

TYENDINAGA RESERVE.

AGENT'S REPORT.

The following report of the Tyendinaga Reserve appears in the last Annual Report of the Department of the Minister of the Interior:—

SIR,—I have the honor to transmit, for your information, the following report, together with the tabular statement, for the year ended the 30th June, 1885. This band now numbers 976, being an increase of eleven during the year. There were twenty-four births and thirteen deaths. The four schools on the reserve are fairly attended, and the children are making fair progress in their studies. The usual supply of blankets has been distributed among the aged and infirm Indians. The health of the band is very satisfactory. The reserve is visited by Drs. Newton and McLaren, who take great interest in the welfare of the Indians. The state of the reserve shows a marked degree of improvement since the lands were re-leased last fall to white tenants; new fences are being made and new buildings erected. The farming operations are steadily progressing, and many of the Indians are making good progress in farming and dairying. Since my last report the Department has repaired the Indian Council House and added a bell-tower to All-Saints Church, at a cost of about one thousand seven hundred dollars. I am pleased to be able to report that the sale of intoxicants to Indians has been greatly suppressed, and that it is now an unusual thing to see an Indian intoxicated. I can safely say that this is owing to the diligence of Mr. Constable Gunyoo, who was recently appointed for that purpose. The amount distributed during the year was about (\$5,442.42) five thousand four hundred and forty-two dollars and forty-two cents.

MATTHEW HILL,  
Indian Agent.

Dr. Oronhyatekha addressed a large meeting of the Mohawk Indians at the Council House on Wednesday, explaining to them the provisions of the new Franchise Act as they affected the Indians. He advised them to form an organization and to work harmoniously and unitedly, and they would thus make themselves respected by both parties. The Indians now hold the balance of power in East Hastings. The Doctor was invited to assist them at a meeting to be held for organization two weeks hence.

During the severe storm of the 6th, which swept over the Grand River Reservation, the small house of Mr. Elijah Wauson, one of the Mississaugas, was unroofed by the wind. It was early in the morning, the storm and gale was at its highest. There was stopping in the house an old white man, who became excited and bewildered by the novel occurrence. The wind whipped the bedclothes off the bed and out of the house, and the old man saw his hat following in the wake. He found his overcoat and boots hastily put on this scanty apparel, and rushed from the house, into the blinding storm, and across the fields to catch his hat. Eye-witnesses say that although the destruction to the house was alarming and serious, they were obliged to take time for a hearty laugh at this comical chase in the comical suit.

THE INDIANS AND THE FRANCHISE.

The *Expositor* is very desirous that the impression should go abroad that the Six Nation Indians are not desirous of taking advantage of the Franchise, and last week it published at length a report, if such it could be called, which was presented by the speaker in the Council of Chiefs on Dec. 22nd, discountenancing the Franchise. This report of the speaker was made under misrepresentations, and no more voices the sentiment of the Six Nation Indians as a whole, than a resolution passed by the City Council of Brantford would voice the political sentiments of Brantfordites, in reality not as much as the chiefs are naturally afraid that if the warriors take advantage of the ballot the next move, following the example of the Mississaugas, one of the tribes on the Reserve, will be to introduce a municipal system and do away with the hereditary Council of Chiefs. In fact already a bill to that end has been drafted by the Six Nations and will be submitted shortly to the Government.

In connection with this report of the speaker the *Expositor* was pleased to observe:

"And it is just a question, when such is their opinion, whether it should be compulsory for them to go upon the lists and thus become engaged in the excitement of an election even though they seek to abstain from political meetings and from giving votes \* \* \* At any rate the Six Nations have placed themselves clearly on record as not being desirous to exercise the vote given them under the Franchise Act."

All this is very pretty reading, but like many other pretty things, it lacks substance. So far from the Six Nations not being desirous to exercise the vote given them, on Tuesday last, which was the last day of filing appeals from the Dominion Preliminary List, a total of 160 names was handed in to the Revising Officer—ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY Indians, of both Conservative and Reform leanings, who had been left off the list and were desirous, nay were anxious, to be in a position to take advantage of the franchise. How does the organ explain this action upon the part of the Indians? It certainly hardly looks like force being used to get the red man on the lists, when such a large number of warriors refuse to allow themselves to be disfranchised.—*Bantford Courier*.

FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS.

A boy is something like a piece of iron, which in its rough state isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use; but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth \$5 in its natural state is worth \$12 when it is made into horse-shoes; and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles its value is increased to \$350. Made into pen-knife blades it would be worth \$3,000, and into balance springs for watches \$250,000. Just think of that, boys, a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material!

But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating, and rolling and pound-

ing, and polishing; and if you are to become useful and educated men you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half as much to be made into horse-shoes as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs? It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood.

Don't think that I would have you settle down to real hard study all the time without any intervals of fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I should be very sorry to have you grow old before your time; but you have ample opportunity for study and play, too, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter.—*Christian at Work*.

We have been favored with a call by ex-chief T. Marsden, of Alnwick Reserve, who has been visiting friends amongst the New Credit Indians for the past two weeks.

He is a fine example of what christianity and education can do for the aborigines. He is a good reader and writer, correct in his English conversation, gentlemanly in his bearing, and nearly a pure blood Indian.

He reports that they have put 46 names upon the voters' list at his Reservation, and that the feeling is that when called upon to exercise the franchise they will support the bridge which has carried them over safely. He says they are all Loyal and intend to remain under the good old British Flag so long as it floats upon the breeze and he is very thankful to the present Government which has fought so earnestly for our people from one end of the Dominion to the other to give us a right to vote.

A SMART BOY.

"Dat boy," said a colored gentleman, referring to his son. "w'y, he's de smartest chile in de lan'. Dat boy, w'y, he is got er high edycation."

"How far advanced is he?" some one asked.

"Who, dat chile? Why, he's mighty nigh got all de way, dat's how fur 'vanced he is."

"Well, but what can he do?"

"Who, dat boy? What is it he kain' do? He can read dese heah signs what de white folks paints on de fences, en' it takes er mighty sharp chile ter do dat, lemme tell yer. But dat ain't de climal o' whut he kin do. He kin read dese leather-kivered books. Mos' any boy kin read one o' dese heah paper-back books, an' any ord'nary pussen kin han'le de newspapers and famflets, but when he takes down one o' dese here leather-kivered books an' reads off de talk, w'y he's gwine ter be a lawyer, shoes yer bo'n. Don't talk ter me 'bout dat chile, case I knows him. I'se seed him han'lin figgers wid bof hands."—*Arkansaw Traveller*.

"What is this?" shouted the teacher, pointing to an ink blot on a boy's book. The boy addressed, meekly replied, "I think it is a tear, sir." "A tear!" thundered the teacher. "How could a tear be black?" The meek, but uot ingenious youth thus gave answer: "I think one of de colored boys dropped it, sir."