

Once an old Shaman, with his wife and son, started out on a hunting trip, and, as the autumn was changing into winter, the three erected a substantial wigwam. The snow began to fall and the cold increased, so they decided to remain and eat of their stores, game having been abundant and a good supply having been procured.

The son died; whereupon his mother immediately set out for the village to secure help for his restoration to life, as she believed her father able to accomplish this, he being chief priest of the Grand Medicine Society.

When the woman informed her father of the death of her son, her brother, who was present, immediately set out in advance to render assistance. The chief priest then summoned three assistant Shamans, and they accompanied his daughter to where the body of his dead grandson lay upon the floor of the wigwam covered with a blanket.

The chief Shaman placed himself at the left shoulder of the dead man, the next in rank at the right, while the two other assistants stationed themselves at the feet. Then the youngest Shaman—he at the right foot of the deceased—began to chant a medicine or sacred song, which he repeated a second, a third, and a fourth time.

When he had finished, the Shaman at the left foot sang a *Mide'* song four times; then the Shaman at the right shoulder of the body did the same, after which the chief priest sang his song four times; whereupon there was a perceptible movement under the blanket, and as the limbs began to move the blanket was taken off, when the boy sat up, but was unable to speak. He made a sign by thrusting his curved index finger downward before the chin to indicate that he desired water, which was given to him.

The four Shamans then chanted, each preparing charmed remedies, which were to be given to the boy to complete his recovery. The youngest Shaman, standing at the right foot of the patient, gave him four pinches of powder, which he was made to swallow; the Shaman at the left foot did the same, then the Shaman at the right shoulder did likewise, and he was in turn followed by the chief priest standing at the left shoulder of the boy, whereupon the latter immediately recovered his speech and said that during the time that his body had been in a trance his spirit had been in the Spirit Land, and had learned of the Grand Medicine.

The boy then narrated what his spirit had experienced during the trance, as follows:

Gí'gimín'égó'min mǐde'wiwin' mǐde' man'ído 'ngigin'oamák band-zhige'owe'án ta'zine'zhowak' nizha'nézak', kiwi'degét' mi'opi'ke'nebui'-yan, kaki'ně kawé'dege' mi'owókpi' ikan'oamag'ina mǐde' man'ído wiwe'nitshí mǐde'wiwink', ki'míma'disiwin'inán' kimi'nigonan' geon'-dénamonk ki'míma'disi'wiwa'ninan'; ki'kino'amag'winan' mǎsh'kiki ogi'minig'owan' odzhibig'án gime'ninagúk' mosh'kikiwa'bo shtikwan'-akose'an oma'mǎsh'kiki' ma'giga'to ki'kayatón'.

The following is a translation:

·He, the Medicine Spirit [Dje Manedo], gave us [the Ojibwa] the Grand Medicine, and he has taught us how to use it. I have come back. There will be twelve, all of whom will take wives; when the last of these is no longer without a wife, then will I die. That is the time. The Medicine Spirit taught us to do right. He gave us life, and told us how to prolong it. These things he taught us, and gave us roots for medicine. I give you medicine; if your head is sick, this medicine put on; you will put it on.

This is the *Mide'* belief respecting the origin of ginseng root.

In the above, the reference to twelve—three times four—signifies that twelve chief priests shall succeed each other before death will come to the narrator. It may be observed, also, that a number of archaic words, or forms of pronunciation, occur in the text, which is also an indication of the antiquity of the narrative as preserved by the Ojibwa.

CHEROKEE PLANT LORE.—Some of the plant myths of the Cherokees are extremely interesting and relate to the days when the earth was full of wonders. Corn, the great food staple of the Indian, sprang from the life blood of an old woman who was killed by her unnatural sons. Before she expired she directed them to cut off her head and drag the lifeless body upon the ground seven times in a circle. Wherever a drop of the mother's blood fell upon the earth a green blade shot up and developed before the next morning into a stalk of ripened corn.

All diseases were invented by the deer, birds, and other animals in order to check the rapid increase of the human race, which threatened to crowd them out of existence. When the plants, who

are friendly to humanity, heard what the animals had done, they held a council and each in turn agreed, when called upon by man in his distress, to furnish a remedy to counteract the evil spells of the animals. Thus originated medicine, and even the most insignificant weed has medicinal virtues even though unknown.

A long time ago the Cherokees went to war against a giant monster. They killed him, brought his head home in triumph, and placed it upon the top of a cedar pole in front of the townhouse. The blood trickling down along the trunk colored the pole red and so the wood of the cedar is red to this day.

When the world was made, Une'lanûhi, the great Apportioner, commanded that all the trees should keep awake for four days and nights. The pine, spruce, and balsam were obedient to his will, but the others proved unable to withstand the temptation to sleep, and the Apportioner in his anger declared that as a punishment they should lose their leafy covering during the winter, while the pine and other trees who had obeyed him should be fresh and green forever.

The poison ivy is called "the climber," and boys, when playing in its vicinity, endeavor to propitiate it by saying to it, in a soothing tone, *ig'a'naliî*, "you are my friend."

Once the only human beings in the world were a man and his wife, and having quarreled, the woman left her husband and started to return to her home in the Sun Land. In his loneliness the man applied for aid to Une'lanûhi, who caused a patch of ripe huckleberries to spring up in the woman's path, but she merely glanced at them and went her way. A little further on she saw some fine large blackberries; then raspberries and gooseberries, and a clump of service trees loaded down with bunches of bright red fruit; but she heeded none of them and still held her way toward the east. Finally, she saw her pathway covered with strawberry vines loaded with rich, luscious berries. Unable longer to resist temptation, she bent down to gather a handful, and as she did so her heart was drawn irresistibly to her absent husband, so that she was unable to go further. After satisfying her appetite, she returned to her husband, carrying as a peace-offering the first strawberries that ever were known in the world. The man and his wife "lived happily ever after," but thenceforth the woman's will was subordinated in all things to that of her husband.

JAMES MOONEY.

THE ABORIGINES OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA  
AND THE LOWER POTOMAC—A SYMPOSIUM, UNDER  
THE DIRECTION OF THE VICE PRESIDENT OF SECTION D.

INTRODUCTION.

BY OTIS T. MASON.

The proposal has been frequently made to prepare a series of monographs upon the natural history of the District of Columbia. Already have appeared Ward's Flora of the District, Coues and Prentiss' Avifauna of the District, and a small pamphlet by Mr. Kengla on the archaeology of the District. About nine years ago I read a paper before the Biological Society upon the human fauna of the District, including the aborigines, the early white settlers, and the present white and black population.

It has been my constant desire since then to enlarge this paper so as to compare the geological structure of this area with that of the Delaware valley, for instance; to note and describe residence sites, workshops, paint and soapstone quarries; to make a study of all the forms of stone implements found in this region and to rehabilitate them—that is, to collate them with their proper functions by means of hundreds of thousands of the implements and weapons of modern savagery which I have handled over and over again in the National Museum.

Finally, the occurrence of Arber's reprint of John Smith's works revived my anxiety to do for him what Colonel Yule has done for Marco Polo, though, I think, with much greater help to a correct conclusion.

Happily, the Anthropological Society of Washington, at its very first meeting, assumed the burden of attending to local history. The four sections of the Society each have a vice-president, who may, when expedient, call together those who are affiliated with him for special investigations.

This evening for the first time you are to enjoy the result of such a sectional meeting. The vice-president of the section of technology,