

**FLINT AND FEATHER: THE
COMPLETE POEMS
OF E. PAULINE JOHNSON
(TEKAHIONWAKE)**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649049363

Flint and Feather: The Complete Poems of E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake) by E. Pauline Johnson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

E. PAULINE JOHNSON

**FLINT AND FEATHER: THE
COMPLETE POEMS
OF E. PAULINE JOHNSON
(TEKAHIONWAKE)**

FLINT AND FEATHER



flint and feather

THE COMPLETE POEMS

OF

C. Pauline Johnson
(TEKATHIOWAKE)

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON
AND A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF THE AUTHOR.

ILLUSTRATED BY

◆ J. R. SEAVEY ◆

TORONTO
THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY
LIMITED.

FLINT AND FEATHER

Copyright Canada, 1917. Great Britain, 1912 and 1917
By The Musson Book Company Ltd., Toronto

Printed in Canada

First	Edition printed in 1912
Second	Edition printed in 1913
Third	Edition printed in 1914
Fourth	Edition printed in 1916
Fifth	Edition printed in 1917
Sixth	Edition printed in 1920
Seventh	Edition printed in 1921
Eighth	Edition printed in 1922
Ninth	Edition printed in 1924
Tenth	Edition printed in 1926
Eleventh	Edition printed in 1927
Twelfth	Edition printed in 1928

MUSSON
ALL CANADIAN PRODUCTION

To
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT
WHO IS HEAD CHIEF OF THE SIX NATIONS INDIANS
I INSCRIBE THIS BOOK BY HIS OWN
GRACIOUS PERMISSION

INTRODUCTION

IN MEMORIAM: PAULINE JOHNSON

I CANNOT say how deeply it touched me to learn that Pauline Johnson expressed a wish on her deathbed that I, living here in the mother country all these miles away, should write something about her. I was not altogether surprised, however, for her letters to me had long ago shed a golden light upon her peculiar character. She had made herself believe, quite erroneously, that she was largely indebted to me for her success in the literary world. The letters I had from her glowed with this noble passion: the delusion about her indebtedness to me, in spite of all I could say, never left her. She continued to foster and cherish this delusion. Gratitude indeed was with her not a sentiment merely, as with most of us, but a veritable passion. And when we consider how rare a human trait true gratitude is—the one particular characteristic in which the lower animals put us to shame—it can easily be imagined how I was touched to find that this beautiful and grand Canadian girl remained down to the very last moment of her life the impersonation of that most precious of all virtues. I

have seen much of my fellow men and women, and I never knew but two other people who displayed gratitude as a passion—indulged in it, I might say, as a luxury—and they were both poets. I can give no higher praise to the "irritable genus." On this account Pauline Johnson will always figure in my memory as one of the noblest minded of the human race.

Circumstances made my personal knowledge of her all too slight. Our spiritual intimacy, however, was very strong, and I hope I shall be pardoned for saying a few words as to how our friendship began. It was at the time of Vancouver's infancy, when the population of the beautiful town of her final adoption was less than a twelfth of what it now is, and less than a fiftieth part of what it is soon going to be.

In 1906 I met her during one of her tours. How well I remember it! She was visiting London in company with Mr. McRaye—making a tour of England—reciting Canadian poetry. And on this occasion Mr. McRaye added to the interest of the entertainment by rendering in a perfectly marvellous way Dr. Drummond's *Habitant* poems. It was in the Steinway Hall, and the audience was enthusiastic. When, after the performance, my wife and I went into the room behind the stage to congratulate her, I was quite affected by the warm and affectionate greeting that I got from her. With moist eyes she told her friends that she owed her literary success mainly to me.

And now what does the reader suppose that I