

THE INDIAN.

—A PAPER DEVOTED TO—

The Aborigines of North America,

—AND ESPECIALLY TO—

THE INDIANS OF CANADA.

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The advertising department has been neglected owing to all our efforts being put forth to create a large subscription list and circulation. Having been successful in this direction, we now intend to devote special attention to this department. THE INDIAN is a first class medium for advertisers, being widely circulated having 15,000 readers. If you think THE INDIAN worthy of patronage, and wish to place your advertisement, we will quote rates on application

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OUR ENGLISH OFFICE.

To accommodate our many friends and subscribers living in Great Britain, we have opened an agency at No. 29 Hampden St., Balsall Heath, Birmingham, England, and have placed the subscription lists and all matters relating to the business of THE INDIAN, in the hands of Mr. W. T. Franklin, who is hereby authorized to receive subscriptions and make contracts for advertising. We hope our patrons living in Great Britain will appreciate the move that we have made, and send in their names as subscribers to THE INDIAN. Mr. Franklin's address is noted above.

GALLOPHOBIA.

Those who are inclined to smile over the seeming peculiarity and length of some of our Indian names will do us a favor to digest the following clipping from *Tit Bits*:

A certain class of German writers and philologists are just now trying their level best to convince all the world of their intense love of the Vaterland by purging their native language of all foreign words, especially those of French origin which have gradually crept in. Vain attempt! Take, for instance, the word *Damencomp* which is used on all the railway lines in Germany and stands for—ladies' compartment. One of

our official purists has proposed to substitute for the above short and convenient expression the word *Dameneisenbahnabtheilung*, "Stop, that won't do, objects another purist, "it ought to be *Eisenbahnwagendamenabtheilung*." Somehow, ladies arriving late at the station invariably make use of the first-named short term when addressing the porters, as patriotism or no patriotism they do not care to miss the train.

KAH-KE-WA-QUO-NA-BY.

BY WM. BRYANT.

No titles grand, heraldic fame,—
Reflected honor on his name,
But sprang from an ill-fated race,
The stamp of worth was on his face.
He never sought to sway men's hearts
By subtle politicians' arts.
His hand ne'er grasped the murd'rous knife,
And ne'er was raised in deadly strife.
His triumphs were upon a field,
Which could a brighter trophy yield,—
For 'twas his mission to proclaim
The glories of his Savior's name
To Nature's dark and hapless child,
Fainting in the dreary wild;
With urgent tones,—persuasion sweet,
To lead him to his Savior's feet.
His heritage *was wrongs*,—woes wrought
By cruel pale men on his race;
The white man's blood, his clansmen thought
Those burning wrongs could scarce efface
But with gaze fixed on realms above
He meekly paid them back in love.
And he is gone,—his race is won
And loud the plaudit of "well done"
Greets Earth's enfranchised, noblest son.
From prairie wide and forest glade
A wail of sorrow greets our ear.
The dusky daughters of the shade,
Sweet flowers threw upon his bier,
Flowers bedewed with many a tear.
His fate deplored by youth and age,
Their grief nought earthly can assuage.
Oh, who shall wipe these tears away?
Oh, when will end the weary day,
And Night, with slow and stealthy pace,
Shall shroud from sight the fading race.
Oh, who this darkness shall illumine?
The "Chieftain of the Waving Plume"
Is laid to rest—Who now shall save
His nation from Oblivion's wave.

The Indians of the Alleghany and Cattagaranus Reservations (remnants of the Six Nations) are abandoning the customs of their fathers relating to burials. Until within a comparatively short time the habit has been to sew the body up in a blanket, not forgetting to place inside a generous supply of meat for food, wampum for ferrage over the Styx, and a bow and arrow for use in the happy hunting grounds. But when Billy McBale, one of the favorite chiefs, died, with doing his memory special honor the warriors bought a coffin and interred the remains in pale-face fashion. Since then the aboriginal method of disposing of the bodies of the dead has well nigh become obsolete and now the wealthier Indians buy caskets and employ undertakers.

MOTHERLESS.

From a far-away country town a box of wild flowers had come to the Children's Hospital in the city of C—. Just at dusk the new nurse stopped in her rounds before one cot where a poor little sufferer lay, clasping in his thin hands a bunch of blue violets. The little fellow tossed and turned from side to side; ever and anon he would start up murmuring something about "Little Jack," then fall back whispering, "too late, too late."

"Bad case, bad case, nurse; father and mother both died of same fever, baby found dead, and this boy will go soon," and the old doctor shook his head gravely.

"Poor little fellow," murmured the nurse. "To die alone; no mother's hand to wipe away the gathering dews of death; no mother's arms; no mother's kiss!"

She brushed back the damp golden curls from the white forehead: the blue eyes opened wide and a faint voice whispered, "Mother!" The nurse bent piteously over him, his eyes searched her face, then closed wearily. "Oh, I want my mother!" he moaned.

"Poor baby," said the physician, "he will have his mother soon."

The child started up, "Rock me, mother," he cried. Very tenderly he lifted the little figure and placed it in the nurse's arms; the weary head dropped upon her shoulder; the hands, still holding the violets, were folded lovingly around her neck. To and fro she cradled him; the room was growing dark, a faint streak of light came in at the eastern window and slipped softly across the ledge.

"Sing to me," the child whispered; very sweetly on the air rose and fell the music of that old, old hymn:

Hide me, O, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;

Nearer and nearer crept the moonlight till it touched the swaying figure;

Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last."

The song ceased, "Mother, I'm too tired to kneel to-night," murmured the child, then softly added: "Now—I—lay me down—to—sleep—I—," with a long sigh the blue eyes closed tiredly; the arms slipped down; all was still. The moonlight flooded the room with silver; it lingered about the little white-robed child; it fell upon the golden curls and half-closed lids; and the withered flowers fallen loosely now from the tired hands. There was a faint, sweet perfume of violets as the rocker crushed to and fro; nothing stirred in the room save the swaying figure in the moonlight.

The doctor touched the nurse and gently said: "The child is with its mother."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE CURRENT OF RIVERS.

A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile in a smooth, straight channel gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is at 100 miles from its mouth only 300 feet above the level of the sea,