NIAGARA RIVER
FROM LAKE TO LAKE
Original Etchings by Amos W. Sangster
Remarque Copy
"The Niagara River from Lake to Lake," will comprise a complete illustrated work of the most noted river in the world, "The Niagara," including as it does one of its seven wonders, the Niagara Falls. There will be Fifty Original Etchings on Copper-plates, 8 x 14, India Proofs, mounted on the finest quality imported Holland hand-made Etching Paper, 15½ x 20. This series of Etchings, beginning with Lake Erie, will give views of the entire River, Falls, Rapids and its Islands, as its immense body of water rolls on until it connects itself with Lake Ontario. The texts, historical and otherwise descriptive, will be mounted with one hundred and three Etchings, printed on the Holland hand-made paper, from the original copper-plates, giving views of Forts, Battle-grounds, places of note, Harbors, beautiful spots on the bank of the River, Islands, etc., etc.—in fact, whatever belonging to the River can add interest to the work, in one hundred and fifty-three original drawings on copper. This is the first published work illustrating Niagara River from Lake to Lake. The only one giving many new drawings of the great Cataract, Niagara Falls, in the most charming manner. Etching on Copper-plate, an art of itself, beautiful to give natural effects on paper. The descriptive texts will be brief, dwelling mostly upon the historical, as well as the artistic features of the Niagara River and its boundaries. The whole work is intended to delight the Art lovers, particularly those who love the quiet, inspiring influences portrayed in the true delineation of nature, giving facts in art pictures rather than the ideal.

The Etchings will be printed by the leading plate printer in America, J. H. Daniels, Boston, Mass. They will speak for themselves as to their artistic finish. The descriptive text will be printed by the noted art printing company, Matthews, Northrup & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

CONDITIONS OF PUBLICATION.

"The Remarque" Edition will be limited strictly to one thousand copies, signed. The complete work will be in 10 Sections. One section, inclosed in a portfolio, will be published every two months, or as much faster as the publisher can issue them. Each section will contain five full-sized Etchings, 8 x 14, India Proof, mounted on Holland paper, 15½ x 20; also the Text will be mounted with 10 Etchings, printed on Holland paper, 15½ x 20, inclosed in neat Portfolio.

THOMAS T. FRYER,
Publisher, Buffalo, N. Y.
Sangsters
Niagara River, from Lake to Lake.

C.H. Frank

194 Pearl St... Buffalo.
REMARQUE EDITION.
LIMITED TO 1,000 COPIES.

NIAGARA RIVER AND FALLS.

FROM LAKE ERIE

TO LAKE ONTARIO.

GUARANTEE.
To Whom it may Concern:
The Engravings of this work are printed by
Mr. J. H. Daniels, Boston, Mass., direct
from the copper plates.
Engraved by Asa W. Bangs from his own
drawings.

The Publisher.
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Dedicated

By permission

With great respect

To

The Hon. Grover Cleveland

President of the United States

By

His friend

The Artist.
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NIAGARA RIVER AND FALLS FROM Lake Erie to Lake Ontario
A SERIES OF One Hundred and Fifty-three Original Etchings

ETCHED ON COPPER BY AMOS W. SANGSTER FROM HIS OWN DRAWINGS
Edited by JAMES W. WARD, Librarian Grosvenor Library

BUFFALO, N. Y.
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS T. FRYER
1886
INTRODUCTORY.

OF THE WORK OF ART here presented to the public, little need be said. Nothing in the way of apology, not much in explanation. It may as well be left to speak for itself. It simply offers to the lovers of nature, and to students of art, a selection of original etchings, all by the same hand, of the splendid scenery of Niagara River. Pictorial illustrations of this beautiful and wonderful River, it may be thought, and truly enough, are no novelty. Pictures and descriptions of its marvelous scenery, its mystic legends, and its historic memorials, are undoubtedly—I might be excused for saying, unfortunately—numerous enough, and quite familiar to the world.

By pen and pencil, by brush and graver, by canvas and photograph, its more prominent and best known attributes and prospects, especially those in the neighborhood of the Great Cataract, have been often narrated and delineated; and its many features of sublimity and loveliness have been from time to time the inspiration of poets and artists, and the bewilderment of impetuous enthusiasts, since that distant day when its first-known civilized discoverer fell on his knees, in speechless emotion, before the unparalleled magnificence and loveliness of the awful torrent.

But "a thing of beauty" is fascinating, certainly in great part, because its varying charms, like those of the moon, or like the group of cloud pictures heliographed in tints of flame around the setting sun, are diversified and revived by constantly occurring changes and surprises. It is true that the fame of Niagara, Queen of Waterfalls, has been made known, in all tongues, to all people. Poets and painters of every measure of audacity, and of various degrees of fitness and fidelity, have ventured on the task of representing, intelligently, its most popularly attractive, and therefore best known, features. But, nevertheless, it is surprisingly true that the pictorial literature of this unparalleled River is meagre and defective. Scarcely excepting so much of it, the greater part, in fact, as is devoted to the Cataract itself and its surrounding or associated scenery.

But were it not so, the present work could exhibit a substantial reason for its existence, and stand upon its originality, inasmuch as it is the only one ever yet attempted, strange as it may appear, possessing its especial characteristics; that is, it is the only one that embraces
in its scope the entire River from Lake to Lake, or that presents the views selected for reproduction, in the effective form of etchings—a form of the graphic arts that secures to the artist capable of making use of it a vitality and freedom of spirit and expression obtainable by no other method.

Niagara River, or Falls, is a theme of which no one will grow weary; considered, even, in its most usual and familiar aspects. It is a story that never will be fully told; a panorama never to be quite unrolled. Its beauty is so luxuriant and affluent, it can be seen only in parts, and described in parts. Few can comprehend it in its entirety. The eye of the observer, wearied with the magnitude and profusion of its allurements, soon comes to rest upon some minor picturesque detail, and he enthusiastically exclaims, "How beautiful!" But another feature of equal fascination soon captures his attention, and of that also his instant impression is, How beautiful! But he can rarely give an account of his impressions. In fact, a view may be equally beautiful to different observers, but for quite different reasons; depending not only upon personal mood and temperament, but also upon actual changes of appearance, due to changes in the angles of observation, to the ever-varying conditions of sky, and cloud, and atmosphere, to the frequent temporary intrusions of unusual objects, and also to variations of a more permanent character, so often occurring, in the direction and quantity of water, and in the positions and aspects of the River's overhanging rocks and banks. To detect and properly estimate, pictorially, such subtle effects as these, is the province of the experienced artist, whose trained eye is capable of selecting the best features, at the most favorable moments; who knows that the Book of Nature is not to be read hastily and superficially; and whose fidelity to truth restrains his fancy, and obliges him to authenticate his impressions by repeated observations. It is only the artist that is able to discern that this erratic and wonderful River, though it maintains a characteristic constancy and unity, nevertheless, develops its diversified scenery in ever-recurring and unexpected variety. Many an admired touch of an artist's hand is due to the fascination and inspiration of a casual glance; like a meteor's burst,

"Ere we have said
Look! look! how beautiful!—'tis 'tis."

But the artist seizes the effect in its flight, and his pencil gives it similitude and duration. He gives expression and form, simply, to a momentary conception. He cannot, if he would, prevent so much of his personality from entering into his work. Some writer, somewhere, speaks of the "sympathetic absorption"—"I should rather say revelation—"of an artist in his subject." There is more of an artist than his tablets and pencil. Touches of ravishing beauty, harmonious associations, abrupt and surprising contrasts, light in darkness; all such effects, that excite our admiration and delight, are the artist's thoughts vivifying and illuminating his work. What we admire in the sketch is the artist's idea; what he felt when he drew it. The satirist says truly:

"He ne'er will as an artist shine
Who copies Nature line by line."

Of the principles to which I have here incidentally referred, these drawings by Mr. Sangster, now for the first time brought to the notice of the lovers of art and nature, may be regarded as at once the suggestion and the illustration. They are artistic productions that will, I think, find eager acceptance as the conscientious and sympathetic work of a true and patient searcher after Nature's spontaneous and unembellished beauty; and their attractiveness has been further enhanced by the elegant method he has adopted for their reproduction. For it must
be remembered that all the views presented in this superb collection have been drawn and etched from Nature by Mr. Sangster's unaided hand; to whom, indeed, the art-world is indebted not only for the original drawings and the engraving of the prints, but, as well, for the entire conception of the whole plan of the work. In fact, the production of these lovely views of the Beautiful River has been his cherished dream and hope for many years; to the realization of which hope he has devoted days and nights of laborious but alluring exploration. He has wandered along its shores from Lake to Lake, drifted upon its restless waters, scaled its precipices, and dreamed in the shadows that lie upon its spray-sprinkled slopes. He has, in a word, studied Niagara, in all seasons and under all conditions; selecting points touched with ideal beauty, and rejecting what was common-place and trivial. The result, there is reason to believe it will be conceded, has been as successful in execution as the plan was felicitous in conception. To all familiar with the varied scenery of Niagara, the spirit and fidelity of these sketches will require no confirmation but their own recollections. To those to whom the wonders of Niagara are still to be revealed, I can only offer the assurance that these charming pictures are actual views of the points and places intended to be represented. To all, the work will have especial merit as a really charming collection of specimens of the effective and popular art of the etcher; an art comparatively new in America, and hitherto unapplied to Niagara. This work will also pleasantly serve to introduce to those to whom he may be still unknown, the name and work of an artist whose versatile ability has already obtained wide-spread acknowledgment.

It should be added, in conclusion, with reference to the press-work of these sheets, that the etchings were entrusted by Mr. Sangster to the tried and skillful hand of Mr. J. H. Daniels, of Boston, the leading plate-printer of the United States. The letter-press work is from the well-known art-printing house of Matthews, Northrup & Co., of Buffalo, and exhibits the high degree of perfection already attained by the printer's art in this City.

JAS. W. WARD.
THE SCENERY of the low-lying belt of shore land that bounds the lower portion of Lake Erie where its rapidly descending waters, flowing between the visibly approaching shores of the United States and Canada, become the Strait, or River, of Niagara, makes no pretension to boldness or sublimity of feature, and has even been described as devoid of any picturesque interest or beauty; a reproach, however, that will scarcely be conceded. Indeed, many really charming effects can be pointed out in the prospect; many pleasing nooks discovered; groups of trees, concealing beneath their shadows the limpid waters of the coves and pools that indent the boulder-strewn shore; green patches of brush overhanging billow-washed beaches; sandy knolls and rocky dykes, against which the rippling surf of the Lake beats and splashes continually; tranquil and misty byways veiled in soft combinations of light and obscurity; the whole forming a connected series of agreeable and harmonious pictures, stretching across the distant horizon, as seen from either bank of the broad and rapidly flowing River; embracing in its graceful sweep many objects and features of a local nature, that add essentially to the variety and picturesqueness of the general landscape.

With the pleasure inspired by the view of a wide expanse of water, lying in repose, there is always associated a placid and soothing sentiment of beauty peculiar to itself, and to which all minds are confessedly susceptible; broken and agitated water, irrespective of its surroundings, possesses, transcendently, a spirit-stirring charm, the influence of which no frank soul can resist.

In fact, the view of Lake Erie from any point in the vicinity of Buffalo will always be found impressive and pleasing. The shadow-dropping clouds that skirt the distant horizon—the spray and sparkle of the laughing ripples, skipping over the rocks and breaking musically upon the shelving beaches—the gray undulating hills, just visible in the misty distance—the towering light-houses and beacons that assure the storm-driven mariner of refuge and
security — the ceaseless shifting and drifting
hither and thither of in-
umerable sail-boats and
steamers — the hazy blue
of the visible atmos-
phere that veils and
softens the distant in-
land slopes and downs
— the curious display
of soaring spires and
tower-like stacks that
silhouette the smoking
city on the clear gray
sky, especially at even-
ing — the lovely reflec-
tions in the gently-
ruffled water of the
many-tinted and ever-varying cloudlights, that stream over the surface in vanishing and
rapidly interchanging glimpses of blue and green and golden yellow bands — surely phenomena
and occurrences like these must produce pictures of unwearying variety and charm; awakening
in the observer a sense of quiet and restful beauty that swells at moments into
admiration and delight.

And under ruder aspects — for the Lake has its humors and does not conceal its inscri-
bility, and the winds are not always gentle with it — and when the storm and the tempest
assail it, and the wind-burdened clouds sweep down impetuously upon the terrified water,
and the wild gale, cracking its whips of spray, plunges into the vainly wrestling billows,
tearing their snowy crests into strings and flocks of foam, then old Erie leaps and roars
for joy, and assumes her traditional majesty and glory, terrific to encounter, but exhilarating
to witness. The tattered waves hurled by the riotous gale against the rocky walls of the
beacon in the outer bay, spring in showers of spray entirely over the lantern, and further
on break in long lines of bubbling cascades against the protecting break-waters of the
inner harbor. Standing upon one of the city piers, if one will make sure of his head,
in a tempestuous hour like this, the Lake on its rollicking revels is a sight worth seeing.

And it is fraught with dangers as well. Dangers imminent and insidious; as thou-
sands of wrecked "toilers of the sea" could testify. The bottom of the Lake is strewn with
the relics and débris of many a deplorable disaster, destructive alike to life and property.
Many a shattered hulk lies muttering its
weird dirge of warning, and bleached and
fractured spars stalk like spectral sentinels
all along the shore.

In view of the many hazards that
attend the navigation of the Great Amer-
ican Lakes, and moved with sympathy for
the oft-imperilled mariner, much interest
of an organized nature has been awakened
in behalf of all such as may be exposed
from day to day to these frequently recurring dangers. In the prosecution of this humane work individual enterprise has happily received the support and co-operative assistance of the General Government, and storm-signal posts and life-saving stations, equipped and manned in the most efficient manner, and supplied with every requisite, and with all approved expedients, are stretched, at convenient and carefully-chosen distances apart, along the whole line of the Lake coast.

In these ever-ready and philanthropic measures for the safety and rescue of the shipwrecked mariner the City of Buffalo has also had its share; it is one of the National life-stations, of the first-class, and Capt. D. P. Dobbins, one of its honored citizens, and inventor of the justly celebrated life-boat that bears his name, himself highly experienced in all coasting and maritime matters, is Superintendent of the Ninth United States Life-Saving District, which includes the shores of Lake Erie in its widely extended jurisdiction. The ingeniously-constructed boat which Capt. Dobbins has contributed to this important service is considered, by experts familiar with its peculiar merits, to be one of the most perfect of its kind. In the confident words of its designer, it is “self-righting, self-bailing, and insubmergible.” It is strong, portable, easily managed, and may be speedily launched through the most violent surf, carrying with easy control fifty or more persons. Having been successfully tested upon occasions of great severity of weather, and under conditions of extreme peril, this unrivalled boat has been pronounced by competent official authority, superior to all others with which it has been brought in competition. No higher commendation can be conferred upon any invention designed for practical service in the affairs of life, than the assurance, from actual experience, that it will thoroughly perform its duty. This testimony has been frequently bestowed upon Capt. Dobbins' life-boat, by persons quite competent to estimate properly the difficulties and dangers to which it has on several occasions been exposed; always proving itself staunch and trustworthy.
To one taking only a hasty glance over the eventful history of the eastern end of Lake Erie, there will appear, with marked prominence, three graphic occurrences, distantly consecutive, it is true, but locally related, and of notable interest in connection with the romantic annals of Buffalo. They would seem to be entitled to brief mention here. Of but slight mention indeed, anywhere, heretofore.

There was a time, long passed out of present recollection, when these shore-lines of the Lake and the low head-lands of the River presented a very different appearance from what they do now. When the astonished gaze of the early explorers of these mysterious and unknown waters first fell upon the amazing scene, these hillsides and banks were covered to the water's edge with a dense and almost impenetrable forest: the gnarled and rocking branches of majestic oaks, beeches, and tall lindens and maples, were tangled together in an intricate mass by the cable-like stems of the grape, the celastrus, the ampelopsis, and other woody climbers, beneath the shadowy shelter of which prowled the bear and the wolf and the catamount and other predaceous animals. The whole prospect was wild and treacherous. Birds of prey hovered over the breezy tree-tops, and innumerable water-fowl swam unconcernedly in the reedy marshes of the coves and bayous of the Lake. But for fuel and food, for security and shelter, and other needs and conveniences of man, all this has long since disappeared.

But two hundred years ago, this dark leafy curtain of the primeval forest still cast its shadows over the sandy flats that obstructed the mouth of Buffalo Creek, warning the too adventurous pioneer of the perils and infections it so sombrely concealed. With such surroundings, one day in August, in 1679, an Indian, of the confederated tribes that then had possession of this wild region of the Lakes, stood upon a hillock of sand, in a sunlit clearing near the mouth of the sluggish Creek, leaning upon a dilapidated French fire-arm, gazing fixedly at an object that held him motionless with surprise and wonder. White caps were gamboling gaily over the wind-broken surface of the water; rabbits were burrowing under the fallen leaves, and squirrels were frisking over the swaying branches of the adjacent trees, beneath which, on a lichen-covered log, a red fox, with his nose upon his paws, lay crouching in simulated slumber. The man's figure, dressed in the scanty costume of his
people, was inclined forward in the eager attitude of curiosity and astonishment. And, indeed, what he saw there, would have compelled the attention of a much more experienced observer, had one been there to witness the strange event then taking place.

It was Robert La Salle's great day; the day of his triumph over accumulated disasters and discouragements; a triumph over difficulties and oppositions that only a brave and patient heart could have survived. What the genius of the intelligent and energetic adventurer had devised, his perseverance had finally accomplished. Indian canoes, and such trivial craft as he had discovered paddling about the shores of the Lake, he saw clearly enough could be of no service in any serious attempt at navigation, and he determined to construct a small schooner for the purpose. Procuring with much difficulty, and after many discouraging delays, the requisite material, and hauling it, by aid of some sailors and Indians, to a point a few miles above the Falls, about, as seems most probable, where the village stands that now bears his name, he set his men to work; and after many days of incredible patience and labor, the vessel was finished and launched into the swift current of the River. Here new difficulties and delays awaited the enterprise, for the little schooner's sails were no match for the descending force of the rapids. Tow lines manned by stout arms came to the rescue, and succeeded in dragging her to a point, where, finally, the approving winds from the west filled her white sails and bore her, in triumph, upon the unfriendly waters of the Lake. Truly was it a day of wonder. The event then disclosed was one of far-reaching significance; the fore-runner of results impossible to have been imagined by the simple savage who stood there in sullen amazement, muttering his monotonous croak of wonder and distrust.

The comely and trimly-rigged little schooner, with her fair suit of sails filled with the freshening breeze, sped gallantly upon her adventurous course. Pennants fluttered from her foretop—banners waved from her prow—and the roar of cannon and musketry pealed from her careening deck, arousing old Erie's astonished echoes from their primeval slumbers. And
so began the navigation and commerce of the Great American Lakes. Not, it is sadly necessary to add, without disaster. Infuriated Erie resented the intrusion. "La Griffon" reached Green Bay in safety, but on her return voyage was lost; as was supposed, in a storm; but there was no man left to tell the tale.

A little over a hundred years brings us to another interesting event, in the stirring history of Buffalo Creek. It was in 1791; time had wrought its whirl of chances and changes, and many things had happened. The influences of the new civilization were making themselves felt in various ways, not always exemplary. The march of improvement had penetrated the wilderness. Much of the primeval forest had disappeared; the clearing about the Creek had been greatly extended; and a goodly and cultivable land was beginning to attract speculation and enterprise. And one day, and upon the same spot upon which the Iroquois had stood and watched the progress of the booming "Griffon" speeding to its deplorable fate, stood now another and quite different figure. It was that of a man as different in character as in figure. He stood there with an eye to business inducements, and being a man of foresight and decision, and captivated by the encouraging prospect of navigable waters and broad pastures, and weary with his tedious and adventurous journey from the sterile and pixy-haunted crags of the Hudson, he determined, with honest Dutch assurance, to plant himself and his potential fortunes, clear and clever, upon the wretched sand-bank upon which he stood pondering. The outlook was not exhilarating; concurrent probabilities were not in the ascend. But everything must have a beginning, even Buffalo; and having made up his mind, and deliberately sketched his plans, he sent East for the needed material, and dug out his boulders and hewed his timber, and soon saw completed a good and sufficient house, with a roomy shop for trading purposes attached—the first structure in the resemblance of a house erected by a white man on the site of the present goodly City of Buffalo. Around him, relieved here and there by a few not very extensive clearings and a passable road or two, was the wilderness, and his only neighbors were some nomadic families of Seneca Indians, constituents of the Great Sachem of the Wolves, the renowned and really princely Red Jacket; a "wide-awake" man, but whose territorial rights do not seem, in those early days, to have been of that self-evident sort that the too rapaciously enterprising pale-faced land-jobbers of the period felt under very urgent
obligation to respect. But there was peace in the land, and recognized rights of domain, and possession, of some definable sort; and it came to pass, at all events, about a hundred years ago, that one Cornelius Winne, a sturdy and responsible adventurer from the region of the Catskills, quietly established his abode and his business on the banks of Buffalo Creek, with all needed papers, and the possibilities and potencies of the future City of Buffalo, in the capacious pockets of his “bulbous-bottomed” breeches.

One hundred and eleven years, of memorable import in the chronicles of nations, intervened between the passage of the first sail-boat across the mouth of Buffalo Creek and the erection of the first white man’s dwelling upon its wind-swept bluffs. Subsequent events moved more rapidly. The village of the Creek began soon to assume an air of pretension and importance; houses and inhabitants multiplied, roads began to be called streets, and neighbors talked encouragingly about the prospects of trade and crops; evidently Cornelius had done a good thing. But prosperity did not come at a bound; it was a day of small things for a while, and progress was still slow. But there was pluck and confidence, and encouraging results began to appear, when war came, and with it confusion and trouble. And there was mustering of men, and marching to battle in defence of the frontier; 130 men from the heroic little village, old and young, went out upon the war-path. And the invaders came upon the defenceless town, and there was terror and flight, and bloody conflict, for miles around, with Indians and English; and the vision of “a lieutenant with a squad of men” rushing about in the midst of the shrieking panic and terror with flaming fire-brands, which soon laid the town in ashes—only half a dozen houses escaping the conflagration. The disaster was cruelly disheartening, and the loss seriously crippling. But the courage and energy of the inhabitants did not fail them. Though war was still devastating the frontier in all directions, they took friendly counsel together, swept up the ashes, and joined hands and means for the rebuilding of the town, and, as usual, on a better and broader scale. And when, after another year of calamity and bloodshed, peace was proclaimed in the land, Buffalo was visibly once more on the road to assured prosperity.

Three years after these occurrences, and about twenty-eight from the day the judicious Winne, building wiser than he knew, laid in solitude the foundation of the City of Buffalo, and upon the same spot upon which he had stood, enveloped in smoke, forecasting the probabilities of his project, one day in August, a little flaxen-haired boy, apparently in charge of a buxom Indian girl, who squatted by his side in the warm sand, sat upon the end of a storm-splintered log that lay half buried in the sand, watching, with more than
childish interest, the slow and labored motion of a small steamboat struggling up the rapid current of the River, which, for many hours, so feeble was the power of the little craft's over-taxed energies, resisted and delayed its passage into the Lake. But the boat, the "Walk-in-the-Water," the first vessel moved by steam to engage in the already active and thrifty commerce of the Lakes, possessed a special attraction for the boy, as he sat there watching its approach, less interested in its spasmodic efforts to overcome the refractory current of the River than in the bold and curious figure-head it bore at its prow. It was an object he had seen before, as appeared by the piece of paper that lay upon his knees, upon which, as the astonished group of villagers that stood around him had slyly discovered, he had drawn, with the stump of a pencil, a rude but really obvious sketch of the figure-head that had so absorbed his attention. This incident of the infant artist, associated as it is with three memorable epochs in the eventful annals of Lake Erie—the first sail-boat on its waters, the first house on the site of Buffalo, and the first steamboat at its dock—gains an additional interest in the fact that this historical boy, born in Buffalo in the midst of the calamities and desolations of war, was James H. Beard, whose natural tendency to art, thus precociously exhibited, and cultivated and expanded in after life with that patience and energy of purpose that characterizes true genius, brought him at last the honor and fortune due to an artist, whose acknowledged ability has so largely contributed to the advancement of American art.

It would have gratified a pleasant fancy, if I could have left it on record here, that the distinguished painter I have alluded to was the first resident artist to exercise his talents in the then nascent, but auspicious, field of Buffalo fine arts. But it is quite clear that he will have to share the honor with the unknown, but doubtless very respectable, sculptor whose dexterous hand chiseled the shapely figure-head that first inspired his awakened genius. What a curious coincidence of relationship is here presented to one's imagination. Genius and steamboat: both started together on their respective and unrevealed careers; and they had a parallel and cotemporaneous development; keeping pace in historic importance, and, though by distinct and special paths, winning high places in the world's esteem. One expands into a splendid fleet of steamships, transporting the produce and wealth of nearly half the American continent, from end to end of our great inland water system—and the other, with concurrent ambition, and intent only on its own alluring inspirations, attaining the goal of success and recognition towards which it struggled.

The short-winded "Walk-in-the-Water," for the prospective needs of steam-navigation, was scarcely more capable than the incompetent child for the work of an artist; but the immense ingenuity and traffic of the Lakes was the outgrowth of that unpromising beginning, as the accomplished artist was evolved from the artless boy.