

Story of Catherine Brant (cont'd)

They reached the village by evening and to quote directly from Campbell's book, "Captain Brant received us with much politeness and hospitality. Two young ladies - with their husbands on a visit to the family - both of them well-looking women. But when Mrs. Brant appeared superbly dressed in the Indian fashion - the elegance of her person - grandeur of looks and deportment - her large mild black eyes, symmetry and harmony of her expressive features though much darker than her daughters so far surpassed them as not to admit of the smallest comparison between them. I could not in her presence look at any of the other European ladies present without remarking the difference.

Her blanket was made up of silk and the finest English cloth, bordered with a narrow strip of embroidery - her sort of jacket and scanty petticoat of the same stuff which came only to her knees - her leggins of the finest scarlet, fitted to show her remarkably well-shaped limbs - her 'mogazines' ornamented with beads. Her person about 5' 9 or 10" high as straight as can be and proportionable as can be.

She understands, but does not speak English. Will not speak it.

They have a fine family of children. I remarked of a fine looking boy about eight years old - very like his mother. Joseph replied, 'He was so - and he was very glad that he was - he was a good scholar and a good hunter for he had already shot pheasants and other birds. He had already learned to care for himself in the 'chacc' for he had followed a deer too far but made a fire - warmed himself and found his way home.

Tea was on the table when we came in, served up in the handsomest china plate with every other furniture in proportion.

After tea was over we were entertained with the music of an elegant handorgan.

Supper was served in the same genteel style. Our beverages, rum, brandy, port, madeira. Capt. Brant made apologies for not being able to sit up long with us but was recently ill. We, being fatigued, went timeously to rest but found our beds, sheets and English blankets, equally fine and comfortable.

Next day being Sunday we all went to church. Service was conducted by an Indian because the minister was ill. The women sang most charmingly with a musical voice, peculiar to themselves. After sermon I went to converse with the school master, an old Yankee (his name was Lefferty) He teaches English and arithmetic only and has sixty-six pupils, some of whom have excellent capacities for learning. They read well and fluently.

(continued next week)

Feathers Fit for a Queen

Peter Jones was a Chief of the Chippewa Indians and he dressed as one to meet a monarch.

Windsor Castle, Friday, September 14, 1838, the question arose. Is Canadian Indian costume court dress. There was little precedent by which to decide. The Canadian who presented the problem was Rev. Peter Jones, Methodist preacher, author, and translator, Ojibway Chief, and grandson of an Ojibway Chief. He was to be presented to the newly crowned sovereign, the nineteen year old Queen Victoria. This remarkable early Canadian was the son of Augustus Jones, Kings Deputy Provincial Surveyer under Governor Simcoe. He married the daughter of an Ojibway or Chippewa, Chief Peter the second son, became very famous.

In 1838 he was making his second prolonged preaching tour in the British Isles. On the day appointed for his presentation to the queen Jones, accompanied by Rev. Robert Alder, also prominent in British and Canadian Methodism, arrived at Windsor Castle at 12:30 p.m. as arranged, he came to discuss with Lord Glenelg, Colonial Secretary, his clothes for the ceremony.

Lord Glenelg was doubtful when the Indian costume was mentioned. "Is it like the Highland Scotch dress?" he asked. "It is not like the Highland dress, your lordship. It is a very proper covering." Jones declared.

Excuse me, gentlemen, I'll go and consult the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne," Glenelg suggested. With the national policy of being ready for any emergency, the British statement finally decided that Mr. Jones should come to the castle in his English dress, but bring his Indian costume (all of it) with him.

At 2:30 p.m. Jones and his companion returned. They showed Lord Glenelg the Indian apparel. "How long would it take to change?" his Lordship asked. "About twenty minutes," the Indian Chief replied. Lord Glenelg offered the use of his room to dress, but not the services of an English valet. Mr. Alder helped in the change. Then the Colonial Secretary returned. Away went Jones following his Lordship through the halls of Windsor Castle. This charming Indian Chief had on his 1831 visit to Britain won a young English woman of good family to be his bride. (A happy marriage it proved, refuting all the dire predictions of her relatives and friends) Now, in fringed and beaded buckskins, with sacred wampum and eagle feathers, he added a new note to Windsor's historic halls. Arrived within the reception room, Lord Glenelg introduced, "Chief Kah-ko-wa-que-na-by, "Sacred Waving Feathers", Chief of the Chippewa Indians in Upper Canada.

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