

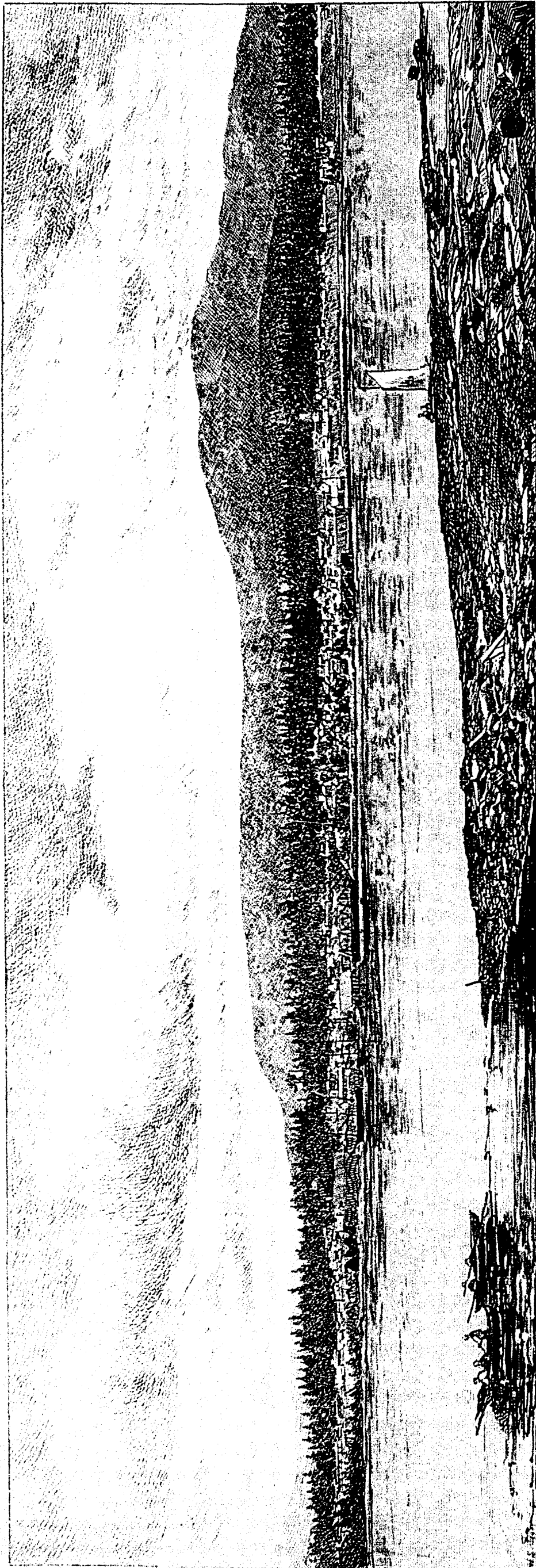
THE HOME OF DETAILLE.

The home of Detaille, who is now acknowledged as the most eminent battle-painter of the present day, is situated on the upper part of the Boulevard Malesherbes, near the Parc Monceau. It is built in the usual French fashion, around an inner court, of which, however, it occupies only three sides, the fourth being taken up by the low wall dividing the court yard from that of the spacious building in white freestone which is still in course of construction next door, the unfinished house of Meissonnier. Thus the great master and the greatest of his pupils will soon dwell side by side. The visitor, on ringing, is admitted to the *porte-cochère*, which, with the arches that surround the lower floor of the house, is painted in Pompeian style, the prevailing tints being dark-red and cream-yellow. Opposite to the entrance a wide doorway, screened with a heavy *portière* of straw matting, meets the eye. Cross the court-yard, lift the screen, and you will find yourself in the studio of the painter. It is a vast and lofty room, lighted from above, and with a paved floor which, as well as the wide doorway, has been constructed especially to allow of the introduction of the horses which form so frequently the subjects of the artist's pencil. Around the walls hang uniforms, mostly French, sabres, cuirasses, helmets, etc., while from rows of shelving along one side stare solemnly a set of *papier-mâché* heads, each wearing some peculiar military head-dress, including the spiked helmet of Prussia. A handsome young man, with a slender yet vigorous form, finely outlined features, brilliant hazel eyes, and a complexion fresh and roseate as that of a girl, rises from his post and comes forward before the easel which stands in the centre of the room to greet us. Can this be the world-famous painter, this almost boyish young fellow with military bearing and frank address? Can he be the renowned artist who so narrowly escaped taking the medal of honor at last season's *salon*, and who has won every award that government ever bestows on a French painter, save only the highest grade of the Legion of Honor and the medal aforesaid? It is indeed he—not quite twenty-seven years old, and yet placed by acclamation on the highest pinnacle of French art, a summit which it has taken many of his great contemporaries years and years to climb. He received the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor when he was only nineteen, and being then a light-complexioned, beardless youth, he looked much younger than he really was. It was awarded to him at the distribution of prizes of the *salon*. As he came down from the platform with the coveted rosette in his buttonhole he was met with open arms by Meissonnier, whose favorite pupil he has always been. Master and pupil fervently embraced each other, and both shed tears of pride and joy. At one side of the studio a flight of steps leads to the upper story. Unlocking a door at the head of these steps we find ourselves in a long and wide hall, lighted with windows at one side and hung with splendid old tapestry. Passing through this hall we are ushered into the artist's second studio, now converted into a drawing-room. It is very large and immensely high, the walls reaching to the very top of the building. Half-way up these walls a light gallery extends around the room, which gallery is accessible by a spiral staircase that rises in one corner. The most noticeable feature about this vast apartment is the chimney-place, which, built in projecting mediæval fashion, towers well-nigh to the roof. It is to be cased in porcelain tiles, but looks picturesque and appropriate enough in its native roughness of brick and mortar. None of the wood-work is painted, but is merely waxed and polished. The furniture is mostly Japanese in its character, including some splendid bronzes, such as a grinning tiger which occupies the fire-place, and two gigantic vases which stand one on either side of the hearth. A book-case in black and gold lacquer stands at one side, and chairs and lounges in bamboo are scattered here and there. But neither the decoration nor the furnishing of this improved *salon* is finished. On the walls hang a few pictures—a landscape of Lucien Gross, a figure of a soldier by De Neuville, a sketch in Indian ink by Vibert. At one side an open door affords us a glimpse of the painter's sleeping apartment, which is simple and severe in every respect. He has evidently lavished all his time and thoughts, and his wealth as well, on his two studios. As I surveyed the vast area and lofty ceiling of the painter's drawing-room, I mentally concluded that were I ever to build a house I should not choose an artist to draw the plan thereof for me. How on earth is this gigantic room ever to be warmed? was the problem that puzzled my house-wifely brain as I gazed at it.

It is curious that the leaders of the two great political parties in England should both seek seclusion and repose in dens. But each has the den the other ought to have. Mr. Gladstone, who hews trees, and who has nothing of the "swell" about him, lives at Hawaw-den; while Lord Beaconsfield, who was always a "swell," and couldn't hew down an oak to save his life, lives at Hewen'-den.

MOUNT BENSON.

PINE COVERED RANGES OF MOUNTAINS.



Northern limit of the City is some distance farther north.

17. City Council Chamber.
1. Methodist Church.
2. St. Paul's Episcopal Church.
3. Court House and Jail.
4. Steamboat wharf.

15. Presbyterian Church.
6. Haast's wharf.
5. Mechanics' Institute.
16. Catholic Church.
3. Court House and Jail.

13. Douglas Pt.
10. Ship's Head Engine of Douglas Mine.
14. Vancouver Coal Camp.
11. Railway bridge leading to Vancouver Coal Company's loading wharves.
12. Public archway.
9. V. C. Co.'s ballast wharves.

Southern limit of the City is some distance farther south.

VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOUR OF NANAIMO, VANCOUVER ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. SHAKENBARE, VICTORIA, B. C.