

live, so as to claim credit with the Great Spirit for being generous and humane. But they begrudge us what little grass our ponies eat." At parting he repeated earnestly, "If they tell you Smohalla hates all white people, do not believe it." (*Huggins, 2.*)

Our knowledge of the Smohalla ritual is derived from the account given by Major MacMurray and from the statements of Yakima and Pälus informants. The officer's account is that of an intelligent observer, who noted ceremonies closely, but without fully comprehending their meaning. The Indian account is that of initiates and true believers, one of them being the regular interpreter of the Smohalla services on Yakima reservation.

The officer had already seen the ceremonial performances at the Indian villages at Celilo and Umatilla in Oregon, at Tumwater and Yakima gap in Washington, but found its greatest development at the fountain head, the home of Smohalla at Priest rapids. His account is so full of interest that we give it almost in its entirety.

While still several miles away, his party discovered the village, the houses extending along the bank of the river, with several flags attached to long poles fluttering in the wind. The trail from the mountains was winding and difficult, but at last—

We reached the plain and were met by a procession, headed by Smohalla in person, all attired in gorgeous array and mounted on their best chargers. We wended our way through sagebrush and sand dunes to the village street, not a soul being visible, but from the mat-roofed salmon houses there came forth the most indescribable chorus of bell ringing, drum beating, and screeching. I noticed that the street was neatly swept and well sprinkled—an unusual thing in any Indian village. This, Smohalla said, was in my honor and to show that his people had cleanly tastes. Our procession passed on beyond the village to a new canvas tent, which had a brush shade to keep off the sun and was lined and carpeted with new and very pretty matting. Smohalla said this had been prepared especially for me, and was to be my house as long as I should stay with him. To cap the climax, he had constructed a bench for me, having sent more than 90 miles for the nails. Fresh salmon, caught in a peculiar trap among the rocks and broiled on a plank, were regularly furnished my party, and with hard tack and coffee of our own supplying we got enough to eat and drink. Our own blankets furnished sleeping conveniences. The river was within two yards of our tent door and was an ample lavatory.

When I awoke the next morning, the sound of drums was again heard, and for days it continued. I do not remember that there was any intermission except for a few minutes at a time. Seven bass drums were used for the purpose. I was invited to be present, and took great interest in the ceremonies, which I shall endeavor to describe.

There was a small open space to the north of the larger house, which was Smohalla's residence and the village assembly room as well. This space was inclosed by a whitewashed fence made of boards which had drifted down the river. In the middle was a flagstaff with a rectangular flag, suggesting a target. In the center of the flag was a round red patch. The field was yellow, representing grass, which is there of a yellow hue in summer. A green border indicated the boundary of the world, the hills being moist and green near their tops. At the top of the flag was a small extension of blue color, with a white star in the center. Smohalla explained: "This is my flag, and it represents the world. God told me to look after my people—all are my people. There are four ways in the world—north and south and