

American Museum of Natural History.

PUBLICATIONS IN ANTHROPOLOGY.

In 1906 the present series of Anthropological Papers was authorized by the Trustees of the Museum to record the results of research conducted by the Department of Anthropology. The series comprises octavo volumes of about 350 pages each, issued in parts at irregular intervals. Previous to 1906 articles devoted to anthropological subjects appeared as occasional papers in the Bulletin and also in the Memoir series of the Museum. A complete list of these publications with prices will be furnished when requested. All communications should be addressed to the Librarian of the Museum.

The recent issues are as follows: —

Volume XII.

- I. String-figures from the Patomana Indians of British Guiana. By Frank E. Lutz. Pp. 1-14, and 12 text figures. 1912. Price \$25.
- II. Prehistoric Bronze in South America. By Charles W. Mead. Pp. 15-52, and 4 text figures. 1915. Price, \$25.
- III. Peruvian Textiles. By M. D. C. Crawford. Pp. 52-104, and 23 text figures. 1915. Price, \$50.
- IV. Peruvian Fabrics. By M. D. C. Crawford. Pp. 105-191, and 40 text figures. 1916. Price, \$1.00.
- V. Conventionalized Figures in Ancient Peruvian Art. By Charles W. Mead. Pp. 193-217, Plates I-VIII. 1916. Price, \$25.
- VI. (In preparation.)

Volume XIII.

- I. Social Life and Ceremonial Bundles of the Menomini Indians. By Alanson Skinner. Pp. 1-165, and 30 text figures. 1913. Price, \$1.50.
- II. Associations and Ceremonies of the Menomini Indians. By Alanson Skinner. Pp. 167-215, and 2 text figures. 1915. Price, \$40.
- III. Folklore of the Menomini Indians. By Alanson Skinner and John V. Satterlee. Pp. 217-546. 1915. Price, \$1.60.

Volume XIV.

- I. The Stefánsson-Anderson Arctic Expedition of the American Museum: Preliminary Ethnological Report. By Vilhjálmur Stefánsson. Pp. 1-395, 94 text figures, and 2 maps. 1914. Price, \$3.50.
- II. Harpoons and Darts in the Stefánsson Collection. By Clark Wissler. Pp. 397-443, and 44 text figures. 1916. Price, \$50.
- III. (In preparation.)

Volume XV.

- I. Pueblo Ruins of the Galisteo Basin, New Mexico. By N. C. Nelson. Pp. 1-124, Plates 1-4, 13 text figures, 1 map, and 7 plans. 1914. Price, \$75.
- II. (In preparation.)

Volume XVI.

- I. The Sun Dance of the Crow Indians. By Robert H. Lowie. Pp. 1-50, and 11 text figures. 1915. Price, \$50.
- II. The Sun Dance and Other Ceremonies of the Oglala Division of the Teton-Dakota. By J. R. Walker. Pp. 51-221. 1917. Price, \$1.50.
- III. (In preparation.)

(Continued on 3d p. of cover.)

ANTHROPOLOGICAL PAPERS OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

VOL. XX, PART I

TALES OF YUKAGHIR, LAMUT, AND RUSSIANIZED NATIVES
OF EASTERN SIBERIA

BY

WALDEMAR BOGORAS



NEW YORK
PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE TRUSTEES

1918

700 HBB. N 15491.

INTRODUCTION.

The following tales were collected among Russianized natives of the Kolyma and the Anadyr country, and also among Russian creoles, who, indeed, lead the same kind of life as the Russianized natives. I have excluded a large number of those tales which treat of kings, young heroes on horseback, etc., and which, on the whole, clearly show their Russian or Turko-Mongol provenience, and have given only those that represent elements of native life. The narrators ascribe quite a number of the tales given here to the Lamut, Yukaghir, or Chuvantzi; but, so far as I am able to judge, most of those coming from the Kolyma indicate a Yukaghir provenience, and those from the Anadyr would seem to be of Chuvantzi origin. Nothing more definite than this is known. Most of the tales were taken down by myself, a large part by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras, and a few by a couple of Russian creoles who could read and write after a fashion.

The majority have titles corresponding to their context, which must be due to Russian influence, as the same stories in native languages rarely have titles.

As to the transcription of proper names and such words as are said to belong to native languages, I have used, for the more or less Russianized words, the usual English alphabet; and for native words not Russianized, the special alphabet which I have used in the Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition, vol. 7.¹

Some of the tales are composed in part of rhymed prose. Some of these prose rhymes, though quite local and native as to contents, are arranged in the form of the ancient Russian lays. For most of these I give the Russian text with English translation. Notes signed W. B. are by the author. A few comparative notes have been added by Franz Boas and signed with his initials.

WALDEMAR BOGORAS.

¹ Bogoras, "The Chukchee," 10.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION	3
I. TALES OF THE TUNDRA YUKAGHIR	9
1. (THE GIRL AND THE EVIL SPIRIT)	9
2. (A TALE ABOUT THE WOOD-MASTER)	10
3. (TALE ABOUT THE SEA-SPIRIT)	12
4. (THE SLY YOUNG MAN)	14
5. (CREATION STORY)	14
6. (THE SHAMAN WHO TURNED INTO A FOX)	14
7. (TALE ABOUT THREE STORKS)	14
8. (REINDEER-BORN)	24
II. TALES OF THE LAMUT	26
1. CHAUN STORY	26
2. A TALE OF THE CHUKCHEE INVASION	28
3. (STORY ABOUT CANNIBALS)	29
4. (A TALE ABOUT STINGY REINDEER-OWNERS)	30
5. STORY OF AN ARCTIC FOX	32
6. (WOLVES AND MEN)	33
7. BEAR, WOLVERENE, AND WOLF STORY	34
8. (A LAMUT MAN TURNED INTO STONE)	34
9. (A SHAMAN AND A BOY)	35
10. (THE LAMUT AND THE RUSSIAN)	36
III. KOLYMA TALES	38
1. ONE-SIDE	38
2. A YUKAGHIR TALE	41
3. RAVEN TALE	44
4. YUKAGHIR TALE	48
5. A BEAR TALE	50
6. GRASS-BLADE GIRL	52
7. THE ALDER-BLOCK	55
8. YUKAGHIR TALE	58
9. TALE ABOUT ČU'MO	61
10. YUKAGHIR TALE	65
11. THE SHE-MONSTER	67
12. THE MONSTER WITH IRON TEETH	69
13. THE GIRL FROM THE GRAVE-BOX	72
14. SMALL-POX, A YUKAGHIR TALE	73
15. TALE OF A SHAMAN	75
16. TALE OF A SHAMAN	76
17. A HUNTING TALE	78
18. STORY ABOUT THE BAD MERCHANT	81
19. STEPMOTHER AND STEPDAUGHTER	83
21. SEA-WANDERERS	86

	PAGE.
22. THE TALE OF LA'LA (KOLYMA VERSION)	90
23. THE TALE OF LA'LA (ANADYR VERSION)	95
24. THE WOMAN'S HEAD	97
25. THE BIG PIKE	100
26. STORY OF THE FISH-WOMAN	101
27. YUKAGHIR MANNERS	102
28. A STORY OF MACHEKUR	103
29. THE MOUSE AND THE SNOW-BUNTING	104
30. A CHRISTMAS STORY	105
31. STORY OF A FOOLISH WOMAN	106
32. STORY OF THE FOREST DEMON	108
33. STORY OF TRANSFORMED BEARS	109
IV. CHILDREN'S STORIES	111
1. STORY OF AN OLD WOMAN AND HER THREE DAUGHTERS	111
2. STORY OF KUNDARIK	112
3. STORY ABOUT YAGHISHNA	112
4. STORY OF HUNGRY CHILDREN	114
5. STORY OF FIVE BROTHERS	115
6. STORY ABOUT A CRAZY OLD MAN	116
7. STORY ABOUT TWO GIRLS	117
8. STORY OF THE TOM-CAT AND THE COOK	118
9. STORY OF ELK'S HEAD	121
10. STORY OF A SMALL GIRL	121
11. STORY ABOUT YAGHISHNA	122
V. MARKOVA TALES	124
1. LAMUT TALE	124
2. A LAMUT TALE	126
3. YUKAGHIR TALE	127
4. A MARKOVA TALE	128
5. A MARKOVA TALE	130
6. A MARKOVA TALE	131
7. SISTER AND BROTHER MARRIED	131
8. A LAMUT TALE	132
9. A YUKAGHIR TALE	133
VI. ANADYR TALES	136
10. A CHUVANTZI TALE (ANADYR VERSION)	136
11. LAY OF BÓNDANDI (KOLYMA VERSION)	138
12. STORY ABOUT KUNDIRIK	139
13. A MARKOVA TALE	141
14. STORY OF A STEPMOTHER AND HER STEPDAUGHTERS	142
15. STORY OF MAGUS	144
16. STORY OF GEGE-WOMAN	145
17. STORY OF HERETICS WITH IRON TEETH	146
18. STORY OF THE FOX AND THE WOLF	148

The following alphabet is used in transcribing native words: —

a, e, i, u	have their continental sounds (in Chukchee and Koryak always long).
o	like <i>o</i> in <i>nor</i> .
ä	obscure vowel (long).
ë	like <i>a</i> in <i>make</i> .
A, E, I	obscure vowels (short).
ê	like <i>e</i> in <i>bell</i> , but prolonged.
°i	a diphthong with an accent on <i>i</i> . It always has a laryngeal intonation, i ^h .
θ	between <i>o</i> and <i>u</i> long.
ũ	mouth in <i>i</i> position, lips in <i>u</i> position (short).
w, y	as in English.
	Very long and very short vowels are indicated by the macron and breve respectively.
	The diphthongs are formed by combining any of the vowels with <i>i</i> and <i>u</i> . Thus: —
ai	like <i>i</i> in <i>hide</i> .
ei	like <i>ei</i> in <i>rein</i> .
oi	like <i>oi</i> in <i>choice</i> .
au	like <i>ow</i> in <i>how</i> .
l	as in German.
!	pronounced with the tip of the tongue touching the palate a little above the alveoli of the upper jaw, the back of the tongue free.
L	posterior palatal <i>l</i> , surd and exploded (affricative), the tip of the tongue pressed against the hard palate.
l	posterior palatal <i>l</i> , sonant.
r	as in French.
ř	dental with slight trill.
ř	velar.
m	as in English.
n	as in English
ñ	nasal <i>n</i> sound.
n'	palatized <i>n</i> (similar to <i>ny</i>).
b, p	as in English.
b', p', d', t', g', k'	have a spirant added (<i>gehauchter Absatz</i> of Sievers).
v	bilabial.
g	like <i>g</i> in <i>good</i> .
h	as in English.
x	like <i>ch</i> in German <i>Bach</i> .
x'	like <i>ch</i> in German <i>ich</i> .

q	velar k.
k	as in English.
g	velar g.
d, t	as in English.
d', t'	palatized (similar to <i>dy</i> and <i>ty</i>).
s	as in English.
s'	palatized (similar to <i>sy</i>).
š	palatized German z.
c	like English <i>sh</i> .
č	like English <i>ch</i> .
j	like <i>j</i> in French <i>jour</i> .
j̣	like <i>j</i> in <i>joy</i> .
c'	strongly palatized č.
j'	strongly palatized j.
!	designates increased stress of articulation.
°	a very deep laryngeal intonation.
'	a full pause between two vowels: <i>yīne' a</i> .

Менюда (г. гыка) eria.
 ua gelyuke - uamauk

I. TALES OF THE TUNDRA YUKAGHIR.¹

1. (THE GIRL AND THE EVIL SPIRIT.)

There lived a girl who knew no man. Nor could she tell who were her parents. She was rich in reindeer and other property. So she walked about, singing lustily. She never went to watch over her reindeer. When the reindeer strayed away too far, she would merely sing one of her songs, and they would come back of their own will. She sang and sang; and when she came back to her home, she would find the fire burning, the food cooked, and everything ready. Thus she lived on without work, care, or trouble.

One day she saw that half the sky was darkened. This darkness approached nearer and nearer. It was the evil spirit. One of his lips touched the sky, the other dragged along the ground.² Between was an open mouth, ready to swallow up whatever came in its way. "Ah!" said the girl, "my death is coming. What shall I do?" She took her iron-tipped staff and fled.

The evil spirit gave chase, and was gaining on her. She drew from her pocket a small comb of ivory and threw it back over her shoulder.³ The comb turned into a dense forest. The girl ran onward. When the evil spirit reached the forest he swallowed it, chewed it, and gulped it down. He digested it and then defecated. The dense forest turned again into a small ivory comb. After that he continued his pursuit and was gaining on her, as before. She loosened from her waist a red handkerchief, which became a fire extending from heaven to earth. The evil spirit reached the fire. He went to a river and drank it completely dry. Then he came back to the fire, and poured the water upon it. The fire was extinguished. Only a red handkerchief lay on the ground, quite small, and dripping wet.

¹ These tales were collected among the Tundra Yukaghir on the western tundra of the Kolyma country. The Tundra Yukaghir have a mixture of Tungus blood, and call themselves "Tungus" in the Russian and in the Yakut languages. Though the language of the tales is Yukaghir they were written down mostly without the original text. Conversation with the narrators was carried on in the Chukchee language and partly also in Russian. The tales often include well-known episodes of Old World folklore, borrowed from the Yakut or from Russian neighbors. Most of them had no titles. The titles have been introduced by me according to the contents of the tales.

² Altai-Katunja (W. Radloff, *Proben der Volksliteratur der Türkischen Stämme Süd-Sibiriens*, vol. 1, 39, 73); Ainu (B. Pilsudski, *Materials for the Study of the Ainu Language and Folklore* [Cracow, 1912], 205, 240).— F. B.

³ Bolte und Polivka, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder-u. Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm*, vol. 2, 140.— F. B.

After that he gave chase again, and gained steadily on the girl. She struck the ground with her iron-tipped staff, and all at once she turned into an arctic fox. In this form she sped on, swifter than ever. The big mouth, however, followed after, wide open, and ready to swallow her. She struck the ground with her iron-tipped staff, turned into a wolverene and fled swifter than ever, but the evil mouth followed after. She struck the ground with her iron-tipped staff and turned into a wolf and sped away swifter than ever. She struck the ground with her iron-pointed staff and turned into a bear, with a copper bell in each ear. She ran off swifter than ever, but the big mouth followed and gained on her steadily. Finally, it came very near, and was going to swallow her.

Then she saw a Lamut tent covered with white skins. She summoned all her strength, and rushed on toward that tent. She stumbled at the entrance and fell down, exhausted and senseless. After a while, she came to herself and looked about. On each side of her stood a young man, their caps adorned with large silver plates. She looked backward, and saw the evil spirit who had turned into a handsome youth, fairer than the sun. He was combing and parting his hair, making it smooth and fine. The girl rose to her feet.

The three young men came to her and asked her to enter the tent. The one who had appeared in the form of the evil spirit said, "We are three brothers, and I am the eldest one. I wanted to bring you to my tent. Now you must tell us which of us you will choose for your husband." She chose the eldest, and married him, and they lived together. The end.

Told by John Korkin, a Tundra Yukaghir man, on the western tundra of the Kolyma, spring of 1895.

2. (A TALE ABOUT THE WOOD-MASTER.)¹

There lived a man who was very poor. He used to walk along a small river near his house, constructing deadfalls for hares. Sometimes he would catch one hare, another time he would catch two. With these he fed his family. One time he said to himself, "What does the Wood-Master look like? I should like to see him." The whole day long he walked about, and thought of the Wood-Master. The next morning he set off to examine his deadfalls and all at once there came a heavy snowstorm. He lost his way and struggled on not knowing where he went.

¹ This tale is Tundra Yukaghir, though the hero is called a Lamut. For Masters and Owners, cf. Bogoras, "The Chukchee" (*Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. 7), 285.

At last he felt very tired, so he found a cavity under a steep bank of the river. Then he made a fire and crouched before it, waiting for better weather. All at once, not far off, he saw a huge iron sledge. An iron reindeer-buck just as big was attached to the sledge, and a black-faced man as tall as a larch tree was walking along with enormous strides. He asked himself, "What are these? I wanted to see the Wood-Master. Goodness! Is this not the Wood-Master himself, with his appurtenances?" He was so frightened that he cried aloud, "God help me!" In a moment the iron sledge broke into a number of small pieces, and the iron buck was scattered to ashes. The tall man, however, did not fall at all. He looked at the man, and called angrily, "You, man! come here!" So the man went to the Wood-Master and awaited his words. "What have you done to my property?" cried the Wood-Master. "You have broken my sledge, you have destroyed my driving-reindeer, and you have even frightened me. I was frightened no less than you. And now you want me to walk on foot! I will not. You must repair my sledge, and restore to life my driving reindeer-buck. This is the task that you must perform." — "How can I perform a task like that?" said the man. "Ah!" said the Wood-Master, "why have you been thinking about me so steadily? You were calling me in your mind, so I came. Now you must make good your evil action." — "Ah, sorrows!" said the Lamut, "I will try my best, but then you must let me walk alone. I cannot achieve anything in the presence of another being, be it man, forest-owner, or evil spirit" — "All right," said the Wood-Master, "you may walk alone."

Then the black giant set off. The Lamut walked around some small bushes, saying "Sledge, O sledge! be whole again! Buck, O buck! be whole again!" And, indeed, the sledge and the buck were whole, as before. Then he touched the reindeer-buck with his right hand. "Buck, O buck! come to life!" But the buck remained without life and motion. He touched the buck with his left hand, and said likewise, "Buck, O buck, come to life again!" And, indeed, the reindeer-buck, gave a start, and came to life. "Ah, ah!" said the Lamut, "where are you, black giant, Forest-Owner?" At once the black giant appeared. "Oh, it is all right! What do you want me to pay you for this? I can give you immense wealth." — "I do not wish any wealth at all. I want plenty of food for all of my life." — "All right, go home! You shall have as much food as you want. Have no care. Go home and sleep! Tomorrow morning go into the forest, and set there five large self-acting bows. They shall give you ample food."

The Lamut went home. His wife said to him, "O husband! I thought you would never come. It is several days since I saw you last." — "I was caught in a heavy snowstorm, so I sat crouching under the steep bank,

before a small fire." — "What snowstorm?" asked the old woman in great wonder. "We have not had the slightest trace of any storm."

The next morning the Lamut went into the woods and set five self-acting bows; and that very night five big elks were killed. He took them home. After that, he would catch five elks every time. He collected a great mass of meat and a number of skins, and so became very rich. He lived in plenty until his death.

Told by John Korkin, a Tundra Yukaghir, on the western tundra of the Kolyma country, spring of 1895.

3. (TALE ABOUT THE SEA-SPRIT.)¹

There was a small river that flowed into the sea. Some Tungus lived at the mouth of the river, and caught fish. One time they came to the sea and saw a sea-spirit as big as a whale coming up from under the water. The sea-spirit said, "O people! you are here. I want to devour you." They prayed to him to let them live. "All right," said the spirit, "I will devour only one man now, and the others may go home, but every day you must give me one man. You must bring him to the sea, and leave him near the water. He shall be food for me. Otherwise, if you do not do as I bid, I shall carry off your nets and drive away all the fish. I shall turn over your canoes, and so I shall surely devour you, nevertheless.

The Tungus went home, leaving one of their number behind. They went to their chief, and said to him, "What is to be done? We have to give away one man after another. We cannot live without the sea." So they gave to the spirit one victim after another. At last came the turn of the only daughter of the chief. They took her to the sea and put her down on the sand. Then they went back. The young girl sat there awaiting her death. Then she saw a young man coming. He was a wanderer, who knew neither father nor mother, and was walking around aimlessly. "What are you doing here?" said the young man — "I am awaiting my death. The sea-spirit is coming to devour me." — "The sea-spirit! What is he like? I want to stay here and see him." — "Young man," said the chief's daughter, "go home. What need of two human lives being destroyed?" — "I have no fear," said the young man. "I have neither father nor mother. There is not a single soul in the world that would lament my death. I shall sit here and wait for the sea-spirit." He took

¹ This story represents a Tundra Yukaghir version of the well-known tale of the dragon and the young princess.— W. B.— Bolte und Polivka, *l. c.*, vol. 1, 547; E. Cosquin, *Contes populaires de Lorraine*, vol. 1, 66, and vol. 2, 260.— F. B.

his place close to the chief's daughter, and said to her, "Louse me a little, and make me sleep! But if anybody comes, make me get up!"

So he slept, and did not wake until the flood tide set in, and with the flood came the sea-spirit. He saw the young man, and said with joy, "Ah, good people! this time they brought two people instead of one." The chief's daughter wanted to rouse the young man; but he slept on, and took no heed of all her nudging and shaking. So she cried over him and a hot tear trickled down and fell upon his face." The young man awoke instantly and sprang up. "Ah, ah," said he, "you are already here!" He attacked the sea-monster, and they fought until late in the evening. At last the young man grasped the upper jaw of the monster, and tore it off along with the skull. "Oh, I am tired!" said the young man. He sat down again and put his head upon the girl's lap. "Louse me again," said he, and she did so. He went to sleep as before. One of the herdsmen of the chief came to the shore. He said to the girl, "Why, you are still alive?" — "I am," said the girl. "And how is it with the sea-spirit?" — "This man has killed him." — "You lie!" said the herdsman. "Who will believe that a loitering fellow like this man with no kith or kin, could kill the monster? It is I who killed the monster."

He drew a knife and stabbed the man. He threw his body into the sea, and said to the girl, "Thus have I done; and if you contradict me with as much as a word, I shall do the same to you." She was frightened, and promised to obey him and to say that he had killed the monster. So he took her by the hand and led her back to her father. "Here," said he, "I have killed the sea-monster, and saved your only daughter from death. Your daughter is mine at present." The father was full of joy. "All right," said he, "take her and marry her." They arranged a great bridal feast for the next morning.

In the meantime, the chief's daughter called together all the girls of the village, and they prepared a large drag-net, as large as the sea itself. They cast it into the sea and dragged it along the shore, and then right across the sea. They toiled and toiled the whole night long, and in the morning at dawn they caught the body of her rescuer. "Here it is," said the chief's daughter. "This man saved me from the monster, and the herdsman stabbed him in his sleep. Now I shall stab myself, so that both of us may have one common funeral." — "Do not do so," said one of her companions. "I know a rock not far from here. From under that rock comes a stream of water, scalding hot, but good for healing all kinds of wounds." She went to the rock with a stone bottle and fetched some of the water. They washed the wound with it, and, lo! the youth came to life again. The girl took him by the hand and led him to her father. "This is the man who saved me.

The other one is a traitor and an impostor." So they killed the herdsman, the young man married the girl, and they lived there. The end.

Told by Innocent Karyakin, a Tundra Yukaghir on the western tundra of the Kolyma country, winter of 1895.

4. (THE SLY YOUNG MAN.)¹

There were two brothers, one married, the other unmarried. The married one lived in one place; the unmarried one, in another. They did not want to live together. One time the unmarried brother wanted to visit the married one. When he approached his house, he listened, and thought, "Why, my brother and his wife are talking and laughing quite merrily." When he came nearer, however, he noticed that the man's voice was not that of his brother. So he crept along the wall very cautiously, and then looked through a rent in the skin covering. A strange man was having quite a merry time with his sister-in-law. They were hugging and kissing, and talking and playing with each other. He thought, "My brother is not here. Probably he is off hunting wild reindeer." The others meanwhile took off their breeches² and made love right before him, though unaware of his presence. At the most critical moment the young man entered the house. The woman, however, shook herself free, swifter than a she-ermine, and in a moment the man too was hidden beneath the blanket. The young man said nothing. He simply sat down and waited for the evening. The other man, the one hidden under the blanket, having nothing else to do, also waited. Late in the evening, the married brother came home.

The unmarried brother said nothing to him about the strange man hidden in the house, the woman also said nothing; but both were silent and very anxious. The married brother said, "Listen, wife! Our brother has come to visit us. Cook plenty of the best meat and reindeer-fat, and we will have a hearty meal." The visiting brother said nothing, and waited, as before. The woman cooked some meat, and taking it out of the kettle, carved it with great care and spread the meal. The married brother said, "Come on! Let us eat!" The other answered, "How can we eat, since a strange man is hidden in our house?" The married brother said, "Then I shall look for him in every corner, and certainly I shall find him." He did

¹ This tale represents a mixture of some Russian and Yakut episodes adapted to the ideas and customs of the tundra inhabitants. Some details are curious enough; such, for instance, as nails driven into the flesh of the heel, which undoubtedly represent spurs, etc.

² Women also wear breeches among the Chukchee, the Lamut, the Yukaghir, etc.

so, searching all through the house, but found nothing. Then he said again, "So it was a joke of yours. Come on! Let us have a meal!" The unmarried brother said, as before, "How can we have a meal? A strange man is hidden in the house." The same happened three successive times. At last the unmarried brother said, "Leave me alone! How can we have a meal? A strange man is hidden in your bed, and covered with your own blankets." The married brother pulled off the blanket. The strange man was lying there, face downward. His head was under the pillow. The married brother felt very angry. He drew his knife and with a single blow, cut off the head of the adulterer. Then he came to himself and said with great sorrow, "Oh, brother!—and you, woman! You ought to have warned me in time. Now, what is to be done? I have killed a man. What will happen to us?" He sat down and cried most wretchedly. The other brother said, "What of it? There is no need of crying. He has been killed, and we cannot change it. It is better that I carry off the body and dispose of it."

He took the body and carried it off. After some time he found the tracks of the killed man and followed them up. He came to a beaten road, and then to a large village. It had numerous houses, some of them Tungus, and some Yakut. They had herds of reindeer and also of horses. In the middle of the village stood a large house just like a hill. It was the house of the chief of the village. The unmarried brother arrived there in the night time and soon found the house of the killed man. He entered at once, carrying the corpse on his back. The parents of the killed one, an old man and an old woman, were sleeping on the right hand side of the house. The bed of their son was on the left hand side. He went to the bed, put down the body, and covered it with a skin blanket. He tucked in the folds with great care, and then placed the head in its proper place, so that he looked just like a man sleeping. The old man, and the old woman heard a rustling sound and thought, "Ah, it is our son! He has come home." Then the father said, "Ah, it is you! Why are you so late?"

In another corner slept the elder brother of the killed man and his wife. He also said, "Why are you so late? You ought to be asleep long ago." The man who had carried in the corpse crept softly out of the house and went home. He came to his married brother, who said, "Ah, it is you! You are alive. And what have you done with the body?"—"I carried it to the house of his parents and put it down on his own bed. He ought to have slept on it long ago."

After that they had a meal. Then the unmarried brother said again, "I will go back and see what happened to the dead body."—"Do not go! This time they will surely kill you."—"They will not kill me. I shall go

and see." He would not listen to his married brother, and went back to the house of the dead man. He approached, and heard loud wailing. The relatives of the killed man were lamenting over the body. He entered and saluted the old man. Then modestly he sat down at the women's place. The old man said, "I never saw such a face in our village. Certainly, you are a stranger, a visitor to our country." — "I am," said the young man. "And why are you lamenting in this wise?" — "We have good reason for it," said the old man. "Two sons we had, and now we have lost one of them. He used to walk in the night time, heaven knows where. Then he grew angry with us and in that angry mood he cut off his own head. After that he lay down, covered himself with a blanket, and then he died. So you see we have good reasons for lamenting."

They had a meal and then some tea. After that the old man said, "We have no shamans in our village, although it is large. Perhaps you know of some shaman in your own country?" — "Yes," said the young man, "I know of one." He lied once more. He did not know of any shaman. "Ah!" said the old man, brightening up, "if that is so, go and bring him here." He asked them for two horses, — one for himself, and another for the shaman whom he was to bring. "I will ride one horse, and the other I will lead behind with a halter for the shaman." He rode off without aim and purpose, for he knew of no shaman. After a long while he came to a lonesome log cabin. Some wolfings were playing before the entrance. He entered. An old wolf-woman was sitting on a bench. Her hair was long, it hung down and spread over the floor. A young girl was sitting at a table. She was quite fair, fairer than the sun. This was the Wolf-girl. The wolfings outside were her brothers. The old woman looked up and said, "I never saw such a face in our own place. No human beings ever came here. Who are you, — a human creature, or something else?" — "I am human." — "And what are you looking for, roaming about?" — "I am in great need. I am looking for a shaman, having been sent by a suffering person." She repeated her question, and he answered the same as before. The old woman held her breath for some time. Then she said, "I am too old now. I do not know whether I still possess any power, but in former times I used to help people." He took hold of her, put her upon his horse, and rode back to the old man's home.

He took her into the house, and said, "This is the shaman I have brought for you." They treated her to the best dainties, and all the while she was drying over the fire her small, strange shaman's drum. After that she started her shamanistic performance. According to custom, she made the man who had taken her there hold the long tassel fastened to the back of her garments. "Take care!" said the old woman, "do not let go of this

tassel!" He grasped the tassel, and the old woman wound herself around like a piece of birchbark over the fire. The house was full of people, house-mates, guests, onlookers. After a while the young man said, "I feel very hot. Let somebody hold this tassel for a little while, and I will go out and cool myself."

He went out of the house. The moon was shining brightly. A number of horses were digging the snow for some tussock-grass. He caught them all. Then he cut down some young willow and prepared a number of willow brooms — one for each of the horses. He tied the brooms to the tails of the horses. Then he set them afire, and set the horses free. Seeing the glare and scenting the smell of fire, they ran away in every direction. He went back and took hold of the tassel again, as though nothing had happened. Then some other person went out, and hurried back, shouting, "O men! the country all around is aflame!" And, indeed, the horses were galloping about, waving high their tails of fire. "Who lighted this fire?" said the people. "Perhaps the spirits." Everyone left the house. They stood outside, staring upon that living fire fleeting by. "Ah, ah!" said some of them. "It is our end. This fire will burn us down." Not one of them thought any more of the old woman. The young man, however, quietly slipped back into the house.

The old woman was drumming more violently than ever. She was so full of inspiration, that she had noticed nothing at all. He looked about. No one was there. The old woman drummed on. Then he lifted from the ground a big kettle full to the brim of ice-cold water and all at once he overturned it over the old woman's head. After that he put the kettle over her head and shoulders. The old woman shuddered, and fell down dead, as is the way of all shamans when frightened unexpectedly. The young man left the house, and mingled among the people outside, looking most innocent.

After some time, however, he said, "Why are we standing here looking at this blaze, and meantime we have left the shaman alone in the house? That is wrong." They hurried back, and the wolf shaman was lying on the ground, wet and stone dead, half hidden in the kettle. The old man was in great fear, and wailed aloud, "Alas, alas! I lost a son, and that was bad enough; but it is much worse that this Wolf-woman has died in our house. Her children will surely come and wreak vengeance upon our heads. We are already as good as dead. O God!" he continued, "we are in a bad plight. Somebody must go and carry the Wolf-woman to her own house."

The people were full of fear and nobody wanted to go. Then the old man tried to induce the young visitor to convey the body of the Wolf-woman to her family. The young man said, "How can I do this? They will tear me into bits." The old man had a young daughter who was very

pretty. He said, "Please toss this old woman away! If you come back alive, you may marry this young girl as your reward." — "All right," said the young man, "but still I am not sure. Perhaps, even if I come back alive, you will break your word and give me nothing." — "No, never!" said the old man, "I will deal honestly with you." — "So be it," said the young man. "Now please kill for me two ptarmigan, and give me their bladders filled with fresh and warm blood." He took the bladders and placed them under his armpits. Then he drove some iron nails into his heels, into the very flesh. He took the old woman and put her upon the saddle. Then he bound her fast, though not very strongly. She looked, however, quite like a living person riding a horse. They set off and reached the house of the wolves. "Oh," the wolfings raised a yell, "Mamma is coming, mamma is coming!" "Easy," said the young man. "My horse shies easily. Take care lest you cause some great misfortune." And he secretly spurred his horse with the nails of his feet. The horse reared and threw him down. The other horse did the same. The body of the wolf-mother fell down like a bundle of rags. The bladder burst, and all the blood was spilled. They lay there side by side, swimming in blood. The wolf-children said, "O brother! our mother is dead; but that is as nothing. We have killed that stranger by our imprudence. He is near unto death, and no doubt his brothers and sisters, and all his kith and kin, will come here to have revenge."

They went near and looked at him. The blood was streaming down his arms and legs. "Oh, oh!" said the wolf-children, "How can he live?" In despair they took him by the hands and feet and shook him and said to him, "Please, man, do not die here! We will give you our pretty sister." They worried him, howled over him, and entreated him, and by and by he acted as though feeling a little better. He sighed low, "Oh, oh!" In the end he fully revived and came to. "Ah!" said the wolfings to their sister, "see what good luck we have. A man was dying, and we said, 'We will give you our sister,' and he revived."

So he took the girl and went home. "Be sure," said the wolf children on taking farewell, "when you return to your own place, not to tell your kinsmen that we had nearly killed you!" — "I will not tell," assured the man, and galloped off with his bride. They came to the old man. "I have come back and am alive!" shouted the young man. "Where is the girl?" — "Here she is," said the old man. "Thank god, you have come back safe!" He took the other girl, and went back to his brother with two women and three horses. The brother said, "How long it is since you were here! I thought you were dead but I see you have brought some girls." — "I have," said the young man. He entered the house, and without much

ado, cut off the head of his sister-in-law. "There you are!" said he. "You shall have no more paramours." He gave his brother the old man's daughter and took for himself the old woman's daughter. After that they lived on.¹

Told by Innocent Karyakin, a Tundra Yukaghir man, on the western tundra of the Kolyma country, winter of 1895.

5. (CREATION STORY.)²

When the Creator created the earth, the bear was made the master of all the beasts. The wolf, the fox, and the wolverene paid homage to him. But the wild reindeer refused to obey him, and ran about free, as before. One day the Forest-Owner was hunting five reindeer-does; and one doe, in running, brought forth a fawn. The Forest-Owner caught it and wanted to devour it. The Fawn said, "Please give me a respite. My flesh is too lean. Let me grow up to be a one-year-old." — "All right," said the Forest-Owner, and he let him go.

After a year the Forest-Owner found the fawn, and wanted to devour it; but the fawn said once more, "Do not eat me now! Let me rather grow a little and be a two-year-old." — "All right," said the Forest-Owner, and he let him go. Another year passed, and the reindeer fawn had new antlers, as hard as iron and as sharp as spears. Then the Forest-Owner found the fawn and wanted to devour it. He said, "This time I am going to eat you up." — "Do!" said the fawn. The Forest-Owner drew his knife and wanted to stab the fawn. "No," said the fawn, "such a death is too cruel and too hard. Please grasp my antlers and wrench off my head." The Forest-Owner assented, and grasped the fawn's antlers. Then the fawn gored him and pierced his belly through, so that the intestines fell out and the Forest-Owner died. The fawn sought his mother. "Oh, you are still alive! I thought you were dead." — "No," said the fawn, "I killed the Forest-Owner, and I am the chief of the reindeer." Then the bear sent a fox to the fawn. The fox said, "All the beasts pay homage to the bear, and he wants you to do the same." — "No," said the fawn, "I killed the Forest-Owner, I also am a chief."

After that they prepared for war. The bear called together all those with claws and teeth,— the fox, the wolverene, the wolf, the ermine. The reindeer-fawn called together all those with hoofs and antlers,— the reindeer, the elk, the mountain-sheep. Then they fought. The bear and the

¹ See Bolte und Polívka, *l. c.*, vol. 2, 1.— F. B.

² Cf. Bogoras, "Chukchee Materials," No. 32, 131.

reindeer-fawn had a single fight. The fawn pierced the bear through with its antlers of iron. Then it stood still and felt elated. But its mother said, "There is no reason to feel elated. Your death is at hand." Just as she said this, a wolf sprang up from behind, caught the fawn by the throat and killed it.

Because the reindeer-fawn gored the Forest-Owner to death, no reindeer dies a natural death. It lives on until a wolf, creeping up from behind opens its throat and kills it.

Told by Innocent Karyakin, a Tundra Yukaghir man, on the western tundra of the Kolyma country, winter of 1895.

6. (THE SHAMAN WHO TURNED INTO A FOX.)

There lived an old man who had a pretty young daughter. He was a great shaman, and he wanted to find a husband for her, the best of all human kind. So he turned into an arctic fox and ran along. Whomsoever he met, by him he would allow himself to be caught. And as soon as the man caught him, his hand would stick to the fox's back. Then the fox would rush onward, dragging the man along. The fox would come to a river and turn into a fish. Then it would dive into the water, dragging the man along. And so the man would be drowned.

Another time he turned into a red fox and ran along. Whomsoever he met, by him he would permit himself to be caught. Then the hand of the man would stick to the fox's back. The fox would rush onward, dragging the man along, and soon would drown him in the river.

A third time he turned into an ermine, and the same happened as before.

Finally, he turned into a black fox and ran along. He met a young man, a wanderer, who knew neither father nor mother, and who walked about without aim and in great poverty. The fox allowed himself to be taken. Then the hand of the wanderer stuck to his back, and the fox rushed on, dragging the man along. The fox ran to the river, turned into a fish, and dived into the water, dragging the man along. The fish crossed the river, came to the opposite shore, and turned again into a fox. And, lo! the young man was still alive. The fox rushed on, and came to some rocks. The rocks were all covered with sharp-pointed spikes. The number of the rocks was ten. The fox ran through between all of them, and the man along with him. The man was winding along like a thin hair, and he was still alive. The fox ran into a forest, which was as dense and thick as the autumn grass. The bark of one tree touched the bark of another. They crossed this dense forest, but the young man was still alive. The fox came to the sea, and plunged into the sea. He went across the sea to the opposite shore,

but the man was still alive. Then the fox said, "Oh, you are an excellent man! I want to have you for a husband for my daughter. I will let go of your hand. So please let go of my back." The man said, "I do not want to have your daughter. I want rather to have your skin." He lifted the black fox high into the air, and then struck it upon the ground with much force. The fox was dead. That is all.

Told by Innocent Karyakin, a Tundra Yukaghir man, on the western tundra of Kolyma, winter of 1895.

7. (TALE ABOUT THREE STORKS.)¹

There lived a man who did not know where he was born. We think, however, that we were born of this man. He was rich in everything. One time a She-Monster came to him and wanted to be his wife. The She-Monster said, "You must take me for your wife. Otherwise, I shall devour you." So he married her, and they lived together. After some time he felt sorrowful and thought to himself, "Is it fair, that I being a man, so strong and rich, must have for a wife this unclean monster?"

He came to a water-hole, and sat down there. For three days and three nights he cried from vexation near the water-hole. One time, when he was crying there, a girl appeared out of the water. He said, "I am lonely. Sit down by my side and cry with me?"—"How can I sit by your side? Your Monster Wife will surely kill me." The man spoke fair words to the girl. Three times she appeared out of the water-hole and talked to him. The She-Monster said, "What is the matter with you? For three nights in succession you have stayed near that water-hole. Did you not find another woman there to spend your nights with?" The man answered, "Where should I find a woman better than yourself? And why should I look for another woman?" They lay down and slept together.

Early in the morning the woman arose from the bed. She threw her thimble upon the man; and his sleep grew sound and strong, almost like death. He slept throughout the day, and on until midnight. The Monster-Woman took his bow and arrows and went to the water-hole. She lay there in ambush, holding the bow strung and ready to shoot. At last, the water-woman appeared out of the water-hole. The Monster-Woman shot at her, and hit her straight in the heart. She fell down, and sank to the bottom.

The Monster-Woman came home and picked up her thimble from the man's bed. The man awoke instantly. He looked around, and said, "Ah! how long have I slept?" So he put on his clothes and ran to the water-hole.

¹ See p. 124.

It was full of blood. He saw the blood, and cried bitterly. "Ah!" said he, "it is my wife who has spilled this blood." He plunged into the water-hole head foremost.

When he reached the bottom, it was like another earth. He looked about, and saw that every bush had, instead of leaves, small copper bells, and the tussocks were covered with sableskin instead of moss. "What a fine place!" thought the man, and he walked onward along the beaten track. After a while, he came to a river. On the other shore stood a tent of Lamut type,¹ made of silver. He came nearer and heard voices within. So he entered.

A woman lay on the bed of skins, moaning with pain. Two strong men were sitting by her, right and left. The men jumped up and laid hands upon the visitor. They shouted, "This man has killed our sister!" And they wanted to kill him on the spot; but the woman said, "Do not kill him! He did me no harm. His wife killed me." He looked at her more closely. An arrow was sticking out from her heart, and the woman was ashen from pain. She moaned pitifully, and said, "Bring him nearer!" They brought him close to the woman, and he took his place by her bed. She cried, and he cried with her. He wanted to pull out the arrow; but the woman said, "Leave it alone! I shall die at your first touch. But if you want to restore me to life, go off across two stretches of land. In the third country you will see a silver hill and three she-storks are playing on it. You must creep close to them, and catch one of them. Then you must bring her to me."

He set off, and after passing through these two countries he saw the silver hill. Three she-storks were playing on the hill, and amusing themselves with their stork-play. He tried to creep nearer, but after some time the storks noticed him. He fell to the ground full of despair, and in his despair he turned into a little shrew. Then he heard the storks talking to one another, plainly, in the Lamut language. The youngest one raised herself on her long legs, stretched her neck, and asked, "O sisters! where is that man? And what is coming now, so small and mouse-like?" The other said, "Why do you stretch your neck in such a manner? This is no man at all. Otherwise we should have noticed him sooner than you." They flew up and circled around the hill.

In the meantime, the man had reached the top of the hill. The storks descended again; but the youngest said, "Ah! my heart misgives me. This man is hidden somewhere." But the two others retorted, "Ah, nonsense! We should have noticed him sooner than you." The two eldest ones de-

¹ The Lamut cover their tents with well curried reindeer skin. The Tundra Yukaghir use partly birchbark, partly reindeer skin clipped short and well smoked, bought chiefly from the Chukchee.

scended to the hill; the third was still circling around in the air. All at once the shrew turned into a man, who caught one of the storks by her long leg. "Ah, ah, ah!" blubbered the stork, "and how does our other sister at home fare? Is she still living, or is she dead?" He told them everything. They were greatly moved and said, "Go home, and we will follow you." He went home, and the three storks followed him on high, with much talking and many songs. He reached the house and entered it; but the storks were circling on high, singing their incantations. They wanted to pull out the arrow. The oldest said to the youngest, "Do try and pull out the arrow!"—"You are older than I. You have more skill than I."—"No, we are unable to pull it out. Do try to get it out!" Then the youngest stork flew upward, and for a moment stood still directly over the vent hole of the silver tent. Then she dropped down like a stone; and when half way down, she soared up again. They looked up, and the arrow was in her beak.

The patient sat up directly and wiped away the tears of pain. Then she said, "Indeed, our youngest sister is a shaman." She entered the house, and also praised the man. "Your heart is true. Will you take me for your wife?" He took her for his wife, and on the bridal night they slept in the silver tent; and the three female storks were circling above all night long, keeping watch over them and singing incantations. In the morning, the storks said to their two brothers, "You must send our brother-in-law, together with his wife, back to his home."—"All right," said the brothers. "Let them stay here for one day more, and then we will get them ready for the trip; but you must fly first, and see that everything in their home is in order."

The storks flew off, and came to his house; and that very evening they came back. The man said to them, "How shall we go home? I have great fear for my young bride." The storks answered, "Have no fear. We caught your old wife, and threw her into the sea. She turned into a big sea-worm." The next morning they started on their journey; and the youngest stork warned them, "Be sure not to sleep on the way!" They moved on, he in front, and his young bride close behind him, both on reindeer-back. Half way along he was overpowered with sleep. Do what he would, he could not keep awake, and at last he fell from the saddle like one dead. The wife tried to wake him and said, "Did not our sisters warn us against sleeping in the way?" But he did not hear her words.

In the meantime, while she was busy over him, nudging him, and pulling him up, a big Eagle-Man with two heads came, and shouted, "I have been making suit for her since her earliest years." The Eagle-Man caught her by her tresses and threw her upon his back. Then he flew off, and carried

her along. After a while the man awoke, and his wife was nowhere to be seen. He cried from grief, and then looked around. No trace was left upon the snow, he saw only their own tracks made when they were coming to that place.

The three storks arrived. The youngest one said, "Did we not tell you not to go to sleep? Now what is to be done? The giant Eagle-Man is the mightiest of all creatures. They flew away in pursuit of the Eagle-Man. The young man followed behind on foot. After a while they overtook the Eagle. He was flying on, carrying the woman. Then the two elder storks told the youngest one, "Why, sister, we can do nothing. You alone must try your skill and good luck. All we can do is to aid your efforts." "I will try," said the youngest stork. She flew straight upwards, and vanished from sight. Then she fell straight down upon the Eagle, and snatched the young woman from his talons; and he still flew onward, noticing nothing at all. The youngest stork put the young woman upon her back and carried her back to her husband. They prepared for the journey again. The youngest stork said, "Now, you must go home. Nothing evil will befall you. You shall live there in wealth and good health. Children shall be born unto you every year. Take our blessing and go away." They went on, and came to their country. There they saw that the silver Lamut tent was standing in their own place. They entered. They lived happily and quietly.

Told by Innocent Karyakin, a Tundra Yukaghir man, on the western tundra of the Kolyma country, winter of 1895.

8. (REINDEER-BORN.)¹

There was a Tungus man who had a large reindeer herd, and no son at all. One time he came to his herd, and saw that a doe had brought forth a fawn which looked quite human. "What is this?" asked the man. "This is a small boy," said the doe. "I brought forth for you. Take him and have him for a son." The Tungus took the boy, who grew up quickly. Every day he would swallow live reindeer,—one in the morning, another at noon, and still another in the evening,—three meals a day, three living reindeer. So this man, who was rich in reindeer, soon had almost none at all, and was poor. Then he felt afraid, and said to himself, "He will finish the reindeer-herd, and next it will be my turn." He left his house and goods,

¹ Cf. Bogoras, "Chukchee Texts", (*Publications, Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. 8) 175.

and fled away, not knowing where he was going. He walked on for a long time. Then he saw an iron house.

In the house was a very pretty girl, so pretty that all the food she swallowed was visible though her transparent body.¹ He thought in his mind, "Oh, I wish I had a wife like that girl!" And she answered immediately, "Really, you wish it?" She knew his thoughts, though he had not uttered a single word. She called him in and gave him food and drink. Then they lay down to sleep together. He stayed in that iron house three days and three nights. On the fourth morning his wife said, "It seems¹ that you are a runaway." He said, "Maybe I am."—"From whom were you running? I wish you would tell me the truth." Then he said, "I took a foster child from the herd, Reindeer-Born; and I was afraid he would eat me up, together with my last reindeer."—"All right," said the woman, "have no more fear! Go back to your home. Here, take this neckerchief, and if the Reindeer-born should see you and should pursue you, run to some tree and hide behind it. Reindeer-born will not be able to catch you. And if Reindeer-born should not desist, touch the tree with this neckerchief."

The man went back and came to his house. All at once he saw Reindeer-born, who rushed straight for him. The man turned about and ran for his life. He came to a tree, and hid behind it. Reindeer-born gave chase, and ran straight into the tree, striking his forehead against it with all his might. "Ah!" said Reindeer-born, "Your strength is greater than mine. I cannot make you fall." In the meantime the man took the neckerchief and touched the tree with it; and instantly the kerchief turned into iron, and its outward shape was similar to that of a saw. This saw sawed at the tree and cut it down. The tree fell and struck Reindeer-born directly upon the head. It broke his head as if it had been an egg-shell, and killed him outright. The man returned to the iron house and lived there, having the young woman as a wife.

Told by Innocent Karyakin, a Tundra Yukaghir man, on the western tundra of the Kolyma country, winter of 1895.

¹ This detail is borrowed from Yakut folklore in which it is frequently met. See also Radloff, *l. c.*, vol. 1, 11.—F. B.

II. TALES OF THE LAMUT.¹CHAUN STORY.²

There was a Lamut man in the country of Chaun who went to East Cape to look for some thong-seal hides. He moved and moved, and so came to the very end of the country. He had with him his wife and also a son, young and active. All around the country was wholly deserted. Not a single trace of man was to be seen anywhere. The young man said, "I will go and look for people." The father retorted, "Do not go! You will lose your way, and in any case you will find nothing."—"No, I shall find them. And I shall even take a wife among them."

He went away on snowshoes, and after a considerable time came to a river wholly unknown to him. There was a large camp there. Several tents were pitched in two clusters. In one of them lived a man who had a single daughter. He entered, and stayed with this family as an adopted son-in-law. One day the father-in-law said to him, "Let us go to the river to catch fish!"

There was on the river a large open place. They set off. The son-in-law was very light of foot. He was the first to reach the open water. Without much ado he cast into the water his fish-line, and immediately felt something heavy on it. So he pulled it up, and there, caught on the hook, was a small child, human in appearance. He was much afraid, and threw the child back into the water. After that he again cast his fish-line back into the water, and in a moment drew out another human child. He threw it back into the water, but in the meantime the other people arrived. "Why are you throwing the fish back into the water?" said the old man angrily. If you do so, you will destroy our fishing luck and the fish is our existence. Everything will be destroyed."—"Oh," said the young man, "but I caught a human child! I was afraid."—"I say, it was no child, it was a fish.

¹ These tales were collected among the Lamut living on the upper course of the Omolon River and on its affluents in the Kolyma country, a few also among the Lamut of the Chaun desert met with in the Russian village of Nishne-Kolymsk. They were written down without the original texts.

² The Lamut people living on the river Chaun are a branch of this tribe that has migrated farthest to the northeast. They are composed of stragglers from several clans of the Kolyma country, who came to the Chaun desert for various reasons; therefore, they do not form a separate clan. Their ways of living in the treeless tundra of Chaun, however, are different from those of all other Lamut, and are nearer to the mode of life of the Chukchee, among whom they dwell. They number about thirty or forty families.

You are playing jokes on us. Better go away! I was mistaken when I called you a reliable man. Be off! You are no longer my son-in-law." They cast into the water their own fish lines, and after a while they also caught a small human child. They put it upon a long wooden spit and roasted it before the fire. Then they sat down and made a meal of it. This done, they went back.

The human son-in-law felt very angry. So he also cast his line and angled for fish. He caught one after another, and all his fish were human. In a short time, he had collected a large heap. He covered them with sticks and stones, and went home late in the evening. "Where have you been the whole day long?" asked the father-in-law quite sternly. "I have been angling."—"Caught anything?"—"I covered a large heap of fish with sticks and stones." The old man was very glad. "Oh, indeed, you are the very son-in-law for me!" The spring was coming. The snow was covered with a hard crust. The old man said, "Let us go on snowshoes to hunt wild reindeer-bucks!" They went out on snowshoes, and came to a forest. The old man said to his son-in-law, "You must hide behind this large tree as we will drive the reindeer towards you, that you may kill them one by one." The young man crouched behind the tree, having his bow ready. The other people drove the reindeer toward him. He saw running past him two giant men, all naked, with long hair that reached to the ground. He was so much frightened, that he did not dare to shoot at them.

The other people came. "Well," asked the old man, "have you killed them?"—"Whom must I kill? Two giant men passed by, both naked, with hair hanging down to the very ground. I did not dare to shoot at them."—"Ah!" said the old man angrily, "they were no men, they were wild reindeer-bucks. You spoil our hunting pursuit. This hunt is our very life. Be off! I was mistaken when I called you a reliable man. Cease being my son-in-law! Be gone from my house and family!"

They went home. The young man was angrier than ever. He ran to the forest and looked for some trace of those human reindeer-bucks. He found tracks and followed them. At last he saw those giant naked men. They were sitting on the ground leaning against the trees, and fast asleep. So he crept toward them and tied their long hair around the tree. Then he crept off and made a large fire on their windward side. They were killed by the smoke.

Late in the evening he came home. "Where have you been the whole day long?"—"I found those reindeer bucks and killed both of them." Oh, they were very glad. Now they had plenty of food, but the son-in-law could not eat it. They slaughtered for him real reindeer. One day his

wife said to him, "They are very angry with you because of those everlasting slaughters. They are going to kill you too. You had better flee to your own country."—"And will you go with me?"—"Yes, I will."—"And what will you eat in our land?"—"I shall eat fish and reindeer meat. I want no more human flesh."

Once when she had to keep watch over the reindeer herd, she crept out of the tent quite naked. She took some new clothing from the large bags outside and put it on. They fled, and came to his father. There they made her walk three times around a new fire, and thus her mind was changed. After that they left that country and moved away. They went back to their own land and lived there.

Told by Hirkán, a Lamut man from the desert of Chaun, in the village of Nishne-Kolymsk, the Kolyma country, winter of 1896.

2. A TALE OF THE CHUKCHEE INVASION.

At the time of the freezing of water some Lamut men crossed the mountain ridge near the Wolverine River. They came to the upper course of the Chogodon River and lived there. They wanted to separate their reindeer herds. In doing this, they talked among themselves. One said, "We must be very careful. From the east enemies may come to kill us and to drive our herds away." Another man, young and hasty, answered, "All right, let them come! We can kill them all." An old man, the oldest of all, whose son and son-in-law were the most active and swift of foot said, "Do not say so! You must be on your guard, and show no arrogance." Still another young man said, "You are too much afraid, a whole family of cowards. Let them come! We can destroy all of them." Another old man said, "Ah! stop talking! The evil one is watching for every rash word. He punishes arrogant people."

After that they separated their herds and went to sleep. In the morning at dawn there came from the east enemies as numerous as flees. Even the snowy mountains grew black with the multitude of men. They were the Chukchee. They moved on in large herds like reindeer. They attacked the tents in front, and were killing the people. At that very time those in the rear gathered a few things and moved off. They rode along. The Chukchee saw them and followed afoot, so nimble and light of foot were they.

One of the pursuers shot an arrow and hit a young woman. She sank down on the neck of her reindeer. Her husband, however,—the one who first said, "We can kill all of them,"—only glanced back, and hastily cut

off the halter of her reindeer, which was attached to his own saddle. After that he galloped on more headlong than ever.

The Chukchee followed on. Another of them shot an arrow, and hit a cradle.¹ The infant fell out. His father (the one who said, "We may kill all of them") glanced back, and cut off the reindeer halter. That done, he rode on with all possible speed. They rode across the mountain-ridge, and fled to steep rocks along the narrowest paths, so that the Chukchee sledges could not follow their riding reindeer. Whenever a pack reindeer fell down exhausted, they would not stop to take off the load, but would leave it there, load and all. At last they came to the mountains of Oloi. The pursuers were not there, so they stopped, and after a while pitched their camps.

Told by Hirkán, a Lamut man from the desert of Chaun, in the village of Nishne-Kolymsk, winter of 1896.

3. (STORY ABOUT CANNIBALS.)

In ancient times the Lamut in all parts of the land ate one another. There was an old man who had an only daughter. The neighbors wanted to eat her. So the father and mother and girl fled, and wandered off for ten days and ten nights without stopping. They crossed several ridges of hills, and from the last they saw some tents standing in a pass. They descended, and pitched their own tent near by. The people, however, were also man-eaters, even worse than those whom they had left. Although they had large reindeer herds, they wanted to eat human flesh. A rich reindeer breeder of those people paid suit to the girl. He paid a hundred reindeer for her, and married her.

Every day the husband slaughtered fat bucks to feed his wife with their meat. They gave her of the best fat. Oh, the parents rejoiced! A poor young man who had no reindeer of his own, and who served throughout the year, summer and winter as a herdsman to the rich owner, said to them, "There is no cause to rejoice. They simply want to fatten her before they slaughter her. When she is fat enough, they will kill her."

And, indeed, in the night time in the very act of copulation, the husband felt with his hand of the haunches and the belly of the woman, and muttered to himself, "Still not enough. Why do you not eat your fill? Eat more fat and marrow." So the woman understood. The next morning the young

¹ Among the Tungus and the Lamut, cradles of small children are so constructed that they may form one half of the usual pack load of a pack reindeer so they may be carried along with infants on the reindeer back.

herdsman said, "They are weary of waiting. Soon they are going to eat her. Why do you not flee? You may do so this very night, cut a way through the cover of the sleeping room."

Indeed, in the night time they ripped open the cover of the sleeping room and ran away. They took riding reindeer and rode off. They rode for a night and a day. Then they looked back, and saw three men in pursuit. So they turned in another direction and rode on. They rode again for a night and a day. Then they looked back and saw the same three pursuers who were this time nearer than before. The father grew angry, and said, "I will attend to this." He descended from the reindeer, and slipped his bow from over his shoulder. "You ride on without me. I shall wait here for the pursuers." The path was very narrow, and led through a pass, so that the three pursuers had to ride in single file. The foremost hurried on. He did not think of any danger. He only looked ahead.

When he was directly opposite the hidden man, the latter sent forth an arrow and shot him. In the same way he slew another and still another. After that he mounted his reindeer and overtook the women. They came to another country, and lived there. The girl was married again to a rich reindeer breeder, a well-meaning man, who knew nothing of man's flesh.

Told by Irashkan, a Lamut man, on the upper course of the Molonda River, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

4. (A TALE ABOUT STINGY REINDEER-OWNERS.)

The short days of the year had already begun, and the cold of winter had come. Then some Lamut met to live together. They pitched their tents close to one another, played cards, and had merry talks and joyful reunions. An old shaman, who had nothing to eat, had no joy. The wealthy reindeer owners gave him nothing, so stingy were they.

One time he went to sleep without any supper, and had a hungry dream, such as the Lamut used to have. In the morning he said to the best hunter in his own family, "Let us move away! I had a dream that the wolves came and scattered the reindeer herd all over the country." So they moved away and pitched camp separately. The richest of the men had several children, and up to that time they had never known what hunger was. Still he gave nothing to the poor people.

The old shaman left him. The people in the camp played cards as usual, and laughed noisily. Then they went to sleep, the herd being quite close to the camp. In the morning, however, the reindeer were gone, and only numerous tracks of wolves were seen in the deep snow. The rich man had

nothing left, not even a single riding reindeer, so he had to stay in camp with all his children and grandchildren.

The others somehow moved off in pursuit of their lost animals. His men, too, tried to search for their reindeer; but all at once a violent snow-storm came which lasted several days. It covered every trace of the reindeer in front of them, and made invisible their own tracks, behind them. The great cold caused all the game to wander off. They could find nothing to feed upon, so they were starving and perishing from famine. They ate their saddles and harnesses, the covering of the tent, and even their own clothes. They crouched almost naked within their tents, protected only by the wooden frame thereof. In ten days they had never a meal, and so at last they took to gnawing their own long hands.

The old father, however, set off again. He wandered the whole day long in the open country, and found nothing. Finally, he stopped in the middle of the desert, and cried aloud in despair. The Master of the Desert heard his voice. He came all at once from underground, and asked him, "What do you want?"—"My wife and children have had nothing to eat for ten days, and they are starving to death. My hunting boots are full of holes, and I am unable to walk any longer."—"Do not cry!" said the Master of the Desert. "I also am the owner of reindeer. I will give you something to eat, but you must remember the ancient custom of the Lamut. When you have food, give the best morsel to your poor neighbor."—"I will," said the old man. "Is not my present trial as severe as theirs?"—"Now, go home!" said the Master of the Desert, "and go to sleep. Food shall come to your house." So the old man went home. His wife said to him, "Do come and look upon this sleeping boy! He is moving his mouth as if chewing. This presages good luck." The boy was the youngest child of their elder son. "Be of good cheer," said the old man, "the worst is over. We shall have something to eat."

They went to sleep and in the morning they saw that a large herd of reindeer had come to their camp. All were gray, like the wild reindeer. Still the backs of the largest bucks were worn off by saddles. These were the riding reindeer of the Master of the Desert. The people lived on these reindeer. By and by the winter passed, and the long days of the spring came back. The people broke up their tents, and in due time moved away, as is customary among the Lamut reindeer herders. They came to a camp of numerous tents, and pitched their own tents close by the others. The old woman, however, had not learned her lesson. She was stingy as before and gave evil advice to her husband. Several poor people were in that camp. The old woman said again, "We are rich, but we must not feed these good-for-nothings. We never saw them, they are strangers. Let us rather move away from here."

So they moved off, and after some days they pitched camp alone, as before. In the morning, however, all the reindeer were gone, no one knew where. Only their tracks were left on the pasture ground. They may have ascended to the sky. The Master of the Reindeer grew angry with them because of their close hands and hard hearts. Therefore he took away his property. They walked back to camp; but the people said, "Formerly you gave us nothing. You too may go away with empty hands." They went away, and soon were starved to death. That is all.

Told by Ivashkan, a Lamut man, on the upper course of the Molonda River, the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

5. STORY OF AN ARCTIC FOX.

An arctic Fox constructed a fish weir on a small river to catch fish. It was winter time, and he was at work cutting the ice. A Bear came to him, and said, "O Fox! what are you doing?"—"I am arranging a fish weir for catching fish."—"All right. Give me a share in the spoils."—"I will not. How can I? I bring forth children by the dozen at each litter. How shall I feed them?"—"Nay, nay! You must give me a share of the catch."—"All right. Since you are so insistent, I will give you half. Come here! I will show you what to do." He made him sit down on the floor planks, which were all wet with water. "Sit down here and keep watch over the weir. Perhaps the ice will split. You must not stir, lest you should frighten the fish away. In due time I shall come back."

The bear sat there for three days. He was frozen to the ice. At last, on the fourth day, the arctic Fox came back. "Here, you, Fox! Come to me! You talked about the fish, but where is the fish? I am near dying of cold. At least, help me to get away, pick me off, and make me free from this ice."—"Ah!" said the arctic Fox, "You are too heavy. I cannot pick you off. Here!" cried the arctic Fox, "Children, come here, all of you. I caught a big fat bear for you. Come here and have a meal!" The young arctic Foxes came and bit the bear to death. They had a liberal meal, and soon the bear was gone.

After that a Wolf came. "You, arctic Fox, what are you doing?"—"I am constructing a fish weir to catch fish."—"Give me a share."—"O, no! How can I? I have too many children. I bring forth a dozen in one litter."—"I say, give me a share!"—"All right, I shall give you half the catch." He made him sit down on the flanks. "See here!" said Fox, "put your bushy tail down into the water, you will catch some nice fish. But you must stay quiet, and not even move a toe. Otherwise all the fish will be scared away."

After three days the arctic Fox came back to the weirs. "Oh, oh!" cried the Wolf. "There, you arctic Fox, where is your fish? I am frozen and nearly dying of cold. Please help me get away, and pick me off!"—"Ah!" said the arctic Fox, "You are too heavy. Pick yourself off." Then the Wolf turned his head and gnawed at his tail. Seeing this, the arctic Fox set off, and ran away along the river bank. The Wolf, tail-less and very angry, found his tracks, and gave pursuit, but the Fox dug a hole in the snow and lay down, feigning to be lame. "Ah, you scoundrel!" growled the Wolf through his teeth, "I will catch you and tear you into three parts. You have deceived me most heartlessly." He came to the Fox, and snarled, "Here you are! You thief! where is your fish? I will tear you to pieces." The arctic Fox shut one eye and pretended to be blind. "What fish?" asked he innocently. "I am lame and nearly blind. My other eye is also worthless. I have not left here for a number of days."—"Of course," acquiesced the Wolf, "the other one had two eyes, but still these seem to be your tracks."—"How can they be mine?" said arctic Fox. "Am I the only arctic Fox hereabouts? There are ever so many."—"That is right," said the Wolf. He followed another track, and caught another arctic Fox. "I have you," snarled he. "It is you who made me stick to the ice of the river." And he tore him to pieces.¹

Told by Ulashkan, a Lamut man, on the Molonda River, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

6. (WOLVES AND MEN.)

There lived some people who had no dogs at all, so they caught the small puppies of a gray fox, and brought them up. These gray foxes brought forth black and spotted dogs. Another man caught a wolfling and fed it. That wolf brought forth another kind of dog. They were long-legged, and light in color. This wolf was so nimble of foot, that it could overtake and catch reindeer and elk and any other kind of game. So its master became the richest of all the people.

At last the man said, "I am quite rich. My assistants are too many." So he ceased to pay the wolf in food and shelter. The wolf went off and called all his companions. Twenty wolves came with him, and attacked the reindeer herd. Many reindeer were killed. The man caught his bow, shot at the wolves, and killed four of them. From that time began the war between man and wolf. The end.

Told by Ulashkan, a Lamut man, on the Molonda River, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

¹ O. Dähnhardt. *Natursagen*, vol. 4, 219.—F. B.

7. BEAR, WOLVERENE, AND WOLF STORY.

Bear, Wolverine, and Wolf, being brothers, lived side by side. The youngest brother paid suit to the daughter of the middle one. "No," said the middle one, "How is it that you ask me for my daughter? We cannot join. You are born from the snow, and I am born from the earth."¹ Wolf grew angry and made complaint to Bear. Bear bore judgment and ordered, "If that is so, you must part." He said to Wolf, "Your temper is worst of all, you shall bring forth not more than two or three children." Wolf departed sorrowfully. Bear said to Wolverine, "You have a daughter, and refuse her to suitors, so you must not bring forth more than one child." He blamed Wolverine, and said, "If you had given your daughter in marriage, our people would be more numerous, so you must meet your fate in the wooden thing."²

Wolverene also grew angry, and retorted, "And you must meet your fate underground."³ Wolverine laid a curse upon Bear: "You must sleep throughout the winter, and your fate will come to you while you are insensible to it."

So the Bear's word caused young wolves to be born by two's and three's, and wolverenes singly. The Wolverine's word caused the Bear to sleep throughout the winter, so that hunters kill him in his sleep.

Told by Ulashkan, a Lamut man, on the Molonda River, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

8. (A LAMUT MAN TURNED INTO STONE.)

It was told in the olden times that in the Gishiga country, on the Okhotsk side, there lived some Lamut of the Lam branch who were all rich in reindeer. One of these reindeer owners had a bad temper. He used to strike his assistants for mere trifles. One time his herd went away from their usual pasture. One of the assistants set off to look for it. He came to the pasture, which was covered with the tracks of reindeer hoofs, but farther off there was not a single track. He walked and walked and grew tired. So he came home, and said, "I could not find the herd." The master gave him a severe thrashing, and then said, "How is it that you

¹ The polar wolf is of light gray color, sometimes almost dirty white. The wolverene is brown.

² Deadfall made of logs.

³ In the bear-lair when sleeping in winter, and tracked by the hunters.

could not find it? Where can it be? I will go and look for it myself." He came to the pasture, and walked all around it, but he also could not find any tracks outside of it. He grew quite tired. There was on the border of the pasture a boulder. He climbed it and sat down to rest. His head was resting on his hands, and so he sat thinking. All at once he heard a voice, "Biya!"¹ He sprang to his feet and looked up. High on the rock there stood an old man, large and white, as high as the sky. "O man you see me?"—"I see you."—"You hear my voice?"—"I hear your voice."—"What are you doing?"—"I am resting myself."—"And where are your reindeer?"—"I do not know."—"Ah, well! but why do you strike your assistants with so little reason? Now you must look for reindeer yourself." But the man did not stir. "Why do you strike your assistants? Is not each of them a man and a Lamut like you? Look upward! There are your reindeer." He looked up, and his reindeer were mounting up to the sky, all of them,—bucks and does and fawns. He looked on, but still did not stir. "So you will stand here forever." The white one vanished. Then the Lamut came to himself, and tried to climb down; but his feet stuck to the stone. He tried to disengage them, but he was unable to do so. After a while his feet and legs were sinking into the stone.

The next morning his people came to look for him. His feet had sunk into the stone up to his ankles. They tried to pull him out, but he cried for pain, "Leave me alone! I cannot stand it. It seems that I am done for. Better go away and tell the other people." So they went and told the neighbors what had happened. In a couple of days they came back. He had sunk into the stone up to the knees. They talked to him, but he did not answer. Only the look in his eyes was still life-like. They went away, and came back in the spring. He was all stone. And so he is up to the present, and stands there upon the boulder.

Told by Ulashkan, a Lamut man, on the Molonda River, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

9. (A SHAMAN AND A BOY.)

There was a great shaman who reached a very great age. When angry he could lay his spell on any one, even upon another shaman. One time he was walking about and met a little boy, who roamed about, not knowing where to go. "Who are you?"—"I do not know."—"Perhaps you are a shaman."—"What kind of a shaman may I be? Though, indeed, I get up in my sleep and walk about sleeping."—"I shall kill you."—"Do, please.

¹ One of the usual invocations. "You man!" (Biya, "man").

I shall not resist. My father and mother are gone, and I wish to follow them."—"Oh, well! then follow me."

He took him to his house, and put a plate before him. "Sit down and let us have a match!"—"What kind of a match shall we have?"—"A shamanistic match. You are a shaman."—"No, I am not, I know nothing."—"Enough. Be quiet, or I shall kill you." He spat into his palm, and put the spittle upon the plate. It grew to a small bear not greater than a louse. "Here is my champion and where is yours?" The boy scratched his head, not knowing what to do, and, lo! a small louse fell down upon the plate, a real louse. "Ah! this is yours. All right, let them fight." The bear and the louse fought throughout the day, and the louse proved the stronger. It caught the bear by the throat and wanted to strangle it. "Let go!" cried the old man. "Leave the bear alone! I shall die."—"No, I shall not do so," said the boy. "It is you who wanted to have this fight." So the louse strangled the bear. As soon as the bear died the old man fell down and died also. The boy took his wives and all his goods, and became a rich man.

Told by Ulashkan, a Lamut man, on the Molonda River, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

10. (THE LAMUT AND THE RUSSIAN.)

In olden times, when the Russians were not here, the Lamut lived in the mountains. They had no iron, no ax, no knife. A stone tied to a stick served as ax; a rib of wild reindeer, as knife; splinters of elk thigh bone, as spears; and a thin splinter of reindeer fawn thigh as needle. They had no kettles. They spread their meat upon stones for roasting. They melted the snow into drinking water, putting it in a reindeer stomach, which they hung high above the fire.

Then came some Russian people. They questioned our men, "Who are you?"—"We are Lamut."—"How do you kill wild reindeer?"—"With bow and arrows."—"We want to see them."—"There they are." One young man strung the bow and shot at a splinter of wood stuck into a high tussock quite far away, and his arrow with a point of fish bone split the slender bit of wood. "Oh, how glorious!" said the Russians. "And how do you do in spring when the snow has a thin ice crust?"—"We overtake them running on snowshoes."—"We want to see you do it." Another young man put on his snowshoes and ran off. He sighted a wild reindeer buck, overtook it, and stabbed it with his long spear. "Oh, glorious! Indeed, you are quite active and strong, and successful in hunting, so you must be our closest friends and assistants. You must be our best compan-

ions in every way. If some member of a strange tribe should come here with evil intentions, you must kill him without fear. You must give us assistance in every struggle against all kinds of invaders."¹ They gave them iron knives, and axes, match-locks, and kettles, and all kinds of iron ware. "Take this, and be stronger than any of your neighbors. Chastize them according to their deserts and evil intentions." After that the Russian chief instituted the tribute and noted it down in a big black book. He gave to the young Lamut pipes and tobacco, saying, "Have this to smoke, and with that smoke be first to fight, speeding ahead on your snowshoes."

Told by Ulashkan, a Lamut man, on the upper course of the Molonda River, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

¹ The Lamut consider themselves, and are considered by the Russians, as the closest allies of the latter in every struggle against other more stubborn and refractory tribes, such as the Chukchee and the Koryak.