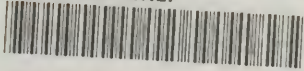


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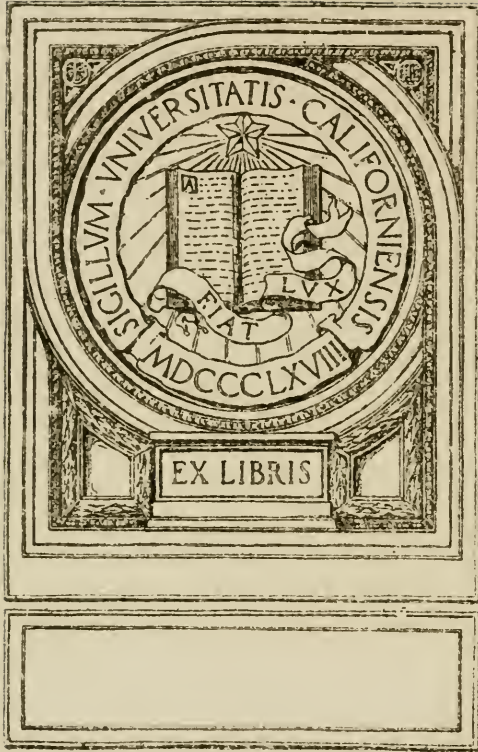
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LA TOUR
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MUSEUM OF SAINT-QUENTIN



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MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPHED AT SAINT-QUENTIN
[139]

LA TOUR
THE ABBE HUBER
MUSEUM OF SAINT-QUENTIN

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE



no. 100
ANNALS







PORTRAIT OF LA TOUR BY HIMSELF
MUSEUM OF PICARDY, AMIENS

This spirited portrait in pastel, one of the gems of the Museum at Amiens, shows La Tour at the age of forty-six. Masterly in drawing and characterization, it is also beautiful in its bold harmony of color. Against a blue background the head, with its powdered perruque tied with a bow of broad black ribbon, stands out in strong relief, while the velvet coat is of that deep and vivid blue so frequently employed by La Tour in his pastels. The portrait is life-size, and measures twenty-five and a half inches high by twenty-one inches wide.

Maurice-Quentin de La Tour

BORN 1704: DIED 1788
FRENCH SCHOOL

MAURICE-QUENTIN DE LA TOUR (pronounced Lah Toor), the greatest of French pastellists, was born in the ancient town of Saint-Quentin, France, on September 5, 1704. In common with the majority of those whom art has made famous, he manifested when very young an aptitude for drawing, covering his copy-books with sketches of any object which chanced to strike his eye. His father, a chorister in the collegiate church of Saint-Quentin, took no further interest in these childish proofs of his son's talent than to decide that the bent they indicated would be best turned to account by training Maurice to be an engineer. The boy's short-sightedness, however, prevented this project from being carried out, and he continued to follow his natural inclination, devoting his pocket-money to the purchase of pencils and prints, and all his spare time to copying any picture that he could find.

At about this time it chanced that a pupil of the painter Vernansal went to Saint-Quentin, taking with him a number of his master's drawings. La Tour saw them, and, more than ever fired with the ambition to be a painter, announced his desire to his father, who, sceptical as to the success of such a step, flatly refused his consent. Nothing daunted by this opposition, La Tour left home and, determined to carry out his wish, took the shortest route to Paris.

He was then, say his early biographers, barely fifteen, but recent investigations seem to prove that at the time of his precipitate flight to Paris he was, as a matter of fact, between eighteen and nineteen, and that an unfortunate love-affair with a young cousin, in which the rôle played by La Tour was far from honorable, prompted him to leave home.

Arrived in Paris, the young man directed his steps to the engraver Tardieu, whose name he had noticed on some prints which he had copied and to whom he had written for assistance and advice. Tardieu, however, upon learning that La Tour wished to be a painter, recommended him to apply to Delaunay, who kept a picture-shop on one of the quays of Paris. To Delaunay La Tour promptly proceeded, only to be met with a refusal to receive him. Vernansal was next appealed to, but equally in vain. Finally he turned to Jacques-Jean

Spöede, who had once befriended Watteau, and who although but a mediocre painter was a man of kind heart and agreed to take La Tour into his studio and teach him all that he could.

Very little is known of the years which immediately followed the young artist's arrival in Paris. He is believed to have made a journey to Rheims in the autumn of 1722, on the occasion of the coronation of Louis xv., and to have likewise visited Cambrai in the year 1724, at the time that a great congress was held there. Fabulous stories have been told of the reception accorded him in that city by the foreign dignitaries there assembled—how he executed a number of portraits of those celebrities, notably one of the beautiful wife of the Spanish ambassador, which aroused such enthusiasm that he quickly found himself all the rage, and was invited by the ambassador from England to visit him in London. It seems highly improbable that a young artist, wholly unknown to fame, should have been the recipient of so much flattering attention, and it is generally conceded that these tales of La Tour's early success have been greatly exaggerated. It is, however, an accepted fact that he visited London, and although his stay there was brief he returned to Paris with sufficient money to enable him to open a studio of his own, and, knowing full well the tendency of human nature to place a higher value upon whatsoever bears a foreign stamp, forthwith announced himself as an English artist!

The medium of pastel had lately been made popular in Paris by a young Venetian artist, Rosalba Carriera by name, who had visited the French capital in 1720-21 and there achieved marked success. La Tour, whose health was never robust, finding his sensitive nerves unpleasantly affected by the smell of oils, profited by this vogue, and adopted pastel as the sole medium of his portraits, quickly superseding all others in popular estimation.

The story has been often told that on La Tour's return from London, Louis de Boullogne, then first painter to the king, happening to see some of the young artist's work, and struck by the ability it showed, told him frankly, "You know neither how to paint nor how to draw, but you possess talent that will carry you a long way."

"No one was more convinced of this than La Tour himself," writes Lady Dilke. "His confidence in his own powers was a part of his genius; it led him to live by the rule of his own caprice, it brought him the conviction that no liberty on his part could be misplaced, but it also gave free play to the generous and lovable qualities which inspired tender and faithful affection in those closely connected with him."

The good opinion he entertained of his own powers did not prevent La Tour from working hard at his chosen profession. In accordance with advice given him by the painters Boullogne and Restout, he devoted much time to drawing, thereby attaining that mastery of technique which is so salient a quality of his work.

The first Salon at which La Tour exhibited was held in 1737. His contribution consisted of two portraits in pastel — one of Madame Boucher and one of himself. The sensation these works created was marked, and those

exhibited at the Salon of the following year added to his growing fame. Each succeeding year, indeed, brought him renewed success, public enthusiasm increased, and La Tour became the acknowledged popular portraitist of the day, even those who had at first found fault with his work because of the perishable nature of the medium he used being won over to unqualified praise by the masterly skill it evinced. "He followed in the footsteps of no master ancient or modern," says M. Reiset; "nature was his only guide, his only aim, and he rendered her with a realistic force hitherto undreamed of in pastel, and such as had been but rarely reached in oils." "He spent very little time over his portraits," says Mariette, "never tired his models, made good likenesses, and did not ask high prices. The crowd was great; he became the painter of the day."

In the year 1745 portraits of the king, the dauphin, and Orry, the minister of state, marked La Tour's first connection with the court of Versailles. In the following autumn he was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, presenting for his reception picture a portrait of Restout. To the spring exhibition of 1747 he contributed as many as eleven pastels—all portraits of well-known persons of the time. Again in 1748 his contribution was a generous one, the list of names of those whose portraits were then exhibited reading, say the De Goncourts, "like a page from the Royal almanach."

In 1750 La Tour was appointed painter to the king, Louis xv., and the next year was promoted by the Academy to the position of counsellor of that body. "All this prosperity," says M. Reiset, "somewhat turned his head; he now began to ask extravagant prices for his works, and to refuse point blank to paint the portrait of any one who did not happen to please him. He became capricious and overbearing. An obliging fellow at heart, those who applied to him when in a good humor met with no difficulty; but the least thing that went wrong—the slightest dilatoriness on the part of the model, for instance—was sufficient to cause him to inexorably abandon whatever work he might have begun. He was, in short, his own and only master, and if one wished to be in his good graces one had to exercise considerable tact."

Rich as well as famous, the great pastellist had the entrée to the most exclusive society in Paris. He was a frequent guest at the Monday dinners of Madame Geoffrin, at whose house he met the men and women of the "great world;" he became the close friend of Orry, minister of state, and was constantly to be seen in the company of court dignitaries, men of letters, and philosophers. His studio in the Louvre, where he had been assigned a lodging, was thronged with all the prominent men of Paris, and at his table, lavishly spread, he daily entertained his friends, with whom he was wont to stroll after dinner in the gardens of the palace.

"In appearance La Tour was somewhat delicate," writes Bucelly d'Estrées, one of his biographers. "He was only five feet two inches tall; his figure was good, and he was quick and decided in his walk, carrying his head high. His eyes were bright and full of fire; his face was a pure oval; his lips were thin. He was very particular in his dress, and exquisitely neat."

An undated letter from La Tour's friend the Abbé Blanc gives a vivid picture of the artist passing from his studio to the theater, where, behind the scenes, the fatigues of his day's work would be forgotten in the gay society of actresses, dancers, and singers, with whom the pleasure-loving painter was accustomed to sup and spend much of his time. One of these, Mlle. Marie Fel by name, a charming young singer whose fascinations and "silvery voice" had succeeded in turning the head of more than one well-known man of that day, captivated La Tour's heart and fancy. He never married, and the affection for Mlle. Fel was the romance of his life. In the years which followed she was for him his "chère amie," his "divinité," and until his last days she so remained.

In 1755 La Tour exhibited but one pastel—the great full-length portrait of Madame de Pompadour now in the Louvre (see plate 1). Of the countless stories told of the whimsical artist there is one in connection with this picture which is too characteristic to be omitted. When summoned to Versailles to paint the king's favorite he replied coolly that he would not go out of his way to do so. Urged to the task, however, by the flattering words of the Pompadour, he agreed to present himself at the palace on a certain day, but only on condition that no one should interrupt the sitting. When he arrived at Madame de Pompadour's apartment he asked permission to make himself at home. This granted, he undid the buckles of his shoes, unfastened his garters and collar, took off his wig, hung it on a candlestick, and drew from his pocket a little silk cap which he donned, and at once set to work upon the portrait. A quarter of an hour had scarcely passed when the door of the apartment opened and the king entered. Lifting his cap, La Tour said to his model, "You promised, Madame, that your door should be closed to visitors." Louis laughed good-naturedly at both the costume and the rebuke of the artist, and begged him to proceed with his work. "It is impossible for me to obey your Majesty," replied La Tour; "I will return when Madame is alone." Thereupon, taking his wig and his garters with him, he walked into another room to dress himself, saying as he went, "I don't like to be interrupted."

"Such was La Tour," say the De Goncourts. "No other painter exercised to so great an extent both the tyranny of the artist and the caprices of genius. The king himself was obliged to submit to his impertinence in order to obtain a portrait; the pastels of Mesdames of France were left unfinished to punish those princesses for failure to keep their appointments; the dauphiness was not allowed to have her portrait, because she had been so rash as to change the place of the sittings from Fontainebleau to Versailles. 'My talent belongs to me,' said La Tour proudly. And if he consented to paint a portrait it had to be understood that he was to be absolute master of the pose, the features, the coloring of his model."

In his business dealings La Tour was as eccentric as in all else. It is related that when the wealthy financier M. de la Reynière sent his servant to say that he had not time that day to give the artist a final sitting for his portrait, La Tour, who was already seated at his easel ready for work, said coolly to the messenger, "My friend, your master is a fool whom I ought never to

have painted. Now you have a good sensible face which pleases me; sit down, and I will draw your likeness. Your master, I tell you again, is a fool." And in spite of the remonstrances of the man, who assured him that he would lose his situation, La Tour, nothing daunted, proceeded to draw his portrait, promising that he would guarantee to find him another place. The story was soon noised abroad, and when the picture was exhibited at the Salon it attracted general attention. Before long the man had an embarrassment of choice in desirable situations.

Innumerable tales are told of La Tour's independence, brusqueness, and impertinence. Fearing no one, not even the king, he never hesitated to express his opinion with uncalled-for frankness. "His character was full of contradictions," says one of his biographers; "eccentric and unconventional, he was at once avaricious and generous, surly and benevolent. He was carried away by ideas in turn economic, humanitarian, and scientific. He gave a fund for prizes to be awarded for painting; founded at Saint-Quentin a free school of drawing, endowed it liberally, and, in addition, donated money for the establishment of an asylum for sick women."

In the late spring of 1766 La Tour visited Holland. Allusions to this visit are found in the letters of a Mlle. van Tuyll (afterwards Mme. de Charrière), whose home was the Château of Zuylen near Utrecht and whose portrait La Tour drew in pastel. In an interesting letter written to this same young girl after his return to Paris, the artist speaks of the pleasure his trip had been to him, and, after giving his correspondent, who had apparently been his pupil, some excellent technical advice, he alludes to his own fatal practice—a practice that as years went on amounted to a kind of mania—of retouching his early works. His portrait of Restout, presented to the Academy in 1744, was one of those that was irretrievably ruined by his disastrous experiments in attempting to improve upon its color and technique.

Notwithstanding his frail constitution, La Tour lived to a good old age. Some years before his death he gave up his rooms in the Louvre and sought the retirement of his country home at Auteuil near Paris. There he received many distinguished visitors, the king himself never passing that way without stopping to ask after the health of the old artist. When nearly eighty he expressed a wish to return to Saint-Quentin, that he might end his days in his native town. Accordingly, in June, 1784, accompanied by his half-brother, Jean-François de La Tour, he went back to the place of his birth—"sa patrie," as he lovingly called it. His fellow-citizens received him with every mark of respect. A salute of cannon greeted his return, the bells of the town were rung, banners floated in the summer breeze, and upon his entrance into the house which had been made ready for him a crown of oak-leaves was placed upon the brows of this great son of Saint-Quentin.

La Tour lived four years after this ovation; but his mind, which had become gradually enfeebled, finally grew hopelessly deranged, and he was cared for like a child by the devoted brother who remained near him to the end. Death came to him on February 17, 1788, when in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and on the following day he was buried in the cemetery of the

Church of St. André in Saint-Quentin, where his parents had been laid to rest.

As La Tour died intestate, his only surviving brother, Jean-François de La Tour, inherited all his property. After the death of the latter, in 1807, the valuable collection of portraits left by the pastellist, became, with a few exceptions which had been sold at a sacrifice, the valued possession of the town of Saint-Quentin. They now form the Museum of La Tour, and since 1886 have been housed in the Hôtel Lécuyer, a fitting home for them presented to the municipality by a wealthy banker of that name. "All who possess a love of the beautiful and an interest in the past," says M. Louis Gonse, "should make a pilgrimage to Saint-Quentin. The impression produced there by the pastels of La Tour is one of the strongest, most complete, and most inspiring that it is possible to receive."

The Art of La Tour

EDMOND AND JULES DE GONCOURT

'L'ART DU DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE'

LA TOUR'S portraits were executed in pastel. His irritable nerves and delicate health required him to give up painting in oil. In devoting himself to the use of colored crayons, a kind of work in which his genius was destined to assert itself, he did but follow a fashion of his day and conform to that vogue which revived in France of the eighteenth century a taste for French drawings of the sixteenth. It may also be that in adopting the medium of pastel he was influenced by the advent in Paris in 1720 of Rosalba Carriera, who had been sought after by all the great world, overwhelmed with orders and with money, whose portraits had been solicited by the Madame de Parabères and the Madame de Pries, the most prominent ladies of the court, fascinated by the charm of that art which lent to woman an indescribably light and ethereal beauty—an airy likeness in flower-like color. Whatever the reason for his adopting the new medium, La Tour quickly profited by the popularity which Rosalba Carriera had given to pastel. . . .

In the Gallery of the Louvre he holds a great and important place. He is represented there by thirteen pastels¹ which cast into the shade those of his predecessors—the hard and dark pastels of Vivien, the light and pleasing pastels of Rosalba Carriera. . . . But if one would really study La Tour, what is the Louvre compared with his own museum at Saint-Quentin? Here it is not a question of some dozen pastels, but of a whole gallery filled from top to bottom, peopled, crowded to the extent of the walls with the master's works; a collection of more than eighty portraits, some finished, some merely sketched in, unfolding before our eyes a procession of the men and women, the orders and the types of that period, showing us side by side, in the closest propinquity, the philosopher Rousseau, the financier La Reynière, the dancer Camargo and the Marquis d'Argenson, the singer Favart and the economist

¹ Eleven only are on exhibition; the other two have been irreparably injured.

Forbonnais, the clown Manelli and Prince Xavier of Saxony, the Abbé Le Blanc, and Silvestre, and the tragic poet Crébillon—well-nigh the complete iconology of the period.

Astounding collection of the life of an entire society! When you enter the museum a strange feeling comes over you such as no other painting of the past has ever produced: all these heads turn as if to look at you, all these eyes gaze upon you, so that it seems upon entering the room, where all these lips have apparently been just hushed to silence, as if you had interrupted the conversation of the eighteenth century. . . .

These heads by La Tour are alive, not only because they are so admirably constructed, so accurately drawn as to produce the actual illusion of the physical appearance of the individual represented, but also for the reason that the painter, keenly observant, has grasped the psychology of the likeness. Great physiognomist that he is, in giving us a portrait of the man he gives us also a portrait of the man's character. These heads of his think, speak, make confessions, and impart confidences. To the eyes of all La Tour has given that look of the soul, the *mens oculorum*, that expression through which a man's personality is revealed. . . . Diderot misconceived this great quality of La Tour's talent, in failing on one occasion to see in him anything but a great practitioner, a marvelous technician. La Tour is more than that. He himself said of his models: "They think that I reproduce only the features of their faces, whereas, all unknown to them, I penetrate to the very depths of their beings and take complete possession of them."

This it is which in the portraitist surpasses the practitioner—the effort and the ambition to be with his pencil a father confessor of mankind; to get beneath the surface of those whom he paints by a constant and searching intercourse with them; to draw them out of themselves; "to take complete possession of them." That is what he seeks and what is required for his portraits; to comprehend a man's whole nature, to indicate it by some habitual pose, some unconscious gesture, peculiar attitude; to characterize even the man of the world by some mark of his station or sign of his profession—and such were the high ideal and lofty ambition pursued by La Tour, lifting his aim and glory as an artist far above that of merely a great technician. . . .

As searchingly as he paints the man, so does he also paint the woman of his period. In portraying her he expresses the thoughts and reflections which filled the heads of those fair "readers of Newton." He invests her with the depth, the variety, and the complexity of her nature; and while retaining her powder, her patches, and her frills, he lifts her above the conventional prettiness too freely used by the portraitists of that day. He takes from her those airs of an animated doll which in contemporary painting have made her typical of all that is shallow, silly, and frivolous. The painter of Marie Leczinska and of Marie-Josèphe of Saxony invests woman with a sweet devotion, a thoughtful kindness, a seriousness and grace—all the most delicate qualities of a woman's face in repose. . . .

Compare the smiles on the faces of the women pictured by La Tour, and you will find that not one is insipid, but that each is individual, belonging

peculiarly to the person represented, depicting and slightly emphasizing her character, her disposition, her wit, her heart, her soul. Look, for example, at the portraits of those two women smiling as they hang beside one another in the Museum at Saint-Quentin: in one it is the refined, half-reserved smile, delicate, voluptuous, and *spirituel*, of the woman of forty, the age when a woman of the eighteenth century was at the height of her powers, a smile which seems to lose itself in tender memories, spreading over the plump face even to the laughing modeling of the dimples of the cheeks, veiling the soft gaiety of the eyes; and alongside of this what a contrast we find in the lips of this sprightly young girl, innocent, soft, ingenuous lips, parted in absolute ignorance of life with a smile in which lies the pure effrontery of seventeen years! Here, as in all his portraits of women, La Tour shows himself to be the most exquisite draftsman of that most subtly expressive feature of a woman's face — the mouth. . . .

"A magician"—that was the epithet which Diderot applied to the pastelist. And such La Tour will forever remain. His work is a magic mirror in which the dead are brought to life. In his collection of contemporary men and women the spirit of history is revealed to us. He bids us enter that marvelous picture-gallery which the great portrait-painters of truth and feeling, such as Holbein and Van Dyck, have evoked from a court and a whole society. Here are the princes, the lords, and the ladies who were the lights of Versailles; there are the leaders of philosophy, of science, of art, upon whose brows the artist recognized genius, and whom his pencil, so cold in betraying "imbéciles," has portrayed with loving enthusiasm. Here is what La Tour achieved and what he has left us. From the dust of his crayons, from that painting which fell, so to speak, from the powder of that epoch, he has produced, like some delicate and fragile spirit, the miraculous illusion of eternal life. In his work is the great and charming portrait of France, daughter of the Regency and mother of the Revolution. The Museum of La Tour is the pantheon of the age of Louis xv.; of its spirit, its grace, its thought, of all its talents and of all its glories.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

LOUIS GONSE

'LES CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE DES MUSÉES DE FRANCE'

LA TOUR possesses all the qualities essential to the great interpreters of the human face—spirit, fire, an exquisite sense of proportion, infallible taste, and a technique that is without its equal. He is, moreover, not merely a painter of the outward man, but understands how to express with all the force of the moralist the social position, state of mind, character, and temperament of the individual. . . .

In his portraits of men La Tour deduced from that new medium, pastel, which had been rendered effeminate by Rosalba Carriera, something virile, serious, and strong; while in his portraits of women he became all charm and grace. He possessed the secret of making them beautiful without departing from truth, simply by means of the illusion of life and an intensity of expression.

His genius need fear nothing from time, for he is one of those who in their

very natures appeal to every mind: he belongs indeed to all times, because he is simple, because he is natural, and because his work has the quality of fascination and of truth of expression. — FROM THE FRENCH

HENRY LAPAUZE

'MÉLANGES SUR L'ART FRANÇAIS'

THE Museum of La Tour at Saint-Quentin is something more than a museum—it is a home, where dwells the spirit of that charming artist whose works are among the most expressive of the eighteenth century. In this quiet, provincial home of his you find him quite alone—there is nothing to distract your thoughts from him.

What a sense of intimacy is in those three little rooms whose shutters are carefully opened by a devoted custodian ever mindful of the injurious contact of daylight! The good man, duly discreet and respectful, betrays his zeal by his very silence, as he eagerly notes the impression produced upon the visitor by La Tour's portraits, which for him are as much alive as if they were a distinguished family whose faithful servitor he was. A family! That is exactly the word which should be applied to these portraits, notwithstanding the various origins, the diverse characters and countenances of the personages they represent.

Every painter of strong individuality imparts to his portraits a certain general resemblance. He re-creates the personages he represents, uniting them by the common bond of his artistic paternity. One and all have derived their being from him before entering that immovable life which his pencil or his brush bestows upon them. One and all have partaken to some extent of his spirit. And if this spirit be in accord with the spirit of his times it will leave on every face the particular impress of that period, instinctively emphasizing those types which bear most markedly any one general trait, so that in some faces the character of an entire epoch will be manifested to such an extent that they become typical even while retaining their own individualities.

To a greater degree, perhaps, than in the work of any other artist is this the case with La Tour's pastels. This it is which explains both his success while living and the temporary disfavor into which he sank later on. In his lifetime he was the fashionable painter. The greatest ladies of the great world awaited his good pleasure to pose before his easel. He was abominably rude to them, and yet his impertinences were not resented. Sometimes he would leave them in the midst of a sitting that he might sketch the face of a grisette or little dancer, more to his fancy in being more significant of that gay and daringly sensual spirit which appealed to both his heart and to the epoch in which he lived. In short, what pleased his contemporaries was also pleasing to his eye, his pencil, and to his eager and sensitive nature—it most keenly appealed to his artistic temperament. This is the secret not only of the unbounded admiration he inspired, but of the deep psychological meaning of his work. It is also the secret of his posthumous disfavor.

When the pastels of which Saint-Quentin is now so proud were offered for sale in Paris in 1812, the finest among them did not bring a hundred francs apiece. Indeed, a portrait of Jean-Jacques Rousseau could find no purchaser

at more than three francs. The heirs of Jean-François de La Tour, to whom the portraits belonged, were consequently discouraged and gave up the sale, and it is to this lack of appreciation on the part of the public that we owe the fortunate fact that this precious collection was not scattered.

But how was it that this artist, so famous fifty years before, met with so indifferent a reception? Simply because neither popular taste nor interest in 1812 could be the same as it had been in 1760. In its warlike passions, its delirious joy over victories won, the new century gave no thought to pretty coquettes, whose intrigues had led the old monarchy into fatal disasters and France itself into the Revolution. A wide abyss separated the two eras. What was the smile of a Camargo compared with a war bulletin of Napoleon's? Military painting alone appealed to the public. Under a ruler who loved, soldier-fashion, for a brief period, in the interim between battles, so to speak, the twenty years' reign of a Pompadour were scorned, as was the affability of an artist who had flattered that soft, pale face, silly and blundering incarnation of the destinies of France. Not until our own epoch, absorbed in psychological research, eager in analyzing souls, did La Tour recover his prestige. No artist is more satisfying to us of to-day, because none was more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his own times, more perfectly in accord with the frivolities which characterized the age in which he lived.

La Tour is typical of the whole eighteenth century, amorous and worldly, and with all that exaggerated conventionality which fixes a psychological period in the imagination of posterity. The flippant sensuality of the life of that day, the smattering of philosophy, the smiling pedantry, the beauty which, although deified, was worshiped only in a superficial way with neither dignity nor mystery, find expression in him, and him alone. And to it all he adds the supreme gift, not only of life, but of individual life. Beneath the powder of his pastels he incloses living beings made of real flesh and blood and throbbing with emotion, men and women who, even under the spell of his great pervading spirit, keep their own individual ways of feeling and loving. Each one of them remains himself, haunting you with a look, or it may be a curl of the lip, peculiar to him alone; and yet on those lips and in that look hover the dreams of a whole generation of men and women, the sentiments of thousands of hearts long since turned to ashes.

This it is which is so marvelous in La Tour's genius. This it is which impresses you when you enter the three little rooms of the Museum of Saint-Quentin, where the eyes of all those portraits—eyes charged with so many memories—seem to fasten themselves upon you. . . .

In its accuracy La Tour's work has a documentary value. No one can study the eighteenth century without pausing long before his pastels. Such faces as those that we see at Saint-Quentin summon before our imagination a society at once recent and yet long past, and in recalling its atmosphere, its gesture, and its voice, make it live again. It is a singular illusion, and one that no other paintings of that period produce—neither the too literary libertinism of Fragonard, nor the quasi-mythological beauties of Nattier, nor yet the sentimental and artful artlessness of Greuze.

In order that a hundred or so faces should bring before us a whole epoch, was it not necessary for the instinct of the painter to make a definite choice from among his models, or did he not have to reproduce for us that special atmosphere in which his vision saw them? When we come to think of it, both these conditions exist in La Tour's work. To illustrate the point there can, of course, be no question of selecting his official portraits; for as we look at his famous Madame de Pompadour in the Louvre, so conventional in face and accessories, a marvel of art, showing the favorite not as she was, but as she wished to be, or when we study the faces, too pronounced in their haughtiness, of the king, queen, and princes, we cannot summon to our minds that searcher of consciences, that analyzer of character, that we know La Tour to have been. His marvelous virtuosity, his touch, warm, light, and vivacious, his attention to detail, the wonderful quality of his flesh-tints, beneath which we seem to see the rosy flush of the blood, the living pulsations of the tissues,—all these are manifested in these celebrated pastels; but if you would know what it was that he sought beneath all outward features, what it was that he surprised in the play of expression, then go to Saint-Quentin! There in the presence of his studies, the "preparations," not only for his official portraits, but for those of unknown personages, types which attracted his pencil, and which, pulsating with life, he transferred to his paper in some whim of psychological investigation, you will discover how perfectly he understood and could interpret the spirit of his day. He himself, possessed of this same spirit—sensual, philosophic, gay, and shrewd, with all the subtle shades of sensuality, philosophy, gaiety, and shrewdness which characterize his contemporaries—delighted in painting those in whom these characteristics predominated, emphasizing them, and even imparting them when they were lacking.

For with La Tour, as with so many other artists, the source of truth sometimes became a source of error. His strength and sincerity of expression when translating those feelings which he could best conceive led him into unconscious mistakes when he failed to encounter them. We are filled with admiration for the striking psychological power of his pencil, and justly; but nevertheless let us recognize the fact that this insight, however keen, was not without its exceptions. For this very reason it was the more concentrated, the more poignant, in interpreting those special traits which were most significant of his epoch, and La Tour's glory is in no way dimmed when we affirm that certain natures wholly escaped him. For instance, he never grasped that of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The salient characteristics of courtizans, dancers, and abbés were diametrically opposed to the earnestness of the Genevese philosopher. . . .

What then are the principal traits which La Tour has emphasized? Above all, gaiety—a gaiety made up of wit and sensuality easily satisfied. La Tour depicts a happy race of beings. All his portraits are smiling, but with this peculiarity: nothing commonplace ever spoils that expression, which more than any other of the human face is liable to become tiresome. Each smile has its own special character, its own individual meaning. Each is interesting in a different way by reason of the varying shades of suavity, of gentle rail-

lery, of shrewdness, or of voluptuous pleasure, and all bespeak the infinite variety of inward dreams. And these dreams are joyous because La Tour created his work at a period in the world's history when life was full of pleasure, when a realization of the delights of mind, heart, and senses was keenest. He himself enjoyed success, good fortune, and love, and, at least in the days of his vigorous manhood, before the failure and weakness of old age, he enjoyed his riches, albeit in the same superficial fashion, sceptical and sage, as that practised by his contemporaries.

In those upper classes of society from which La Tour took his models the world prided itself on its indifference. Enthusiasm was expressed only for art and for pleasure. There was no such thing as passion, scarcely a shadow of sentiment—only just enough to lend languor to lovely eyes. Nothing was taken seriously, not even war. Courteous and gay the men went to battle as to a ball, arrayed in an equal amount of finery. The women followed, provided with a whole arsenal of sweetmeats and frivolity. Powder, paint, patches, and furbelows—they carried with them as much ammunition for captivating hearts as did the men for fighting battles. . . .

Such was the society which La Tour portrayed, and it is the people who made up that society whom one sees at Saint-Quentin—light-hearted, beautiful, gallant and bantering, dainty and voluptuous. In their youth his women are bewitching; in their maturity they are gentle and adorable—all, even the least attractive among them, rendered charming by love.

La Tour was too completely the man of his time for his time to be other than subservient to him. From him women had no secrets; the loveliest of them completely surrendered themselves to him, and through him they have come down to us. Go then and visit them at Saint-Quentin! Not even their contemporaries found them more at their ease, more charming in their grace, more unreserved in their voluptuous beauty, nor did they receive from them glances more tender, more languishing, or more full of challenge. A whole century of love breathes from these fair faces whose beauty charms and enralls our hearts—FROM THE FRENCH

W. E. HENLEY

'ART JOURNAL' 1887

LA TOUR was the Van Dyck of pastel—the Reynolds of the age of Louis xv. He had the public at his feet; when he gave a sitting he conferred a favor. His vogue was equal to his talent, which is saying much, for his talent was of the first order.

He was not so exquisite a poet as Watteau; he was neither so original a mind nor superlative a craftsman as Chardin; the fire and opulence and variety of Boucher—as of a Rubens debauched and demoralized—were beyond him. But he was himself, and in his way he was superior to all three.

In private life La Tour was capricious, tyrannical, preëminently vain; he was fond of money, women, good living, good company. He had a spice of the philosopher in him, he liked to air his ideas; he was addicted to the incoherent expression of those windy theories which were the spiritual manner of his generation. He treated his sitters as his obliged and humble servants;

refused to paint the Pompadour herself except on his own terms and in his own fashion; would talk reform to the very king; set what price he pleased upon his work, and refused to let things go till they were paid as he thought they deserved. His character was, in fine, a whole pageant of humors—a procession of qualities of every sort, some antic, some unpleasant, some ridiculous, some contemptible. But behind this flighty and changeful individuality there was an artist of singular talent and unrivaled accomplishment, endowed with an unalterable firmness of purpose, and with a sincerity and a conscientiousness that nothing could impair. La Tour, indeed, was great alike in draftsmanship and in color, in the management of draperies and accessories as in the perception and the presentation of character. More than that, he was his own severest critic, and would suffer nothing to leave his studio until he was content with it. His portraits are triumphs of conscious and intelligent art. He had reflected on the difference between art and nature, and his work is such an “expression of life” as it is given to not many to achieve.

MAURICE TOURNEUX

‘LA TOUR’

LA TOUR’S rare pastels command prices to-day far beyond what their whimsical author would ever have dreamed of asking for them. His name is now familiar to all; his place in the foremost rank of the French school is no longer contested, and never was the epithet of “great magician,” applied to him by Diderot, more completely justified. Magician he is indeed, by reason of the marvelous power of life which breathes from his portraits. . . .

In writing of his works exhibited at the Salon of 1767 Diderot says: “Undoubtedly one great merit of La Tour’s portraits is that they are excellent likenesses; but this is neither their sole nor is it their chief merit. All the qualities of painting are to be found in them. The connoisseur admires them as does he who is ignorant, without ever having seen the personages they represent. Real flesh and blood—life itself—are in them.

“But why do we feel so surely that they are portraits? What is the difference between a head drawn from the artist’s imagination and one that is from a living model? How can we say of one taken from life that it is well drawn, when one corner of the mouth goes up and the other goes down? When one of the eyes is smaller and lower than the other? When all the established rules of drawing are violated in the position, the size, the shape, and the proportion of the features? In La Tour’s works is nature herself. They are the deliberate portrayal of her imperfections, as is seen every day in real life. This is not poetry; it is simply painting.”

La Tour himself, moreover, betrayed to Diderot the secret of his constant preoccupation, and of his superiority over his predecessors and rivals, when he gave expression to the following wise reflections: “In nature, and consequently in art,” he said, “there is no idle, meaningless creature; every living being has to suffer more or less from the cares and responsibilities of his circumstances, and to a greater or less degree bears the marks of his experience. The main point is, therefore, to note well those marks which life has left upon his face, so that in painting a king, a priest, a philosopher, or a street-porter, each may be as typical as possible of his station in life.” . . .

In his large portraits La Tour did not fail to place the personages he was representing in appropriate settings. President Rieux and Madame de Pompadour are surrounded with objects indicative of their rank and their character; but generally speaking, the artist did not require any such settings as those to which Rigaud, Largillière, Nattier, de Troy, Tocqué, and Tournières sacrificed so much, and one would search in vain throughout his work for any allegories.

If in the modern French school La Tour is the most powerful interpreter of the human face, he is also the first in point of date who sought for and attained that realism of which Sainte-Beuve has said that it charms and interests serious minds whenever they find in the art it inspires style, feeling, and an ideal.—FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of La Tour

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

‘MADAME DE POMPADOUR’

PLATE I

AT the Salon of 1755 La Tour exhibited but one pastel—the full-length portrait of Madame de Pompadour here reproduced, for which he had received the then princely sum of 24,000 francs. Upon entering the room in the Louvre where this work now hangs, all eyes are at once attracted by its beauty. Madame de Pompadour, dressed in a rich robe of white satin covered with an elaborately flowered design in gold and various colors, with lace ruffles in her elbow-sleeves and bows of pale lavender ribbon in the front of her low-cut bodice, is seated beside a table on which are placed a globe, a number of volumes and engravings—all indicative of the tastes, at once serious and sentimental, of the favorite of Louis xv. In her hands she lightly holds a music-book, from whose pages she has turned as if attracted by some sound. Her head, with its short wavy hair and little curls arranged in rows, their blond tint scarce hidden beneath a slight covering of powder, is relieved against a background of light blue—the prevailing hue of this marvelous pastel, which Sainte-Beuve has called “a melody even more than a harmony.”

“The beauty of the accessories, and the astonishing skill with which they are rendered,” says Lady Dilke, “constitute the chief attraction of this celebrated portrait, for the head of the marquise herself recalls D’Argenson’s criticism of her charms, ‘blonde and white, but without distinctive features,’ and not even the fair bloom in which La Tour’s magic has enveloped his subject can prevent the woman herself from suffering eclipse. The pretty face of the favorite fades as we detail the lovely patterning of her skirts, read the titles of her books, and marvel at the exquisite perfection with which the instruments which indicate her various accomplishments are brought before us. . . . We have been told that ‘art more than nature modeled the physiognomy of Madame de Pompadour,’ and it is possibly due to the artificial

bearing and expression of his sitter that we miss in this—the greatest page which La Tour has left us, which may indeed be held to be the greatest triumph of his art—that air of reality and individuality which delights us in so many of his lesser works.”

‘MARIE-JOSÈPHE OF SAXONY, DAUPHINESS OF FRANCE’

PLATE II

MARIE-JOSÈPHE, daughter of Augustus III., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, was just past fifteen when, in February, 1747, she was married to the dauphin, son of Louis xv., King of France. Although not handsome, she was by no means unattractive in appearance. Her face, with its large blue eyes, full lips, and somewhat prominent nose, was offset by beautiful blond hair; unfortunately, her fair complexion was concealed, according to the fashion of the day, beneath a thick coating of paint.

Brought up in the art-loving atmosphere of the court of Saxony, Marie-Josèphe, young though she was, possessed discriminating taste in matters pertaining to art, and when it was proposed that her portrait should be painted, she selected La Tour for the task.

“Not in full dress, nor with all the decorations she was entitled to wear, do we see the dauphiness in La Tour’s pastel of 1749,” writes Casimir Stryiński, “but so modestly attired that although she has an air of distinction we should never suppose that she belonged to the court circle. Her simple gown of white Indian damask is trimmed with gold lace and bows of gray-blue ribbon, and on her head is a little cap with strings of the same shade of blue. A diamond decoration, the only insignia of royalty, is fastened to her bodice with a knot of pink. The face lacks animation, the expression is sad. Hanging as this portrait does in the Dresden Gallery as a pendant to La Tour’s pastel of Marshal Saxe (see plate v), it seems cold by comparison with the look of life that animates the face of the soldier. This, however, is but an indication of the sincerity of La Tour’s talent. He never gave his sitters conventional smiles, and therefore all the sorrow that then oppressed the heart of the princess, who was not beloved by her young husband, is here so truly rendered that the portrait becomes a psychological document epitomizing the sadness of the dauphiness during the early years of her residence in France.”

‘LOUIS XV., KING OF FRANCE’

PLATE III

LA TOUR has here represented the king of France, Louis xv., in armor, wearing diagonally across his breast the blue ribbon of the Order of the Holy Ghost and suspended about his neck that of the Golden Fleece. Over his right shoulder is a mantle embroidered with fleurs-de-lis and richly edged and lined with ermine. His white powdered wig, tied with a ribbon at the back of the neck, contrasts with his dark eyes.

The portrait, while lacking in the quality of keen interpretation of character which stamps La Tour’s renderings of less august personages, exemplifies the artist’s admirable power of drawing, his attention to and finish of detail, and his complete mastery of technique. It hangs in the pastel collection in the Louvre, Paris, and measures twenty-five and a half inches high by twenty-one and a half inches wide.

'PORTRAIT OF MANELLI'

PLATE IV

THIS portrait, now in the Museum of La Tour at Saint-Quentin, represents Manelli, leading buffoon in the troupe of Italian opera-singers whose appearance in Paris divided society there into two opposite factions. One of these factions, formed of Madame de Pompadour and all the great world, including royalty itself, declared in favor of French music, while the other, composed of true connoisseurs, men of taste and talent, enthusiastically embraced the cause of the foreigners. In such a division La Tour, as might be supposed, unhesitatingly placed himself in the ranks of the last-named party, and, as the Italian troupe was eventually banished by royal command, the exhibition at the Salon of 1753 of his portrait of Manelli was in a way an act of opposition to the king, wholly in conformity with the audacious artist's independent spirit.

No portrait by his hand is more characteristic of La Tour's genius than is this wonderful pastel of Manelli, in his blue coat ornamented with gold bands and buttons, his gay salmon-pink ribbons, and powdered wig fantastically arranged, and with his comical features distorted in a laughing grimace. So true to life, so representative of the class to which he belongs is his marvelously drawn face, that we feel the justice of the words of La Tour's contemporary, Du Plaquet, who declared that even if Manelli were divested of his theatrical costume and ridiculous wig, he would none the less remain unmistakably a typical Italian clown.

'PORTRAIT OF MARSHAL SAXE'

PLATE V

COUNT MAURICE of Saxony, better known as Marshal Saxe, was born at Goslar, Germany, in 1696, and died in France, at the Château of Chambord, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. From his earliest youth he was a soldier, serving under Marlborough in the War of the Spanish Succession, and under Prince Eugene against the Turks. At twenty-four he entered the service of the French army, and was finally, in 1747, made marshal-general of France. His career was marked by a series of victories, among the most important of which were those of Fontenoy, Raucoux, and Laffeld. A handsome man and endowed with great powers of fascination, Maurice of Saxony was as typical of the age in which he lived as was the artist whose portrait of him is here reproduced. Indeed, as one of La Tour's biographers has said, "The conqueror of Fontenoy and the pastellist of Saint-Quentin were kindred spirits. Both were full of wit and imagination, fond of the fair sex, outspoken in their talk, and it may readily be imagined that when the marshal posed before La Tour's easel, the conversations which took place did not lack spice."

La Tour is known to have drawn several portraits of Marshal Saxe; one is in the Museum at Saint-Quentin, one is in the Louvre, another is in private possession, while the one here given is in the pastel room of the Royal Gallery, Dresden. In this striking portrait Maurice of Saxony wears a red coat bordered with brown fur. His blue eyes with their heavy brows, his powdered hair, well-formed nose and mouth, and lifelike expression are all rendered with a strength and justness which make this pastel one of the finest examples of La Tour's work.

'THE ABBÉ HUBER'

PLATE VI

LA TOUR was at the zenith of his powers and success in 1742, the year in which he achieved that triumph of the art of pastel, the portrait of the Abbé Huber here reproduced. This famous work, regarded by many as the artist's masterpiece, is now in the Museum at Saint-Quentin. It measures two feet seven inches high by three feet three inches wide.

The Abbé Huber, a close friend of the artist's, is here represented in a dark gray coat and wearing a gray powdered wig. Seated on the edge of an arm-chair, he rests his elbow upon a table covered with greenish blue damask, as he peruses the pages of a thick volume bound in calf and with light red edges supported upon two large books before him. That the light from its candles may fall upon his page, a two-branched gilded candlestick has been placed upon a box close by, but so absorbed is the abbé in his reading that he is entirely unmindful of the flaring flame of one of the candles, and also of the fact that its mate has just gone out, and amidst a cascade of melted wax is sending forth from its wick ring after ring of dark smoke.

Such is the simple subject of this marvelously lifelike picture. "An abbé, a book, and two candles—of these," write the De Goncourts, "La Tour, with the beauty of truth and the charm of light, has created a masterpiece which raises a pastel almost to the plane of a Rembrandt."

'MARIE LECZINSKA, QUEEN OF FRANCE'

PLATE VII

LA TOUR'S famous portrait of Marie Leczinska, the Polish princess who became the wife of Louis xv., King of France, was exhibited at the Salon of 1748, and is now in the Louvre, Paris.

"It is delicious in the soft and beautiful shading of the face," say the De Goncourts, "in the modeling of the tender flesh, the rendering of the delicate complexion—the complexion of a recluse—on which the light falls gently and which is brought into harmonious relation with the prevailing tone by little suggestions of pure yellow in the bluish notes of the half-tints. In the kindly expression of the face lurks a slight smile, skilfully rendered, which plays about the corners of the mouth. The light touch of the pastel, hardly more than a glazing of the crayon, so to speak, imparts to the whole head the transparency of living flesh. In the much-trimmed dress, all adorned with furbelows and ornaments intermingled with chenille, braid, gold, and frills of lace, marked at intervals with bunches of some kind of passementerie, the pastellist has achieved wonders in skill of execution."

This portrait of Marie Leczinska was regarded as the best of the many likenesses of the queen, and we are told that in painting his large state portrait of her, Vanloo copied the face from the pastel by La Tour.

'PORTRAIT OF LOUIS DE SILVESTRE'

PLATE VIII

THIS famous pastel, now one of the treasures of the Museum at Saint-Quentin, was exhibited at the Salon of 1753, where it excited great admiration. It represents the painter Louis de Silvestre, director of the French Royal Academy in 1752.

The De Goncourts characterize this work as "an admirable study, in which art has with all sincerity faithfully portrayed the face of an old man—the clear cold tints of aged flesh, the delicate peach-like tone of the complexion, the furrows and wrinkles caused by an accumulation of years, the deep lines in the forehead, the loose flabbiness of the cheeks and chin, that absence of firmness in the features which is peculiar to old age—all this may be seen in the countenance of this octogenarian."

In addition to the strong modeling and vigorous handling of this portrait, it is interesting as an example of La Tour's consummate skill in the use of color. The pale lavender of the turban is brought into harmonious relation with the light blue of the dressing-gown by means of the touches of pinkish-gray which form a vague, flower-like pattern over its surface. An easel, on which is placed an unfinished canvas covered with blue sky, stands at one side. The whole is relieved against a dark gray background.

'LOUIS, DAUPHIN OF FRANCE'

PLATE IX

LOUIS, dauphin of France, son of Louis xv., is shown in this portrait at the age of eight or ten. He wears a rose-colored coat crossed from right to left by the broad blue watered ribbon of the Order of the Holy Ghost, the cross of the same order being fastened on his left side. His hair is powdered white, and is tied at the back with a bow of ribbon.

Born in 1729, the dauphin was married at sixteen to the youngest daughter of Philip v., King of Spain. By the death of this princess a year later, he was left a widower, and accordingly a second marriage was promptly arranged, the choice falling upon Marie-Josèphe of Saxony (see plate II). As he himself did not outlive the king, his father, the eldest of the three sons born of his second marriage succeeded to the title of dauphin and eventually to the throne of France as Louis xvi.

The pastel here reproduced measures twenty inches high by eighteen inches wide. It is now in the Louvre, Paris.

'TWO STUDIES OF HEADS'

PLATE X

"**I**N their life and freshness," writes M. Louis Gonse, "nothing could be more precious nor more charming than La Tour's 'preparations'—those studies which he made directly from life, in all the enthusiasm of inspiration, and which, later, he used in constructing his finished portraits. It is in these spontaneous creations that his genius is seen to be unique, that it shines in all its force and brilliancy, with its inequalities, its daring ventures, and its irresistible and surprising beauties."

The two studies reproduced in plate x are among the most attractive of the many examples of La Tour's "preparations" in the Museum at Saint-Quentin. Drawn in crayon on blue paper measuring some fifteen inches high by twelve inches wide, these fair smiling faces are fascinating by reason of the strong yet delicate quality of life with which the artist in a few telling lines has endowed them.

No name has come down to us to reveal the identity of this woman, charm-

ing in her tranquil beauty, with her red lips curved in an inscrutable smile, her dark eyes and level brows, and gray powdered hair in which a touch of color is given by a knot of blue ribbon. Equally unknown is the young girl, and even more lovely. The soft, rosy flesh, the rounded outline of the face, the fair skin and slightly powdered hair, the look of innocent surprise, and here, too, the smile about the red lips, and reflected in the blue eyes with their delicately penciled dark brows,—all these La Tour has made immortal on this bit of faded blue paper with a few strokes of his magic pencil.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PASTELS BY LA TOUR
IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

FRANCE. AIX, MUSEUM: The Duc de Villars — AMIENS, MUSEUM OF PICARDY: Portrait of La Tour (see page 148) — DIJON, MUSEUM: Portrait of La Tour — LAON, MUSEUM: President Hénault — PARIS, LOUVRE: Louis xv (Plate III); Marie Leczinska (Plate VII); Louis, Dauphin of France (Plate IX); Louis, Dauphin of France; Marie-Josèphe of Saxony; Marshal Saxe; Mme. de Pompadour (Plate I); Ph. Orry, Comte de Vignory; The Painter Chardin; René Fremin; Portrait of La Tour — SAINT-QUENTIN, MUSEUM: The Abbé Huber (Plate VI); Grimod de la Reynière; Prince Xavier of Saxony; The Marquis de Voyer d'Argenson; Diogenes (study); Louis de Silvestre (Plate VIII); The Painter Vernezobre; Madame de la Pouplinière; Portrait of Dupeuch; Jean Monnet; Le Riche de La Pouplinière; Jean-Jacques Rousseau; François Dachery; Charles Parrocel; Portrait of Manelli (Plate IV); Charles Maron; Jean Restout; Study for Portrait of Dachery; De Neuville; Charles Duclos; Study of a Man; The Abbé Pommyer; The Abbé Le Blanc; Father Emmanuel; Marshal Saxe; The Economist Forbonnais; Young Girl with a Dove and Young Girl with a Crown (copies by La Tour of pastels by Rosalba Carriera); Boy Drinking (copy by La Tour of a picture by Murillo); Baroness Van Tuyll; A Head (copy by La Tour); Madame Boëtte de Saint-Leger; Louis, Dauphin of France; The Painter Chardin; Mlle. Puvigné; Study of a Head said to be Jean Monnet; Mme. Roussel (?); Sketch for Portrait of Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon; Christine of Saxony (?); M. de Julienne; Head of a Woman; An Unknown Man (sketch); Mme. Massé; The Duc de Bourgogne; Mme. du Barry (?); Prince Clement of Saxony; Study of Head of Unknown Woman (see plate x); Study of Head of Young Girl (see plate x); Study for Portrait of Bailiff of Breteuil; Study for Portrait of Marie-Josèphe of Saxony; Study for Portrait of Monmartel; The Dancer, Mlle. Camargo; Study for Portrait of Marie Leczinska; Eight Studies of Heads of Unknown Women; Study for Portrait of Mlle. Dangeville; Mlle. Clairon; Portrait of La Tour; Mlle. Fel (study); Three Studies of Heads; Study for Portrait of Louis xv.; Study for Portrait of Mme. de Pompadour; Six Studies of Heads of Unknown Men; The Actress Mme. Favart (study); Study for Portrait of Marie-Josèphe of Saxony; Jean Le Rond d'Alembert; Marshal of Löwendal (?); Study for Portrait of Mme. Rougeau; Study for Portrait of Mme. de Pompadour; The Dauphiness and the Duc de Bourgogne — GERMANY. DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Marie-Josèphe of Saxony (Plate II); Marshal Saxe (Plate v) — SWITZERLAND. GENEVA, MUSEUM: Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

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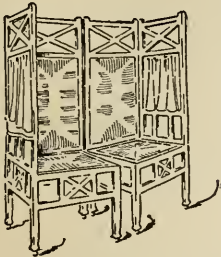
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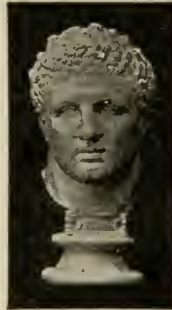
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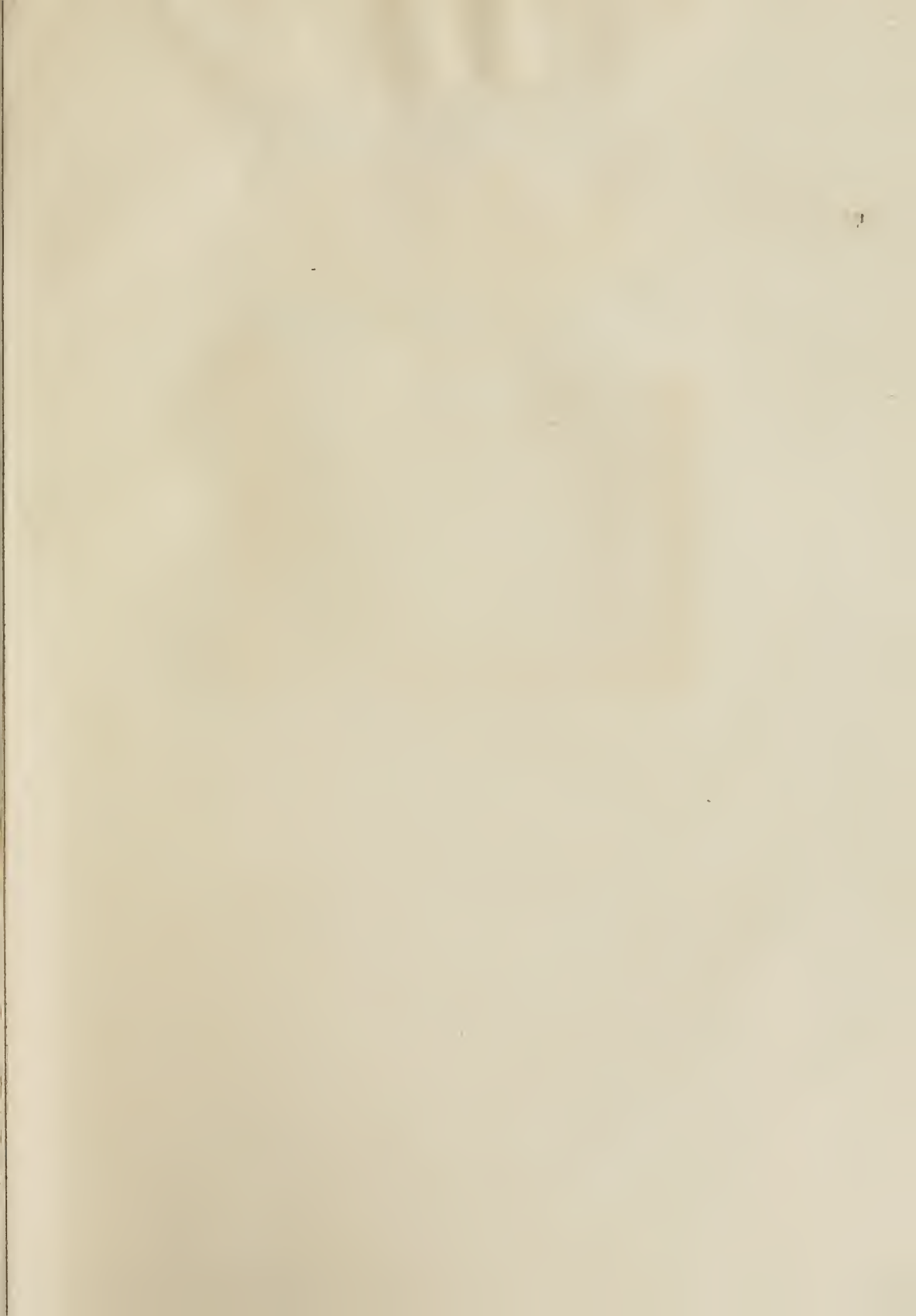
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