

truth, of depicting the faults and foibles of the conquering army. In " 'Prisoner!' Battle of Reichshofen, 1870," he gives us an incident of a conflict in which the French were met by an overwhelming force and displayed many instances of great bravery. The composition is admirable, and the accessories of the hopfield and distant village are finely painted. The French officer, whose horse is shot under him, was a friend of Detaille's, and the picture was painted *con amore*. The dash of cavalry shown in "Attack on a Convoy" is splendidly given; the oncoming confused rush of horses and men is a convincing fact. The object of the picture, probably, is to show the courage of the handful of men who defend the convoy; who do not run away, but empty here and there a saddle. The drawing, both of horses and men, is splendidly vigorous, and the action of the officer in the centre, who half turns in his saddle to cheer on his men, could not be surpassed. There is something touching, too, about those peaceful poplars amid which this battle-smoke is blowing.

In the well-known "Reconnaissance" a far different scene is portrayed. We are in a French village, the environs of which are held by the foe, and the reconnoitering party backed by the main body of the regiment are momentarily expecting the attack of the Prussians. The eager look on the faces of the advanced guard; the dead man and horse in the foreground, and the villagers attending the wounded men are finely chosen incidents. In "My Old Regiment," we have a combination of peace and war. He had once belonged to them, this poorly clad fellow in his loose working clothes with the barrow that contains his stock-in-trade, the shovel and broom of a road-cleaner. He was once one of these fine, stalwart, soldierly cavalry men. Standing in the hollow he recognizes his old regiment as the company tramps across the bridge and turns down the road by him, and he pulls himself together to give the salute. His loose trowsers bag at the knees, his shoes may be clumsy and broken, his jacket a mere apology for a coat, but the soldier's training speaks in the whole attitude of the man, in the erect figure, the flat back, the sit of the hips.

The whole spirit is stirring keenly at the moment. And you can see that the men are interested. They are wondering what brought him to the streets, while he, with a kindly heart, is thinking of the days when he was one of the boys of the Old Brigade. Whole volumes speak in this moment of silence.

In "Saluting the Wounded," French politeness and magnanimity are the text. A little band of wounded men march stolidly on—hands, heads, limbs bandaged. Yet it is their moment of silent glory, and the French staff officers recognize it and salute them as heroes. The very horses seem to bend their arched crests as the wounded pass. One can imagine these grizzled officers almost jealous that they are not numbered with the splendid little group. Perhaps the greatest happiness of a soldier's life is crowded into such a moment as this.

"The Soldier's Dream," which won Detaille the medal of honor in the Salon of 1888, will be remembered by many. It represents a regiment sleeping on the battle-field, their arms piled, while above them in the clouds is shown the conflict in which they soon will be engaged. Perhaps the severest cut our artist ever gave the Prussians was in his picture "Our Conquerors." In this, lean horses draw a four-wheeled cart loaded with pillage—furniture, pictures, *bric-a-brac*. From this Prussian soldiers are making sales to Jewish traders who have followed them out of Paris.

Besides the numerous paintings which attest the genius and accuracy of Detaille, a collection of admirable specimens of his work is to be found in a splendid volume, the publication of which was completed eight years ago, and which is entitled "*Types et Uniformes L'Armée Française, par Edouard Detaille texte par Jules Richard.*" Turning over the handsome folio pages of this book, which was issued by Boussod Valadon et Cie., of Paris—the successors of the famous Goupil firm, one gets an impressive idea of the power of drawing, the patient research and the unflinching industry which distinguish Detaille.

Bernard McEvoy.