenz.⁴ The first part of the tale occurs in similar form in Chili and in Venezuela. Dr. Lenz tells it as follows:—

Once upon a time there was a Tiger, and his nephew the Fox. The Fox had a sister. Fox and Tiger had a quarrel, and the Tiger set out to kill the Fox, who went to an oak-tree, in the shadow of which he began to cut thongs out of a hide. The Tiger saw him, and said, "What are you doing there, Fox?"—"I am cutting thongs. The whole world is going to be turned upside down, therefore I am about to tie myself to the trunk of this oak-tree: surely it will not be turned upside down."—"Then tie me to the tree too," said the Tiger. "All right, then I'll tie you up first," said the Fox. "Put your arms around the trunk of the tree." The Tiger did so, and the Fox tied him firmly to the tree. "Don't tie me so fast," said the Tiger. When he was tied up well, the Fox took a switch and gave him a sound thrashing. "Don't strike me so hard, Fox," said the Tiger. "Why did you want to kill me, bad Uncle Tiger?" replied the Fox, and almost killed him. Then he left and went to another country.⁵

The following part of the version from Chili corresponds to an episode in the Mexican cycle.

(The Fox's enemy was in hiding near the water.) At noon the Fox went to the water, but he was suspicious. He remained some distance away, and shouted, "My water always speaks to me when it wants me to drink. I want to drink of my water," said the Fox. "When I say so four times to my water, it replies, 'Well, come and drink me!'" Then he shouted three times, "I want to drink of my water," but the water never replied. "Don't it want me to drink of it? I want to drink of you, water!" Then the water replied, "Come and drink me."—"Oho!" said the Fox, "water does not speak, I never heard the like of it," and ran away.

Here the conversation between the Fox and the water is analogous to our Pochutla version, and to the conversation between the Rabbit and his hole, in New Mexico.⁶

¹ *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xi (1896), pp. 43-46.

² Carl Lumholtz, *Unknown Mexico* (New York, 1902), vol. i, p. 306.

³ A. Ernst, "Tio Tigre und Tio Conejo," *Verhandlungen der Berliner Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte*, 1888, vol. xx, pp. 275, 277.

⁴ *Araukanische Märchen* (Valparaiso, 1896), p. 41.

⁵ Compare the same story from Venezuela in A. Ernst, *l. c.*, p. 275.

⁶ See Aurelio M. Espinosa, "New-Mexican Spanish Folk-Lore," in this *Journal*, vol. xxiv (1911), p. 422.

In North America we have, beside the interesting collection published by Professor Espinosa, just referred to, a few of the tales in the Fox and Rabbit cycle of the Jicarilla Apache.¹ The incidents are somewhat different; but the incident of Rabbit teaching school, and that of the tar baby, occur in identical form. Here we have also a version of the race between Frog and Antelope.² The story of the race between the Rabbit and the Tortoise or some other animal, in which the slower animal wins by placing others of his family along the race-track, is quite widely distributed among other North American tribes. Lumholtz has it from the Tarahumare (Frog and Coyote); Cushing, from the Zuñi (Gopher and the Runners of K'iakime).³ Dr. George A. Dorsey has recorded it from the Caddo as a race between Coyote and Turtle.⁴ From the Cherokee it is known through the collection of James Mooney,⁵ who records the version "How the Terrapin beat the Rabbit." Dr. George A. Dorsey also mentions it from the Arikara.⁶ Dr. Speck also mentions a version from the Algonquin of the Western Great Lakes, recorded by E. R. Young.⁷ We find it in British Columbia among the Thompson Indians.⁸

The tar-baby story shows a similar distribution. It occurs in North America, in a form identical with the Mexican and American negro story, among the Biloxi,⁹ Yuchi,¹⁰ and Cherokee.¹¹ Modified forms, in which, however, the principal incidents may still be recognized, are found in California among the Yana¹² and Shasta,¹³ in Oregon among the Takelma.¹⁴

Turning to the American negro tales, the analogies are obvious.

¹ Frank Russell, "Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xi (1898), pp. 267-268.

² Pliny Earle Goddard, "Jicarilla Apache Texts," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. viii (1911), p. 237.

³ Frank Hamilton Cushing, *Zuñi Folk-Tales* (New York, 1901), p. 277.

⁴ *Traditions of the Caddo* (Carnegie Institution, 1905), p. 104.

⁵ James Mooney, "Myths of the Cherokee," *19th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, pp. 271-273.

⁶ *Traditions of the Arikara* (Carnegie Institution), p. 143.

⁷ *Algonquin Indian Tales*, p. 246.

⁸ James Teit, "Mythology of the Thompson Indians," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. viii, p. 395.

⁹ J. Owen Dorsey, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. vi (1893), p. 48.

¹⁰ Frank G. Speck, "Ethnology of the Yuchi Indians," *University of Pennsylvania, Anthropological Publications of the University Museum*, vol. i (Philadelphia, 1909), pp. 152-153.

¹¹ "Myths of the Cherokee," *19th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, pp. 270, 450. Perhaps also Yuchi (see Frank G. Speck, "Ethnology of the Yuchi Indians," *University of Pennsylvania, Anthropol. Publ. of the University Museum*, vol. i, p. 141).

¹² Edward Sapir, "Yana Texts," *University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology*, vol. ix (1910), p. 227. Collected by Roland B. Dixon.

¹³ Roland B. Dixon, "Shasta Myths," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, p. 34.

¹⁴ Edward Sapir, "Takelma Texts," *Anthropological Publications, University of Pennsylvania*, vol. ii, p. 87.

The tar-baby story has been recorded from the negroes of many parts of America.¹ The North American negro version generally ends with the episode of the escape of the Rabbit, who is thrown into the brier-bushes or into the grass because he pretends that this will kill him; but the characteristic exchange of places is also known, some other animal being enticed to creep into the bag or trap in which the Rabbit has been caught.² In the Bahama version, Rabbit maintains, as in Pochutla, that he is to marry the Queen's daughter. The answering house³ and the taking of the moon out of the pond⁴ are familiar episodes in the American negro cycle. Holding up the rock has its analogue in Grinny-Granny Wolf,⁵ and the good deed repaid by an evil one in the escape of Rabbit from Wolf.⁶ The Bear tied to the tree⁷ is a parallel to the Chili and Venezuela stories mentioned before, and the swing across the brook⁸ may correspond to the swing in the Pochutla version.

It will be seen, therefore, that our problem is to determine the relation of the Indian and American Rabbit tales to African and European folk-lore.

It seems to me particularly important that wherever the Rabbit tales appear fully developed, European folk-lore material is also of frequent occurrence. This is certainly true in South America, Mexico, New Mexico, and Arizona, where not only tales of European origin are common, but where also riddles, songs, and music are all of European origin. In negro folk-lore the animal tale apparently preponderates, probably because the Uncle Remus books have given particular prominence to this class of tales. The collections of Professor Fortier from Louisiana, of Professor Charles L. Edwards from the Bahama Islands, and of Charles C. Jones from Georgia, show clearly, however, that a large number of European fairy-tales are also present in the lore of the American negroes. The general impression given is, therefore, that the Rabbit cycle and other European folk-lore of a certain type belong historically together.

¹ See, for instance, Alcée Fortier, "Louisiana Folk-Tales," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. ii (1895), p. 105; Charles L. Edwards, "Bahama Songs and Stories," *Ibid.*, vol. iii (1895), p. 73; Charles C. Jones, *Negro Myths* (Boston, 1888), p. 7 (coast of Georgia); Joel Chandler Harris, *Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings* (New York, 1881), pp. 23, 29; from Indian tribes in identical form, see notes 9-11, p. 249.

² Joel Chandler Harris, *Nights with Uncle Remus* (Boston, 1889), pp. 187-188; Charles L. Edwards, *l. c.*, p. 63.

³ Bahama Islands, Edwards, *l. c.*, p. 142; see also before, version from Chili.

⁴ Harris, *Nights with Uncle Remus*, pp. 106-108.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 326.

⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 284 *et seq.*; see also African version in Heli Chatelain, "Folk-Tales of Angola," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. i (1894), p. 157.

⁷ Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, p. 22.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 103.

It can be shown that many of the tales current in South America, Mexico, and in western North America have their prototypes in Spain and Portugal, although they occur also in other parts of Europe. A few European parallels of American tales recorded by Professor Espinosa, and of those contained in the present number of the Journal, may be pointed out here.

Professor Espinosa's tale, "L Adivinador" (p. 415), is almost identical with S. Lic. Francisco Belmar's "Juan Ceniza,"¹ and belongs to the cycle of the German "Doktor Allwissend," which is also found among the American negroes.²

"Juan Tigre," from Tehuantepec, is a version of Professor Espinosa's "Juan sin Miedo" (p. 428) and "Juan del Oso" (p. 437), for which he gives the parallels recorded by E. Cosquin in *Romania*, vol. v, pp. 83-87, and vol. x, pp. 561-563. Quite similar to this is the Chontal "Catorze Fuerzas" recorded by S. Francisco Belmar.³ Professor Lenz has recorded a version from Chili.⁴

Other North American versions will be discussed later on (p. 254).

The Tehuantepec story "A Rascal" is a version of "Maistre Pierre Pathelin."⁵

"Los Muertos," from Pochutla, has been recorded in a very similar form in Spain by L. Giner Arivau, under the title "La Procesion de Almas en Pena."⁶

One of the most interesting tales from Pochutla is the one entitled "Dios." It is clearly of European origin,⁷ but the end may be in part a description of the Mexican journey to the lower world,⁸ in which the soul has to pass between two mountains that strike each other, past a serpent guarding the trail, past the green lizard, eight deserts, eight hills, the wind of the knives, and a river which has to be crossed on the backs of the dogs of the dead.

In a Tagalog tale,⁷ however, occurs the following passage, which is almost identical with the Pochutla version.

¹ *Estudio de El Chontal* (Oaxaca, 1900), pp. 58 et seq.

² Compare "Ein Vié Tombi Malin," Alcée Fortier, *Louisiana Folk-Tales*, p. 116; Charles C. Jones, *Negro Myths*, p. 68; and p. 284 of this number.

³ *L. c.*, pp. 50 et seq. Compare the Portuguese "O homem da espada de vinte quintaes," in F. Adolpho Coelho, *Contos Populares Portuguezes* (Lisbon, 1879), p. 51.

⁴ "Estudios Araucanos," vii, pp. 261 et seq., in *Anales de la Universidad de Chile*, vol. xciv.

⁵ Thomas Edward Oliver, "Some Analogues of Maistre Pierre Pathelin," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii (1909), pp. 395 et seq.

⁶ "Folk-Lore de Proaza," in *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares*, vol. viii, p. 119.

⁷ Compare "Tapalapautau" in E. Cosquin, "Contes populaires Lorrains," *Romania*, vol. v, pp. 333-336, also vol. vii, p. 571, and vol. ix, p. 381; "The Adventures of Juan," in Fletcher Gardner, "Tagalog Folk-Tales" (Philippine Islands), *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xx (1907), p. 106.

⁸ Bernardino de Sahagun, *Historia general de las cosas de Nueva España* (Mexico, 1829), vol. i, p. 262.

(The child and Jesus) journeyed on; and on one side were bush pastures filled with poor cattle; while on the opposite side of the road were pastures dry and bare, where the cattle were very fat. The child inquired the meaning of the mystery. The Lord answered him, "Hush, child! These lean cattle in the rich pastures are the souls of sinners, while those fat cattle on dry and sunburnt ground are the souls of sinless ones."

After a while they crossed a river, one part of which was ruby-red, and the other spotless white. "Friend, what is this?" asked the boy. "Hush, child! the red is the blood of your mother, whose life was given for yours; and the white is the milk which she desired to give you, her child."

This suggests a partially Spanish origin of the journey to the dead.

"Los carboneros" is an imperfect account of the well-known Old-World tale of the robber's cave, also common in Spanish folk-lore.

The accumulative story of the "Zancudo" is also quite interesting. Dr. Lenz¹ tells a variant of this tale, an abstract of which follows.

The Frost was asked, "Why did you kill the Chitchihuen (a parrot)?"— "Why should I not do so, for the sun melts me?"— "Why do you melt the frost, Sun?"— "Why should I not do so, for the cloud covers me?" The tale continues, "for the wind drives me, for the adobe hut of the white man obstructs me, for the rat makes holes in me, for the cat eats me, for the dog worries me, for the stick beats me, for the fire burns me, for the water extinguishes me, for the cattle drinks me, for the knife kills me, for the smith makes me, for the Lord makes me."

In "La averiguación de la tenca," recorded by Lenz,² the thrush steals a grain of wheat from an old woman, who wishes that the frost shall break his leg; and the order is, frost, sun, cloud, wind, wall, mouse, cat, dog, stick, fire, water, ox, man, God.

The same elements are combined in a different order in a version published by Dr. Robert Lehmann-Nitsche.³

There were a dog and a rat. The rat was asked, "Why do you gnaw through the house of the Christian (i. e., through the adobe house)?"— "Because the cat kills me." The tale continues with stick, fire, water, ox, knife. Then follows, "Because the stone whets me, because the sun heats me, because the cloud covers me, because the wind drives me, because the rain falls, because God ordains it."

The European origin of this particular version is proved by the Portuguese story "A formiga e a neve."⁴ Here the sequence is ant,

¹ *Araukanische Märchen* (Valparaiso, 1896), p. 44.

² In W. Vietor, *Phonetische Studien*, vol. vi (1893), pp. 295 *et seq.*, reprinted in "Estudios Araucanos," vi, *Anales de la Universidad de Chile*, vol. xciv, p. 200, where the Araucanian original is also given.

³ "Europäische Märchen unter den argentinischen Araukanern," *Internationaler Amerikanisten Kongress*, XIV (Stuttgart, 1904), p. 688.

⁴ F. Adolpho Coelho, *Contos populares* (Lisbon, 1879), pp. 5-7. See also "A Romanzeira do Macaco," *Ibid.*, pp. 9-10, and Preface, p. vii.

snow, sun, wall, mouse, cat, dog, stick, fire, water, ox, butcher, death. The reference to God is missing. A similar order occurs in the Panchatantra.¹ It is sun, cloud, wind, mountain, mouse. Further parallels have been discussed by E. Cosquin and W. W. Newell.²

For a clear understanding of the origin of these European tales, it seems of interest to consider the folk-lore of other parts of the world that have come under strong Spanish influence. I have examined from this point of view some folk-lore of the Philippine Islands; and it seems to my mind most important that many of the elements which are so characteristic of the folk-lore of Central and South America occur there also in the same form. Incidentally one Philippine tale which has its parallel in Pochutla has been mentioned (p. 251). The tar-baby story has been collected among the Visayan, who have also the tale of the race between Snail and Deer,³ and the story of the exchange of a person imprisoned in a cage who tells his dupe that he is to marry the king's daughter and does not want to do so.⁴ We have also the story of the escape of the turtle from the monkey, collected among the Tagalog and Visayans, the turtle asking to be thrown into the water and not to be burned or ground to pieces.⁵

I think these data are sufficient to justify the theory that these common elements of Philippine and American folk-lore must have been derived from the same sources, probably Spanish.⁶

In an interesting examination of the American negro tales, Professor A. Gerber has reached the conclusion that the tales are essentially of African origin.⁷ I believe his point is well taken, and there is not the slightest doubt that a great many of the incidents of the American negro tales occur also in many parts of Africa. Nevertheless an examination of the whole group of American tales shows a peculiar difference in style, when compared to the genuine Central African tales, that does not seem to me wholly explained by the different mode of life of the American negroes. The African elements in the American negro stories seem to belong almost entirely to the animal stories.

When considering the origin of the animal tales in America, we must

¹ Theodor Benfey, *Pantschatantra* (Leipzig, 1859), pp. 264-266.

² "The Passover Song of the Kid," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xviii (1905), pp. 44-45. It seems to me quite possible that the readiness with which the Zufi Indians adopted Cushing's accumulative tale, is due to the presence of this or a similar tale among them. See Cushing, *Zuñi Folk-Tales*, p. 411.

³ W. H. Millington and Burton L. Maxfield, "Visayan Folk-Tales," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xx (1907), pp. 311, 315.

⁴ W. H. Millington and Burton L. Maxfield, "Pusong and Tabloc-Lau," *Ibid.*, p. 108.

⁵ Clara Kern Bayliss, "Philippine Folk-Tales," *Ibid.*, vol. xxi (1908), p. 47; Millington and Maxfield, "Visayan Folk-Tales," *Ibid.*, vol. xx (1907), p. 316.

⁶ It is not likely that the Spanish trade between Mexico and the Philippines brought about any considerable importation of Mexican elements.

⁷ "Uncle Remus traced to the Old World," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. vi (1893), pp. 245 *et seq.*

bear in mind that many of the negro tribes that have contributed to our slave population had for about four hundred years been under Portuguese influence. How deeply Portuguese elements have entered into the folk-tales of the coast tribes of Africa may be seen, for instance, from the collection published by Heli Chatelain.¹ This late influence does not seem, however, sufficient to explain the fundamental similarity of African, Asiatic, and European animal tales. I have repeatedly pointed out that the distinguishing mark of the African, European, and Asiatic fable (excepting that of the extreme north), as compared to the American fable, is the frequent occurrence of the moralizing form, which is prominent in African tales, and has come to be the most marked characteristic of the literary form of the fable. Only in the animal epic the purely anecdotal tales survive in great numbers. In aboriginal America, on the other hand, the moralizing element is practically absent, and the animal tale is essentially anecdotal or etiological, — a type which is not by any means absent in Africa, but is always accompanied by the moralizing fable. On account of the similarity of both contents and form, we must assume an old genetic relationship between the folk-lore materials of Asia, Europe, and Africa. It seems likely, however, that on the coasts of Africa, as well as in the Sudan, recent additions to the older lore may have been made, that take their origin in Mediterranean sources, and were carried to South Africa after the Portuguese conquest. Thus it does not seem to me improbable that those particular elements of the Rabbit tales which are common to large parts of South America and of Central America, reaching at least as far north as New Mexico and Arizona, and differing in their composition from the Central African tales, are essentially of European origin.

It is also important to trace the influence of these elements upon the folk-lore of the North-American Indians. It seems to me that very strong arguments can be adduced in favor of the theory that much of the peculiar folk-lore of the Western plateaus and certain cultural elements in California are due to Spanish sources.

The most convincing story is that of "John the Bear," which has been discussed before, and which has a most remarkable distribution among the Indian tribes of the West. Robert H. Lowie gives a version collected among the Shoshone of Lemhi Agency, Idaho, which is clearly the same as the French and Spanish "John the Bear."² Even the event of his going to school occurs here.

The story begins with the killing of the bear by the boy. In school the children make fun of his long nose, and he kills them with a heavy iron rod.

¹ "Folk-Tales of Angola," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. i (Boston, 1894).

² "The Northern Shoshone," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. ii, p. 298.

Then he meets Earth-Transposer, Rock-Mover, Pine-Transplanter. When one of these cooks the meal, Iron-Head-Man takes the food. The Bear's son cuts off the head of this monster, and the head jumps into a hole. The men are let down one after another by means of a rope which has a bell attached to it, but all are scared, and signal, by ringing the bell, to be pulled up again, except the Bear's son, who down below kills three men and takes their wives, whom his companions pull up. The companions run away with the wives, and Bear's son pursues them on an eagle's back, feeding the bird with three sheep and his own flesh, without, however, reaching them.

An Assiniboine story, "The Underground Journey," belongs here.¹

A woman abducted by a bear gives birth to a boy. The den is closed by a heavy stone, which the boy, Plenty-of-Hair,² removes. Mother and son escape to the camp of the Indians. The boy quarrels with other boys, and kills several of them. He sets out to travel, and makes friends with Wood-Twister and Timber-Hauler. They live together, and one of the three stays at home, while the others go hunting. When Wood-Twister and Timber-Hauler stay at home, they are killed by an ogre, but revived by Plenty-of-Hair, who on the third day kills the ogre. The three men continue their travels. A chief offers his three daughters to any one who will rescue them from an underground place where they are held captive. Plenty-of-Hair descends in a box lowered by his friends, kills animal and cannibal guardians of the girls, and receives tokens from them. They are hoisted up by his companions; but when he himself is to be raised, they cut the rope. He is rescued on an eagle's back, feeds the bird with moose and with his own flesh, and arrives when his four friends are about to marry the girls. He proves his identity by the tokens.

Dr. Lowie also records two other fragmentary versions from the Assiniboine (pp. 149, 191), and mentions a European analogue.³

Quite clear is also the relationship between the Snanaz stories of the Thompson Indians and Shuswap and the tale in question. The closest parallel is the version obtained by Mr. James Teit from the lower part of the canyon of Fraser River in British Columbia.⁴

Grisly-Bear takes a pregnant woman to his house, the doors of which open only at the command of the Bear. The woman bears a boy, who learns the secret of opening the doors, and escapes with his mother. He finds his father an old man, and goes with him to look for work. He is told to clear a field, which he does with an immense axe made for the purpose. Then he sets out alone, and meets several men who are half-bears, and who join him. They are employed together, and one of them stays at home to cook for the others. An old gray-bearded man beats the cook until at last the boy himself nearly kills the man. They follow his tracks, and find in

¹ Robert H. Lowie, "The Assiniboine," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. iv (1909), pp. 147 *et seq.*, 246.

² Note the identity of this name and of Little-Hairy-Body in Tehuantepec.

³ J. G. von Hahn, *Griechische und albanesische Märchen* (Leipzig, 1864), vol. ii, p. 49.

⁴ "Mythology of the Thompson Indians," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition* (Leyden, 1912), vol. viii, pp. 292 *et seq.*

his house three boxes, — one filled with gold, one with silver, one with bank-notes, which he distributes among his friends.

The Snanaz story of the Shuswap is a curious combination of the snaring of the wind (the parallel of the snaring of the sun of the Plains) and of the end of the story of "John the Bear." Here¹ the story opens with the snaring of the wind and proofs of the magical powers of Snanaz. Then follows the European tale.

The youngest of four brothers is ugly and stupid. When the people are in trouble, he snares the wind, catches swans by means of magic, and obtains fish after all others have failed. A thief steals his father's potatoes. The elder brothers watch, but fall asleep. The youngest one leans against a loose pole, so that when he falls asleep, the pole topples over. He detects the winged black thief, whom he hits with a bullet. The thief escapes into a deep chasm, into which Snanaz is lowered by his brothers. He tugs at the rope, is pulled up, and tells them that the hole is very dangerous. In a lodge down below he finds the thief, who directs him to the chief, who has two nieces. In return for services to the chief he receives the two girls and a box. When he arrives at the hole, he puts the girls into the box, and they are hauled up. Finally he himself climbs into the box, is hauled up, but his brothers cut the rope and take the girls to be their wives. The chief below gives Snanaz a drawing on birch-bark, which is transformed into a horse, on which he rides out of the hole along a knife-edge. Then the chief makes him ride through a small ring with a needle in the centre. Finally he shows these feats, and is recognized by the girls as their husband.

Related to this cycle is also the Shuswap story of the gambler's son and Redcap.²

Redcap gambles, and wins all of his opponent's property. Finally Redcap loses his freedom, but disappears underground with all his gains. The boy searches for him, and is directed by various persons until he reaches Old-Man Eagle, who carries him up. In order to keep up Eagle's strength, he feeds him from four deer-hoofs. Finally he reaches the chief's house, in the middle of a large lake. He takes the garters of the bathing daughters of the chief, and is then subjected to tests by the old chief.

A little closer is the relation of the story of Alamer³ to the cycle of "John the Bear."

A father orders his stupid son to be killed; but the father's servants take pity on him, and bring him a wolf's heart instead of that of the boy. The boy frees a girl (Andromeda type). He visits another chief, whose nieces are stolen by a red-haired chief beyond a lake. The boy goes there, speaks to the girls secretly, and takes them away in a self-moving canoe. He meets other people in a canoe. The girls become suspicious, and give the boy tokens. The people throw magic sleep on the boy, take away the girls, and claim them from their uncle. Owing to magic influence, the boy forgets his supernatural helper (instead of the true bride, as in most tales), who in the end appears to him and takes him across the lake, swimming. The chief has put off the claimants, and the boy marries the girls.

¹ Teit, "The Shuswap," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii, pp. 704 *et seq.*

² *Ibid.*, p. 727.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 729.

Another version of this story, evidently derived from the Shuswap and Thompson versions, is found among the Chilcotin Indians of British Columbia.¹

Here the women are not found underground, but were the boy's wives before his descent. The thief is the ghost of the boy's brother. Underground the boy reaches a village, and suspects that a chicken had stolen the property, but is unable to prove it. He stays away so long, that his wives are to be married again; but their claimants are to prove their ability by riding against a spear which is placed in a slanting position in the ground. The boy accomplishes this feat in the same way as in the Shuswap version mentioned before.

Among the North Thompson Shuswap,² Snanaz is identified with the hero of the seven-heads story, which is widely spread over the Plains.

Among the Thompson Indians³ a version is current which also begins with the snaring of the wind. Then the boy dreams of the girl to whom Coyote takes him. He feeds Coyote on the way so as to increase his speed. He escapes with the girl, but is thrown by his own mother into a chasm, from which he is rescued by Coyote, who pulls him out by means of his tail.

Among the Micmac⁴ we find part of the story.

Three brothers live alone, and one remains at home and does the cooking. A dwarf comes, asks for food, and eats all that has been cooked. Finally the eldest remains, refuses food to the dwarf, and wrestles with him, until the dwarf runs away. The man pursues him, and throws a sharp iron weapon through the dwarf's body when he is in front of a precipice. The dwarf disappears in the rock, and returns the next day with the iron in his body. He asks to be relieved of it, and promises in return beautiful wives. He cures himself, leads the three brothers to a cave on top of a high cliff around which small women are seated. The men choose three of them, take them home, but when they return from hunting the women have escaped.

A remotely related tale is told by the Ponca,⁵ the only common incidents being the adventures of a man let down into a chasm to secure the body of a hunter under the promise that he is to marry the chief's daughter. He is left below, obtains supernatural powers, and finally returns and marries the girl.

A comparison of this material with the detailed discussion of the tale of "John the Bear," by Friedrich Panzer,⁶ who gives two hundred

¹ Livingston Farrand, "Traditions of the Chilcotin Indians," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii, p. 42.

² Teit, "The Shuswap," *Ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 753.

³ Teit, "Traditions of the Thompson River Indians," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vi, p. 87.

⁴ Rev. Silas Tertius Rand, *Legends of the Micmacs* (1894), p. 431.

⁵ James Owen Dorsey, "The Cegiha Language," *Contributions to North American Ethnology*, vol. vi, p. 352.

⁶ Friedrich Panzer, *Studien zur germanischen Sagengeschichte. I. Beowulf* (Munich, 1910).

and twenty-one versions of the tale, shows clearly that the versions recorded in America belong to different types, all of which are known in Europe. The most characteristic forms are those from Tehuantepec, New Mexico, one of the Thompson River versions, the Shoshone, and Assiniboine versions. All of these contain clearly the formula of the birth of the hero (Panzer's introductory formula A). On the other hand, the Shuswap, Chilcotin, and Micmac stories begin with the theft, according to Panzer's introductory formula B; and both of his forms—the theft which occurs in the house (Micmac), and the theft in the garden (Shuswap)—are found here. A further comparison of the tales with the material presented by Panzer also shows agreement in a great many details with various types of European versions. Thus the bells which in Lowie's versions are tied to the rope by means of which the man descends into the hole are particularly mentioned in a considerable number of European versions.¹ The feeding of the bird that takes away the man, first with meat which is carried along, then with flesh from his own body, is also characteristic of quite a number of versions.² On account of these close analogies between the tales recorded among different American tribes and the distinct European versions, we must conclude that the tale has been introduced a number of times into America. It seems to me probable that a more extended collection might clear up the lines of importation.³

A similar study might be made on the distribution of the "Tale of the Seven Heads," which has already been mentioned as belonging to this class. The essential element of the seven-heads story is the tearing-out of the tongues of the seven heads of the monster, which serve as a token by means of which the hero is recognized when a pretender claims his bride.⁴

¹ Friedrich Panzer, l. c., p. 117.

² *Ibid.*, p. 191.

³ I do not enter here into a discussion of the relation of this tale to many Indian tales that contain only parts of the tale here discussed, because this would necessarily lead to a lengthy consideration of the question of independent origin and of dissemination. Suffice it to say, that apparently there is such a vast array of tales containing parallel elements, probably of greater age in America than that of "John the Bear," that their presence seems to have facilitated the introduction of this tale. I hope to revert to this matter at a later time.

⁴ See, for instance, Clark Wissler and D. C. Duvall, "Blackfoot Mythology," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. ii (1908), p. 163; James Owen Dorsey, *The Cegiha Language*, p. 126 (Ponca); A. F. Chamberlain, *Eighth Report on the North-Western Tribes of Canada* (Report of the 62d meeting of the B. A. A. A., 1892), p. 579 (Kutenay); see also A. L. Kroeber, "Gros Ventre Myths," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. i, p. 57 (Arapaho and Sarcee); French versions "Les fils du pêcheur," "La bête à sept têtes," in E. Cosquin, "Contes populaires Lorrains," *Romania*, vol. v, pp. 336 *et seq.*; Spanish version "Hierro, Plomo y Acero," in Sergio Hernández de Soto, "Cuentos populares recogidos en Extremadura," *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares españolas*, vol. x, p. 251.

As stated before, the possible sources for the animal tales are to be looked for among the African negro and Spanish-Portuguese tales. The sources for the hero tales mentioned before may be Spanish and French. It seems to me very probable that certain French elements have been introduced into the whole region traversed in olden times by the French fur-hunters. On the other hand, it seems rather remarkable that among the Indians of the Western plateaus apparently certain tales of European origin play an important part in their folk-lore, which do not appear as clearly among the Eastern tribes. It is also worthy of mention, that, so far as I am aware, Uncle Remus stories have not been collected in New England. Owing to the close inter-relations found in the native folk-lore of the Western plateaus, to which I have referred repeatedly, and to the wide distribution of the Spanish tales, I am very much inclined to look for the origin of the Western group of tales in Spanish folk-lore. It is worth mentioning in this connection that the so-called "Mexicans" (that is, Spanish-speaking half-bloods) still live as far north as British Columbia, and that the vocabulary of the Western plateaus relating to the horse contains a considerable number of Spanish expressions. The final solution of this problem would require a careful collection of European folk-lore from all parts of North America.

I believe the problem is more important than might appear at first glance, because, even outside of the group of stories mentioned before, folkloristic elements as well as customs occur among the Northwestern Indians, which are open to the suspicion of foreign influence, once such influence has been proved to exist. This is particularly true of the occurrence of the musical bow among the Indians of California and Mexico. In the folk-lore of the area in question I consider as particularly suspicious the incident of the creation of four trees from arrows or hairs, which the person pursued by a monster or by animals climbs. The animal cuts down the trees one after another; and the person pursued is finally rescued by his dogs, whom he calls, and who hear him, although they are far away. This incident belongs to the folk-lore of Europe, of the American negroes, and of Africa.¹ I might perhaps also mention the incident of the attack by wolves upon a person who has taken refuge in a tree. The animals try to get him by climbing one on the back of the other, but the tower of animals

¹ Hierro, Plomo y Acero, in Sergio Hernández de Soto, "Cuentos populares recogidos en Extremadura," *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares españolas*, vol. x, p. 249; "Los tres perros," *Ibid.*, p. 258; Joel Chandler Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, pp. 86-87, 98 (the fugitive transforms arrows into trees and calls his dogs, Minny-Minny Morack! Folla malinska!); Dr. Leonard Schultze, *Aus Namaland und Kalahari* (Jena, 1907), p. 398; James Teit, "Traditions of the Thompson River Indians," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vi (1898), p. 34; James Teit, "The Shuswap," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii, p. 636; James Teit, "Mythology of the Thompson Indians," *Ibid.*, vol. viii, p. 253.

finally breaks down. The similarity in detail in these and other traditions is not sufficient to establish definitely an historical relation, but is so close, that it warrants further investigation. It is perhaps worth remarking that a few of the elements here discussed occur among the Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island, who have been for a short time in contact with the Spaniards; but the available evidence is rather uncertain. I refer particularly to the incident of the water animal that is to be killed, and requests to be thrown into the water;¹ and an incident very much like the bee incident discussed before (p. 249).²

Obviously the material does not yet justify final treatment, but the problem seems of sufficient importance to call for the collection of folk-tales of European origin among all the Indian tribes of our continent, as well as among the negroes, with a view of separating, according to the grouping of tales, the French, Spanish-American, and African tales that have been imported. Equally necessary is a collection of animal tales from Spain and Portugal, and of control material from the Philippine Islands. It seems very likely that the influence exerted by this foreign material upon Western mythologies and customs has been quite far-reaching, and must be considered much more carefully than we have done heretofore.

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NOTE. — After the above was in type, Dr. K. T. Preuss' important publication on the Cora, "Die Nayarit-Expedition" (Leipzig, 1912), was received, which contains quite a number of elements of the tales here discussed (pp. 207-210, 289-298). The tales are partly in the form of the Coyote and Opossum cycle as told in the Valley of Mexico; in part they appear as the Rabbit cycle. The following analogies may be pointed out. Opossum has stolen fruits from a field, and is tied to a tree. He tells Coyote that this is because he is to marry a girl. Coyote is tied up in his place, and is burnt by the owner of the field. — Rabbit pretends to boil food, and asks Coyote to take his place; when he opens the pot, wasps come out and sting him. — The race between Wolf and Locust. — Opossum and the Wax Baby. — Opossum supports the sky. — Opossum throws zapotes and tunas at Coyote. — The stories of "Opossum and the Bees," and the "Burning of Coyote in the Reeds," are combined here into one. Opossum pretends that the beehive is a bell which Coyote is to ring when he hears the sky-rockets. — The incident of the cheese in the water is also found. — The long story, "How Rabbit pays his Debts," is also told by Preuss. — "The Answering Cave," and "Rabbit's Escape from the Alligator," are also told by Preuss. — The final incident, how Rabbit discovered that the Alligator was not dead, occurs in South American and negro versions.

¹ Boas, *Sagen*, p. 109.

² *Ibid.*, p. 109; also Boas, "Traditions of the Tillamook Indians," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xi, p. 141.