

INDIAN DISFRANCHISEMENT.

Georgina Island is about a stones throw from the township of Georgina in North York, and its inhabitants are Indians. Mr. Mulock, M. P., has appeared in the Revisor's Court and has urged that the Island is in no county, and that in consequence the Indians should not be placed upon the North York electoral lists. As a township on the border of inland water extends, under Ontario law, to the middle of the water, one would think that Georgina island was well within the township it adjoins; but Mr. Mulock, in order to do the Indians out of their votes, thinks otherwise, and if his view be sustained the island will be nowhere.

Mr. Mulock is one of the numerous Reform statesmen who think that the Indian, because of his origin and colour, should be granted a voice in the management of the concerns of the country in which he lives. Thus, discussing the Indian franchise in Parliament, he said: "When this bill becomes law and the elections are held again it will be a source of triumph to this country to find this hall occupied by men chosen by such an electorate?" And he added, "You are going to place power in the hands of people who are not able intelligently to exercise it." This is the kind of argument which did service in the Southren States among those who thought slavery was good enough for coloured men. But Mr. Mulock was not alone in that kind of talk. Mr. Mills said the proposal to allow Indians to vote was monstrous, for they "do not possess the necessary intelligence;" and Mr. Landerkin said, "I say it would be a dangerous thing to free institutions to place the ballot in the hands of Indians. The government proposes to confer the franchise upon Indians who will steal and who will get drunk." Mr. Carlton was the most vigorous opponent of Indian enfranchisement, for he called the Indians "bloody, vindictive, barbarious." He added, "I say there is nothing so indefensible as this proposition to give these barbarians the right of citizenship," precisely the argument of the old pro-slavery men, "They are governed by ignorance and superstition, and not fit to exercise the high duties, privileges and responsibilities appertaining to free citizens. They are neither independent nor intelligent. They are grovelling barbarians sunk in the depths of ignorance, depravity and vice." Then, to prove that the Ontario Indians are vile, he quoted from Parkham all the atrocities of two centuries ago, and asked if it was fair that the descendants of these Indians should be allowed to exercise the rights of free men.

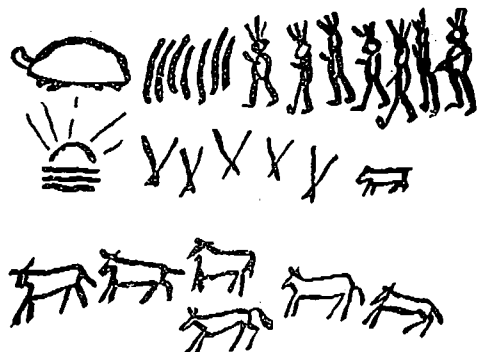
It is amusing to note that while Mr. Mulock is doing his best to disenfranchise the Indians in his constituency, Mr. William Paterson is struggling to placiate those of Brant. There is to be a Reform picnic on the Six Nation reserve shortly, and Mr. Paterson's local organ says:—"We hope as many of the Reform friends in the city, as can make it convenient will attend the picnic and make the acquaintance of their newly-enfranchised friends on the reserve." It would be a good idea to engage Messrs. Charlton, Mills, Landerkin and Mulock to recite their old Indian speeches to "their newly enfranchised friends."

Our Young Folks

HOW OUR ANCESTORS WROTE.

(Continued.)

Suppose an Indian belonging to the great clan whose members call themselves the Turtles, makes a raid on a village of huts and wigwams, owned by enemies belonging to the widespread clan called the Bear clan. Suppose it has taken the Turtles three days of hard travel through forests and over the hills to reach the Bears. By means of their crafty spies, they find that the brave men of the Bears are away hunting moose and that most of the women and papposes are either in the fields of maize or in the woods, where the berries are ripe, and only a few old men and women are left behind to keep watch over some ponies and oxen. Then the Turtles, each clutching his bow, creep on the village under cover of the woods, and with a terrific yell rush at the wigwams. The old people run into the bushes, frightened almost to death, as you can well imagine. Then the Turtles gather up all the ponies and oxen, drive them off, burn up all the wigwams they can, and hurry home with the cattle. Now these savages think they have done quite a fine thing in robbing their neighbors of their cattle and plundering and burning their homes, as does one great nation in Europe, when, like our Turtle chieftain, badly counseled by wicked and ambitious men, it robs another



A SPECIMEN OF PICTURE WRITING.

of a great province, and forces the wretched people who dwell there to obey the laws of the nation they dislike. And they wish to let other Indians know what clever robbers they have been. So the Turtle chief chooses a piece of smooth, cream-colored birch-bark, chews up a little tobacco to serve as ink plucks a twig of soft wood for a pen, and with the tobacco juice draws the following pictures:

First comes a turtle, and it is a very big turtle, because he thinks that he and his clan are very great personages indeed. Then he draws as many waving lines, to represent bows, as there are Indians in his party, and perhaps the same number of Indians with topknots; his lines bend forward to show in what direction the trail went. Following these, a rising sun stands for daybreak, and three lines under it mean that three days went by in going to the Bears. Next he puts down as many funny little pyramids as there were Bear wigwams, and draws them upside down to show that they were destroyed. After that, he draws, as well as he can, a wee,

wee bear, very small, in order to show his contempt for the Bears. Finally, he draws with the greatest care as many oxen and ponies as he has captured, because he is chiefly proud of this part of his exploit and wishes all the world of the woods to know what a great and successful robber he is. He does not tell that the Bear braves were away when he surprised the camp, and probably does not care to tell that part of the story. We may understand it from the absence of any sign for scalps. Had there been resistance and men slain on either side, the exact number of dead would have been noted by drawing just as many human figures without their heads. Then to call the attention of all who pass through the wilderness, the war chief fixes the piece of bark to the top of a long pole, and plants it on the path so that the most careless passer can not fail to see it. There is no date on this singular card of boasting, because he is not clever enough to use the shape of the moon as a sign for the day of the month, much less indicate the season of the year, or the year itself in which these mighty events befell. But there is not much need of being so exact, because news runs from camp to camp with surprising quickness, and any other war party that sees the card, before rain and wind destroy it, is quite certain to know something of the raid to which it refers.

Such is the picture-writing of our North America Indians and of the races near them in rank. They have ways also of reminding themselves of past events. Have you ever noticed an absent minded person make a knot in his handkerchief, or tie a bit of thread on his finger to remind him of something? The great and highly civilized nation of Peru, ruled by the Yncas, often called the Ynca Indians, was found to use knots tied in wollen strings as memorizers. The only books in the royal libraries and treasuries of the Yncas were flimsy pieces of worsted-work! The wollen strings, made from the fleeces of llamas and alpacas, were dyed with different colours, and the knots were of several different kinds, so that the system was not easy to use, and special chiefs or historians were employed to make and read them. It was their duty to commit to memory the facts and figures to which the knots and colors referred. Men were chosen who had great memories naturally, and constant practice have made them marvels of exactness. A simple glance at such strings would enable them to rattle off long accounts of taxes paid and taxes due, of tribute from conquered tribes given and still to come, of embassies from other nations and of wars made and treaties concluded. Although used chiefly in affairs of taxes, we can hardly doubt that now and then great pieces of news, like an earthquake, or an invasion of pirates, or the death of an Ynca, or the arrival of white men wearing beards and impenetrable clothes made of a dark metal, would be tied into these curious memorials. They were called *quippus*, and it is said that they are still in use among tribes of the Andes Mountains. The old *quippus* of the Yncas have not all been lost; but I fear that no Indian now lives, who can explain just what the knots and colors mean.

(To be Continued.)