

# THE GREAT INDIAN LEADER

JOSEPH BRANT SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BORN IN 1742.

His Glory in the Eyes of Canadians Was His Prompt Rally to Defence on His Return From England in 1776—He Frequently Visited Kingston.

Where Thayendanegea, whom the world knows best as Joseph Brant, was born there is no record. The Indians have no herald's college or parish register. There is reason to believe that he was a Shawnee, born in 1742 in Ohio, and that he and his sister and his mother were captured by the Iroquois in one of their raids, and they were Mohawks from the time they arrived in the Indian village at what now is Canajoharie, N.Y. The mother married a Mohawk chief named Carri-hogo, or News Carrier, whose English name was Brant, and the little boy, destined to become the greatest Indian in history, was referred to as Brant's Joseph, and later, for want of a better name, called himself Joseph Brant. Queer compound of pagan and Christian, of savage and civilized, he developed into, Rieni, a low-born Roman, rose to be ruler of Rome, leader of his people, friends of great men such as Petrarch and Pope Clement VI. Rieni planned the liberation of an oppressed people, but sullied his fair name by murdering his best friend. Brant, the obscure Indian, rose to a position of power and prominence such as no other red man ever has gained. He, too, was leader of his people and friend of great men such as Charles James Fox and King George III. He, too, planned the liberation of an oppressed people and sullied his fame not only by massacring unprotected whites, but by slaying his son with a tomahawk. And like Rieni he had a strong religious bent. Rieni proclaimed the Republic of Rome "by authority of the most merciful Lord Jesus Christ." Joseph Brant translated the gospel of St. Mark and the Book of Common Prayer in Mohawk and preached the gospel to the braves he led on expeditions of murder and rapine.

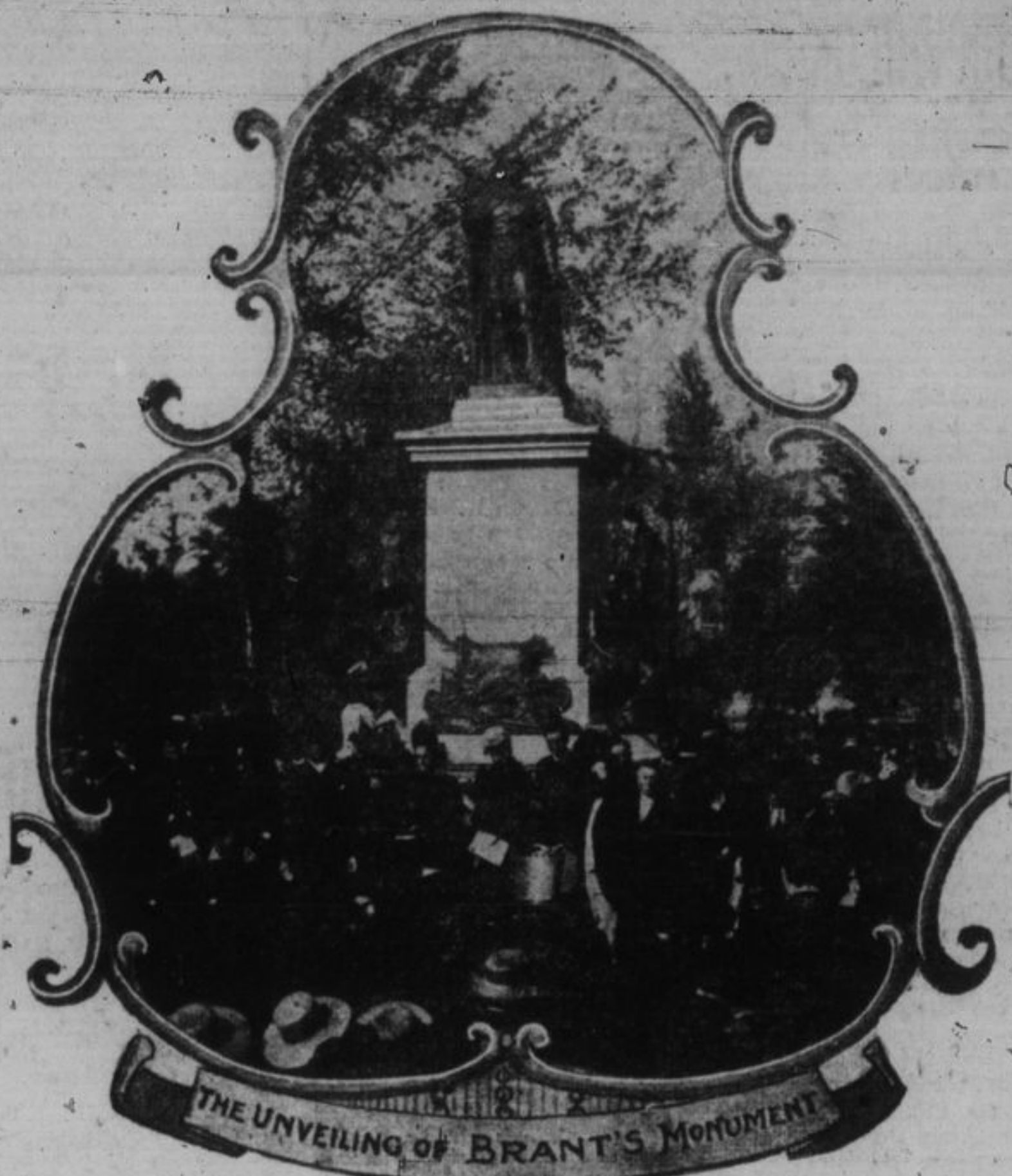
Perhaps Joseph Brant never would have been heard of had it not been for the relations his sister held with Sir William Johnson, that remarkable Irishman who came to Canada to look after a grant of land made to his uncle, Admiral Warren, and who gained the greatest influence over the Indians any white man ever has obtained. Until Molly Brant, who was seven years older than her brother, caught the fancy of Sir William, the boy led the care less, untrammelled life of other Indian lads, but when Sir William took Molly Brant to his household he also took Joseph Brant under his care. The position Sir William held was unique. He practically was the only English-speaking person in whom the Indians placed absolute trust in those days before the revolution, and particularly in those days when the French, under Montcalm, and the English, under Amherst, were struggling for the prize of a continent.

The Indians held the balance of power. But for Sir William few Indian tribes would have cast their lot with the British. His mastery over the Six Nations was second only to that which Brant subsequently obtained. He had established in 1738, as his uncle's agent,



at a point on the Mohawk river, New York state, which he called Warrensburg, a little settlement of Dutch, Scotch and Irish colonists. Here he built flour mills, made roads and cleared lands. Five years later, operating on his own account, he bought land and built a home at Mount Johnson, now the city of Amsterdam, N.Y. Later, when his fortune was immense, he built Johnson Hall, at what now is Johnstown, N.Y. When he settled in Warrensburg Indian affairs were in a sorry state. Most of the traders were scoundrels who robbed the red men at every turn. Johnson traded with the Indians, too, but was scrupulously honest in his dealings. He was a man of broad education, wise, tolerant and truthful. He studied the Indian languages and the Indians themselves. He learned to speak Iroquois as fluently as he did English. As a magistrate, and later as Indian commissioner, he was absolutely just to them. He did much to stop the sale of liquor to the Indians and to compel traders to deal honestly with them. And he organized missions and mission schools throughout the Six Nations.

It required the utmost finesse for a representative of the English colonists to hold the good-will of the Indians in those times. As between France and England it was natural the Indians should favor the French. The English treated the Indians as an inferior people, and as colonists were spreading but further and further, taking more and more land from the Indians. The French treated the Indians as equals, and there was much intermarriage between them. The French made a few towns such as Montreal, Quebec and Louisburg, and numerous trading posts, but did not establish colonies. Sir William, by fidelity to the Indian, not only won the Six Nations to the British cause, but his influence was strong in the west and in the south. Regularly he had councils at Mount Johnson or at Johnson Hall, which were attended by chiefs from all the tribes in the



Confederacy, and once he held a council at which chiefs from all the tribes east of the Mississippi were present, except the Crees, Cherokees and Kickapoos. Molly Brant presided at his table. From the squalor of an Indian village to this, "the finest home in America," went Joseph Brant, twelve years old. Sir William had made for him a warrior's outfit, with small musket, tomahawk and hunting knife. When Sir William, at the head of 1,000 Iroquois, took part in the battle at Lake George in 1755, Joseph Brant, from behind a tree, blazed away with his tiny musket at the French, and got his first lesson in warfare. In the battle of Fort Niagara, four years later, Brant, although only 17 years old, served as lieutenant in the Canajoharie company of Mohawks.

Sir William's plan for knitting closer the bonds between the whites and the Indians took all sorts of forms. To improve the grades in the Mohawk valley he brought over from England the finest of blooded bulls, and stallions. At Mount Johnson he held races regularly, and the settlers and the aborigines for scores of miles around flocked to the sport. He was a great patron of boxing, too, and had contests, shooting matches, too, for prizes. He sent Joseph Brant, with a lot of Mohawk boys to the Mount Lebanon academy, Connecticut. There two years were utilized by him to the fullest degree, and left a pretty good English scholar. He married the daughter of an Oneida chief and made his home in Canajoharie, but gave a deal of his time to Sir William, and practically later on became the baronet's secretary. Sir William had the finest library in America. Brant indulged his love for reading. He read biographical and philosophical works, history and romance, but was particularly interested in music and religion.

Sir William Johnson's death was dramatic in the extreme. He had been addressing a gathering of six hundred Indian chiefs, who had come to invoke his influence to prevent the invasion of the Indian country on the Ohio river by the Virginia and Pennsylvania frontiersmen, and was stricken with apoplexy. As he was carried into Johnson Hall his last words were to Brant: "Joseph, control your people, control your people! I am going away." The confederacy embracing the Mohawk, Seneca, Cayuga, Onondaga, Oneida and Tuscarora nations, had been without a supreme chief for twenty years, but, accepting the baronet's dying words as a command, Joseph Brant was chosen chief. Events crowded fast. The Boston tea party had stirred the colonists. Brant had to decide which side he would take in the struggle.

Brant knew America, but not England, so he went to London in 1776. His visit created a sensation. He was the most cultured Indian the English had seen. He was presented at court, and George III took a great fancy to him. The King made him a colonel, showered presents and never tired of hearing the chief talk. Charles James Fox became the Indian's closest friend; Boswell went into raptures over him, and Romney, who next to Sir Joshua Reynolds, was the greatest painter in England, painted his portrait. But the honors showered upon him did not turn Brant's head. Great and powerful as he knew England to be, he also knew the spirit and endurance of the colonists. It was not until the break actually came, when the congress at Philadelphia declared the states free, and when so much blood had been shed that there was no chance of the differences between England and the colonies being adjusted, that Brant declared himself, and cast his lot in with the British; covenants between the Indian nations and the British nation should be sacredly observed. In return for the aid the Six Nations the British were to give to each Indian a gun, a suit of clothes, a brass kettle, a tomahawk, a scalping knife and a piece of gold.

Brant brought his Iroquois braves up to an efficiency never before attained. He was a natural orator, and could rouse his people to the best effort. The result at Oriskany was a fearful blow to Brant's pride. He joined forces with Col. John Butler, and his name became a terror in the land. His raids along the borders were so rapid and secret that he seemed to have the power of ubiquity. The years 1777 and 1778 were dark ones for Joseph Brant. The Wyoming, Springfield, Cobleskill and Cherry massacres are charged to him. Although Brant was with the Burgers on the Wyoming expedition, he was not present at the slaughter, and did not participate in the slaughter. Thomas Campbell's poem, "Gerrard's Wyoming" to the contrary notwithstanding. At Cobleskill he stopped the scalping of women and children, and expressed the greatest sorrow over the outrages. For two years Brant had been the master of the Mohawk country, and had spread terror throughout northern and western New York. But the Continentals sent a strong force under Gen. Sullivan, and at the battle of Newtown (Elmira), Brant and Butler's combined forces were routed. Brant was everywhere in the thick of the fight. The battle broke the

power of the Six Nations and put an end to Brant's activity for the remainder of the revolutionary war. Sullivan, to teach Brant a lesson, ravaged the Mohawk land and turned that fertile district into a desert. Brant and the remnant of his band had to flee to Canada.

In Upper Canada Brant obtained from the crown a grant of land 100 miles long and 12 miles wide on the Grand river for the Six Nations, and he went to England to seek full settlement of the claims of his people. Fully formed in every detail he carried in his crafty brain a vast scheme—for winking back the empire that Britain had lost. He proposed to King George the plan of forming a great confederacy of all the Indians east of the Mississippi, to make war on the colonies all along the frontier, while great Britain should attack the seaboard cities, and land troops. The colonies were prostrate after their long struggle for independence. There were approximately 250,000 Indians between the western boundary and the great river, and perhaps 40,000 or 50,000 braves could take the field if Great Britain would supply the arms, ammunition and general equipment. Had it not been that England had so much to engage her attention across the channel, Brant's scheme might have been taken up. But England and all Europe were trembling in dread of the Corsican, and England's armies were needed more at home. So Brant's great plan came to naught.

But the western Indians had no idea of diplomacy. They cared little that Brant's scheme had failed. They continued desultory war on the frontier men west of the Alleghenies, and it was not until 1793, when Mad Anthony Wayne was sent against them and administered a crushing defeat at the battle of Falling Timbers, on the Maumee, that their power was broken. Brant had no part in this



uprising. He openly exerted himself to the utmost to bring about and preserve peace between the Indians and their white neighbors. He realized that without the support of the British the cause of the Indians was hopeless. Brant then turned himself to the arts of peace. He translated the Book of Common Prayer and the Gospel of St. Mark into the Mohawk tongue and distilled into his people by precept and example the virtues of temperance and religion. All through life he had been an abstainer from liquor—the curse of the red men. But in his own family his teachings availed the least. One of his own sons became a drunkard, vicious and depraved. One day in a drunken rage this son attacked the liver of his father and his family, and his father slew him with a stroke of his tomahawk. Mourning over his son, mourning over his blasted hopes, mourning over his people, Joseph Brant, the greatest red man the world has ever known, died on November 24th, 1807, on alien soil, in his sixty-fifth year, at Wellington Square, now Burlington (near Hamilton), where he had settled down. The city named after the hero, Brantford, has erected a monument to his memory.

Brant's chief glory in the eyes of Canadians was his prompt rally to defence on his return from England in 1776. He had been commissioned shortly before as a captain in the army. He secretly landed near New York and made a dangerous but crafty trip through the state to Kingston, which he frequently visited, as a guest of the family of Sir William Johnson, a son of the Sir William already named, by his Indian wife, Molly Brant. It was a critical time for the British provinces and at once Brant rallied his warriors and at "The Cedars" inflicted a paralyzing defeat upon the invading United States. In the battle of Oriskany, N.Y., the fiercest hand-to-hand fight on American records he fought with the British so effectively that the treacherous U. S. General Herchimer was stopped in his advance on British lines. Brant distinguished himself in innumerable expeditions and forays, defeats of troops and capture of towns. These movements were accompanied with foul murders, even of women and children, and Brant, the intelligent, educated, brave leader has been freely accused in United States literature with the instigation of these outrages. Nothing could be more unfair. He indignantly declared that he did not make war upon women and babes, nor upon the helpless. Evidences are many of his pleadings and efforts at civilizing restraint and protection, but he had savages to deal

with whose merciless instincts were still beyond control.

At Burlington Brant exercised a profuse hospitality to Indians and whites alike. On May Day he usually rode in his coach and four to Mohawk village, near Brantford, to attend the annual festival, attended by a retinue of servants and guards in livery. He of it accompanies this article. His last mesquite built the first Anglican church in Ontario, on the Brant reserve, with moneys collected in England and Canada. It is situated near the Indian Institute, at Brantford, and a view sage was: "Have pity upon the poor Indians; if you have influence with the great, do them all the good you can!"

## THE NEW YEAR MEMORIAL

Interesting Facts Concerning the Ushering in by the Jewish New Year.

The Jewish year is not coincident with the Christian year, but starts on September 9th. The new year is ushered in, not with the clanging of bells as with us, but with the blowing of the ram's horn, a ceremony which dates back to the earliest ages. The "sound of the trumpet" occurs again and again in Scripture. The trumpet was the recognized signal for Israel. To its sound the host of Israel set out to war, princes were summoned, or the elders assembled before the tents of meeting; sacrifices were offered amid the blowing of trumpets, and when they sounded on the eve of the Sabbath all labor, whether of peasant, merchant, or prince, instantly ceased. The trumpets were superseded by the ram's horn, or shophar, as it is called, to commemorate the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham, when a ram was substituted for the human sacrifice. This feast of the new year is therefore a feast of memorials, for not only does it recall the sacrifice of Abraham, but also commemorates Israel's oath at Sinai—"All that the Lord hath said will we do, and be obedient."

The prescribed note, says Dr. Herbert Adler, the Chief Rabbi, is an alarm which it became customary to repeat thrice, and this note is preceded and followed by a loud trumpet blast; thus a strain of nine trumpet blasts comprised the early rite of blowing the shophar. In the present ritual this set of sounds has been extended to thirty by the addition of two varied sets of notes. Taken from the service of the Synagogue, one tradition compared it to a wail of distress. In another description it is defined as the moaning of a sigh, and yet again it has been described as a cry which breaks off into weeping and wailing. By sounding the three variant strains of the ram's horn, the rabbis sought to preserve in one or the other of them the ancient shout of the trumpet that once resounded in the Temple. If the day of memorial falls on a Sunday the shophar is not sounded. The origin of this solemn custom is given in Lev. xxiii.

## Beyond the Reach of All.

James E. Clark. There is something in every man which no disappointment, failure, or misfortune can reach until he finally gives his consent. Beyond the grasp of everyone, save himself, this something will carry him through every emergency. If men would get acquainted with and rely on the spirit within them in the same manner that they seek assistance from without, we should not recognize some of our friends in a year. A man's body may be cut and bruised, his name sullied, his last cent spent and his last friend gone, but if he still clings to that quiet power within, cleaves to his spirit, he has not yet been beaten and is not yet a failure. He has been stayed and set back temporarily, but his future may be the more brilliant because of the present trials. If the spirit is retained, the wounds will heal, the reputation may be righted, real friends take the places of fair weather companions and a bank book again bears his name. Keep the spirit! Hold up your head like that warrior of old who said to one who had beaten him in battle, "You have vanquished my armies, destroyed my city, and I do not even know if my daughters are alive, but you have not conquered me. Every day is a glorious day if you will meet it half way. There are more good things in it to strive for than you has lost. Don't make a morgue of your mind! Bury the disagreeable past. Memory was not made for a spiritual dead house. With every sunrise there is a new world and a new life opening for you as long as you retain your spirit!"

## The Tyranny of Fashion.

Ohio State Journal. The beautiful woman with the aigrette on her hat would weep if her automobile ran over a kitten. Yet if she but stopped to think of it, the nodding ornament she wears represents a thousand times as much dumb anguish as the kitten's quick death. It almost inclines me to accept Professor Starr's latest theory. New York passed a law forbidding the sale of aigrettes, but it was like voting strong drink out of a county. The women who decried the aigrette continued to get them. A big shipment of the beautiful plumes was seized by the customs officers the other day, but the mother herons that wore them and their little ones are dead, and the milliners have seized the opportunity to advance prices. The demand continues and it is supplied just as of old. And still we do not accept Professor Starr's theory that woman is a savage. Those who wear aigrettes are more and more the exceptions; soon such adornments will be pointed out as badges of disgrace. Right now a milliner who would advertise that under no circumstances would she sell an aigrette or any other hat trimming standing for cruelty to dumb creatures would attract much more trade than she would lose.

## Words of World Wisdom.

The best views of life come when the back is bent with earth's burden. An enemy treated as a friend will soon become a friend. A clean heart makes a shining face. What we do speak so loudly that what we say cannot be heard. It is because so many people see wrong that so many things go wrong. Common-sense and the Golden Rule are the foundations of good manners. Of two evils choose neither; of two good things, choose both. Whoever would learn how to talk well must first learn how to keep still. About the poorest business a Christian can engage in is borrowing trouble. Many a man who goes to church with a long face, sells goods with a measure that is too short.



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