

MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

To think of a red Indian is to shudder—at least, it is with the average Englishman. Yet there is now visiting in London a cultured young lady who glories in her Indian name of Tekahionwake, is a member of the Six Nations tribe of Indians, and boasts that her father was chief of the Mohawk Indian Reserve at Brantford, Ontario. The poems of Miss E. Pauline Johnson have won a distinct place in Canadian literature; her recitals have gained for her a fame among trans-Atlantic elocutionists, and now she has come to England, with the cordial goodwill of the Governor-General of Canada and the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, to plead in her own refined and impassioned way for a more enlightened regard for the heroes of Canada's early days. At her studio, at 25 Portland Road, Holland Park, W., she has gathered round her reminders of her Indian home and associations—the wampum records of the Indian past, the curious mask of the medicine man, Indian robes and buckskins, and pleasing mementoes of the day when the Queen's third son became "Chief Arthur of the Six Nation Indians." These suggest the keynote to her character expressed in her own words, thus:

"And few to-day remain;  
But copper-tinted face and smouldering fire  
Of wilder life, were left me by my sire  
To be my proudest claim."

Born under Indian law on Indian land, a member of the Wolf clan of the Mohawks—the leading tribe of the great Iroquois nation—Miss Johnson can count among her ancestors a long line of devoted warrior chiefs and eloquent orators, but for whom Britain's hold upon American soil would not be what it is to-day. She is gifted with singular facility of expression, whether one thinks of her dramatic poems or her lyric verse, and it will be strange if she is not able during her stay of seven weeks in this country to spread a truer knowledge of the character of her countrymen than now prevails.

In our next issue Miss Johnson will, we hope, plead her cause in her own words; for the present we content ourselves with two extracts from typical poems from her pen. First should come two stanzas from her lyric, "Revoyag":

"Have you no longing to relieve the dreaming  
Adrift in my canoe?  
To watch 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 heaving rapids softly swirling  
Among their stones—to feel  
The boat's unsteady tremor as it braves  
The wild and snarling waves?"

And then this dramatic bit from her Indian poem "Ojisdoh":

"'Loose thou my hands,' I said, 'this pace  
let slack,  
Forget thee now that thou and I are foes.  
I like thee well, and wish to clasp thee close.'  
He cut the cords, we ceased our muddled  
haste,  
I wound my arms around his tawny waist,  
My hands crept up the buckskin of his belt,  
His knife-belt in my burning palm I felt,  
One hand caressed his cheek—the other drew  
The weapon softly—'I love you, love you,'  
I whispered—'love you as my life'—  
And buried in his back his scalping knife."  
—(Canadian Gazette).

## PUBLIC OPINION.

Halifax Chronicle: It is quite evident that the Tory members of the House of Commons and the Tory press generally swallow the French treaty with a very bad grace. They do not pretend to defend it on its merits. Gladly would they have had it rejected, but outside of a half-dozen the Tory members had not the moral courage to vote as their convictions prompted them. Their chief objection to it seemed to be that it came into collision with the national policy and threatened to injure the wine-producing industry of Western Ontario.

St. John Gazette: Since it has been decided that the winter terminus of the fast steamship line is to be either Halifax or St. John, or both, it appears to us that the outcry made by some of our local Liberal papers that St. John is to be ignored, left out in the cold, and outrageously misused, is wholly uncalled for and unspeakably silly. As sure as water seeks and finds a level, trade seeks and finds the best channels. It may not find them in a day, but it is always looking for them, and the dollar that the finding will save is the best salve for its eyesight.

Vancouver News-Advertiser: The complete resumption of traffic, on the ordinary time schedule, by the Canadian Pacific Railway, during the past week, has been a matter of general satisfaction. The energy and skill with which the Railway Company has repaired the damages, and overcome the difficulties, caused by the unprecedented floods, entitle its officials to the highest commendation and speak volumes for the business capacity and efficiency of the management in every department of this great company's service. Whether in the conduct of the ordinary traffic, or in coping with such emergencies as that with which the Railway Company has recently had to deal, its American rivals "are not in it"—to use a common phrase—with the Canadian road.

Manitoba Free Press: Amongst the mass of the people the opinion has gained ground that the straits are in all years navigable for a much longer period than was supposed, but this opinion has been formed without sufficient reliable data, and, perhaps, the wish may in some measure be father to the thought. The question should be settled and the duty of deciding it should be entrusted to those who affirm rather than to those who deny. Every one agrees that if the navigation of the straits is what its advocates believe it to be, the Hudson's Bay route would be a valuable auxiliary in developing the Northwest, and that faith in its possibility is seriously held is shown by the fact that the Provincial Government of Manitoba has voted a sum in aid of the construction of a railway.

Quebec Chronicle: While the great strike is not over, the indications are that it will not be long before it may be ranked among the events of the past. Debs has declared it off, so far as the Pullman strike is concerned. It has caused a great deal of mischief, entailing as it did the loss of much life and of enormous treasure. It is to be hoped that a lesson will be learned from it that will last the life-time of the youngest child now living. Complete recovery from the damage caused by the strike will take many years. In the end, the very men who, at the bidding of their leaders, struck, will have to pay the great bulk of the losses which their conduct made possible. Per-



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haps, greater suffering than can be now imagined is yet in store for the men who went "out." Men like Debs and Sovereign have much to answer for.

## SAMOAN MATS.

"The fine mats, which are valued above everything else, and which are the cause of more trouble than all else combined, are woven from the inner bark of the hibiscus, scraped very thin. They vary in size from two to eight or ten feet square, and are soft and pliable as cloth, the strands in some being less than the sixteenth of an inch wide. They are often trimmed with bright red feathers, plucked from the necks and breasts of birds kept for the purpose. In value they range from ten dollars to what would, in olden times, ransom an entire village. In some instances one mat has redeemed an entire district.

"It is not always the newest or best conditioned mat that is most valued. Association with great events enhances their value in native eyes. The mat with a history increases in value in direct ratio to its age. Each famous mat has a name, and is known all over the islands, together with all the honorable incidents which made it great. A stranger might pass one of these old, ragged, patched affairs lying in the road, without even a glance, little aware that it represented hundreds of dollars.

"One of these mats, owned by a certain chief, probably could not at one time have been purchased for all Samoa. He carried it about with him in a tin case wherever he journeyed. It was called 'O le le faama'i uma,' meaning: 'The mat before which all other mats are ashamed to stand.'—From 'The Land of the Bread-fruit.' *Outing* for July.

Miss Irwin, the newly appointed Dean of Radcliffe College, is a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin. She spent much of her early life in Washington, and studied principally at home. It is said that one reason for her appointment to the Deanship is that she is not a graduate of any woman's college. Miss Irwin expects to spend the summer abroad, and will not assume the duties of her new position until the beginning of the next academic year. She is about sixty years of age. Her father was at one time United States Minister to Denmark.—*Harper's Bazar*.