

**FLINT AND FEATHER; THE COMPLETE
POEMS, WITH INTRODUCTION BY
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON AND
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE
AUTHOR**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649128402

Flint and feather; the complete poems, with introduction by Theodore Watts-Dunton and biographical sketch of the author by E. Pauline Johnson & J. R. Seavey

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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E. PAULINE JOHNSON & J. R. SEAVEY

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From the Painting by

Frontispiece]

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH WOODS.

J. B. Stearns.

FLINT AND FEATHER

THE COMPLETE POEMS

OF

^{only}
E. PAULINE JOHNSON

(TEKAHIONWAKE)

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

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. SEAVEY

SEVENTH EDITION



THE MUSSON BOOK CO., LIMITED

TORONTO

AND

LONDON

304666
11. 10. 31

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BY THE MUSSON BOOK CO., LIMITED
PUBLISHERS - TORONTO

PS
8469
03F5
1921

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
Seventh Edition printed in 1921

MUSSON
ALL CANADIAN PRODUCTION

To

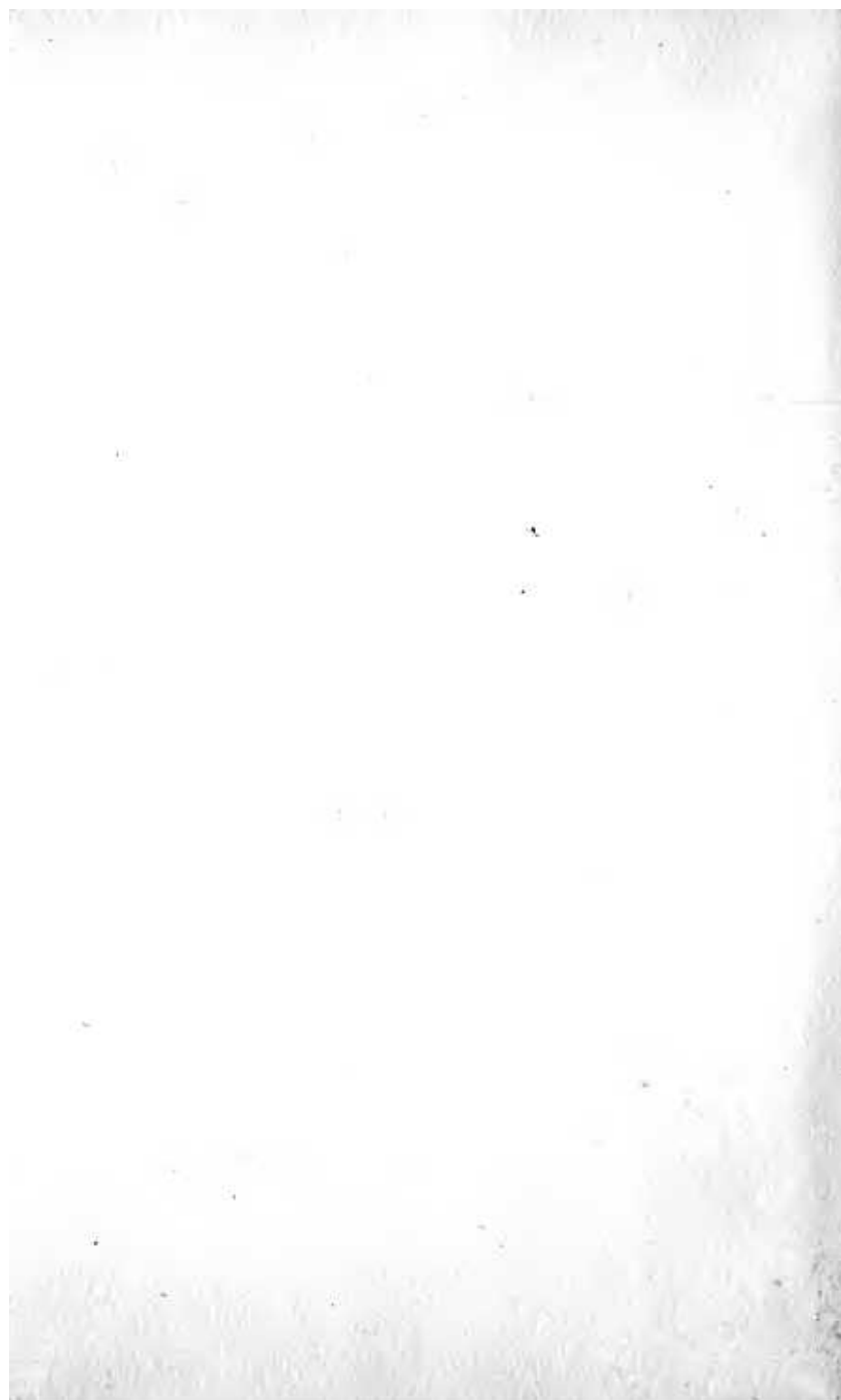
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

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 death-bed 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