



TEKAHIONWAKE

E. Pauline Johnson—Walter McRae

MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON, known as "Tekahionwake," the Iroquois Indian Poet-Entertainer, will begin an American Chautauqua tour in June, 1907, assisted by Walter McRae, the celebrated Canadian Humorist. These great artists come fresh from their London ovation, and will be the best novelty entertainment ever offered to the Chautauqua Assemblies.

Miss Johnson will appear in native Indian buckskin costume, presenting her own poems and legends of Red Indian life. Theodore Watts said of her in the London Athenæum, "The most interesting English-speaking Poetess now living."

Assisted by Mr. McRae she made her first London appearance on Monday, July 16th, at Steinway Hall, before a large and distinguished audience, including Lord and Lady Strathcona, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P., Sir Charles and Lady Rivers-Wilson, Sir Daniel and Lady MacMillan, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton the great literary critic, the High Commissioners and their Staffs of South Australia, Tasmania and Natal, Captain and Mrs. Baker, and Mr. Courtney Thorpe, and were instantly endorsed by the entire London Press, as the most *Unique, Original* and *Unhackneyed* performance of the season.

While in London, Miss Johnson—Tekahionwake—gave Recitals in many illustrious drawing rooms, among which may be named that of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon, Lady Edith Blake, wife of His Excellency, the Governor of Ceylon, Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson, Mr. Hamilton Aide, etc. Tekahionwake's letters of introduction while in England were given her by His Excellency, the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor General of Canada.

"MORNING POST," London, July 17th, 1906.

An entertainment of an unusual kind was provided at the Steinway Hall last evening by Miss E. Pauline Johnson, who is descended from a former member of the Iroquois nation of Red Indians, from whom she derives her native name of Tekahionwake, recited, or rather enacted, a number of Indian stories of which she is the author. These little pieces are powerfully descriptive, and they gain considerably by the admirable manner in which they are interpreted. Miss Johnson has a dramatic manner, and she carries out her work with the aid of much picturesque, natural, and remarkably effective gesture.

"GRAPHIC," London, July 18th, 1906.

There was an interesting programme at Steinway Hall on Monday evening for the recital of Miss Pauline Johnson. Clad in a handsome dress of buckskin and red, with silver ornaments, and blanket, Miss Johnson recited with great spirit her poems of "Ojistoh" and "Qu' Appelle" and other pieces. The entertainment was enjoyed by a crowded audience.

"GLOBE," London, July 17th, 1906.

Miss Pauline Johnson, Tekahionwake, who is descended from the chiefs of the Iroquois race of American Indians, appeared at the Steinway Hall last evening in her native costume, and gave a vivid rendering of "Ojistoh" and a "Legend of Qu' Appelle." Both are fine pieces of declamation, and were received with evident appreciation.

"MORNING LEADER," London, July 17th, 1906.

Tekahionwake, who is known to a prosaic world as Miss E. Pauline Johnson, appeared as poetess and reciter at Steinway Hall last night. Miss Johnson is a member of the Mohawk tribe of Iroquois Red Indians, her father having been chief of the tribe.

Last night she appeared in the dress befitting the rank of her tribe, a curious buckskin garment, beautifully ornamented, over which was the traditional Indian "blanket."

Tekahionwake recited several of the poems which she has written around the legends of her tribe with much dramatic vigor, and also gave a bright little sketch called "The Success of the Season," of which she herself is the author.



Mr. Walter McRaye

H u m o r i s t

ASSOCIATED with Miss Johnson, Tekahionwake, and outlined against the wild picturesqueness of her rendering of the legends, wars and romances of a savage people, is the work done by her fellow artist, MR. WALTER McRAYE, the talented young Canadian, whose rare sense of humor and satire has placed him in the front rank of to-day entertainers. Actor, traveller and raconteur, he bears the stamp of the artist in every line he speaks.

In his specialty, that of depicting the quaint, humorous character of the French-Canadian, he stands unrivalled, having won his way step by step, into an enviable popularity, through his polished and unhackneyed delineations of the "Habitant" of historic Quebec.

He will read exclusively from Canadian literature, and particularly from the French-Canadian Sketches of Dr. Drummond's "*Habitant*," "*Johnnie Courteau*" and "*Voyageur*" characters.



Press Notices

"TIMES," London, July 17th, 1906.

Mr. Walter McRaye gave selections and sketches in the quaint French-Canadian dialect, and was successful in all, though perhaps he was at his best in the little poem, "Bord a Plouffe."

"MORNING POST," London, July 17th, 1906.

Mr. Walter McRaye's share consisted of the relation of amusing stories told in the French-Canadian dialect, of which he is master . . . the efforts of both forming a very pleasant evening, and the audience showed every appreciation of the novel entertainment.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S PAPER, "T. P. O.," July 28th, 1906.

Mr. Walter McRaye recited the delightfully humorous and pathetic verses of Dr. Drummond on the old French-Canadian life in the East. Mr. McRaye possesses the rare gift that is sometimes called, "getting over the footlights," and sometimes described as "creating an atmosphere."

"PALL MALL GAZETTE," London, July 17th, 1906.

Miss Johnson's companion, Mr. Walter McRaye, is a Canadian humorist, and his special study has been the quaint French-Canadian, with its baffling patois and charming simplicity. Mr. McRaye's pieces were from the pen of Dr. Drummond, and were excellently rendered and enthusiastically received. Both reciters were called upon for encores.

"EXPRESS," London, July 17th, 1906.

Miss Johnson was assisted by Mr. Walter McRaye, an excellent reciter.

"DAILY MIRROR," London, July 17th, 1906.

Miss Johnson was ably seconded by Mr. Walter McRaye, whose sketches in the French-Canadian patois were excellent in every way.

"GLOBE," London July 17th, 1906.

Mr. Walter McRaye's sketches were very successful.

"STANDARD," London, July 17th, 1906.

Miss Johnson was assisted by a fellow-countryman, Mr. Walter McRaye, who gave some charming folklore stories of French-Canada excellently.

"M. A. P.," London, July 18th, 1906.

Associated with Miss Johnson is a Canadian humorist, Mr. Walter McRaye, whose line is depicting the quaint character of the French-Canadian in the Quebec markets and lumber camps, but who at the same time can hold an audience together in the most attentive silence by his admirable reading of dainty poems.

"WESTMINSTER GAZETTE," London, July 18th, 1906.

Mr. Walter McRaye, who assisted Miss Johnson, was heard in some picturesque sketches amusingly illustrative of the life of French-Canada.

"KIT" of the Mail and Empire, Toronto, Can., May 30th, 1902.

As for Miss Johnson-Tekahionwake's companion, Mr. Walter McRaye, he is fast making a name for himself in Canada. He is richly armed for the fray—humor, rare goddess, is his, and his also is romance. He is par excellence the best reader of dainty poems I have ever heard, and I pretty well know the elocutionists half the world over. If he works he has a great future before him. He is a true artist.

"CANADA," London, July 21st, 1906.

Miss Johnson was assisted by Mr. Walter McRaye, who was very amusing in his recitations in the French-Canadian patois. To give the proper effect to his style of dialogue is difficult, but Mr. McRaye gave the dialogue to perfection, and the "Habitant" pieces immensely pleased the Canadians present.

London Correspondent

in the New York World says:

“TEKAHIONWAKE, the Indian girl in whose veins runs the fiery blood of the Mohawks, (who is herself a daughter of the late Chief, G. H. M. Johnson—Onwanonsyshon—head Chief of the Iroquois Confederacy in Canada,) was one of the sensations of the past season; for this gifted daughter of the Red Indian race is not only an accomplished reader of her own verse, but her poems are of a quality that stamps them of unusually high order. Clad in her native costume, she appeared before some of the most fashionable audiences, and her rendering of her compositions captured their admiration. Civilization has touched her with its finer qualities. She is cultivated and brilliant. Her figure is imposing and sets off to advantage the Indian trappings of her rich buckskin garments. The force and dramatic vigor of her work has a barbaric swing of primal emotion.”

“KIT” of the MAIL AND EMPIRE, Toronto, Can.

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“HAMILTON HERALD.”

His humor is of the quiet kind and free from buffoonery. His quaint manner of depicting the French “Habitant” took exceptionally well.

“FREE PRESS,” Winnipeg, Man.

As to Mr. McRaye, there was only fun throughout and the “Habitant” sketches were novel as delightful.

“VANCOUVER WORLD.”

She fully justified all that had been said of her. It is seldom that a more enthusiastic audience has ever assembled in our city than that which greeted Miss Johnson-Tekahionwake. * * * * *

He has a very natural way of talking and tells his stories in a decidedly happy vein. The little pieces of repartee with which he intersperses his selections are particularly well chosen and gave a pleasing variation to the programme.

“KIT” in TORONTO MAIL-EMPIRE.

The Indian Poetess is a very clever woman—her voice is exquisitely tender, her facial power wonderful and her gestures graceful and telling. Her passionate dark face expressed every shade of feeling; she was a revelation to me. Her Indian costume which must have cost an immensity, was accurate in every detail, and most becoming to the wearer. She shows how passionately devoted she is to her people—for all of which I loved her.

“EDINBURGH SCOTSMAN.”

She has strength, imagination and many points of originality.

“DUBLIN EVENING TELEGRAM.”

She is an excellent reciter, who brings to her admirable elocution considerable dramatic gift.



A Pagan in St. Paul's

Iroquois Poetess' Impressions in London's Cathedral

The visit of three Red Indian chiefs to London gives the following article by Tekahionwake, the Iroquois Poetess, an additional topical interest.

By Tekahionwake

IT is a far cry from a wigwam to Westminster, from a prairie trail to the Tower Bridge, and London looks a strange place to the Red Indian whose eyes still see the myriad forest trees, even as they gaze across the Strand, and whose feet still feel the clinging moccasin even among the scores of clicking heels that hurry along the thoroughfares of this camping-ground of the paleface.

So this is the place where dwells the Great White Father, ruler of many lands, lodges, and tribes, in the hollow of whose hands is the peace that rests between the once hostile red man and white. They call him the King of England, but to us, the powerful Iroquois nation of the north, he is always the "Great White Father." For once he came to us in our far-off Canadian reserves, and with his own hand fastened decorations and medals on the buckskin coats of our oldest chiefs, just because they and their fathers used their tomahawks in battle in the cause of England.

So I, one of his loyal allies, have come to see his camp, known to the white man as London, his council which the whites call his Parliament, where his sachems and chiefs make the laws of his tribes, and to see his wigwam, known to the palefaces as Buckingham Palace, but to the red man as the "Tepee of the Great White Father." And this is what I see:—

What the Indian Sees

Lifting toward the sky are vast buildings of stone, not the same kind of stone from which my forefathers fashioned their carven pipes and corn-pounders, but a grayer, grimier rock that would not take the polish we give by fingers dipped in sturgeon oil and long days of friction with fine sand and deer-hide.

I stand outside the great palace wigwam, the huge council-house by the river. My seeing eyes may mark them, but my heart's eyes are looking beyond all this wonderment, back to the land I have left behind me. I picture the tepees by the far Saskatchewan; there the tent poles, too, are lifting skyward, and the smoke ascending through them from the smouldering fires within curls softly on the summer air. Against the blurred sweep of horizon other camps etch their outlines, other bands of red men with their herds of wild cattle have sought the river lands. I hear the untamed hoofs thundering up the prairie trail.

But the prairie sounds are slipping away, and my ears catch other voices that rise above the ceaseless throb about me—voices that are clear, high, and calling; they float across the city like the music of a thousand birds of passage beating their wings through the night, crying and murmuring plaintively as they journey northward. They are the voices of St. Paul's, calling, calling me, St. Paul's, where the paleface worships the Great Spirit, and through whose portals he hopes to reach the happy hunting grounds.

The Great Spirit

As I entered its doorways it seemed to me to be the everlasting abiding place of the white man's Great Spirit.

The music brooded everywhere. It beat in my ears like the far-off cadences of the Sault Ste. Marie rapids, that

rise and leap and throb—like a storm hurling through the fir forest—like the distant rising of an Indian war-song; it swept up those mighty archways until the gray dome above me faded, and in its place the stars came out to look down, not on these paleface kneeling worshippers, but on a band of stalwart, sinewy, copper-colored devotees, my own people in my own land, who also assembled to do honor to the Manitou of all nations.

The deep-throated organ and the boys' voices were gone; I heard instead the melancholy incantations of our own pagan religionists. The beautiful dignity of our great sacrificial rites seemed to settle about me, to enwrap me in its garment of solemnity and primitive stateliness.

Beat of the Drum

The atmosphere pulsed with the beat of the Indian drum, the eerie penetrations of the turtle rattle that set the time of the dancers' feet. Dance? It is not a dance, that marvelously slow, serpentine-like figure with the soft swish, swish of moccasined feet, and the faint jingling of elks'-teeth bracelets, keeping rhythm with every footfall. It is not a dance, but an invocation of motion. Why may we not worship with the graceful movements of our feet?

The paleface worships by moving his lips and tongue; the difference is but slight.

The altar-lights of St. Paul's glowed for me no more. In their place flared the camp fires of the Onondaga "long house," and the resinous scent of the burning pine drifted across the fetid London air. I saw the tall, copper-skinned fire-keeper of the Iroquois council enter, the circle of light flung fitfully against the black surrounding woods. I have seen their white bishops, but none so regal, so august as he. His garb of fringed buckskin and ermine was no more grotesque than the vestments worn by the white preachers in high places; he did not carry a book or a shining golden symbol, but from his splendid shoulders was suspended a pure white lifeless dog.

Into the red flame the strong hands gently lowered it, scores of reverend, blanketed figures stood silent, awed, for it is the highest, holiest festival of the year. Then the wild strange chant arose—the great pagan ritual was being intoned by the fire keeper, his weird monotonous tones voicing this formula:

"The Great Spirit desires no human sacrifice, but, we, His children, must give to Him that which is nearest our hearts and nearest our lives. Only the spotless and stainless can enter into His presence, only that which is purified by fire. So do we offer to Him this spotless, innocent animal—this white dog—a member of our household, a co-habitant of our wigwam, and on the smoke that arises from the purging fires will arise also the thanksgivings of all those who desire that the Great Spirit in His happy hunting grounds will forever smoke His pipe of peace, for peace is between Him and His children for all time."

The mournful voice ceases. Again the hollow pulsing of the Indian drum, the purring, flexible step of cushioned feet. I lift my head, which has been bowed on the chair before me. It is St. Paul's after all—and the clear boy-voices rise above the rich echoes of the organ.

— London Express.

Onwanonsyshon's Daughter

Pauline Johnson, the Mohawk Poet and Reader

*Born on the Banks of the Grand River, the Proudest Blood of the Mohawks
Flows in her Veins—a Brilliant Conversationalist, Handsome and Attractive.*

FROM THE BOSTON HERALD

IT was some years ago, and not so many after all, when pretty Pauline Johnson, the black-haired, gray-eyed, swarthy little daughter of the Chief of the Mohawks, was held up to the window of her father's house by the tender Indian nurse and clapped her little hands and cried out with delight at the sights she saw. For the Mohawks were making a chief of the lad, Prince Arthur, and the village of Ohsweken, in the Indian reservation, on the banks of the Grand River in Ontario, echoed with the war whoops and glared with the light of the yellow fires.

Pauline's eyes sparkled as she looked out of the window of Chiefswood, the family estate. The proudest blood of the old Mohawk tribe flowed in her veins, and she struggled to be free from her nurse's arms as she saw her father, Onwanonsyshon, or "Double Wampum," dash up and down between the rows of chiefs on his black pony whose flanks were white with lather. "Double Wampum" was a great man on this occasion and on other occasions when the Indian dignitaries disported themselves.

Pauline's grandfather was there, too. He was the beloved of all the chiefs. For 40 years he was speaker of the council of the Iroquois nation, and his silver tongue rolled so sweetly with the rippling Mohawk that his warriors and brothers called him the "Mohawk Warbler."

"Disappearing of the Indian Summer Mist," was what her grandfather's title meant, and none was greater than he—for hundreds of miles around he knew every inch of ground. He was a warrior in the battle of Stony Creek and Queenstown and the troubles of 1812. It was he who carried dispatches under cover of black night, from Niagara Falls to Hamilton on horseback through the woods. For 20 years the old chief was the government interpreter of the Six Nations.

In his day he could shoot the speeding arrow in its deadly flight, he could hurl the tomahawk with unerring aim; his uplifted arm quelled the rising tumult of his tribe; his voice had but to give the sound and his faithful chiefs jumped to their feet.

Pauline's grandfather and her father and one other chief performed the rites that made Prince Arthur, of England, a Mohawk chief. Prince Arthur and Allen Cleghorn, of Brantford, in Ontario, are the only two white men who can sit in the nation's council.

Pauline's grandfather and father have been gathered to the Great Spirit in the happy hunting ground. Little Pauline, with the gray eyes, dark skin and black hair, has grown up to be a young lady now, and, as she threw aside her Indian mink-trimmed garment in which she had been bundled, and stretched out a welcoming hand to the Reporter yesterday at the Vendome, one would never suspect her as being the granddaughter of "Disappearing of the Indian Summer Mist."

"Ah, I understand your look," she said, smilingly, displaying two rows of fine white teeth. "You will say I am not like other Indians, that I am not a representative. That is not strange. Cultivate an Indian, let him show his aptness, and you Americans say he is an exception. Let a bad quality crop out and you will stamp him as an Indian immediately."

Miss Johnson is a stalwart enthusiast over her Indian ancestry. From end to end of Canada her name is known as a literary woman of unusual ability. In conversation she is brilliant, in appearance handsome and attractive. When she read before the Massachusetts Indian Association at the Vendome, last Thursday afternoon, she captivated all who heard her. Her short visit to Boston will be replete with social attentions, and already she has been lionized by the Hub's bright literary set.

"VANITY FAIR."

Her work is full of the breath of Canadian forests and gives a poetic picture of the better and higher types of the Red Race.

"GLASGOW HERALD."

Her Indian Stories fairly breathe the spirit of the Red man and his home in the great forests and on the illimitable prairie. There is a fine rhetorical swing about her style and her poems make striking readings.

John Greenleaf Whittier, the author-poet, wrote to Pauline Johnson:

Tekahionwake, "thy poems have strength as well as beauty; it is fitting that one of their own race should sing the songs of the Mohawk and Iroquois in the English tongue. There is a splendid opportunity before thee."

I am thy aged friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

VICTORIA, B. C., "COLONIST."

She inherits from a long line of gifted Mohawk linguists and eloquent orators the dramatic powers she delights her audiences with. She looks bewitching in the novel and elaborate costumes in which she appears.

No wonder this Indian woman created a profound sensation in London, England, where she recently appeared and took all hearts by storm. She stands a unique figure upon the border land between the worlds of ancient tradition and modern art, combining in a remarkable degree all that is romantic in the one, all that is poetic in the other. She is proud of her parentage, as well as may be, for there are few names which stand out more prominently in the history of Canada, and none which reflect greater honor upon the Indian race, than those of her immediate ancestors. With true artistic perception she has seized upon the most romantic aspects of Indian life, and embodied them in truly poetical and consequently lasting form. We are glad to see the merits of her capital book of poems "The White Wampum" are being generally recognized in the English press. We have seen many favorable references to the book.

MANAGEMENT

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