



FROM THE PAINTING BY EDOUARD DETAILLE.

"MY OLD REGIMENT."

When the war was over, and some years had passed, there were to be seen in the bedroom of the Emperor William, engravings of two pictures of military scenes, by French painters. One was painted by De Neuville, the other by Detaille. Under the latter His Majesty had written with his own hand, "Homage from the Victor to the Vanquished."

Edouard Detaille, as he signs his pictures, was born in Paris in 1848, thus coming into the world in that stormy year that saw the banishment of Louis Phillipe, the conflict between the troops and the National Guard, and the election of Louis Napoleon as President of the French Republic. The boy early displayed a taste for art, and began to draw soldiers. His parents encouraged his use of the pencil, and in due course he was sent to the Lycee Napoleon, where he received a good education, leaving school at sixteen with the honorable degree of Bachelor. In 1865 he entered the studio of Meissonier, for whom he came to entertain a great friendship. An incident that occurred some years after—in 1878—shows the respect Detaille had for his former master. He began to co-operate with his friend Vibert on a picture, very much in the French style,

of "The Apotheosis of Thiers," but, learning that Meissonier had expressed a wish that this subject might be reserved for his own brush, he at once declared that he could no longer assist his brother-artist in the work.

Detaille was in full sympathy with Meissonier in his passion for military scenes, and in his love of minute detail. Meissonier's treatment of a subject was usually microscopically faithful. His pupil followed his style with ardor and, in some cases, improved on his instructor. It has been said that his work responds to the eye like the famous general who said: "We are ready, quite ready; we do not lack a gaiter button." It will be at once seen that, in painting pictures of this kind, Detaille undertook a species of work that was most laborious and exacting. They could not be "dashed off" like the pictures of the impressionist, or poetical painter, who uses external objects as mere pegs on which to hang his work, and never troubles himself with characterization. We know the oburgations with which these gentlemen meet us if we venture to enquire what the things are that they have painted, and we have learned to temper the wind of criticism to the artist in the