

brother were educated. "I was always drawing," says Mr. du Maurier, "but my father did not care for me to be an artist. I sang a little too, but he had studied three years at the Conservatoire and had a charming voice himself. Knowing what good singing was, he used to snub my efforts." So Mr. du Maurier took up science, went to the Birkbeck Laboratory of Chemistry and became an analytical chemist and assayer and the possessor of a laboratory of his own in Barge Yard. But never really caring for anything but Art, he threw up his career in the science world on the death of his father, and studied in Paris. There Mr. du Maurier spent a year in M. Gleyre's studio, a time which he is inclined to think now was wasted.

"It was while I was copying the model in the Antwerp Academy," says my host, "that quite suddenly like that [with a clap of his hands] I lost the sight of my left eye through the sudden detachment of the retina. For a year and a half I stayed in that odious little town, Malines, where the doctors told me to make up my mind to the fact that I was going blind; but at Düsseldorf De Leewe was much more hopeful; he said I might count on keeping the use of the right eye. His opinion was the correct one. I can see perfectly with that eye to-day."

Well, after a little time Mr. du Maurier returned to London. He then began to illustrate for *Once a Week*, to which clever little paper Millais, Lawless, Sandys, Charles Keene, and Fred. Walker were contributors, sending in occasionally as an outsider small drawings to *Punch*. It was a year before that, in 1862, that he saw Thackeray for the first and only time, at a musical party at Mrs. Sartoris'. Mr. du Maurier was too shy to be introduced to the great literary lion. "I walked round and round, looking up at him. I was struck by the perfection of his French accent. He said something to his daughters, and it might have been a Frenchman speaking; no trace of an English accent."

Mr. du Maurier tells me of his great affection and admiration for Leech ("the dearest fellow" he whistles), and of the long walks they took together at Whitby, that windy, picturesque little town on the Yorkshire coast, when they were up there in the summer of '63. He was the last of Leech's many friends to see that famous artist alive, for Mr. du Maurier had called at Kensington late on Saturday to give him a drawing for "Wives and Daughters," then running in *Cornhill*, and on the Sunday the news came that Leech had died suddenly of heart disease that morning. Mr. du Maurier was elected to fill the vacant post on the *Punch* staff, as everyone knows, and was present at his first *Punch* dinner in October, 1864. "Since then," he says, "you know all I have done."

(By the way Leech's round-faced, large-eyed girl, rather short of stature, who never went in for very fashionable gowns or much society in favour of a small dinner or early dance, has disappeared in favour of Mr. du Maurier's tall, energetic young lady developed by tennis and cricket and boating, always admirably dressed, who goes everywhere and knows everyone. Mr. Leech's quiet damsel, of a type quite extinct, in her garibaldi and flounced skirts with her love of croquet and of the placid pleasures of the seaside, would find little in common with the brisk inhabitants of Mr. du Maurier's crowded drawing rooms.)

As I go slowly about the studio, looking now at Canon Ainger's portrait—Mr. du Maurier's first attempt at water colours, 10 years ago, and an admirable likeness—and now at the original *Punch* drawings which hang here and there, my host points to the Venus of Milo in passing. "Look there," he cries, with all the enthusiasm of Clive Newcombe for the same subject, "There is the formation of all beauty." Then I am shown other types of beauty in the drawing-room in the shape of his daughters' portraits, painted by himself, round which are wonderful enlarged photographs by Mrs. Cameron of various famous folk. Downstairs in the dining room Chang's picture, from the hand of Mr. Nettleship, shines from the wall and is the first object to which his attention is drawn. Mr. du Maurier speaks most touchingly of the loss of his friend who died of every sort of complaint, including heart disease. Dr. Richardson promised to chloroform him out of the world when the end was near, but after all poor Chang breathed his last in the night with "eyes unbandaged," and Dr. Richardson's kind help was not required. A dachshund and a terrier tumble about the artist's feet as he crosses the pretty hall, but I doubt if either of them will ever be mourned as is their predecessor.

As I turn from the "house of welcome" as Henry James calls this Gothic villa in his essay on "London," I think of what Lockhart says was the exclamation of a visitor to Abbotsford: "Sir Walter, everything here is exactly as I pictured it." It is a fact that celebrities, being kittle cattle, are apt to disappoint one's pre-conceived notions. One should be doubly grateful to Mr. du Maurier, who would satisfy the most exacting student of his work.

WALTER POWELL.

THE famous collector of Japanese art, James Lord Bowes, is a Liverpool wool-merchant of wealth and culture. Mr. Bowes, who is more familiarly known as Japanese Bowes, is said to have the finest collection of Japanese art in Europe, and is the author of three volumes on the subject.

ROBERT MARNOCK, one of the most successful landscape-gardeners of his time, died in England recently at the age of ninety years. He laid out the Botanic Gardens in Regent's Park, London, and won a great reputation on the Continent by his work for Prince Demidoff, at his villa, San Donato, near Florence.

IN WINTER TIME.

(SONG.)

BLOW, O winds! and fall, O snow!
My heart is happy still,
Though I miss to-day the Summer glow
In valley and on hill;
Though the song of the robin comes no more,
And the swallow's twitter is fled,
And the little violet's life is o'er,
And the rose lies cold and dead.

Blow, O winds! and fall, O snow!
I'm happy, happy yet,
For, if hath vanished the Summer's glow,
My heart cannot forget—
That the bird will come with his merry note,
As he came in the days before,
And to me the breath of the flower shall float,
As I gaze on its bloom once more!

So blow, O winds! and fall, O snow!
I'm happy, happy still,
Since well I know the sun's bright glow
Shall come to valley and hill;
And Earth a fresher life declare,
And Joy with Beauty rhyme,
For Love shall breathe upon the air
And bring the Summer time!

GEO. NEWELL LOVEJOY.

PARIS LETTER.

INFLUENZA is the only democratic institution in France. But is the dominant epidemic influenza? The medical Sanhedrim, recently held, concluded that it was, because, observe the cynical, the doctors were at sea respecting the strange visitor. Remember, that since the days of Hippocrates, all that the Faculty have been able to do for a cold in the head is to baptize it "coryza." The sphinx is not homicidal, proclaim the Galens; every one can catch the disease but none will die from it. No cough accompanies the influenza; the bronchial tubes are not affected; there is no expectoration. But the chest is blocked suddenly and effectively during three days, when it disappears as magically as it arrived.

During the three days the patient feels sore all over, in a debilitating sea-sickness, accompanied with a nasty state of fever, and the sensation of a rheumatic grinding of the bones, of the knees, the shoulders, or about the neck. This bone-twisting produces contortions; imparts a stiffness to carriage, and a jauntiness of motion to shift pain. Hence, why the navy doctors—who differ from the land doctors—give the Spanish name *dengue* to the pseudo-influenza, and which corresponds in English to the word "dandy," the dangling gait. The *dengue* is the most contagious of all known maladies, spreads most rapidly over large surfaces, and follows in the most peopled tracks of travel. From Syria, it spread to Turkey, whisked up to St. Petersburg, while a southern current of it, like the Aryan race, advanced by the Mediterranean, both meeting in Paris, now the head centre of the endemic, modified by climatic differences.

Is the phenomenon of earth, air, or cosmic origin? Scientists on this point are mute. This explains, perhaps, why so many explanations are given: such as Jules Verne righting the axis of our planet; the passage of the Earth through a comet's invisible tail; a pestilential souvenir of the cosmopolitan fair on the Champ de Mars; or, to spots on the sun; to the stomach dances of Almées at the Exhibition; to the neurosis of society; to the electric light; to the United States of Brazil; to parliamentarism, Boulangism, the Eiffel tower; or to some runaway microbes from the laboratories of Pasteur or Koch. The autocrat, Alexander of Russia; the liberty, equality, and fraternity, Carnot, have had to pay their tribute to the endemic. The leaders of the nine different political schools of France are prostrate from the disease. And it is becoming the fashion to lay to its charge every form of death, from broken necks to broken hearts. In the out-house where the guillotine is stored, some fluensa is inside.

Christmas-tide and the New Year are the favourite epochs for inspecting the army of mendicity—the most bloated of any country, and whose reduction does not meet with one dissentient voice. For two years the municipality of Paris has been endeavouring by a special commission to classify the beggars of the city. The effort has been as impracticable as to seize the snow-flake on the river. However, some curious facts were brought to light, as the report of the commission, just issued, records. The majority of the metropolitan vagrants reside in the suburbs, like well-to-do work-people or the living-on-their-money classes. Some travel by train and boat; others tramp to and from the city, pursuing their natural calling *en route*. They escape arrest by calling themselves labourers, vocalists, scavengers, etc. The police do not allow either vocal or instrumental music in the streets; performers under these heads are free to bellow, grind, or blow in court-yards, if the house porters permit. These ambulating musicians, chiefly masculine, are idle children of professional beggars, or exploited Italians.

The individuals who sell letter-paper, pencils, ribbons, combs, etc.—unlicensed tradesmen as they dub themselves—are sturdy beggars, venerated with an industry:

they decamp on the approach of the police, like the *camelots*. The most dangerous mendicant is "the young workman out of employment." He is a recidivist; is the outpost of a gang of thieves close at hand, who, like the Spanish beggars, unite assassination to appeals for charity. The aristocratic beggar has a comfortable home; he thumbs the directory, ascertains the address of a family who has relations with a department. He apes broken-down gentility, calls at the address and artfully recites that he is destitute of the means to travel there, to bid his dying mother, etc., adieu. He rarely fails. Prauzini, the terrible murderer—he killed two women and a child—who was guillotined two years ago—I chanced to see his skeleton last week and was present at his decapitation—swindled the present writer once out of 5 frs. by a forged begging letter, containing the well-imitated signatures of some of my friends. He wanted to bury his wife, and to release two of his children down with scarlatina. He had neither wife nor child, and for several years eked out a splendid revenue by the Directory dodge.

The artists are the most peaceful of workers in this vale of tears; yet even their chronic tranquillity has been broken into. A syndicate of tradesmen demand that, since the artists sell what they produce, they ought to be compelled to pay the trade license. But that is not the gravamen of the discontent. A section of the French artistic world, that whose members were not recompensed, following their self-estimates at the International Exhibition, noisily complain that the foreign artists have been too liberally awarded prize medals, and this is tantamount to admitting that French Art has declined and is in decadence. The truth is, that the art juries proved to be guided by their own eyes and judgment, and not by the background influences and log-rollers. French art has not receded from its high position, but foreign art is rapidly coming into line with it. To ask the appeal-jury to quash all the rewards, and pass the sponge over the art section of the late Exhibition, surpasses the audacity of a Gascon. No wonder Meissonier has had a first stroke. It is proposed, also, not to record the awards, as has been the case with the two previous international picture contests, in the annual editions of that *Livre d'Or*, the Salon Catalogue. The foreign artists who were invited to contribute some of their best things have sufficient home admirers and buyers to be able to dispense with seeking either or both here. The incident is rather an unexpected addition to French "hospitality."

There is ever something to be learned from the intelligent foreigner. In looking through a mass of current literature on Christmas manners in general, it appears that the Anglo-Saxon custom of giving Christmas boxes is due to servants, on the morning of the day we celebrate, waiting on their masters with a box for which the largest contribution is thankfully solicited. The best tip-best was Cardinal Dubois: he presented his servants with all that they had stolen from him throughout the twelve-month; granted them forgiveness, and added thereto his benediction. Another burning and shining light states that no English family worth its salt sits down to dinner without three courses of fish: cold fish—not oysters, boiled fish, and a *friture*.

"Give good dinners and keep on good terms with the ladies" was Talleyrand's parting advice to young ambassadors. It is by a dinner that everything commences in diplomacy, and it is by banquets that all terminates. When no repast figures in a political action, war is not distant. Machiavel, Metternich, and Talleyrand were notorious trenchermen. Napoleon I. devoted but fifteen minutes to a repast: chiefly a mutton chop, or a chicken, and a glass of Chambertin. If any friend expected a good dinner, Napoleon recommended them to count on his Marshals.

Louis XVIII. was a famous gourmand; Louis Philippe less so, but his son, the present Duc d'Aumale, is abstinence itself, and that in Chantilly, where Vatel committed suicide because a turbot did not arrive in time for Louis XIV.'s déjeuner. Prince Napoleon is an accomplished gourmand: his cousin, Napoleon III., kept the worst table and the best cigarettes in France. Thiers loved a good table, and Gambetta's best speeches were at dessert time. The President of the Senate, M. Le Royer, doats on the leg of a roast capon; President of the Chamber Floquet has a weakness for lobster salad and wild duck; M. Jules Ferry is partial to pigeon and peas, like the ex-queen of Spain. Foreign Secretary Spuller likes every dish but ham, and he is neither a Jew nor a Turk. Clemenceau is in the seventh heaven over potted Toulouse goose. Boulangier's delight is the indigestible dish, stewed beef and olives, but he courts difficulties. Rochefort devours pastry, and his massive jaw-bones grip a tiny *paté*, like a foundry scissors. M. Carnot has an ostrich stomach, and so a pure conscience. His stiff figure facilitates deglutition, and each new dish lengthens his smile. He will live a long time, for he has capital teeth and has the courage to be helped a second time with *salade russe*.

The Emperor of Russia is ever six feet in height, and is a magnificent, a bizarre eater. He goes to bed at three in the morning; rises at seven and partakes of a cup of tea or coffee. He works till one, when his déjeuner is served; he lunches at four, dines at seven, and sups at midnight. The Emperor of Austria is simplicity itself at table; he prefers chiefly the Austria and jams made by the hands of the Empress. The Sultan lives upon rice, mutton, bonbons, and spring water. The King of Spain is still on pap and fresh-laid eggs; his Regent-mamma is quite as simple, her favourite drink being soda-water, as the