

attribute to a tender consideration for the red man's sensibilities, as illustrated by the red man's vote. The somewhat stolid and unimpressible character of the average Iroquois is to be regretted, in view of the kindness and delicacy which prompted these statements.

Quite early in life Thayandanegea knew the domination of a stepfather, and Caribogo, whom the other organ, somewhat disrespectfully to the memory of Tehowaghwenagahkin, characterises as a "respectable Indian" ruled in the lofty halls and councils of Canajoharie. Caribogo's Christian name was Barnet, or Bernard, gutturally corrupted into Brant, and his step-son, from being known as Brant's Joseph, easily became Joseph Brant to his contemporaries, and hence to posterity. According to some authorities it was at the battle of Lake George in 1755, when the young Indian was but thirteen, that his bravery first attracted the attention of Sir William Johnson, whose *protégé* he afterward became. Certain it is that four years later he numbered one of Sir William's thousand Iroquois who defeated D'Aubrey's relief party, and captured Fort Niagara in the final campaign of 1759. To his distinguished leader he owed the education he received in Connecticut, between this time and the date of his marriage with a daughter of the Oneidas, whom he brought to Canajoharie. We know that his tomahawk was pitted against Pontiac's in the latter's bold conspiracy of 1763; but not until the rebellion of the Colonies in 1775 did Brant become an important factor in the problem, the result of which decided the political destiny of this continent. In the meantime he had grown in influence and dignity among his people, and had attained the position of their supreme war chief. He had been maintained in the favour of the Johnsons and the British; he had done much for the advancement of his race along the contracted lines which bounded the opportunities of his day; and his fellow-warriors recognised in his mental and physical powers those qualities which in primitive states of society entitle to pre-eminence. He was at that time and until his death acknowledged leader of the Mohawk Indians. By a visit to England, where he was received with honour, his fealty to the king's servant became fealty to the king, an allegiance in which he never swerved, and to which we owe, perhaps, in great measure, the fact that we are not to-day a part of the great democracy. The Six Nations combined under him to the last against the disaffected colonists; and some of the bloodiest chapters in the history of the rebellion bear his name as their author. At Oriskany in 1777, in the valley of the Susquehanna a year later, at the massacre of Cherry Valley, and all along the banks of the Mohawk River, Brant and his warriors left desolation behind them. Their fierce loyalty was rewarded by General Haldimand by a grant of a tract six miles in width along each side of the whole course of the Grand River. Disturbed and angered by the assertion of the Government's pre-emptive right over this territory, the old chief, after settling his people upon it, built for himself a house near Hamilton, at the point now known as Wellington Square, where he died in 1807.

Little of the original shell is left, and that little is glorified into a summer hotel, which rejoices in the name and fame of the "Brant House." We who enter into his labours can sit, if we be so minded, upon the very sward from which the veteran warrior used to look across the blue and shimmering stretches of Ontario into the Mohawk Valley and Canajoharie, and all his chequered history, chequered in a *bizarre* pattern, even for an Indian past—can sit there and absorb iced lemonade through a straw to his memory, retailed at the seat of his ancient hospitality at five cents a glass!

THE conception of the monument cannot be over-praised. The attitude of the colossal warrior is one of simple dignity and authority; the poise of the head is superbly commanding. It is impossible to imagine a more effective arrangement of the Indian groups of three that flank two sides of the upper base, or more appropriate incidentals than the trophies upon the remaining sides. The Indian war dance and council, and the totems of the Six Nations, the bear emerging from the snow-laden pines, and the wolf in a summer forest, leave nothing to be desired for striking bas-reliefs. The idea of the pedestal is especially good. As a rule pedestals will assert themselves. This one is repressed within almost entirely rectangular lines, with great gain to the work of art it supports, and with singular appropriateness to the stern primitiveness of the whole subject.

One instinctively recognises the Indian spirit behind the varied features and dress of the grouped Iroquois. Much Canadian history may be read in their dark, immovable countenances—much North American history, when North America was theirs, not ours, in their muscular limbs, their traditional weapons, their trophies, and their totems. In the face of Brant, the sculptor has been compelled to overcast aboriginal traits with the dawning influence of civilisation. In view of the difficulty of this task, and the fact that Mr. Wood is the first to undertake it, it will be conceded to

have been accomplished with skill and insight. The sculptor, like the poet, must idealise, however; and we can hardly suppose that the august and benignant chief who speaks peace to his people in Brantford's city square is a realistic representation of the Indian warrior to whose hatchet we owe so much. A little more aboriginal fire, a firmer grasp of the war-hatchet—loosely held in the left hand—somewhat more of the "monster" of Cherry Valley, and somewhat less of the translator of the New Testament into Iroquois, would have handed the Indian hero down to posterity in possibly a less pleasing, but more impartial light. As it is, the figure of Brant, with all its effective trappings and faithful Mohawk features, carries with it an irresistible suggestion of Henry Clay.

One is disposed to congratulate the sculptor upon having, at the outset, connected his name with Indian representation. For the sachem in art as in literature is bound to make a sensation. His figure lends itself so well to noble lines, his character to striking conceptions. Then he has the unspeakable advantage of looking well in the stone or bronze representation of his own clothes. His immortaliser is not compelled to a frantic choice between the graceful but somewhat inadequate habiliments of the ancient Greeks and the conventional, but altogether hideous, garments of nineteenth century civilisation. The garb of North American barbarism is as protective as picturesque. To escape at least one horror of approaching dissolution, that of being perpetuated in the frock coat and trousers evolved by the modern tailor, our distinguished politicians should be immediately prevailed upon to adopt it.

THE same October sun was shining through the same mellow haze on the day that saw the bronze Brant unveiled as on that day in October so long ago when the spot whereon it stands was part of an unbroken wilderness that knew his footstep only, and his people's, and its own wild creatures'. The river wound as placidly under its wooden bridge and past the quaint little church, with its weedy burial ground and painted palings, that he built for his Mohawk brothers, and past his tomb. The maple leaves fell silently at his imaged feet, bringing, as often before, their yellow tribute to his prowess. Among the alien multitude that came to see, the dusky descendants of the Mohawks, Tuscaroras, Oneidas, the Senecas, Onondagas and Cayugas pressed curiously forward. As the veil fell off, and the warrior whose name they revere stood erect before them, the painted feathered chiefs of the Six Nations danced with strange cries and pointings about the base of the statue. And the mothers of the race, stolidly holding their brown skinned sleeping offspring, laughed in approbation.

There was an element of pathos in it all, in this pomp and ceremony of rendering tribute unto the warrior of his race who did most to dispossess it of its great inheritance. One felt in a vaguely sentimental way the pang of the usurper at the sight of these early Indian freeholders of the soil, joining to honour him who had given allegiance to a power that robbed them of their right of tenantry, and all their wild ancestral life; and one thought instinctively of the time which cannot be many centuries away, when these people shall have vanished as a dark, impotently-forbidding shadow from this continent, and the bronze incarnation of their being will be all that the sun and wind will find of the tribes they knew before they knew us. Shall liberty be any the less dear because fetters are of bronze and of honour? Shall extinction be any more acceptable because of carven memory? The strength and agility and endurance of the red man are set up before us in a graven image to his everlasting renown—but at what price!

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

MUSIC.

THE TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THIS society, which, as our readers may remember, was organised last fall for the purpose of making a distinct specialty of the highest kind of concerted vocal music, viz., unaccompanied part-singing, has resumed its work for the season.

A single announcement in the morning journals of the fact of several vacancies existing in the society was sufficient to bring nearly a hundred candidates for admission. Many of these, however, on examination proved to be ineligible, as only those possessing really good and fresh voices, with some ability to use them, could be accepted. It will be readily understood that, owing to the delicate and refined nature of the work undertaken by the Toronto Vocal Society, care has to be taken in the selection of its material. The model on which it was formed, viz., the Henry Leslie Choir, of London, England, is indisputably the finest body of vocalists in the world, and proved its title to the claim in the International Choral Competition which took place in Paris in 1878, where it gained "the Grand Prix" for choral singing.

We understand that the piece selected by Henry Leslie for that occasion will form one of the principal numbers at the Toronto Vocal Society's first concert. The study and practice of this kind of music is decidedly a