

The preface is addressed to the "Many thousand descendants of the brave men who formed Butler's Rangers, now living in Ontario and other British Provinces." "To them," says the author, "I feel that no apology is necessary in presenting a narrative which will not be found unduly eulogistic. . . . It may be said, that these were hard, fierce, and revengeful men, but it should be remembered that they lived in a stormy time, in a hard, fierce, and revengeful world."

Beginning with the year 1774, when "His Excellency William Tryon, Esq., was Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over the Province of New York, and the Territories depending thereon in America, Chancellor and Vice-Admiral of the same." (Lond. Doc. XLIV). Mr. Cruikshank sketches the state of the province, which, though "the wealthiest, and undoubtedly the most flourishing of the British Colonies in America, did not contain a free population much exceeding a quarter of a million. Of these, 39,000 were freeholders entitled to vote at elections." Outside of New York itself, Albany, with a population of 5,000, was the largest and busiest town. "The valleys of the Mohawk, and its principal tributary from the south, the Schohariekill, were frequently termed the 'Garden of the Province,' being composed of rich, deep virgin soil, easy of cultivation, and yielding enormous crops of grass and grain. Stretching for some fifty miles along either bank of the Upper Mohawk, but nowhere more than two miles in width, lay a fertile tract, called from the nationality of its inhabitants 'The German Flats.' The neighbouring hillsides were clothed with majestic pines, and the hum of the sawmill was heard on every petty creek. A numerous fleet of small sailing vessels was constantly employed in carrying the various products of this region to the sea-coast. So marked was the general prosperity of the province during the twenty years preceding the revolution, that a regretful Loyalist has termed this period 'The Golden Age of New York.'"

"By far the best known, and most influential man in the province was Sir William Johnson, Superintendent of the Northern Indians." The author proceeds to describe Sir William Johnson, his mode of life, and the means by which he gained the unbounded influence he enjoyed over the Indians.

In view of another valuable work "Glengarry in Canada," by Mr. J. A. Macdonell, of Alexandria, Ont., recently published, it is interesting to learn that Sir William Johnson could trace his descent from the same clan. "Though born in Ireland, and bearing an Anglicized name, he traced his descent in the direct line from the Maclean branch of the Macdonnells of Glencoe. A feeling of kinship prompted him to enter into a correspondence, which led to the immigration, in 1773, of the McDonnells of Aberchallader, Collichie, Leek and Scottus, in Glengarry, with many of their relatives and dependents, forming a body of more than six hundred persons."

It was John McDonnell of Aberchallader who was the first member for Glengarry, in the first Parliament of Upper Canada, and elected first Speaker of the

House. He had been the friend and companion of Walter Butler, who fell at Butler's Ford, immediately previous to the Battle of Sandusky, during some random firing between the enemy in a fog.

A great light is thrown in this narrative upon the employment of the Indians by both sides, and the difficulties in dealing with them are detailed.

After Sir William Johnson's death no other officer had so great an influence over the Indians as Colonel John Butler, and it is instructive to find that in each case such influence arose from the high moral qualities of the man. The Indians found that the word of each was his bond, and they acted accordingly.

The terrible necessities of war, which involve the destruction of the enemy's supplies, the burning of settlements, and all those terrible means by which nations at war have to cripple each other's resources, are here given, and of themselves form a study for the thoughtful and wise. The magnificent endurance, bravery, loyalty, and patience of the splendid corps of Butler's Rangers, which, before its dissolution attained to ten companies, must ever strike a chord of proud content in Canadian hearts; and little less enthusiasm will be evoked by the account given of the first beginning of that peaceful agricultural industry which has made the Niagara peninsula the "Garden of Eden" it is to-day.

S. A. C.

### ART NOTES.

Until this week, Mr. J. W. L. Forster's sketching class might be met on a Wednesday on a sketching expedition, sometimes in High Park on the Humber, or any one of Toronto's pretty suburbs which can furnish so many subjects fit for brush and pencil. The last trip was to Mimico creek, where some charming sketches were made, some of which we may see at a future exhibition.

The official catalogue of the Fine Art Section at Chicago is now nearly ready. Very few English pictures have been reproduced in its pages. The more important examples of the modern English school—some forty in number—will ere long be reproduced in Gouligravure by Messrs. Boussois, Valadon and Co., who are preparing the illustrations for a catalogue to be published by Messrs. Appleton.

Mr. Thos. Brock, R.A., has consented to act as English judge in sculpture in connection with the Fine Art Section at the Chicago Exhibition. The other judges are, for works in oil, Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., and Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A.; for water-colour drawings, Mr. A. W. Hunt; for works in black-and-white, Mr. F. Short; and for architectural examples, Mr. MacIvar Anderson, P.R.I.B.A. The task before these gentlemen is anything but a pleasant one; and, inasmuch as only £150 has been allowed to each for travelling expenses, it will in most cases entail a very considerable pecuniary loss.

In a very interesting article, "The Japanese vs. The Western Artist," by John La Large, in the July Century, the writer makes the following comparison: The greater part of our "decoration" is carried out just the contrary way to that of the Japanese. Our artists accept as a momentary curse, the fact that to live they may have to draw patterns, or work in glass, or paint or model subsidiary ornamentation. They look forward to the glorious time when they may wreak their lofty souls in the dignity of paint mixed with the sacred linseed oil, or in the statue done in bronze or carved in

marble by other hands than theirs. And yet if their nature be not too far removed from ours, the habit of doing less than their best, the habit of doing poorly, the scorn of anything but the fine clothes of a fine material, will never be gotten over, and throughout this little cheapness of soul, this essential snobbishness, will be felt to puzzle and disconcert those who wish to admire.

That is to say, that they too often do not look to the end, but to the means, while to the artist, the means are a mere path—as with the Greeks, their work will live, even if its very physical existence is obliterated, because it is built in the mind, in the eternity of thought. So Greek art existed, and has lived, and lives the most flourishing and richest that we know of—with less to represent it than we turn our daily. So it lived, when it had no longer anything of its own body to represent it, in every thing that was done in every country which kept its lessons; and still live without examples to refer to, even into the very painting of to-day. It is the principle of the proper place of means that makes the little piece of Japanese metal-work—for instance, the sword-guard of the knife-handle—an epitome of art, certainly a greater work of art than any modern cathedral. And as certainly we shall never even produce good ordinary ornamental work until we feel the truth that I have lamely indicated.

### WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBIT, IX.

Of the number by Robert Vounoh, none are better than "Bad News," which tells its story in the attitude of the old woman and the letter just read. All the six pictures by Edwin L. Weeks, are oriental in subject. "Marble Court at Agra," with well done marble; "Three Beggars of Cordova," low in tone; "Two Hindoo Fakirs" on their last voyage down the Ganges, and several others. With all his wonderful ability, J. Alden Weir often fails to please, not only the average picture gazer, but even the cultivated taste from the way his canvas is loaded with paint. It distracts one's attention from the real value of the work. Few will have as good a chance again of seeing such a number of pictures by George Innes, and having once seen them, could fail to recognize the manner of the old master in the landscape, or his influence as seen in the work of others. He gives us nature at all times in the dry, as well as varied, in landscape. "Evening, Village of Greif," by Carlton Wiggins is an old-fashioned village street with the light of the drying sun on the upper part of the house. The effect of the hour is wonderfully reproduced. Horatio Walker has a stable interior that is very good.

Last, but by no means least, we come to France. In size, its gallery ranks next to that of the United States. In other respects, its rank will vary with the taste of the individual, but in the opinion of many, it is second to none. For many reasons the description of this gallery will have to be short, but not because it is not worthy of all the space it is lowable. "Japan," by Louise Abbema, an emblematic, or allegorical summary of that country, firmly, and yet softly rendered; odd in its composition. Ernest Baillet has two beautifully soft, misty views of the Seine; one a morning effect and the other, "First Lights on the Seine," both charming in colour. In one of the earlier papers, Paul Bosaard's "Ponies Harassed by Flies," was referred to; an example of the extreme of impressionism, violent and harsh in colour, but showing power of a high order. After going a hunt for the three pictures by Benjamin Constant, and finding only one with some French sailors volunteered the desired information, they proved in what a disappointment, being in no way good examples of the great man's work. One might scarcely pause before "The Triumph of Christopher Columbus," but for the name in the corner of the canvas. "The Ribbon-Maker," by Er-