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REDS IN REALITY.

One by one the beautiful traditions that have from time immemorial hung a wierd sort of romance about savage life in the wilderness disappear before the ruthless pencil of the invading reporter, and the tales of Cooper and the rythm of Longfellow are thereby left to stand upon their pure literary merits, unsupported entirely by facts. The last occasion furnished for sweeping away the cobwebs of fancy and leaving exposed the bare and unsightly realities of Indian life and character was the grand potlatch, which took place on Squaxon Island about ten miles from the head of Budd's Inlet, last week. General Milroy, Indian Agent on the Squaxon Reservation, having perhaps, as all Agents have, a pride in the noble wards of the Government under his care, resolved that His Excellency Governor Newell, should have a chance to see these in their true glory and accordingly arranged for an excursion from Olympia to Squaxon island by the steamer Zephyr on Saturday the 6th inst., and invited the Governor and his daughters to accompany the party. The ruthless reporter aforesaid was of course one of the number and we subjoin some of the facts concerning the Indians as they appear in every day life.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

No allusion to the habits and customs of aboriginal life would be complete without some reference to either Cooper or Longfellow, but to quote from either author anything which would apply to the miserable remnant of a degenerate race, without making that undignified summersault indicated in the subheading, would be simply impossible. We reproduce from the "Song of Hiawatha" the few lines which may be made, in the most charitable spirit, to serve our purpose:

"By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nakomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nakomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

The wigwam, the pine-trees and the Big-Sea-Water, were all spread out before us in delightful panorama, but we could not discover in the motley group of human beings and quadrupeds which assembled at our approach any semblance of the beautiful Nakomis, or the lily-like form of Winona. If even the old arrow-maker was there he did not show himself. The first object of interest visited was the

"POTLATCH HOUSE,"

A large lodge or wigwam, about forty feet wide and probably 150 feet in length. It consists of a rude but massive frame-work of trees, the sides covered with shakes, the roof being supported by slender saplings without any intermediate support of collar beam or truss. A portion of the roof, along the combing, has been left open to allow the egress of smoke, but it very inadequately served the purpose, for the eyes of visitors continually ached from the prevalence of the dense vapor which arose from a score or more of fires, on which was stewing, in pots and kettles of all shapes and sizes, the noon-day meal. Around the lodge, on an elevated platform about four feet wide, running its whole length, sat or reclined the women and children, in all the grotesque, not to say picturesque, attitudes imaginable. Here a comely squaw, clad in the faded, cast-off garments of some one of her aristocratic white sisters, sat knitting or sewing; there an ancient dame, clad in rags and filth, patiently watching and stirring the boiling caldrons of peas and wheat, the sole course of the meal soon to follow. Near the entrance sat a pleasant-faced klotchman making bread. Her manner was peculiar. The flour was first moistened and stirred in a pitcher, and then poured into a pan, when it was kneeded just enough to give it the shape of flat loaves, which were placed in a fry-pan and inclined to the blazing fire. The loaves appeared after baking still flat and decidedly soggy. In another part of the wigwam he saw loaves which would have been admitted for competition at our Territorial Fair, but upon inquiry we ascertained they were baked in the oven of that innovation upon savage custom, a cook stove, and probably this was the one thing needful to have made all their pastry as inviting. There were possibly 150 women and children

LOUNGING ON THE PLATFORMS,

Which served the purpose likewise of beds at night. Under them and on the girders overhead, were stored flour, potatoes and fruit; a freshly slaughtered carcass of beef being an extra tid-bit laid away for the crowning ceremonies when the Potlatch began. Salmon were likewise a conspicuous article of diet—not the dainty, delicate flavored fish of commerce, but the blotch skinned, lean dog-salmon—and many of these fish, impaled on sticks, slowly roasted before the fires.

THE BRAVES AT DINNER.

The pots were taken from the fires, where their contents had been simmering all day long, and ranged in a line the entire length of the lodge. This brought them about five feet apart. Strips of matting were then stretched on either side, upon which, after much clamor and a continuous shouting by one who apparently filled the place of master of ceremonies, finally knelt two long lines of dusky savages, prepared for gastronomic battle. Immense spoons, or ladles, made from wood or horn, were then distributed, accompanied by small cedar sticks, the use of which was a mystery soon solved. Each Siwash immediately applied himself to the business of the moment. Dipping a full ladle of the steaming soup or stew (of peas and wheat) from the nearest pot, he placed the smaller end of the vessel between his teeth and by the aid of the stick, shoved the food into his mouth, just as Chinamen eat rice from a saucer with the use of chop-sticks. The capacity of the savage stomach, as demonstrated by this feast, was something wonderful. We have long known that it revolts at scarcely any kind of food, but never before had our eyes beheld the feat of stowing away the largest possible quantity within a given space, in so short a period of time! It was wonderful No device could have been selected better calculated for the rapid absorbtion of semi-liquid food, than these same capacious ladles, which, elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, presented a straight shute down cavernous throats, without the aid of chop sticks, but when these are brought into requisition, there was no halt in the passage and the samp disappeared with all the precision of hashed meat through a sausage stuffer. A few of the native women knelt with the men, but they were generally content to sit by silent witnesses of the extraordinary performances of their delighted lords.

TOMANAWUS DANCE.

By special request of General Milroy, the great tomanawus dance was executed. It appeared to be more of a devotional, than a mirthful, character. The braves form a ring, in the center of which is placed the tomanawus man of the tribe. They all then strike up a monotonous chant imploring the Great Spirit to bestow all manner of temporal and spiritual blessings. It is accompanied by a stooping, swaying motion of the body, emphasized by beats of the drum. The oldest men, leaning on staves for support, engage in this ceremony. Some of these antiquated specimens are too weak to undergo the fatigue of the violent gesticulation, and simply lean on their supports and nod their heads in perfect time, with the gravity and precision of automatons.

THE EVENING REPAST.

The bill of fare for this meal happened to be dog-salmon and potatoes. Long troughs, made of boards, like those generally used in pig-styes, were brought in; a buck then run his hands into a pot of boiled salmon and hauling forth a fish, tore off a huge morsel and placed it, with an emphatic *squish*, in the trough. This allowance was placed at equal distances apart, and another brave followed with potatoes, placing one or two of the boiled vegetables on each piece of salmon. The troughs were then arranged in line, and the diners assembled as at the noon-day meal. The hands are used at this meal, but they were quite as effective as any mechanical contrivance could have been for storing away with celerity and dispatch. many even of our oldest residents have never invaded the

DOMAINS OF BARBARIC LIFE,

And may be interested in seeking information without suffering the penance as all do who obtain knowledge in this direction from personal inspection. And to these, as well as to those whose romantic ideas of Indian life are based upon fiction rather than fact, we commend the above. The horrible sight, the noisome smells and the intolerable discord of inharmonious sounds, will ever deter those who have once made a visit of discovery from a repetition of the experience.

The Queen and Mr. Gladstone.

If it be true, as we read in London correspondence of a New York paper, that Mr. Gladstone snubbed his Queen when she made of him a demand for an increase of the salary of the Prince of Wales, the fact will lift the old Premier in the estimation of every fair-minded man. We read the other day that the Prince had won $25,000 on a horse-race. It is a fashion of betting men to permit the world to hear of their winnings, but they are careful to conceal their losses. This race in which Wales won was not the first he ever bet at; and it is only fair to suppose that he, like other sporting men, has concealed his losses. This is the more fair when we reflect that without gambling and without indulging in other vices, it would be impossible for the Prince of Wales to spend his income. He receives in round numbers $600,000 per annum, $50,000 per month, or, excluding Sundays, just about $2,000 per day. His house rent and traveling expenses cost him nothing; his gifts in charity do not average two thousand dollars per month; he has no old mother or little sisters to support. The question is simply whether the poor of Great Britain should be taxed to pay for the vices of a dissolute Prince. If Gladstone has had the strength, firmness and sense of justice sufficient to negative the request of his sovereign, why, then, he is worthy to be Premier of the foremost Empire on earth. That Victoria should prefer such a request is a fearful satire on royalty, for it shows that to the Empress of India, even as to the rag-picker, as the nobler faculties are failing with age, avarice, the first instinct which reveals itself in the infant, has returned and has commenced to rule old age. The majesty of royalty cannot frown down this vice. Though possessing millions which she can never use, though hailed as sovereign of the mightiest nation that ever existed, this old woman loves money so much that she will not save her son from disgrace by paying his debts, and, worse still, she would tax England which has been so generous to her and her's to meet the gambling debts of a loose Prince. The showing is not a dignified one for either the Queen or the Prince, but old man Gladstone shines in a magnified light in the interview.

A useful and interesting modification of the electro motors sometimes used in class demonstrations for revolving Geissler tubes has been effected by A. P. Laurie and C. L. Bruton of Edinburgh, Scotland. They cause four electro-magnets to act successively upon an eccentric armature of soft iron rotating about a central shaft, thus avoiding the "back-pull" of various other forms of electro-motors.

SAYS the New York *Sun*: "The obstinacy with which the electric light declines to go backward is certainly suggestive of the possibility of its being a revolution.

The Monkey in its Domestic Relations.

In India, where the monkeys live among men, and are the playmates of their children, the Hindoos have grown fond of them, and the four-handed folk participate in all their simple household rites. In the early morning, when the peasant goes out to yoke his oxen, and the crow wakes up and the dog stretches himself and shakes off the dust in which he had slept last night, the old monkey creeps down the peepul tree, only half awake, and yawns and looks about him, puts a straw in his mouth, and scratches himself contemplatively. Then one by one the whole family come slipping down the tree trunk, and they all yawn and look about and scratch. But they are sleepy and peevish, and the youngsters get cuffed for nothing, and begin to think life dull. Yet the toilet has to be performed, and whether they like it or not, the young ones are sternly pulled up one by one, to their mother to undergo the process. The scene, though repeated exactly every morning, loses nothing of its delightful comicality, and the monkey brats seem all to be in the joke of "taking in mamma." But mamma was young herself not very long ago, and treats each ludicrous affection of suffering with the profoundest unconcern, and, as she dismisses one "cleansed" young ter with a cuff, stretches out her hand for the next one's tail or leg in the most business-like and serious manner possible.

The youngsters know their turn quite well. As each feels the moment arrive it throws itself on its stomach as if overwhelmed with apprehension, the others meanwhile stifling their satisfaction at the way "so-and-so is doing it," and the instant the marital paw is extended to grasp the tail, the subject of the next experiment utters a piercing shriek, and, throwing its arms forward in the dust, allows itself to be dragged along a limp and helpless carcass, winking all the time, no doubt, at its brothers and sisters at the way it is imposing on the old lady. But the old lady will stand no nonsense, and, turning the child right side up, proceeds to put it to rights, takes the kinks out of its tail and knots out of its fur, pokes its fingers into its ears and looks at each of its toes, the irrepressible brat all the time wearing on his face an absurd expression of hopeless and incurable grief, those who have been already cleansed looking on with delight at the screaming farce, and those who are waiting wearing a becoming aspect of enormous gravity.

The old lady, however, has her joke, too, which is to cuff each youngster before she lets it go, and, nimble as her offspring are, she generally, to her credit be it said, manages to "fetch them one on the ears" before they are out of reach. The father, meanwhile, sits gravely with his back to all these domestic matters, waiting for breakfast. Presently the mats before the hut doors are pushed down, and women, with brass vessels in their hands, come out, and while they scour the pots with dust exchange between songs the compliments of the morning. The monkeys by this time have come closer to the preparations for food, and sit solemnly, household by household, watching every movement. Hindoos do not hurry themselves in anything they do, but the monkey has plenty of patience, and in the end, when the crowd has stolen a little, and the dog has had his morsel, and the children are all fatisfied, the fragments of the meal are thrown out on the ground for the "blunder orgue," the monkey people, and it is soon discussed, the mother feeding the baby before she herself eats.

Sir Walter Scott's Find.

The regalia of Scotland has experienced many strange adventures. For a long time the jewels were supposed to have been either lost or stolen, but Sir Walter Scott, while indulging in his propensity for antiquarian research, came across some old documents which led him to believe that the regalia was somewhere hidden within the precincts of Edinburg Castle. A royal license was procured from George IV., a commission appointed and a general search instituted. Scott, observing that the wall where the present crown room is, was of some thickness, came to the conclusion that there must be a secret chamber within the masonary. Tools were brought, and, after some labor in removing the stones, a vaulted room was disclosed. An entrance being effected and the rubbish removed, they found in one corner of the apartment a large chest, bound round with iron, and secured by three heavy padlocks. This being speedily broken signias of Scottish royality, looking as fresh and beautiful as they did in the days of "James Fitz James." In the meantime the news spread that the search for the regalia was being made and all Edinburg poured forth her hundreds and thousands. They filled the esplanade, and occupied every available portion of ground from which the slightest view of the castle could be obtained. The result of the search was awaited with national anxiety. At last, when the assembled crowd had about given up all hope, a cannon fired from the castle, and a flag hastily run up on the highest tower, proclaimed to the thousands that the regalia was again restored to Scotland.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES says the only annoying circumstance connected with his Tennessee colony thus far, was the presence of two Tennesseeans who squatted on a piece of ground the title of which was so involved that it could not be purchased, and opened a liquor saloon. They could not be driven away until two Indiana ladies started a school next door, when in accordance with the State laws the saloon keepers were obliged to move.