Cuba

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THE INDIANS OF CUBA.

BY STEWART CULIN.

Early in the spring of the present year (1901) I was informed that geologists in the service of the Pennsylvania Steel Company had encountered a tribe of wild Indians in the mountains of Eastern Cuba. The statements concerning them were of such a direct and circumstantial character that, the means for an expedition to Cuba being provided by a patron of the Museum, I determined to visit the island and investigate the story. Without delay, provided with letters to the representatives of the iron companies at Santiago, I sailed from New York on the 23d of May. On the steamer I had the good fortune to encounter Mr. Arthur H. Nield, an English gentleman residing on the island of Little Abaco in the Bahamas as manager of a large plantation. Mr. Nield had been the English resident at Pahang in the Malay peninsula, had traveled widely, and was enthusiastically interested in ethnological research. He told me that a story similar to the one that I had heard from Cuba was current in the Island of Little Abaco, it being related that in its unexplored fastnesses wild Indians, survivors of the original Lucayans, were still living in primitive savagery. They never ventured down to the plantations, and as far as could be learned, had never been seen by any white man. Mr. Nield also told me that there were several caves in Little Abaco containing deposits of human

bones. Some of them had been cleared out by Sir H. A. Blake when he was governor in the eighties. He promised to investigate the undisturbed caves, and said that one of the caves was said to contain an Indian rock-inscription.

On the morning of Monday, the 27th, the steamer slowed down, preparatory to anchoring off Nassau. As we lay in the offing, the island of New Providence stretched before us. Its one conspicuous feature, the new hotel, a large white building resembling a factory or a prison, over-shadowed the low houses and trees, and destroyed the beauty of the landscape. On the right was a hill, crowned by a stone fort. As the tender approached the wharf a motley company of negroes assembled to observe the arrivals. Conspicuous among them were the native policemen in white helmets, and women dexterously balancing bundles on their heads. Donkey wagons with minute donkeys harnessed in long shafts were waiting to transport merchandise. The revenues of the island are derived chiefly from the tariff, a duty of from 20 to 30 per cent being levied upon all manufactured and most crude articles. The custom-house formalities being satisfied, I found I had several hours in which to see the city.

Accompanied by Mr. Nield, I visited the sponge market, a long wharf covered by a shed, in which the sponges, arranged in lots, are spread out upon the ground. There are three kinds of commercial sponges, grass, velvet and wool, the latter being the best. They are sold at auction in the market by the lot, the price varying from 10 cents to $1.80 per pound. In 1899, the value of the sponge exports was £84,000. Sponge fishing is carried on on shares, one-third of the net profits going to the ship and the remainder to the men. If the cruise is unprofitable the outfitter loses his advances. As a compensation for this he charges high profits, often as much as 100 per cent upon the prime cost. I met on the steamer a sponge outfitter, an American from Cape Cod, who told me he had lost considerable money in trying to catch and prepare the tripang, a giant sea slug, for Chinese trade. The Chinese carry on profitable tripang fisheries in Hawaii, but his

experiments so far had been unsuccessful, the tripang not being the right sort.

Leaving the market we walked up to the public square, pausing to observe the giant silk cotton tree, the most famous natural curiosity of Nassau. The public building, with a porch with tall white Corinthian columns, resembles one of the old manor-houses of our Southern states. There was, indeed, a large immigration of loyalists from the states after the Revolution, and the mace still used in the House of Assembly is said to have been one formerly used in the Assembly of South Carolina.

In the public library I found a small collection of local antiquities. The structure, a curious old octagonal building, was built for a jail, the cells being arranged like the points of a star, so that the keeper could observe his prisoners from his station in the centre. They are now filled with books, in bad condition from the combined effects of the borers and the moist sea air. The natural history specimens, in a case on the stairway, comprise three Lucayan skulls and some stone carvings; among the latter a small stone image or idol from the Bahamas which had been exhibited at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. Subsequently we hired a carriage and drove to various places of interest near the town. Sending the vehicle ahead, we walked through the deep cut and up the stone steps known as the "Queen's Staircase." The history of this remarkable work, cut in the solid rock, is unknown, popular opinion regarding it as having been made as an approach to Fort Fincastle that crowns the summit of the hill. The formation is calcareous, very soft, and of a light cream color. In Nield's opinion, the stairway had really been a quarry, and workmen were engaged in sawing huge blocks for a new building at the time of our visit. Fort Fincastle, on the eminence, is a small stone structure, an open battery with pointed bastions, resembling a ship, an effect that is heightened by the halliards with flags flying, the fort being the station from which ships are signalled. The old iron guns are thrown from their carriages, having been dismantled at the time of the withdrawal of the troops in 1891.

We drove from the fort through the negro quarter with streets lined with small thatched cottages and gardens overgrown with flowers and orange and cocoanut trees. Here, on inquiring about negro customs, I learned that the African game of *wari* was still the popular amusement. Our driver, an intelligent negro, procured a *wari* board for me at one of the shops in this section. The board consists of a plank, about 8½ inches wide by 27 inches long. One side has twelve hemispheric cavities in two parallel rows. The game is played with seeds (*Caesalpenia bonduc.*), called by the negroes *wari*, whence the name of the game. Three seeds are placed in each hole at the opening of the game, and a player wins when, in counting the seeds around, he drops a seed in a hole already containing one or two, thus making a total of either two or three. *Wari* was much played at the Nassau police station, and by the negroes generally for drinks and small treats. The only other native game I could hear of was called "eighty days." It is said to be played with small sticks, but I could not learn any other particulars. The negroes are addicted to gambling, and were much demoralized by lotteries. Stringent laws against the practice had recently been enacted by the local government.

Later, I wandered alone along the harbor front, looking at the shops and markets, where a great variety of tropical fruits, sapodillas, mangoes and sour-saps were exposed for sale. After breakfast with Nield on board his trim little yacht in the harbor, the warning whistle of the "Saratoga" sounded, and we weighed anchor amid a drenching tropical rain. We passed Salvador at eleven o'clock, cleared Fortune Island at one, and at three in the afternoon passed Castle Island light, the last seen of the Bahamas.

The next morning at daybreak we entered the harbor of Guantánamo. I went ashore to the little village of Caimanera in a launch, and rode in a little engine-car up to the city. The road traversed a meadow for some twenty miles, and, at intervals by the way, one could see ruined shelters built of stakes, the remains of Spanish guard-houses of the late war. A single land crab scrambled awkwardly from

the track. Snowy white ibis stood in the shallow waters, buzzards wheeled over the trees and small birds abounded. In the harbor I saw pelican fishing. Mr. Theodore Brooks welcomed me at Guantánamo, whence, with scarcely a glimpse of the town, I hurried back to catch the steamer in the harbor. On the way, Mr. Brooks told me how the river had risen some thirty feet from recent rains, and how the land crabs, once plentiful, had disappeared since the war, having been collected and eaten by the inhabitants of the town during the blockade.

As to the object of my visit, there were Indians living in the vicinity of Guantánamo. They had no tribal organization nor Indian customs, and retained nothing save the physical traits of their ancestors. They pursued the same vocations as the other people of the neighborhood, many of them being employed in unloading vessels in the harbor. Many of them were named Pérez. Mr. Brooks recalled to me a stout elderly man who boarded the steamer on our arrival. This person, a nearly full-blood Indian, he told me was an employé of the custom-house. I had already observed the Indian features of two of the stevedores working in the hold of the steamer. They were addressed as "Indio," the name by which the Indians are known.

In three hours we had passed the iron mines at Daquiri, and Siboney, where our troops landed, and after steaming another hour were rolling in the swells off the picturesque old brick fort that crowns the entrance of the harbor of Santiago. Rounding the point we entered the narrow channel. The hull of the Merrimac had just been blasted away, and our course was unimpeded until we anchored for the health officer off the city. Santiago is built on a hillside, so that every house seems visible from the harbor. The sky-blue painted walls with red roofs, and the Cathedral rising above all, are most picturesque. I met Mr. William Schumann, the German Consul and resident director of the Juragua Iron Company, to whom I had a letter, on the dock. Under his direction I drove to the "Casa Granda," the principal hotel, in the Plaza now known as the "Plaza de Ces-

pedes." The life of the city centres in this square, which is adorned with fountains and tropical plants. On one side is the Cathedral, and opposite the Palace, occupied as headquarters by our troops. Adjoining the hotel is the spacious building of the San Carlos, the Cuban club, while facing it is the Cosmopolitan Club and "La Venus" café, the scene of one of the episodes of Davis' charming story entitled "Soldiers of Fortune." The plaza is a favorite promenade in the evening, and twice a week a native band plays popular music under the electric lights. The houses in Santiago are low, one and two stories in height, built of bricks covered with stucco painted blue or yellow, and uniformly roofed with large Spanish tiles. Their most striking features are the large low windows, sometimes guarded by a cage-like wooden lattice, but generally protected with gracefully wrought iron grilles, with a deep seat in which the daughters of the house lounge, peering through the bars, until late in the night. Within one sees a large, barely furnished room, with two rows of rocking-chairs, placed vis-a-vis, in the centre. The rooms are more or less open and connected, so that one often catches a glimpse of the inner courtyard from the street. In the suburbs are wooden huts, painted blue, with iron bars at the windows. The shops are filled with German and American wares, with little or nothing of native manufacture except the plaited palm-leaf bags and baskets used for carrying fruits and vegetables.

Early on the morning following my arrival I called on Mr. Schumann. He told me that in 1875, Dr. Adolph Bastian, of Berlin, came to Santiago to study the native population. Mr. Schumann took him to El Caney, where it was reported a number of Indians were living. It was during the insurrection, and traveling was dangerous. The insurgents were in possession of El Caney. When Dr. Bastian arrived, he was armed with revolvers, but Mr. Schumann explained to him it was dangerous to venture armed into the country; that it was better to wear a white coat and put some cigars in one's pocket. They found the Indian settlement, and Dr. Bastian made a number of measurements. An Indian woman described

PLATE 53. José Almenares Argüello at El Caney.

a cave which was said to have been formerly an Indian habitation. Here Dr. Bastian found a terra-cotta cylinder which he said was a stamp for fabrics. On digging in the cave no relics were revealed. Since that time, in consequence of the war, many changes had taken place in the population, and whether the Indians remained at El Caney was most uncertain.

Before visiting the Indian village, with the hope of obtaining some definite information concerning these people, I called with Mr. Schumann upon the Archbishop of Santiago, Francisco Barnada. The Episcopal Palace in San Juan Nepomuceno has a large courtyard from which one ascends by an outside staircase to the second story. The Archbishop, an elderly man, with strongly marked features, robed in a purple cassock, and wearing a purple skull-cap, greeted us at the door of the audience room. He was unable to give us any information about the Indians. He addressed me a few words in English, and in reply to my inquiry, told me that all the old records of the Cathedral had been destroyed by borers, and that nothing survived older than thirty years. Early the next morning we drove over to El Caney. It was the day of the municipal election, and even at dawn, when I awoke, carriages filled with voters wearing the opposing colors, red and white, were being driven rapidly about the city.

The village of El Caney lies some five miles east of the city. On the way we passed the once beautiful villa, sadly wrecked during the last war, where Mr. Schumann had lived at the time of Dr. Bastian's visit. The town showed evidences of the recent conflict. The little church, its interior demolished, with altars thrown down and walls dented with bullets, was a sad enough spectacle. A group of rural guards was lounging in front of the police station, and a young girl held a naked baby on the porch of the adjoining house. We had no difficulty in securing the information we desired. There was one old Indian living in the village. He proved to be the man whom Dr. Bastian had particularly examined in 1873, and the only one whom he considered to be of pure blood. His name was José Almenares Argiiello,

Just at the crest of the hill is an embankment where the Cubans fortified the town against the Spaniards. Savana was deserted during the last war, its inhabitants retreating to the interior. The top of the hill is a great level table. The meagre soil, consisting of bright-red clay, rests directly upon the coral rock from which it is derived.

Our destination for the night was the coffee estate of Señor Lores, but stopping by the way we accepted the invitation of Señor Francisco Yglesias, to pass the night with him. His house, an ordinary Cuban shack, lay in a small clearing in the tropical forest. Here I saw growing some of the plants that furnish roots used for food: the *casavite*, a running vine; *ñame*,[19] yam, a vine like the sweet potato, and the *malanga*.[20] We swung our hammocks in a vacant room, and at five in the morning, after the usual coffee, were on our way to the Cape. We soon arrived at the plantation of Señor Lores. The estate had a patriarchal air, complete and well equipped in every detail. Declining the proffered hospitality save the invariable coffee, we continued on to Maisi. The road descended slightly, and at Caña Guasimas, we passed an old graveyard in a hollow of the rocks, some of the fissures in the coral wall being used as tombs. In the foreground were small, dome-topped structures, covered with stucco, resembling Dutch ovens. We arrived at last at the edge of the table-land. A leafy plain stretched for a league below us, with the light-house at Maisi, and beyond, the ocean. The view was only surpassed by that of the sea from the hilltop at Yumuri. The trail descended abruptly and entered the straight road, the Camino Real, leading to the lighthouse. We reached the tower at twelve o'clock. It is a massive structure, built in 1843, 127.92 English feet in height, with a light of the second class. The keeper lives in a substantial stone building, surrounded by a high wall, with an internal court-yard within which is a cistern. The Spaniards kept a garrison of fifteen men here during the war. There are the

[19] *Ñame*, Cubanized word from Africa, applied to several plants with edible roots. Pichardo.
[20] *Malanga*, Cubanized word from Africa, the name of a common plant with long leaves, which produces an edible root. Pichardo.

remains of a village at the Cape, built and inhabited during the same period. The celebrated River Maya enters the sea within a short distance of the light. It is represented by a dry bed of rough stones, the river ordinarily flowing underground. In the rainy season, however, it fills the surface channel. There is no harbor, but a landing can be made on the beach by means of small boats. Turtle fishing is practiced here as along the coast. In the lighthouse I saw the decoys, rudely carved duck-shaped floats, some two and a half feet in length. The turtles, attracted by curiosity, play about them and are turned over and caught. The shell is manufactured by a negro at Baracoa, who brings canes and combs on the steamers arriving in the port.

The view from the tower is wonderfully fine, the high terraces of the Gran Tierra de Maya stretching far away on the south. We procured guides to the cave, at Maisi, and started the next morning by starlight. After a long detour, riding some two or three hours in the woods, we reached a point where we dismounted and proceeded to the cavern on foot. It proved to be a fissure in the rock, a kind of pot-hole where the roof had given way, some fifteen feet in depth. I descended to the mouth of the cavern proper, while Fry, Gainsa and the guides penetrated some distance into the interior. They emerged after a time with quantities of long white stalactites broken from the roof, and reported there was no trace of bones or human occupancy. In a house near by, the children were playing with a human cranium and long bones, which they said came from a cave, with which, indeed, the entire country is honeycombed. On our way that morning we passed an old and curiously wrinkled man who said he knew of some skulls in a cave on the Yumuri River, agreeing to bring them to us at Savana. We continued on westward, the trail leading through a dense tropical forest, our guides leaving us after directing us to the Pueblo Viejo. We had ascended to the table-land and were at a point commanding a wide view of the sea when my attention was attracted by an embankment of gravel, lying parallel to the ocean. It was the place we sought. The embank-

ment, some twelve to fifteen feet wide at the base and ten feet in height, was 668 feet long. Continuing my observations and aided by Fry, I found that it formed a rectangular inclosure, with sides extending back to another ridge some 300 feet, its greatest length being in a line east and west. It was manifestly the work of human hands, the gravel having been brought from a distance. The interior of the square, which was planted with bananas, was bare of trees. Its soil was dark in color, quite unlike the reddish clay of the surrounding country, and mixed with fragments of coarse, reddish-black pottery. In it Fry found the largest piece, the handle of a bowl in the form of an animal head. On the ocean side a forest of large trees had been cut down and let fall in lines parallel to the embankment. This had been done, apparently, as a means of defence. They had been cut with iron axes, and although showing signs of age, had evidently been felled at a period long subsequent to the earthwork. There was a Cuban shack on the south side of the enclosure, where the women hospitably offered us coffee and gave us some fragments of pottery. They had no knowledge or tradition of the Indians who preceded them. An open shed, adjoining the house, was built directly on the embankment. At Caña Guasimas we resumed the road we had traversed the day before, and on our arrival at Savana, the old man was awaiting us, carrying a bag of skulls. He told me they came from a cave near the Cape and not from the Yumuri River.

We arrived at Savana Viejo at sunset and slowly descended to the Yumuri in the twilight. The tide was up, and we were compelled to take the trail along the hillside. I gave my mule free rein and he galloped on in the darkness, now traversing level stretches and then ascending the coral rocks to dizzy heights above the sea. At eleven o'clock we reached Mata. In spite of fatigue and the lateness of the hour, Fry, lured by the strains of music from across the water, dressed and went to a baile that was being held in one of the houses near the bay. The next morning before our return, a young Cuban boy constructed a model

PLATE 63. The Embankment of the Pueblo Viejo.

of a native musical instrument, the *tumbadera*,[21] for my benefit. Digging a hole in the ground he staked over it a section of palm leaf about two feet square. A sapling was then bent with its end on a line with the centre of the hole. To this a cord was attached and secured through a hole in the leaf. The music was made by tapping the tense cord, which emitted a dull hollow sound, like a drum.

We rode home leisurely that morning, with many stops at roadside canteens, and arrived at Baracoa at twelve o'clock. My business at this place was now finished. From time to time the elder Gainsa had been bringing packs of rattles, gueiras, gourd bottles, and similar small wares, so that I had secured a representative collection of the objects used by the existing Indians of Cuba. Reviewing them carefully, I can see nothing among them that is not equally the property of the Cubans generally in the province of Santiago. The same is true of the Indian words, which were long since incorporated in the everyday speech of the people. My boxes packed, I engaged passage on the steamer "Julia" to Havana, with many cordial leavetakings of the kind friends I had made in Baracoa. Juan Gainsa, my guide, paid me a farewell call. I cannot speak too highly of his sterling fidelity in my service. A fine horseman, a good shot, a brave and courteous man, he won my respect and admiration, and I parted from him with regret.

The voyage to Havana was hot and uneventful. We arrived at Nuevitas on the morning after sailing, landing in a shore-boat for a glimpse of this rarely uninteresting town. Gibrara was the next stop, the steamer winding through the long narrow entrance to the harbor, to clear the same afternoon for an uninterrupted run to Havana. My fellow-passengers, a gay company of young Cubans, endured the tedious journey with patience. At night they played and sang Cuban airs in the cabin to the accompaniment of a tin *guayo*, which I bought for the purpose at Nuevitas. One, a mining engineer, educated at the Columbia School of Mines, related to

[21] A rustic musical instrument with one string. Pichardo. In Costa Rica this instrument is called *zumbadera;* the Indian name is *quijongo*.

me many stories of the war. Although a Cuban by birth, he discussed the Cuban affairs with philosophic calmness, attributing to the Spaniards no greater measure of cruelty and bad faith than he did to the Cubans themselves. We sighted the Morro of Havana on the next day, and after a long delay at the wharf, landed directly on the dock. I rode to the Hotel Inglaterra, hunted up my friend, Mr. Spencer, and passed two days, until the sailing of the next Ward Line steamer, in examining the antiquities of the city.

The Americans have revolutionized Havana. No greater change has ever occurred peaceably in a modern city in the same short space of time. The finely paved streets, the beautiful parks, and the complete absence of filth and unpleasant smells, all testify to the superb energy and intelligence of the military commander. At the same time Havana has lost not a little of its old-time interest. The *volante* has entirely disappeared and the streets are said to be less picturesque. The old Arsenal is one of the few places that seems to have remained entirely untouched and undisturbed. Lieutenant-Colonel H. L. Scott, who was acting Governor during the illness of Major-General Wood, drove me entirely about the city and pointed out the notable monuments, especially the fragments of the old city wall which have been preserved in one of the new parks. After the surrender of the city, Colonel Scott found the old parchment archives in private hands, being used for wrapping parcels. They were carefully collected under his direction and are now carefully preserved in the Fuerza, the late Nestor Poncé de Leon being made their first custodian.

As everywhere in Cuba, the swarms of tourists have cleaned up the antiquity shops; and save a few medals and crucifixes, I found nothing worth purchasing. Not so the old book shops, which are numerous and interesting. They resemble the similar shops in Madrid. There is the same hopeless confusion, the same indifference on the part of the proprietor, and the same difficulties in consummating a purchase. Nevertheless, among other books of interest, I picked up the first forty volumes of the *Documentos Inéditos* for the trifling sum of ten dollars in Spanish silver. The currency of Havana still remained in a confused condition at the time of my visit. In

Santiago, everything is on the basis of American gold, but in Havana there are three currencies: Spanish silver, Spanish gold and United States currency, necessitating frequent visits to money changers, and elaborate calculations in making small purchases. I was especially interested in the Chinese colony in Havana. These people appeared less prosperous than in the United States and to have lost more of their characteristic dress and customs than the Chinese in our American cities. They form unions with negro women,—which are commonly sterile, so that the race is dying out without leaving any impression upon the population of the island.

My chief interest, however, was in the scientific life of the city. Through the kind offices of Dr. John Guiteras, I met several of the professors in the University. Under the guidance of Dr. Carlos de la Torre, I visited the University Museum and saw the interesting collections of the natural history of the island, made by Dr. Juan Gundlach and Dr. Filipe Poey, which are conserved there. The archaeological collections belonging to the Academy of Sciences were not visible, being stored during the construction of its new building. Dr. de la Torre had visited the same region covered by my trip, back in the eighties, and had had similar experiences. He had seen the venerable Almenares at El Caney and told me he had verified the date of his birth in the local records. He had had the same guide, Juan Gainsa, among the Indians at Jara, and had collected several skulls from the caves at Cape Maisi. Apropos of these he related that the Cubans had regarded them as the remains of patriots of the late war and given them Christian burial. Another professor in the University, Dr. Louis Montané, had paid much attention to the archaeology of the island. He had made extensive explorations of the caves, and among others had visited those at Mont Líbano. He showed me an interesting and valuable collection of Cuban archaeological objects at his home, as well as the illustrations for his long-promised work on the archaeology of Cuba, which was then ready for publication.

COLLECTIONS.

The following is a catalogue of the collections made by the author on the preceding trip:

NASSAU.

22,290. Board for *wari*, rectangular, 8½ by 27 inches, with twelve holes in two rows; accompanied by seventy-nine seeds of the *Cisalpina bonduc.* used in the game.

CUBA.

22,291. *Violin.*—Cedar wood, with bow. Length, 19 inches. Yara. Fig. 31.

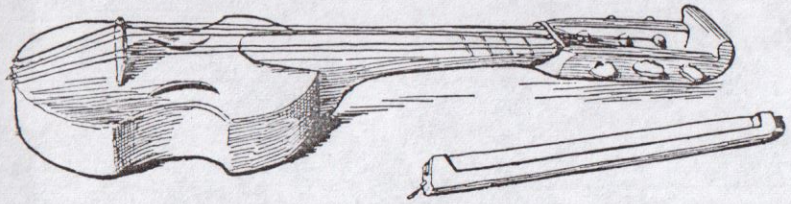

Fig. 31. *Violin*, 22,291. Length, 19 inches. Yara.

22,292. *Tiples.*—Small mandolin made of cedar wood, with six strings arranged in pairs. Length, 19 inches. Yara. Fig. 32.

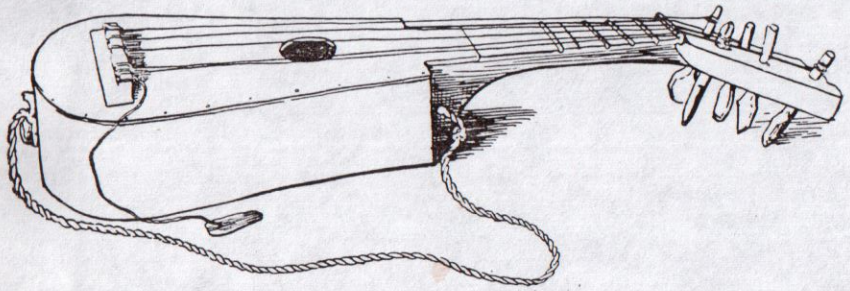

Fig. 32. *Tiples*, Mandolin, 22,292. Length, 19 inches. Yara.

22,293. *Tres.*—Guitar made of cedar wood, with six strings arranged in pairs. Length, 28½ inches. Yateras. Fig. 33.

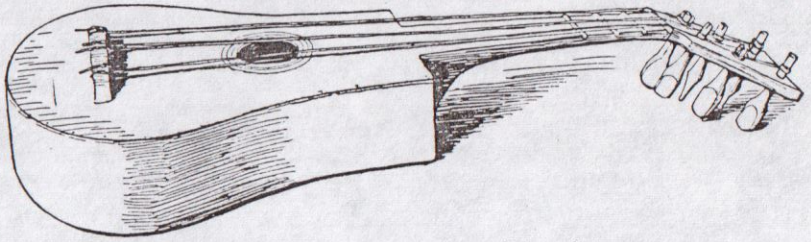

Fig. 33. *Tres*, Guitar, 22,293. Length, 28½ inches. Yateras.

22,294. *Cuatro.*—Guitar made of cedar wood, with five strings, two of which are tuned alike. Length, 26 inches. Yara. Fig. 34.

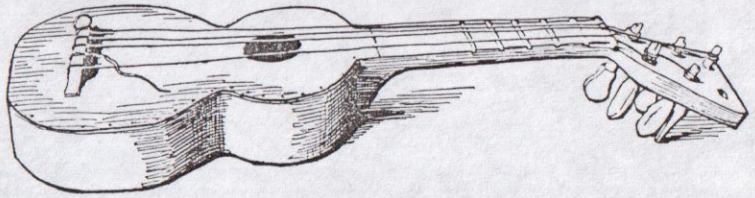

Fig. 34. *Cuatro*, Guitar, 22,294. Length, 26 inches. Yara

22,295. *Guayo.*—Musical instrument made of a gourd, with wooden scraper. Length, 18¼ inches. Yateras. Fig. 35.

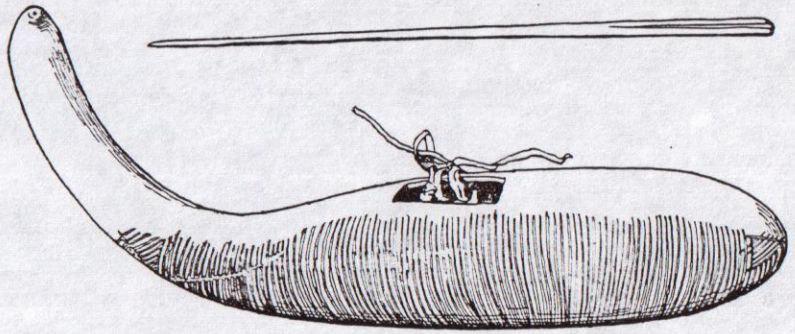

Fig. 35. *Guayo*, 22,295. Length, 18¼ inches. Yateras.

22,296. *Guayo.*—Made of a gourd. Length, 16½ inches. Yara.

22,297. *Guayo.*—Made of a gourd. Length, 14 inches. Yara.

22,298. *Mamboo* ("bamboo").—A musical instrument like the *guayo*, made of a joint of cane, notched along one side, and cut with irregular holes. Length, 14½ inches. Yara.

22,299. *Guayo.*—Made of tin. End open and cut like a fish's mouth. Scraped with a wire. Length, 12½ inches. Purchased at Nuevitas.

22,300. *Maraca.*—Rattles (6), three pairs made of the fruit of the *gueira*,[22] with wooden handles. Yateras and Yara.

22,301. *Pilon.*—Mortar and pestle, of jocuma wood, used for grinding maize. Height, mortar, 16 inches. Length, pestle, 33½ inches. Yara.

22,302. *Mortero.*—Mortar and pestle, of jocuma wood, used for crushing coffee. Height, 10¼ inches. Length, pestle, 11½ inches. Yara.

22,303. *Paleta* (Sp.).—A paddle of hard wood, used in washing clothes. Length, 18¼ inches. Yateras.

22,304.—Spindles (2) used for spinning cotton, with whorls made of the seeds of the *Entada scandens*. Yateras.

22,305. *Jicara.*[23]—Gourd water-vessels, tied with *yagua.*[24] Used for carrying water in the woods. Yara.

22,306. *Jicara.*—Gourd water-vessel. Yara.

22,307. *Chinchorro.*—Fish-net. Purchased at an Indian canteen at Yara.

22,308. *Jibe.*[25]—Sieve, made of *guano*. Baracoa.

22,309. *Java* (*Petaca*, Sp.).—Carrying baskets (2), made of *yarey*,[26] with covers. Used in carrying country produce. Santiago.

22,310. *Java.*—Carrying basket, similar to preceding, but without cover. Baracoa.

22,311. *Porron.*—Water jars (2), of light clay. Imported from Spain. From Baracoa.

22,312. *Jutara*[27] *de Yagua.*—Sandals, made of bark of the *agua*, rudely plaited. Yara. Fig. 36.

[22] *Gueira*, Cuban Indian word, the name of a tree and its fruit (*Crescentia cucurbitina*).
[23] *Jicara*, Cuban Indian word which Pichardo says may have come from Yucatan.
[24] *Yagua*, Cuban Indian word, the name of a forest tree. Pichardo.
[25] *Jibe*, Cuban Indian word meaning sieve. Pichardo.
[26] *Yarey*, Cuban Indian word for a species of palm. Pichardo.
[27] Cuban Indian word, not in Pichardo.

22,313. *Alpargatas.*—Canvas shoes with twine soles, commonly worn by laborers. Imported from Spain. Baracoa.

22,314.—Necklace of yellow glass beads and Job's-tears (*Coix lachrima*), with small metal cross. Worn by old Indian woman at Yateras.

22,315. *Poja.*[28]—Seeds of *Entada scandens*, used as playthings by children. Yara.

22,316.—Seeds of *Cayajabo*,[29] used as playthings (marbles) by children. Yara.

22,317. Seeds of the *Ojo de buey*, used as playthings by children. Yara.

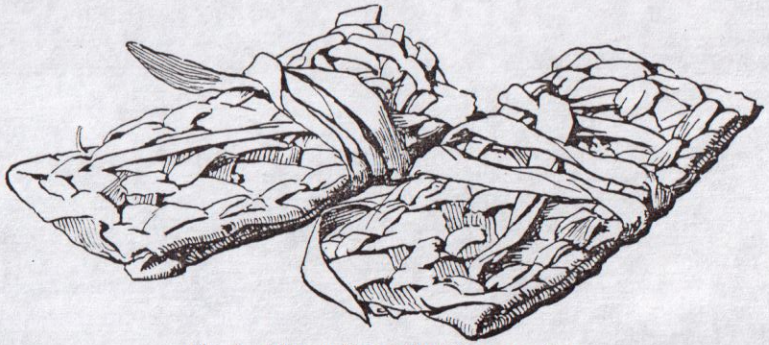

Fig. 36. *Jutara de Yagua*, Sandals. 22,312. Yara.

22,318. *Babosa.*—Large snail-shells, from Yara, used as playthings by children.

22,319. *Babosa.*—Snail-shells, from Yara, used as playthings by children.

22,320. *Babosa.*—Colored snail-shells, from Yara, used as playthings by children.

22,321. Wooden peg-top and cord (made in the United States). Indian children at Yara.

22,322. Bow. Rudely made of a bent sapling by Francisco Azahares. A model, and not practical.

22,323. Gum copal, used as a styptic by the Indians for wounds. Yateras.

[28] *Poja*, Cuban Indian word applied to the seeds of a climbing plant, very much like the Ojo de buey. Pichardo.
[29] *Cayajabo*, Cuban Indian name of the plant called in Spanish *mate*.

PLATE 53. José Almenares Argüello at El Caney.

commonly known as Almenares. He was a spare old man with iron-gray hair, and thin gray hair on his chin. He was very hale and alert for his age, which he told me was 112 years. His father, he said, had died at the age of 108. He lived in a little cottage where he was born, that had been in his family for 200 years. In his youth there were many Indians in El Caney. They were a free people wearing the same dress as their neighbors, and talking Spanish. He knew nothing of the old language, and the only Indian word he could recall was *Bacanao* the name of a river. They made soap of piñon ashes and the fat of oxen. They smoked pipes which they made of burnt clay, with a bamboo reed stem. There were many wild hogs, and they also ate the native rat or hutia. They drank from gourds, *gueira*, and made spoons of cedar wood. Formerly only Indians were permitted to live in the town. They had four mayors, two for the town and two for the country. Almenares had been twice married, but had no children. I asked him what course he had taken to prolong his life. He replied none, that he was in the hands of God who had permitted him to live.

El Caney was one of the principal Indian towns in the old days, and the arms of the place bore the effigy of an Indian princess. Before the war these arms, painted on a rusty piece of tin, were to be seen above the town hall. I was informed that this had been carried away recently, probably by an American soldier. On my arrival at Santiago, I met at the Casa Granda two members of the U. S. Geological Survey, Mr. T. Wayland Vaughn and Mr. Arthur C. Spencer, who were engaged in making a preliminary survey of the island. Through their acquaintance with the people and the country, they greatly facilitated my work, and put me in touch with the United States military authorities. Among the latter, Lieutenant Henry C. Whitehead was most kind. He gave me an opportunity of inspecting the arsenal. The Spanish arms have been entirely removed, except a park of small Krupp guns with their ammunition. Some of the casements were filled with the old guns turned in by the Cubans when they surrendered their arms. The bones of a Spanish

PLATE 54. The Home of Almenares at El Caney.

sailor, found in a chair on the coast after the destruction of the fleet, are preserved here in an old chest. They were thought to be the remains of the Spanish Captain, but his family in Spain declined to receive them, having already buried his body in Madrid.

From Major L. C. Carr, U. S. V., in charge of the sanitary department of Santiago, I obtained some interesting information in regard to the disinfection of the city, and the measures that had been taken to destroy yellow fever. No case had occurred in this once pest-ridden city for the past twenty months.

After further inquiries at Santiago, I learned that the Indians who had given rise to the story of a wild tribe were probably those living at Yateras, some miles in the mountains, northeast of the city of Guantánamo. I accordingly returned to that place by steamer, where Mr. Theodore Brooks kindly provided me with a letter of introduction and procured a guide and horses to take me to the settlement. My destination was the coffee plantation of Bella Vista, belonging to a Mr. Begué. The Indians lived near by. Mr. Brooks assured me that Mr. Begué would not only entertain me, but would also show me the celebrated cave at Monte Líbano. I started off with my guide, a French-speaking negro, in the afternoon, going by train to Jamaica, where we mounted, and rode to the plantation. After leaving the plain, we took a mountain trail leading through luxuriant tropical verdure. As we climbed the hills, the Flamboyant (*Poinciana regia*), a great tree, crowned with flame-colored blossoms, bloomed on every side. As we neared Begué's we traversed old plantations of coffee, bananas and cacao, all overgrown with weeds and tropical plants. We arrived at seven, and were most cordially welcomed. The house at Bella Vista, a long wooden structure, is built on the hillside, with terraces upon which the coffee is dried, *secaderas*, ranged directly below. At one end is a large aviary and at the other a fountain. Beyond were the stables, with airy stalls well suited to the climate. While supper was being prepared, my host, from an upper window, pointed out the landscape. In the distance were the mountains; to the left stretched the long

bay of Guantánamo with the village of Caimanera at its entrance, while the plain was dotted with small towns and sugar estates: Guantánamo, Soledad, San Vicente, Jamaica, San Emilio, San Carlos, Santa Cecilia, Esperanza, Confluente and La Luisa. In the foreground to the left were beautiful hillsides, with palm trees, like white stakes, dotted over them. Here and there amid the green were the thatched huts of the laborers. The next morning I started with a farmer attached to Mr. Begué's estate to visit the Indians at Yateras. On the way we stopped at "*La Sorpresa*," the plantation of Señor Eugenio Ysalgué, who, living near the Indians, was expected to know something definite about them. Ysalgué was a Spanish Cuban. His grandfather had come originally from Mexico. He spoke a little English, some twenty American volunteers having been quartered upon him during the war. He described the Yateras Indians as lazy and unwilling to work, cultivating only little patches of corn in the mountains for their subsistence. They excelled only in the fearless way they hunted the wild hogs in the mountains, attacking and killing them with the machete. They were dirty in their habits and covered with fleas. They had forgotten all their old language, and their customs were identical with those of the Cubans living in the country. They had no religion and no form of marriage. They had but one wife, but were not faithful to their partners. They had no games or amusements peculiar to themselves, but were addicted to gambling with dice, *dados*, throwing two with their hands. Their principal amusement was dancing to the music of the rattle, *guayo* and guitar. Señor Ysalgué asserted that the Yateras Indians were not descended from the original inhabitants, who had all been killed off by the Spaniards, but from Indians from Santo Domingo who accompanied the Spanish soldiers to Cuba some sixty years ago. Some ten families were brought from Santo Domingo. They came voluntarily and not as slaves. They intermarried only among themselves, with the result that there were many deaf and dumb among them who were only able to communicate with each other by signs, although not lacking otherwise in intelligence. Their sign for corn, he

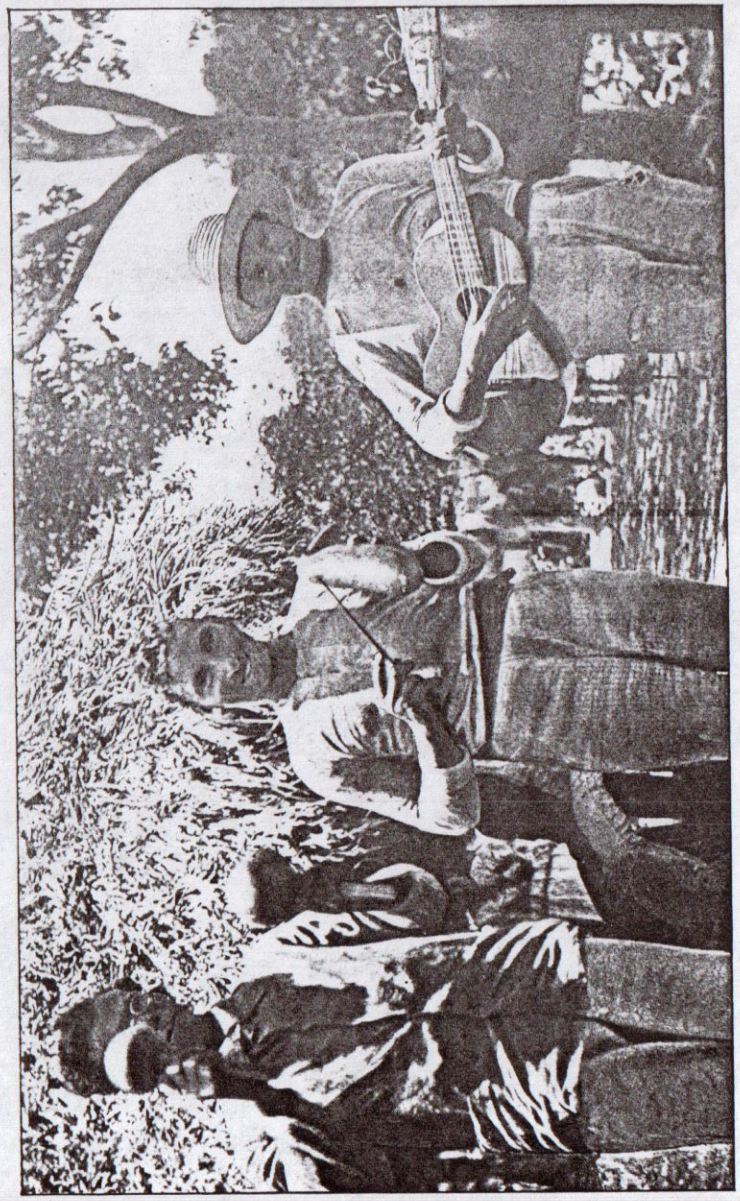

PLATE 55. Indians Playing Guayo and Guitar. Negro Guide on Left. Yateras.

said, was to rub with the hand; for water, to raise the hand to the mouth; for tobacco, to draw with the lips; for money, the extended hand with moving fingers. The Indians in La Gueira at present number some 200; in all Cuba, say 400. As the result of intermarriage, those in the same locality all bear the same family name. At Yateras, it is Rojas; in Santiago, Montoya; in Baracoa, Rojas; in Cobre, Largo; in Bayamo, Telles. At Tiguabos, the old Indian capital, three leagues from Soledad, the family name was Irsulas.

The Indians formerly made fire with flint and steel, and before that by rubbing a stick of hard upon one of soft wood. They once used bows and arrows, but these were now unknown Leaving Ysalgué's, we rode over the hills to the Indian huts. They were the same shacks we had seen occupied by the negroes along the road and through this section; a framework of poles with a conical roof of palm branches, the sides covered with palm branches roughly fastened. The men and children stood in the doorways. On our dismounting, they shook hands all around, with the customary salutations, and politely offered us chairs in the hut, as is the custom of the country. They made no objection to my taking their pictures, and at one place the women and girls all put on shoes and stockings and arrayed themselves in white muslin dresses as a preparation for this ceremony. Their huts were very bare of furniture. Everywhere I found a tall wooden mortar with a long double-ended, wooden pestle, with which, at one house, a woman was pounding maize. Wooden hooks, for suspending small articles, hung from the ceiling. I purchased two spindles with whorls made from large seeds, and in another house a flat paddle used in washing clothes. We inquired about musical instruments, and at one house, where there were young and pretty girls, we found a pair of rattles, a *guayo* and a guitar. The Indians have black hair, light-brown complexions, and pleasing, regular features. Their families are large. In several houses we saw three generations. They wore the costumes of the country, many of the men being stripped to the waist and the children naked.

I walked that night with Mr. Begué in his beautiful garden on the hill above the villa. Here was a great tank filled with lilies, that supplied water by pipes to the buildings below. As we strolled through the bowers of scented jasmine, listening to the notes of the Cuban nightingale, Mr Begué told me how the insurgents had levied contributions upon him during the war. These contributions, vast sums, for which he showed me receipts headed with the arms of the Republic of Cuba, were obtained under threats of fire and sword. Night after night the coffee plantations were wantonly burned, his being one of the few, if not the only one that escaped. That night he arranged for a trip to the caves at Líbano on the following morning.

We started at five, with two negro servants with mules laden with panniers containing provisions for breakfast and bundles of native wax candles to light our way The road led upward, along the crest of beautifully rounded hills covered with tall luxuriant grass that is used as forage for cattle. Another turn and we came to the burned coffee plantation of San Fernando. Here on the crest of the hill, Mr. Begué told me there had been an encounter in 1875-6 between the Cuban and the Spanish troops, a Spanish major being killed. Dismounting he picked up from the trail a number of Mauser cartridges, finding one pile of nearly a dozen where a soldier had fired a volley. The trail led up and around until we came to the U. S. military telegraph to Sagua and the road of boulders, where, as we dismounted and led our horses, Mr. Begué told me the Spaniards carried their artillery on their march from Guantánamo to Sagua. Continuing along the crest of a limestone ridge, we again descended, finding a camping place in the woods at the mouth of the cave. Mr. Begué first took me to another adjacent cavern, the source of the Guaso River, which runs from this place to emerge again at a point some six miles nearer the station on the Guantánamo railroad called Cuatro Caminos. We then ascended the hill, our guides twisting the candles in pairs, and prepared to enter the principal cavern.

The cave was very beautiful; one chamber succeeded

PLATE 56. Indian Woman Pounding Maize, Yateras.

another, with pendent stalactites. The floor at the entrance consisted of hard clay. There was no guano and no visible animal life except snail-shells on the floor. These disappeared as we penetrated into the cave. Traversing a short distance we came to a break in the roof, where trees of considerable size were growing from the floor, and long roots hung pendent from the opening. Continuing, the floor became irregular and broken with shallow pools of water, one small chamber succeeding another, with narrow passages between. At every point we could see that the cave was the channel of a subterranean river, like the one that supplied the River Guaso. Continuing we came to another break, a small fissure or crack, extending directly across the roof, through which the sunlight streamed between the bright-green foliage. We arrived at last in a chamber in which was a tin tablet suspended from a stalagmite, inscribed with the names of visitors, among which was that of Mr. Begué, and the date 1889. The earliest date appended to a name in the cave was 1852. At a distance of 501 metres we came to a place where the main passage was closed, and one could only pass with difficulty. Here we turned back, and returning rapidly, in fifteen minutes reached the entrance. After breakfast under the trees I ascended the hill and at a short distance found another cave showing marks of recent occupancy. Mr. Begué told me the hills were full of caves, and on returning he showed me the entrances to two that were visible from the trail. I had hoped to find remains of Indians, but there was nothing, and the character of the caves was such as to make such discoveries unlikely, unless one should find an undisturbed burial cave or habitation.

While we were breakfasting, the rain began to fall, and the trail was so slippery and difficult that it required some three hours to reach Bellevue. I spent the afternoon walking in the plantation adjacent to the house, and at five the next morning mounted my mule to return. On the way I stopped for a moment at Ysalgué's. It was a ride of three hours from his plantation to Jamaica, where we took the train at 9.20. Jamaica is a collection of poor frame houses

painted blue, like all the town houses in this province, and has numerous stores and a well-equipped pharmacy. At Guantánamo, Mr. Theodore Brooks entertained me at dinner, and showed me many relics of the Spanish ships and a number of large shells fired from the American fleet. After dinner, he related anecdotes of the war. He told me that at the time of the blowing-up of the Maine the Spaniards were within three months of subduing the insurrection. The Spanish general at Guantánamo was anxious for the planters to start grinding cane. The insurgent leaders notified them that if they commenced to grind they would burn their plantations, which, it should be observed, were uniformly protected by a guard of Spanish soldiers. The Spanish general suggested that Mr. Brooks place himself in communication with the insurgents and obtain their permission to grind. He assented to the proposition, and volunteered to cross the Spanish lines and enter the insurgent camp. Provided with a pass, and accompanied by four companions, who started by different routes, they met at dawn at the Spanish fort at one of the gates and passed the Spanish outpost. Soon after they encountered the Cuban guards, among whom Mr. Brooks recognized his former employés. They were nearly naked and suffering intense misery from fever and hunger. Continuing on, past one guard after another, he reached at last the Cuban general. He was ill with fever and so surrounded and watched, that Mr. Brooks had great difficulty in seeing him alone. In spite of all efforts, General Perez refused to permit grinding, on the ground that he was ordered by his superiors to prevent any work in this district,—nevertheless four estates, Santa Maria, San Carlos, Santa Cecilia and Confluente, made their crops under protection of Spanish troops. A fine band, the band of Simancas, played daily in the plaza, and Guantánamo was never gayer. Many of the Cubans, who afterwards drew their $75 when peace was declared, remained in the Spanish government employment even after the United States had declared war. The policy pursued by the hated Weyler was copied from the Cubans, and in his reprisals and enforced contributions he simply carried out the methods pursued by the insurgent leaders.

PLATE 57. The Forest from the Mouth of the Cave at Monte Líbano.

I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Spencer at Guantánamo and returned with him by the steamer Benito Estenger to Santiago. At the "Casa Granda" I encountered an Italian engineer named Frank D. Pagliuchi in charge of the copper mines at El Cobre. Pagliuchi had served four years in the Cuban army with great distinction. He told me that at El Cobre there were cuttings like steps made by the Indians when they worked the mines in the eighteenth century. There were Indians still living there, and a cave which was known as "Las Cuevas de los Indios." In confirmation of my opinion that Cuban customs rested upon a substantial Indian substratum, he told me nearly all the Cuban plant names are Indian. The geographical names are largely drawn from the same source, while many of the common utensils, such as the mortar and pestle, are of Indian origin. Concerning the mortar he said there was a notion that coffee crushed in it tasted better than if ground. He also told me that the Cuban General Jesús Rabi was of Indian blood. I met also at the "Casa Granda" an American engineer, Mr. Knowlton, in the government service, who built the water-works at Guantánamo. He had made the trip to Monte Líbano while engaged in damming the Guaso River at Cuatro Caminos. His guide had then told him that there had been two principal Indian settlements in that province, one at Holguin and the other between Yateras and Guantánamo. The Indians, from time to time, had brought placer gold in small quantities to the Spaniards. The latter made many efforts to find the source of the metal, but without success. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, they moved the Holguin Indians to Yateras, and the Yateras Indians to Holguin, thinking that the Yateras Indians, not knowing their new locality so well, would be more amenable and that they would be able to follow them. In this, however, they were again disappointed, and no more gold was brought by the Indians.

I made a visit to Cobre with Mr. Knowlton. The mines lie about twelve miles west of the city. As we crossed the city line we passed an old block fort, with overhanging bastions, one of those built by the Spaniards at the close of

the ten years' war. Nearly opposite, we saw the slaughter-house with a tablet on the wall marking the place where the Virginius prisoners were shot in 1873. Passing the Campo Santo we ascended the hills, a fine view of the city and bay, with the Morro in the distance, stretching before us. Crossing the mountains and following a road marked by a military telegraph line, the church of El Cobre, perched on a terrace on the mountain side, came in view. The town of Cobre, at the foot of the hill, is much dilapidated. There are few evidences of its former wealth, but along the walls of some of the houses I saw iron rings, which I was told were anciently used to secure the awnings fastened across the street, from house to house, at religious festivals.

We put our horses up at a fonda on one side of the ruined plaza. Just beyond was an old church with a chime of bells in the tower, one dating from the sixteenth century. I inspected the ruin with no little interest, for I was told the Cubans captured a troop of Spanish horse in this church and burned them alive. I picked up a Spanish Remington cartridge among the débris. Afterwards I learned the story was false.

We ascended the hill by the stone stairway up which the penitents used to climb on their hands and knees. Pilgrims came to El Cobre from all parts of the island. The young girls of Santiago still walk to Cobre on the saints' days and sometimes perform part of the journey on their knees. The new church, standing on a broad platform, is built of stucco, and is both picturesque and characteristic. I had heard so much of the vast wealth of El Cobre that I eagerly accepted the offer of the sacristan to show me the interior. In the old days the Virgin of Cobre owned coffee plantations and slaves, and had vast possessions. Her altar was overlaid with plate, and diamonds and other precious stones gleamed in her crown. We found all bare and disappointing. The old pictures were without merit, and the lanterns that hung from the roof were of ordinary Chinese manufacture—one bearing the sign of a Chinese shop in Havana. The Virgin was an ordinary doll with a dress of silver brocade and wearing a silver crown. She was inclosed

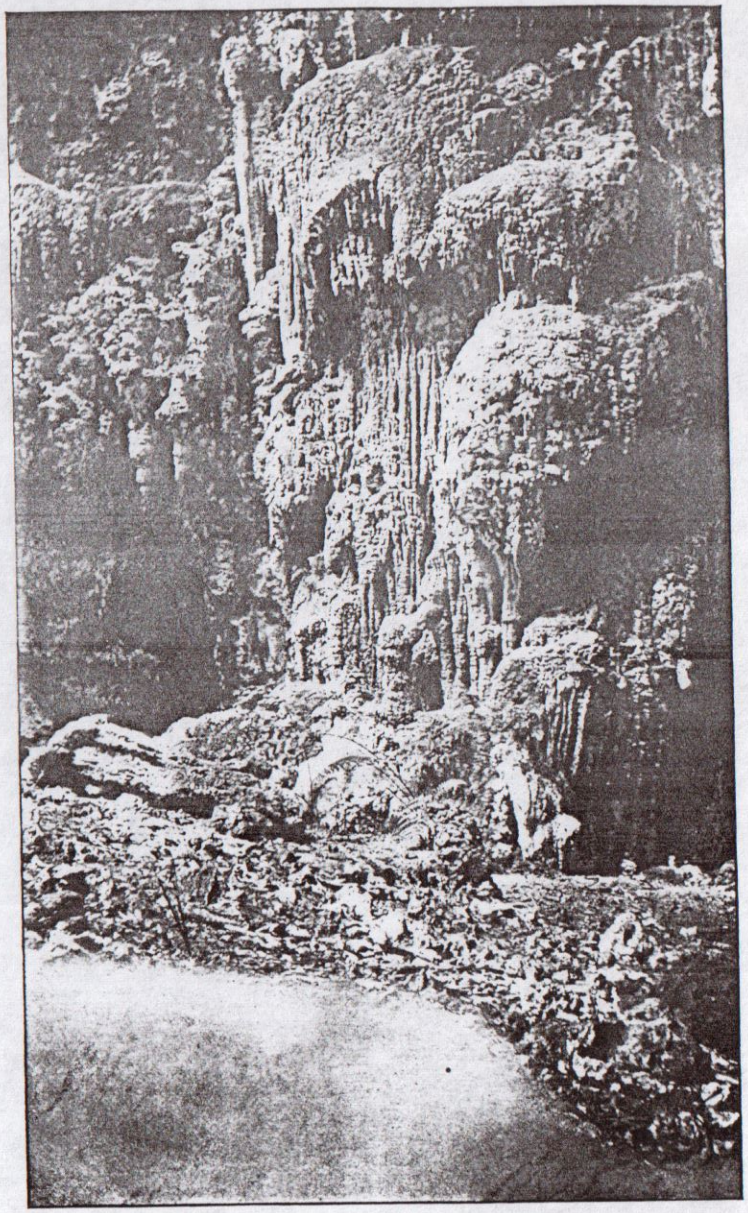

PLATE 58. Cave at Monte Líbano. Source of Guaso River.

in a glass box which could be revolved upon a pedestal covered with silver. There were emeralds on her breast and large stones set around the base of the platform, but no other indications of the ornaments that had been attributed to her. I was told that after the American occupation the shrine was robbed, and the Virgin herself carried off. The thieves, one an American, were caught and deported, but the jewels were not recovered. In the sacristy there was a curious old wooden image of St. Jago, and, in the closet with the sacred vessels, a Chinese pewter altar-set, consisting of flower vases and incense burners, such as are commonly used upon the altar of the Chinese god of war. Back of the altar was an alcove filled with crutches and testimonials and photographs of persons who had been benefited. In the sacristy I saw an old framed list of the instruments which should be employed in the special services of Our Lady, but the only musical instrument in the church was a small cheap American parlor organ.

We crossed the platform, walking back to where we could overlook the old mines. El Cobre had been worked by Cornish miners, and the machinery, installed some sixty years ago, consisted of Watt engines, etc., such as they had used in England. The decline in the mines occurred before the ten years war, when the price of copper diminished. The railroad, owned by an independent corporation, assured of a monopoly, exacted an enormous tariff. But one day the mine shut down, and has not been worked until the present time. The railroad was burned during the war, the buildings destroyed, and the town reduced to its present condition.

I learned much about Santiago from Mr. Robert Mason, the English Consul. He told me that once the hills about the city were covered with coffee estates. They had been abandoned by their owners, who had removed to Guantánamo, where they had gone into sugar plantations. The abandonment of the coffee estates was the outcome of economic conditions, and not caused by the war. The value of an estate was estimated by the number of its slaves. Thus an estate of 300 slaves was estimated at $300,000. The

liberation of the slaves had been a gradual affair. Cespedes, who had freed his slaves, had already mortgaged them. The acts of enfranchisement were gradual in their operation. First, the owner might not punish or correct his slave. This was a direct blow at the system. Slavery lingered on, and lasted down into the eighties.

There was little to detain me in Santiago. I visited the Museum and Library, where the Curator, Señor José Bofil, showed me every attention. This establishment is located in an old residence and has a monthly budget of $150, of which $50 is expended for rental. The lower floor is used as the museum, and the upper for books. One room is devoted to relics of the insurrection, among which is a fragment of the shirt of General Maceo taken from his body when it was reinterred, together with flags, machetes and other arms used by the insurgents. In another room are relics of the Spanish fleet, small objects from the vessels, and shells fired from the American ships.

The prehistoric collection was contained in a small case: four black stone celts, very pointed, from the caves at Guaso, presented by D. Ricardo Planas, some small fragments of pottery and a flat stone axe, carved on one side with a human face, from Jauco. The Curator told me a small stone image and another object had been sent to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. The foregoing gives some idea of the rarity of prehistoric objects in Cuba.

One of the most interesting objects in the museum is a carved and painted wooden statue of St. Jago, which once stood in the plaza, as shown by an old colored print in the museum. Notable, too, are the regalia of King Congo, a crown of gilded tin, two painted drums of African type, two maces, and a kind of royal canopy with the arms of Spain and the legend, "Viva Rey Melchor" Cuba, Añno 1877. In a case in the same room are the costumes, hats with flaxen wigs, velvet coats and silver maces, once carried by the two *Maceros* in civic processions. Among other relics of the old time is a trophy composed of pikes with lanterns formerly carried by the *serenos*, or night watchmen in Santiago. In the court was a fragment of the tombstone of

Velázquez, cut and reinscribed, and a curious old stone from the neighboring Church of San Francisco, carved with what appeared to be the arms of some old Spanish viceroy: a sun over a tower, two mythic birds and three quivers of arrows twice repeated, quartered within a circular shield. A native snake, a quail, an alligator, and Cuba's largest native mammal, a *hutia*, like a large rat, were kept alive in the courtyard. Señor Bofil presented me with one of the old lanterns, and I endeavored to improve my opportunity to purchase antiquities in the shops about the city. Whatever may have existed had been gathered up by tourists who flocked to Cuba directly after the war, and save a few medals, given by King Alfonso to the volunteers in 1882, I found absolutely nothing for sale of antiquarian or historical interest. There are no book shops and no old books.

Unsuccessful in finding wild Indian tribes in the vicinity of Santiago, I first determined upon a journey overland from Guantánamo to Baracoa, led by reports of Indians in the intervening mountains. This journey, however, was said to be so difficult, that I concluded to go to Baracoa by sea, and thence inland to Cape Maisi. I accordingly sailed from Santiago on the steamer "Mortero" on the 14th of June. We dropped anchor in the harbor of Baracoa the next morning at five o'clock. I was amazed and delighted with the beauty of the tropical scenery, the shores, fringed with cocoanut trees, being especially beautiful.

The bay of Baracoa is one of the most picturesque in Cuba, but it is not a safe harbor like Santiago and Havana, being exposed to northeasterly gales. The town is the oldest in the island, having been founded by Diego Velázquez in 1512, the seat of the government having been transferred to Santiago in 1522. It lies high on the hill of coral rock on the east side of the bay. On landing, I went directly to the office of the military commander, Lieut. John W. Wright, U. S. A., to whom I had a letter from Lieut. Whitehead. I received a most cordial reception. Lieut. Wright was in thorough sympathy with the object of my visit, and at once ordered

that a rural guard be placed at my service as a guide during my stay. Wright not only occupied the position of military commander, but at the same time acted as Collector of Customs and Commander of the Port, as well as filling other offices too numerous to mention, representing the authority of the United States, not only over the town of Baracoa, but eastward across the vast region to Cape Maisi.

The town consists chiefly of a long street, at the head of which is a small unfinished church facing a meagre plaza in which is a melancholy fountain. I put up at the "Hotel El Siglo XX," something of a misnomer, judged by our American standard, facing the square. In the same street, surmounted with a clock which strikes the hours, is the *ayuntamiento* or city hall, in which I was told there were valuable records dating back to the sixteenth century. Our troops, some ten men of the Tenth Cavalry, occupy the barracks in the picturesque Spanish fort that crowns the hill above the town. Among the other defences of Baracoa is a small ancient open battery on the point, La Punta, at the entrance to the harbor. One of the rooms in the old officers' quarters here is occupied as a barrack by the rural guard, but the place is otherwise deserted, and contains nothing save some old rusted picks and cannon-balls, and fragments of a small gun-carriage. The walls are much decayed, and I could not fail to observe that the masonry, built of coral rock, had disintegrated rapidly under the influence of the climate.

The Indian village is at Yara, about three miles from the town. Procuring a horse through the exertions of the commandant, I started off with the rural guard, an Indian named Juan Gainsa, on the following morning. We rode eastward past the battery, and, fording the river, ascended the hillside, up rough coral rocks through plantations of cocoanuts and bananas which stretch from the coral cliffs to the sea below. On the banks of the river we encountered women washing clothes. They were clad in a single tattered gown, and their children of both sexes, entirely naked, played around. At a spring, where my guide said the Indians procured water, we

saw another group whom I photographed. We soon reached the border of the Indian settlement and stopped for refreshment at a road-side canteen. A large tin-cup of rum was sold for five cents. The drink was poured in a glass, and passed from lip to lip, each taking a swallow. The men whom we passed, all "Indios," exchanged polite salutations, most of them shaking hands. On reaching a house, the guard ordered that all the Indians in the neighborhood should assemble at three o'clock in a house which he appointed.

In the meantime we continued on, past cocoanut trees laden with nuts, and plantations of bananas with huge bunches of green fruit that in another month would be ready for the market. Finally, at the top of a hill overlooking the sea we came to a cabin, the home of my guide's father and mother. The place was crowded. I was offered a chair and shook hands all around. Large bowls of freshly made coffee were brought, and upon my expressing a desire to taste the *Agua de coco*, one of the men went off to the woods and quickly returned with the green fruit. Cutting off the top of the nut with his machete, he handed it to me, a natural cup, filled with a cool refreshing beverage. Another brought a basket of beautiful reddish-pink fruit with a large external seed, called *marañón*. The soft pulp contained an agreeable acid juice, which I was told was beneficial for stomach troubles. Everywhere I was cautioned against the cocoanut liquor as provocative of calentura. On the way I had photographed an Indian boy, twenty-one years old, of light olive color, medium height and auburn hair, named Anico Reyes. One of the washer-women told me her name was Alaya Reyes. At the home I was told that my guide's name was Juan Azahares. His father's name was Francisco Azahares, and his mother, Vicenta Gainsa. From this I inferred that the guard was commonly known by his mother's family name. His mother was of marked Indian type. Her grandmother, I was told, was a pure Indian named Gregoria Gilarte Rojas, who died at the age of 127. She had married a bad Indian, a bravo casique of Yara named Ricardo Rojas. Her mother's

name was Petronila Rojas, still living at the age of 85-90. Her father, Pedro Gainsa, died at 60. The grandmother of the Indians in this cabin, Maria Azahares, died at the age of 116. In general, it appears that descent was chiefly reckoned in the female line, but that the wife went to her husband's house. At a fourth home I was told that the Indian inhabitants of Partido Yara are comprised in three families, Gainsa, Azahares and Rojas, who are all intermarried. The Gainsas come from the Azahares and Rojas. They number some six or seven hundred people, living in seventy-five to one hundred houses. They are self-supporting, owning their homes, and cultivating their own ground. They complained of the heavy taxes levied upon them by the Spaniards as well as the fees exacted by the Church for the rites of baptism, marriage and burial. They are all nominally Catholics, there being a church at Jamal. At present I was told that the priest charges $7.50 for marrying, $9 for mass for the dead, and from $1 to $7, according to the means of the godfather, for baptizing a child. From later information, I am inclined to believe the rates are overstated. The children attend school, where instruction is given in Spanish. At the house of the guard's father was a penciled sign, "Escuela del Carmen," and I saw some tattered elementary Spanish school-books.

Upon interrogating the people here, the only Indian word they could at first remember was *casavile*,[1] a large flat bread, made from a big dark root, the casava, which is sold in the town. Later, the guard's father recalled Yumuri, which he said meant "I am going to die." Asking them about the dog, they said he may have descended from the native dog. The Indian name for dog is *can*.[2] They used to make a fermented drink called *chicha*[3] from parched corn flour and bananas, upon which they got drunk. They made canoes, *cainoa*,[4] from big heavy logs which they

[1] *Casavite*, the diminutive of *casabe*, which Pichardo explains as a round thin cake made of a kind of arrowroot. These cakes are sold in the country markets.

[2] In old Spanish, *can*.

[3] *Chicha*, Indian word from Panama for an agreeable fermented drink made from corn. Pichardo.

[4] *Cainoa* = *canoa*, Cuban Indian word.

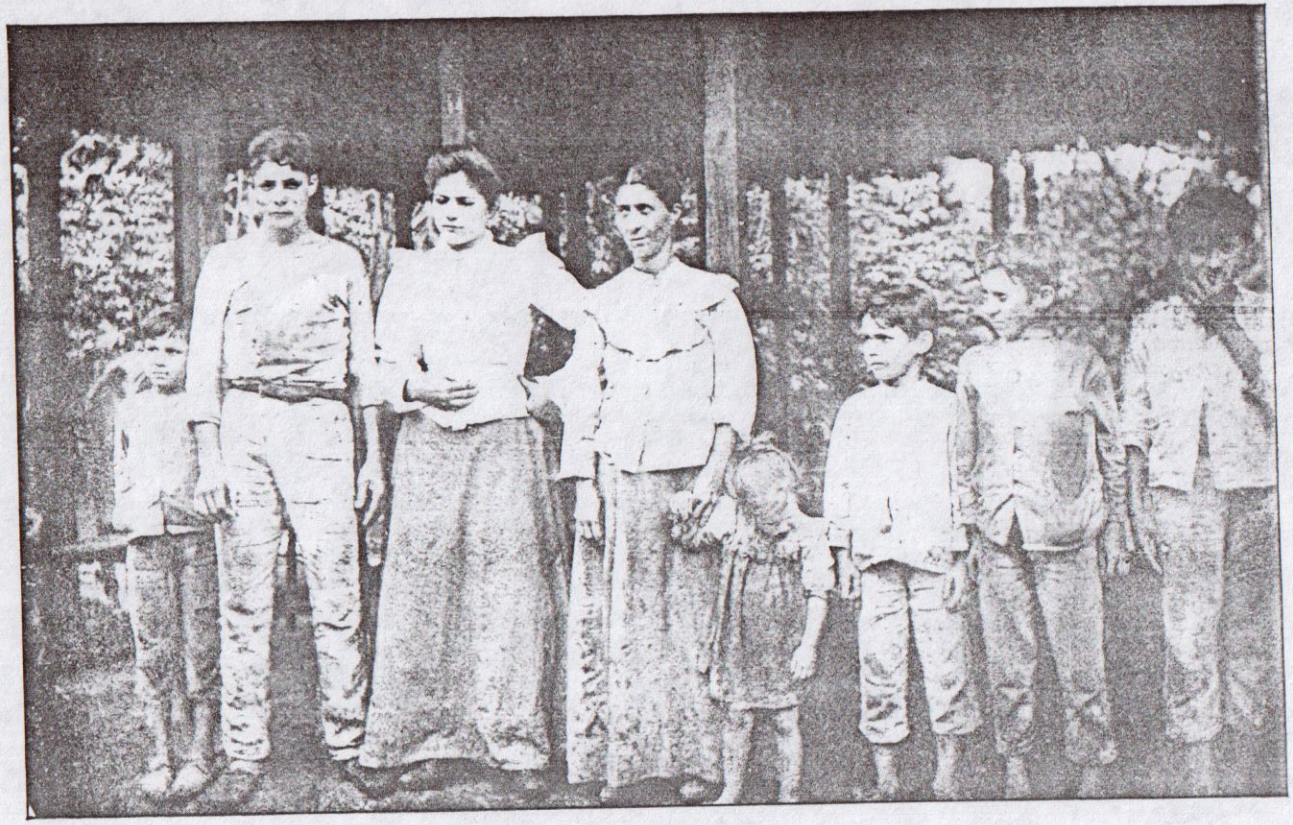

PLATE 59. Indians at Yara. (Large admixture of Spanish blood.)

PLATE 60. Indian Washerwoman at Yara

PLATE 61. Indians at Yara. The Family of Juan Gainsa.

hollowed out by burning and by means of a stone adze, *múcara*.[5] The tips of their arrows were also once made of stone, *vayate*.[6] They made fire by rubbing two sticks, one called *purio*,[7] and the other *majagua*.[8] For lights they had candles of bee's wax, *cera bojia*.[9] Their clothes consisted of dried leaves and feathers. They also made vessels of clay, which they called *buren*.[10] The house, *bojio*,[11] had a roof, *cobija* (Sp.), covered with *guano*.[12] The floor was swept with a broom of palm, *escoba* (Sp.) or *coba*. For fishing they used a line of *majagua*. I subsequently purchased at the canteen a fish-net, *chinchorro* (Sp.), made of twine, *merlin* (Sp.), imported from Havana. Singing birds are confined in cages, *güin*,[13] made of the *Caña Brava*. Baskets, *canasta* (Sp.) are made of *macusei*,[14] and a woven basket is called *java* (Sp.). Among the names of animals, they told me the buzzard was called *aura* (Sp.); the land crab which they eat, *cangrejo* (Sp.), and the snail shells of different bright colors, *babosa* (Sp.). Two mortars are used, both made of *jocuma*[15] wood. One a large mortar, *pilon* (Sp.), which is held with the legs and feet, in which coffee is crushed, and a small mortar, *mortero* (Sp.), used for pounding garlic, etc., in the kitchen. At the third house I visited, where there was a very pretty girl with a light, nearly white, complexion, I purchased a native *tres* (Sp.), with six strings, the body being cut from a single piece of cedar. The guide procured me here another stringed instrument, similar, also with six strings, called *tiples* (Sp.). These instruments are played in connection with two rat-

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[5] *Múcara*, a Spanish maritime word, and also applied to the stones on the surface of a piece of ground which render it valueless. Pichardo.

[6] *Vayate*, an unidentified word, presumably Indian.

[7] *Purio*, a very pretty tree, of which several varieties are mentioned. Pichardo.

[8] *Majagua*, Cuban Indian word, the name of a common tree of many varieties. Pichardo.

[9] *Cera bojia*,—*cera* (Sp.) "wax," and *bojia*.

[10] *Buren*, Cuban Indian word signifying the flat dish made of clay in which was placed another dish containing the food. Pichardo.

[11] *Bojio*, Cuban Indian word signifying any rustic habitation. Pichardo.

[12] *Guano*, Cuban Indian word meaning any kind of palm. Pichardo.

[13] *Güin*, Cuban Indian word signifying the stalks of all the family of canes. Pichardo.

[14] *Macusei*, Cuban Indian word for a kind of aerial root that depends from a species of *arum*. Pichardo.

[15] *Jocuma*, Cuban Indian name of a tree of which there are many kinds. Pichardo.

tles, *maraca*,[16] and the notched gourd, *guayo*.[17] One of the men present declined at first to play on the *tres*, saying there had recently been a death there. When the deceased is over twenty-one years of age they abstain from music for the period of a year.

At the fourth house, the head of the family was Julián Gainsa, and his wife Narcisa Gainsa. The woman, of middle age, had strong fine features, and had put on a respectable black gown. This was the house where the Indians had been instructed to assemble. I made a number of pictures of the group, which comprised some twenty adults, with a number of young children. The latter varied greatly in color from light to medium dark. The guard called my attention to a marked peculiarity in the men, their serrated, pointed teeth. The women and some of the men chewed tobacco. They told me they were some relation to the Gainsa at Guantánamo. Among other things they explained to me that the old name for hammock was *hamaca*.[18] They sleep in hammocks in their houses, in each house there being either one or two. The living house, where they sleep and where the cooking is done, is covered at the sides with palm leaves. In addition to this house, there is usually another, a large open shed, supported on posts, with a four-sided pyramidal roof. We stopped at the canteen on our way home. The guard treated, and the glass of rum passed repeatedly around, and one of the men sang a ballad, to the accompaniment of the *tres*, the *tiples* and the *guayo*, while a boy violently kept time with the rattles. The singer continued without cessation, and the Indians being deeply moved and excited by the music and the liberal potations, it was with difficulty I resumed my journey. When we reached the tidal river it had risen so that we were compelled to swim our horses. As we neared the town, my guide requested me to act as godfather for his child. Upon my accepting, he fixed that very evening

[16] *Maraca—matraca* (Sp.). In Costa Rica, *maltraca*.
[17] *Guayo*, Cuban Indian word, the name of the grater for grating arrowroot. Pichardo.
[18] *Hamaca*, Cuban Indian word. Pichardo.

PLATE 62. Indian Children at Yara.

for the ceremony. He called for me at eight o'clock with a Spanish notary and we went over to the church. I was presented to the priest, an amiable, stout, ruddy-faced man, who wore a black gown over which he put a purple stole for the ceremony. The church was lighted by a single long candle, which the priest, having adjusted his stole, held in his hand to light his book. The babe, a boy of two years, was brought by his mother. After the notary had handed the priest a paper with the child's name, Antonio Gainsa, I was asked to put my hand upon his shoulder. Afterwards I held him over the font, he crying loudly, while the priest poured water over his head with a tin cup. At the close of the ceremony, I paid the fee, the amount requested being $1. The priest then suggested that the father avail himself of the opportunity to legitimatize his child. Feeling that he might be deterred by financial reasons, I suggested that I would defray the expense. My offer, however, was not accepted. Later I made the usual presents of cake and wine.

I accompanied the notary to the "Club Union" where the men of Baracoa assemble every evening for social converse. The president of the club, Señor Caña, told me that at Dos Brazos, between Yateras and Baracoa, some sixty miles from the latter place, there were a hundred families of Indians named Rojas and Ramirez. They were living under a casique named Juan Anguita. He encountered them while crossing the island in the Cuban service during the last war, and the chief gave him a stone axe which the Indians had preserved for many years. This axe he had presented to the museum in Santiago, it being the one which I saw in that collection. He told me these Indians speak old Spanish, but very badly. They resemble the Indians at Yateras, but the latter are more mixed and modified by contact with other people. They do not marry with outsiders. Sr. Caña further told me that at Boma, about three miles east along the coast from Baracoa, there was a cave with Indian remains which could be reached by an hour's sail. In this cave was a kind of altar constructed of stone.

That night I attended a baile at the club. The floor was sanded and the chairs placed about the walls of the principal salon. The music, strange and beautiful to my ears, was furnished by a negro band who played brass instruments, a large drum and the inevitable *guayo*. The dancers moved slowly about, without reversing, and with a peculiar motion of the hips. There is no society to speak of in Baracoa, and no set entertainments except very formal dinners and the bailes.

I was not long in securing a boatman to take me to Boma. He arrived one morning at 4.30 and we started off in the dark in a small sloop, ordinarily used to carry cocoanuts up the coast. As we weighed anchor, the lights on the craft in the harbor dotted the water like stars. Outside there was a faint light in the east, the coast looming up darkly, with clouds resting like soft white sheets upon the hills. The flush in the east turned a lively pink and at last the sun, partly obscured by clouds, rose out of the sea. Then the rain fell in torrents and I covered myself with a sail in the bottom of the boat until we reached Boma. We landed at the customary canteen, near the cocoanut warehouse, and finding a guide who knew the cave, ascended the hill to its entrance, a distance of about a mile. The mouth was located about three or four hundred feet up the cliff, the way lying over rough fragments of coral rock. It was very small and nearly round, and about three feet in diameter at the narrowest part. It opened directly into a spacious limestone chamber, with a roof covered with stalactites and a flat, even floor of red clay. Near the wall on one side of this apartment was a hole in the rock about two feet square, which looked as if it had been partly wrought by human hands. It was quite shallow, and almost filled with earth. Nearby was the fragment of a gourd cup, suggesting that the cavity had been used as a source of water. The chamber itself appeared to have been recently used as a shelter. At the rear, the floor ascended at an angle of about thirty degrees in smooth rounded terraces covered with bat guano for about 100 feet. At this point there was an abrupt descent, with an opening on

one side at the bottom. The walls were full of rounded fissures worn smooth by water, in which the boatman, my guide, and a small boy who accompanied us, looked in vain for human remains by the light of palm-leaf torches. In descending, on the right side just above the entrance chamber, was another basin, a rounded hole in the rock, about thirty inches in largest diameter, containing water. It appeared to me to be entirely natural, but my guide declared it to be the work of the Indians. He said they had penetrated a vast distance into the cave, but had no idea of its depth. Apart from the chamber at its mouth the cave was unsuited for a habitation, nor did the present means of access point to such a use.

We returned to the sloop, and pushing off, resumed our way, to visit another cave of which my boatman had knowledge, at Barigua, some miles down the coast.

Before landing, we passed a coral reef from the edge of which fan-shaped corals, projected above the surface, flapped idly in the water. The latter was wonderfully transparent, and had the same marvellous shades of green I had observed at Nassau.

Again finding a guide, we went back about a quarter of a mile to the face of the cliff, where, at a slight elevation above the cultivated low land, I found a kind of stone bench, partly overhung with rock. Its floor, resembling cave earth, was filled with fragments of human bone, mingled with snail-shells and the claws of land crabs. The place had not been disturbed, except recently by our guide. Using the machete as a trowel I excavated a quantity of bones and shells without reaching the bottom of the deposit or finding any trace of stone or artificial objects. At a short distance beyond there was a continuation of the same rocky bench, but destitute of any earth deposit. It was six o'clock when we returned to the boat and started homeward. There was no wind and we made little progress. The boatman, a tall fine-looking man with reddish-brown skin, told me his name was Artilano Bravo. His mother, Rosalia Bravo, was an Indian of Yara. The other sailor was also of Indian blood, but farther removed. I went

to sleep on a sail spread on the hatch, and was awakened to find the lights of Baracoa before us and the boat careening in a brisk wind. At eleven-thirty I arrived at the Club Union.

The one subject that is perpetually discussed in Cuba is politics. There are two parties in the island: the Nacionalistas, comprising the negroes, who stand for "Cuba Libre," and are bitterly opposed to annexation, and the Union Republicans, comprising the whites, among whom there are a certain number, including all those who own property, who, while not without more or less hostility to Americans, are in favor of annexation. There is no gratitude among any class towards the United States, and no realization of the relative wealth and power of the two countries. As an illustration of popular sentiment at Baracoa, the yacht "May" arrived at the time of the public meeting to protest against the Platt amendment. The three Americans in the town were invited on board for dinner, whereupon the report was quickly circulated that the yacht was an American man-of-war, and that the Americans had taken refuge on board of her to escape the wrath of the indignant people.

The local question uppermost in Cuba is an issue between the blacks and the whites. The Cuban soldiers were chiefly negroes. Now that the war is over, they naturally demand recognition of their services. This the whites are unwilling to grant, and are asserting their superiority and re-erecting fresh barriers between the races wherever it is possible. Owing to intermarriage, many white men have families of children who are considerably off-color. At Baracoa an effort is being made to exclude from the club the families of all members who are not of pure white blood. The club is the fashionable assembly at which the bailes are held. Again in Santiago, the San Carlos Club has just been entirely reorganized, with the avowed object of excluding the negro mistresses of certain of its members. Direct appeals are made to "men of color" to unite and support the Nationalist party in the defence of their rights. I am informed that the race statistics in the census of 1890 are most misleading, many white men with dark

families turning in their children as white. In general the people of all classes are extremely superstitious. In the country, when an adult dies, the house is usually abandoned, and sometimes it is burned. Many superstitious notions exist about the moon. The moon brings on spasms, and umbrellas are carried on moonlight nights, even in the plaza at Santiago, to ward off its evil rays. I prolonged my stay at Baracoa in order to accomplish the chief object of my visit to that port: the trip to Cape Maisi and the Pueblo Viejo, Mr. Charles J. Fry, the representative of the West India Trading Company at Baracoa, having volunteered to accompany me. In the interval I saw much of the life of the city. On the eve of San Juan, the 23d of June, we went as spectators to a baile at the negro club. The dancers in part were masked, and some wore tall peaked hats such as one sees in pictures of the Spanish Court of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Another night we attended a circus, a travelling show that arrived one day by the steamer, and created the same social flutter that the opera might in a larger town. I learned too, more or less about the Indians. One Señor Emilio Roses, whom I met at the post office, informed me that he owned the cave at Cape Maisi. It had been inhabited until recently by a Cuban, but he found it too cold and abandoned it. All the Cuban remains had been removed, and now nothing was to be obtained. About the year 1883, a commission from Havana under Dr. de la Torre had thoroughly explored the caves and taken everything. In Señor Roses' opinion, the skulls found in the caves were those of Cubans, and he was not satisfied that the stone objects were the work of Indians. There were no Indians at Savana.

In spite of delay, the day of the expedition to Maisi arrived at last. We started early, Fry with his Cuban manager, Eugenio, and I with my rural guard, Juan Gainsa, all variously mounted on horses and mules and equipped with provisions for the journey. We pushed on rapidly to Jamal, about six miles from Mata, the station of the company of which Mr. Fry had charge. Jamal was formerly the seat of a fine large church which was destroyed

during the war. Service is now held in a hall constructed of palm leaves, the old bell being hung on posts outside. We arrived at Mata at eleven o'clock. The principal building consists of a long frame structure designed for the storage, preparation and drying of cocoanuts, which are shipped not only entire, but with the hulls removed, the dried flesh, *almendra* (Sp.), being in great demand by soap manufacturers as a source of cocoanut oil. Cocoanuts are classed as firsts and seconds. Nuts of the first quality should be four inches in diameter, but at present, through competition, those half an inch smaller are accepted. All the small and sprouted nuts are broken and made into *almendra*. The nuts are collected by small traders throughout the country and transported in panniers on pack mules to the warehouses. The price for firsts was then $10 per 1,000. The warehouse contains a series of dryers in which the green pulp is placed on wire trays and relieved of its moisture, turning a dark-brown color in the process. Everywhere hereabout, I observed dead cocoanut trees, and was told they were afflicted with a blight which was spreading over this end of the island. It was supposed to be caused by a parasite. The tree would wither at the top and finally die. The blight has already killed many trees and threatens to destroy one of the staples of the province.

The writer has received the following letter in reply to his inquiry addressed to the Hon. Secretary of the Department of Agriculture:

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 28, 1901.

MR. STEWART CULIN,
University of Pennsylvania,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of December 24th to the Hon. Secretary of Agriculture regarding the disease of cocoanut trees in Cuba has been referred to this office. The Department sent an entomologist to Cuba to look into the cause of the disease of palms characterized by the falling out of the terminal bud and the death of the tree as a result. It was supposed at first that this was due to some insect, but after a careful investigation of the trouble it was decided that the disease was not caused by insects, and the material was referred to this office. After examination we decided that the trouble was probably due to the attack of a fungus, and while of course a mere theory, investigation is necessary. We feel reasonably certain that such an examination would confirm our preliminary report. We have recommended the immediate destruction of all diseased trees. This in any case would probably be the only practical remedy inasmuch as spraying would be out of the question.

Respectfully yours,
ALBERT F. WOODS,
Pathologist and Physiologist.

From Mata, we continued on to the Yumuri, where a ferryman swam our horses over, conveying us in boats. The Yumuri is a noble river, flowing into the sea through a deep gorge in the rock, the walls rising precipitously, on one side 300 feet, above the water. It is at this point the Indian girl, whose exclamation *Yo mori* "I die" ("I died"), gave the river its name, threw herself from the rock. Remounting, we started up this ascent, which is reached by a very rough and narrow road in a series of zigzags along the edge of the cliff. The neighborhood is thickly planted with bananas, which were formerly shipped from this point. An iron cable carried the bunches of fruit from far in the interior and then down an inclined plane to lighters, which loaded the ships out in the ocean. This apparatus, which cost a quarter of a million dollars, was burned during the war. With its destruction, the shipment of bananas was rendered very difficult, so that the trade was transferred from Baracoa to Jamaica, and has not returned to Cuba. The prosperity of Baracoa before the war depended on the banana trade. More champagne is said to have been imported there than to Havana, and the fine old residences, like the present custom-house, bear testimony to the former wealth of the city. Notwithstanding that no bananas are exported, the natives still continue to plant them, and we passed numerous patches where the land had been cleared by burning, and the young plants set out, often directly in crevices of the coral rock.

The practically deserted town of Savana Vieja lies on the top of the hill of Yumuri. The miserable houses are roofed with sheet-iron plates, and are dependent entirely upon rain-water, which is collected in large sheet-iron tanks.

22,324. Fragments of human bones, and shells of snails and land crabs, from rock shelter at Barigua.

22,325. Indian skull, from cave near Cape Maisi.

22,326. Indian skull from cave near Cape Maisi.

22,327. Indian skull from cave near Cape Maisi.

22,328. Seven human femurs, and three small bones, from caves near Cape Maisi.

22,329. Fragments of dark red pottery, from the surface of the earthwork at Pueblo Viejo.

22,330. Copper ship-bolt. Length, 13 inches. From the wreck of the Spanish line-of-battle-ship "San Pablo"—at Santiago. She escaped from Trafalgar, and afterwards came to Havana under the name of Soberano. On a return voyage to Spain, she put in at Santiago leaking and never left the port. She was used for a long time as a guard-ship, and finally was abandoned and sunk sometime in the fifties. Afterwards she was set on fire and the upper works burned off. Gift of Mr. Louis Brooks.

22,331. Old English glass bottle for lime juice, from Guantánamo. Gift of Mr. Louis Brooks.

22,332. Mauser cartridges from the hillside at San Francisco, near Yateras.

22,333. Cartridge from old church at El Cobre.

22,334. Sapling, with Mauser bullet, cut at El Caney. Gift of Mr. Louis Brooks, Jr.

22,335. *Farol de Alarma.*—Pike and lantern, carried by the old city watch, *serenos*, in Santiago. Gift of the Museum of Santiago.