In July, 1808, there were but four attorneys in Niagara county, as we learn from a letter of Juba Storrs, a young man bred to the law, who was preparing to go into practice at Buffalo, but soon abandoned the intention. Of these Walden was one, and the others were probably Bates Cooke of Lewiston, and John Root and Jonas Harrison of Buffalo.

Immediately after the formation of the new counties, the Holland Company began the erection of a frame court-house in the middle of Onondaga (now Washington) street Buffalo, directly in front of the site of what this generation has known as the "Old Court House," which was built five or six years later. The company gave half an acre of land, lying in a circle around the new structure, to the county. It was finished in 1809.

The first court was held in Landon's tavern in June, 1808. No record of the proceedings remains, but at the session in November, 1808, an indictment was presented which survived all the accidents of war and time, and was still on file in Erie county clerk's office, just previous to the latest removal of the records. It charged five men, described as "laborers of the town of Erie," with stealing a cow in 1806. As the "town of Erie" had ceased to exist when the indictment was found, the description must have referred to the time when the crime was committed.

The document was commendably brief, containing only a hundred and one words. Peter Vandeventer was foreman of the grand jury. The district attorney was William Stewart, of one of the eastern counties, for the territory in charge of a single district attorney then extended more than half way to Albany.

CHAPTER XIV.

PIONEERS AND INDIANS.

Poverty — An Aristocratic Mansion — A Horse Bedstead — Oxen — A Raising — Clearing Land — The Logging Bee — The Rail Fence — The Barn — The Well — The Sweep — Browse — Sheep and Wolves — Sugar-Making — Money Scarce — Wheat and Tea — Potash — Social Life — Schools — The Husking Bee — Buffalo Society — Indians — Describing a Tavern — Old King and Young Smoke — Anecdotes of Red Jacket.

WE have now shown the general course of events, as accurately as we could, down to a time when settlement had got pretty well started in Erie county. Still everything was in the rudest form, and the daily lives of the settlers was of the very hardest description. We have not gone into details to any great extent because the experiences of the various pioneers very closely resembled each other.

The object of this chapter is to consolidate those experiences and give a general idea of what pioneering was in Erie county in its earliest stages.

In the first place, it may be said roundly that all the early settlers of this county, as of the whole Holland Purchase, were extremely poor. The exceptions were of the rarest. Over and over again Mr. Ellicott mentions, in his letters to the general agent, the absolute necessity of making sales with little or no advance payment. Over and over again we find men buying from one to two hundred acres of land, the amount paid down being twenty dollars, ten dollars, five dollars, and even a still smaller sum.

The structures under which the earliest settlers sheltered themselves and their families often hardly rose even to the dignity of log houses. They were frequently mere cabins of small logs, (there not being help enough to handle large ones,) covered with bark. Sometimes there was a floor of split logs, or "puncheons," sometimes none. A log house sixteen feet square, with a shingle roof, a board floor, and a window containing six lights of glass, was a decidedly stylish residence, and its owner was in some danger of being disliked as a bloated aristocrat.

The furniture was as primitive as the houses. Sometimes a featherbed was brought on an ox-cart to the new home, sometimes not. Bedsteads were still rarer, and chairs pertained only to the higher classes. Substitutes for the latter were made by splitting a slab out of a log, boring four holes in the corners, and inserting four legs hewn out of the same tree.

A bedstead was almost as easily constructed. Two poles were cut, one about six feet long and the other three. One end of each was inserted in an auger-hole, bored in a log at the proper distance from the corner of the house; the other ends were fastened to a post which formed the corner of the structure. Other poles were fastened along the logs, and the frame was complete. Then, if the family was well off and owned a bed cord, it was strung upon the poles; if not, its place was supplied by strips of bark from the nearest trees. This was called by some a "horse bedstead," and by some a "Holland Purchase bedstead."

Usually the emigrant brought a small stock of provisions with him, for food he knew he must have. These, however, were frequently exhaused before he could raise a supply. Then he had to depend on the precarious resource of wild game, or on what his labor could obtain from his scarcely more fortunate neighbors.

Even after a crop of corn had been raised, there still remained the extreme difficulty of getting it ground. But in this case, as in so many others, necessity was the mother of invention. A fire being built in the top of a stump, a hollow of the size of a half-bushel basket would be burned out and then scraped clean. Then the pioneer would hew out a rude wooden pestle, fasten it to a "spring-pole," and secure the latter to a neighboring tree. With this primeval grist-mill, corn could be reduced to a coarse meal. When there were several families in a neighborhood, one such machine would serve them all. It was sometimes called a "plumping mill."

Another way was to flatten a beech log, hollow it out, fit a block into the hollow and turn the block with a lever.

The clothes of both men and women for the first few years were such as they brought from their former homes. If these were plentiful, the owners were comfortable; if scanty, they were patched till their original material was lost beneath the overlying amendments.

When the emigrant was unmarried, he frequently came on foot and alone, with only an ax on his shoulder, selected a location miles away from the nearest settler, put him up the rudest kind of a cabin, and for awhile kept bachelor's hall, occasionally visiting some friendly matron to have his bread baked or his clothes repaired.

When a family came it was almost invariably behind a yoke of oxen. These patient animals were the universal resource of the first pioneers of Western New York. Cheap, hardy, and far better adapted than horses to the terrible roads of those days, they possessed the further advantage of being always transmissible into beef, in case of accident to them or scarcity in the family. During the first few years of its settlement, probably not one family in ten came into Erie county with a span of horses.

New comers were always warmly welcomed by their predecessors, partly doubtless from native kindness, and partly because each new arrival helped to redeem the forest from its forbidding loneliness, and added to the improvements already made.

If there were only two or three settlers in the locality, the emigrant's family was sheltered by one of them until a bark-covered cabin could be erected; if there were eight or ten, preparations were made for a more substantial *mansion*, and ere long a notice was sent to all around of a house-raising on a specified day. On that day, perhaps only a dozen men would be collected from as many square miles, but all of them able to handle their axes as easily as the deftest clerk flourishes his pen.

Suitable trees had already been felled, and logs cut, from twelve to sixteen feet long, according to the wealth and pretensions of the builder. These were drawn by oxen to the desired point, and four of the largest selected as a foundation.

Four of the most active and expert men were designated to build the corners. They began by cutting a kind of saddle at the ends of two of the logs; a space about a foot long being shaped like the roof of a house. Notches to fit these saddles were cut in the other logs and then they were laid upon the first ones. The operation was repeated again and again, the four axemen rising with the building, and shaping the logs handed up to them by their comrades.

Arrived at a height of six or eight feet, rafters made of poles from the forest were placed in position, and if a supply of ash "shakes," (rough shingles three feet long,) had been provided, the roof was at once constructed, the gable-ends being formed of logs, successively shortened to the pinnacle. Then a place for a door was sawed out and another for a window, (if the proprietor aspired to such a convenience,) and the principal work of the architects was done.

They were usually cheered in their labors and rewarded at the close of them by the contents of a whisky jug; for it must have been a very poor neighborhood indeed in which a few quarts of that article could not be obtained on great occasions. Sometimes the proprietor obtained rough boards and made a door, but often a blanket served that purpose during the first summer. There being no brick, he built a fire-place of stone, finishing it with a chimney composed of sticks, laid up cob-house fashion, and well plastered with mud.

The finishing touches were given by the owner himself; then, if the family had brought a few pots and kettles with them they were ready to commence house-keeping.

The next task was to clear a piece of land. If the pioneer had arrived very early in the season, he might possibly get half an acre of woods out of the way so as to plant a little corn the same spring. Usually, however, his ambition was limited to getting three or four acres ready for winter wheat by the first of September. To do this he worked early and late, fortunate if he was not interrupted by the ague or some other sickness.

The first thing of course was to fell the trees, but even this was a work of science. It was the part of the expert woodsman to make them all lie in one direction, so they could be easily rolled together. Then they were cut into logs from fourteen to eighteen feet long, and the brush was cut up and piled. When the latter had become dry it was fired, and the land quickly burned over, leaving the blackened ground and charred logs.

Next came the logging. When the piece was small the pioneer would probably take his oxen, change works so as to obtain a couple of helpers, and the three would log an acre a day, one driving a team and two using handspikes, and thus dragging and rolling the logs into piles convenient for burning. The first dry weather these, too, were fired, the brands watched and heaped together, and when all were consumed the land was ready for the plough.

Even an ordinary day in the logging field was a sufficiently sooty and disagreeable experience, but was as nothing compared with a "logging bee." When a large tract was to be logged, the neighbors were invited from far and near to a bee. Those who had oxen brought them, the others provided themselves with cant-hooks and hand-spikes. The officer of the day, otherwise the "boss," who was usually the owner of the land, gave the necessary directions, designating the location of the different heaps, and the work began. The charred and blackened logs were rapidly drawn, (or "snaked," as the term was,) alongside the heap, and then the hand-spike brigade quickly rolled them on top of it. Another and another was dragged up in rapid succession, the handspike-men being always ready to put it right if it caught against an obstacle. As it tore along the ground, the black dust flew up in every direction, and when a collision occurred, the sooty zephyrs arose in treble volume.

Soon every man was covered with a thick coat of black, involving clothes, hands and face in darkness which no mourning garb ever equalled. But the work went on with increasing speed. The different gangs caught the spirit of rivalry, and each trio or quartette strove to make the quickest trips and the highest pile. It is even said by old loggers that the oxen would get as excited as the men, and would "snake" their loads into place with ever-increasing energy.

Teams that understood their business would stand quiet while the chain was being hitched, then spring with all their might, taking a bee-line to the log-heap, and halt as soon as they came abreast of it. They had not the benefit, either, of the stimulus applied to the men, for the whisky jug was in frequent circulation.

Faster and faster sped the men and teams to and fro, harder strained the handspike heroes to increase the pile, higher flew the clouds of dust and soot. Reckless of danger, men sprang in front of rolling logs, or bounded over them as they went whirling among the stumps. Accidents sometimes happened, but those who have been on the scene express wonder that half the necks present were not broken.

As the day draws to a close a thick cloud covers the field, through which are seen a host of sooty forms, four-legged ones with horns and two-legged ones with handspikes, pulling, running, lifting, shouting, screaming, giving the most vivid idea of pandemonium that a farmer's life ever offers, until night descends, and the tired yet still excited laborers return to their homes, clothed in blackness, and the terror of even the most careless of housewives. But the work is done.

To sow the land with winter wheat was, in most cases, the next move. A patch might be reserved for corn and potatoes, but spring wheat was a very rare crop.

The next absolute necessity was a fence. The modern system of dispensing with that protection was unknown and undreamed of. Probably the records of every town organized in the Holland Purchase, down to 1850, would show that at its first town meeting an ordinance was passed, providing that horses and horned cattle should be free commoners. Hogs, it was usually voted, should not be free commoners, while sheep held an intermediate position, being sometimes allowed the liberty of the road, and sometimes doomed to the seclusion of the pasture.

Occasionally, a temporary fence was constructed by piling large brush along the outside of the clearing, but this was a poor defense against a steer that was really in earnest, and was held in general disfavor as a sign of "shiftlessness," that first of sins to the Yankee mind.

The universal reliance, and the pride of the pioneer's heart, was the old-fashioned "Virginia rail fence." Not long ago it would have been an absurdity for an Erie county writer to say anything in the way of description about an institution so well known as that. It might perhaps do to omit any mention of it now. But if any copies of this book should last for thirty years, the readers of that day will all want to know why the author failed to describe that curious crooked fence, made of split logs, which they will have heard of but never seen. Even now it is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, under the combined influences of cattle-restraining laws and the high price of timber.

One of the most important things which the emigrant looked out for in selecting a farm was an ample supply of oak, elm, ash, or walnut, for rail-making purposes. Then, when winter had put an end to other work, laden with axe, and beetle, and iron wedge, and wooden wedge, he tramped through the snow to the big trees, and perhaps for months did little else than convert them into great, three-cornered rails, twelve feet long, and facing six or eight inches on each side.

In the spring these were laid in fence, the biggest at the bottom, one end of each rail below and the other above, and each "length" of fence forming an obtuse angle with that on either side. Four and a half feet was the usual height prescribed by the town ordinances, but the farmer's standard of efficiency was an "eight-rail fence, staked and ridered." The last two adjectives denoted that two stout stakes were driven into the ground and crossed above the eighth rail, at each corner, while on the crotch thus formed was laid the biggest kind of a rail, serving at once to add to the height and to keep the others in place. Such a fence would often reach the height of seven feet, and prove an invincible obstacle to the hungry horse, the breachy ox, and even to the wild and wandering bull.

After the pioneer had got his log house, his piece of clearing and his fence, the next thing was a barn. An open shed was generally made to suffice for the cattle, which were expected to stand cold as well as a salamander is said to endure fire. But with the gathering of harvests came the necessity for barns, and, though log ones were sometimes erected, it was so difficult to make them large enough that frame barns were built as soon as circumstances would possibly permit, and long before frame houses were aught but distant possibilities.

All were of substantially the same pattern, differing only in size. The frame of the convenient forest timber, scored and hewed by the ready hands of the pioneer himself, and roughly fitted by some frontier carpenter, the sides enclosed with pine boards without battening, the top covered with shingles, a threshing floor and drive-way in the center, with a bay for hay on one side, and a little stable room on the other, surmounted by a scaffold for grain—such was the Erie county barn in 1808, and it has changed less than any other adjunct of the farm, though battened and painted sides, and basement stables, are becoming more common every year.

Generally preceding the barn if there was no spring convenient, but otherwise slightly succeeding it, was the well. The digging of this, like almost everything else, was done by the proprietor himself, with the aid of his boys, if he had any large enough, or of a neighbor to haul up the dirt. Its depth of course depended on the location of water, but that was generally to be found in abundant quantity and of good quality at from ten to twenty feet.

Excellent round stone was also abundant, and the settlers were never reduced to the condition of those western pioneers who are obliged, (to use their own expression,) to stone up their wells with cotton-wood plank.

The well being dug and stoned up, it was completed for use by a superstructure which was then universal, but is now almost utterly a thing of the past. A post ten or twelve inches in diameter and some ten feet high, with a crotched top, was set in the ground a few feet from the well. On a stout pin, running through both arms of the crotch, was hung a heavy pole or "sweep," often twenty feet long, the larger end resting on the ground, the smaller one rising in air directly over the well. To this was attached a smaller pole, reaching to the top of the well. At the lower end of this pole hung the bucket, the veritable "old oaken bucket, that hung in the well," and the process of drawing water consisted in pulling down the small end of the sweep till the bucket was filled, and then letting the butt end pull it out, with some help. If the pioneer had several small children, as he generally had, a board curb, about three feet square and two and a half high, usually ensured their safety.

The whole formed, for a long time, a picturesque and far-seen addition to nearly every door-yard in Erie county. Once in a great while some wealthy citizen would have a windlass for raising water, but for over a quarter of a century after the first settlements a farmer no more thought of having a pump than of buying a steam engine.

It took longer for the pioneer to get a meadow started than to raise a crop of grain. Until this was done, the chief support of his cattle in winter was "browse," and for a long time after it was their partial dependence. Day after day he went into the woods, felled trees—beech, maple, birch, etc.—and drove his cattle thither to feed on the tender twigs. Cattle have been kept through the whole winter with no other food. Even in a much more advanced state of settlement, "browse" was a frequent resource to eke out slender stores, or supply an unexpected deficiency.

In the house the food consisted of corn-bread or wheat-bread, according to the circumstances of the householder, with pork as the meat of all classes. Beef was an occasional luxury.

Wild animals were not so abundant near the reservations as elsewhere. They were most numerous in the southern part of the county. The Indians kept them pretty well hunted down in their neighborhood, though they had a rule among themselves forbidding the young men from hunting within several miles of their village, in order to give the old men a chance.

Venison was frequently obtained in winter, but the settlers of Erie county were generally too earnestly engaged in opening farms to be very good hunters. Sometimes, too, a good fat bear was knocked over, but pork was the universal stand by. Nobody talked about *trichinæ spiralis* then.

Nearly everybody above the very poorest grade brought with him a few sheep and a cow. The latter was an invaluable resource, furnishing the only cheap luxuries the family enjoyed, while the sheep were destined to supply their clothing. But the keeping of these was up-hill work. Enemies lurked in every hillside, and often after bringing a little flock for hundreds of miles, and protecting them through the storms of winter, the pioneer would learn from their mangled remains that the wolves had taken advantage of one incautious night to destroy them all. Wolves were the foes of sheep, and bears of hogs. The latter enemies, however, could generally be defeated by keeping their prey in a good, stout pen, near the house. But sheep must be let out to feed, and would sometimes stray so far as to be left out over night; and then woe to the captured. Occasional panthers, too, roamed through the forest, but they seldom did any damage to the stock, and only served to render traveling at night a little dangerous.

Despite of wolves, however, the pioneers managed to keep sheep, and as soon as one obtained a few pounds of wool his wife and daughters went to carding it into rolls with hand-cards, then to spinning it, and then they either wove it or took it to a neighbor's to be woven, paying for its manufacture with a share of the cloth or with some farm products. Everything was done at home and almost everything by hand. There was not at this period, (the beginning of 1808,) even a carding-mill or cloth dressing establishment on the whole Holland Purchase, though one was built the succeeding summer at Bushville, Genesee county.

As soon as flax could be raised, too, the "little wheels" of the housewives were set in motion, and coarse linen or tow-cloth was manufactured, which served for dresses for the girls and summer clothing for the boys.

Tea and coffee were scarce, but one article, which in many countries is considered a luxury—sugar—was reasonably abundant. All over the county grew the sugar maple, and there was hardly a lot large enough for a farm on which there was not a "sugar bush."

One of the earliest moves of the pioneer was to provide himself with a few buckets and a big kettle. Then, when the sap began to stir in early spring, trees were tapped—more or less in number according to the facilities at command—sap was gathered and boiled, and in due time made into sugar. New beginners, or poor people who were scant of buckets and kettles, would content themselves with making a small amount, to be carefully hoarded through the year.

But the glory of sugar-making was in the great bush where hundreds of trees were tapped, where a shanty was erected in which the sugar-makers lodged, where the sap was gathered in barrels on ox-sleds and brought to the central fire, where cauldron kettles boiled and bubbled day and night, where boys and girls, young men and maidens, watched and tasted, and tasted and watched, and where, when the cautious hours of manufacture were over, the great cakes of solidified sweetness were turned out by the hundred weight.

Money was scarce beyond the imagination of this age. Even after produce was raised, there was almost no market for it except during the war, and if it could be sold at all, after dragging it over the terrific roads to Batavia or some point farther east, the mere cost of traveling to and fro would nearly eat up the price. Wheat at one time was but twenty-five cents a bushel, and it is reported of a family in the north part of the county, in which the good woman felt that she must have her tea, that eight bushels of wheat were sold to buy a pound of tea; the price of wheat being twenty-five cents a bushel and that of tea two dollars a pound.

A little relief was obtained by the sale of "black salts." At a very early period asheries were established in various parts of the county, where black salts were bought and converted into potash. These salts were the residuum from boiling down the lye of common wood-ashes. As there was an immense quantity of wood which needed to be burned in order to work the land, it was but little extra trouble to leach the ashes and boil the lye.

These salts were brought to the asheries and sold. There they were again boiled and converted into potash. As that could be sent East without costing more than it was worth for transportation, a little money was brought into the country in exchange for it. In 1808 there were a few asheries, and they afterwards became numerous.

Social life was of course of the rudest kind. Still, there were visitings to and fro, and sleighing parties on ox-sleds, and other similar recreations. As yet there were hardly any but long taverns, and hardly a room that even by courtesy could be called a ball-room. Yet dances were not infrequently improvised on the rough floor of a contracted room, to the sound of a solitary fiddle in the hands of some backwoods devotee of Apollo.

There was not, as has been seen, a church-building in the county, except the log meeting-house of the Quakers, at East Hamburg, and not an organized church, excepting the "Friends' Meeting," if they called it a church, at that place, and the little Methodist society in Newstead. Even Buffalo had no church in 1808. Meetings were, however, held at rare intervals in school-houses, or in the houses of citizens, and frequently, when no minister was to be had, some layman would read a sermon and conduct the services.

Nearly every neighborhood managed to have a school as soon as there were children enough to form one—which was not long after the first settlement. The universal testimony is that log houses are favorable to the increase of population; at least that in the log-house era children multiplied and flourished to an extent unheard of in these degenerate days. It may be taken for granted, even when there is no evidence on the subject, that a school was kept within a very few years after the first pioneer located himself in any given neighborhood, and generally a log school-house was soon erected by the people.

There was, at the time of the organization of Niagara county, only the single store of A. S. Clarke, outside of Buffalo, in what is now Erie county. Taverns, however, were abundant. Along every road men with their families were pushing forward to new homes, others were going back after their families, others were wending their way to distant localities with grain to be ground, with wool to be carded, sometimes even with crops to be sold. Consequently, on every road those who could provide beds, food and liquor for the travelers were apt to put up signs to announce their willingness to do so.

One of the principal occasions for a jollification in the country was the husking-bee. Corn was abundant, and it had to be husked. So, instead of each man's gloomily sitting down by himself and doing his own work, the farmers, one after the other, invited the young people of the neighborhood to husking-bees; the "neighborhood" frequently extending over several square miles.

They came in the early evening, young men and women, all with ox teams, save where some scion of one of the first families brought his fair friends on a lumber wagon or sleigh, behind a pair of horses, the envy and admiration of less fortunate swains. After disposing of their teams as well as circumstances permitted, and after a brief warming at the house, all adjourned to the barn, where the great pile of ears of corn awaited their arrival.

It was cold, but they were expected to keep warm by work. So at work they went, stripping the husks from the big ears and flinging them into piles, each husker and huskress striving to make the largest pile, and the warm blood that coursed rapidly through their veins under the spur of exercise, bid defiance to the state of the temperature.

This warmth of blood was also occasionally increased by a "red ear" episode. It was the law of all well-regulated husking-bees, dating from time immemorial, that the young man to whose lot fell a red ear should have the privilege of kissing every young woman present. Some laws fail because they were not enforced, but this was not one of that kind. It has even been suspected, so eager were the youth of that period to support the law, that the same red ear would be found more than once during the same evening, and the statute duly enforced on each occasion.

A vast pile of unhusked ears was soon by many hands, transferred into shining heaps of husked ones, and then the company adjourned to the house, where a huge supply of doughnuts and other simple luxuries rewarded their labors. Possibly a bushel of apples might have been imported from lands beyond the Genesee, and if the host had also obtained a few gallons of cider to grace the occasion he was looked on as an Amphitryon of the highest order.

Perchance some frontier fiddler was present with his instrument, when, if the rude floor afforded a space of ten feet by fifteen, clear of fireplace and table, a dance was arranged in which there was an abundance of enjoyment and energy, if not of grace, and in which the young men were only prevented from bounding eight feet from the floor by the fact that the ceiling was but six and a half feet high.

In Buffalo there was a little closer resemblance to the society of older localities, but only a little. Down to the beginning of the War of 1812, the greater part of the society enjoyed by the Buffalonians was furnished by Canada. The west side of the Niagara had been settled much earlier than the east, and naturally a much larger proportion of the people had attained a reasonable degree of comfort.

The Indians of course had their permanent homes on the various reservations, but they were free commoners throughout the county, often appearing at some lonely cabin with a suddenness which terribly tried the nerves of the inmates, especially if the head of the house was absent. Occasionally, too, when excited with liquor, they were disposed to be quarrelsome, and sometimes they sought to frighten children with brandished tomahawk and gleaming knife. Still more rarely they were guilty of petty thefts.

Generally, however, the Indians were peaceable and well behaved. Farmer's Brother resided at Farmer's Point, on Buffalo creek, in the first cabin outside the line of New Amsterdam, on the reservation. A mile or more above was the old council house, a block building where the chiefs were very fond of meeting in legislative session. Near it lived "White Seneca," his son "Seneca White" and others. Still farther out was the main Indian village, where Red Jacket resided, and which was scattered over a considerable space on both sides of the Aurora road, west of the present village of Ebenezer, and on the flats south of that village.

At this time the usual Indian residences were log cabins, of various dimensions and pretensions, but not differing greatly from those of the pioneers.

Apropos of Indians and log-cabins, a story is told of Farmer's Brother in Stone's Life of Red Jacket, which illustrates the difficulty of expressing a new idea in the Indian dialects, except by the most elaborate description. At a very early day, he with other chiefs went from Buffalo creek to Elmira, to meet some white commissioners. On their way they stopped one night at a log-tavern, newly erected in the wilderness. In describing their journey to the whites, he said they stayed at "a house put together with parts of trees piled on each other, to which a pole was attached, to which a board was tied, on which was written 'rum is sold here.'"

In 1808, Farmer's Brother was recognized as the principal man among the Indians, all things considered, though Red Jacket was put forward whenever they wanted to make a display in the eyes of the whites. He seems, too, to have been accorded by general consent the rank, so far as there was any such rank, of principal sachem, or civil chief, of the Senecas. Farmer's Brother was a war-chief.

Many of the whites attributed a supremacy of some kind to Guienguatoh, commonly called "Young King," and sometimes "Young Smoke." He was said to be the son of Sayengeraghta, otherwise "Old King," otherwise "Old Smoke," who was undoubtedly up to the time of his death principal civil sachem of the Senecas.

Rev. Asher Wright, of the Cattaraugus mission, explained while living that Guienguatoh meant in substance "the Smoke Bearer," that is, the hereditary bearer of the smoking brand from the central council-fire of the Iroquois confederacy to that of the Seneca nation. As near as we can make out, the whites got the two names intermingled, by thinking that father and son must both have the same name or title; whereas the only thing certain about Indian nomenclature was that they would *not* have the same name or title.

We presume that the true designations were "Old King" and "Young Smoke." That is to say, Sayengeraghta, being an aged head-sachem, might fairly be called "Old King," while his son, who inherited from his maternal uncle the position of brand-bearer, could properly be termed "Young Smoke." But the whites, thinking that the son of "Old King" must certainly be "Young King," applied that title to the younger man, which he was not unwilling to wear. They also gave the son's appellation to the father, sometimes calling him "Old Smoke," and I understand that it was from the old man that Smoke's creek derived its name.

If Red Jacket was sincere when he professed to Washington his desire for improvement, he soon changed his mind, and from early in this century to the time of his death was the inveterate enemy of civilization, Christianity and education. Although he understood English when he heard it, he generally pretended to the contrary, and would pay no attention to what was said to him in that language. He could only speak a few words of English, and would not learn it, though he could easily have done so. He was never weary of holding councils with the whites, and rarely failed to repeat the story of the wrongs their countrymen had done to the Indians.

Numerous are the anecdotes told of his opposition to his people's learning anything from the whites. More than once he said to the missionaries who sought to convert him:—

"Go, preach to the people of Buffalo; if you can make them decent and sober, and learn them not to cheat the Indians and each other, we will believe in your religion."

He declared that the educated Indians learned useless art and artificial wants. Said he:—

"They become discouraged and dissipated; despised by the Indians, neglected by the whites, and without value to either; less honest than the former and *perhaps* more knavish than the latter."

Again he said to some missionaries, in sarcastic rejection of their offers:—

"We pity you, and wish you to bear to our good friends in the East our best wishes. Inform them that, in compassion toward them, we are willing to send them missionaries to teach them our religion, habits and customs."

He was sarcastic, too, on another point:—

"Before the whites came," said he, "the papooses were all black-eyed and dark-skinned; now their eyes are turning blue and their skins are fading out."

Professor Ellicott Evans, grand-nephew of Joseph Ellicott, relates an anecdote which he says he had from the lips of his grand-uncle, concerning himself and Red Jacket. It is substantially as follows:—

"The two having met in Tonawanda swamp, they sat down on a log which happened to be convenient, both being near the middle. Presently Red Jacket said, in his almost unintelligible English:

"'Move along, Jo.' Ellicott did so and the sachem moved up to him. In a few minutes came another request:

"'Move along, Jo;' and again the agent complied, and the chieftain followed. Scarcely had this been done when Red Jacket again said:

"'Move along, Jo!' Much annoyed, but willing to humor him, and not seeing what he was driving at, Ellicott complied, this time reaching the end of the log. But that was not sufficient, and presently the request was repeated for the third time:

"'Move along, Jo!'

"'Why, man,' angrily replied the agent, 'I can't move any farther without getting off from the log into the mud.'

"'Ugh! Just so white man. Want Indian move along—move along. Can't go no farther, but he say—move along!'"

The sachem had become extremely dissipated, and his Washington medal was frequently pawned in Buffalo for whisky. He always managed to recover it, however, for, though he opposed all white teachings, his vanity led him to cherish this memento of the great white chieftain's favor.

He was disposed to stand much on his dignity, and sometimes to be very captious. He once went, attended by his interpreter, Major Jack Berry, and requested David Reese, the blacksmith for the Indians, to make him a tomahawk, at the same time giving directions as to the kind of weapon he wanted. Reese made it, as near as he could, according to order, but when Red Jacket returned he was much dissatisfied.

Again he gave his orders, and again Reese strove to fulfill them, but the sachem was more dissatisfied than before. So he went to work and with much labor whittled out a wooden pattern of a tomahawk, declaring that if the blacksmith would make one exactly like that he would be satisfied.

"All right," said Reese, who had by this time got out of patience with what he considered the chieftain's whims.

In due time Red Jacket came to get his tomahawk. It was ready, and was precisely like the model. But, after looking at it and then at the model for a moment, he flung it down with an angry "Ugh," and left the shop. It was exactly like the model, but the model had no hole in it for a handle.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM 1808 TO THE WAR.

Organization of Clarence — Settlement of Cheektowaga — Settlement on Cayuga Creek — Progress in the Towns — A Pioneer Funeral — Glezen Fillmore — Porter, Barton & Co. — "The Horn Breeze" — Census of 1810 — Town of "Buffaloe" — New Militia Regiments — Peter B. Porter — The Ogden Company — Settlement of Alden — The "Beaver's" Cannon — Settlement of Colden — First Settler of Gowanda — The Buffalo Gazette — Feminine Names — Old-time Books — An Erudite Captain — Advertisements for Workmen — "A Delinquent and a Villain" — Morals and Lotteries — The Medical Societies — A Federal Committee — Division of Willink — Hamburg, Eden and Concord — Approach of War — Militia Officers — An Indian Council — A Vessel Captured — The War Begun.

WE now return to our record of current events, beginning immediately after the organization of Niagara county, in the spring of 1808. The selection of Buffalo as the county seat of Niagara county, of course increased the immigration to that village and the immediate vicinity, and there were more lots bought there in 1808 than in any previous year. In the same year, Henry Anguish made the first settlement in the beginning of Tonawanda village.