

monument to Hortense, put up by her son Napoleon III, and several other signs of Ruel having been greatly in the hearts of all the Buonaparte family. The walls of this little town were pulled down to allow Cardinal Richelieu's litter to pass through, none of the gates being broad enough; now Ruel is a lively place with a casino rejoicing in Aunt Sallies, merry-go-rounds etc., and frequented by Parisian holiday makers. M. A. B.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THOUGH they often fail to comprehend the intricacies and requirements of an ultra-artistic public, perhaps no people understand the temper of the masses better than the Americans. From a financial standpoint, their alert willingness to stock show-tent and newspaper with that which satisfies the most unwarrantable curiosity, must be considered admirable; but I very much fear those amongst us holding Arnoldian views, look upon such pandering with dismay, dismay all the deep because, as some sharp-eyed writer puts it, "There being no duty on the spirit of republicanism, we (Canadians) import it freely"—a "spirit of republicanism" which gives incompetent individuals a disastrous right to opinions, and the power to enforce them. The day seems far off when an ordinary community's ideas on matters artistic will be of any intrinsic value; let critics, and journalists, and artists, then, take care that they work by some less mutable, less subjective laws than those of the populace.

An American is at present exhibiting here Philippoteaux's huge painting—"Christ Entering Jerusalem." The queen's hall has been darkened, and in the centre of its stage, solemnly hung with purple, stands the picture, lighted from above by glaring gas-jets. An oppressive, church-like stillness reigns throughout this auditorium, conducive rather to spiritual exaltation, or to the somnolent acquiescence with which we receive the time-worn imagery of some reverend gentleman, than to intelligent interest. Indeed so awful seems the situation, that even my critical old-lady neighbour, usually hardly as sensitive as she might be, can only mutter her opinion under her breath:

"Eh! but it is a grave scene, ain't it? Look! daughter, look how much that disciple there's like Jerry Tomkinson. (Musingly.) You don't see no very grand people amongst them, do ye? Say, isn't he ridin' with both feet on one side? Ugh! but that pert minx in front is for all the world like yer brother Tom's wife."

You may feel differently, but I find it unjust, inartistic, rude to exhibit pictures after this fashion. I am forcibly reminded of an actor who, discovering himself almost lost, appealed to the religious and national prejudices of his audience; of a magazine which recently published the bewitching face of its principal contributor. To study painting, as to study everything else, we should have honest daylight in plenty, and no prejudices. It were better that they left us ignorant, than that our countless, silly, blinding passions should be excited there where the poet sings truth still exists.

After the subtle poetry of Uhde, the sweet, grave, homely feeling of Gabriel Max, the passionate grandeur of Munkacsy, the ominous strength and dignity of Doré, Monsieur Philippoteaux's work seems neither very interesting, very original, nor very powerful. Even the ass has not taken one step in advance since we last saw it, and she stands there with her right hoof raised primly for all eternity. *C'est le vieux jeu*, as the French say. The disciples crowd behind Christ entering the city, and on either side of the white-robed figure, curious, eager, but conventionally disposed throngs wave their palm branches, or kneel with rapture. It is natural that so clever a painter of cycloramas should excel in perspective. We can see very satisfactorily through the great gate-way and beyond, and far down a narrow by-street. The sunlight too seems cleverly managed, casting delicate, greyish, haze, with its fine intensity, over the ponderous masonry. But where we are disappointed is in the general conception, in the idea. Christ appears, not as an exquisitely intelligent being, consumed by mighty thoughts that have burned his cheeks to ashy paleness, as the embodiment of compassion and suffering: we tremble before the denouncer of heretics, the sworn friend of uncompromising doctrinaires. But in reality the whole figure, waxy face, golden beard and hair, outstretched hand giving the two-finger, papal blessing, resembles an ecclesiastical ornament more than anything else. Then St. John who, holding the ass's bridle, turns his head angrily towards some jeering Pharisees, does it with too premeditated an air, too evidently as if he were posing. These Pharisees are perhaps Monsieur Philippoteaux's most interesting figures. They bear a strong likeness to Munkacsy's trio in his "Christ on Calvary," though they show far less power, clearness and individuality. As for the artist's *figurantes*, we find them *figurantes* truly. You can see any number of such beauties embellishing "selections from favourite authors," "Friendship's Offering" and similar volumes.

After Philippoteaux's picture has been exhibited here for five weeks, you will have the privilege of seeing it in Toronto.

I hear some enlightened citizens are soliciting names for a petition favouring cremation. Only the other day I was asked "to write up" the reform. In an age when science would make herself mistress even of our hearts, it seems strange that there should still exist superstitions and sentiments strong enough to prevent this rational and most commendable mode of disposing of the dead from becoming general. Surely it is time that those fibbing epitaphs where we read, not what man was, but what he might, could, would or should have been, were abolished; that hypocritical funeral pomps, and ceremonies, and obligations were put down; that grief be allowed to have but one representative, if only one representative can represent her. However I will not waste your time in further parley, so certain am I that the enlightened citizens will eventually gain the day.

LOUIS LLOYD.

KESWICK BAY.

(LAKE SIMCOE).

O COME from your briefs, and your office,
Break loose from those fetters to-day,
For sweet as a breath of the summer
Are the breezes of Keswick Bay.

I'll show you its sky blue water,
And the changeful greens of its shore—
We'll glide to the dip of the paddle,
Or fly to the sweep of the oar.

From the breezy hill where the pine trees
Are sighing their fragrance away,
I'll show you the wavelet's sparkle,
And the dancing zephyrs at play.

And after the storm clouds gather,
And sweep over Oro's hill,
I'll show you the waves of shadow
On the meadows of Innisfil.

We'll sail to Ke-nah-bee Island,
Where the last of the Ojibway
Will tell us the ancient legends
Of the Redman and Keswick Bay;

Of the great black crested serpent,
With eyes of fiery red,
Which dwelt in the Holland marshes,
And hid in the river's bed,

And prowled abroad in the darkness,
The terror of lake and land,
Till it came to Ke-nah-bee Island,
And perished by Esquib's hand.

When sunset is bursting in splendour,
And dyeing the waves with its glare,
And burning the waters with crimson,
And flashing red darts through the air,

We'll bring our good craft to an anchor
Near a shore where the white birches shine—
Look out! or your rod will be broken,
A black bass is straining your line!

He plunges and dashes in fury—
Let him have all the line he will take,
Till the landing-net holds him securely—
A four pounder—king of the lake!

And after our basket is heavy,
Sailing back by the light of the moon,
As we round up our boat at her moorings
We hear the sad call of the loon,

Like a cry of distress from the water;
The night owl replies from the hill,
And there comes from a distant valley
The voice of the whip-poor-will.

The sunset has turned into silver,
The crimsons have faded to gray,
And softly, in silence and shadow,
Night falls on the beautiful Bay.

Roache's Point, August, 1888.

J. D. E.

PROHIBITION IN THE TERRITORIES.

THE prohibitory law of the North-West was a most thorough measure of its kind. Its provisions were simplicity itself. The line was drawn broadly and strongly and in the right place. The object was to prevent the injury to the community always resulting from the traffic in intoxicants as a beverage. It provided for the summary punishment of any person having intoxicants of any kind in his possession, unless he had the special permission of the authorities. That this law, in all its severe simplicity, was a necessity of the times in which it was passed is universally admitted. Only under prohibition, provided for by so simple a law, could the small force of police then in the country have changed its condition from the extreme of lawlessness to a condition wherein from 1874 to 1881 life and property were more secure than in the city of Toronto. Had the liquor traffic been allowed during these years, no matter under what restrictions, three thousand men could not have done the work that three hundred did so well.

Now the conditions are changed, and the reasons which made the enforcement of prohibition an absolute necessity then have now less force. But these same changes of condition have given rise to other reasons which, in the opinion of many, if not a majority, of the residents of the North-West, require its continued enforcement. If it is true that the partial filling up of the country by white settlers lessens the necessity of enforcing prohibition, inasmuch as their mere numbers arrayed on the side of consti-