SKETCHES OF
EARLY BUFFALO
AND THE NIAGARA REGION
BY SOPHIE C. BECKER.
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BUFFALO, N. Y., 1904.
PREFACE.

It was not the aim of the author to write a complete history of Buffalo nor of the Niagara, but to gather from all available sources such a series of stories as will interest young people and give them a fair idea of what took place in this locality in the early days.

Until a pen more eloquent than mine shall describe the toil, the sufferings, the sacrifices and the heroic deeds of our forefathers of the Niagara Frontier, this book is offered to the children of the schools of Buffalo, in the hope that the rising generation may learn to cherish the heritage so dearly won, and may emulate the virtues and industry that distinguished the men and women of early Buffalo.

For the facts narrated the author is indebted to the books given in the bibliography, to which the student is referred for more detailed study.

For valuable assistance in the preparation of the book, thanks are due to Mr. Frank H. Severance of the Buffalo Historical Society and to Miss Ada H. Fox of Masten Park High School.

S. C. B.

BUFFALO, December, 1904.
LA SALLE AND THE GRIFFON.

Few lives of great men are so rich in romantic interest, so full of hardships courageously endured, of obstacles bravely overcome, and of disappointments nobly borne, as was the life of Rene-Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, the French explorer.

Like many other of his countrymen, he came to America to seek his fortune. Having secured from the Sulpitians a tract of land on the island of Montreal, he set about improving this land, and began to engage in the fur trade; but after he had listened to the tales of the Indians and of the coureurs de bois, in which they told of great tracts of rich lands made accessible by large rivers, he determined to explore for himself the waterways and lands of which they spoke. The Great Lakes, extending westward—none knew how far—together with the mighty Father of Waters, might well raise in La Salle the hope that this was the way to the South Sea, and so to the wealth of the Indies,—a route sought by Columbus nearly two centuries before.

Having no money, La Salle sold his land on the St. Lawrence, and fitted out four canoes for purposes of
exploration and trade. The Sulpitians, who were interested in La Salle's plans, thought this a good opportunity to send missionaries to the North-west Indians; the priests Dollier and Galinee, with three canoes, therefore, accompanied La Salle. They embarked in the summer of 1669. When the western end of Lake Ontario was reached, they fell in with Joliet, who was returning from the West, and whose account of his travels caused the priests to change their plans. They proceeded westward by way of the Lakes, while La Salle went in search of the Ohio River. During the next two years he discovered the Ohio, explored the whole region and, it is thought by some, reached the Mississippi River.

He returned filled with the determination that these beautiful, well-watered, fruitful valleys should become New France; that he would open the way for colonization and trade; and that a line of forts, judiciously placed along the Lakes and the Mississippi, would enable him to keep out both English and Spaniards.

As a preliminary he secured the friendship of Frontenac, the governor of Canada, from whom he obtained letters of recommendation to Colbert, minister to Louis XIV, King of France. Crossing the ocean La Salle laid his plans before Colbert, who, regarding them fa-
LA SALLE AND THE GRIFFON.

vorably, secured the King’s interest in them. In this visit (1675) and a subsequent one (1678), La Salle obtained from Louis the grant of Fort Frontenac, together with large tracts of land, the right to govern them, a commission to undertake the discovery and exploration of the mouth of the Mississippi, and the power to erect such forts as should be needed to hold the land for France. In consequence of these royal favors, he was able to secure large loans when he returned to Canada. He brought back with him the Italian Chevalier Henri de Tonti, a brave soldier, who, throughout La Salle’s life, remained his most loyal friend.

Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, was made the base of supplies. Here La Salle fitted out an expedition to the Cataract of Niagara, where he proposed to construct the first of his line of forts. The soldier, La Motte de Lussiere, the priest, Father Hennepin, and Tonti, were the men selected to aid him in this enterprise. The two former, with sixteen workmen, started for the Niagara about the middle of November, 1678.

We will let Father Hennepin tell the story in his own words:

"On the eighteenth of November, 1678, we took leave of the monks at Fort Frontenac and embarked in a brigantine of ten tons. The winds and cold being
very violent, our men were afraid to embark in so small a craft. This obliged the Sieur de la Motte who commanded, to keep constantly along the north shore of Lake Frontenac (Ontario) so as to be sheltered from the Northwesterners which would have driven us on the southern coast. On the 26th we were compelled to anchor all night, two leagues from land with sixty fathoms of cable and in evident danger. At last, the wind shifting, we reached the upper end of the lake, at an Iroquois village about seventy leagues from Fort Frontenac. We bartered some Indian corn with the Iroquois who could not sufficiently admire us, and came to see us in our brigantine, which for security, we anchored in a river. We ran aground three times before we got in, and we were obliged to land fourteen of our men and throw our ballast overboard to get off. We were obliged to cut away with axes the ice that would have locked us in the river. As a suitable wind failed us, we could not proceed till December 5th, and as we had fifteen leagues to make to the Niagara, we succeeded in making only ten leagues towards the southern shore, where we anchored about three leagues from land, and were roughly tossed all night by the stormy weather. On the 6th, St. Nicholas' Day, we entered the beautiful river Niagara, which no bark had ever yet entered.
LA SALLE AND THE GRIFFON.

After prayers of Thanksgiving the Indians of the whole little village situated at the mouth of the river, with one draught of the seine, took more than three hundred whitefish, larger than carp, which are of excellent taste, and gave them all to us, ascribing their luck in fishing to the arrival of the great wooden canoe.

On the seventh, we ascended two leagues up the river in a bark canoe, to seek a place suitable for building, and being unable to go higher up in a canoe nor to surmount the violent rapids, we proceeded to explore on land three leagues farther, and finding no earth fit to cultivate, we slept near a river* which flows from the west one league above the great fall of Niagara. There was a foot of snow which we removed to build a fire. The next day we retraced our steps. On our way we saw a great number of deer, and flocks of wild turkeys. The carpenters and other men were set to work under the direction of the Sieur de la Motte who was never able to endure the rigor of such a life of hardship."

Hennepin next describes how, with great effort, the brig was towed to a high rock (Hennepin’s rock near the old Suspension Bridge—Marshall) where she was moored. On the seventeenth a cabin was begun on the present site of Lewiston. This was to serve for a maga-

* Chippewa Creek according to Marshall.
zine. The ground was so frozen that boiling water had to be poured upon it in order to drive in the stakes for the palisade. Vast pieces of ice, hurled against the brig by the rapid current, broke her cable and threatened to carry her away. After three days of hard labor, they succeeded in running her ashore.

Besides the building of a fort on the Niagara, it was La Salle's purpose to construct a large ship for the navigation of the Lakes. Since these operations were to take place in the domain of the Senecas, it was high time to conciliate them, for, roused by the English, they regarded the movements of the French with jealousy and suspicion. It was determined, therefore, to send an embassy to their chief town. La Motte and Hennepin undertook the task. Accompanied by seven men well armed, and carrying upon their backs such presents as would be likely to please the savages, they traveled for five days in a south-easterly direction, through the woods and over ground covered with snow. They subsisted on parched corn and such game as they could secure from Indian hunters, and slept in the open air. After traveling thirty-two leagues, they arrived at Tegarondies, the great village of the Senecas.*

Hennepin thus continues:

* Not far from the present site of Rochester.
LA SALLE AND THE GRIFFON.

"As our Frenchmen were well supplied with arms and fine clothes, the Indians led us to the cabin of the great chief where all the women and children came to look at us. . . . The next day forty-two Iroquois old men appeared in the council with us, and although these Indians are almost all large men, and were merely wrapped in robes of beaver or wolf skins, and some in black squirrel skins, often with a pipe in the mouth, no senator of Venice ever assumed a graver countenance or spoke with more weight than the Iroquois sachems."

La Motte made his appeal, accompanying each argument by presents. The wily chiefs accepted the presents, but would give no direct answer to his petition. Disheartened and weary the Frenchmen retraced their steps, arriving at Niagara on the fourteenth of January, worn out and almost starved. After La Motte and Hennepin had departed, La Salle himself arrived at the Seneca village, having come in a barque by way of the Genesee river. By his superior address he won over the sachems, securing their consent to his plans. He and Tonti then pushed on rapidly, arriving at Niagara on the twentieth.

To offset this success came the bad news that a barque containing supplies, and the materials for the construction of the ship, had been wrecked through the
disobedience of the pilot to whom La Salle had entrusted it. Only the anchors and cables were saved. The loss was a most serious one; but quite undaunted La Salle immediately began to look about for a suitable ship-yard. He selected the mouth of Cayuga Creek, near the present site of the village of La Salle.

Then began the toilsome task of carrying heavy anchors, cordage and other supplies from the boat at Lewiston, up the heights, and through the forest, a distance of twelve miles around the falls, to this natural ship-yard.

Father Hennepin relates the building of the ship thus:

"On the 22d we went two leagues above the great fall of Niagara, where we made a dock for building the ship. On the 26th the keel of the ship and some other pieces being ready, M. De La Salle sent the master carpenter to desire me to drive the first pin. My profession obliging me to decline that honor, he did it himself, and promised ten Louis d’ors to encourage the carpenters and further the work. . . . We employed one of two savages of the nation called the Wolf, whom we kept for hunting, in building some cabins made of the rinds of trees. M. De La Salle having urgent business, returned to Fort Frontenac, leaving for our com-
mander, one Tonti, an Italian by birth. . . . I conducted M. De La Salle as far as Lake Frontenac. He undertook this march of more than eighty leagues by land and on foot, with a little bag of roast Indian corn, and that even failed him two days' march from the fort, where nevertheless he arrived safely, with a dog which dragged his little baggage over the ice.

The greater part of the Iroquois had gone to war beyond Lake Conty (Erie) during the construction of our bark, but although their absence rendered those who remained, less insolent, nevertheless, they did not fail to come frequently to our shipyard to manifest their displeasure. One, feigning himself drunk, attempted to kill our smith, but was vigorously repulsed by him with a red-hot iron bar. Some time after, a squaw gave us notice that the Indians had resolved to burn our ship, and had certainly done it, had we not been upon our guard.

These frequent alarms, fear of running out of provisions, after the loss of the barque from Fort Frontenac, and the refusal of the Tsonnontouans Iroquois [Senecas] to give us Indian corn on our paying for it, discouraged our carpenters, whom a dissolute fellow solicited to leave us. . . . The two savages we had taken into our service were hunting all this while,
and supplied us with wild goats (deer) and other beasts, which encouraged our workmen to go on with their work more briskly, insomuch that in a short time our ship was in readiness to be launched. . . . We made all the haste we could to get it afloat, though not altogether finished, to prevent the designs of the natives who had resolved to burn it.

The ship was called Le Griffon alluding to the arms of Count Frontenac, which have two griffons for supporters."

In May, Tonty determined to launch the ship, thinking that both ship and men would be safer anchored in some quiet spot in the river. The rigging could be completed there as well as on land. The Indians were invited to the ceremony, and tried to appear friendly. Their amazement was genuine, however, and so was the noise they made after having been liberally supplied with brandy in honor of the occasion.

Hennepin says of the ceremony:

"After having blessed the ship, we launched her. We fired three guns and sung Te Deum which was attended with loud acclamations of joy, of which the Iroquois who were present were partakers. . . ."

By the seventh of August (1679) the ship's rigging was completed and she was towed to the foot of Squaw
LA SALLE AND THE GRIFFON.

Island to await a favorable wind to help float her through the rapids into Lake Erie.

She was a sight to delight the eyes of her builder, as she lay at anchor in the river, with the wind in her great sails, a griffin* stretching his wings at her prow and an eagle soaring above on her pennon. Of warlike appearance, too, was she, with seven cannon frowning from her portholes, and carrying musketry besides. Had she met an enemy she could have made a formidable fight; and La Salle's enemies were particularly numerous and spiteful now: they had caused all his goods to be seized for debt in the hope of hindering his voyage. But, for the time at least, he foiled them, and, with his crew of thirty-two men, began the navigation of the Great Lakes.

Hennepin thus describes their departure:

"The wind, veering to the northeast, the ship being well provided, we made all the sail we could and with the help of twelve men, who hauled from the shore, overcame the rapidity of the current and got up into the lake. The stream was so violent that our pilot himself despaired of success.

When it was done we sang Te Deum and discharged our cannon and other firearms, in presence of a great

* A Griffin is a mythical creature, half bird, half lion.
many Iroquois who came from a warlike expedition against the nation of the meadows, who live above four hundred leagues from that place.

The Iroquois and their prisoners were much surprised to see us in the lake, and cried several times, 'Gannorom!' to show their admiration."

It must be remembered that no charts existed for navigating these stormy inland seas, and so the ship's journey was beset with danger, especially at night. Father Galinee had made a map of the northern shore of Lake Erie, it is true, but navigation in light canoes had not revealed the shoals which a heavy vessel like the Griffon might encounter. Her pilot, too, was Luc, the one who had wrecked the barque in Lake Ontario, and La Salle had good reason to distrust him before the end of the journey.

The first night was moonless and foggy, and the Griffon crept forward cautiously, with lead out. Suddenly La Salle declared he heard breakers, and changed the course of the ship. Soon they found themselves in shoal water, and their hearts beat fast as again they swung about; but, the fog lifting, they found that they had just escaped being wrecked on Long Point, a peninsula on the north shore of Lake Erie. Next day they made good time, but another anxious night fol-
LA SALLE AND THE GRIFFON.

lowed. After that, however, being now out in the widest part of the lake, they felt safe. On August tenth they reached the Detroit river. Here Tonty, who had preceded the Griffon in order to collect the furs which La Salle's traders had secured from the Illinois Indians, awaited the boat and was received on board.

Sailing up the beautiful Detroit, they found an abundance of food along its banks.

Hennepin thus describes the charming scene:

"The country between those two lakes is very well situated, and the soil very fertile. The banks of the strait are vast meadows, and the prospect is terminated with some hills covered with vineyards, trees bearing good fruit, groves and forests, so well disposed, that one would think Nature alone could not have made, without the help of Art so charming a prospect. That country is stocked with stags, wild-goats [deer] and bears, which are good for food; some think they are better than our pork. Turkey-cocks and swans are there also very common; and our men brought several other beasts and birds, whose names are unknown to us, but they are extraordinary relishing, . . . those who shall be so happy as to inhabit that noble country, cannot but remember with gratitude those who have discovered the way, by venturing to sail upon an unknown lake for about one hundred leagues."

21
LA SALLE AND THE GRIFFON.

After much sounding they found a channel into Lake Huron, towed the boat through as at Niagara, and then, on the twenty-third sailed joyfully out on the bosom of Lake Huron, singing another Te Deum. But their joy was of short duration. Two days later a violent storm began, which, on the twenty-sixth became so furious that they drifted at the mercy of the gale. La Salle, distrusting the pilot, took charge of the soundings himself. Finally, even he became alarmed and commended his beloved vessel to the care of God. Hennepin remarks that everybody fell upon his knees to say his prayers and prepare himself for death.

But the good vessel was near her journey's end, and the storm abating, she soon sailed into the harbor of Michillimackinac, to the settlement of St. Ignace. The Griffon fired a salute, which was immediately answered by the Hurons and French on shore. La Salle and his crew went ashore in great state to attend a mass, which, in gratitude for their deliverance, was celebrated in the chapel of the Ottawas. The Griffon, meanwhile, was surrounded by swarms of canoes filled with wondering redskins, and astonished, envious Frenchmen.

Setting sail again, they next came to Green Bay, where La Salle's traders had collected a valuable cargo of furs. La Salle determined at once to send these furs
east to satisfy his clamoring creditors. Had he or Tonty returned with the vessel, all might have been well; but Tonty was at the Falls of Sainte Marie hunting up dishonest traders in La Salle’s employ, and La Salle himself felt it necessary to remain with those who had not as yet made off with his goods, for nearly all his men had been made disloyal by the artful plotting of his enemies, whose fear was that, should he succeed, he would control all the trade which had been theirs so long. He decided, therefore, to entrust his precious ship and valuable cargo to the pilot Luc, and five able sailors; a most unwise proceeding, since Luc had proved so careless before. So, saluting her builder with a single gun, the Griffon sailed away for Niagara, on September eighteenth, carrying besides the furs, the anchors and cordage which La Salle had intended for another ship to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi river.

That was the last that La Salle saw of her. Various fates were assigned her. During the first night a furious storm came on which raged for five days, and Hennepin declared that the Indians saw her go down in the storm. Some believed that the savages boarded and burned her. La Salle firmly believed that the pilot
and crew destroyed her for the sake of the rich plunder she contained.

With the loss of the Griffon, was lost all that La Salle had depended upon for success in his plans. Though almost broken-hearted, his courage stood even this test, and he and Tonty continued their explorations by canoe and on foot, making both geography and history for seven years more. Three years after the loss of the Griffon, he discovered the mouth of the Mississippi. He took possession of the whole valley in the name of Louis XIV. of France, and called it Louisiana.

At the early age of forty-three he was killed by two discontented colonists of a settlement which he had planted in Texas. Thus died the Sieur, Robert-Rene Cavelier de la Salle, the builder of the Griffon, the first large ship that attempted the navigation of the Great Lakes above Niagara.
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

(Hodenosaunee.)

More than three hundred years ago, before the white man had made his home on the banks of the Niagara, before the Senecas had settled here, the French missionaries found a peaceful people living on both sides of the river. Their villages, some forty in number, also extended along the northern shore of Lake Erie. One was located at Buffalo Creek. These people the French named the Neutre Nation, because, though living with the fierce Hurons to left of them and the warlike Iroquois to right of them, they yet contrived to live in peace. Their nearest neighbors, the Senecas, (a tribe of the Iroquois), named them Kah-Kwas.

Of this people little is known. The missionaries describe them as tall, well-formed, fine-looking savages. Their clothing was such as the Indians of those days usually wore. Their squaws planted beans, squash and corn. Their hunters found the deer, wild turkey and smaller game plentiful. The streams supplied delicious trout. It is even said that herds of buffalo
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

roamed along the banks of the creek. Apparently there was nothing to prevent their being happy and prosperous, and it is said that at the height of their glory they were able to send four thousand warriors on the warpath. This may account for the fact that while the Iroquois and Hurons hated each other fiercely and were continually at war, yet in the country of the Kah-Kwas they strictly observed the laws of neutrality. If a Huron and a Seneca met in the wigwam of a Kah-Kwa, their enmity was apparently forgotten, and both were safe.

This ideal state of things could not last, for warparties of both nations were continually passing through the Kah-Kwa country. Because of some real or fancied betrayal the Senecas became incensed against the Kah-Kwas, and a war of extermination was waged, until but a few were left. These were adopted by the Senecas and lived with them in their village at Buffalo creek which had fallen into the hands of their captors; and after 1651 the Neutre Nation no longer existed.

South of Lake Erie lived a far different people. They were the fierce and jealous Eries, or Cat Nation. These, too, fell before the savage onslaughts of the Senecas in 1655. The following is, in substance, the
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

legend of their fall as told by the Indians themselves.*

Having heard that the five nations of central New York, the Seneca, Cayuga, Oneida, Onondaga and Mohawk, had formed a league or confederacy, the Eries were filled with rage and dread, for such a union could mean only mischief to them. They feared not to cope with one nation, but were no match for five. Determined to test the prowess of these foes, they challenged the Senecas with seeming friendliness, to a game of ball, to be played for a suitable prize by one hundred picked youths of the Senecas against an equal number of Eries.

A council of the League was called at once, and, scenting danger, the sachems declined the challenge. The Eries, however, repeated it until the young Iroquois fairly begged to be allowed to accept. Permission being given, each tribe selected its best players, instructing them to seek no occasion for quarrel, and to take no offense while in the country of the Eries. Accompanied by a wise chief, the chosen band departed for the scene of action. Tastefully attired, carrying only their bats and balls, these athletic young men made so fine an appearance as they marched into the village of the challengers, that they excited the admiration even of their enemies.

* Given in Ketchum's History of Buffalo.
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

The wager consisted of costly belts of wampum, beautiful moccasins, beaver robes and other articles. These the Iroquois chief placed upon the ground, and each piece was carefully matched by the Eries.

Then began a hotly contested game. In spite of the skill of the challengers, the Iroquois won. They wished to depart, but the chief of the Eries declared his people unsatisfied unless a foot-race, too, were run. The Iroquois consented and were again the victors.

Then, on invitation of the Kah-Kwas, both parties visited them at Eighteen-Mile-Creek, where the Erie chief, still dissatisfied, proposed that ten Iroquois wrestle with ten of his people, the losers in this contest to be brained and scalped by their opponents. Although displeased at this ferocious challenge, the Iroquois accepted, agreeing among themselves that if victorious, they would spare their antagonists. The first Seneca overcame his enemy, but declined to kill him. Furious at being balked the Erie chief quickly dispatched the fallen warrior with his tomahawk. A second and a third was thrown, and as quickly killed by the now angry chief. The leader of the Iroquois saw trouble brewing in the sullen looks of the Eries and ordered his young men to depart. In two hours they had returned to Te-osah-wa, the home of the Eries,
and gathering up their trophies, they started for home.

The Eries now determined to rid themselves of a neighbor so dangerous as the Iroquois appeared to be, by suddenly attacking each nation in turn, for they could not hope to fight the whole Confederacy at once. A large war party made ready immediately to fall upon the nearest Seneca village, which was near the present site of Geneva. They had forgotten the presence among them of a Seneca woman who had married into the nation, but who, her husband being now dead, considered that her loyalty belonged to her own people. This woman set off secretly, at night, traveled along the Niagara and by morning had reached Lake Ontario. Here she took a canoe and paddled to Oswego river, where some of her people lived. At the house of the chief she gave warning of the Erie invasion. Runners were sent at once to the Five Nations, summoning them to a Council Fire at Onondaga. Without betraying the woman the chief told the story, saying that it had been revealed to him in a vision. He said that only a union of the Five Nations could save them. When he had finished speaking, the air was rent with war cries and the earth shook with the stamping of feet. Waving their war clubs they asked to be led against the foe.
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

Five thousand warriors, with the bravest chiefs in command, took up the line of march. One thousand went as reserves because they had never been in battle. When the war party reached Canandaigua Lake their scouts reported that the Eries had already crossed the Genesee river. The Eries knew nothing of their betrayal. The two parties met midway between the lake and the river. When the Eries saw their foes they rushed through an intervening stream and fell upon them in fury. A hand-to-hand conflict began. Soon the Eries discovered that they were fighting the whole Confederacy and that it was a fight to the death for them. None asked nor gave quarter. Warclub, tomahawk and scalping knife did deadly work. Suddenly the reserves burst out of the wood in the rear of the wornout Eries. Seven times had the Eries been driven across the stream and recovered their ground, but the last time the struggle was ended. Too proud to fly, they were mowed down by the war-clubs of the fresh warriors. Those who escaped were pursued and killed. It was five months before the campaign was ended and the victors returned to celebrate their victory.

It is said that the descendants of the survivors many years later came from beyond the Mississippi to avenge their nation. A great battle was fought near Buffalo
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

and the Eries were slain, to a man. Their bodies were burned and buried in a mound near the old Indian mission Church at West Seneca.

The Neutres and the Eries having been exterminated, the Senecas remained in undisputed possession of the Niagara and the Lake Shore. At first they came to this region simply for purposes of hunting and fishing; but it was not until 1780, the year after Sullivan had destroyed their homes and crops in the Genesee valley, that they established themselves permanently on Buffalo creek.

The Senecas belonged to the Iroquois Confederacy, which was composed at first of the Five Nations, the Senecas, Cayugas, Oneidas, Onondagas and Mohawks. Later a sixth nation, the Tuscaroras, was admitted to the union. This Confederacy, known as the Hodenosaunee or People of the Long House, was of such importance that it will be interesting to know why it was called the Long House, how it came into existence, and something about the manner and customs of the people who belonged to it. First, we must understand that an Indian long house was from eighty to one hundred and fifty feet long, and was constructed of a frame of upright poles covered with bark. It was partitioned into open compartments or stalls, each of which accommo-
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

dated a family. Through the center of the house ran a passageway, in which, at regular intervals, fires were built, each warming two or four chambers. These stalls contained bark shelves or bunks for beds. Underneath was stored the firewood. Overhead hung strings of corn and dried meats. The house was lighted by holes in the roof directly over the fires. Doors of bark and skins were placed at both ends.

Authorities differ as to the number of families accommodated in a long house. If it contained five fires it afforded room for ten or more families, according to the size of the family. The inhabitants of a house usually belonged to the same clan, being related through the mothers, not the fathers. Thus the Turtle, or the Snipe clan, would live in one house forming one great family, having all things in common, and being ruled by the older women of that clan. There were eight such clans—the Deer, Turtle, Snipe, Bear, Wolf, Hawk, Beaver and Heron.

Each clan selected, or “raised up,” a sachem who represented that family at the councils of the tribe. These chieftainships were handed down in the clan. The sachems adjusted the affairs of their nation. If, however, the matter concerned the whole League they repaired to the great Council House of the Confed-
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

eracy at Onondaga, where such matters were adjusted. It was there that Hiawatha called the first council and formed them into a league.

The legend runs thus:—They were imprisoned under a mountain near Oswego Falls, when Hiawatha, the great deliverer, brought them out into a beautiful fertile valley, the Mohawk. But they were not peaceable. They fought each other continually, and, taking advantage of these enmities, the Algonquins fell upon the Onondagas and almost wiped them out. Full of dread of this powerful enemy, they called upon the Holder of the Heavens (Great Spirit) for aid. He sent Hiawatha, who called a great council at Onondaga lake. Three days they awaited his coming. Then he appeared, riding on the lake in a white canoe. He advised them to form a strong union, a brotherhood for mutual protection, saying that only so could they withstand all enemies. He assigned to each tribe its place in the League and then said farewell. The air was filled with music; he stepped into his canoe, and it was borne into the blue heavens, out of their sight. They took his advice and formed a most perfect democracy, within whose borders peace and good-will reigned. They were a band of brothers, all equal in rank, and bound to help each other. To all tribes outside the
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

brotherhood they became a terror, for in this union there was strength.

And so they called themselves the People of the Long House, to signify that they were one large family, who occupied a long house reaching from the Genesee river to the Hudson; each tribe gathering about its own council fire. The Mohawks were the keepers of the eastern door, the Senecas of the western. The Confederacy was fortunately situated, occupying a broad belt of fertile lands in the central part of New York state, with waterways reaching in all directions. If the New England tribes incurred their displeasure, the Hudson quickly carried their war-parties into the enemy's country. If it was necessary to show the Illinois Indians that the Iroquois were their masters, then the Ohio furnished a rapid descent to the villages of the people to be punished. The Adirondacks and Algonquins soon learned to dread their ascent of Lake Champlain, and the Hurons watched the Niagara portage with uneasiness. The Five Nations were irresistible. In course of time they subjugated or annihilated all the tribes in their vicinity, and their power extended from the Great Lakes to the Carolinas and from New England to the Mississippi river. This su-
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

riority they owed to their union, which was without precedent among savage tribes.

The Great Council Fire was always at Onondaga. In any matter that concerned the League as a whole, the sachems of each nation (there were about fifty in all), repaired to the Onondaga Council House. To a peace council they carried fagots of white cedar; to a war council a bundle of red cedar fagots was taken. Arriving at the grove, they deposited their fagots in a circle upon the ground. These were lighted by the presiding Onondaga sachem, and constituted the Council Fire. Seated in a circle about this fire, each in turn took three whiffs of the calumet or peace-pipe, in token of thanksgiving for life, for food, and for sunlight. After these opening ceremonies came the speeches and deliberations.

Behind each sachem stood a war chief who occupied a subordinate position in times of peace; but in war became the leader. The older women of the League also had a final word to say in case of war, or in the settlement of any question that involved them or their children, and were listened to with respect. The two great war chiefs always were chosen from the Senecas because this tribe guarded the Western Door, or point of attack, and therefore were the first to take the war-path.
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

The councils were conducted with great dignity, and many of the sachems were noted for their eloquence. Such were Logan, Red Jacket, Cornplanter and Farmer's Brother.

In a speech made by Farmer's Brother in 1798 occurs the following passage:

"Brothers—The whirlwind (Revolution) was so directed by the Great Spirit above, as to throw into our arms two of your infant children, Horatio Jones and Jasper Parrish. We adopted them and made them our children. We nourished and loved them. They lived with us many years. *At length the Great Spirit spoke to the whirlwind and it was still.* A clear and uninterrupted sky appeared. The path of peace was opened, and the chain of friendship was once more made bright. Then these adopted children left us to seek their relations."

Notice the beauty of the metaphor employed by Farmer's Brother.

The Five Nations also showed their superiority to other savages in that they were not a mere hunting people but an agricultural people as well. Their women raised very superior crops of tobacco, corn, squash, beans and pumpkins. When Sullivan raided their towns they had planted large orchards of fruit trees.
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

Corn was their chief article of diet. This was charred or dried for winter use. When preparing bread the squaw first boiled the corn in a lye made of ashes and water, thus removing the hull. She washed it, placed it in a stone mortar and with a pestle pounded it into fine meal. This she sifted in a basket sieve. Sometimes she mixed the meal with maple sugar, forming a sweet cake which was boiled in water; but usually the maple sugar was omitted.

There is a beautiful myth of the Iroquois called "The Three Sisters." According to this myth the Great Spirit loved his red children, and for their subsistence gave them the corn, bean and squash. That these might grow and never fail them, he placed each under the care of a guardian spirit. The Spirit of the Corn, the Spirit of the Squash, and the Spirit of the Bean were three beautiful sisters who made their home in the green fields where these vegetables grew; they loved to live together, often in the same field, the bean twined around the corn and the squash creeping along the ground. Each of the sisters was dressed in the leaves of the plant which she guarded. In the autumn when the corn was ripe, the grateful Indians celebrated the Corn Festival, at which public thanksgiving was made to the three sisters for the bountiful harvest. The
festival ended with a feast of succotash made of corn, beans and squashes, of which the Indians are very fond.

The Indians likewise believed that the tobacco has a guardian spirit. The knowledge of this plant was given to the Iroquois so that they might send their prayers up to the Great Spirit in the rising smoke. No council was held without burning this incense in thanksgiving for life, food and light.

Besides her ability as a farmer, the Indian woman had no small degree of skill and taste in the fashioning of garments and household utensils. Nothing more beautiful nor perfect in the way of footgear can be found than a well-made pair of moccasins, artistically beaded and colored. The shoe is made of a single piece of deerskin, sewed with a needle made of the small bone taken from the ankle of the deer, and deer sinews are used for thread. Their fine workmanship was also shown in belts woven from the fibres of the slippery elm bark, adorned with colored porcupine quills; also in whole suits of soft buckskin tastefully beaded and ornamented.

Barrels, dishes, trays, etc., made of the bark of trees, served all the purposes of a modern pantry full of dishes. Pottery was made from various clays, and some of the bowls, dishes and pipes that have been
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

preserved are distinctly artistic in design. (See Buffalo Historical Collection.)

The Indians understood the art of making baskets. This art is practiced to-day by Indian women and to them we owe our knowledge of the craft. Splints, flags and sweet grass are among the materials used. Many are the designs employed and much skill is shown in the coloring.

Another Indian invention which is still useful is the snow-shoe. It is made of a bent hickory frame and woven across with deer sinew. Runners frequently covered fifty miles a day with these "seven-league boots."

The Indian had no metal tools with which to work until the white man supplied them. Trees were cut down by girdling them with fire near the ground. They were cut into logs and hollowed out with fire. Canoes were made of the inner bark of birch, elm or hickory; and were skilfully constructed so as to be both light and waterproof. Arrow-heads, knives and chisels were chipped from flint or chert. Hatchets, mortars and mallets were made of stone firmly bound to wooden handles.

Instead of written documents as evidence of records, treaties, laws, and messages of peace or war, strings
and belts of wampum were used. Wampum consisted of purple and white beads made from the conch shell. They were one-fourth inch long and strung on sinew in yard lengths, or woven into belts containing designs significant of the occasion for which they were given. The white wampum was used principally for religious purposes, the purple for political purposes. No promise or agreement between nations was considered binding unless it had been "talked into" a belt of wampum. The Keeper of the Wampum had a fine memory and could take down any belt in the Council House and recite the various articles of agreement which it originally represented. Morgan* says distinctly that wampum was not used as money. It was sometimes given as a valuable present to appease relatives when a member of the family had been killed. Six strings of white wampum was the price of a life. If accepted by the family the murderer went free.

† The People of the Long House believed that reverence for the old and feeble, care of orphans, hospitality to strangers and obedience to parents, were acceptable to the Great Spirit and brought reward to the observer of these virtues. They were therefore carefully practiced and taught to the children who were also taught to tell the truth. A "forked" tongue was despised

* See League of the Iroquois.
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

among them. In the division of spoils they were exceedingly fair; even a chief received no more than the least child among them.

Captives taken in battle, were often adopted by families that had lost a member. They received all the rights and privileges of the dead one, even to the enjoyment of his name and title. If a father's place were thus filled, the adopted was called father by the children, and was so regarded by all the household.

Indian hospitality was unstinted. If several strangers came to a long house, one compartment was cleaned and put at their disposal as long as they chose to stay. Food was furnished freely. It was their custom to set food before every visitor who happened in, even if he

† There is a legend which tells the origin of Indian hospitality. It runs thus:—

A weary old man was once seen approaching an Indian village. He appeared very ill and was covered with sores. The Indians shunned him, therefore, and when he passed from wigwam to wigwam, women covered their children's faces that they might not take the disease. No one bade him enter. He passed on to other villages, but nowhere was there a welcome for him. At last, when quite worn out and almost hopeless, he approached a wigwam. To his surprise the face of the woman who came to greet him lighted up with pity, and she said:

"Welcome, my brother! You are a stranger and ill. What can I do for you?"

She made him comfortable upon a couch of soft furs, and, at his bidding, gathered herbs in the forest, prepared them according to his directions, and cured his disease. He caused himself to be afflicted with all the diseases in turn, which the evil spirits send to red men, and taught her how to cure them all. In this way she and her descendants forever, were given the knowledge of medicine and became more highly honored than chiefs or sachems. After the old man had taught his hostess all the arts of healing, he caused himself to fall ill of a fatal disease and so returned to the Great Spirit who had sent him.

From that time no stranger, however ill or repulsive he might appear, was ever turned away from an Indian's door. They feared that in refusing hospitality they might be turning away "good medicine."—[Abstracts from Canfield's Iroquois Legends.]
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

had just dined, and it was a breach of politeness not to accept the food offered.

In the matter of names they were very particular. Names were not given at random. Names belonging to one clan or tribe could not be used by others. When a baby was to be named the chief furnished to the mother a list of children's names which were not then in use, and she made her choice. When the youth grew to manhood another name was selected in the same manner. If later he became a chief, the name of some dead chief was conferred upon him. Thus, Red Jacket was called Otetiani in youth; when he became a sachem his name was changed to Sagoyewatha. He subsequently gave his former name to Thomas Morris when he was adopted into the tribe.

Many references to the graves of their fathers are made by Indian orators, showing that the Red Men reverenced the bones of their dead. It was believed that the dead, if left unburied, could not reach the abode of the spirits, but wandered about unhappily. Therefore those killed in battle were, if possible, carefully removed and buried. The journey to the "Happy Hunting Grounds" was thought to be long; consequently the dead warrior would need his bow and arrows to kill game on the way; also his pipe and to-
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

bacco to solace him at evening, and his dog must be killed to keep him company. Parched corn, too, was often placed upon the scaffolding upon which the dead were laid, or buried with them in the grave. When the warrior reached the abode of the Great Spirit, however, he no longer needed to hunt or work. Abundance was everywhere and he could amuse himself or rest, as he chose.

The Indian was very grateful to the Great Spirit for all he received. According to Morgan,* the Iroquois observed six thanksgiving festivals. When the sap began to flow the Maple Festival was celebrated. At the Planting Festival the Great Spirit was asked to bless the seed. Besides these, there were the Strawberry Festival, the Green Corn Festival, the Harvest Festival and the New Year's Festival. This last was celebrated in February and was the greatest of the Indian year. On that occasion a white dog was sacrificed to the Great Spirit, sins were confessed and a determination to "turn over a new leaf" was made. The festival lasted seven days. One of the ceremonies was to visit one's neighbor and to stir up with a shovel the ashes upon his hearth.

* League of the Iroquois.
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

No Christian prayer could be more beautiful in phraseology than the following which was offered by the Iroquois at their Planting Festival:

"Great Spirit who dwellest alone, listen now to the words of thy people here assembled. The smoke of our offering arises [throws tobacco on the fire. As the smoke ascends he prays.] Give kind attention to our words as they arise to Thee in the smoke. We thank Thee for the return of the planting season. Give to us a good season that our crops may be plentiful.

Continue to listen for the smoke yet rises. [Throws on more tobacco.] Preserve us from all pestilential diseases. Give strength to us that we may not fall. Preserve our old men among us and protect the young. Help us to celebrate with feeling the ceremonies of this season. Guide the minds of thy people that they may remember Thee in all their actions. Na-ho."*

In all festivals dancing played a large part. The Iroquois had dances for every occasion. Morgan gives a list of thirty-two, among which were the Feather dance, the Buffalo dance, Scalp dance, False Face dance, Thanksgiving dance, etc. The women had a special dance for the dead, accompanied by wailing. Some of the dances were accompanied by beating the

* Given by Morgan in the League of the Iroquois.
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

drum or tom-tom, others by shaking rattles or singing songs.

Chief among the dances was the War Dance thus described by Colden*:

"The night before they set out on the warpath, they make a grand feast; to this all the noted warriors of the nation are invited; and here they have their War Dance, to the beat of a kind of a kettle-drum. The warriors are seated in two rows in the house, and each rises up in his turn, and sings the great acts he has himself performed, and the deeds of his ancestors; and this is always accompanied with a kind of a dance, or rather action, representing the manner in which they were performed; from time to time, all present join in a chorus, applauding every notable act. They exaggerate the injuries they have at any time received from their enemies, and extol the glory which any of their ancestors have gained by their bravery and courage; so that they work up their spirits to a high degree of warlike enthusiasm. . . . They come to these dances with their faces painted in a frightful manner to make themselves terrible to their enemies; and in this manner the night is spent. Next day they march out with much formality, dressed in their finest apparel, and, in their march, observe a profound silence. . . .

* History of the Five Nations.
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

After the expedition is over, they send to inform their friends of their return that they may be prepared to give them a solemn reception, suited to the success they have had."

Games, too, were a part of all their festivals. Morgan describes a number of these, chief among which is the game of ball. This game, which was always hotly contested, was usually played clan against clan, or nation against nation; and betting was a regular feature, for Indians are great gamblers. The players were naked except for the breechclout. Bat and ball were made of deerskin. Each side had a wicket or gate. The object of the game was to send the ball through this wicket, it being touched only with the bat.

The deer-button and the peach stone game somewhat resembled our game of dice. The former game was played with eight buttons blackened on one side, the latter with six peach stones, polished and similarly blackened. Success depended on the number of the same color that turned up at each toss. The javelin game was one of skill. Its object was to throw a javelin at a rolling hoop. The javelins that failed to strike the hoop were forfeited. Success belonged to the side that won all the javelins. Races and archery, throw-
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

ing the tomahawk and other games of skill and endurance were favorites.

We need not dwell upon the Indian's scorn of anything resembling cowardice. Even under the most cruel torture he would chant his death song reciting his valorous deeds, and taunting his tormentors with past defeats, and with their inability to hurt him.

Such was the life of the celebrated Confederacy of the Five Nations, until their downfall, which may be traced to the intercolonial wars, when the Iroquois allied themselves first with one side, and then with the other. During the French and Indian wars, division of interests caused the Iroquois to abandon their former policy of united action. The Mohawks were firmly bound to Sir William Johnson and the English cause by ties of relationship. The Senecas and others were as firmly attached to the French; and so the Long House, being divided against itself, finally fell. In the Revolution the Johnson family secured four of the Six Nations to the English cause. Only the Oneidas and Tuscaroras tried to remain neutral. The reward of the Iroquois was small. No provision was made for his Indian allies by the English King when the treaty of peace was signed, and the United States dealt with them as with any conquered people. Their lands were
THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.

confiscated, leaving them only small reservations where before they had owned a vast domain. It is true that the government tried to deal fairly by them, making them some return for these lands, but with their lands gone, their dignity as a people departed. The Long House was no more. Their Council Fire was extinguished. The arts and also the vices of civilization were thrust upon them; whatever was left of manhood and virtue was destroyed by the cursed liquor traffic.

The Senecas occupied the reservation of West Seneca on Buffalo Creek until 1844, when they scattered, some going to Kansas and others to their kindred on the Cattaraugus and Alleghany reservations; and their ancient seats knew them no more.

No watchman guards the Western Door to the Long House now, unless it be the spirit of the “Last of the Senecas,” to whose memory the beautiful monument at Forest Lawn is raised.
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

In an Indian tepee, at the foot of Seneca lake, was born, about the year 1750, the little Indian baby who afterward became the great orator known as Red Jacket. His people belonged to the Senecas, the most western of the celebrated Five Nations of New York.

His first name was O-te-tiani, which means Always Ready; but, as is the Indian custom, another name was given to him later when he became a chief.

The favorite pastime of the little Indian was hunting, and, in following game, he became a great runner; indeed he could outstrip all his companions when hunting deer or antelope. This accomplishment soon brought him into notice, for the Indians employed swift runners to carry messages from tribe to tribe, and Otetiani became a runner for his tribe. Later, when the Revolution began, the British officers noticed his swiftness and intelligence and employed him as their messenger. In payment for his services they gave him an embroidered red jacket which pleased him immensely. So vain was he of the garment, that thereafter so long as he remained in their service, the officers
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

kept him in red coats, and, in time, he became known as Red Jacket, a name which gave him much satisfaction.

Red Jacket was a great runner, a great hunter, a great speaker, but never a great fighter. There seemed to be no warrior spirit in him, and he never earned the right to wear the eagle plume. His enemies often called him a coward. To prove that he was not brave, Brant, the celebrated Mohawk chief, who hated him much, loved to tell a story about him to the effect that during the Revolution Red Jacket had, on one occasion, made a great speech urging the young warriors to fight, declaring that he himself would lead them and be found in the thickest of the fight, but when the battle began Red Jacket was nowhere to be seen. While the others were absent fighting, he was skinning a cow which he had stolen. Red Jacket indignantly denied the story, and was much incensed at the nickname "Cow-Killer," which Brant fastened upon him. The enmity between the two may have grown out of the desire of each to lead. Brant was the leader of those Iroquois who had become allies of the British. He was well-educated, and the Five Nations looked up to him because, while he could read and write, and understood the white man's ways, yet he was a brave war-
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

rior, true to his people. Red Jacket, on the other hand, had no education; but he had a fine, far-seeing mind and greater powers of eloquence than Brant. Naturally, there was jealousy between the two chiefs, and Brant made the most of the cow story. But Red Jacket was once called a coward by no less a person than Cornplanter, one of the greatest, bravest, and wisest of the Seneca war chiefs. It was when General Sullivan made his great raid into the "Long House" and Cornplanter tried to rally the Indians at Canandaigua Lake, to make a stand against Sullivan before he should reach and lay waste the Seneca country, that Red Jacket, learning of the defeat of a force under Brant, refused to stay, and, gathering his warriors, began a retreat. Cornplanter was furious. "Leave that man, he is a coward; your children will be cowards!" he shouted to Red Jacket's squaw.

During this raid, Red Jacket secretly sent messengers to the American camp to sue for peace. Brant, becoming aware of it, had them waylaid and killed. Had the Indians made peace at this time, they would have saved their homes and crops from destruction, and themselves from starvation. If Red Jacket foresaw the awful result of the war, and tried to prevent it, he was morally brave in opposing the war-party and its
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

powerful chief; but to the Indian such conduct would seem cowardly, since from infancy, he is taught to taunt his enemies, and never to sue for peace.

Patrick Henry served his country better with tongue and pen than with the sword, and possibly Red Jacket felt that he, likewise, could serve his people better with his great eloquence than he could with tomahawk and scalping knife. He often declared that he was born an orator, not a warrior. That he had great natural ability no one denies, but he studied hard to improve his gifts. Once, while still a boy, he heard a speech by Logan, the great Cayuga orator; the eloquence of that famous speaker so impressed him that he often "played Logan" when alone in the woods. An interpreter, who knew Red Jacket in later life, said that when about to deliver a speech in council, he would retire to some secluded spot and sit down upon the ground with bundles of twigs before him. These he would arrange in piles, meanwhile reciting his speech. Apparently each twig stood for some argument or point which he wished to make. When the time to speak came, he would arise slowly, draw his blanket about him as a Roman his toga, survey his audience in dignified silence, and when he had their full attention he would begin his speech in a slow, impressive
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

manner. He had a pleasing voice, a penetrating glance, and a very expressive face and bearing. He could move his audience to tears or make them frantic with rage. When angry, his eyes darted fire; when scornful of his opponent, a sarcastic smile played over his face and he said cutting things.

He had an intense love for his people and their customs. When he saw, with increasing uneasiness, the growing power of the white men and the increasing helplessness of his own people, he exerted all his eloquence to defend the rights of the red men and to keep them from yielding up their lands.

His hate and distrust of white people's ways prompted him to refuse to use the English language, although he understood and could speak it. To show his contempt for our tongue he would, in a stately manner, require an interpreter to tell him what had been said and to translate his replies. Even after his people had removed to Buffalo Creek and adopted the customs of civilization he held out, refusing to use either table or chair in his cabin. He used to sit in state upon a bear skin spread upon the floor.

Red Jacket did not believe in education for the Indian. A young Seneca who had been at school returned to his tribe.
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

"What have we here?" was Red Jacket's greeting. "You are neither a white man nor an Indian; then tell us what you are!"

While he affected to despise white people, he wanted them to admire his greatness and importance. Sometimes his vanity caused him to stoop to trickery to gain influence. It was partly by trickery that he became a chief. He had felt for a long time that he was not properly appreciated by his people; that they ought to have made him a sachem or peace chief. Indians believe that a vivid dream is a message from the Great Spirit and must not be disregarded, so Red Jacket contrived to dream that he was made a sachem, and promptly informed his people of the fact. They doubted. The dream was repeated three times, still they doubted. Just then the small-pox broke out among them, with its usual fatality to the Indian.

"See," said Red Jacket, "the Great Spirit is displeased with your disobedience."

Apparently the poor people were persuaded, for he was made a sachem and given the name Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, which is the name of the spirit that induces wakefulness at night, and means, "he keeps them awake." He earned the right to this name, for his eloquence gave his people no rest while he lived.
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

The earliest mention that historians make of Red Jacket as an orator is found in the account of the treaty of Fort Stanwix, in 1784. Let me briefly rehearse the events that led up to this treaty. When the Revolution began the colonists called a council of the Six Nations of New York known as the Iroquois. At this council the peacemiation was smoked and the Indians made a treaty not to fight on either side. They kept this treaty for a year. The British, finding that the colonists were not as easily subdued as they had expected, determined to call the Iroquois to their aid and convened a council for this purpose. To the credit of the chiefs it must be said that at first they refused to break the promise made to the colonists; but the British persuaded them that it would not be wrong to break faith with rebels who had themselves broken faith with their king. This argument was reinforced by promises of plunder, offers of reward for scalps, and of unlimited rum, guns and money. The Indians re-

NOTE—A story is told of a Mohawk Chief, Hendrick by name, who visited Sir William Johnson one day, just as a case of gold-laced uniforms received from England, was being opened. Hendrick left the room, but soon returned and gravely remarked that he had dreamed that Sir William gave him one of the uniforms. Knowing the Indian superstition Sir William dared not refuse and promptly handed over the clothes. He had no mind, however, to let such a thing happen again, therefore, a few days later, on meeting Hendrick in his gorgeous uniform, he, with great gravity, remarked that he had dreamed that Hendrick had given him a certain tract containing 500 acres of valuable land, situated in the Mohawk valley. Hendrick looked his astonishment, hesitated, but finally said, "It is yours, but I will never dream with you again."
turned from the council laden with gifts and began at once to harass the whites in the hope of getting scalps to sell to the British. They then committed those shocking massacres in Cherry and Wyoming valleys which so aroused the wrath of General Washington that he sent General Sullivan against them, with orders to punish them so severely that they would commit no more crimes. This was done so thoroughly that thereafter Washington was known among the Indians as the "Town-Destroyer."

After the war was ended, the Indians had to be dealt with. They were still under the influence of the British stationed at Fort Niagara and other frontier posts, who encouraged them in all manner of lawlessness. It was a question whether all the Iroquois should not be expelled from the state and be made to follow the Mohawks, who had cast in their lot with the British and settled in Canada. But General Washington opposed this plan, and proposed instead that a treaty of peace be made with them and that an effort to civilize them follow. In pursuance of this plan they were summoned to a council held at Fort Stanwix (Rome, N. Y.). The protection of the United States was offered them on condition that they give up all white prisoners still held in captivity, and sur-
RED JACKET, THE SENECIA ORATOR.

render the large territory about the Niagara and Ohio rivers, which hitherto they had claimed.

General Lafayette, who was present at the council, afterward (1825) recalled the vehement opposition to the treaty of one very young orator, who excited his people so violently by his denunciations of a treaty which would deprive them of their ancient seats, their hunting grounds and the graves of their fathers, that the United States Commissioners almost despaired of reaching any agreement with them. It is thought by some historians that the orator on this occasion was Red Jacket. Cornplanter acted as peace-maker. He convinced his people that, as a conquered nation, they must submit to the terms made by their conquerors. The treaty was signed, but it furnished Red Jacket a text for many bitter speeches later; while Cornplanter suffered much at the hands of his people for having advised submission. So severely was he blamed by the Chippewas and Half Town’s people that he felt obliged to make an effort for the return of their lands. In December of 1790, accompanied by Half Town and Great Tree, he went to Philadelphia to see General Washington and make a personal appeal. In his speech Cornplanter referred to the fact that his life had been threatened because he had given up these lands.
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

He addressed himself "To the Great Councillor of the Thirteen Fires" in these words:

"Father, we will not conceal from you that the Great Spirit and not man, has preserved the Corn-planter from the hands of his own nation. The Chippewas and all the nations that lived on those (Ohio) lands westward call to us and ask, 'Brothers of our fathers! where is the place which you have reserved for us to lie down upon?' He is silent, for he has nothing to answer. When the sun goes down he opens his heart to the Great Spirit and earlier than that sun appears again upon the hills, he gives thanks for his protection during the night; for he feels that among men, become desperate by their danger, it is God only that can preserve him."

For the small tract near Pennsylvania claimed by Half Town and his people he made this pathetic appeal:

"They (Half Town's people) grew out of that land, and their fathers grew out of it, and they cannot be persuaded to part with it. It is a very little piece. We therefore entreat you to restore to us this little piece!" His appeals were fruitless.

As soon as the fertility of the Genesee lands became known, many land companies sprang into ex-
istence for the purpose of securing from the Indians a title to their lands or a long lease. The rival companies finally united their interests, making Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham their agents. New York and Massachusetts claimed this tract, and in 1786 New York gave to Massachusetts the pre-emptive right to it.* Massachusetts sold the right to the Phelps and Gorham Company for one million dollars. The land had yet to be purchased from the Indians, and for this purpose they were summoned to a council at Buffalo Creek in July of 1788. The Indians were willing to sell part of their land and parted with over two and one-half million acres for five thousand dollars, one-half in cash, one-half in goods, and an annual rental of five hundred dollars forever. At this council were present Brant the Mohawk Chief, Farmer’s Brother, Cornplanter, Old King, Old Smoke, Red Jacket, and the missionary and friend of the Indians, Rev. Samuel Kirkland. Several British officers were present too, among whom was Colonel Butler, to whom the Indians left the fixing of the price. Phelps paid him well for the service. The council was conducted peaceably and the Indians seemed satisfied at the time, but later they made bitter complaints of

* Right to purchase from the Indians.
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

fraud. Investigation showed, however, that they had entered into the contract with open eyes.

Phelps and Gorham found themselves unable to meet the payments to Massachusetts, hence the land was again sold to Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution. He in turn sold the western section to the Holland Land Company. The Indian title to this land was not extinguished until 1797.

The Western Indians had not been included in the treaty of Fort Stanwix, and, instigated by the British at Detroit, Niagara and other frontier posts, had not ceased their hostilities at the close of the war. Determined to make the Ohio the boundary to the white man's encroachments, they summoned the Iroquois to help them exterminate the whites. The Iroquois sympathized deeply with them and it needed little to make them openly join in the war. Two Senecas were killed by white men about this time (1790) and the excitement of the Indians became so great that the government thought it wise to convene a council to pacify them and prevent an outbreak. Colonel Pickering called the council at Tioga Point in 1790. Great excitement prevailed when the council opened, but Colonel Pickering, understanding the Indian nature, made a speech in which he mourned with them over their
loss, soothed their grief, and figuratively wiped away their tears, promising that the murderers should be punished. Red Jacket replied, saying that the chain of friendship between the Five Nations and the Thirteen Fires (states) must be brightened; that it contained two rusty spots: one, the murder of their brothers, the other, the Phelps and Gorham purchase, which he said was a lease not a sale, and that the Indians had been defrauded.

In his reply Colonel Pickering tactfully proceeded to polish up the chain of friendship. He then fed the Indians, distributed some presents among them and sent them home happy and contented, for the time being.

It was at this council that Thomas Morris, the son of Robert Morris, was adopted by the Senecas. He had lived among them long enough to gain their affection and they gladly received him into their tribe. Red Jacket, whose special friend he was, conferred upon him his own former name Otetian. The scene is graphically described by Stone.*

Sixteen hundred Indians were present at the ceremony. They sat about the council fire. Fish Carrier, an old Cayuga chief, presided. He made a speech to the moon, throwing tobacco into the fire as incense.

* See Stone's Red Jacket.
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

All the Indians threw themselves upon the earth and groaned. Then the young braves arose and danced about a torture stake, throwing their tomahawks at it, while singing of their brave deeds. They were all naked, their backs painted red and white. So earnest did they become in their boasts that the evening almost ended in a fight. Fish Carrier reproved the young men and sent them home.

In April of the next year another council fire was built at Buffalo Creek. Colonel Proctor was sent to request the Senecas to send Cornplanter with a delegation to the western tribes to help the government make peace with them. Red Jacket, who had received his instructions from the British at Fort Niagara, consumed much time in objecting to the mission. He objected first to the great distance, then to the danger of the undertaking, and at last said that Cornplanter was still tired from his Philadelphia journey, and was needed at home to keep the young warriors in order. When Colonel Proctor finally lost patience and told the Indians that he would report their unfriendliness at Philadelphia the women took matters into their own hands and promised that the delegation would be sent. Very unwillingly Red Jacket named the delegates, but because the British refused them transportation up the Lakes, the plan had to be abandoned.
RED JACKET, THE SENeca ORATOR.

When the news of St. Clair's defeat by the western tribes reached the Iroquois, they became so insolent and so unsettled in their allegiance, that the government feared they might be emboldened to again take up the hatchet and join their western friends. To gain their confidence and secure a fuller allegiance, and to show them the strength and power of the government of the United States, and the advantages of civilization, General Washington invited their chiefs to visit Philadelphia, then the national capital. In March, 1792, fifty chiefs, among whom were Red Jacket and Farmer's Brother, traveled to Philadelphia under the care of the missionary, Rev. Samuel Kirkland, and became the Nation's guests.

The governor of Pennsylvania made the speech of welcome. It is not the Indian custom to reply at once since that would show lack of reflection. The Indian meditates before replying. That is more dignified. Therefore, five days passed before Red Jacket replied to the governor in these words:

"Brother Onas* Governor: Open unprejudiced ears to what we have to say. Some days since you addressed us, and what you said gave us much pleasure. This day the Great Spirit has allowed us to meet you

* Onas means pen. A name given to all Pennsylvania governors since William Penn.
again in this council chamber. . . . In your address in this ancient council chamber where our forefathers have often conversed together, several things struck our attention very forcibly. You told us this was the place in which our forefathers often met on peaceable terms, and it gave us sensible pleasure, and more joy than we could express. Though we have no writings like you, yet we remember often to have heard of the friendship that existed between our fathers and yours [the Quakers].

"The picture [Penn's treaty with the Indians] to which you drew our attention brought fresh to our minds the friendly conference that used to be held between former governors of Pennsylvania and our tribes, and showed the love which your fathers had of peace, and the friendly disposition of our people. . . . As you love peace, so do we also, and we wish it could be extended to the most distant part of this great country."

This and much besides, Red Jacket replied to the governor’s address. It is Indian etiquette to repeat a speech entirely to show that it is understood and remembered, and then to reply to it point by point, even if it be but an exchange of compliments. So Indian speeches were very long, and we can give only short extracts from Red Jacket's most noted ones, but these
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

will illustrate his style of oratory. It is true that no interpreter had a sufficient command of the Iroquois tongue to interpret accurately all that he said. The Iroquois language is full of beautiful figures of speech which cannot be translated into English without losing some of their beauty, but with all these drawbacks we cannot fail to find some of Red Jacket's illustrations singularly beautiful, even in English.

General Washington spoke in welcome to the assembled chiefs and delivered to them a belt of wampum as a record of the event. These belts are kept in the Indian council houses. Each belt has its history, the various strings in it representing the arguments, or the articles of the treaty, sale or other transaction which they record. They stand to the Indian in the place of books or legal documents. Red Jacket had a remarkable memory and could take down each belt in the Seneca council house and tell its history. A dispute once arose concerning a very early treaty concerning which Red Jacket made a statement. A white man contradicted him, saying that it was otherwise written in our books.

"Then your books lie," calmly said the chief. "I have it written in this book here," pointing to his forehead, "and that does not lie." It was found that he was right.
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

To General Washington's speech Red Jacket replied as follows:

"Brother: I now request the attention of the President of the United States by his agent Colonel Pickering now present.

When the other day, the Great Chief of this island [America] welcomed us to the great council fire of the Thirteen United States, he said it was from his heart. He said it gave him pleasure to look around and see such a numerous representation of the Five Nations, and that it was at his request that we were invited, to promote the happiness of our nation in a friendly connection with the United States. He told us that his love of peace extended to the nations of the setting sun [West] and that it was his wish that universal peace might prevail on this island.

Brother: What other reply can your brothers of the Five Nations make than to thank him, and say that it has given a spring to every emotion of our souls? The sentiment of your Chief that a happy peace might be established so firmly that nothing could move it, that it might be founded on a rock, has given joy to our hearts. . . . At the close of his address your Chief observed that our professions of friendship and regard were commonly witnessed by
some token; therefore in the name of the United States he presented us with this white belt which was to be handed down from one generation to another as confirmation of his words."

Red Jacket held the belt in his hand while speaking. He now laid it aside, and taking up another one, proceeded:

"Now let the President possess his mind in peace. The belt he gave us is deposited with us and we have taken fast hold of it. . . .

Brother: We consider ourselves in the presence of the Great Spirit the proprietor of us all.

The President in effect observed to us that we were free men and might speak with freedom; that we were the sole proprietors of the soil on which we live. This is the source of the joy which we feel. How can two brothers speak freely unless they feel that they are upon equal ground? . . . You enjoy all the blessings of life: to you therefore we look to make provision that the same may be enjoyed by our children. This wish comes from our heart. . . .

Brother: When you Americans and the King of England made peace, the king did not mention us, notwithstanding all he said to us and all we suffered. This was the occasion of great sorrow and loss to the
RED JACKET, THE SENeca ORATOR.

Five Nations. When you and he settled the peace he never asked us for a delegation to attend to our interests. Had he done this, a settlement of peace among all the western nations might have been effected. But passing us by unnoticed has brought us great pain and trouble. But you Americans are determined not to treat us in the same manner. You desired us at the re-establishment of peace to sit at our ancient fireplaces and again to enjoy our lands. Had the peace between you and the king been completely established, it would, long before this, have extended far beyond the Five Nations.

Brother: Have patience and continue to listen. The President assured us that he is not the cause of the hostilities existing westward. We wish you would point out to us what you think is the real cause. Shall we observe that he wished if the errors of the hostile Indians could be discovered, he would use his utmost exertions to remove them?

Brother: You and the King of England are the two governing powers of this island. What are we? You are both important and proud, and cannot adjust your own affairs agreeably to your declarations of peace. Therefore the western Indians are bewildered. One says one thing to them, and one says another.
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

Were these things adjusted it would be easy to diffuse peace everywhere.

In confirmation of our words, we give this belt which we wish the President to hold fast in remembrance of what we have now spoken."

In this speech Red Jacket struck at the root of the difficulty with the western tribes. No honorable peace had been arranged by the English for their Indian allies; and, while the treaty of peace between England and the Colonies had been signed, yet its spirit was ignored by the English who still held the frontier posts. They kept the western tribes in a state of rebellion.

It was a cutting sarcasm but an unfortunate truth that Red Jacket uttered when he said, "You are of one blood and cannot agree on peace. How shall the western Indians know whom to trust?"

When the Indians left Philadelphia, Red Jacket carried with him a large silver medal, which General Washington had given him. Engraved upon it was a picture of Washington presenting to the Indian a peace pipe. In the background was a man plowing with oxen, showing the arts of civilization which the Indian was to adopt. Red Jacket was exceedingly proud of this medal and always wore it on state occasions, though one of his biographers relates that later in life,
when drink had laid strong hold of him, he often pawned it for liquor.

The government presented to each chief a suit of military clothes. Red Jacket objected to the gift saying that a uniform was out of place on a peace chief or sachem; he therefore requested that a civil suit be given him, stipulating, however, that he keep the first until the second should be delivered. When the messenger brought the plain clothes, the wily chief said that he had decided to keep both, for though unable to wear military clothes in times of peace, he could, with perfect propriety, wear them in case of war!

During this visit Red Jacket had dined with Robert Morris. The changing of plates between courses puzzled him, but fearful of appearing ignorant he did not ask the reason. On his return, he asked Thomas Morris why a man ran off with his knife, fork and plate so often. Thomas explained that clean plates were required so that food flavors would not be mixed.

"But," said Red Jacket, "the taste stays on your palate. How do you change that?"

"We wash that off with wine," explained Thomas.

"Ah," rejoined the chief regretfully, "I wish I had known that, then I should have kept on drinking until the man brought back my plate; for, fond as I am of eating, I am still fonder of drinking."
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

In consequence of the conference held at Philadelphia, Red Jacket and Cornplanter went, some time later, on a mission to the western Indians to explain to them the terms of peace offered by the United States. Red Jacket's appeal was not effective, and the delegation received little attention. Peace was not made until General Wayne had defeated the Indians with great slaughter at the Rapids of the Maumee river.

It will be remembered that Robert Morris had purchased from Massachusetts the pre-emptive right to the Genesee lands. To extinguish the Indian title he called a council at Big Tree in 1797. Red Jacket now opposed giving up the land. Mr. Morris told the Indians that their land was valueless while unimproved and that they clung to it simply because they imagined the possession gave them importance. Red Jacket replied that the knowledge of ownership was everything to them.

"It creates in our bosoms a proud feeling which elevates us as a nation. Observe the difference between the estimation in which a Seneca and an Oneida are held. We are courted, while they are considered a degraded people fit only to make brooms and baskets. Why this difference? It is because the Senecas
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

are known as the proprietors of a broad domain; while the Oneidas are cooped up in a narrow space."

Mr. Morris remarked that they were not as important as they imagined, for the western nations had paid them scant attention when they had attempted the pacification of the Miamis. Red Jacket, quite undaunted, said it was true that they had been neglected, but it was because they were in bad company. They were with the United States commissioners. Had they gone alone, they would have been honored as Senecas had always been honored the world over.

Red Jacket then extinguished the Council Fire in token that the conference was over. This was a discourtesy, of which Thomas Morris complained to the Indian women. He made a clever appeal, distributing presents among them, and they promptly reopened the Council, naming Cornplanter as their representative. Though Red Jacket absented himself from the Council, he insisted on signing the treaty on its conclusion.

The purchase money was invested for the Indians in United States bank stock. They could not understand the nature of a bank. They believed that it was some large place in Philadelphia where their money was planted, and that some years the crop would be better than other years, because the interest varied.
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

They often asked Mr. Morris what kind of a money crop they were likely to have.

When dividing the yearly dividend, each father laid upon a blanket as many small sticks as there were members in his family. Then the pieces of coin were laid beside each stick so as to insure a fair division.

Because of his consistent opposition to the land sales, Red Jacket rose steadily in favor with his people. At the Hartford convention, when Connecticut tried to adjust the claims to the Ohio lands, he made another appeal for their restoration. They had been the hunting grounds of the Five Nations, and he made a last and touchingly pathetic plea for them, which certainly was prophetic.

"We stand," he said, "a small island in the bosom of the great waters. We are encircled—we are encompassed. The Evil Spirit rides upon the blast—the waters are disturbed. They rise, they press upon us, and the waves settle over us. We disappear forever. Who, then, lives to mourn us? None! What marks our extermination? Nothing! We are mingled with the common elements."

Cornplanter, who usually acted as peacemaker, and advised acceptance of the white man's terms, suffered an eclipse of popularity. To re-establish himself he
persuaded his brother to become a prophet or teacher. So great was the Prophet's influence with the Onondagas that they abandoned drunkenness and other sins, and became temperate, moral, and law-abiding. When he had gained the full confidence of his people, he ventured to accuse Red Jacket of witchcraft, among the Indians a most serious crime, punishable by death. Red Jacket saw at once that now he must make the effort of his life; that only his eloquence could save him. At a council held at Buffalo Creek he made his defense, speaking three hours, and so effectively that a majority acquitted him, and the Prophet was branded a cheat.

Red Jacket himself believed in witchcraft. He once made a strong speech in defense of an Indian, Tom-Jemmy by name, who, by order of his tribe, had put to death a supposed witch. Tom-Jemmy was tried for murder. When sworn, Red Jacket was asked whether he believed in God. "Yes," he replied with a sharp glance, "more than does the man who can ask such a question!"

Then he began to speak: "What! do you denounce us as fools and bigots because we continue to believe that which you taught two centuries ago? Your divines thundered this belief from the pulpits,
RED JACKET, THE SENECa ORATOR.

your judges have pronounced it from the bench, your courts have sanctioned it with the formalities of law, and you would now punish our unfortunate brother for adherence to the superstition of his fathers!

Go to Salem! Look at the records of your government and you will find hundreds executed for the very crime which has called forth the sentence of condemnation on this woman, and drawn down the arm of vengeance upon her. What have our brothers done more than the rulers of your people? What crime has this man committed in executing the laws of his country and the commands of the Great Spirit?"

Some time during 1802 Red Jacket made a journey to Washington, which had become the nation's capital, to complain of the murder of seven Indians. After the commissioners had satisfied him that justice would be done, Red Jacket thus concluded his speech:

"Brother: Yesterday you wiped the tears from our eyes that we might see clearly; you unstopped our ears that we might hear, and removed the obstructions from our throats that we might speak distinctly. You offered to join us in tearing up the largest pine in our forest and under it to bury the tomahawk. We gladly join you, brother, in this work. And now let us heap rocks and stones on the roots of this tree that the tomahawk may never again be found."
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

Having no more land sales to oppose, since all but the reservations on which the Indians lived were sold, Red Jacket now turned his attention to the attempts which were being made to educate and Christianize the Indians. We have before mentioned the fact that he was a Pagan and violently opposed to all such attempts. He reasoned that as long as the Indians adhered to the beliefs and customs of their fathers, so long they were united, prosperous and happy; that with the advent of civilization had come, disruption, degradation, poverty and unhappiness; hence, civilization was a bad thing for the Indian. His hatred for the "black-coats" (missionaries) was specially violent, and for years he fought to keep them off the Buffalo Creek Reservation. His reply to one Cram, who spoke to the assembled Indians at a council in 1805, is especially interesting. Mr. Cram began by telling them that their religion was all wrong and that he had been sent by the Great Spirit to teach them the true religion. The chiefs listened politely until he had finished. Then Red Jacket arose, drew his blanket about him and delivered one of his great speeches:

"Friend and brother: It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

garment from before the sun and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. . . . Our ears are un-stopped; we have heard distinctly the words you have spoken. . . . We have listened with attention to what you have said.

You want an answer to your talk. Listen to what we have to say:

There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit made it for the use of the Indians. He created buffalo, deer and other animals for food. He made the bear and the beaver, and their skins serve for our clothing. He caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he has done for his red children because he loved them.

If we had disputes about hunting grounds, they were settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great waters and landed here. Their numbers were small; they found friends not enemies; they told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and they came here to enjoy their religion. They asked us for a small seat; we took pity on them and granted their request, and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave
us poison in return. The white people had now found our country; more came, yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends, they called us brothers; we believed them and gave them a large seat. They wanted more land—they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquors among us: it has slain thousands.

Brother, our seats were once large and yours small; you have now become a great people and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets; you have got our country but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

Brother, continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit, and that if we do not take hold of the religion which you teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. How do you know this to be true? Your religion is written in a book; if it were intended for us as well as for you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us? Why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book with the means of understanding it rightly? We know only what you tell us about it; how
shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by white people?

Brother, you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit; if there is but one religion why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not agree, as you can all read the book?

We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to their children.

We worship that way. It teaches us to be thankful for the favors we receive, to love each other, to be united; we never quarrel about religion!

Brother, the Great Spirit made us all; but he made a great difference between his white and his red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. Since he made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given us different religions according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right; he knows what is best for his children and we are satisfied. We do not wish to destroy your religion or take it from you, we only want to enjoy our own.

Brother, we are told that you have been preaching to the white people of this place. They are our neighbors, we are acquainted with them; we will wait a
RED JACKET, THE SENeca ORATOR.

little and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If it does them good and makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again what you have said."

To another missionary who attempted to convert him, he declared that Indians turned out badly who were taught Christianity. Then he contrasted the happy, virtuous, contented life of the true Indian with the cheating, grasping discontent of the whites, and generously offered to send missionaries to the whites to teach them the Indian religion!

Upon the breaking out of the war of 1812, Mr. Granger, the Indian agent, convened a council at Buffalo, in July, to advise the Indians to keep out of the fray. The Mohawks had already joined the British, and an effort undertaken by Red Jacket to bind them to neutrality was fruitless. Brant scornfully remarked that Red Jacket vowed fidelity to the United States and sealed the vow by kissing the picture of George Washington.

At first the Senecas consented to keep quiet, but after hostilities began, the war spirit made the young braves restless and eager to fight. When a rumor reached them that the British had captured Grand Island, their own particular territory, Red Jacket
called a council and made the following speech to the commissioners:

"Brother: You have told us that we have nothing to do with this war, that it has taken place between you and the British. But we find that the war has come to our doors. Our property is taken by the British and their Indian friends. It is necessary for us to take up this business to defend our property and drive the enemy from it. If we sit still and take no means of redress, the British (according to the custom of you white people) will hold it by conquest. And should you conquer Canada, you will claim it upon the same principle, as conquered from the British. We therefore request permission to go with our warriors and drive off those bad people and take possession of our lands."

A grand council of the Confederacy was then called and the following declaration of war issued: "We, the Chiefs and Councillors of the Six Nations of Indians residing in the State of New York do hereby proclaim to all the war-chiefs and warriors of the Six Nations that war is declared on our part against the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada.

Therefore we do hereby command and advise all the war-chiefs to call forth immediately the warriors
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

under them and put them in motion to protect their rights and liberties which our brethren the Americans are now defending.”

The Indians took no active part in the war until 1813. Then several hundred braves under Farmer’s Brother, all painted and armed, reported to General Lewis at Fort Niagara. They were sorely disappointed because they were not engaged immediately. Later, when the English refused to give up their Indian allies, a body of four hundred under young Cornplanter (called Captain O’Bail) engaged to defend Black Rock and Buffalo. This was in July of 1813.

The principal chiefs who engaged in the war were Farmer’s Brother, Red Jacket, Little Billy, Pollard, Black Smoke, Half Town and young Cornplanter. They served well in the battle of Fort George on the seventeenth of August. Here Red Jacket aroused them to valorous work and went himself to lead them. They ambuscaded the Mohawks and routed them. They had previously, in council, decided to take no scalps and commit no atrocities, and this resolution was faithfully kept. General Boyd reported that “the bravery and humanity of the Indians were equally conspicuous.” They aided in the battle of Chippewa, and were with Porter at Fort Erie in July, 1814. So completely were the Mohawks cowed by the prowess of the
RED JACKET, THE SENEECA ORATOR.

Senecas that an embassy sent by Red Jacket desiring that all Indians withdraw from the contest, was successful. No charge of cowardice could be made against Red Jacket in this war. He fought bravely and to good purpose at Chippewa, holding one end of the line of battle while General Porter directed the other.

After the war the Ogden Land Company attempted to get the Buffalo Creek Reservation by engaging to remove the Indians to the West. A council was held on the Reservation (1819) at which were present Colonel Ogden, for the Ogden Company, the principal chiefs of the Senecas, Onondagas and Cayugas, and the United States commissioner. The commissioner explained that he came with the consent of the United States government, and that the Ogden Company had the pre-emptive right to the land, and wished now to purchase the title of the Indians.

Red Jacket became very angry on hearing this. He said:

"Not long ago you raised the war-club against him who was once our Great Father over the water. You asked us to go with you to war. It was not our quarrel. We knew not that you were right. We asked not; we cared not; it was enough for us that you were our brothers. We went with you to battle; we
fought for you—and now, dare you pretend that our father the President, while he sees our blood running [pointing to wounded chiefs], yet fresh from the wounds received in fighting his battles, has sent you to us with a message to persuade us to relinquish the poor remains of our once boundless possessions, to sell the birthplace of our children, and the graves of our fathers?

No! Sooner than believe that he gave you this message we will believe that you have stolen your commission and are a cheat and a liar!"

He further declared that not one foot more of their lands would the Indians sell, neither would they tolerate the presence of white men on their Reservation.

While the other chiefs were agreed that they would part with no more land, they felt that Red Jacket’s language had been discourteous and required an apology, but he refused to make one. In 1826 the pre-emptioners did secure several mile strips and in 1838 they secured by bribery the signatures of many chiefs to a treaty giving up the Buffalo Creek Reservation for the Kansas lands. So great was the discontent aroused by this measure that in 1842 the Indians were paid for those lands and allowed to live on other reservations if they chose. But the land held by them for two hun-
dred years was theirs no longer. Happily Red Jacket did not live to see that day.

Many amusing stories are told of his later years. In 1825, when General Lafayette visited Buffalo, Red Jacket called upon him and asked whether he remembered being present at the treaty of Fort Stanwix. The General did remember, and asked what had become of the young warrior who spoke so eloquently in denunciation of the treaty.

"He is before you," said Red Jacket, proudly, and continued:

"Ah, time has not been so severe upon you as it has upon me. It has left you a fresh countenance and hair to cover your head, while to me,—behold!" And taking a handkerchief from his head he showed, with much feeling, a crown almost bald. When informed that General Lafayette wore a wig, he said, laughingly, "Ah, then, I'll have to scalp some of my friends to get one, too!"

One day he invited himself to breakfast at the home of the interpreter. Knowing his fondness for sweets, his hostess in sport handed him a cup of coffee without sugar. Stirring it indignantly, he remarked to his host: "Do you allow your squaw to make fun of your father?" The children had giggled, and he sternly
continued: "And your children to insult their chief?"

The sugar bowl was hastily handed him and he calmly emptied the entire contents into his cup and ate it with a spoon!

A nobleman who had heard of Red Jacket once sent for him to visit him at his Buffalo hotel. Red Jacket replied that great men who desired to see him visited him at his home. The man returned that he had crossed the ocean to see him and was now tired.

"It is strange," said the Chief, "that he has come so far and then stopped seven miles from my lodge." The Count was obliged to call first, whereupon Red Jacket returned the visit.

When the Thayer brothers were hanged, crowds streamed to Buffalo to see the sight. A friend met Red Jacket going in the opposite direction and asked the reason. "Plenty fools there now," he returned. "Battle is the place to see men die."

It is sad to have to relate that with the growth of Buffalo so near the Reservation, opportunities to get liquor increased, and Red Jacket fell a victim to the drink habit. He became a familiar figure in the streets and taverns of Buffalo, and soon his face and figure began to show the results of drunkenness.
REDA JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

He left his wife when she became a Christian, though, later, his little daughter induced him to return. His enmity to all progress, together with his drunkenness, caused the progressive party among the Indians to depose him. This aroused him. He hastened to Washington to lay the case before Colonel M’Kenney, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

“I have a talk for you,” said he to M’Kenney.

“Wait, I too have a talk for you,” replied M’Kenney, and then went over the whole difficulty, advising Red Jacket to cease opposition and he would help reinstate him. Red Jacket seemed surprised at M’Kenney’s knowledge of the whole affair, and remarked, “Our father has a long eye.” He returned to Buffalo, called a grand Council and made his defense. He spoke eloquently as of yore. This was probably his last great speech. Half-Town and other chiefs spoke for him and he was restored by an almost unanimous vote. He did not live long after his restoration.

Three more years of hard drinking weakened him so that he felt that he had but a short time to live. He visited his old friends to say good-bye, and made this sorrowful speech:

“I am about to leave you, and when I am gone my warnings shall be no longer heard or regarded. The
craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. Many winters have I breasted the storm, but I am an aged tree and can stand no longer. My leaves are fallen, my branches withered and I am shaken by every breeze. Soon my aged trunk will be prostrate and the foot of the exulting foe of the Indian may be placed upon it with safety, for I have none who will be able to avenge such an indignity. Think not I mourn for myself. I go to join the spirits of my fathers where age cannot come; but my heart fails me when I think of my people, who are so soon to be scattered and forgotten."

Of the arrangements for his funeral he said:

"Bury me beside my former wife. . . . Let my funeral be according to the customs of our nation. Let me be dressed and equipped as my fathers were that their spirits may rejoice at my coming. Be sure that my grave be not made by a white man; let them not pursue me there."

During the last few months he ceased his opposition to education and progress. He seemed anxious to establish peace between the pagan and Christian parties, and for that purpose called a council, advising that each be allowed to choose for himself how he would live. During the council he was taken ill. When told that
RED JACKET, THE SENECA ORATOR.

his plan for peace had been adopted he seemed relieved.

He refused all medicine, and died without any expression of fear, on the 20th of January, 1830.

In spite of his protest he was given Christian burial. At first his grave was made in the Indian Burying Ground near the Mission Church. Later the body was removed to Forest Lawn Cemetery, where a beautiful monument marks the spot where rests "the last of the Senecas."

It bears the following inscription:

"Sa-go-ye-wat-ha
Red Jacket,
Chief of the
Wolf Tribe of the Senecas—
The Friend and Protector of his People.
Died Jan. 20, 1830,
Aged 78 years."
DEH-HE-WA-MIS,

Deh-he-wä-mis was a little white girl who was born on the Atlantic Ocean while her mother and father were on their way to America from Ireland. Her real name was Mary Jemison, and you will wonder how she came to be called Deh-he-wä-mis, which is Indian, and means a good or pleasant thing or a handsome child; but that is the story I am about to tell you.

When the parents of little Mary Jemison reached America, they made their way through the wilderness to southern Pennsylvania, where they found a pleasant place near Marsh Creek,* which they selected for their home. Mary's father was a farmer, and with Mary's two older brothers soon cleared the land, built a comfortable cabin, and lived happily until the French and Indian War broke out. Two little baby brothers came meanwhile, and Mary, now a well-grown girl of twelve years, helped her mother to take care of the little ones.

* Adams County.
THE WHITE SQUAW OF THE GENESEE.

For a year the Jemisons had heard reports of terrible midnight attacks, of homes burnt and of settlers carried off or scalped by the Indians, and for a year they lived in constant dread; but, except for an occasional hungry wolf or panther, nothing dangerous came near them until the spring of 1755. Then, on a beautiful morning, before the family had breakfasted, a small party of Shawnee Indians, accompanied by four Frenchmen, suddenly appeared in the clearing. Meeting with no resistance they securely bound the family, ransacked the place, and then hastily made off into the forest with their prisoners and booty.

For two days the party hurried along without stopping except at night, evidently expecting that they would be followed. Care was taken to leave no trail. An Indian followed the party, poking up the grass where the clumsy white people had trampled it. Indians leave no sign behind when they are flying from an enemy. No fires were built and no halt made for food until the second day. The little boys suffered greatly from hunger, thirst and fatigue, but if they cried or lagged an Indian with a whip lashed them into line.

On the third day the Indians discovered that they were being followed. A rescue party made up of the Jemisons' neighbors was on their trail. This probably
DEH-HE-WA-MIS.

determined them to get rid of their prisoners. For some reason Mary was separated from the rest. Her shoes were exchanged for moccasins and then an Indian took her away from the camp into the forest, where they lay down to spend the night. Next morning a number of fresh scalps in the hands of her captors told but too plainly what fate had befallen her dear ones. The poor child was heart-broken when she recognized them, but she dared make no outcry nor complaint. It was probably the uncomplaining patience with which she had borne the long, hard journey, together with her pleasing appearance, that caused the Indians to spare her life; for they admire courage and endurance and she had shown both.

When the pursuing neighbors came to the spot where the murdered and mutilated family lay, they gave up the pursuit. The Indians now traveled more slowly, taking good care of the little white child until they reached the French Fort Du Quesne. Before entering the fort they painted Mary up in fine Indian style.

Next day two Seneca squaws came to the fort and inspected the little girl. She seemed to please them, for, after some conversation with her captors, the Sen-
eca women put her into their boat and paddled down the Ohio river to their home.

On the way Mary saw, along the banks of the river, many shocking sights of burnt homes and murdered people. When they arrived at the Seneca town, the squaws dressed Mary in Indian fashion and then took her to their wigwam.

These Indian women had lost a brother in the war, and had followed the usual Indian custom of getting either a prisoner or a scalp to make good the loss. When a family's grief was no longer keen and the prisoner suited their fancy, they often adopted him to fill the place of the dead one; but if they were still angry over their loss they frequently tortured and killed their prisoner. Little Mary was fortunate enough to please and was accordingly adopted by the family; and this is the way they did it: She was placed in the middle of the wigwam dressed in her new Indian suit. Then all the squaws of the village came in to look at her. Presently they all set up a most dreadful howling and wailing, which was the mourning for the dead brother. One squaw chanted a sing-song telling how great a warrior he had been and how sad his death was. Her lament* as given by James E. Seaver is very poetic:

* Life of Mary Jemison—James E. Seaver.
DEH-HE-WA-MIS.

“Our brother! alas, he is dead!
He has gone; he will never return.
Friendless he died on the field of the slain,
Where his bones are yet lying unburied.
Oh! Who will not mourn his sad fate?
No tears dropped around him.
He fell in his prime,
When his arm was most needed to keep us from danger;
He has left us in sorrow his loss to bewail.
His spirit went naked, and hungry it wanders,
And thirsty and wounded it groans to return;
No blanket nor food to nourish and warm him,
Nor candles to light him nor weapons of war.

But well we remember his deeds:
The deer he could take on the chase,
The panther shrunk back at the sight of his strength,
His enemies fell at his feet.
He was brave and courageous in war.
As a fawn he was harmless,
His friendship was ardent,
His temper was gentle,
His pity was great.
THE WHITE SQUAW OF THE GENESEE.

But why do we grieve for his loss?
In the strength of a warrior, undaunted he left us
To fight by the side of the chiefs.
His war whoop was shrill.
His rifle well-aimed laid his enemies low;
His tomahawk drank of their blood;
His knife flayed their scalps while yet covered with gore.

And why do we mourn?
Though he fell on the field, with glory he fell;
And his spirit went up to his fathers.
With transports of joy they received him and fed him
And clothed him and welcomed him there.
Oh, friends, he is happy; then dry up your tears,
His spirit has seen our distress,
And sent us a helper, with pleasure we greet her;
Dehewamis has come: receive her with joy.
She is handsome and pleasant.
O! she is our sister,
And gladly we welcome her here.
In the place of our brother she stands in our tribe
With care we will guard her from trouble.
And may she be happy till her spirit shall leave us.”
DEH-HE-WA-MIS.

When the squaw chanted the last verse, they all suddenly stopped crying, wiped their eyes, and began to laugh and shout and act glad. The poor child, however, having understood not one word of the ceremony, was frightened almost out of her wits, expecting every moment to be killed.

The ceremony of adoption being over, the visiting squaws left the wigwam and Mary’s new family showed by every possible kindness that she was now looked upon as a real little sister and would be treated as such. They taught her to speak the Seneca language and to do the lighter work which Indian women usually perform.

The village in which Mary now lived was on the Ohio about eighty miles from Fort Du Quesne. However, after the corn had been harvested and winter was approaching, the tribe sought lands farther down the river on the banks of the Scioto, where game was plentiful and pelts could be obtained for trading with the white people.

The following spring on returning to their farms they found that Fort Du Quesne had been captured by the English, so the Indians went up the Ohio to make a treaty of peace with the soldiers at that place before beginning their spring planting. Mary was taken with
them; but when the English became curious about the white child and asked her questions, the Indian sisters were so alarmed lest she be taken from them, that they hastily entered their canoe and never stopped rowing until they reached home. Mary had hoped for freedom and grieved a long time over this disappointment; but the unfailing kindness of the family made her forget, after a time, that she had ever been anything else than a little Indian.

When a farmer's land becomes poor he is obliged to use fertilizers on it to make things grow, but the Indians merely move from the worn out farm to a better one; so in the third year of Mary's sojourn among them, the Senecas moved to a place called Wi-ish-to. Here they built a village and planted their corn, beans, squashes and tobacco. Their winter residence was still on the Scioto where they hunted and trapped.

At Wi-ish-to Mary helped the squaws farm the land. She grew quite clever in planting and harvesting corn, in bringing in the game killed by the hunters, and in drying the meats. She learned to make samp and corn bread and to fashion Indian garments.

After the removal to Wi-ish-to, a tribe of Delawares came to live with the Senecas. They were very friendly Indians. Among them was a tall, splendid, noble chief
whose name was She-nin-jee. He seemed to take much notice of Mary, who was now about sixteen years old, and was really Deh-he-wä-mis, that is, a pretty girl. She had a very fair skin, blue eyes, and golden hair. One day She-nin-jee sent a present to Mary’s people, which meant that he wanted to marry her. Now, if they had returned the gift Sheninjee would have understood that they rejected his proposal; but they did not do so. They kept it, thus showing their willingness to have Mary become the chief’s wife.

Mary did not fancy marrying an Indian, but when her sisters told her how good he was, and that they wished her to obey, she did not dare refuse; so she and Sheninjee were married Indian fashion. He was so kind to her that she soon grew to love him dearly.

By and by a girl baby came to their home but it did not live long. Mary grieved for it, but after some time she was comforted by the arrival of a healthy baby boy, whom she named Thomas Jemison after her father. So Mary, or Deh-hewämis, as we ought to call her, was very happy. Deh-hewämis no longer cared to leave the Indians. Here were her husband, baby, mother, brother and sisters, all Indians whom she loved dearly; while among the white people she no longer had any friends.

On the banks of the beautiful Genesee river in west-
ern New York lived the rest of the Seneca tribe to which Mary's family belonged. Their chief was Little Beard and the town was known as Little Beard's Town. Soon after Deh-hewämis married, her people had gone to live there. They often invited her to come and live with them; therefore, one fall, while her husband went hunting, she went north with her brothers to her sisters' home.

Deh-hewämis strapped her little pappoose on her back, her brothers took some food for the journey and then they set off a-foot, through the wild forest, following the Indian trails, fording streams and sleeping in the woods on the ground. The journey was long and difficult. The fall rains began earlier than they expected, and the streams became so swollen that it was dangerous to ford them. Once they nearly lost their lives. Then their food gave out; but they reached a deserted Delaware village where they found buried corn, beans and sugar which they took with them. At another time they fell in with a party of Shawnees who were torturing a white prisoner. Deh-hewämis wept and pleaded so hard that his life was spared and he was allowed to go free. It is said that she saved many lives in this way.
DEH-HE-WA-MIS.

When they reached Little Beard's Town they found the Seneca warriors making ready to go to the banks of the Niagara (eighty miles west of the Genesee by trail), to help the French who were threatened by the British with an attack on Fort Schlosser. The latter were ambushed and driven back to Fort Erie which they had shortly before taken from the French. The Senecas returned with several prisoners and much plunder. Then they celebrated a horrid feast during which they killed their prisoners. Deh-hewamis' sister made ready to attend the execution and persuaded the white woman to go with her; but their Indian mother said that it was unwomanly to go to such a scene, and so Deh-hewamis was spared the awful sight, which would have wrung her tender heart.

In the spring Deh-hewamis expected her husband to join her, but to her alarm, both spring and summer passed and he did not appear. At length a messenger arrived with the sad news of his death. Mary's grief was great, but she had no time to spend in idle tears,

Note.—During her stay at Little Beard's Town the Seneca warriors made another attack on the British at Niagara. This was known as the Devil's Hole Massacre which took place September 14, 1763. An English wagon-train returning from Fort Schlosser to Lewiston, a distance of seven miles through the woods, was waylaid at the Devil's Hole midway between the two points, and the whole cavalcade, teams, wagoners and escort, driven over the precipice or tomahawked and scalped before they could jump over. When the firing was heard at Lewiston, reinforcements were sent to the spot only to meet the same fate. Nearly a hundred men were killed. Farmer's Brother was one of the Seneca Leaders. A tablet marks the scene of this massacre. It was erected by the Niagara Frontier Landmarks Association.
for she had now to think of her own support and that of her child. Again her Indian family were kind and she stayed at the Genesee village.

About this time the King of England tried to set free all white prisoners taken by the Indians during the war. He offered a sum of money for every one returned. A Dutchman who knew Deh-hewämis well, thought this a good chance to get money without working for it, therefore he offered to take her to Fort Niagara; but she had no mind now to leave her Indian friends; she had become too sincerely attached to them. Since she would not go willingly he watched for an opportunity to kidnap her while she was working in the field, but she was too quick for him and escaped. The chiefs decided in council that she should remain if she wished to do so. One, however, called Old King, was determined to get the bounty and declared that he would take her to Niagara. Angry words passed between him and Deh-hewämis' brother who said he would kill her if Old King attempted to carry out his threat. Both were resolved, so, to save herself, Deh-hewämis took her boy and fled. She remained in hiding until Old King had given up the search and departed for Niagara without her.

Thinking that Deh-hewämis would be safer if married to a great chief, Farmer's Brother advised her to
marry Hiokatoo, who was then about fifty years old and a great warrior. He had fought all through the French wars and was noted for his cruelty, but to Deh-hewämis and her children he was uniformly kind and gentle. During the Revolution he led many war-parties into peaceful valleys, leaving death and charred ruins behind him. But we must not blame him too much for the part he played in that war. He, like the other Indians, was deceived by the British.

The Senecas suffered most of the punishment which General Washington ordered General Sullivan to inflict upon the Iroquois. When, in 1779, they heard of Sullivan’s approach, they sent their women and children into the forest for safety and then went to meet him. A battle was fought near Elmira in which the Indians were defeated. Then he marched all through the Genesee valley, destroying Little Beard’s Town and all the surrounding Indian villages, together with their crops and orchards.

Deh-hewämis, with five little children, two of whom she carried on her back, had fled with the rest. After Sullivan’s army had gone, she returned, but not a house, animal, nor a mouthful of food was left, and winter was coming on. To save the lives of her little ones she traveled up the Genesee to the Gardeau Flats,
where she secured employment from two negroes who were harvesting their corn. She was paid in corn, of which she earned enough to keep her children from starving. She was greatly amused when her negro-master guarded her with a shotgun for fear the Indians might capture her. She took care not to let him know that there was no danger, for then he would have worked instead of watching, and so her wages would have been less.

The winter was severe and many Indians died of starvation or froze to death; but Deh-hewâmís lived comfortably in the negro's family until spring. Then she built herself a cabin, planted her corn and took care of her children while Hiokatoo, her husband, was away fighting the colonists.

After the Revolution was over, her brother offered to let her seek her white relatives whose whereabouts she had learnt; but the chiefs refused to allow her son Thomas to go with her, because he seemed likely to become a great chieftain. His mother could not make up her mind to leave him and for the last time decided to remain with the Indians.

Her brother, thereupon, asked Farmer's Brother to secure from the Indians a tract of land which she might own and live upon. At a great council, held at
DEH-HE-WA-MIS.

Big Tree, near Geneseo, in 1797, the friendly chief made a speech asking for this land. Mary, like a wise woman, had selected a large plot, containing twenty-four square miles (about seventeen thousand acres) right in the Genesee valley, where the land was rich. Red Jacket opposed giving her the land because she was a white woman, but the Indians were just and Mary received a grant or deed to her large farm, which was afterwards called Garneau Reservation. It was too large for her to work; therefore, when white settlers came that way, Mary leased the land to them and the rents soon made her rich. After a time she sold a large part of it.

Mary might have been happy now, but unfortunately the white people brought rum with them, and her sons, especially Thomas, became very fond of it. When an Indian drinks rum he becomes quite crazy and does not know what he is about. Mary begged her sons to let it alone, but one day Thomas became drunk, quarreled with his brother John and called him a witch (wizard). This is a very great insult to an Indian, and John, whose temper was quick, struck Thomas with a tomahawk, killing him. The Indians tried John and forgave him the crime, but his brother Jesse did not. Much hard feeling grew up between the
two brothers, and one day when both were drunk, they quarreled, and John stabbed Jesse. John himself was killed by two Indians some time later in another drunken quarrel. The poor woman's heart was broken. Hiokatoo, who had reached the advanced age of one hundred and three years, had died soon after Thomas, so Mary had only her three daughters left of a once numerous family. She lived with her daughter Polly until the white people began to settle about her so thickly that she felt strange among them. Then she sold out and moved to Buffalo Creek on the West Seneca Reservation, where her Indian friends lived. Here she remained until the year 1833. She gave up the Indian religion and became a Christian, but in all other ways she continued to live like an Indian, wearing the Indian costume and speaking the Seneca tongue.

She died suddenly, September the nineteenth, 1833, in her ninety-first year. All who knew her spoke well of her. Honest, brave, kind-hearted and hospitable, she gained the friendship of her white neighbors as well as that of the Indians.

They buried her in the Indian burying ground, but later removed her body to her former home near Portage, where her grave is still pointed out to strangers.
BUFFALO VILLAGE.

Away back in 1779, you remember, General Sullivan punished the Iroquois severely for the massacres which they had committed during the Revolutionary War. His punishment fell most heavily upon the Senecas, whose towns in the Genesee valley he burned, and whose crops and orchards he destroyed. When winter came, and it was an unusually severe one, many perished of starvation. Those of the Senecas who fled westward to the neighborhood of Niagara, found shelter in the fort which was held by the British, who fed them until spring; then, being unable to support them longer, encouraged the Indians to settle down and farm the land. Therefore, in the spring of 1780, the little Indian village grew up about Buffalo Creek, which was afterward called West Seneca.

That seems to have been the indirect beginning of Buffalo, for wherever the Indians settled, there white traders, trappers and liquor dealers were sure to follow. There were already several white persons in the Indian village, but these were the prisoners captured during
BUFFALO VILLAGE.

the war. Among them were the Gilbert family and Elizabeth Peart with her baby, all of whom were set free later.

The first white settler who came to Buffalo Creek was Captain William Johnston, interpreter, and Indian agent for the British at Fort Niagara. He married a squaw, secured a large tract of land from the Indians, and later, in 1794, built for himself a comfortable block house near Exchange and Washington streets. He may be considered the first white land owner in Buffalo. He continued to live here until his death in 1807, and was respected, both by his white neighbors and by the Indians, whom he assisted in all their treaties.

About 1784, maybe earlier, the very first settler appeared in Buffalo in the person of Cornelius Winne, a Dutch trader from Albany, who built a store on Little Buffalo Creek, now the Hamburg canal, corner of Washington and Quay streets; he sold rum, whiskey, Indian knives and trinkets. His house was the resort of the Indians who loved “fire water.” Soon after came Michael Middaugh, a Dutch cooper, and Ezekiel Lane, his son-in-law, who settled in a double log house near Winne. A negro, known as Black Joe, occupied with his Indian squaw and children, a cabin also near Winne’s store. This constituted the Village of Buffalo
BUFFALO VILLAGE.

Creek which the Duke de la Rochefoucauld Liaincourt visited in 1795 and described thus:

"We arrived at the post on Lake Erie which is a small collection of four or five houses built about a quarter of a mile from the lake. . . . We arrived late at the inn, and after a very indifferent supper we were obliged to lie upon the floor in our clothes. There was literally nothing in the house; neither furniture, rum, candles nor milk. After much trouble the milk was procured from the neighbors, who were not as accommodating in the way of rum and candles. At length, some arriving from the other side of the river [Fort Erie], we seasoned our supper with an appetite that seldom fails; . . . and slept as soundly as we had done in the woods."

The inn mentioned here had been opened the previous year by John Palmer, a trader from Fort Erie, which was at that time a larger village than Buffalo.

In the Life of Red Jacket, we have told of the councils held at Buffalo Creek, from time to time, for the sale of Indian lands, or the extinguishment of the Indian title to them. About the year 1797 the Indians had given up all the land outside of their reservations. In 1793, Robert Morris sold to certain wealthy Hol-
BUFFALO VILLAGE.

landers, afterward known as the Holland Land Company, through their agent, Herman Leroy, all the tract which at the present day includes Buffalo. The Hollanders employed Joseph Ellicott to survey it and Theophilus Cazenove as their agent.

Meanwhile more people came. Sylvanus Maybee opened a "little Indian store" on Main street in 1796. Asa Ransom came somewhat later. It is interesting to know that his daughter was the first white girl born here. William Robbins, a blacksmith, came in 1798.

In his interesting History of Buffalo, William Ketchum gives the following extract from a letter written to him by William Peacock, who passed through Buffalo in 1799:

"The Indian path passed down to Buffalo Creek about the middle of Main street to the Terrace, on which was erected a log cabin covered with bark and occupied by Johnston, a descendant of Sir William Johnston. A little above where the Liberty Pole now stands [it stood on the Terrace], on the bank of Little Buffalo Creek [the canal now] there was erected a log cabin about twelve feet square covered with bark, occupied by William Palmer, a young man, and was his storehouse where he vended his small stock of Indian goods."
BUFFALO VILLAGE.

In passing down along the Indian path to the Terrace, the land was covered with a very thick underbrush, small timber, and some large, old oak trees; and these so overshadowed the path that, when our saddlebags touched a bush, we would be completely drenched with rain after a shower.

There was a little cleared spot on the Terrace bank that was covered with a green sward, on which the Indians on a fine day, would lie, and look off from the high terrace upon Lake Erie; and I must say, that to me it was one of the most beautiful views I ever put my eyes upon. Coming out of the woods, it burst upon the vision, the large beautiful sheet of water, Lake Erie.”

Joseph Ellicott began surveying the Holland tract in 1798, completing it in 1803. When his map of the proposed city was completed, it presented a most wonderful assortment of long Dutch and Indian names. The town itself he named New Amsterdam, but the villagers preferred the name of the creek. It is a curious fact that almost all the Dutch names of streets have disappeared. Willink and Van Staphorst avenues became Main street. Busti avenue is now Genesee, and Schimmelpennick is Niagara. The Indian Onondaga was changed to Washington street. Oneida street took
BUFFALO VILLAGE.

Joseph Ellicott's name. Crow became Exchange street since that sounded more dignified. Many Indian names were retained. Such are Mohawk, Huron, Chippewa and Seneca streets. They were the names of the tribes whose trails ran through these forests.

Ellicott has been called the Romulus of Buffalo. It was owing largely to his energy that Black Rock did not become the greater town. For a long time Buffalo and Black Rock were rivals.

Black Rock was so named from a great flat rock that jutted out into the river and formed a natural and most excellent wharf or boat landing. An eddy made the water quiet inside, and the place was considered the safest harbor above the Falls. In course of time it became the terminus of roads leading to the river. The beach road from Buffalo Creek, the Batavia road and the Guide-board road (North street) led to it. The ferry is said to have been in use as early as 1796, if not earlier. Broad flat-boats with sweeps to propel them, plied between Black Rock and the Fort Erie shore. So good a harbor attracted settlers, especially those engaged in trade and transportation; and soon an active salt trade was built up.

On the other hand, Buffalo had no harbor, a sand-bar obstructing the mouth of the creek. Ellicott, fear-
BUFFALO VILLAGE.

ing that this disadvantage might send settlers to Black Rock, hurried his survey, and then began actively to push the sale of lots to settlers, offering such inducements as he thought would insure rapid growth. Money was scarce. Therefore attractive prices and easy payments did much to determine settlers. The battle for supremacy, between the two villages was not finally settled, however, until the Canal Commissioners decided to make Buffalo the western terminus of the Erie Canal. (See chapter on Erie Canal.) How improbable would it have seemed to the rival towns at that time, that before the end of the century they should unite and form one great city!

Dr. Cyrenius Chapin was one of the first to purchase land after the survey was completed. We are told that he paid three hundred forty-six dollars and fifty cents for a lot of ninety-nine acres. He built a house on Swan and Main streets to which he brought his family from Fort Erie. He soon made his influence felt. He served the community not only as a skillful physician but later, in the War of 1812, as a soldier and officer. For thirty-five years he was an honored citizen of Buffalo.

In 1804 a great coach drawn by two horses, arrived in the village, creating no little excitement. It con-
BUFFALO VILLAGE.

tained the family of Captain Samuel Pratt. His store was located where the Mansion House now stands. Erastus Granger also came to Buffalo about this time. He was appointed Indian Agent by the government, and soon won the confidence of the Senecas, over whose welfare he watched with fatherly interest.

Among Joseph Ellicott's papers was found the following letter, which shows the progressive spirit of the new settlers:

"BUFFALO, 11 August, 1801.

"Sir—The inhabitants of this place would take it as a particular favor if you would grant them the liberty of raising a school-house on a lot in any part of the town, as the New York Missionary Society have been so good as to furnish them with a school-master, clear of any expense except boarding and finding him a school-house.

By request of the inhabitants,

Jos. R. Palmer.

Jos. Ellicott, Esq.

N. B. Your answer would be very acceptable as they have the timber ready to hew out."

In Ellicott's journal appears this entry:

"Aug. 14, 1801. Went to Buffalo alias New Am-
BUFFALO VILLAGE.

sterdam to lay off a lot for a school-house, the inhabitants offering to erect one at their own expense."

The school was built on Pearl and Swan streets, and remained until Buffalo was burned.

Mr. William Hall, who visited Buffalo in 1804, wrote: "There were perhaps twenty houses, of which only three or four were frame. . . . Some streets were partially laid out, but the whole place was full of stumps and there were no fences. . . . Leaving Buffalo, we went to Black Rock through the woods—a small path-way trodden mostly by Indians. We crossed the river in a scow to the Canada side and found a good road to Chippewa." (Ketchum.)

Rev. Timothy Dwight wrote the same year:

"The streets are straight and cross each other at right angles, but are only forty feet wide. . . . The prospect presented at Buffalo is most attractive. . . . Directly opposite at a distance of two miles, but in full view stands Fort Erie, a blockhouse, barracks and a hamlet." (Ketchum.) Of the Black Rock harbor he wrote that the commerce of that neighborhood would in time, become of great national importance, and involve no small part of the interest and happiness of millions,—a prophecy now fulfilled.
BUFFALO VILLAGE.

In Turner's Holland Purchase occurs this description by David Mather:

"I settled in Buffalo in 1806. There were then sixteen dwelling houses, principally frame ones; eight of them scattered along Main St., three on the terrace, three on Seneca street and two on Cayuga street (Pearl). There were two stores, one kept by Vincent Grant, the other by Samuel Pratt. Mr. Le Couteulx kept a drug store in part of his house on Crow (Exchange) street. David Rees's Indian blacksmith shop was on Seneca street, and William Robbins had one on Main street. John Crow kept a tavern where the Mansion House stands, and Judge Barker kept one on the site of the Market (Elk street). I remember very well the arrival of the first public mail that ever reached Buffalo. It was brought on horseback by Ezra Metcalf. He came to my blacksmith shop to get his horse shod. He told me that he could carry the contents of his mail bag in his two hands."

In 1808 Joseph Ellicott's land office did a thriving business, lots selling at from twenty-five to fifty dollars each. In 1810 a courthouse and a jail were built. By 1811 the little village had a population of nearly five hundred, and began to feel the need of a newspaper.
BUFFALO VILLAGE.

This was supplied by the brothers Smith and Hezekiah Salisbury, who published the Buffalo Gazette in October of that year. It was due to several humorous articles published in this paper that the final e was dropped from the name Buffalo.

That the affairs of the village were guided by a steady, law-abiding, God-fearing body of men is shown by the following notice which appeared in the Buffalo Gazette:

**Resolutions of the Moral Society of Buffalo.**

*Resolved*, That after the 23d of November the laws of the State prohibiting violations of the Sabbath shall be strictly enforced, against all persons who, on that day, shall drive into the village loaded teams, or shall unload goods, wares and merchandise, or shall vend goods, or keep open stores or shops for the purpose of trading or laboring, or who shall engage in hunting, fishing, etc., etc.; also against all parties of pleasure riding or walking to Black Rock or elsewhere.

*Resolved*, That the above resolutions be published two weeks in the Gazette, published in this village, that strangers as well as villagers may be informed of the same and govern themselves accordingly.

By order of the Society,

A. Callendar, Sec'y.
BUFFALO VILLAGE.

These resolutions remind us of the stories of the Puritans.

Life in early Buffalo was like life in any pioneer community. It was a life of struggle and hardship. The early settlers had the wilderness to subdue; the savages to keep friendly; poverty to fight; and illness to endure. They toiled unceasingly. They were men and women of much courage and perseverance, who ventured to build their firesides and rear their children in this then far-western savage community. Of money there was little or none; of food only such as they could raise after clearing a patch about their log huts, or such as the ever-ready rifle brought down. Their clothing was of home manufacture; their furniture such rude pieces as a handy man could fashion after his day’s work was done. Their medicines were the simple herbs which the Indians taught them to find in field and forest. Their religion had for its chief tenets, fear of God and helpfulness to a neighbor in distress.

They multiplied and prospered until the War of 1812 swept from them in one dark day, what had cost so much painful effort and self-denial to win.
THE BURNING OF BUFFALO.

Picture to yourself the Buffalo of 1812, a settlement of about one hundred white-painted wooden houses, stretching for the most part along what is now Main street, with here and there a more substantial brick or stone structure. The forest crowded right up to the back doors. In front was an uninterrupted view of lake and river. Of stores there were eight, and no department store of today carries a greater variety of goods; of taverns there were four, since there was much travel through the village; of inhabitants there were about five hundred; of schools two. There was a weekly paper called the Buffalo Gazette. There were no factories, most things being of home manufacture. The people were principally farmers and mechanics.

Their nearest neighbors were the inhabitants of the village of Black Rock, and the Seneca Indians on Buffalo Creek. Farther down the Niagara on the American shore were Fort Schlosser, Lewiston, and Fort Niagara, which was at the river's mouth. On the Canadian side Fort Erie was directly opposite Buffalo, the village of Chippewa nearly opposite Fort Schlosser and
THE BURNING OF BUFFALO.

the heights of Queenston were as now across from Lewiston. Near the mouth of the river was Fort George, with the little village of Newark which has since become Niagara-on-the-Lake.

This was the Niagara Frontier the peace of which was disturbed by the rumor of a second war with England. The rumor became a certainty when, on June 27, 1812, two boats manned by an armed force started out from Fort Erie, followed and captured a schooner laden with salt which was sailing from Black Rock up the lakes. This hostile act, together with the garrisoning and strengthening of Fort Erie and other Canadian points, left no doubt in the minds of the alarmed villagers that war was a fact.

Fear seized the inhabitants on both sides of the river, for uppermost in their minds was the question, Which side will the Indians take? The horrors of the Revolution had not yet been forgotten. Indian Agent Erastus Granger hastened to hold a council with the Senecas at which he and Red Jacket advised them to remain neutral. This they agreed to do. An unsuccessful attempt was made by Red Jacket to induce the Mohawks also to keep out of the struggle, but they had already allied themselves with the British. The Senecas kept their promise until August when a rumor was circulated that
THE BURNING OF BUFFALO.

Grand Island, their special hunting ground, had been seized by the British. They immediately held a council at which they declared war against Canada on their own account. Red Jacket made a clever speech on this occasion. (See Chapter III.) The Gazette of September mentioned the fact that one hundred and fifty warriors performed a war dance in the streets of Buffalo and then offered their services for the defense.

Meanwhile many families had fled from the frontier; but troops were immediately collected at Buffalo, Black Rock and Fort Niagara, so the inhabitants were reassured and settled down to their usual occupations. Except for occasional reports of invasion, and the constant presence of armed men in her streets, Buffalo felt little of the excitement of actual war, during the first year.

However, a thrilling event occurred in October. Two British vessels, one the Caledonia, laden with a valuable cargo of furs, and the other, the brig Adams, which the British had captured at Hull's surrender, were brought to anchor under the guns of Fort Erie. Farmer's Brother, an aged Seneca chief, together with Lieutenant Elliott, a young naval officer who was helping Perry to get a fleet ready for Lake Erie, planned the capture of these boats. Lieutenant Winfield Scott
THE BURNING OF BUFFALO.

detailed fifty men to help Elliott. With these, a company of seamen, and a few citizens, Elliott crossed the river an hour after midnight in three open boats. At three o'clock he reached the vessels, boarded them without arousing the fort, and in ten minutes had them headed for the American shore. Before they could get out of reach of the fort a lively fire was opened upon them. The Caledonia was brought over safely, but the Adams ran aground at Squaw Island, where she was cannonaded, first by one party then by the other, until finally the Americans burned her to the water's edge to prevent the British from getting her. The Americans had succeeded in bringing off two long guns which did good service later.

Lieutenant Elliott had captured fifty-eight men, and had liberated twenty-seven American prisoners on the boats. His loss was one killed and four wounded. It was a daring exploit cleverly carried out. The British retaliated by bombarding Black Rock but did little harm.

In August, Major-General Stephen Van Rensselaer came to take command of the American troops on the Niagara. It was planned to invade Canada, capturing Queenston Heights and Fort George. By October a sufficient force had been gathered, and the invasion was
THE BURNING OF BUFFALO.

begun on the 13th. The regulars under Captain John Wool stormed the heights at Queenston and drove the British back. General Brock at Fort George heard the firing and hurried to dispute the ground with Wool, but was driven off by that brave young commander. General Brock was mortally wounded, and General Sheaffe now took command. Wool, though twice wounded, fought on until relieved by Lieutenant-Colonel Scott. The Americans could not hold the heights unless reinforced. To that end General Van Rensselaer tried to bring over the militia stationed at Lewiston, but they ungenerously refused to leave the state. Overwhelmed by Sheaffe’s reinforcements and Brant’s Indians the brave Americans were compelled to surrender. Nine hundred were made prisoners; one hundred and ninety had been killed. In consequence of this disaster General Van Rensselaer resigned and General Smyth took command.

With much bluster and noise this general collected an army of invasion which was never allowed to invade. Twice preparations were made and when all was ready, without any reason save possibly the cowardice of Smyth, the men were disembarked and ordered back to camp. Disgusted and angry, both volunteers and militia threw away their guns and went home. So un-
popular did Smyth become that, in December, he found it convenient to resign.

The next year nothing of importance happened on the Niagara until May. On the 27th of that month Commodore Chauncey landed an American force to reduce Fort George. Scott and Perry led the attack, compelling the British to spike their guns, blow up their ammunition and retreat. After serving Black Rock with a farewell bombardment Fort Erie followed the example of Fort George, leaving the whole Niagara in the hands of the Americans.

The British retreated to Beaver Dams, near St. Catharines, where were gathered a large amount of supplies. In June Colonel Boerstler was sent to destroy these and capture the garrison. The brave and ever restless Colonel Chapin gathered a company of forty mounted riflemen and joined Boerstler's command. When near Beaver Dams, a large party of Indians under John Brant assailed them; this and an exaggerated account of the size of the garrison caused Boerstler to surrender. Chapin and his men, much to their disgust were placed in boats to be carried prisoners to Kingston. Twenty-six of them in two boats were rowing under guard, the redoubtable doctor and the British officer holding an apparently friendly conversation in
THE BURNING OF BUFFALO.

the first boat. While telling an amusing story the doctor managed to signal the other boat to draw near. The English lieutenant ordered it back, but Chapin loudly commanded his men to come on board. The lieutenant attempted to draw his sword; Chapin instantly struck him down. Then the guards were soon overpowered, Colonel Chapin took command and headed the boats for Fort Niagara, carrying sixteen prisoners with him.

Having so easily captured Colonel Boerstler, Lieutenant-Colonel Bishopp left Beaver Dams, determined upon a bolder stroke. Learning that the military stores at Black Rock were but poorly defended, he resolved to capture them. On the night of July 10th, he embarked four hundred troops at Chippewa; at daybreak they landed near Scajaquada Creek. The frightened sentinel who guarded the bridge, fled without giving the signal to the artillerymen in the blockhouse, and these slept on while the red-coats marched silently by. When Major Adams' encampment was reached, they found empty tents, the militia having fled. They spiked the guns, fired the blockhouse and barracks, captured a few citizens, and then went on to General Porter's house, where they sat down to breakfast in fancied security.

General Porter had fled to Buffalo for aid. On the way he met Captain Cummings with one hundred regu-
THE BURNING OF BUFFALO.

lars. These were told to await reinforcements which Porter galloped away to collect. He was joined by a company of volunteers, and the flying militia were met and turned back. Farmer's Brother and his braves came to Porter's aid, and soon he had a force of three hundred men.

The Indians stripped for battle but promised to take no scalps. Advancing in three divisions, the Americans began a vigorous attack upon the British, who, meanwhile, had formed in line of battle near Fort Tompkins.* After a sharp engagement of twenty minutes the enemy was routed. Colonel Bishopp was shot. His men broke and made for their boats at the landing. Their loss was one hundred men, while but three Americans were killed and five wounded. The Senecas showed themselves brave under fire, and committed no atrocities after the fight.

At the close of 1813 General McClure was left in charge of the garrison at Fort George. As the terms of enlistment of his men expired they left for home, hence the garrison was so reduced in numbers that, when news reached McClure that a large British force under Colonel Murray was advancing upon Fort George, he despaired of holding it, and determined to retreat to Fort Niagara just across the river. Un-

* A tablet on the Niagara Street railroad barns marks the site of Fort Tompkins. It was erected by the Niagara Frontier Landmarks Association.
THE BURNING OF BUFFALO.

willing to leave such comfortable quarters for the use of the enemy, he partially blew up Fort George and then committed the gravest of blunders. Giving the inhabitants of Newark, the adjoining village, a few hours' notice, he set fire to it. One hundred and fifty homes were cruelly and needlessly destroyed; nearly four hundred people were made homeless. Women and children were left without shelter in mid-winter. He said, in defense, that the War Department authorized the action.

It was not difficult to foresee the dire consequence of such an act. "Retaliation!" was the British cry. "With fire and sword!" said Colonel Murray, and immediately prepared to punish the Americans. Accordingly, on the night of December 18th, he crossed with five hundred British and Indians, landing at Five-mile Meadows. Fearing an attack, McClure left one hundred and fifty regulars at Fort Niagara and then took himself and his men off to Batavia to give his command to General Hall. Captain Leonard, who was left in command at Niagara, had gone to visit his sick wife on the night of the attack. It is impossible to explain why no resistance was made by the garrison which numbered over three hundred able men. So vengeful were the British that many were put to the sword after surrendering.
THE BURNING OF BUFFALO.

A signal gun fired from the fort told the remaining British who were waiting at Queenston under the command of General Riall, that the fort was taken. He immediately brought his force over to Lewiston, where they began to slay and burn, while Murray's men did the same at Youngstown, a village near the captured fort. Riall's Indians spared none. Soon the Ridge Road was thronged with flying men, women and children, some carrying household goods, others glad to have escaped with their lives.

At Fort Schlosser a handful of volunteers under Lieutenant-Colonel Mallory resisted the enemy for two days, but finally gave way. After burning and laying waste every home as far as Tonewanta creek the British returned to Chippewa.

Meanwhile General Hall, at Batavia, hastily gathered what troops he could and marched to Buffalo, arriving on December 26th. Here he found a motley company of about two thousand men, without organization or discipline. Many were drafted militia, not to be depended upon. General Hall effected what hasty organization he could and then waited.

Intense excitement reigned until the 29th of December. The night was dark and it was after midnight when the British, more than one thousand strong,
THE BURNING OF BUFFALO.

landed below Scajaquada creek, commanded by Major-General Riall. They took possession of the bridge and of the Sailors' Battery at that point, and scouts sent out from Black Rock to reconnoitre were promptly captured. Colonels Warren and Churchill of Black Rock were ordered to dislodge them. Colonel Chapin with his mounted militia led the way. No sound discovered to him their whereabouts until a blinding fire at close range dispersed his troops. Warren's men, too, were demoralized and fled. Thinking that the enemy's chief point of attack would be Buffalo, and that the landing of a force at Black Rock was a feint to draw off the defenses from the former place, General Hall hesitated to send a large force down the river. Major Adams was therefore despatched with his militia, but these inexperienced soldiers broke and fled, panic-stricken, to Buffalo and could not again be rallied. Toward morning Colonel Blakeslie was sent with his Ontario county militia, while General Hall followed with the remaining troops, marching down Niagara street. His force was much reduced by desertions and the ineffectual onslaughts of the night. Daylight revealed to him a large army under Lieutenant-General Drummond, crossing to the American shore. A sharp engagement took place near Fort Tompkins. Blakeslie met the English center
THE BURNING OF BUFFALO.

at the water's edge and his militia fought with the steadiness of veterans. The Americans were shelled from both sides of the river and faced a deadly fire in front. Mallory of Fort Schlosser was there with his volunteers and Granger with his Indians. After standing their ground for half an hour and finding themselves greatly outnumbered, the Americans began to retreat toward Buffalo. It was not an orderly retreat and soon it became a rout. The men fled in squads and companies. When they poured into Buffalo, their wives and children joined them with such household goods as they could cart or carry. Soon all the roads leading out of Buffalo were scenes of indescribable confusion and terror. Off they hurried in all sorts of conveyances and on foot, crying, "The Indians are coming!" Some fled out Seneca street, some took the Batavia road, some the ferry,—any way to escape the dreaded savages. Main street (Williamsville road) was filled with a fleeing procession, when suddenly the cry in front, "The Indians are coming!" turned them back toward Seneca street. The savages broke through the woods into North street (the Guide-board road) and came down Main street, howling, shooting, scalping and burning.

Meanwhile two young men named Johnson and Efner had mounted one of Perry's nine-pounders on
THE BURNING OF BUFFALO.
cart wheels and trained it down Niagara street, giving the advancing foe several rounds. Seeing the hopelessness of defense, and wishing to give the villagers more time to escape, Colonel Chapin held up a flag of truce and began a parley with the British commander. He offered to surrender on condition that the inhabitants be protected and private property spared. General Riall accepted these conditions but, finding that Chapin was not in command, he ordered the torch applied and let the Indians loose upon the defenceless population. He found an additional excuse for such conduct in the fact that forty invalid soldiers from the Williamsville hospital were seen marching down Main street to save Buffalo!

The town was soon in flames. At three o'clock the destruction was complete, both at Buffalo and at Black Rock, and the enemy re-crossed the river. A few houses were left standing, and in these the villagers, who returned, found shelter, for the season was mid-winter and the ground covered with snow. On the third day, which was the first of the new year, a party of British and Indians returned to finish the work of devastation. Now only one house,* that of Mrs. St. John on Main street, near Court, a blacksmith shop and the stone jail were left standing. Mrs. St. John had

*A tablet marks the site. It is affixed to the wall of H. A. Meldrums dry goods store.
secured the protection of an officer for herself and her house. Her neighbor, Mrs. Lovejoy, unwise enough to dispute an Indian's right to carry off her goods, was killed and her body burned with her house.

When the now satisfied British had actually departed, a few citizens returned to bury the dead, who numbered upward of forty. Tomahawked and scalped, it was hard to recognize them. All those not claimed by friends were buried in one grave.

Nothing living was left in the town save a cat, which wandered disconsolately about the smouldering ruins of its late home. The following extract is taken from an appeal made by the relief committee of Canandaigua:

"All the settlements in a section forty miles square, and which contained more than twelve thousand souls, are broken up. The distress produced none but an eye-witness can appreciate. Our roads are filled with people reduced from competence to the last degree of want and sorrow. The fugitives were dispersed under circumstances of so much terror that mothers find themselves wandering with strange children. Of the families thus separated, all the members can never meet again in this life, for the violence that made them beggars has also deprived them of their heads."
THE BURNING OF BUFFALO.

This committee raised thirteen thousand dollars, besides clothes and food, for the starving, homeless sufferers; the Legislature gave fifty thousand dollars; Albany and New York City, four thousand dollars; the Holland Land Company, two thousand dollars; and Joseph Ellicott, their agent, gave two hundred dollars.

Contrary to expectation, Buffalo's recovery was rapid. In March, Ralph Pomeroy advertised that he had rebuilt his hotel and was ready for business. In April, 1814, the Gazette announced that Buffalo was rising from her ashes. By May, twenty or more stores, taverns and shops were occupied, and many families lived in temporary shanties, until houses could be built for them.

Little remains to tell of the war save the fact that later in the year Generals Brown, Scott and Porter, with their Indian allies again invaded Canada, captured Fort Erie, bravely resisted a siege there, and, by a celebrated sortie, entirely redeemed the character which our troops lost at the burning of Buffalo.
THE SIEGE OF FORT ERIE, AND
A FAMOUS SORTIE.

The month of July, 1814, was made famous by a succession of exciting events on the Niagara Frontier. On the 3d, Winfield Scott, who, at the early age of thirty, had been made a brigadier-general, assisted by Brigadier-General Ripley, took Fort Erie almost without a blow; on the 5th, Generals Brown, Scott and Porter met the British at Chippewa gaining a decided victory; on the 25th, Scott met them at Lundy's Lane, opposite Niagara Falls, and fought the celebrated battle in the dark, covering himself with glory; in consequence of these brilliant achievements, both Brown and Scott, severely wounded, were slowly recovering at Buffalo.

Now their brave army, much depleted by the great losses sustained in the two battles, and deprived of the inspiring presence of their gallant commanders, retired to Fort Erie, where they were besieged by General Sir Gordon Drummond with a force so greatly outnumbering them, that they could not meet him in the open field.
THE SIEGE OF FORT ERIE, AND

Fort Erie was not meant to stand a prolonged siege. It was slightly constructed of stone and could easily have been reduced by a brisk artillery fire. General Ripley, who was temporarily in command, at once set the men to strengthen it. The Americans took up as strong a position as the circumstances would admit. On two sides of their fortifications was the forest; at the rear the Niagara served as a protection; in front, in the woods, were the British entrenchments, not five hundred yards away, while their camp was at Waterloo, distant about two miles. General Gaines, an experienced officer, came from Sackett's Harbor to take command of the American army during Brown's illness, and he lost no time in throwing up earthworks, building redoubts, and in every way preparing for a long siege. Reinforcements, too, had crossed the river by night so that the Americans soon numbered three thousand, and things looked more hopeful.

General Drummond's first act was to send a considerable force across the river for the purpose of destroying the supplies at Black Rock and Buffalo, and so crippling the resources of the besieged garrison. But he was cleverly outwitted by the commandant at Fort Erie who, anticipating some such action, sent Major Morgan with two hundred and fifty riflemen to lie in
A FAMOUS SORTIE.

wait. Major Morgan removed the planking of the bridge across Scajaquada creek, over which the British intended to cross, and then waited near by, behind a breastwork of logs. Before dawn, on August 3d, the enemy landed just north of the creek, and then boldly and confidently dashed forward over the bridge. Their impetuous advance was suddenly checked, but not before a number had fallen into the creek and were carried down the Niagara. The struggling mass was thrown into worse confusion by the rapid firing of the concealed riflemen. After the column had withdrawn and recovered, they tried to ford the creek farther east, but the watchful Morgan effectually barred their progress, and they were compelled to return to the Canadian shore. This engagement has been called the Battle of Conjockey Creek.

With increased respect for the Americans, General Drummond determined to send for large guns to bombard the fort before making an assault. This gave our men more time to strengthen their defenses, and they went to work with a will. The enemy was not idle. During the day batteries were planted in the woods and at night the trees were cut away in front of them so that the guns might be trained upon the fort. However, when the first two were finished they were found to be
THE SIEGE OF FORT ERIE, AND
too far away to inflict much harm. Skirmish parties frequently sallied out from both lines and many men were killed before the actual siege began. Among these was the gallant Morgan, the hero of Conjackety.

On the thirteenth, the storm of shot and shell began. For two days General Drummond kept up a fierce cannonading, and our fort replied. A shell falling within the fort exploded a magazine, and this called forth loud cheering from the British lines, for they thought that a serious breach had been made. General Gaines felt sure from this and other signs that a night assault would be attempted; therefore, when at nightfall the artillery fire suddenly ceased, he ordered a third of the men to remain on duty while the rest slept upon their arms. The gunners had orders to be prepared, so they loaded their guns to the mouth with grape shot and canister, and hung bags of shot and dark lanterns conveniently near. Then a hundred men under Lieutenant Belknap were sent out on picket duty, and the garrison waited.

To understand what followed, a brief description of the American fortifications will be necessary. The fort originally had two bastions, and two more had been added by the Americans. Earthworks ran from the fort westward to an eminence called Snake Hill, upon which Towson's battery had been planted. Another
line ran to the right ending at Douglass’ Battery, which was near the river. The extreme left and right were singled out for the enemy’s first attack, because they were thought weakest; but the unwelcome visitors had reckoned without their hosts, who had prepared a warm reception.

Rain had fallen all day and the night was inky. The vigilant guard heard no sound until about two o’clock in the morning, when Lieutenant Belknap thought he distinguished the muffled tread of feet, and presently he saw a moving column in the darkness. He fired a signal, and then fell back slowly with his men toward the fort, holding the enemy in check in order to give the gunners time to prime their pieces. Expecting to surprise a sleeping garrison the British had not fired a shot, having received orders to remove their flints and depend on their bayonets only. Their confusion may be imagined when, as they approached, Towson’s Battery and Ripley’s Infantry belched out a sheet of flame that lighted up the night so that Towson’s Battery became known as “Towson’s Lighthouse.” They recoiled, but charged again and again. Then some waded through the river to attack the rear, but Ripley’s Twenty-first Regiment was ready and the river removed them as
fast as they fell. Not able to approach within bayonet distance, the remainder retired.

During this charge a second column was thrown against Douglass' Battery at our right. They, too, were repulsed, leaving their leader and one-third of their men on the field. A third column under Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond moved directly upon the fort carrying scaling-ladders. Though repulsed many times they returned with stubborn courage, and at last, favored by the smoke and darkness, crept close to the walls, planted their ladders and climbed into the north bastion. Crying, "No quarter!" they savagely bayonet the gunners. When Lieutenant McDonough, after being stabbed, asked for quarter, Drummond brutally shot him. Punishment fell speedily; a few minutes later Drummond was himself bayonet and shot.

The guns of the captured bastion were now turned against the fort and all efforts to dislodge the enemy were futile, though bravely and even recklessly made. Indian allies of the British stood ready to rush in and massacre as soon as a breach should be made. Just at this critical moment a wonderful thing happened. With a deafening roar, like thunder, the whole bastion shot high into the air. The magazine under the platform had exploded and carried with it nearly a whole
regiment of red-coats. Some historians think it was accidental; others believe that the dying McDonough threw a lighted fuse into the magazine, preferring to die in this way in order to save the fort. Whatever the cause, the effect was appalling, and the remnant of the besiegers retired, leaving their dead piled high among the debris.

Across the river, all through the night, anxious watchers lined the shore, listening to the terrific artillery battle and watching the flash of cannon. The explosion might mean disaster to our arms, thought they; but when morning broke, a boat approached with the glad tidings of victory. The Americans lost about a hundred men, the British, nearly a thousand.

Both forces spent the following month in strengthening their position and in securing reinforcements. So apprehensive were the Americans of another attack that they slept upon their arms with bayonets fixed. Food, too, was very poor and hard to obtain, the whole Niagara being still a desolate waste; hence, many of our men were soon unfit for duty. Realizing the critical condition of the besieged, and in answer to appeals from Generals Brown and Gaines, the militia of the western counties of the state were called out by the governor. When they arrived at the ruins of Buffalo,
General Porter made an address which caused about fifteen hundred to volunteer to cross the river under his command and raise the siege. They went into camp near Towson's battery on the tenth of September.

The British had not ceased to throw shells, hot shot and rockets into the fort, keeping things lively, so that fatigue duty had become very dangerous. One shell so injured General Gaines that he had to be removed to Buffalo, and General Brown, though far from well, again took command.

The condition of the enemy was worse, if possible, than our own. Rain fell in torrents and their camp became a marsh. Typhoid fever broke out among them and they, like the Americans, were threatened with scarcity of food. They decided, therefore, to hasten matters and end the siege before winter. Since Battery Number One and Battery Number Two, already planted, were so ineffective, they began to erect Battery Number Three within five hundred yards of our lines. This, after its long guns were put into position, was expected to make short work of the fort. Our men dreaded the moment of its completion greatly and tried to hinder its construction which was carried on chiefly after dark. One brave attempt was made by Major Brook who with two friends crept through the
enemies picket line one night, and hung a lantern upon a tree in direct line with the battery to serve as a target for our gunners. Great was the amazement of the British when our guns opened fire upon them in the darkness. It was some time before they discovered the guiding light.

This was only a temporary device; but when the battery was nearly ready Generals Brown and Porter were also ready with the plan of a sortie so daring that it, if successfully carried out, would prove to be the most brilliant military achievement of the war on the Niagara. The plan was this: General Porter with his volunteers and Indians was to make a wide detour through the woods to the left, and fall upon Battery Number Three and destroy it; while General James Miller was to march to the right and destroy Battery Number Two. The two forces were then to co-operate in the destruction of Battery Number One, spike all guns and roughly handle the single brigade which the British usually left on duty.

Whether General Porter deserves the credit of planning this sortie or not, he certainly carried it out most successfully. Roads were cut on the 16th so that the marshes might be avoided. The morning of the 17th was most unpleasant; but when on parade, the men
THE SIEGE OF FORT ERIE

were told of the plan, and an account of the victories at Plattsburg and Lake Champlain was read to them, their enthusiasm was infectious. Red strips of cloth were used as headgear, since none of the volunteers was uniformed and a distinguishing mark was needed. A heavy thunderstorm coming on in the afternoon favored the Americans so that they approached almost within pistol shot of the enemy without being discovered. With a rush and a shout that could be heard at Buffalo, they drove the astonished British back and in half an hour the battery was disabled and its long guns spiked. Miller captured Battery Number One, and in forty minutes the British works were in our hands. Just then reinforcements arrived, the British rallied, and our troops wisely retreated.

Fort Erie was saved. So complete was Drummond's discouragement that he folded his tents and stole away to Chippewa. Our only grief was that among our slain were the gallant officers, General Davis and Lieutenant-Colonel Wood. In November the fort was blown up and the garrison returned to Buffalo. Congress awarded medals to both Brown and Porter.

This sortie was the last and most memorable event of the war on the Niagara Frontier.
THE HERO OF LAKE ERIE.

The War of 1812 is famous in history for the many naval victories won by our brave seamen. It was not on land but upon the water that the United States conquered in the second war with England.

One of the great naval victories won in 1813 was the battle of Lake Erie. The hero of this engagement was Captain Oliver Hazard Perry, a young man only twenty-seven years old. He had received his early training on his father's vessel the U. S. S. General Greene, cruising in the West Indies during the San Domingo trouble, and had later seen service in the Tripolitan war, which was truly a school for the training of heroes.

During the first year of the war (1812), Perry was stationed at Newport, R. I. Hearing that Commodore Chauncey was gathering a naval force upon the Great Lakes, where all the fighting appeared to be taking place, he asked to be allowed to serve under Chauncey. That officer was glad to get so spirited a young man, and immediately assigned to him the command of the fleet on Lake Erie,—a fleet that had, most of it, yet to
be constructed. There were a few boats at Black Rock, among which was the brig *Caledonia*, captured by Lieutenant Elliott at Fort Erie, but these were blockaded by the British batteries across the river.

The building of Perry's fleet was really a wonder. Carpenters, seamen, machinery, sails, guns, etc., had to be sent from New York to Presque Isle (Erie, Pa.) where the ships were building, and there were no railroads and no canal to make the transportation easier.

Perry arrived in Buffalo in March, 1813, having made the journey from Newport by sleigh. In May he hurried from his ship-yard at Presque Isle to co-operate with General Scott in the capture of Forts George and Erie. The fall of these forts raised the blockade and the boats were tracked out of Black Rock harbor to the large fine harbor at Erie, where the rest of the fleet was being made ready.

By the most strenuous exertions, two brigs of twenty tons, a number of gunboats and schooners were built and equipped. By August Perry's flotilla was ready for sailing; but just outside the harbor waited the English fleet under Commodore Barclay, one of Nelson's veterans; and across the harbor's mouth was a bar only seven feet under water, which, while it prevented the British from coming in and destroying the
THE HERO OF LAKE ERIE.

fleet before it was completed, also prevented Perry from taking his two largest vessels out into the lake. Perry now had a fleet of nine vessels, carrying fifty-five guns and about four hundred sixteen men. Barclay had six ships carrying sixty-three guns and about four hundred forty men; but Barclay had the advantage in long guns as will be seen later.

Our hero felt sure that if he could but lighten his ships so as to get out of the harbor he could capture Barclay and his fleet in a day or two; but Barclay watched him like a cat and Perry waited. Suddenly, to Perry's astonishment and relief, the British squadron sailed away across the lake. It was learned that Commodore Barclay had received an invitation to dine with friends on Sunday, and he had taken his fleet with him. The water was smooth, Perry lost no time. Beaching the guns of the largest brig, the Lawrence, he sunk two scows, one on each side of her, and then passing great beams through her portholes, rested the ends upon the scows, thus making "camels" of them. The scows were then pumped out, and as they rose, they lifted the Lawrence with them, but not high enough to carry her over the bar. Again the scows were sunk, but this time the beam ends were blocked high enough to lift the brig free. Through the whole
night the crews labored; by morning the *Lawrence* floated over the bar, followed by the rest of the fleet, just as Barclay again appeared on the scene. The American gunboats kept him off until the guns of the *Lawrence* could be put into place. Then she turned and gave him a broadside from her carronades that made him change his mind and sail away up the lake. Apparently he was not ready for battle.

Perry hunted the British for a month but it was not until September 10th, while at Put-in Bay, that he sighted them again. Barclay was now ready for a battle—the battle which was to determine who should have the mastery of the Lakes.

Captain Perry at once put out to meet him. The day was serene,—a perfect autumn day with a light breeze which favored our ships because of their position. The British ships were formed in battle line, their bands playing “Britannia, rule the waves!” After Perry had drawn up his ships in line, he ran a flag up to the masthead of the *Lawrence*, which bore the words of the brave Captain Lawrence, “Don’t give up the ship!” This was the signal for the attack. It was greeted with cheers from every ship. Then Perry bore down upon the *Detroit* with his flagship the *Lawrence*.

The engagement began about noon, when the *De-
THE HERO OF LAKE ERIE.

troit, Commodore Barclay’s flagship, sent a 24-pounder crashing into the Lawrence. Sailing-master Stephen Champlin, a youth of twenty-four, promptly replied with the 32-pounder of the Scorpion. It was Perry’s plan to have the Niagara engage the Queen Charlotte while he engaged the Detroit. The Scorpion, Ariel, Caledonia, Somers, Porcupine, Tigress and Tripp were to pour their fire into the Chippeway, Hunter, Lady Prevost and Little Belt. For half an hour the fighting was at long range and the English had the advantage because of their superior long guns. Perry, therefore, tried to get near enough to use his carronades. For some unexplained reason Captain Elliott kept the Niagara well out of the fray, and so the British ships turned their attention to the Lawrence, raking her with thirty-two long guns for nearly two hours. At last Captain Elliott brought the Niagara into line but the Lawrence was then past help and almost unmanageable. Her hull was shattered, her spars were gone, her guns dismounted and her gunners all dead. Only fourteen of her crew were left. Her first lieutenant, Yarnall, fought on alone though thrice wounded. Surgeons and chaplain helped Perry fire the last gun.

There was nothing to do but to haul down the flag, and the British cheered wildly, thinking the battle won.
THE HERO OF LAKE ERIE.

But they cheered too soon. When the smoke lifted, they saw Perry standing up in the bow of a row boat, with his flag wrapped round him, while four oarsmen were rowing him rapidly toward the Niagara. He passed within pistol shot of the English ships and his escape was a miracle, for the oars were splintered, the shot spattered about him like hail, and the water boiled with the force of the missiles, covering him with spray; yet he reached the Niagara safely.

He at once sent Captain Elliott to all the American ships in a boat, with orders to fight at close range with grape and canister. Then he hoisted his flag and carried the Niagara right through the British line, raking the six vessels with broadsides right and left. Two of the English ships fouled and Perry promptly luffed across their bows, raking them again. Barclay was badly wounded and could not again bring his now disabled vessel into action. The Queen Charlotte was in as bad a condition and struck her colors first; three others followed; but the Chippeway and Little Belt made an attempt to escape. Stephen Champlin, of the Scorpion, who fired the first shot, and Lieutenant Holdup of the Tripp, showed further gallantry by pursuing and capturing the runaways.

Perry returned to the Lawrence to receive the
THE HERO OF LAKE ERIE.

swords of the English commanders. A feeble cheer greeted him when he stepped aboard his flagship. The cockpit showed a fearful scene of carnage, and Perry's heart was sad even while he penned the triumphant message to Harrison, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

This victory gave the United States the mastery of the Lakes, prevented an Indian invasion, and led to the surrender of Detroit and Michigan. Congress voted Perry a gold medal and promoted him to the command of the frigate Java.

While we honor him for his bravery let us not forget the nameless heroes who gave up life and limb to make this victory possible.
THE ERIE CANAL.

It was in the summer of 1810 that Dewitt Clinton with six other Canal Commissioners traveled across New York state to find the best route for the Erie Canal. Mr. Clinton's party started from Albany, July 3d, going by water from Schenectady to Geneva, and finishing the journey to Buffalo by land, arriving August 4th, having taken thirty-two days to make a trip that is now made in six hours!

While on the way Mr. Clinton kept an interesting journal some extracts from which will show you the mode of travel, the nature of the country, and the conditions of trade before the day of railroads or canals. He writes as follows:

"July 3d. We set out in carriages for Schenectady, where we found that Mr. Eddy had neglected to give directions about providing boats and that Mr. Walton, the undertaker, who is extensively engaged in transporting commodities and merchandise up and down the river, had notice of our wishes only yesterday. . . . He had purchased a batteau and had hired another for our baggage. It being necessary to caulk and paint the
THE ERIE CANAL.

boats, to erect an awning for our protection against rain and sun, and to prepare a new set of sails, we had no very sanguine hope of gratifying our earnest desire to depart in the morning.

July 4th. On consulting with Mr. Walton, he informed us that this being a day of great festivity, it would be almost impracticable to drag the men away. . . . We therefore pressed the workmen with great assiduity, and embarked at four o'clock in the afternoon. Our boat was covered with a handsome awning and curtains, and well provided with seats. The Commissioners who embarked with me were Simeon Dewitt, Thomas Eddy and Peter B. Porter [of Black Rock]. Gouverneur Morris and Stephen Van Rensselaer agreed to make the jaunt by land.

A crowd of people attended us, and gave three parting cheers. The wind was fair, and with our handsome awning, flags flying and large sail, followed by another boat, we made no disreputable appearance. We discovered that our mast was too high, and our boat being without ballast, we were not well calculated to encounter heavy and sudden gusts. These boats are not safe for lake navigation, although they frequently venture. The river [Mohawk] was uncommonly low. Goods to the value of fifty thousand dollars were detained in the
warehouses on account of the difficulty of transportation. After sailing a couple of miles a bend of the river brought the wind in our faces. Our men took to their poles, and pushed us up against a rapid current, with great dexterity and great muscular exertion. The approach of evening, and the necessity of sending back to Schenectady for some things that were left, induced us to come to for the night, at Willard's tavern, three miles from the place of departure.

July 5th. We rose with the sun but were detained until nine o'clock. In the course of the day we passed three boats and a raft. The general run to Utica and return is nine days. Between fifteen and sixteen miles from Schenectady we passed the first settlement made by Sir William Johnson in this country.

We dined on board the boat, and, after a hard day's work, arrived at Cook's tavern. The wind was violently adverse, and the rapids frequent and impetuous. The Morris [baggage boat] staid about a mile behind, which was no favorable indication."

The defection of the Morris must have been a serious inconvenience to the distinguished travelers since it contained a ton and a half of baggage and provisions,
THE ERIE CANAL.

Together with a mattress, a blanket and a pillow for each Commissioner.

The journal goes on to tell that they breakfasted at
a log house, walked around Kater's rapids to lighten
their boats, slept four in a room at the tavern and
found flies in their custard! They shot a bittern,
speared a turtle, and some fish, intending to cook a meal
on shore, but a violent thunderstorm made them sit
under their awning and eat a cold luncheon instead.

On the eighth they reached Little Falls, which Mr.
Clinton describes as a village containing thirty or forty
houses, several stores and a church; fully as large and
flourishing a place as others which have long since far
outstripped it in size. The falls in the river afforded
good mill sites, probably the cause of the settlement.
Here also began a system of short canals around the
falls which the Inland Lock Navigation Co. had built,
extending as far west as Rome. The company's in-
come in one year was sixteen thousand dollars in lock-
age at Little Falls alone. One boat which they met had
paid sixteen dollars and a half at Rome where it passed
through two locks. The toll-taker estimated that a
million dollars worth of produce and manufactured
goods annually passed through these locks. Such facts
as these must have proved to the Commissioners, had

153
THE ERIE CANAL.

they needed such proof, how valuable to the people would be a continuous canal with reasonable charges.

At Utica Mr. Clinton found that produce was being carried by land from Utica to Albany for eight shillings per one hundred pounds, while by water the charges were six shillings. Farmers paid their debts to merchants by conveying goods for them in seasons when teams were not needed on the farm. Utica was reached on July 9th, and found to be a flourishing village, containing three hundred houses, a bank, several churches and a post office. There were about sixteen hundred inhabitants, and two newspapers flourished there. Double building lots which sold at from four hundred to eight hundred dollars were considered extravagantly high. Mr. Clinton thought some of the houses uncommonly elegant. A cheesemaker was visited who cleared upwards of a thousand dollars a year—a fabulous sum in those times.

Farther on, they came to a cotton spinning factory. Rome, they found, contained seventy houses and had a canal one and three-fourths miles long around the falls. Mr. Clinton was told that the freshets sweep away all the improvements made by the Canal Company. The Commissioners dined in "a large double three-story frame building called the Hotel!" At Oneida lake they
THE ERIE CANAL.

found deer, salmon and bass plentiful, but the water was full of fever germs. Near Salina (Syracuse) the sounds, odors and vermin of the tavern drove them to sleep in a tent in the woods. Here the salt boats had to unload half their cargoes in order to get over the rapids, and rafts were detained four weeks by low water.

They arrived at the Falls of Oswego July 16th. There was a carrying place of a mile here. At the landings were about fifteen thousand barrels of salt. Carriage was one shilling a barrel. Loaded boats could not safely descend the falls, but light ones were conducted over for one dollar. The commerce in salt was great, the wharves being covered with barrels of it. In 1808 nineteen thousand barrels were shipped, and three thousand were not carried for want of vessels. They told Mr. Clinton that thirty thousand barrels would be sent to Canada that year. Salt sold for one dollar and a half at Salina, but cost nine dollars when it reached Pittsburg because transportation was so slow and expensive, and could be carried on only six months in the year.

From Oswego the party continued to Geneva by way of Oswego and Seneca rivers, passing through the
miasms of Cayuga marsh, walking around falls, lodging in various uncomfortable taverns, and suffering the attacks of fleas, musquitoes and other vermin.

At Geneva they sold their boat and made the remainder of the journey by wagon. Genesee Falls (Rochester) they found to be a great business center, it having that season sent to Montreal one thousand barrels of flour, the same of pork and potash, and more than one hundred thousand staves. The transportation charges on the staves was ninety dollars a thousand—nine cents apiece!

Striking the Ridge Road at the Genesee, they followed it to Lewiston. Here they discovered that the only means of transportation around the falls of Niagara was a three-yoke ox-team, which made but one trip a day. When we read this we are not surprised to learn, also, that the price of salt was raised from three and one-half dollars at Lewiston to four and one-half dollars at Black Rock. Nor do we wonder that this article served in the place of money for the payment of debts.

Now the party was nearing Buffalo and Mr. Clinton's journal concludes with the following entry:

"Aug. 4th. At Black Rock we saw a great number
THE ERIE CANAL.

of barrels of salt and several square-rigged vessels, and had a beautiful view of Lake Erie.

We arrived in the evening at Buffalo or New Amsterdam, and put up at Landon's tavern, where we were indifferently accommodated.

Aug. 5th. Buffalo village contains from thirty to forty houses, the court-house of Niagara county, built by the Holland Land Company, several stores and taverns and a post office. It is a place of great resort. All persons that travel to the western states and Ohio from the eastern states and all that visit the Falls of Niagara, come this way. A half-acre lot sells for from one hundred to two hundred fifty dollars. Buffalo Creek runs in from the east between the village and the lake. It is a deep stream, ten rods wide, and has a large bar at its mouth. It is navigable for five miles. There are five lawyers and no church in the village. . . . The great need in the land of the Holland Company is water. In the village of Buffalo, the whole village is supplied by hogsheads from a spring. We saw several dry mills. The population has doubled in a year. . . We rode on the beach of the lake to Black Rock. A ferry and tavern are kept at the upper landing and a store by Porter, Barton & Co. . . . The country is well cultivated and settled. We passed a store with
THE ERIE CANAL.

three inscriptions on its sign, in English, French and German. Store, in English; Boutique, in French. This indicates the nationality of the settlers in its vicinity. . . . At Black Rock we left Mr. Geddes to commence his surveys, and parted from Colonel Porter with great regret."

Such were the difficulties of travel and transportation between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic seaboard. All trade was with Montreal or Baltimore, since these places were best reached by water. The inducements to settle in the interior of the state or of opening the great West, were small, as the settlers had no market for their wares.

As early as 1800, Gouverneur Morris and others had spoken of a waterway to the Great Lakes, and in 1807 a series of essays were written by Jesse Hawley for the Genesee Messenger, in which he described a canal from Buffalo to Utica, and estimated the cost, thus familiarizing people with the thought. Nature had cut a series of waterways and valleys to indicate the best route; James Geddes* surveyed it in 1809; and now the Canal Commissioners, having traveled over the route, reported their approval of it, and suggested to the Legislature that New York get aid from Congress to dig

* He received the small sum of six hundred dollars for the survey.
THE ERIE CANAL.

this canal, which, they saw, would benefit the whole nation.

President Madison and Congress did not see its benefit so clearly, therefore, in 1812, it was decided that New York should borrow money from Europe and build the canal alone. Just then the second war with England broke out and New York State had other things to think of. When the war was over (1815) Dewitt Clinton, to whom most credit is due for the construction of the Erie Canal, began a lively agitation of the subject. He met with much opposition, especially in New York city. Clinton’s Memorial to the Legislature called forth all manner of abuse. It was said that Clinton’s “Big Ditch” would be filled with “the tears of posterity,” and that his idea was about as sane as a proposition to build a canal to the moon. He persevered, however, and at last a bill was passed by the Legislature, ordering the construction of the canal.

It was begun at Rome, July 4th, 1817, amid great rejoicing, for the people along the route knew its value to them. While cannon boomed and people cheered, Judge Richardson, the first contractor, broke ground for the middle section, which was to extend from Utica westward to Montezuma, near Cayuga lake. Three years later this part was finished and put to use. In
gratitude for his efforts the people of the state elected Dewitt Clinton governor. Now the enthusiasm spread and the eastern section was begun. Wealthy farmers worked on the canal at seventy-five cents a day, and were glad to help the good work forward. Convicts were turned out of prisons and set to digging.

In 1823 the Albany section was finished, and there was a great celebration at its opening; but the hardest part, the western section, was still to be done. The Buffalo end was begun August, 1823, near the Commercial street bridge. Here, too, the ground was broken to the strains of music and the rattle of drums, while cannon roared their approval. In October, 1825, the last and most difficult part was finished, namely, the cutting of the Lockport ridge.

On the morning of October 26th, 1825, the people of the state were notified that their canal was completed. There was in those days no telegraph nor other means by which news could be conveyed rapidly; but an ingenious device had been arranged for carrying this joyful intelligence. The cannon which had won Perry's famous victory on Lake Erie, were made to celebrate this great peace-victory. Guns had been placed along the tow-path and down the Hudson, at such distances apart that they could be fired one after
THE ERIE CANAL.

another, at intervals of one minute. Thus, the glad message was sent from Buffalo at ten o'clock in the morning by the firing of a great 32-pounder on the Terrace, and gun after gun took it up, until it reached the forts in New York Harbor, which boomed it clear out to Sandy Hook, where rolls the great Atlantic. The return salute reached Buffalo three hours later, having traveled eleven hundred miles.

The rejoicing which followed was such as had never before been known in the history of New York State. Some extracts from the newspapers of the day will give you an idea of the feelings of the people on this great occasion:

Rochester Telegraph, Oct. 18, 1825:
"The wedding of the waters of Lake Erie with those of the Hudson is to be solemnized on the 26th inst., and we are happy to observe that the marriage feasts are making ready in every part of the state. A banquet will be prepared in our own village, and servants have gone forth to invite many guests. As the conclusion of the gigantic work draws near, the enthusiasm of the public spreads far and wide. Loud and deep will be the shouts of triumph which rend the air when the signal gun announces the work completed."
THE ERIE CANAL.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, Oct. 26, 1825:

"At twenty minutes past eleven o'clock this morning the joyful intelligence was proclaimed to our citizens, by the roar of artillery, that the great, the gigantic work of uniting the upper lakes with the ocean was completed; and exactly an hour and twenty minutes before, the first boat from Lake Erie had entered the canal and commenced its voyage to New York.

This proud intelligence having been communicated in the same manner to Sandy Hook and notice of its reception returned to the City, the return salute was commenced at Fort Lafayette by a national salute at twenty-two minutes past eleven o'clock, and the sounds of our rejoicing sent roaring and echoing along the mountains and among the Highlands back to Buffalo where it was doubtless received before this paper went to press."

In Colden's Memoir which was published in honor of the event we read this account:

"The completion of the Erie Canal was announced to us by the sound of cannon on the 26th of last month, and to-morrow we shall witness the arrival of a Canal boat from Buffalo, after an internal navigation of five hundred thirteen miles. She will have passed three
THE ERIE CANAL.

hundred sixty-three miles on one continued, uninterrupted artificial canal, forty feet wide on the surface, twenty-eight at the bottom, with four feet depth of water. She will have passed through eighty-three locks, built of massive stone . . . and she will, when she reaches Albany, have descended five hundred fifty-five feet; but her ascent and her descent in the course of her voyage will have been six hundred sixty-two feet.”

But the grand salute of signal guns was by no means the only celebration of the opening of the great waterway. On that famous twenty-sixth of October the little village of Buffalo was a busy place. First there was a procession on Main street, with Governor Clinton, the Lieutenant-Governor and other distinguished men of the state in carriages. Then they all marched to the canal where a little flotilla of canal boats waited to convey the governor and his party from Lake Erie to the Atlantic. Just as the boats were ready to start the first gun of the grand salute just described, was fired from the Terrace. The boats glided away eastward and Buffalo continued to celebrate, listening to an oration by Sheldon Smith and ending with a great dinner and ball at the Eagle tavern.
THE ERIE CANAL.

Meanwhile Governor Clinton and his party were traveling toward New York in the boat Seneca Chief, drawn by four gaily dressed gray horses. There were three other boats in the little fleet. One was called Noah's Ark because it carried all sorts of animals in pairs. In this boat were also two Indian boys. Two kegs of Lake Erie water were taken to be poured into the Atlantic with appropriate ceremonies, in token that communication was opened between the Lakes and the ocean. Dr. Mitchell had succeeded in securing bottles of water from the chief rivers of Europe, Asia, Africa and South America, to pour in, to signify a world-wide commerce. The home industries of the West were represented by potashes from Detroit, Sandusky, Erie and Buffalo.

Down the long canal went the flotilla stopping at every village on the way and everywhere warmly received. When it passed through the locks at Lockport, the earth trembled with the discharge of artillery and the blasting of rock. At Rochester the Lion of the West carrying wolves, foxes, raccoons, butter, apples, pails and brooms, joined the flotilla. At Utica all on board the boats landed and attended church, where a thanksgiving service was held.
THE ERIE CANAL.

Great preparations had been made at Albany. Here a fleet was ready to replace the gray horses and tow the boats down the river. They reached New York November second. The celebration in the metropolis almost passed description. There was a great aquatic parade with miles of boats in line. This immense fleet proceeded to Sandy Hook, the Seneca Chief receiving several national salutes on the way. Even the British vessels in the harbor saluted her. The bells of the city were rung for an hour, morning, noon and night.

At Sandy Hook, surrounded by a fleet three miles in circumference, Governor Clinton mingled the waters of Lake Erie with those of the ocean, speaking as follows:

"The solemnity at this place on the first arrival of vessels from Lake Erie is intended to indicate and commemorate the navigable communication which has been accomplished between our Mediterranean seas and the Atlantic Ocean, in about eight years to the extent of more than four hundred twenty-five miles by the wisdom, public spirit and energy of the people of the State of New York; and may the God of the Heaven and of the Earth smile most propitiously on this work and render it subservient to the best interests of the human race."
THE ERIE CANAL.

Then came a land procession in which all the trades and occupations were represented, and the day closed with a brilliant illumination and fireworks.

General Lafayette was not forgotten although he was far away. A bottle of the water from the casks was sent him as a compliment.

On the return trip Judge Wilkinson of Buffalo brought back a cask of ocean water, which he poured into Lake Erie, November 23d, with appropriate ceremonies, the grand celebration thus ending nearly a month after it began.

Now, as to the greatness of the undertaking. It should be remembered that the canal was dug through three hundred sixty miles of wild country where deer and wolves still roamed and settlers were few and poor. Eighty-three stone locks each fifteen feet wide and ninety feet long, were built for lifting the boats around the falls and rapids of which Mr. Clinton spoke in his journal. Aqueducts to the extent of one thousand six hundred fifty feet were thrown across rivers, and they rested on stone arches. The Cayuga marshes were dug through, reeking with typhus, where half the men fell ill. In some places the canal was built through the rivers. Near Rochester an embankment seventy feet high and a mile long was built, and near Lockport a
THE ERIE CANAL.

great ridge, three miles of solid rock, thirty feet deep, had to be pierced. Remembering these difficulties it is astonishing that the work was accomplished in eight years and at a cost of only a little over seven and one-half million dollars.

A canal fund was created by placing a tax on salt, on lotteries, on auction sales, on lands lying along the canal, and on passengers traveling on the Hudson. Some of these taxes were never collected, but the salt industry, which was so greatly benefited, paid the major part of the cost of the canal.

There was a long and fierce debate on the question whether the western terminus of the canal should be at Buffalo or at Black Rock. Buffalo had no harbor, a sandbar obstructing the mouth of the creek. At a meeting held by the Commissioners in Buffalo, in 1822, General Peter B. Porter spoke for Black Rock while Samuel Wilkinson presented the claims of Buffalo. The Commissioners finally chose Buffalo because, as the report says, "The waters in Lake Erie are higher than at Bird Island, and every inch gained in elevation will produce a saving in the expense of excavating."

When the canal was finished, besides the freight boats, regular passenger boats, known as packets, drawn by three fast-trotting horses, came into use. The
THE ERIE CANAL.

fare was four cents a mile or fourteen dollars to Albany, and included board. A trip to New York cost eighteen dollars and took six days,—a great improvement on Dewitt Clinton's journey of thirty-two days.

It must have seemed a rapid and dangerous journey to the settler of the times to judge by the following taken from a traveler's journal:

"Commending my soul to God and asking His defense from danger, I stepped aboard the canal-boat and was soon flying toward Utica."

Since 1825 the canal has been widened and deepened and improved in many ways; but no one can deny that the little four-foot-deep "ditch" was the maker of New York state and the savior of the West. Let me quote the closing words of Cadwallader Colden in his celebrated Canal Memoir:

"American can never forget to acknowledge that we have built the longest canal, in the least time, with the least experience, for the least money, and to the greatest public benefit."
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