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GAVARNI.

FROM a modest house at the corner of the Avenue Bugeaud and the Avenue de l’Impératrice, a thin-haired, quaintly dressed man, wrapped in a black velvet gown, would of late watch the crowds of happy Parisians driving and riding to and fro along the avenue, and from their midst, every year or two, he would take them many a year, and had shone in their midst. But now the fashionable man had withdrawn his head and his blue eyes from the face of inconspicuous characters, and he had a cough that spoke of the grave. He had been a gallant, who could turn a compliment to a wit, who shaved his face, and polished. Not a man of them, but also, and chiefly, with his pencil, he had observed the men and women of his day, their passions and prejudices, and brought the people whom he had adorned with himself, albeit not of the Academy nor conspicuous on the Line at the annual exhibitions, a fame that must be adorned in the history of his period.

Paul Chevalier was a working engineer at Tarbes. It will surprise many who have met him in society, and must therefore have admired his tact and grace, to hear that he was of the working class—a man born to live by the use of his strength; yet he was productive of the lightest of his genius broke through his humble lot. He began his Art-work by furnishing drawings to the books of the time. He had a taste for the elegant and the refined from the beginning. After a while Paul Chevalier was enchanted to send to the Salon in 1831 seven pictures, one of which was "La Sultane". M. Germain was at the time the compiler of the Catalogue. The humble artist’s drawings were received, and M. Germain mistook the name of the painter for the name of the artist, and Paul Chevalier’s drawings appeared as the work of M. Gavarni. The pictures made a hit; and Paul Chevalier was invited to the name of Gavarni. Gavarni was established. M. Germain in his late years, when he was a fine gentleman, made a fair joke on the subject. A lady, who was sitting by him, was watching the delusion, and when she was a wit, one day asked him whether he was cousin to the cascade of Gavarni. "Yes, Madame," the artist answered, "I am cousin de Gavarini." Many are the jokes and polished sarcasms which travel still about French society as those of Gavarni. At the height of his renown he was fitted and admired; but neither the adulation nor the rapid pace of the life spoiled him. Light and sparkling as he could be, he kept always a serious and sombre nature. M. Jules Claretie describes this phase of him by saying that he had the entrails of the Frenchman with the brain of the philosopher, and that it was a drop of gin in a glass of champagne. So that champagne and gin express the relative values of the French and the English characters! We are obliged to M. Jules Claretie.

Gavarni was in his prime and in his glory from about 1830 to 1845. He was a correct and graceful artist, a keen observer of character, a pictorial wit and satirist. The vices, the meanesses, of his time were illustrated and flagellated by his practised pencil. It is remarked of him, and to his honour, that there are few, if any, personalities in his works. His was that higher observation which, from a class, can embody an individual type, and carry a popular virtue or weakness without making a scapegoat. Gavarni’s "Masques et Visages," his "Rotonde des Vieilles," his "tour de jardin" will live not only seen and executed works, but also as admirable and most authoritative material for the historian. Some of them, indeed, have been one of the tales of a absolute society so sharply that we shudder; and Gavarni meant that we should shudder. This was the lesson of the memoir men when he behind his comic mask insisted upon teaching. It has been said of Gavarni that he was not a caricaturist, but an instructor. The truth to say that he was both caricaturist and moralist. He did not, as we have observed, caricature individuals, but he enforced the salient characteristics of the type he was the more capable of carrying the whole of the facts presented by "minicking insects."

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

LEOPOLD RANKE.

We have received from Berlin a printed circular, of which the following is a translation. We have not heard whether any further steps have been taken in the matter in question. Mr. Ranke sets out with a value on the question of the Jews in England, and would, doubtless, be gratified by any expression of respect from this country.—"On the 20th of February, 1867, fifty years will have elapsed since Leopold Ranke, the first Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Berlin, was presented with the degree of Doctor, at Leipzig. This academic act was the commencement of a scientific life, which, judging from the effects it has produced and in writing, we are now, after the lapse of half a century, justified in calling truly great. Ranke has opened a deeper insight into the foundations of historical science, a wider and more panoramic view from its heights. If, in recent times, no study, unless it be that of the natural sciences, has attained to so brilliant a development as history, it is, in great measure, his work. Who can more desirous to give public expression to this conviction that those who have experienced his mind on their own minds, and have received from the words and works of the Teacher the fruitful germ of their own laborious—leaves the decisive direction for their whole lives? Whose duty can it more especially be to render the expression of this conviction an expression at the same time of gratitude, than that of the learners who have had the privilege of being taught by the teacher at the period of his fullest scientific activity? This is more peculiarly the boast of those who took part in his historical career, who form a model to many others, and in which the richest seed was scattered abroad. Under the influence of these sentiments, it was suggested that the 20th of February, 1867, should be kept as a day of general commemoration. The undersigned have held some preliminary consultations, and now address themselves to the wide