

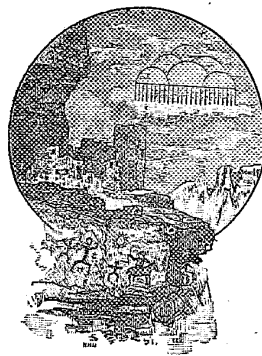
EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY

TO THE
SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

1896-97

BY
J. W. POWELL
DIRECTOR

IN TWO PARTS—PART 1



WASHINGTON
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
1899

takes the form of a large jelly fish, and although I go hunting it is this being that secures my game for me. I became accustomed to the darkness after a time, but the exposure to the continual blackness has made my face and hands as you see, and that is the reason why I told you not to go outside."

Her husband then told her to follow him, and he led her into the entrance way of the storeroom, which was full of furs, and then he opened a door into another room full of fine furs of the rarest kinds. He then told her to take the ear tips from these skins and put them into her dish with the beads she had found on the shore, and she did so. Then the man said, "You wish to see your old home and I also wish to see my friends, and we will part. Take your boy upon your back, shut your eyes, and take four steps." She did as he told her, and so soon as she had opened her eyes she was obliged to close them, for they were dazzled by the bright sunshine about her. When her eyes became used to the light, she looked about and was greatly surprised to see her old home close by. She went at once to her mother's storehouse and placed in it her wooden dish containing the beads and ear tips she had brought with her. Then she entered the house and was received with great joy, and the news of her return quickly spread through the village. Very soon her former husband came in and she saw with pity that his eyes were red and inflamed from constant weeping for her. He asked her to forgive him for being so harsh, and promised if she would return to him as his wife that he would always treat her kindly. When she had considered this for a long time she finally consented, and for a time she lived happily with him. At length, however, his old habits returned and his wife became unhappy.

Her son became a young man and his mother showed him the beads she had brought from the land of darkness, and also a great pile of rich furs, for every ear tip she had brought back with her had now become a full-size skin. These she gave to her son and then went away and was never seen again by her people. Her son afterward became a headman of the village from his success as a hunter and the wealth of furs and beads given him by his mother.

THE RAVEN AND THE MARMOT

(A woman's tale, from Norton bay)

Once a Raven was flying over a reef near the seashore, when he was seen by some Sea-birds that were perched on the rocks, and they began to revile him, crying, "Oh, you offal eater! Oh, you carrion eater! Oh, you black one!" until the Raven turned and flew away, crying, "*Gnäk, gnäk, gnäk!* why do they revile me?" And he flew far away across the great water until he came to a mountain on the other side, where he stopped.

Looking about he saw just in front of him a marmot hole. The Raven stood by the hole watching, and very soon the Marmot came back

bringing home some food. When the Marmot saw the Raven in front of his door he asked him to stand aside, but the Raven refused, saying, "They called me carrion eater, and I will show that I am not, for I will eat you." To this the Marmot answered, "All right; but I have heard that you are a very fine dancer; now, if you will dance, I will sing, and then you can eat me; but I wish to see you dance before I die." This pleased the Raven so much that he agreed to dance, so the Marmot sang, "Oh, Raven, Raven, Raven, how well you dance! Oh, Raven, Raven, Raven, how well you dance!" Then they stopped to rest, and the Marmot said, "I am very much pleased with your dancing, and now I will sing once more, so shut your eyes and dance your best." The Raven closed his eyes and hopped clumsily about while the Marmot sang, "Oh, Raven, Raven, Raven, what a graceful dancer! Oh, Raven, Raven, Raven, what a fool you are!" Then the Marmot, with a quick run, darted between the Raven's legs and was safe in his hole. As soon as the Marmot was safe he put out the tip of his nose and laughed mockingly, saying, "*Chī-kīk-kīk, chī-kīk-kīk, chī-kīk-kīk!* You are the greatest fool I ever saw; what a comical figure you made while dancing; I could hardly keep from laughing; and just look at me; see how fat I am. Don't you wish you could eat me?" And he tormented the Raven until the latter flew far away in a rage.

THE SHAMAN IN THE MOON

(From Kotzebue sound)

A Malemut shaman from Kotzebue sound near Selawik lake told me that a great chief lives in the moon who is visited now and then by shamans, who always go to him two at a time, as one man is ashamed to go alone. In the moon live all kinds of animals that are on the earth, and when any animal becomes scarce here the shamans go up to the chief in the moon and, if he is pleased with the offerings that have been made to him, he gives them one of the animals that they wish for, and they bring it down to the earth and turn it loose, after which its kind becomes numerous again.

The shaman who told me the foregoing said he had never been to the moon himself, but he knew a shaman who had been there. He had been up only as high as the sky, and went up that high by flying like a bird and found that the sky was a land like the earth, only that the grass grew hanging downward and was filled with snow. When the wind blows up there it rustles the grass stems, loosening particles of snow which fall down to the earth as a snowstorm.

When he was up near the sky he saw a great many small, round lakes in the grass, and these shine at night to make the stars. The Malemut of Kotzebue sound also say that the north wind is the breath of a giant, and when the snow falls it is because he is building himself a snow house and the particles are flying from his snow shovel. The south wind is the breath of a woman living in the warm southland.