

THE INDIANS

OF THE TYENDINAGA RESERVE.

Written for The Bee by Miss Lily Dingman, of Belleville, Ontario.

On the beautiful shores of the famous Bay of Quinte, and in one of the most fertile parts of the county of Hastings, is situated that retreat of our dusky brethren, known as the Tyendinaga Reserve.

Originally extending about twelve miles east and west by thirteen northward from the bay, it has been disposed of, piecemeal, to the white settlers, till now it comprises only about ten and a half miles east and west by three north and south. Reaching to the corporation of Deseronto on the east, it takes in near the west end the village of Shannonville, which is leased from the Reserve for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, or about as long as any use for it. Though now so much smaller than formerly the Reserve seems amply large enough to contain the population, which is about eleven hundred, and if the land were well worked would no doubt yield them a comfortable livelihood. A proof of this seems furnished by the fact that a number of whites rent portions of the land from the Indians and work it to advantage, setting a very good example of industry which in too few cases is followed. This is not to say, by any means, that Indians are all and always lazy; but so they must be in the majority of cases if the condition of their farms may be taken as any token of the "inner man."

The Indians are divided into two classes, the comparatively well educated and refined class and the uneducated or lower class. The former, to a large extent, is composed of the families of those who have been privileged to attend, in addition to the public schools maintained for their benefit, a High School, College or University as the case might be, and association with their white neighbors has contributed largely to produce that polish of manners and morals which distinguishes them from others of their tribe. A number have attended the Indian school at Brantford, and the Medical College at Kingston has also been honored by the attendance of a select few.

This "upper ten" are very interesting people and make entertaining companions. In fact, if they could disguise their dark skin and rid themselves of the Indian profile, unfamiliar with the Indian profile, many of them would pass for clever, pleasant persons and would be gladly welcomed to the friendship of their white brethren. Some of them are particularly fine looking and it is said that one gay young member of the tribe enjoyed an enviable position in the society of a city not fifty miles from home and won a by no means small share in the affections of a certain young lady there, without anyone suspecting that he had Indian blood in his veins. When this fact transpired, however, he was enabled to say with the illustrious Cardinal Wolsey, "Farewell, a last farewell to all my greatness," and then to betake himself elsewhere.

There are two day schools for the use of the Indians on the Reserve. They are supplied with teachers in much the same way as the other schools of the province, with the exception that the salary is paid by the government. The teachers are usually young ladies who are brave enough to face the loneliness of the situation and attempt to impress upon the minds of the young Mohawks the many branches of useful knowledge contained in the school curriculum. This, in many cases, is by no means an easy task, for though some of the children may be moderately clever and tractable, there is in the majority a tendency toward dullness and stubbornness which it is difficult to overcome. The time spent by a vast number of them at school is very small, owing to the fact that as soon as they can find anything else to do they are almost sure to take advantage of it. Employment in the mills at Deseronto is comparatively easy to obtain and numbers of boys may be seen at any time at work in and around them.

A pleasant walk of about a mile from Deseronto, along a road which skirts the shore of the Bay of Quinte and affords an uninterrupted view of that charming expanse of water, its shores lined with diminutive forests or stretching away in cultivated fields, brings us to one of the two Mohawk churches. Situated on a rise of ground surrounded by a romantic looking churchyard, and separated from the main road by a beautiful grove which we may cross if we wish, instead of going up the lane which leads to the front of the building. This church is an object of interest to all, and on almost any Sabbath in the fine weather, numbers may be seen from Deseronto and the neighborhood around going to attend divine worship there. The churchyard invites one to a ramble among the graves, which are most of them overgrown with fragrant roses and other pretty wild flowers, and many a curious

glance at the headstones, reveals a name strange to white men's ears, or a date which carries one's thoughts back so far that a young mind almost fails to grasp it.

The most interesting of all, however, is the grave of the first Mohawk Catechist. It is surrounded by a wall about a foot and a half or two feet high, built of gray stone and in the form of a square about six feet to the side. Inside this is a large slab of gray stone laid in a horizontal position about even with the wall and some five feet long by two wide. On it are inscribed his name in both the English and Mohawk languages, his loving faithful work, the date of his coming among them, and his death. Below this is also the name of his wife with dates. It is also odd, with the sweet briar growing around and over hanging it, that it brings strange thoughts to mind and makes one wish to linger and indulge his fancies for awhile.

But the next point of interest is the church and it well repays a visit. Being a government institution the service is Episcopalian and the furnishings of the church are different from many. There is no gallery but the pipe organ is placed on the north side of the altar. It is painted a dark brown with small brass pipes which retain their original color, and in front of the keyboard, which is very short, instead there being a cover as in most organs, there are two little doors which the organist throws open when she begins to play. The instrument is pumped by a little hunchback who is of much the same color as the organ; and the choir, which does not often exceed half a dozen, manage to furnish some very good music. The clergyman who has charge of the parish is a white man, but has an Indian wife, a very substantial looking lady, and it is his daughter who plays the organ, and, in effect, leads the congregation in the responses. With his strange looking gown, his cap of purple or black velvet on his head, and his long white beard, the rev. gentleman presents an unique appearance, and his simple, practical sermons are a pleasure to hear.

One thing, however, which attracts the special attention of the visitor, is something in the form of tablets on the wall at the back of the altar. There are four of them, painted black and side by side. On the two centre ones are printed the Ten Commandments in gilt letters and in the Mohawk language. The other two are also inscribed in the same tongue, but what it may be the visitor is left to guess for himself. Perhaps it is the Lord's prayer and the Creed, but he does not know and though very anxious to find out, forgets to enquire when the service is over.

A very pretty and original thing was to be seen there at the harvest home service last year. It consisted of a number of mottoes with which the walls were decorated. They were made of straw, the strands placed side by side, vertically or horizontally as the case might be, and their bright, shiny, golden surface made them look very pretty indeed. There is another church on the Reserve which is also worthy of notice, for in addition to other items of interest its windows are adorned with hand paintings, the work of a squaw who, no doubt, took this means of showing her devotion to her church and of displaying her artistic talents at the same time.

One has no hesitation in conceding that the Indians have an eye, for color but to judge from the appearance of the majority of their homes one would think their ideas of beauty in architecture, horticulture, or in fact, anything else, sadly undeveloped. A happy-go-lucky, unambitious lot they seem to be, enjoying this life in their rough way without any apparent thought for the morrow. With pipe and tobacco to comfort them, they may be seen on almost any fine day, seated on the doorstep enjoying the view and the breezes of the bay and dreaming, perhaps, of that glorious time when their forefathers roamed the vast forests or skimmed over the water in their canoes, undisturbed by the usurping presence of the white man.

One of their chiefs, a very pleasant, agreeable, and fine-looking man, made quite an extended tour of the British Isles not long ago, lecturing on the manners and customs of his tribe, and met with much consideration and a fair share of success. An Indian costume which he possesses is indeed a thing of beauty. It is made of black velvet and profusely trimmed with beads which are put on as only an Indian woman knows how. There is a belt completely covered with them from which hangs a sort of pocket which conveniently holds a long bow-knife. The hat, the band of which is also beaded, with feathers standing about a foot high all around it and hanging out at the back, forms a charming adornment for the head, while the pretty beaded moccasins which encase

the feet complete a costume that many a curiosity-seeker would be glad to own.

Several members of the tribe have gained some celebrity as doctors. After no previous acquaintance with a patient, and asking no questions, they will take him by the hand, tell him the disease from which he is suffering and describe his sensations, painful or otherwise, with wonderful accuracy. How they can do this is a mystery, but it is said to be a fact nevertheless. There are other Indian doctors, who practice their profession in the same manner as ordinary physicians.

Indians, as a class, possess a few privileges which are denied their white brethren. They are not permitted to get intoxicated whenever they choose like their neighbors, though in spite of the law they are sometimes seen rather in the worse for liquor. But another privilege which they possess is, perhaps, not so desirable. An Indian cannot be sued, and sometimes the poor white man has ample cause to regret that this is the case. Possibly this is one reason why, on the part of the whites in general, there seems to be no inclination to have any closer connection with the Indians than business relations demand. In a few individual instances, as mentioned before, there may be exceptions to this rule, but it is well known that the two races rarely meet in good society. The Indians themselves are probably not sorry for this, but pursue the even tenor of their way satisfied with themselves and caring little for the opinion of their neighbors.

THE CHEESE INDUSTRY OF ELMA.

As it is often considered advisable to give bees some extra food during the fall of the year to help to support them during the ensuing winter, I have considered it advisable to furnish a little for them, even though it should have to be congested through the medium of milk and cheese, and while the contribution may not be so palatable to some as others, I hope it will not taste nauseous to any.

Provisions for the introduction of cheese manufacture in Elma in 1871, farmers were at a loss to know what to do in order to secure a revenue sufficient from farm produce to meet demands then required to replace old log buildings, with frames or other more substantial material, to provide more accommodation and comfort for both man and beast, and to pay wages and other necessary expenses. Carriages and buggies were then scarce, and a good span of horses and wagon was then considered a comfortable conveyance to both church and market. One hundred dollars annually was then considered a large sum to accumulate by selling butter from the cows on a 100 acre farm.

But a better day dawned on the farmers in Elma when in 1871 the cheese industry started. I think just about twenty years ago, A. J. Collins, now of the town of Listowel, then owned lot 15, on the 6th concession, called a meeting in view of finding out what inducement he would get by way of getting milk supplied, should he undertake to establish a cheese factory on his farm. So during the ensuing spring not only Mr. Collins but also Robert Turnbull and Robert Cleland each started a factory on their farms. The industry proving remunerative; other farmers in their separate districts throughout the township followed in succession and have given up the manufacture, still the quantity of milk sent to factories has been steadily on the increase till the present season. And although I am not in possession of figures to give a correct estimate of the quantity or weight of cheese made in this township still I venture to say that it will be between 550 and 600 tons this season, from nine factories. The reputation of Elma cheese as first class quality is not confined to Ontario or Canada, but known as such in the best markets in England, and some of our makers have acquired honorable distinction as such, by gaining valuable prizes not only in Canada but also at the International and Colonial exhibitions, prominent of whom I may mention the names of W. Harris, Monkton factory; Chas. Ovaus; James A. Gray, Elma factory; Robert Cleland, Elm Bank factory, and Mrs. Morrison, Newry factory.

Donegal.

Let it be understood that if any perverting the grounds or shed of the Methodist church they will be promptly dealt with according to law. A word to the wise, &c.

Joseph Vipond, son of Samuel Vipond, met with a painful accident on Monday, 10th inst. While oiling a grain crusher his right hand was caught in the cogs and three of his fingers badly amputated part of two fingers and dressed the hand in his usual skilful manner.

Wm. Aldred, who died at his residence on Saturday, Nov. 8, was one of the pioneers of Perth. He settled on a farm in Fullarton township, near Carleton Place, 47 years ago. He had lived in Elma for the last 30 years, except a few years in Mitchell where he kept a hotel. He was postmaster at Donegal for the last ten years and was in comfortable circumstances.

HANGED

BIRCHALL'S LIFE OVER.

HE GOES TO THE GRAVE WITHOUT CONFESSING.

The murder of Frederick C. Benwell has been avenged. Reginald Birchall was executed on the scaffold in the yard of Woodstock jail Friday morning, Nov. 14th, at about 8:30. He died without confessing, without even alluding in public to his crime. He made no speech or remark of any kind after getting into the jail yard, save a casual one to the executioner. He maintained his nerve throughout, and but for a ghastly pallor gave no evidence of the emotion within his breast. From beginning to end he did not flinch or lose his self-possession. He died bravely and as he said he would do.

"Good-bye, Reggie; bear up; God bless you," were the last words of the wife, and his last farewell was: "Good-bye, Flo, dear; be brave." These were the heart-breaking words of parting as Mrs. Birchall went out of the jail early Friday morning after an interview with him that had lasted for five or six hours.

THE HANGMAN TALKS.
"Birchall says you're a fine, sharp-looking fellow," says the cook, "and wonders that you follow such a calling."
"That's very kind of him, I'm sure," said the hangman. "Well, I don't hang him because I like to do it, but I see no harm in it. I don't want to do it for any man, but it's the law of the land."

"But the people say you're a heartless wretch, and have no feeling," said the cook, bluntly.

"It's not so," said the hangman. "The law decrees that a man has to be hanged, and the law has to be carried out. You, as a voter, approve it yourself. Everybody approves it except a small, miserable minority who have no common sense. I don't want to do it; I have a wife and children and a mother; it is an unpleasant thing to have to do for any man. I would not mind just at the last moment to hear of a reprieve coming for the poor fellow but there is no hope for that. I shall carry it out as strict and as stern as if I was shooting a dog, but I have a good deal of feeling for him all the same. As for my being a heartless wretch, the public can say what they like. I can do it just as steadily as I can smoke that cigar, and feel it more than those who talk about it so. As for their crocodile tears, why I feel like dropping a tear myself sometimes about it. I don't do it for money."

THE PROCESSION.

At 8:15 Birchall was asked by the deputy if he were ready, and gave a prompt reply in the affirmative. A minute later and the executioner entered the cell and strapped the prisoner's arms. He took the comment upon it very coolly, and made no comment upon it. Then he descended the spiral staircase that led into the retunda, which opened into the yard. His step was firm and elastic, and he required no assistance. Here he was joined by Rev. Mr. Wade, who had thrown a surplice over his clothes and carried a prayer-book in his hand. Birchall's friend, Mr. Leatham, was waiting here, too, and stepping forward grasped the left hand of the doomed man and held it warmly in both his own. Bringing up the rear of the fatal procession, the feeble old sheriff of the county was assisted by a tipstaff.

Before any of the members of the melancholy procession could be seen the voice of Rev. Mr. Wade could be heard reading in clear and distinct tones in which, however, there was a perceptible tremor, the solemnly beautiful service for the dead of the English Church as he descended the steps leading into the yard.

And now the moment had come when Birchall was to look his last on human faces, and on the bright sunlight, and on all things of the earth. The executioner produced the black cap; but before it was drawn over the face of the man about to die Mr. Wade stepped forward and received from Birchall a kiss upon the lips in token of farewell. The clergyman then proceeded to recite the Lord's Prayer, the executioner meantime having drawn the black silk cap down over Birchall's face. For a few seconds they stood thus. Now, if ever, Birchall must have broken down. But he yielded not a hair's breadth, and during those five seconds stood as firm and motionless as a man could stand. One more atom he was to have of intercourse with the world. It was the fatal hand-grasp of the executioner. Then, indeed, all was over.

THE DROP.

Another instant and the chisel had cut the rope, the 350 pound weight had fallen, and even as the pastor pronounced the words, "Thy will be done," Birchall was swung off the earth and hung quivering from the gallows in face of those of the spectators who could venture to look upon so horrible a scene. He died without a moan. He was unconscious almost instantly. It was, however, three and one-half minutes before the movements of his limbs ceased, and full six minutes before his pulse had ceased to beat and life had been extinguished. The physicians who counted his convulsions put them at 51. Two minutes after the drop his pulse was going at the rate of 60. Four

minutes elapsed from the time Birchall reached the scaffold until the drop fell. The body was cut down eighteen minutes after the drop fell, and the post-mortem examination and inquest were commenced five minutes later.

VERDICT OF THE CORONER'S JURY.

That John Reginald Birchall came to his death at 8:26 a.m., on Friday, the 14th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, within the walls of the common gaol in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Oxford, by hanging, in conformity with the sentence passed upon him by Mr. Justice MacMahon on the 25th day of September, 1890, the immediate cause of death being nervous shock and strangulation.

The result of the post mortem examination was to show that the neck of the deceased was not broken, but he died of strangulation. Deceased was found to weigh 50½ ounces. Deceased was extremely well nourished and weighed 145 lbs.

Stratford Presbytery.

The Presbytery of Stratford met in Knox church, Stratford, on Tuesday, 11th inst., the Moderator, Rev. J. W. Cameron, in the chair. There was a good attendance of ministers and elders. Rev. G. Chrystal being present, was invited to correspond. Rev. Mr. Hamilton presented the following report on the death of Mrs. (Rev.) Thos. Macpherson: "The members of Presbytery desire to record their deep sympathy with our venerable father, Rev. Thos. Macpherson, in the great affliction through which he has been called upon to pass in the loss of his dear wife, who has been the faithful and much loved partner of his joys and sorrows during their long wedded life. Through her long life she ever manifested a deep interest in all that pertained to the advancement of the Master's kingdom, and especially in the more recent years took an active part in the formation of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society within this presbytery, and faithfully discharged the duties of treasurer so long as her health permitted. The earnest prayer of the brethren is that our Heavenly Father who spared them so long to each other will now in His loving kindness minister comfort and sweet support to our afflicted brother in his great bereavement. Consideration of Rev. Mr. Macpherson's resignation of the trusteeship of the Presbytery was again deferred. The committee on Presbytery expenses was continued. Session records of North Easthope were presented and referred to a committee for examination. Rev. J. Campbell reported that he had preached at Nissouri on the day appointed and declared the pulpit vacant. Rev. Mr. Turnbull reported that the call from Knox church, Stratford, to Rev. R. Johnston, of Lindsay, had been declined, and leave was granted for moderation in a call when that congregation should be ready. Rev. Mr. McKibbin stated that he had received copies of schemes of lessons in Higher Religious Instruction, and he was instructed to distribute these among the various Sabbath schools of the Presbytery. It was also agreed that Sabbath schools be consulted as to their wishes in regard to the use of these schemes and that reports from these be presented at the next regular meeting of Presbytery. At the afternoon session permission was granted to Rev. Mr. Campbell to moderate in a call in Nissouri when the congregation may be ready. Rev. R. Hamilton gave in a report on Home Mission work. Rev. J. Campbell gave a report on statistics, and received thanks for the same. Rev. A. Henderson reminded certain congregations through their representatives in Presbytery of their failure to contribute to the Ministers', Widows' and Orphans' fund. Rev. A. Stewart presented the report of committee on Aged and Infirm Ministers' fund, and was duly thanked for his services, and the remit from the General Assembly on this subject was referred to a committee of Presbytery. A committee on M. W. & O. fund was also appointed consisting of Revs. Stewart, Tully and Henderson and James Dickson. Presbytery then adjourned to meet on the third Tuesday of January next in First Presbyterian church, St. Marys, at 10:30 a.m.

Additional Local Items.

HAWKSWAY'S new meat market sign looks quite nobly. Although there is considerable rivalry amongst our butchers Mr. Hawksway continues to hold his own.

The lime-light entertainment held in the Methodist church last Monday evening, under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary, was a success considering the wretched condition of the roads. The receipts amounted to \$15.07.

Some kind friend in Durham mailed us an invitation to the Oddfellows' ball, to be held in that town on Dec. 12th. Owing to the strict Methodist discipline having been vigorously exercised over us in our youth and the admission tickets being \$2 (10c is about the limit of our reserve fund at present) we are forced to decline with thanks. A Methodist editor has a heap of temptations to overcome in this world, and only a ghost of a chance of getting into the next. The Dingman boys, of the Stratford Herald, will drop a sympathizing tear with us.