

Many of them speak a peculiar language which is neither English, French, Latin nor Sanscrit, but a combination of all, and is mainly composed of "heows," "dew-tells," and words of a similar nasal sound.

The word Pot-luck is derived from *potamus*, a river, and *lokus*, a wolf; the former describing the place where it is held, and the latter the fierce character of those who take part in it.

To this Pot-luck gathered about 200 Indians, in a very large steam canoe. Can you imagine it? They came partly from Western Ontario, and are called Canucks, in the language of the down Easters. The others came from American territory, and are called New York, Boston, and Chicago Indians. To the latter belong the tribes of the Big Mouths and Long Arms.

The canoes are large and are fearlessly taken many miles out on the lake. They are painted white and green, and look as if they might be built without drawings or measurements, simply by the eye. From these circumstances arose the expression "All in my eye," and "Do you see any green?" Meaning of course "do you see the canoe coming down the river?"

These savages are inveterate gamblers. The young uns, male and female, gambol on the forward deck while the old uns gamble on the cuohre deck across the table by the lodges. There favourite games are, in their peculiar language Hi-lo-juc and U-eur. The excitement sometimes runs high. I have seen several pairs of boots—the feet still in them—put up on the table as side bets when there was nothing else available. This is also part of the Pot-luck, but I met one man who said he would rather have his *lucre*.

I have tried to ascertain from many intelligent contrabands, who have spent a great part of their lives among these East Coast Indians, what is the orthodox religion among them, but few can give me any decided opinion. There seems to be a clear idea on one subject. It is well expressed in the native proverb—"Pu-tuo-uc-yin-thyp-ar-se," which may be freely and elegantly translated "Git, git honestly if you can, but, at any rate, git."

One of the smaller ceremonies of the Pot-luck took place on the first evening after the Canoe left port, out on the open lake. When most of the Indians had retired to their board and lodging, a chief named Sa-lo-ons-tew-ard came out of his lodge, to hold a gift distribution of blankets for those who were left out in the cold. Then began a scene of savage delight. From all sides the young braves rushed up to seize what they could. When a young brave got a blanket he at once began to sing, "Put me in my Little Bed," or "Rock me to Sleep, Mother."

Such is the exuberance of Indian spirits! Then he lay down on a sofa "to sleep perchance to dream." Alas! some were disappointed. They used strong epigrammatic language about it. One said "—it, I got none."

But the great ceremony was held next day at one o'clock, when the canoe was nearing the Long Sault Rapids.

The braves with their squaws and sweet-hearts gathered about the long table with their backs up—I mean up against the lodges, waiting for the signal, to begin, and jostling and crowding to secure places.

In the meantime slaves passing and repassing laid on the table dishes of various kinds of cooked meats and vegetables, and little plates of pickles and "sass."

Then a bell sounded,—when those who were in the *inside ring* got good places at the table, next to the great Chief. The others rushed and crushed, and jammed themselves in, the best way, or rather, the worst way they could. Of these the "Dead-Heads," secured the best seats. My friend and myself found ourselves between two "Big-mouths," and opposite two of the "Long-Arm" tribe. "Every man for himself," said one of our neighbours, as he speared a fowl with his fork.

"That is a foul thrust," replied my friend. "It is not a fowl, it is only part of one, for it has lost a wing."

"Then there's a difference of a pinion."

With such sportive conversation was the strife waged.

There were three potatoes left in a dish before me. Hawke-Eye speared one, Big-Indian-eat-a-heap, speared a second, and one of the Long-Arm tribe was making for the third. It was a critical moment. I literally grabbed it. "My gosh," exclaimed my enemy "if he haint tuk it with his bare hand."

In half an hour the Pot-luck was concluded, and many a brave was sent away hungry and disappointed.

This took place, everyday throughout the season, in different canoes.

This thoughtless treatment of our Indians by the Canada Navigation Company has tended to make them more savage than they are by nature.

The company should be made strictly to understand that none of the great tribes except the Dead-Heads will stand this, much longer, for all respectable Indians are quite tired of the yearly ceremony of the Pot-Luck.

A POSTHUMOUS INSULT.—A press despatch from Quebec states that the Fire Alarm in that city is rung for the dead.

Opening of the Session.

The last session of the second Parliament of Ontario opened on Thursday with the usual pomp and circumstance. The circumstance gave birth to the pomp, and the pomp in its turn brought forth a lot of little grandchild circumstances. The pomp began at Government House, and grew in magnificence, as "street arabs" and admiring loungers joined it on the way; and attained undistinguishable proportions when the Parliament Buildings were reached, and the crowd there congregated was thrown in. This has no reference to the throne in the wrangling hall, where opposing forces met in peace, each party thinking how best the other could be broken in pieces. As yet quiet reigns like the lull of the elements before the rains descend. Grit fingers are grasped by Tory, and *vice versa*, after the manner that two pugilists shake hands in the prize-ring when their session commences, after which they proceed to shake each other up, just as the Mowatites and Cameronians will begin to do next week. The whole circumstance wasn't a circumstance to what will follow, when opposing orators address themselves to the consideration of the Address. The guard of honor, from the 10th Royals, was not nearly so strong as the guard each party will keep upon the tactics of the other, and the salute from the cannon of the Toronto Artillery will be followed by salutes from the big guns of the House when they belch forth their charges in thundering oratory. We distinguished among the distinguished Assembly Hall, many of the principal men of the city, the principle of loyalty being so strong in them that on principle they made it their principal desire to show respect to the Queen's representative in a representative respect. There were many ladies present to see and be seen, and to witness the Lieutenant-Governor present the speech from the Throne. All being ready, the sub-Agent of the Queen, as in duty bound, proceeded to "stand and deliver," and as the ceremony progressed we had a chance to observe that some of those present did not observe, or stand upon, ceremony, but on their feet.

First Mr. CRAWFORD rejoiced in being able to congratulate them on another year of very general prosperity. We also were glad that he was able to do it, for if he had not been, we suppose some other abler man would have said the very same thing. We thought his remark about prosperity was very general; for we have noticed that prosperity is generally accepted as a matter of course, and silently, while adversity causes a good many adverse murmurings. Why the M.P.'s should be especially congratulated we can't make out, unless it be because their presence entitles them to their sessional allowance and mileage. We don't expect anything for our attendance, and we can read, write, talk and understand Provincial concerns as well as—well, WELLS, and he's supposed to be the chief among them, the WELLS from which the water is drawn to lay the Parliamentary "dusts" that sometimes arise.

Mr. CRAWFORD then referred to the liberal policy of extending railways to unsettled districts, whither we remark most of them have not gone; to the boundaries of the Province and the selection of arbitrators to make a line statement to the House, which will be accepted as the truth; of united action with the other Provinces in appointing immigration agents who will increase the population; of the dividing line between Ontario and Quebec, which can't be exactly determined, though everybody knows the two Provinces are divided enough in their opinions and sentiments, of which division he said as little as possible; of the addition to members of the House, in which he didn't say "gerrymandering," and laws for the prevention of bribery; of the distribution of part of the surplus, remaining silent concerning the other part, which RYKERT says doesn't exist; of securing land titles by a bill, and we know bills will do it if a fellow has enough of them; of consolidating the Statutes, so, we suppose, a coach and four can be no longer driven through them; of the finances, which of course are said to be in a flourishing condition—a big revenue, and little expenditure; of the Estimates, which are framed in a cheap manner from economy, as well as strongly so as to stand hard digs in the Public Service. He concluded by hoping their deliberations may be characterized by wisdom and true patriotism. If wisdom and true patriotism were to just speak out the deliberate tricks of Government and Opposition would be characterized rather roughly. Wisdom has given place to foolish zeal, and patriotism seems to be utterly lost through party animosities founded on personal ambition and motives of golden gain. For this reason, when the blessing of Divine Providence was brought in at all, it was just as well to give it the last place in the Speech.

Drive on your political perambulator, ye dry nurses of our young country; GRIP watches over it and your doings. Give it some free air, and don't appropriate all its pap, and under the Divine blessing it will thrive in spite of you.

CANADA FIRST—A party by the name of SMITH.

At a marriage dinner, the officiating clergyman being called on for a speech, wished the happy couple long life and prosperity, and hoped that all their troubles might be little ones.

POTTER's field—The Grand Trunk Railway.