

All these songs and ceremonies were carried on in the Indian tongue. Indians know not how to express themselves either in joy or sorrow, in logic or laughter in any but the native tongue. They have learned quickly and thoroughly our table manners; they have come to respect our laws; they follow our advice and precept in farming, in marriage, in fact, in almost everything that is elevating and refining, but their spiritual inspirations, the deeper emotions, their higher thought finds expression in the old forms of native dialects.

"Do not poke fun at our ways," said the totem pole artist to me as I stood with uncovered head watching the after dinner song. "You see their faces are smiling, but it is because they are grateful, glad of their blessings. We are growing to do things in your way as fast as we can. We know that it is best. We accept your laws, your customs. We wish to be citizens. But we must have a little time."

This demonstration by Indians was to celebrate no event of salvation to them, but a treaty of peace that perhaps saved the early settlers of the Puget sound country from slaughter. The treaty of peace signed by the great chiefs of these tribes, whose descendants danced and sang and played their games on the green sward of what was in the lifetime of many of them their undisputed domain, was for the protection, not for themselves, but the white settlers. The beneficiaries of that treaty have forgotten even the day of its making, while by those who the compact gave the protection of overpowering numbers to a few remember it and make of it a day of general rejoicing.

By this treaty the Indians gave up a kingdom and were allowed to keep something like 1,200 acres, the land they enjoy today. But yesterday they sang, and in their way sent up paeans of praise and gratitude to the great Giver of all Good for His blessings. They welcomed the palefaces to their feast and treated them with unwonted consideration.

During the afternoon the leaders made addresses. John Gasper (Chief Yawuhud) gave a potlatch and rejoiced greatly in giving his friends gifts, chanting the while the song of friendship. Then the men put on their cheap finery and danced and paraded like a lot of children, playing at being warriors.

As Maeterlinck says of the bees on the day they swarm, there was not a harsh thought discoverable in the entire company. Whatever of hardness or enmity they may harbor in their daily life, at this yearly celebration the aborigines are inspired by but one spirit, component parts of which are joy and gentleness.

Some time next summer, when the marvelous pole their totem artist is carving is finished, there will be another celebration at which it will be raised. Then there will be canoe races and aquatic sports of all kinds and the pupils of the Tulalip Indian school may repeat their performance of Hiawatha which they gave three years ago.