

carrying a babe on her back. She went on to the headwaters of Nass River, where she continues to live on the bank of a lake up to this day.

The man went down the river, and wherever he camped he made rocks of curious shape as marks of his presence. Now his name was Qā, the raven. The Tlingit call him YĒL. Among others he made two rocks which look like men with arms. One of these has fallen over, while the other one is still standing. Its name is SāQL (the same in Tlingit). He wandered all through the world. Finally he travelled westward.

At that time the sea was always high. In the middle of the world he discovered a rock in the sea. He built a house under the rock, made a hole through the earth, and a lid which fitted it. He put a man in charge of the hole, who opened the lid twice a day and twice a day closed it. When the hole is open, the water rushes down through it into the depth, and it is ebb; when the lid is put on, the water rises again, and it is flood. Tā'ĒL, a Tlingit chief, when hunting sea otters, was taken out to the rock by the tide. The current was so strong that there was no possibility of escape. When he was drawn towards the rock, he saw a few small trees growing on it. He managed to throw his canoe-line over one of the trees and thus succeeded in escaping from the whirlpool. After some time he heard a noise which was produced by the closing of the hole. Then the water began to rise, and he paddled away as fast as he could. Before the ebb began, he pulled his canoe on to a rock, and when the flood set in again continued his homeward journey. Finally he reached his home in safety.

The preceding tale is related to two distinct Tlingit traditions: The tale of the origin of the earthquake (see Krause, "Die Tlingit Indianer," p. 270), which tells of a brother and sister who fell in love with one another and became supernatural beings, and the Raven Legend, particularly the last part; the origin of the tides is taken bodily from the tales of YĒL and Qānuk (see Krause, *l. c.* p. 259, and Boas, "Sagen der Indianer der Nordpacifischen Küste Amerikas," p. 313).

## 2. THE ORIGIN OF MOUNTAINS.

A woman had two sons. She died, and her sister took charge of the boys. When they had grown up, they built their huts next to that of their aunt. One day the latter saw that each of the young men had a wife. She did not know whence they had come. I suppose the women were animals who had taken the shape of men. Once upon a time, the men went hunting. When going up the hill,