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AN INDIAN VILLAGE

OUR CORRESPONDENT VISITS THE ST. REGIS RESERVATION.

Order Maintained Without Assistance. Courts, Police or Constables—How the Indians Live—Their Amusements and Amusements—A Prosperous Community.

(Special Correspondence.) St. Regis, Quebec, Oct. 6.—A quaint old village, leading from a point of land between the St. Lawrence and St. Regis rivers, and straggling thence along the St. Regis bank for about the distance of a mile.

The houses of log or frame, in irregular lines, or, more irregular still, set down without regard to any line whatever.

Some of the houses have fences in front and some have none. The main street, largely overgrown with grass, winds twistingly, giving an odd effect.



A ST. REGIS VIEW.

A most primitive and peculiar village it is, with handsome women, beautifully formed, busily weaving baskets inside the open doors, their dark eyes gazing curiously as you pass by; other women walking with elastic step along the road, with dark colored blankets draped with rare effect over the head and about the face, and enveloping almost the entire figure in their folds; dark visaged men here and there, some working in the gardens, others preparing logs for being stripped into splints for basket work.

The village is partly within Canada and partly within the United States, but no difference is in any way apparent. No one indeed can point out the exact boundary, as of the line of iron posts set up to mark the division as agreed upon by the treaty of Washington some have been destroyed, and one in the heart of the village has been willfully misplaced.

Some 2,500 Indians there are in the village and the Canadian and United States reservations, of which the village is part, and this number is about equally divided between the two countries. In neither reservation is there a court, a policeman or a constable, yet uniformly good order is maintained.

For the United States portion there is an annuity of \$5,000 or \$6,000, and after schools and roads are paid for there is left some two dollars per head—not a very great annual sum.

But the Indians do not usually get even the two dollars, for the government sees to it that all sorts of fees and commissions and traveling expenses and investigations are paid for out of the reservation fund. It is unfair to make the Indians pay for all this, because what is due them is interest on the sum for which they sold lands to the government, and the money therefore belongs to them as a right and not a charity.

Basket making is the principal occupation of the village, the men doing the first rough work and the women and girls completing it. They become marvelously expert, and many of their productions are elaborate and thoroughly artistic. The making of the coarse sticks is also quite an industry. Fishing is the occupation of quite a number. Great eels are caught and splendid sturgeon, while even the fast vanishing muskellunge is still from time to time the prize of the more fortunate. Some vegetable produce is raised within the limits of the village itself, but in winter all the fences of this tract are burned up, leaving a task of fence building for the early spring. Such are the community ideas that if a man doesn't care to burn his fence himself his neighbors quietly remove it and burn it for him. Naturally enough, therefore, it is seldom that there is such an omission on the owner's part.

In the reservations outside of the village considerable farming is carried on, and quite large farms are by some families operated. Money, though, is necessarily scarce, even among the most successful, and so it is but few who can afford expensive agricultural implements and farming machines.

Still some of the farms are very creditable indeed. Especially is this the case on the "Glebe lands" on the farther side of the St. Regis river—a large tract of land, over a century ago granted to the priests and cleared by them, but which long since ceased to be theirs. The mission church stands prominently on the point between the two rivers, and is a quaint old gothic structure of stone, with a tall, square tower, erected toward the close of the past century to take the place of an earlier and ruder structure.

The priest's home, also built in the last century, stands close by—a massive stone building, lead roofed and with walls 3 to 3½ feet thick.

All the expenses of the mission are borne by the Indians themselves, although money is scarce among them. That the town is what it is, is the result of the tireless and self devoted energies of its missionaries. The mission was begun over a century and a quarter ago, and the continuous records of the church are still sacredly preserved for all but a very few of the earliest years. Old and yellowed with age are the records, and there is a quiet pathos in reading entry after entry of a missionary; then his last; then, in a strange hand, the record of his death and burial; and then, continuing, the entries of his successor. The oldest page is dated the 21 of February, 1762:

"I, the undersigned, have baptized with the ceremonies of the church a girl, born two days before, of Mary Jane Nakomi, an Abenaki, whom the god-mother named Margaret Therese, and the signatur is simply "Gordian, J. S." the initials of the Society of Jesus.

Here and there at various points about the remarkably treeless town and treeless commons are lofty wooden crosses, bare and imposing, to which solemn church processions are made on certain festival days, and one cross standing on the summit of a low treeless ridge behind the town, stands out in strikingly bold relief.

The preaching is in the Mohawk tongue, and the choir is always well filled. The community is very religious, and even such as do not regularly attend services do not fail to go to the first communion to marry only under church sanction; to call for the priest when dying, and to wish him to stand over their grave.

Children, instead of receiving the names of their parents, are given some new name and one which has a meaning, as, for example, "He has a queer voice," "He carries flowers," "A beautiful night," "His face is as long as any others."

The homes are usually simply furnished. In some are quaint, well kept old fashioned articles of furniture. Differing from many other Indian communities, they do not care much for flowers, nor do they have any striking hatred for weeds.

The moral standard is higher than in many other reservations which are more in contact with the whites, and there are not nearly so many cases of disease caused by contact with white depravity. There are more deaths from lung diseases than from any other cause, and the average duration of life is good. Many live to the age of eighty or ninety. A pathetic reminder of ancient beliefs is the restlessness of the sick and their impatient desire to be borne from house to house, to remain for a time at each, hoping thus to find the spot where evil influence cannot reach them, and no matter how ill they are none will take medicine when the wind blows from the east!

The oldest man in the village is over ninety and very white—a descendant of a white child captured by the Indians near Albany long ago, when the French ruled in Canada, and who grew to maturity among them.

Many a foray did the St. Regis Indians in times past make into the Atlantic states. Originally of the Iroquois confederation, and for the greater part Mohawks, they took part, through being Catholics, with the French rather than, as did most of the Iroquois, with the English, and no longer considered as part of the confederated tribes became a new people and turned their rifles and tomahawks against their former brethren and allies.

Anatakarias, "Destroyer of Villages"—such is their grim designation for the president of the United States, founded on unforgettable memories of past wars, past cruelties and past reprisals. The St. Lawrence flows by the reservation with magnificent sweep and splendid majesty, while forty miles distant across level intervening plains rise the deep blue Adirondacks solemnly imposing. ROBERT SHACKLETON, JR.

THE ORIGINAL "YANKEE DOODLE."

Fifer Hugh Mosher the Model for Willard's Celebrated Painting.

(Special Correspondence.) BRIGHTON, O., Oct. 6.—Thousands of Americans are familiar with Artist Willard's celebrated painting, "Yankee Doodle," with its three Revolutionary volunteers with rifle and drum, calling out the defenders of American liberty.

When Artist Willard painted that patriotic picture he took for his original Revolutionary hero Hugh Mosher, the famous fifer of the Western Reserve. Mr. Mosher paid the last debt of nature at his home in this village at the ripe old age of seventy-three years. His funeral was attended by hundreds of old soldiers whom he had delighted with his life, and to whom his death was regarded as little less than a personal loss.



HUGH MOSHER.

Mr. Mosher was a born fifer, as were his father and grandfather before him. He was a native of Ohio, and was born in Lake county in 1819. His grandfather served in the Revolutionary war, his father in the war of 1812, and he completed the family war record by nearly two years' service in the Union army during the civil war. Each of the three generations furnished a fifer in the armies of their country, and the grandson refused to lay his favorite instrument aside when peace was restored.

For years he had been a familiar figure at public celebrations, reunions, political gatherings and county fairs throughout the Western Reserve, and had literally fitted his way into the affections of the people of this part of the country. It was at one of these gatherings that the attention of Painter Willard was drawn to Mr. Mosher, who was induced to serve as the model of the Revolutionary fifer.

For many years Mr. Mosher did little else than visit surrounding towns, in response to urgent requests, and no gathering of old soldiers could be voted a really successful and enjoyable one that did not count among those present the venerable old fifer of Brighton. FREDERIC K. KINNEY.

PROFESSOR WADKINS ADVERTISES.

And He is Called Upon by Several Real Ladies.

When Wadkins lived in Thompson street he used to brag about his skill in white-washing and calcimining, particularly in the shades of blue. So they called him "professor." A week ago he moved far up town to 630 West One Hundred and Thirty-first street and had three rooms for himself. Mrs. Wallace, the colored housekeeper, looked him over very deliberately.

"What's yo' name?" she finally asked. "Professor Wadkins," was the grave answer. "Huh!"

Headless of scorn, the professor soon established friendly relations with the housekeeper, and she agreed to keep his rooms in order. A few days later these friendly relations were dissolved when he announced his intention of advertising for a housekeeper.

The advertisement was subjected to revision and appeared on Saturday morning as follows: Housekeeper—A lady wishing to become a housekeeper for a gentleman of good standing, apply after 1 o'clock p. m., Professor Wadkins, 630 West One Hundred and Thirty-first street.

Harry McManus, who works in One Hundred and Thirty-first street, opposite the professor's house, read the notice that morning. He could hardly believe his eyes. He read it again and again, and even went so far as crossing the street to consult the lumbers. Then he went into Mooney's stable and said to the groom that sat there:

"Say, fellows, get on 't this. Professor Wadkins is advertisin' for a housekeeper. Jest hang round 'nd yo'll see fun."



SHE RANGED HIM.

The fun began promptly on time. They could see the professor standing near the window of his room shaving himself. After finishing this operation he combed his hair very carefully, and then spent ten minutes in tying his scarf. That over, he lighted a cigar and sat at the window.

At 1 o'clock a short, stout woman of middle age came down the street. She reached the professor's house, glanced at the number and then at a slip of paper in her hand. Then she went in. Less than a minute later the door opened, and out she came blazing with wrath, strode up the street at full speed and was lost to view.

This woman was hardly out of sight when another came down the street. She was a matronly looking woman, with blue eyes and a face, according to McManus, "that wouldn't scare a sparrow." Just as she reached the door Mrs. Wallace came out of the house. McManus had taken up a position in the adjoining doorway and overheard the following:

"Does Professor Wadkins live here?" "Yes'm."

"Wh—what kind of a man is he?" "He's a colored man." (Grin.) "Wh—what?"

"If you mean Mistah Wadkins, who calls himself professor of calcimining and white-washin, and who wants a housekeeper, I can inform you that he's a colored person," said the colored housekeeper, with great dignity.

"D-d-d-do you (swallowing invisible lumps) mean to say th-t-that a nigger p-p-pat that advertisement in the newspaper?" "I said a colored person" (with more dignity.) "Wait till I get a policeman."

The matronly woman strode off quivering with rage, but she never came back. For the next two hours women continued to come—old women and young women, tall women and short women, lean women and fat women, blonde and brunette, some poorly dressed, some clad in stylish splendor. Not one of them boasted African blood. And every one of them was turned back by the housekeeper, who guarded the honor of her house.

All this time Professor Wadkins sat at his window unconscious of the storms that raged in so many female breasts. About 4 o'clock he came down stairs. McManus called to him, and the professor came dejectedly across the street. "Been some ladies here to see you," McManus said roughly.

"Wh—where? Wh—when? Wh—wh—?" "Don't get excited, old man. They learned you were colored and they went away."

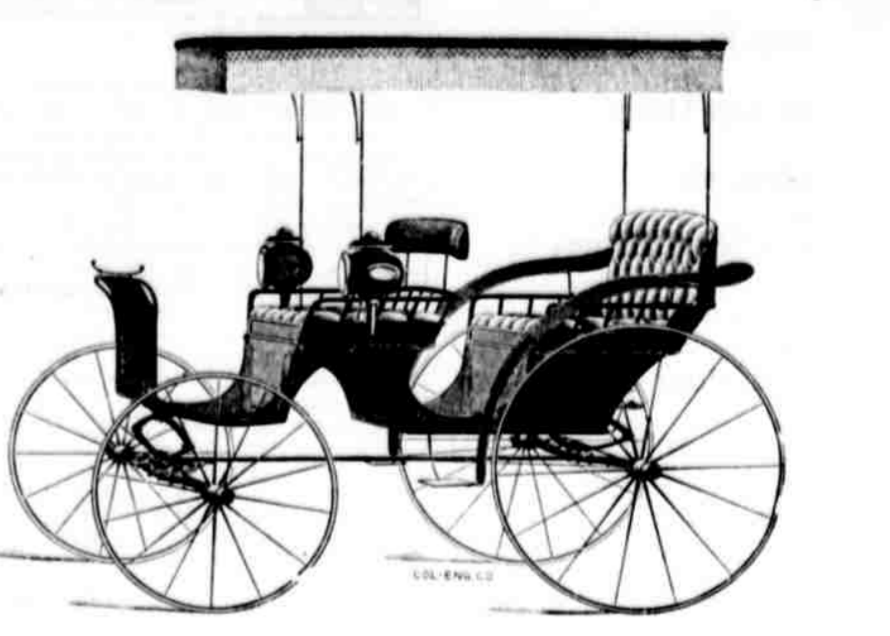
"That's tough, ain't it?" exclaimed the professor, with wounded vanity. "If I'd had a chance to talk to 'em!"

"Don't say a word," hurriedly interjected interrupted McManus. "There's two more coming down the street." Sure enough, two women were approaching. They were tall and rather good looking, and the nearer they came to the professor's house the deeper grew the expression of disgust on their faces. The professor crossed the street, stroking his goatee. He saw that one of the women held a piece of a newspaper in her hand. He doffed his hat and bowed.

McManus can best tell what follows: "The professor had a dicer on, and when he bowed I thought I'd die laughin'. Seeze, 'Ladies, 'r' ye lookin' for Professor Wadkins?" "Yes, sez they. 'That's me,' sez the professor. 'Yo' Professor Wadkins, sez one o' de ladies. De professor grinned 'nd sez: 'Yes, dat's my name. I w'z lookin' fer a nice housekeeper.' Den one o' de ladies kinder screamed, 'nd she up widder umbrella and banged de professor on de dicer. De professor made a break, but de taller lady goddam by de cost and grabbed him by de 'troat. Den de first lady she banged 'im all over de head 'nd she jest lambasted 'd life out o' de poor nigger. De lady wot had hold up 'im tried to scratch 'im in de eyes, 'nd de professor gave a tug 'nd got loose. Den, b'jee, he ran fer de river, 'nd I ain't seen 'im since."

According to McManus, Mrs. Wallace and the other neighbors, at least forty women applied for the vacant housekeeper ship that day. The professor saw only two, but he does not regret that as much as he did.—New York Sun.

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