

scarcely take up a magazine or newspaper without finding his name. One delightful little weekly paper thinks he has no equal as an amateur self-advertiser, in this I quite agree; I do not like the man, but I do think the article in this paper is somewhat hard on Mr. Wilde. Undoubtedly he is a clever writer and no mean poet. I especially like his fairy tales, have you ever read any? "The Happy Prince" is very poetical. What seems to have made him more talked about now is not so much the merits of the new play, as his behaviour after the first representation. After the curtain fell on the last act of "Lady Windermere's Fan" there was the usual cry for "Author," and the author appeared before the curtain smoking a cigarette and with an arsenic green pink or carnation in his buttonhole. Certainly that was something quite unusual; who ever heard before of an author thanking his patrons from the stage with a cigarette in his mouth? Another of Mr. Wilde's eccentricities is, that he is frequently to be seen at St. James's Theatre where his play is being acted, and apparently enjoys his own humour and smart repartees.

The court is again to go into mourning, this time for the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt whose death is very sincerely mourned both at the English and German courts. He was a most devoted husband to our poor Princess Alice, and there never was a man more beloved for himself. I remember many little bits in Princess Alice's diary and letters, which prove what a united couple they were and amiable, generous, and sympathetic the Duke always was. Some years after Princess Alice's death, you knew the grand Duke contracted a morganatic marriage with a Madame de Kolimine, and there was quite a breach with the Queen and Royal Family; it was however not a long duration. This Madame de Kolimine is reported to have been a most beautiful and fascinating woman, but her influence did not continue for more than a few months with her Royal husband, and a divorce was obtained upon what grounds is I believe not exactly known. I believe Princess Alice's daughters have turned out to be particularly clever girls, and are great favorites with their grandmother; the eldest Princess Victoria is married to Prince Louis of Battenburg; Prince Elizabeth married the grand Duke Sergius, brother of the Czar; Princess Irene married her cousin, Prince Henry of Prussia, only brother of the German Emperor; the youngest daughter Prince Alice is spoken as a probable bride for our Prince George. Mentioning the German Emperor has reminded me of a charming little anecdote about his little sons, which I cannot refrain from sending you. I found it in our delightful little paper, *Woman*. "The little crown Prince and his younger brothers are very simply brought up, and their supply of pocket-money is rather scanty. The four elder Princes were recently very anxious to give their father a birthday present, bought out of their "very own money," which they began to save up a long time before hand. The small savings did not mount up very rapidly. At last a brilliant idea struck the Crown Prince. He knew that the deer in the royal preserves are fed in the winter months on chestnuts and acorns which the children of the game-keepers are paid for picking up, and proposed to his brothers that they should try and earn money in the same way. The royal children accordingly went to the head forester, who arranged with them that he would pay them the usual price of four shillings a bushel for all the chestnuts and acorns they liked to bring him. Every day the four little Princes sallied forth from the new palace with wheel-barrow and baskets, to spend all their spare time in the park at their self-imposed task. The work extended over a period of many weeks, during which they laboured so industriously that they at last accumulated what for them was quite a small fortune, the Crown Prince and Prince Eitel Fritz adding to the sum their "rakish money," which they make by cultivating radishes in their little gardens and selling them for use in the royal kitchen. The Emperor from whom the whole affair was kept a secret, was exceedingly pleased at his children's birthday gift, especially when he was informed by the Crown Prince that they had earned "every bit of the money that it was bought with."

Is the cotillon very popular with you this season? Here one may say it is quite the rage, and hostesses vie with one another in the variety and originality of the figures. One of the latest and most original ideas which I have seen was at a small dance a few nights ago. The ladies were provided with small clockwork mice and other animals which they wound up and placed upon the floor; they then accepted as partners the gentlemen nearest to whom their respective animals stopped. If you have any juvenile friends who want a new way of utilizing old Xmas cards you might tell them of this one, which I heard of some time since. It is to decorate the inside of the doll's house. I can assure it is quite interesting work and allows a great deal of taste and ingenuity, of course the cards require to be cut and arranged; exceedingly pretty dados and friezes can be made with the flower cards which can also be used for the ceilings, while the ones with views or heads can be made to represent pictures on the walls. By the way, you asked me for some suggestions for presents for gentlemen. My dear Elsie, it is the most difficult thing you could have asked. I am always at my wits' ends if I have to make a present for any of my male relatives, nevertheless I will rack my brains just this once and see if I can think of anything new. What do you think of a case for white ties? These can be made in the style of silk handkerchief sachets or in this way. Take two pieces of card each 16 inches long and four wide. Cover them with wadding, quite thin it must be, and then satin-sheeting or mail-cloth; line with silk of a good contrasting color, and join the two pieces down the two longest sides like a book with half inch ribbon to form the back. Now take four strips of white silk elastic, and sew one across each end of the case about three inches from the edge; the ties are to be slipped under these. Finish off the edges with fine cord, and either paint or embroider a monogram on the front. You could make a blotter or pocket letter case with chamois-leather applique. The pattern, which should not be too fanciful is first sketched on the leather, then cut out with a sharp knife or scissors and carefully pasted on

the background of silk, satin or brocade. The edges of the chamois-leather are hidden with fine gold cord. If these do not meet with your approval, let me know and I will hunt up some more. I have lately come across a book of very old cookery recipes, I believe it is printed from an old manuscript bearing the date 1703. Some of these recipes are so delightfully quaint that I will favour you with a few in my letters. I should think some would be quite "nice," whilst others certainly savour of "long, long ago." I copy the spelling and wording exactly, they greatly add to the quaintness. You will notice the receipts are all on a very large scale. To make a cake.

Take six pounds of flower, and five pounds of currants, and one pound of reasons of the been stoned and shred, a penny worth of cloves, and the same of mace, one grain of musk, and one of Ambergress, and three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar sifted, half a spoonfull of salt, a pint and half of good ale, tenn eggs, eight of the whites, beat them with three or four spoonfuls of rose water, a quart of cream, a pound and half of melted butter, put the cream and butter together, one ounce of dates, half a pound of candied lemon, and oranges together, first mix the salt and sugar together, then make a hole in the middle of the flower, then straine in the eggs and barm, and put in the butter and cream but warm, take some of the flower and throw over it, and set it to the fire till the barm works up, then mingle it altogether. Two hours will bake it, when it is made, put it into the oven as fast as you can.

ANNIE VAUGHAN.

## Prominent Canadian Women.

### No. 5. Miss Pauline Johnson.

The charming portrait we are able to give this issue, of Miss Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess will be very generally admired. The striking attitude, the artistic gown, the face full of thought and feeling, the beautiful tender eyes and the sensitive mouth, combine into a picture worthy of a painter's brush. The palette



Faithfully yours  
P. Pauline Johnson

is needed to bring out the clear dark skin, the masses of black hair and the deep grey of the eyes. The personality of the young poetess shines through her face, shows itself in every movement, is betrayed in every word she speaks. Of delightful manners—and this means so much! with the sweetest of soft, low voices, with pretty gestures and the most winning of smiles, who would not have pleasantest recollections of an hour passed with Miss Johnson? I have been myself lured into staying, work and the world forgotten, and listening to her conversation, which is more than entertaining, and watching her vividly-expressive face change with each change of feeling.

Miss Johnson is of the Mohawk tribe and was born at Chiefswood her home on the Six Nation Indian Reserve, Brant county, Ontario. Her father was the late George Henry Morton Johnson, or in the Mohawk language *Onwanonsyshon* (he-who-has-the-great-mansion), head chief of the Mohawks. The Mohawks are the aristocratic tribe of the Indians and are excessively proud in bearing and feeling. His mother is an Englishwoman, Emily S. Howells, of Bristol and a cousin of the novelist W. D. Howells. Her grandfather was the noted *Saxayenkwalghton* (disappearing-mist), a pure Mohawk of the Wolf clan, who fought for Britain in the war of 1812 and was for forty years "speaker" for the Six Nations. The name of her great-grandfather was Texahionwake. But after his conversion to Christianity when he was being baptised at

Niagara, Sir William Johnson who was present asked that he might be called after himself and this name the family adopted as their surname.

Miss Johnson's home is at Chiefswood in Brantford where surrounded by many curious and beautiful relics from her Indian ancestors she leads a busy and useful life. Her writing and outdoor exercises, particularly paddling, occupy a great deal of her time. The rest she devotes to household and church work. Of late, Miss Johnson, incited thereby by her friends, has taken up a new departure. She has appeared quite frequently before Toronto audiences and recited much of her own poetry. The brilliant success which has attended these new efforts will probably insure a continuance in the work. Her popularity as a reciter lies not only in the merit and sympathetic feeling of her poems but in the charm of her individuality. I would like to dwell longer on Miss Johnson herself but her works claim my attention. These are so much part of herself that one comes naturally to speak of them. Each poem expresses its author's nature, its author's love of truth. Her writings, poetry, have appeared regularly in *Saturday Night* and frequently in *The Week*, *The Dominion Illustrated*, the *New York Independent* and the *Detroit Free Press*. For the latter paper, however, the articles have been prose and on "Canadian sports."

### "Re-Voyage."

What of the days when we two dreamed together?  
Days marvelously fair,  
As lightsome as a skyward-floating feather  
Sailing on summer air—  
Summer, summer that came drifting through  
Fate's hand on me and you.

What of the days, my dear? I sometimes wonder  
If you too wish this sky  
Could be the blue we sailed so softly under  
In that sun-kissed July;  
Sailed, in the warm and yellow afternoon,  
With hearts in touch and tune.

Have you no longing to relive the dreaming,  
Adrift in my canoe?  
To watch my paddle blade all wet and gleaming  
Cleaving the waters through?  
To lie wind-blown and wave-caressed until  
Your restless pulse grows still?

Do you not long to listen to the purling  
Of foam athwart the keel?  
To hear the nearing rapids softly swirling  
Among their stones, to feel  
The boat's unsteady tremor as it braves  
The wild and snarling waves?

What need of question, what of your replying?  
Oh! well I know that you  
Would toss the world away to be but lying  
Again in my canoe  
In listless idolence entranced and lost,  
Wave-rocked and passion-tossed.

Ah me! my paddle failed me in the steering  
Across love's shoreless seas;  
All reckless, I had ne'er a thought of fearing  
Such dreary days as these,  
When through the self-same rapids we dashed by,  
My lone canoe and I.

### "Day Dawn."

All yesterday the thought of you was resting in my soul,  
And when sleep wandered o'er the world that very thought she stole  
To fill my dreams with splendor such as stars could not eclipse,  
And in the morn I 'wakened with your name upon my lips.

Awakened, my beloved, to the morning of your eyes,  
Your splendid eyes so full of clouds, wherein a shadow tries  
To overcome the flame that melts into the world of grey,  
As coming suns dissolve the dark that veils the edge of day.

Cool drifts the air at dawn of day, cool lies the sleeping dew,  
But all my heart is burning, for it woke from dreams of you,  
And O! these longing eyes of mine look out and only see  
A dying night, a waking day, a calm on all but me.

So gently creeps the morning thro' the heavy early air,  
The dawn grey-garbed and velvet-shod is wand'ring everywhere,  
To 'wake the slumber-laden hours that leave their dreamless rest  
With outspread laggard wings to court the pillows of the west.

Up from the earth a moisture steals with odor fresh and soft,  
A smell of moss and grasses warm with dew, and far aloft  
The stars are growing colorless, while drooping in the west  
A late wan moon is paling in a sky of amethyst.

The passing of the shadows as they waft their pinions near  
Has stirred a tender wind within the night-hushed atmosphere,  
That in its homeless wandering sobs in an undertone  
An echo to my heart that sobbing calls for you alone.

The night is gone beloved, and another day set free,  
Another day of hunger for the one I may not see,  
What care I for the perfect dawn? the blue and empty skies?  
The night is always mine without the morning of your eyes.

There are dozens of other poems of Miss Johnson, so beautiful, so musical, so pathetic that I would I could give pages and pages of them.

MADGE ROBERTSON.

In this series have already appeared:

- No. 1—Lady Stanley.
- " 2—Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, Ottawa.
- " 3—Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Ottawa.
- " 4—Miss Marjorie Campbell, Toronto.