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**G R I P.**

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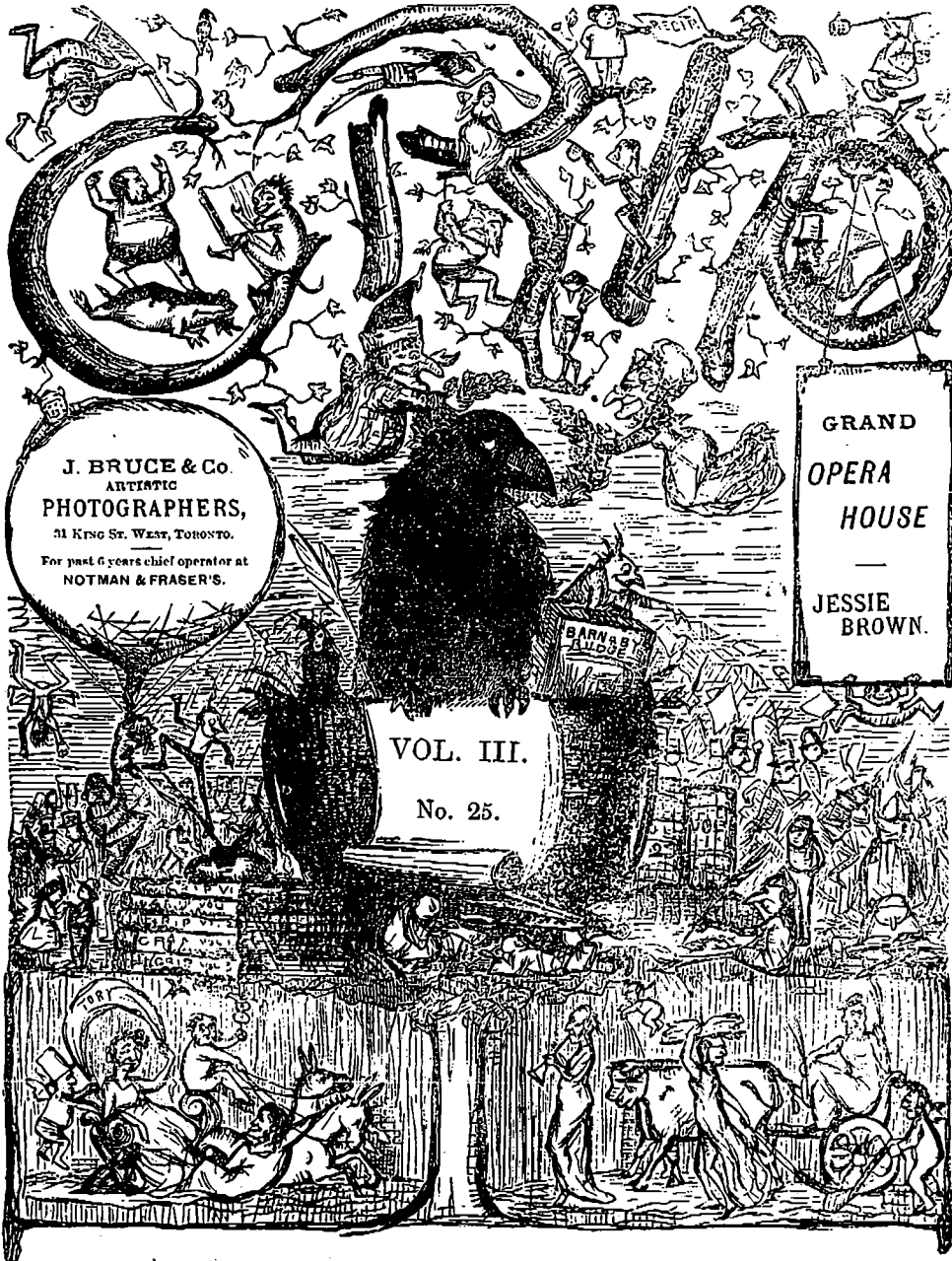
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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 958, Toronto, Ontario. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;  
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1874.

## To Correspondents.

H. V. M.—Like the man who accepts a favor, we are sorry it is not in our power to make you any return, as your paper on "Marriages Extraordinary" has procured a divorce extraordinary from us.

VERBUM SAP.—Contributed. We had discovered. Thanks.

## Originality.

THE wise man said, "There is nothing new under the sun," and daily do we see his words verified. Writers of all classes strive to fight against the truth of this saying in frantic attempts to present some old idea in a new guise and palm it off as original with themselves. Some rough diamond is perhaps unearthed from the mountain of literary rubbish with which the world is filled, and a laudable attempt is made to cut and polish it so as to render it more attractive; or some other gem is taken in hand and the work of burnishing is proceeded with, on a yet unrepresented side, with a view to its introduction as a new work of the literary lapidary. In this way the world is often presented with old material worked up so cleverly as to be "as good as new;" and the artists who are thus able to evolve some order from chaos are surely deserving of praise for their cleverness, and worthy of the thanks of those for whom they have digged and designed. From the fact that their labor is chiefly expended upon a careful desire to present old matter in a new and unrecognizable shape, we may properly call them "designing men."

The persons we have referred to, like the French cook, display originality in the disguise in which they present their pabulum, and in which it is acceptable, under a new name, to those to whom it is dished up neatly and with taste. The absence of anything new beneath the sun, and of the possibility in a lifetime of travelling more than 95,000,000 of miles for a brand new idea, makes all claim for originality by our modern writers depend upon their ability to manufacture literary hash and bread-pudding, or warm up the joints of some old argument so as to render them palatable. Only those who have been behind the scenes know the stupendous difficulties that are encountered, and have to be surmounted, by those whose duty it is to prepare a daily meal to the thousands who, like the horse-leech's daughter are continually crying "Give, give!" True, the larder's plentifully stocked; but with what? Stale crumbs, mouldy morsels, musty scraps, eye, putrid pieces, and a generally confused mass of heterogeneous odds and ends, all, or at least most of them, emitting "an ancient and a fish-like smell." Often, too, the unfortunate mortal whose task it is to furnish a presentable dish from this confusing collection is puzzled to find some tit-bit or delicious morsel he knows to be there, and which would just suit in the preparation of his contemplated confection. He fails to discover the particular meat which he intended should have preponderance and give body to his jack-pudding, and he cannot for the life of him light upon the condiment he needs, to give spice to his production. These difficulties may again be aggravated by the decay of the fire at the critical moment; or the water or whiskey, or whiskey and water may run short when most needed. What wonder, then, that the best of cooks should fail at times to turn out a successful dish, and be forced to place before his insatiable patrons, who will not accept a "nay," something of which he is himself ashamed? What wonder that from the hands of clumsy artists should come forth so many unpalatable, indigestible, and often nauseating productions? What wonder that the sweating and anxious slave of the newspaper kitchen, unable to make the dainty upon which his mind was set, after wasting time and patience upon it, should, at last, in desperation, decide to dish up the thinnest of literary soup.

Only recently we saw one of those culinary cusses indulge in inordinate laughter over an Irish stew sent out by another of the tribe, in which poor PARKMAN was literally hashed up to fill a crust made by mixing in the mortar of comparison some of the flower of Canadian chivalry with a little heroic Greece. The critic seems to have searched the whole *Globe* for an opportunity to play "old Nick" with his rival, and avenge the *Mail* "Child Mortara." He has done it with a vengeance, and overlooking the cleverly contrived crust, he has held up to the public gaze the ill-cooked and peccoluted portions of the pillaged PARKMAN, till people do not know whether to be most disgusted at the maker of the stew or at him who has so coarsely caused them to know the material from which it was made.

Ugh!

## Scotch Wit.

THE prize conundrum at the Hallow'een gathering of the Montreal Scotch was the following:

Why are the wealthy Scotchmen of Montreal like the Scots at Bannockburn? Answer:—Because they are "scots wha hae."

A Scotch Grit suggests an improvement on the above, thus:

Why are those Scotch Tories of West York who spent money at the last election like Bruce's soldiers? Answer:—Because they are "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

## Croaks and Pecks.

NORTH SIMCOE HAS DIVORCED HERMAN.

THE *Guelph Herald* has an unfortunate habit of throwing political boomerangs. One of its late conundrums asks if a certain person received the Grit nomination because he was a Conservative in 1867? We would fancy that the young Irish orator of the *Herald* would not fancy making comparisons of the standing of political personages now and in 1867, when he was a rabid Grit. He should not propound any further conundrums till he tells where that right arm is. It seems that he at least is not destined to receive a Tory nomination because he was a Grit in 1867.

JACKSON, Reeve of Newmarket, has got up on his *Era* about the nomination of Dr. WIDFIELD by the Reform Convention of North York. He doesn't like the idea of passing over men who have for years worked for the party, and their own ambition; though he hasn't mentioned the ambition part. Isn't there an appointment vacant somewhere? We are certain it is from no lack of gallantry that the *New Era* has dawned with an indignant flare, and like a particularizing WELLS, warns the North Yorkers to beware of WIDFIELD. ERASTUS is slightly irascible, and he has been played with. But he holds a high card, and he expects to win a bower wherein he can luxuriate as a government employee, for which laborious position he is eminently fitted.

THE *Sun* says:—"If Judas Iseariot had lived in St. Catharines and voted the Reform ticket." That Judas might choose some such place as St. Catharines to live in is quite likely. It is also given us on good evidence that he was a Reformer, at least he worked in the Reform ranks for a time; but like some of his Canadian counterparts he was bought over to the other side, died in an elevated position and left his wealth to found a cemetery.

THERE are three candidates in the field for election to the House of Commons in Lincoln; Capt. WYXNE, NORRIS, and Dr. JUKES. It is not likely that WYXNE will win, nor is it probable that NORRIS will go under to the Doctor, unless he takes some of the latter's medicine. We fancy Lincoln cares little about having JUKES in Parliament, notwithstanding the opinion of Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH, that titles could command a premium in that respect in Canada.

THE members of the Toronto Philharmonic Society are having a very civil war. We thought they were "lovers of the harmonic;" but it seems we were mistaken. Why don't they get rightly savage? "Music hath charms to soothe the savage."

## Pot-Luck Among the East Coast Indians.

(See *Canadian Monthly* for October.)

BY ED. GARRY.

Some readers of a *Canadian Monthly* may have become acquainted with the savage as he appears, without *reserve*, on the western coast of the Dominion, when, having sold his baskets, furs, ax-handles, bows and arrows, moccasins, papooses, etc., he has given himself up to enjoyment, but they can form no correct idea of his eccentric conduct generally, on the canoes which are found along the eastern coasts of the Dominion, among the islands of the St. Lawrence.

Last July was a favourable opportunity for observing a peculiar custom among the numerous tribes of "Dead-Heads," "Big Mouths," and "Long Arms," who frequent the steam canoes which ply gracefully upon the river.

The lodges of these Indians are made of boards, so that they have board and lodging together, and for the same price, which is ingeniously made large enough to include both. The lodges are built on each side of a long table running down the saloon—I do not mean running it down in a depreciating manner—but merely stretching the whole length. When the lodges are uncomfortably filled, the rest camp out on sofas, chairs, and under the table. Most of the Indians, especially the "Dead Heads" bring their squaws with them to the Pot-luck, and during the day may be seen walking outside the lodges, or sitting round with their arms, waists and heads somewhat mixed up.



# THE COMING PREMIER OF ONTARIO.

(AFTER WILLIAM HUNT'S CELEBRATED PICTURE.)

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 RIXERT 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.

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