

Literature.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

To E. Pauline Johnson.

Poetic mind! thou'st sprung from Indian blood,
The fire of that quick people in thy veins,
And who more meet to sing of flame and flood,
And devastating sweep of those fair plains,
That were thy forefathers' just domains,
Poetic daughter of a noble race;
All hail to thee! then now alone remains
That thou should'st tell with thy becoming grace
The ills that bowed them down and hid each warrior face.
Each face is hid, but 'tis alone by death,
For never breathed those braver than thy sires,
And true they were till their fleeting breath
To those traditions taught around their fires,
When met in council chiefs of high desires
With hearts and minds that seemed to do a wrong
Until the pale face came; we hear thy lyre's
Sweet swelling tones arise as rolls along
In pure and plaintive strains thy sorrow-burdened song.
It rolls along the fretted dome of time,
And tells the ages that thy race could feel
And felt too, till suffering grew sublime.
Ingratitude stings keener far than steel
And bids the fierce feelings all congeal
Until we are not what we seemed to be
And dare not to the world ourselves reveal
As when thy race unto its bosom free
Had pressed the whiteman on that island in the sea.

OSCAR OSLAND.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE, speaking of Edward Bok and his advice to young writers, says: "The fact is, these literary advisers are owls discussing a glorious summer day. The only literature they are acquainted with is the sales ledger of the publisher. Their only standard is material success. They would degrade all literary art to the public tastes, and the public is a great fool. These advisers are not merely unable to understand what literature is, but they are the vermin of journalism. The only advice that is worth anything to a true writer is this; Be true to yourself. Any charlatan can learn to pander to the public. A great writer writes because he must write; and if his mental integrity can only be saved by finding other work to do for his bread, he will find that other work, or starve. It is far more honorable to chop wood for one's living than to write for a market that demands the prostitution of one's talents. Unfortunately, all our literature is now dominated by a counting-house god of respectability, which insists upon everything being made colorless in the interests of a stupid mob, or else refuses to give a writer an audience. It is before this god that the literary advisers spend their time in burning incense, and woe to the man of genius who will not bow with the common herd; he will starve while these gentry live in the purple. The apotheosis of the commonplace is the literary miracle of these days of popular periodicals, and literature is brought into contempt. The man who writes for a certain market, a certain stripe of periodical, writes for the limbo of literature. The great thinkers of the world have not written to please fools. The popular writer must write to please his public; and, consequently, literary damnation awaits everything he writes."

Cosy Corner Chats
With Our Girls.

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

SEGNA, I'm glad to see you again, my dear; I wonder how you recognized yourself under that funny misprint of a name you got a week or two back. I hope you and the other old cousins will come again and again. Remember it is you and those others who make the cosy corner. It wouldn't be much good without you girls, would it? I am so glad you like it, I wish you knew how I enjoy this evening hour, when Boaz is out or busy and I come up to my own cosy room and gently lift down that little gold hand and call on my cousins one by one. It is so full this week. The cousins have given me such sweet lovely ways to spend that evening I asked about, but not such divers ways as I expected. One or two have made tears come into my eyes as I read them.

DEAR DORA, I don't think your way was silly, but the most interesting and touching choice of any yet. God grant my child that it may someday come true, if not here, then above. I am so glad the recipe was useful; you were right—I meant the place you mention. I know the lady you speak of very well—her sister who is dead was my dearest chum, and the other married one lives in my childhood's home. I know the whole family. There! we have lots of mutual friends now, inside the cosy corner, too! If I read the article I have forgotten, but then, you know I read so many. I will try and get hold of it. As to your other question, I can only say try, for I am not an authority on the matter at all. If good wishes help things along, pray accept mine.

GIRLS, old and new, I have a splendid cousin to introduce to you, Marion from Prince Edward Island, the garden of the Gulf, as people call it, when they gaze on its fertile fields. Marion, like Cora and sweet Maria down in Quebec, has asked me to come and see her. Now, cousins three, this is fairly cruel! You make me so restless, I just ache to set off post-haste for three places at once! But here I must stay, for the present, anyway. Well, Marion, if ever you come to Toronto, I will be very glad to have a chat with

you, for, judging by your letter, you're the sort of person who is worth talking to. As to your request, I've handed the matter to the editor of a prominent paper, and it will doubtless be in type before this letter. If you will send me your address I will send you the copy it comes out in. If there was any bitter in your other letter, I've forgotten it, and this one was just fine. I was much interested by it. Please stay in the cosy corner and send me your idea of a pleasant evening. I'd like to hear it greatly.

No danger of getting a brain fever over such a jolly letter as yours, my new cousin, Elbertae. I used once to live in gingerbread land myself, (you see the postmark gave you away, my dear!) Your happy evening was most enticing, really you made me quite envious of even the fancied delights of it. About your black cashmere. Sponge it carefully with ammonia and water, not too hard, not too wet, and not too strong, please; then spread a clean silk handkerchief or something that has no fluff over it, and press it with a pretty warm iron. The spots will vanish if you do this carefully and deftly. If you want to write to Lily Pearl, away off in her African Egyptian home, find out for sure how much the postage is, then write your letter, close it and stamp it and send it to me, and I will address it for you. If you send your address inside Lily Pearl can give you hers in exchange when she answers your letter, which I am sure she will do. I am sure all the cousins will send love to you, in return for your affectionate messages, and I do hope you will write again, you are such a bright, sweet lassie. I am proud to call you cousin.

PATTIE hops in with her pleasant evening in her hand and never asks to be made a cousin; don't you like us well enough to "call cousins" yet, my girl? You and Elbertae should agree well for her idea of a pleasant evening is almost identical with yours. The difference is that Elbertae wants a beau all to herself, while you either don't or won't have one. "Somebody's brother," she calls the lucky creature. Well, of course Cousin Ruth can do without that luxury, and I am sure you and Elbertae have sketched a most delightful evening. She has most fun in hers, yours has a more intellectual and improving tone. Now, don't you feel as if you wanted to be a cousin, Pattie.

WELCOME, Janet from Winnipeg. My! what a life you have had, growing up with that far-off city. I do hope our paper and ourselves are friends to many a girl alone and in want of sympathy, as you say. You must not believe in those opinions you read, don't be deterred by them, go ahead and prosper! What a funny question you gave me about the "grass widow." I am sure they are generally "in clover," and are not bothered with "weeds." Perhaps it's because they "make hay while the sun shines." Oh, I am growing frivolous! I will be serious, Janet, and find how the term originated for it is rather a curious one, is it not? I am sure your letters will always be welcome to me, write again.

AH, Cora, I see through your pleasant evening! Just you two! Well, I know that would be your happiness, and I have known about it myself, and first of all, let me tell you that your parcel came, I got it on the second Saturday in this month. I don't know where it has been all the time, the picture came ages ago. I think I have read about that little half-knit sock, with the needles rusted in, to a score of gentle hearts, and everyone feels the touch of nature in it! The influence of your environment breathes purely through everything you sent me. Thank you ever so much, I will send your parcel in a day or two, and you will get it before you read this, I suppose. How you will laugh over some of its contents, at least I hope so.

OH dear, here is another of those tantalizing cousins, with her talk about visits! She is even going to send me a ticket to go away off and see her, when her ship comes home. Now, look here, Invalid, if you were well and strong, I'd do something dreadful to you, really! but you dear thing, I feel so sorry to think of you on your sofa, and I am so very glad you take a little comfort out of the girls and me, that I can't do much more than blow you a kiss, and think a lot of you. How interesting your talk about the mines and the Black Hills was to me. A dear girl friend of mine has a husband who was out with Custer, there, and until I got your letter I had always a horror of those hills. But now, you see the thoughts are good and loving that come from there in the dainty writing of my invalid cousin, and the place seems quite different to me. I will try and get some of those missing papers for you. You might write and complain to the Postmaster General. Papers and delineation cards have often miscarried, and with such a big circulation as we have, it is as much as our mailing staff can do to send them once, let alone twice, to each subscriber. I shall be so glad to see the book you send, and if you wish, will return it. You touch a large subject, cousin dear, in your remarks about money and hearts, they don't often run together, but hearts are trump every time. I did laugh when I came to your love for Professor Wickie. That's the first decent word that poor man has had, so far as I know, after all his hard six months' work.

YOU dear little Violet, thanks for writing about your lovely Southern home. I could almost smell the orange blossoms, and the other lovely flowers: how delightful it must be, to be sure! If I ever get a chance, and the chance comes at the right time, I'll see that Crescent City, and Florence, and you, and Georgia and Maria. There are half a dozen dear girls as sweet as the orange blossoms down there, of my own Cosy Corner Cousins. Why didn't you send me a little posy of those violets in that garden you tell about. As for your timid ways, for which you ask a remedy, I should try and not think about myself, rather of other people. At the same time, Violet, dear, blushes and timidity are a charm so sweet and rare these days that I'd keep them, I think.

Your own,

COUSIN RUTH.

An Ideal Husband.

78 My ideal husband is physically a splendid type of Manhood; genial, affable, sympathetic; firm but not obstinate, courageous, kind, generous, forgiving, forbearing, unselfish, energetic perservering; industrious with fine business capacity; respected and self-respecting; of unassuming dignity, the Soul of Honor; faithful to all life's duties; devotedly attached to his wife and family; possesses the faculty of making home and all around him happy; proficiency in music, the manly arts, the usages of polite society; a cultivated mind richly endowed with knowledge and wisdom; fine taste, sound judgment, and a heart overflowing with good will to Man and Love to God. The above describes my ideal husband, whether it meets with the approval of other ladies or not I cannot say; I await their decision.

79. A gentleman, one of nature's noblemen, free from fear and above reproach. A believer in his Creator, with a mind though bending to worldly ambitions, yet capable of rising to the everlasting beauties and truths of life. Framed as a lordly soul should be, in strength and pleasing manhood, possessing that tenderness of the strong which is woman's happiness, which brings comfort in the merest domestic jar, and rescues from overwhelming sorrow. And yet, I know if one should come in love's blinding light, dazzled, silent and contented, I would grope to his side. God grant the radiance fade not.

Anecdote of Haydn.

Haydn did not live on the happiest terms with his wife, and the couple were separated for a long while. Kranz once found in Haydn's apartments a bundle of unbroken letters, all addressed to the great composer. "What are these?" he inquired. "Let them alone," said Haydn; "they are hateful epistles of my wife's. She writes me regularly every month, and I reply to her without opening her letters or reading their contents. She does the same with my replies."

"A Feather In His Cap."

"A Feather In His Cap," signifying honor and distinction, arose from the custom prevalent among the ancient Syrians, and perpetuated to-day among the various savage or semi civilized tribes of Asia and America, of adding a new feather to their headgear for every enemy slain. In the days of chivalry, the maiden knight received his casque featherless, and won his plumes as he won his spurs. In a manuscript, written by Richard Hensard in 1698, and preserved in the British Museum, it is said of the Hungarians that it had been an ancient custom among them that none should wear a feather but he who had killed a Turk, and to such only it was lawful to show the number of feathers in their caps. In Scotland and Wales it is still customary for the sportsman who kills his first woodcock to pluck out a feather and stick it in his cap.

The Day of Creation.

At what season of the year was the world created. In a recent sermon Dr. Talmage declared that the work of creation began on a Monday morning in May. Cruden, however, favors the autumn, as will be seen by the following note under the head "World."

"It was also inquired at what season of the year the world was created. The generality of the fathers think it was created in the spring. But a number of others, among whom are the most learned chronologists, contend that the world was created in the autumn. They urge: (1) That the Hebrews, the Egyptians and most of the Orientals began their year at autumn, which custom they had received from their ancestors, and they from the first men, who would naturally commence their year from the time when the world began. (2) When God created Adam and Eve, and all other animals, He was to provide them with necessary nourishment. (3) There was fruit upon the trees in the Garden of Eden, Gen. iii. 2, 3. It was, therefore, autumn, they say, in whatever place we suppose Adam to have been created.

Origin of Nursery Rhymes.

"Three Blind Mice" is a music book of 1609.
"A Froggie would a-Wooing Go" was licensed in 1650.
"Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century.
"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been" dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth.
"Boys and Girls Come Out to Play" dates from Charles II., as does also "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket."
"Old Mother Hubbard," "Goosey, Goosey, Gander" "and "Old Mother Goose" apparently date back to the sixteenth century.
"Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer" "Blue Beard" and "Tom Thumb" were given to the world in Paris in 1697. The author was Charles Perrault.

"Humpty Dumpty" was a bold, bad baron, who lived in the days of King John, and was tumbled from power. His history was put into a riddle, the meaning of which was an egg.

"The Babes in the Wood" was founded on an actual crime committed in Norfolk, near Wayland Wood, in the fifteenth century. An old house in the neighborhood is still pointed out, upon a mantelpiece in which is carved the entire history.