periods of antagonism as to which was entitled to the port of entry. Erastus Granger, as early as 1809, entered a vigorous protest to the government, against locating the port at Black Rock. In that year an odd compromise was made by establishing the port for the district of Buffalo Creek, at Black Rock from April 1st to December 1st of each year. As that period covered almost the entire commercial season, the effect of the order will be readily conceived.

On the 22d of September, 1812, S. Franklin advertised the tavern he then occupied, at Black Rock, to let. It stood nearly opposite the dwelling house of General Porter. Orange Dean announced the opening of a tavern by him, in the building formerly occupied by Nathaniel Sill; he also kept a stock of groceries. Allen Leonard was then a shoemaker there.

Before the breaking out of the war, Porter, Barton & Co. built a large pier just below Bird Island, where all of their vessels loaded and unloaded freight; after the war their docks below the rapids were used. When their vessels were ready for lake voyages and there was not enough wind to sail them up the stream, teams of oxen and horses were utilized to tow them up. This method of navigation became known as the "horn breeze."

At the breaking out of the war considerable additions had been made to the little hamlet of Black Rock; among them were E. D. Efner, who died in 1873, Sylvester Mathews and others.

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CHAPTER II.

BUFFALO AND BLACK ROCK IN THE WAR.


THE history of Buffalo and Black Rock during the years 1812–13, in addition to the minor notes already given, is mainly a record of the war and its stirring events in the vicinity. A full, general history of the campaigns of that conflict, the reader has already found in the first volume of this work. It will, therefore, be sufficient for our present purpose to state that at the close of the campaign of 1813, on the 30th
day of December and the 1st day of January, 1814, the village of Buffalo and the smaller settlement at Black Rock were set on fire by the British soldiers and their Indian allies, and swept from the face of the earth, leaving only the smoking ruins to indicate that they had ever been the dwelling place of civilized men and women. David Reese's blacksmith shop, the dwelling of Mrs. Gamaliel St. John just north of the hotel her husband had erected on Main street, and the stone jail, were the only buildings that escaped the torches of the enemy.

The fortifications that had been prepared for the defense of the villages during or before the war were, as far as now known, a "sailor's battery" of three long 32-pounders, located near the mouth of Scajadqua creek; a battery of three guns on Niagara street, near the former residence of William A. Bird; Fort Tompkins that stood on the site of the Niagara street railroad stables; a mortar battery with one 18-inch mortar, near the site of the water works; a breastwork on the Terrace, and a 24-pounder on the northerly corner of the Fort Porter grounds.

While the village of Buffalo had not, at the time of its destruction, advanced far toward the fulfillment of the enthusiastic predictions of its founders, still it had through the undaunted energy, untiring industry, and earnest faith of its citizens, become a busy and promising village, as described in the foregoing pages.

On the morning of the 9th of October, 1812, Black Rock suffered a heavy cannonading by the British batteries on the Canadian side, during which some three hundred shots were fired. Mrs. Benjamin Bidwell has furnished some interesting reminiscences to the Historical Society in which she states that this cannonade drove them from their residence early in the morning. As she and her husband were hurrying to her sister's where there was a cellar in which they might secure a refuge, a cannon ball passed so near them that a little girl she was leading was knocked down by the rush of the wind created by the ball. They then fled to the woods where they found several families. Mrs. Bidwell obtained some food, built a fire in the woods and was engaged in cooking breakfast by an improvised fire, when another cannon ball struck directly in the fire and scattered the breakfast in all directions. In a determination to finally get out of range, the family then made their way through the woods to Cold Spring, where Mrs. Bidwell cooked another breakfast which was eaten at four o'clock in the afternoon!

It was the first shot in this cannonade that killed Major William Howe Cuyler, of Palmyra, as he was galloping with orders along the river road, before five o'clock in the morning.

Black Rock was again cannonaded on the 13th of October, 1813, and a good deal of damage was done to the buildings. Two shots passed through Orange Dean's house, in noting which the Buffalo
Gazette added the distressing detail that one of them “bilged a barrel of old Pittsburgh whiskey in the cellar, belonging to Peter H. Colt.” A 24-pound shot also struck General Porter’s house while the family were at dinner, and a bomb “struck the east barracks and destroyed them.”

A peace meeting was held on the 15th of October, 1812, in “Pomeroy’s Long Room, to take measures having for their object the termination of the war and the restoration of peace.” This meeting was adjourned to the 24th, and that was, probably, the last of the peace movement.

A correspondent wrote for the Gazette on the 25th of December, 1812, to the effect that he “was desired yesterday evening, to request you to insert in your paper an invitation to the good people of Niagara county to meet on Friday next at the house of R. Cook, at 10 o’clock, to consult on measures of public safety and, if possible, concert some means to avert the impending dangers which are so visibly threatening our once peaceful and happy homes.” As far as we have learned, this meeting did not take place.

But these incidents were unimportant when compared with what soon followed. The burning of Buffalo and Black Rock and the incidents immediately connected with it, was one of the most tragic events in the history of the war of 1812. The following extract from a paper on “Buffalo during the war of 1812,” read by William Dorsheimer, before the Buffalo Historical Society, March 13, 1863, gives a vivid general picture of the destruction of the two villages and occurrences immediately preceding:

“On the nineteenth of December, 1813, an English force, under Colonel Murray, surprised and captured Fort Niagara. The villages from Fort Niagara to the Falls were soon after burned. The disposable American forces were hastily concentrated at Buffalo, under command of Brigadier-General Amos Hall. The whole force was two thousand and eleven men; but the troops were raw, undisciplined, poorly armed, and without a sufficient supply of ammunition.

“On the evening of the twenty-ninth, the British Left, consisting of eight hundred regulars and militia and two hundred Indians, landed below Conjaquadies creek, and took possession of the sailors’ battery. General Hall ordered the troops at the Rock to dislodge them. The first fire threw our militia into disorder, and the attack failed. Major Adams and Colonel Chapin were then ordered forward to carry the battery; but, after a short skirmish, their men fled, and were not again embodied. The Ontario command under Colonel Blakeslie were then sent up. But, before the attack had begun, the day broke and revealed the English center crossing to our shore, in the rear of General Porter’s house; and about the same time their right landed in small force, near Fort Tompkins. The invaders were commanded by Lieutenant-General Drummond, but were under the immediate direction of Major-General Riall.

“This disposition of the foe compelled General Hall to change his plan. The order to Colonel Blakeslie was countermanded, and he was directed to attack the English center at the water’s edge. The enemy’s left wing was soon discovered moving from Conjaquadies creek upon
our right: the Indians under Colonel Granger, and the Canadian volunteers under Colonel Mallory, were advanced to meet them, and Colonel McMahon's regiment was held in reserve. Lieutenant Seely opened the engagement with his 6-pounder, and a 20-pounder and two twelves at the battery were soon brought into service. At the same time the batteries on the other side of the river threw a heavy fire of shell, round and hot shot. Colonel Blakeslee held his force in line, and as the enemy landed, poured upon them a most destructive fire. On our right, however, but a feeble resistance was offered. All the corps had been gradually reduced by desertion, which began with the first shot, in the night. Perceiving the danger to his right, General Hall ordered up the reserve under Colonel McMahon, to hold the enemy in check. But this corps disgracefully scattered before it came under fire. The whole right wing of the American force was now driven from the field, and the steadfast militia of Colonel Blakeslee were exposed to a cross-fire. For half an hour, outflanked and outnumbered, the gallant little regiment maintained the unequal contest; but at last, to avoid capture, it was ordered to retire. By this time the greater part of the Americans were flying in all directions, most of them going through the forest to reach the Buffalo and Batavia road. A small number of the bolder spirits, among whom were Colonel Chapin, retired slowly along Niagara street, towards Buffalo. Among these was Lieutenant John Seely, a carpenter and joiner, who lived on the corner of Auburn and Niagara streets, and was lieutenant of a company of artillery at Black Rock. He had brought his piece on the brow of the hill, on what is now Breckinridge street, until he had but seven men and one horse left. Mounting the horse, which was harnessed to the gun, he brought it away with him, firing upon the enemy whenever occasion offered. Near where Mohawk street joins Niagara, was then a slough. Here Seely turned upon his foe. The gun was thrown off from its carriage by the discharge, but was quickly replaced, and taken to the village.

"Meanwhile a sailor named Johnson, E. D. Einer and a few others, went to a vessel, one of Perry's fleet, which lay beached on this side of the creek, near its mouth, and took off an iron 9-pounder, mounted upon a ship's truck, which they placed in Main street, opposite Church, and trained down Niagara street. Besides Johnson and Einer, the following persons assisted in serving this gun: Robert Kane, a mason by trade; Captain Hull, father of Mrs. O. G. Steele, and Absalom Hull, his brother. At the third round, one of the truck wheels broke; but they were loading it again, when Colonel Chapin, who thought resistance hopeless, and wished to give the people time for escape, rushed forward with a handkerchief, or as it is said, with a piece of his shirt, upon the end of his sword, and shouted, 'Don't fire that gun.'

"I will fire it," said Kane. 'I'll cleave to the earth the first man who touches it.'

"I've shown a flag of truce," replied Chapin, and started forward towards the enemy, who were by this time in the woods, upon what is now called Franklin Square. A parley took place, which resulted in Colonel Chapin surrendering the town, stipulating for the protection of private property; a stipulation by which General Riall refused to be bound, when he learned that Chapin was not in command, and was, therefore, without authority to treat with him.
"It was now ten o’clock. The day was bright, but cold. A heavy snow had fallen early in December, which still lingered in the woods, but the roads were bare. Most of the able-bodied men were with the troops. Through the long, dreary December night, the lonely women had heard the rattle of musketry, and at daybreak they gathered in groups, listening with throbbing hearts to the cannonading at the Rock. Presently, tidings of defeat flew through the town; and soon upon every road, leading towards the Indian settlement, were little processions of terrified villagers, fleeing from the savage foe, into the embrace of the wintry forest. Who shall tell what they suffered—those houseless fugitives, ignorant of the fate of father, husband, brother; by day, skulking through the forest, and at night, creeping under the friendly roof of some Indian hut!

"The British Indians had left the main column before it reached the village; and, swarming through the woods, came into Main street, near Tupper. A house, which stood on the northwest corner of Tupper and Delaware streets, was the first burned. A man, named Dill, lived there. Judge Tupper’s house, on Main street, near the corner of Tupper, was the next. Opposite, above the residence of Mr. Andrew Rich, lived Samuel Helms; he was slain while attempting to escape, and his house burned. Going down the street, the torch was applied to every building they found. Mrs. Lovejoy was in her house, on the present site of the Phoenix. The night before, her husband had mounted his horse, and taking his trusty rifle, had gone to the Rock, to make such defence of his home as became a brave man. ‘Henry,’ * said the bold-hearted woman to her little son, ‘you have fought against the British; you must run. They will take you prisoner. I am a woman; they will not harm me.’ The lad flew into the woods. His light footfalls had not faded from the mother’s ear when a score of Indians, wild with whisky and the rage of battle, rush into the dwelling and commence to sack it. Confident in the great defence of her sacred sex, the careful housewife attempts to save her hard-earned treasures. Poor woman, thy sex is not sacred here! A tomahawk crushes into her brain, and she falls dead upon the floor of her desecrated home. On the other side of the road stands the house of sturdy Mrs. St. John, able to defend her castle against a legion of enemies, whether savage or civilized. What magic she used, or by dint of what prowess, we know not, but the storm of fire passes scathless over her roof. Two-thirds of the village is now in flames. The English, with their cruel allies, weary with the long march and continued fighting, retire to the Rock.

"In the night there is a fall of snow, and by daylight some of the fugitives return, preferring their savage foe to the in hospitable forest. Mrs. St. John receives some of them, and gives them a cup of tea. A few have gathered at Dr. Chapin’s house, which is still standing, when the alarm is suddenly sounded, and once more the merciless invaders burst upon the remnant of the devoted village. The work of destruction is soon completed, and many of the returned villagers are captured. But four houses remain—that of Mrs. St. John; the jail; the frame of a barn, which stood where stands Mr. Callender’s house, and Rees’ blacksmith shop.

* * *

"The American General reported his loss—and, I suppose, his state-

* Henry Lovejoy was then about twelve years old, and carried a musket, and took part to the best of his ability in the defence of Black Rock on the 11th of July, of that year.
ment is confined to the army—at thirty killed, forty wounded, and sixty-nine taken prisoners. Among the slain were Major William C. Dudley, Adjutant Totman and Lieutenant-Colonel Boughton, who, I think, is the Sergeant Boughton who, the year before, escorted General Hall into the village, at the head of a detachment of the East Bloomfield Horse.

The new year dawned upon homes desolated by fire, and upon scattered families; but the uninflammable Buffalonians soon gave signs of life in the neighboring villages. The Gazette is printed in Williamsville, where it remains until April 4th, 1815. Seth Grosvenor and Eli Hart open their stores, and Walden and Potter their law offices, in Williamsville. The embers of Pomeroy's house are not yet cold when he announces that his Eagle hotel is to rise, Phoenix-like, from its ashes. On April 5th, the Gazette announces that 'Buffalo village, which once adorned the shores of Eric, and was prostrated by the enemy, is now rising again.'

It was near the close of the campaign of 1812, that a riotous assault was made on Pomeroy's hotel, causing intense excitement and considerable bloodshed. Among the troops assembled in Buffalo and vicinity in the last month of 1812, were six companies called "Federal Volunteers," including two or three companies of "Irish Greens," from Albany and New York, and one company of "Baltimore Blues," from that city. Throughout the war there appears to have been considerable feeling between the soldiers and the citizens. The soldiers, especially those from other localities, claimed that they were ill-treated by those whom they came to defend, while the citizens asserted that the soldiers were unreasonable in their demands. Some difficulty of this nature had arisen between a portion of the soldiers and Mr. Ralph M. Pomeroy, who kept the hotel at the corner of Main and Seneca streets. Pomeroy was an athletic and somewhat rough-spoken man. At the time in question Pomeroy and the Captain of an Albany company became involved in a dispute, which is said to have originated in a demand by the officer or some of his men for liquor and food. The Captain drew his sword and drove the hotel keeper down stairs in his own house. Thereupon Pomeroy expressed the rash wish that the British would kill the whole infernal crowd of them. The few soldiers that were present then started for camp, and ere long an armed mob of "Baltimore Blues" and "Irish Greens" came down Main street. The hotel guests, including several army officers, were at dinner. The first notice they received of the approach of the mob, was when an axe came hurrying through a window, landing directly on the dinner table. The riotous soldiers then rushed into the hotel, drove the inmates out and began the destruction of everything in the house. Liquors were poured down their throats, provisions devoured, windows broken out and tables and chairs smashed. Colonel McClure, the commander of the men composing the mob, was present, but was powerless to control them. He mounted his horse and rode directly through the house, ordering
them to disperse, but all to no purpose. He then ordered out two other companies under his command, and marched them in front of the hotel; but they would make no effort to quell the riot.

Pomeroy ran and concealed himself in his barn. His wife's sister-in-law, who was in the house sick in bed, had to be carried upon it to a neighbor's house.

As the rioters progressed in their work of destruction, they became more and more furious. The bedding was carried into the second story of the house and set on fire; the destruction of the house was only averted by the courage of "Hank" Johnson,* a white man who lived with the Cattaraugus Indians. He ascended a ladder and, although it was snatched from under him by the mob, managed to climb from it into a window and throw the burning articles into the street. At this juncture, some of the rioters saw Mr. Abel M. Grosvenor, who was a large man and somewhat resembled Pomeroy, passing on the street; the cry was raised, "Kill the d—d tory," and they chased him down the street until he fell; just as they were about to kill him, some of them made the discovery that it was not Pomeroy. The mob then proposed the destruction of the "Federal printing office," as they designated the Gazette office, and an era of wholesale destruction seemed about to begin.

But a power was interposed that the furious mob was compelled to recognize. Colonel Moses Porter, a veteran of thirty-six years service, whose command was encamped on Flint Hill, heard of what was occurring in the village. He promptly ordered out a detachment of artillery with a six-pound gun, and hurried them down Main street. The command was halted just above the hotel and the gun brought to bear on the building. The Colonel then sent a lieutenant and a squad of men with drawn swords to clear the house. This was accomplished but not without some resistance on the part of the mob, resulting in several of them being killed and wounded. Some of them jumped from the windows, and others were cut while hanging to the window sills, by the swords of the artilleryists. The conquered mob then started for their encampment swearing vengeance on Porter and his men. The veteran officer stationed his cannon at the junction of Main and Niagara street and for some time awaited their coming; but wiser counsels prevailed and order was restored. That no punishment whatever was inflicted upon these rioters, shows the prevailing lack of discipline at that time;

* It was Hank Johnson of whom the following story is told by Lewis F. Allen, to whom it was related by General Porter. After one of the frontier battles, word reached General Porter that the Indians, who were led in the fight by Johnson, were scalping the dead British soldiers. Johnson was brought before the General, who said to him:

"This will not do, Johnson. It is not right to scalp these dead soldiers; it is hard on the poor fellows, and you must stop it; it is too hard." Johnson's reply ended the interview. Said he, "Well, General, it may be hard, but I want you to remember that these are d—d hard times!"
that the *Gazette* contained not a word directly relating to the monstrous outrage also shows that the proprietors considered themselves in either a delicate or a dangerous position, or both.

Pomeroy left Buffalo and went to the Seneca village where he remained several days, and then closed his hotel for the winter, "in consequence of transactions too well known to need mentioning," as it was announced in his advertisement. Mr. Grosvenor, who came so near being sacrificed by the mob, went east soon after the event, and died within a few weeks.

A tragic incident occurred at the Black Rock ferry on the Canada side, early in the war. A number of persons from Buffalo went to the ferry at Black Rock, for the purpose of crossing to Canada. In the company were Dr. Josiah Trowbridge and Mr. Pomeroy. Mr. Brace, the ferryman, was averse to crossing on the cold December day, but Dr. Trowbridge's business on the other side was urgent. Although it was deemed somewhat hazardous to visit the other side, Mr. Brace saw a white flag flying there, and he finally consented to allow his brother-in-law, Arden Merrill, to ferry the party over. As the boat approached the Canada shore, two or three sleighs filled with men were seen approaching from below. No sooner had the passengers landed than they were seized as prisoners, with the exception of Dr. Trowbridge and Mr. Pomeroy, who fled to the woods. The boat started to return, when the British fired into it, killing Mr. Merrill; his body was afterwards discovered under a flag of truce, stripped of boots and watch. One of the passengers was never heard of again; one was taken prisoner and afterwards released at Halifax. Dr. Trowbridge and his companion made their way to Baxter's, six miles above the ferry, and there confiscated a boat against the remonstrances of the owner, who was not disposed to assist them in escaping, and arrived safely at Buffalo Creek. If there is any justification for this piece of work, it is difficult to discover it; it is a merciless enemy that does not respect a flag of truce.

The 30th day of December, 1813, was one of dire disaster and dismay to the inhabitants of the village. The campaign that preceded the firing of the place, has been fully described, with the flight of the inhabitants on that bleak winter day. Among the incidents directly connected with the burning of the village, that which resulted in the preservation of the dwelling of Mrs. St. John and the massacre of Mrs. Lovejoy is, perhaps, most conspicuous. Nearly opposite the site of the Tifft House stood the new hotel that Mr. St. John had erected before his unfortunate death, which has already been mentioned. Mrs. St. John had leased this building, but it was not yet occupied. She had moved into a small house just north of it, near the corner of Main and Mohawk streets, which also belonged to her husband's estate. Just opposite was the residence of Asaph S. Bemis, a son-in-law of Mrs. St. John. Near Mr. Bemis' dwell-
ing was the house of Joshua Lovejoy; he was then away from home. Mrs. St. John, believing the enemy would not reach the village, had made no preparations for departure. Mr. Bemis, who was just recovering from sickness, had hitched up his team for the purpose of removing his wife from possible danger. Mrs. St. John requested him to take her six younger children with him, while she with her two older daughters remained to pack up her household goods. Mr. Bemis did so, with the understanding that he should take the children out a mile or two and then return for the three women and the goods. Before this arrangement could be carried out, however, the enemy were in the village. The Indians came down Main street considerably in advance of the troops, which were drawn up near the corner of Morgan, Mohawk and Niagara streets, where Samuel Edsall's tannery then stood. Some of the British officers went ahead and stoved in the heads of liquor casks, that the Indians might not become too drunk for their work, or too fiendish in their deeds. John Lay* and Eli Hart then kept a store on Main street, between Swan and Erie; one of them went into his cellar before the Indians reached it, and smashed in several hogsheads of spirits, to prevent the savages from drinking it. It is apparent, however, that the Indians were licensed to follow their own inclinations in the destruction of the village.

Half a score of Indians now came running toward Mrs. St. John's house. Although she waved a table cloth as a flag of truce, they burst into the house and began plundering the trunks that had been packed. Four squaws in the party immediately secured a looking-glass and, with the instinct usually credited to the sex, stood grinning delightedly at the reflection of their unprepossessing faces. One of the ladies discovered that one Indian took no part in the plundering, and that he could talk a little English. She asked what would be done with them. "We not hurt you," he replied. "You be prisoner to the squaws. Perhaps they take you to the Colonel."

This answer presented a brighter prospect than the ladies had expected, and they immediately acquiesced in it. The Indian spoke to the squaws and they started off with their prisoners, down Mohawk to the corner of Niagara street, where the troops were still stationed. There the prisoners were taken before a British officer, supposed to have been Colonel Elliott, then in command of the Indians. Mrs. St. John informed him of her situation as a widow who had recently lost her husband and eldest son by a sad calamity, with a large family of children depending upon her, and besought his protection.

* Mr. Lay was taken prisoner that night and taken to Montreal. The last of the following March he was exchanged with others at Greenbush, opposite Albany. Mr. Lay was long a prominent business man of Buffalo, and traveled quite extensively in Europe after he retired from active life. One of his sons is the inventor of the well-known Lay torpedo boat.
"Well, what can I do for you?" asked the officer; "shall I take you to Canada?"

Mrs. St. John decidedly objected to this, but implored the officer to save her house and not allow it to be burned and plundered. After a little hesitation he assented and ordered two soldiers of the Royal Scots to accompany the ladies home and see that their house was not burned. They did so and remained on guard until the troops left in the afternoon.

Soon after the ladies returned to their home, they saw Mrs. Lovejoy across the street engaged in an altercation with an Indian over a shawl which he was trying to pull from her hands. One of the St. John girls ran out and called to Mrs. Lovejoy to let the Indian have the shawl and come over to their house where she would have the protection of the guard; she did not comply.

The flames soon began to burst from the houses in the main portion of the village in the vicinity of Main and Seneca streets, the torch being applied by a lieutenant and a squad of men.

A little later the St. John ladies were attracted to their windows by another disturbance across the street. Some Indians were again making an effort to enter Mrs. Lovejoy's dwelling, while she stood in the doorway barring their entrance. Suddenly a savage raised his knife, stabbed the woman to the heart and she fell upon the threshold. Her body was dragged into the yard, where it lay until after the departure of the troops in the afternoon, when Ebenezer Walden and the St. John girls carried it into the house and placed it on the bed. When the destruction of the village was completed on the 1st of January, the body of Mrs. Lovejoy was burned in her house.

It was on the "Guide-Board" road (which ran near the present line of North street) that Alfred Hodge was fleeing from the savages; he found himself unable to outstrip his pursuers and jumped over the fence where he was for a moment hid from view by a turn in the road, near the crossing of Delaware street. Hodge laid down behind a log and laid his rifle across it, prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible, if he was discovered. When the Indians came up, two of them stopped in the road but a short distance from him and looked about in every direction for their intended victim; but they failed to discover him. The Indians stood in range at one time and Hodge thought he could disable both at one shot, but they changed their position before he could get his aim. These two and other Indians who were in the vicinity, fired several shots at the crowd of fugitives that filed up Main street early in the day, wounding one or more and causing the throng to redouble their efforts to escape.

Dr. Chapin left for the field in the morning and told his two little girls, one eleven and the other nine years of age, to go to his farm in Hamburg, ten miles distant. Their only protector was to be Hiram
Pratt, son of Samuel Pratt, who was but thirteen years old, then living in Dr. Chapin's family. The three children set out in the snow. When they arrived at the Pratt homestead, Mary Pratt was induced to accompany them. At Smoke's creek the little party was overtaken by the Pratt family in a wagon, and Mary was taken on board; but Hiram Pratt and the two Chapin girls insisted on completing their long and trying journey on foot, and finally reached their destination in safety.\(^*\)

Before leaving the village, Captain Hull, the silversmith, packed his small stock of valuables in a pillow case. While waiting for some means of transporting his effects to a place of safety, a man came along on horseback. At Mr. Hull's request he consented to take charge of the valuables; accordingly, the pillow-case was fastened to the horn of the saddle. The stranger took such excellent care of the goods that their owner never saw them again.

The family of Samuel Pratt were equally unfortunate with their silverware, though in a different way. It had been packed up, but when they drove away in their wagon it was forgotten. After going a short distance, a little girl whom Mrs. Pratt was bringing up, proposed going back for the silver. This was forbidden by Mrs. Pratt; nevertheless, the girl climbed out of the rear end of the wagon unobserved, ran back, secured the silver, and was never again seen by the family.

It was during the fighting at Black Rock that Samuel Wilkeson, who was then in the ranks of Colonel McMahon's Chautauqua county regiment, was loading and firing as fast as possible, after the field was nearly deserted by his comrades. While thus busily engaged, his attention was attracted to a "small quiet man" near by, who was apparently endeavoring to load and fire faster than Wilkeson could. The small, quiet man soon looked around and exclaimed, "Why, we are all alone!" Wilkeson looked about him and made the same discovery; all but a very few of their comrades were in full retreat. The man whose acquaintance Mr. Wilkeson thus made for the first, was Ebenezer Walden; they were both subsequently Presiding Judges of Erie county.

While retreating up Main street, Job Hoysington, whose name has passed into history, said to his retreating comrades that he would have

\(^*\) Notwithstanding the depressing gloom of these dark days of trouble, Cupid was busy as ever with his arrows, and on one occasion the altar of Hymen was reared in the hospitable shelter of the old Pratt mansion. It was while the pillage of Buffalo was going on, and in a most unceremonious manner, that Mr. Augustus C. Fox left a British officer in the cellar of Juba Storrs & Co.'s store. Emerging from the building, the young man mounted a horse and, with other belated fugitives, took rapid flight from the village. Overtaking a party encumbered with an extra conveyance, he bought it, with the necessary harness, on the spot. It was a "pung," a simple species of vehicle, extemporized by fastening a crockery crate on a pair of sled runners. Speeding on in this primitive chariot, he overtook the Pratt family and volunteered to relieve them of two individuals who formed part of their load. One of these was Miss Esther Pratt, then a charming young Miss. Young Fox saved his life in the retreat, but lost his heart, and the consequence was a wedding, which peaceful event took place the same day that peace was announced between the warring nations.—Letchworth's History of the Pratt Family.
one more shot at the redskins, and in spite of their warnings, waited for that purpose. Nothing more was seen or heard of Job Hoysington until the snow disappeared in the spring, when his body was found on North street. A bullet had passed through his head and marks of a tomahawk were found on his skull. His empty rifle lay by his side, a silent witness that he had had his last shot at the Indians.

William Hodge, Sr., proprietor of the “brick tavern on the hill,” would not entertain the idea that the Americans would be defeated, until he saw the militia hurrying past his house; he then began to realize that it was about time to prepare for removal and ordered his ox team hitched up. After making some final arrangements in the house and waiting impatiently for the arrival of the team at the door, Mr. Hodge came out only to make the discovery that the hired man had concluded that too much valuable time would be lost to him in the work of hitching up the oxen and had left for good by his own more rapid means of locomotion. Self-preservation was a ruling characteristic then, as well as now. Mr. Hodge persuaded the driver of an army-wagon to halt at his door a moment while the household goods were thrown in, with some bedding and provisions, followed by the family, and thus they were sent away. Mr. Hodge then yoked his oxen, piled into the cart as many of the remaining household articles as it would hold and followed after the army wagon. When Mr. Hodge returned the following day, even the liquor in his cellar was undisturbed; but his house was burned to the ground on the second day after.

All day on the 30th the roads leading through Williamsville and the Hamburg road—indeed, every road and pathway leading from the village, were thronged with a hurrying crowd of men, women and children, on foot and in a motley procession of vehicles—squadrons of soldiers, families in sleighs and wagons, women driving ox carts laden with portions of their household effects, mounted cavalymen, weary women on foot with children in their arms—all inspired with the one idea of escaping from a merciless foe. “In many instances half-clad children, the wounded, the aged and infirm, were wading through snow, bands of able-bodied men often passing them, pitiless and unobserving, absorbed in deep concern for their own individual and especial safety. Here and there along the road, were feeble attempts to rally and stand; some resolute individuals would propose it and partially succeed; but on would come the idle rumor that the invaders were pushing their conquests, and the feeble barriers would give way, as does the momentary deposit in flood tide, and on, on would sweep the strong current of dismay, rout and flight.”* Mrs. Mather, one of the earliest residents of Buffalo, said that when she and her daughters started from the village on foot a little before daylight, “it was very dark; we could hear from

* Turner’s History of the Holland Purchase.
Black Rock the incessant roar of musketry, and see flashes of light rising above the intervening forest. When daylight came, the Buffalo road presented a sad spectacle of sudden flight, misery and destitution."

While selfishness was the rule in this wild rout, few giving thought to any one beyond their own families, there were some commendable exceptions. A farmer from Hamburg, with a load of cheese, met the fleeing crowd and immediately threw his precious cargo into the road, filled his sleigh with women and children and carried them to his own home. Job Hoysington's wife waited long and patiently at their home, corner of Main and Utica streets, for her husband to return; finally she was compelled to start on foot with her children. Two cavalrmen overtook her and lifted two of the children to their saddles and rode away with them towards safety. Weeks afterwards one of them was found in Clarence and one in Genesee county. Families became separated and in some instances, were not united for weeks. It was a smaller "Bull Run," participated in by women and children.

The first house burned stood on the northwest corner of Tupper and Delaware streets; a man named Dill occupied it. Judge Tupper's house on Main street was the next one destroyed.

The following named residents of the village were captured by the enemy: Cyrenius Chapin, John Lay, Charles C. Wells, William Wilber, Rufus Botsford, Joseph D. Hoyt, Robert Keene, Timothy Strong, Benjamin Hodge, Jr., Daniel Baxter and Captain R. Harmon.

During the night of the 31st, after a day of silence and desolation at the ruined village there was a fall of snow and early the next morning a few of the fugitives returned to the ruins of Buffalo; the desolation and possible danger there seeming less inhospitable than the winter forest. Prowling thieves hung about the ruins until driven away by returning families, and carried off whatever they found that was valuable.

Dr. Chapin's house was one of the four dwellings that had thus far escaped the flames. Some of those who returned gathered at the Doctor's house and others found hospitable shelter at Mrs. St. John's dwelling. Suddenly a detachment of the enemy appeared and mercilessly fired the remaining buildings, with the exceptions heretofore noted—Mrs. St. John's cottage, the stone jail, which they could not burn, Reese's blacksmith shop and the frame of a barn. When the officer in command of the squad that completed the work of destruction, approached Mrs. St. John's home, she and her daughters begged him not to destroy the large hotel. The officer thereupon drew from his pocket an order commanding him to burn every building except "the one occupied by an old woman and two girls." The hotel was then fired. It is little wonder that the officer felt impelled to show some higher authority for his acts, than his own inclination.
On the day previous (the 31st) Ebenezer Walden had entered Mrs. Lovejoy’s house and laid the murdered woman, attired in the black silk dress in which she was killed, on the bare cords of a bedstead. The presence of death itself made no difference to the invaders, they made a funeral pyre of the dwelling!

As the detachment of the enemy was about to depart, one of the soldiers informed the commandant that public stores were secreted at Hodge’s “tavern on the hill.” A squad of horsemen were immediately dispatched to burn it. Benjamin Hodge, Sr., was there with Mr. Keep, the blacksmith, at Cold Spring. They both started to run when the horsemen approached, and the sergeant ordered them to halt. Hodge stopped, but Keep continued to run a short distance, when he was shot and killed.

The village merchants had stored quite a large quantity of their goods at the tavern, and when these were discovered by the sergeant, although assured that it was not public property, he ordered the building set on fire. A few moments later, while the officer was filling his canteen from a cask of old Jamaica that he had discovered after the building was fired, the cry was raised, “The Yankees are coming!” The British soldiers hurriedly mounted and rode away. Adjutant Tottman, in command of some mounted Canadian volunteers, rode up. The adjutant galloped ahead to the side of the rearmost of the retreating horsemen, when he was instantly shot. Tottman’s men soon after discovered a half-breed Indian setting fire to William Hodge’s barn; he was captured, taken to Newstead and killed.

William Hodge returned from Harris Hill just behind Tottman and his men, and saw that his tavern, which he had hoped would be spared the flames, was in ashes. That was the last building burned.* When the torch was applied to Buffalo, the hamlet at Black Rock was also burned, not a single building being left.

It is difficult at this day to realize the paralyzing effect that such a disaster as we have detailed, must have produced upon the people. In very many cases, nothing whatever was left them but the blackened ground whereon they had made their homes, and, what was still more saddening, from many of those homes some member had gone out to

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* “The Buffaloans slain were Job Hoytsinger, a carpenter and joiner, who lived on Church street, near Franklin; John Triskett, who cannot be identified; John Roop, father of Henry Roop, a teamster, of Dutch descent, but American birth, who lived on Main street above Tupper, and was shot while trying to escape; Samuel Helms, a German and an old bachelor, who deserves to be remembered by the epicures of Buffalo, as the first market gardener in the place; he raised the first lettuce, which he used to carry in a basket on his head, selling it from door to door; he it was, too, who dug the ditches to drain the morass south of the Terrace. N. D. Keep was killed by a British officer near Cold Spring. James Nesbit and — Myers I can find no trace of. The last was Robert Franklin, an aged negro, very black, who lived in a log hut on Niagara, opposite Jersey street. Whether the old negro died defending his home, I know not. His lifeless body was found near his house, and long remained unburied.” — Extract from William Dorstheimer’s Paper.
defend his hearthstone and would return no more. That under such
discouragements those pioneers returned at all to build again the foun-
dations of a city, is sufficient honor for them and their descendants.

Before the smoke had ceased to rise from the ruins of Buffalo, the
dead bodies left upon the field were collected and laid out in ghastly
array in the blacksmith shop; they were all frozen stiff, most of them
had been stripped by the enemy, and scalped. Those belonging in the
vicinity were taken away by their friends and the others were laid in one
large grave in the old burying ground on Franklin Square.

Less than one week later, on the 6th of January, William Hodge
brought his family back; that was the first family to return, and Ralph
M. Pomeroy came immediately afterwards. William Hodge immediately
rebuilt his dwelling and Mr. Pomeroy his hotel. Soldiers were stationed
in the village and a feeling of comparative safety soon settled down upon
the frontier. A few other citizens came back and fitted up temporary
shelters for themselves and families, but there was no general return until
the following spring. Twice during the winter small detachments of
the enemy crossed the river, but they were driven back by the soldiers
then stationed there, without much fighting. Most of the people who
returned had little to live on except what was issued to them from the
commissary department of the army. There would have been much
suffering, but for the help of about $50,000 voted by the Legislature and
some contributions from other localities; with this and aid from the
commissary, those who remained on the frontier passed the remainder of
the gloomy winter.

On the 4th of June, 1814, five soldiers were brought into Buffalo to
be shot for desertion. The execution took place near what is now the
corner of Maryland and Sixth streets, and was long remembered as a
strikingly tragic scene. The unfortunate victims of martial law were
made to kneel upon the ground, their eyes bandaged and each with his
coffin in front and an open grave behind him. Twenty paces in front of
them a platoon of men were drawn up as the executioners. The entire
army was then formed on three sides of a hollow square to witness the
execution. The artillery stood by their guns with lighted matches, to
suppress any possible opposing demonstration, and Generals Scott,
Brown, and Ripley overlooked the scene from their horses.

When the firing squad had poured the contents of their muskets upon
the victims, four of the five men fell beside their coffins, while one, a young
man of twenty-one, sprang to his feet, wrenched the cords from his arms
and then tore the bandage from his eyes. Two soldiers advanced to fire
upon him when he, supposing his last moment on earth had arrived, fell
fainting to the ground. He was carried away and his life spared. What-
ever was the reason for the action, the muskets of those soldiers who had
received orders to fire at him, were loaded with blank cartridges.
Another incident that seems to be worthy of preservation, occurred at Buffalo on the 31st of July, 1814. On that day a Chippewa Indian who claimed to be a deserter, came across the river. His story was not fully credited by the Senecas, but they permitted him to remain among them and invited him to freely share the contents of a bottle of whiskey. Under the influence of the liquor, the Senecas began relating their deeds of valor in the war, and boasting of the number of red-coats and British Indians they had slain at the battle of Chippewa. The visitor, heedless of the part he was attempting to play, also began boasting of the number of his victims, and held up his fingers to indicate how many Yankees and Yankee Indians he had killed, mentioning among them the noted chief and friend of Farmer's Brother, "Twenty Canoes." Farmer's Brother was then at the bedside of Captain Worth, of General Scott's staff, who was lying at Landon's tavern recovering from a wound received at Lundy's Lane, and for whom the Indian chief had formed a strong friendship. When the Chippewa Indian boasted that he had killed "Twenty Canoes," the Senecas at once denounced him as a spy. The altercation that followed reached the ears of Farmer's Brother and he came out of the tavern and inquired the cause. When he was informed of the facts, he grasped his war club, walked up to the Chippewa and felled him to the earth. For a moment the Indian lay stunned and then sprang up and bounded away, the blood streaming down his face. The Senecas cried out:

"Ho, coward! Dare not stay and be punished. Coward!" The Chippewa stopped and then slowly retraced his steps, drew his blanket over his head and laid down beside the wall of a burned building. A rifle was handed to Farmer's Brother, who walked to the side of the spy and said:

"Here are my rifle, my tomahawk and my scalping knife; by which will you die?"

The Indian chose the rifle. The Chief then asked him where he preferred to be shot. The victim placed his hand on his heart, upon which Farmer's Brother held the muzzle of the rifle at that point and fired. Four young Senecas carried the body to the edge of the wood some distance east of Main street and there left it.* This account is condensed from "Johnson's History of Erie County"; other versions of the same event have been given by other writers. The execution of the Indian occurred about in front of the site of Barnum, Son & Co.'s store, on Main street.

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*In an autobiographical sketch by Mr. Orlando Allen, he gives a somewhat different version of this incident, as it was related to him by an eye-witness. He states that the spy was made to lie down, when Farmer's Brother took the loaded gun and proceeded to address the culprit upon the enormity of his offense, after which he said, "You are about to die the death of a dog; I am going to kill you now," and immediately fired, shooting the Indian through the head. Mr. Allen found a skull in the summer of 1830, on a clear grass plat in the woods not far from where Seneca street is crossed by Chicago street, which he thought was that of the Indian spy. It had a bullet hole in it and a cut apparently made by a tomahawk. The skull was examined by a number of old settlers, who concurred in the opinion that it was the remains of the Chippewa spy.
The departure of the enemy from the American shore on the first day of the year 1814, had left a scene of desolation that would have filled with despair any heart less self-reliant and hopeful than those of the pioneers of Erie county. A hundred houses, with numerous other buildings, most of which were scattered along Main street from Goodell street to the site of the Mansion House, had been reduced to ashes, and more then five hundred people left homeless in midwinter. Where before that tragic event stood a thriving village, bearing all the evidences of a promising future, was left a scene of devastation and ruin where not a living thing could be seen. *

A gentleman writing to his friend in Oneida county gave the following description of the devastated frontier, which was published in the Buffalo Gazette of February 1, 1814.—

"I have visited the smoking ruins of the once pleasant, delightful and flourishing village of Buffalo. Black Rock, Manchester, Lewiston and the whole frontier, which were, not long since, enjoyed by hundreds of families, now present a scene of desolation; all swept by the besom of destruction. The wretched tenants of this whole frontier have been driven from their homes in the severity of winter; many, in their haste to snatch their wives and children from the tomahawk and scalping knife, were enabled to preserve but little of their effects from the flames; and many, whose houses were not burned by the enemy, after having abandoned their dwellings to escape the ravages of their foe, returning after the alarm was over, found that their effects were plundered by the villains who prowl about the deserted country, too cowardly to face an enemy of inferior force, and base enough to rob their neighbors of the property the enemy had spared. It would make your heart ache to see the women and children of the country fleeing from their homes and firesides, to encounter the wintry blast, and all the miseries of a deprivation of all the necessaries and comforts of life."  *  *

Harris Hill, or Harris' Tavern, about fourteen miles from Buffalo, near Williamsonville, was made a sort of headquarters for the business men who had been burned out. The Gazette informs us that Seth Grosvenor had removed from the "former flourishing village of Buffalo, to Harris' Tavern." H. B. Potter opened his office there. Eli Hart removed his goods to Williamsonville, where Ebenezer Walden also opened his office. Root & Boardman also located "one door east of Harris' Tavern, and fourteen miles from the ruins of Buffalo."

On the 25th of January, under date of "Buffalo Ruins," J. Root advertised in the Gazette as follows:—

"Stolen from the subscriber, two fat shoats, supposed to weigh about seventy pounds each. They were taken from the ruins of the village of Buffalo on the 12th or 13th, by some of the cowardly, light-fingered iron-mongers, or some other savages," etc.

* James Sloan and Samuel Wilkeson came down the lake shore a few days after the village was burned, and "the only living thing they saw between Pratt's Ferry on the creek, and Cold Spring, was a cat roaming disconsolate among the charred ruins."
R. B. Heacock also announced the loss of twenty or thirty grindstones by the heartless thieves.

It was but a short time after the burning of the village that, in spite of the fact that the war was not yet ended and that it was midwinter, some of the resolute pioneers returned and began the work of rebuilding their ruined homes. On the 6th of January, just a week after the conflagration, as before stated, William Hodge returned, bringing his family with him. About the same time Ralph M. Pomeroy also returned and began immediately the erection of his hotel. In the Gazette of February 22d, Pomeroy made the following quaint announcement:—

"BUFFALO PHOENIX.—R. M. Pomeroy begs leave to inform the public, and his old customers in particular, that he is again erecting his tavern among the ruins of Buffalo. He calculates by the first of March to be prepared to receive and wait on company." [Then follows a call for the payment of what is due him.] "Come on then, men of New York; let not snow or rain deter you; come in companies, half companies, pairs or singly; ride to the place if the distance be too far, and pay me dollars, half-dollars, shillings and sixpennys."

The latter half of the winter of 1813-'14 was a time of great privation, distress and fear among those who had been rendered homeless. The suffering would have been greatly aggravated but for the timely appropriation of about $50,000 before referred to, and the liberal contributions from other public and private sources. Rumors of impending night attacks by the enemy were often heard by the settlers who had returned to Buffalo, and several times their goods were packed up for immediate removal.

With the opening of spring, however, Buffalo put on new life. More of the former residents returned, and with the advent of the army in April, a large trade sprang up and a feeling of comparative safety animated the people. In place of the former buildings, many board shanties were erected along Main and Pearl streets. One stood on the site of the First Presbyterian church, and another where St. Paul's now stands. Money was scattered freely by the soldiers, and business flourished; high prices were received for almost all kinds of merchandise and provisions.

Charles Townsend, S. Tupper, Ebenezer Walden, Jonas Harrison, H. B. Potter, S. Grosvenor, Joseph Landon and Ebenezer Johnson were appointed a Committee of Investigation to appraise losses by the war. Sufferers were notified to meet at the house of A. P. Harris, Monday, March 7th, and prove their losses. The Gazette of April 5th, said:—

"Buffalo village which once adorned the shores of Erie and was prostrated by the enemy, is now rising again; several buildings are already raised and made habitable; contracts for twenty or thirty more are made and many of them are in considerable forwardness. A brick company has been organized by an association of most enterprising and public-spirited citizens, with sufficient capital for the purpose of
rendering the price of brick so reasonable that the principal streets may be built up of that article. All that is required to re-establish Buffalo in its former prosperity, are ample remuneration from government, and peace; peace, if not obtained by negotiation, must be obtained by a vigorous prosecution of the war. Buffalo has its charms—the situation, the prospect and the general health of the inhabitants, to which we may add the activity and enterprise of the trade, the public spirit of the citizens and the state of society, all conspire to render it a chosen spot for the man of business or pleasure."

Samuel Wilkeson, who had already done valiant service in the army and was destined to make himself one of the foremost men of the place, returned to Buffalo in April, 1814. He was then but thirty-one years old. He put up a small building one door from the corner of Niagara street on Main street, in which he began business. This dwelling he erected on the north side of Main street.*

The directors of the first brickyard company, to which reference has been made, were Ebenezer Walden, Charles Townsend, S. Tupper, Benjamin Caryl and S. Grosvenor. In April they called for laborers to work in the yard.

Holden Allen, father of Captain Levi Allen, who now lives in Buffalo, leased the cottage of Mrs. St. John, very soon after the burning. He then erected about two hundred feet of rough shanties, extending along southward from the cottage, without floors and fitted with rude bunks filled with straw. In these temporary quarters, assisted by his wife, he accommodated to the best of his ability, the people who desired to stop on the site of the burned village.

April 25th, Eli Hart had opened near his old stand, and Seth Grosvenor announced that he had “once more established himself in Buffalo in a new house where the printing office of the Salisburys stood,” where he offered dry goods. H. B. Potter came back and located in the house of F. Miller. Dr. Ebenezer Johnson returned in April.

The Gazette of May 3d, stated that the “greatest activity and enterprise continues in Buffalo in building up and improving the place.” The county clerk’s office was removed to Miller’s house and the collector’s office brought from Batavia.

May 10th, the Gazette announced that the postoffice would be for the present at Judge Granger’s house, but “in a short time it will be removed to the village.”

By the 20th of the month there were twenty-three houses built, most of which were occupied by families; three taverns were in operation, four stores, twelve grocers and other shops, three offices and thirty huts and shanties.

General Scott arrived on the frontier on the 10th of April; and towards the last of May made his headquarters at Buffalo, where a large

*See biography in subsequent pages.
force of the army gathered and went into camp amid the ruins, giving a still greater impetus to trade.

In the Gazette of June 7th, notice was given that the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas had appointed the house of John Brunson as the temporary court house. This building stood where the Academy of Music is now located. It was a wooden tavern and was afterwards known as the Farmer's Hotel.

During the month of June, Andrews & Hopkins established the cabinet-making business at the house of Mrs. Adkins, and Juba Storrs opened his store in the same house. Mrs. Adkins' dwelling must have been either a commodious one, or uncomfortably crowded.

CHAPTER III.

THE SECOND BUFFALO AS A VILLAGE.

With the restoration of peace, the news of which reached Western New York early in 1815, the history of what may properly be called the second Buffalo should begin, although previous to that time and since the burning of the first village, considerable had been done towards re-building the place.

The brilliant sortie planned and executed by General Porter and his followers, and the consequent fall of Fort Erie on the 17th of September, 1814, virtually ended the war on the Niagara frontier; and when in the following January, the news of the signing of the treaty of Ghent reached Buffalo, a general shout of congratulation and thankfulness went up on all sides. Emigration westward received a new impetus and Buffalo shared largely in the results. The troops that had been stationed in the vicinity were withdrawn, the last of them taking their departure during the night of July 2d, and little was left but the scars of battle and fire to indicate that war with all its terrors and hardships, had so recently