Ilistorical

Among the cities, which take foremost rank as industrial centres, not one is more indusolubly linked with the aboriginal inhabitants of Canada than Brantford. It was the Red Man's paradise long before the dauntless Joliet first ascended the Grand River in the middle of the seventeenth century and the land of the Mississangus before the bromis emigrated from New York State.

In fulfillment of official pledges given to Captain Joseph Brant by the British Government, the Six Nations were to receive recompense for their homes abandoned in the Mohawk Valley, N. Y., during the Revolutionary War. In 1784 six miles on either side of the Grand River were purchased and several hundred thousand aeres of the most productive belt of land in Ontario, became the property of the Six Nation Indians. Senecas, Cayugas and Mohawks for the most part made this their place of settlement.

The historian records an interesting account of a visit of the first Lieutemant Governor of Upper Camada, Colonel John Graves Simeoc, to the Mohawk village, February 7th, 1793, where he was the guest for several days of Captain Brant.

From the Mohawk village to London, a well worn Indian trail led across the Grand River, over which Brant swung a boon to facilitate the crossing of his followers. As he saw the first little log cabin being laboriously built by John Staats nearby the fords, he little thought that it marked the site of a city, which would perpetuate his name.

Perhaps the first settler to take up his two hundred aeres of land granted to the United Empire Loyalbsts was John K. Smith in 1783, who with his son, built the Mohawk Church, the pioneer Protestant church of Canada.

Early settlement was exceedingly slow, but when the number of settlers had reached one hundred in 1826, they agreed that the place should be dignified by a name. Controversy arose and the names of white men were suggested, but the memory of the Mohawk warrior, who had first designated the crossing prompted them to call the place Brant's Ford—curtailed by time to Brantford.

In 1830 the Indians gave "a lot a mile square for a village at Brantford." In 1847, Brantford, with a population of 2000 was incorporated a town. In 1877 a population of 10,000 entitled her to the name of city. Since then her population has been trebled and the original "square mile" extends to nearly five square mile" extends to nearly five square miles withher industrial centre surrounded by fruitful farms.

Although the Indians have receded further and further into their Reserve and only the Mohavk Church and School remain in the immediate vicinity, her early history is symbolized in the city's crest, where the white man and Indian are protrayed amicably side by side. That the same flame of British loyalty, which prompted the Mohawks to forfeit their land and homes, still burns in their hearts, was eloquently evinced by a descendant of Captain Joseph Brant, Lieut. Cameron D. Brant, who was the first man in Brant County to give his life for the Empire.

Brantford has not only perpetuated Brant's memory in the city's name, but also by a bronze monument, whereon the Six Nations are also characteristically represented. Upon the occasion of H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught's first visit to Brantford in 1869 4,000 Indians participated in his reception conferring upon him a chiefship of the ancient Iroquois League and presenting him with a likeness and biography of Brant. They also requested his patronage in creeting the bronze and granite statue which now stands in Victoria Park.

In the city's midst high on his pedestal, the stalwart Mohawk warrior looks silently towards the Grand, whose winding water once reflected the wigwams of his people, to where he led his dusky tribesmen areoss the ancient ford. Over the bridge the tide of busy commerce rolls, the trail has become a paved thoroughfare. Along the Grand a railway takes its simous course, homes crown its banks and cluster to its edge, factories flank its sides—a white man's city is mirrored in its depths. The red man who learned from Nature's open book, worshipped beneath the sun and stars, when threaded wampum passed in barter and rights were settled in the glow of the camp fire, now stands, surrounded by library, churches and banks and overshadowed by the Court of Jostice.