and at a place which are not suitable to their being properly comprehended. They want the "local colour," the inspiration of the time. Who but a turf-man admires the portrait of a race-horse? But these pictures, arranged in vast galleries, where they are preserved because of their origin and for the love of art, the works of many masters resemble some of the heathen gods, for whom the Roman Pantheon was opened, and which, when once they were within the temple, lost the same day their private altars, their worship, their followers, and were but a multitude of random divinities, no longer recognised, or, at all events, worshipped without being understood.

But if Desportes is no longer understood or appreciated in France, where great but hardly successful efforts have been made to revive the gorgeous hunts of the days of Louis XIV., it will be a long time before his dogs and scenes of venery will be without value in England, where all such sports and pastimes form a part of the existence of a large portion of the community. The chase, against which much may reasonably be said, has, at all events, preserved for the English much of that stalwart character which is their boast; and though justly denounced as barbarous in its character and tendency, is not without some advantages to counterbalance the grave objections to which it is liable.

But though the French people do not and cannot appreciate Desportes, the Museum of the Louvre is rich in his pictures. In the catalogue of 1847 there were but five of his pictures; but the active and admirable director, Teanson, is believed to have hunted up the rest in the garrets of the Museum, for now we have three-and-twenty.

The first of these is a full-length portrait of Desportes, in his costume of a hunter, resting at the foot of a tree, with a pointer, a hound, and several pieces of game.

After this we have:—

"A Duck, a Partridge, a Hare, a Snipe, a Cabbage, some Pomegranates, Thistles, Onions, and Beetroot."

"Two sporting Dogs guarding some Game."

"A fine white Pointer, beside a vase of white porcelain."

"A Dog lying down, a Powder-horn, a Game-bag, a Jay, some gray Partridges, a Melon, some Apricots, some Peaches, some Grapes," with a background of scenery.

"A Dog pointing at some gray Partridges."

"Shooting Pheasants."

"Dogs and Partridges" (p. 125).

"A Dog watching some aquatic Birds."

"A Dog pointing with Partridges."

"A Boar-hunt," imitated from Sneyders.

"A couple of Dogs pointing at Pheasants, of which one is flying away."

"Some Prunes, Peaches, a Hare, a Parrot, and a Cat."

"Two Cocks fighting, a Fowl, and some Chickens."

"A Fox-hunt."

"Two English Dogs"—that is to say, of the King Charles breed—"hunting a Hare in a Park."

"Dogs and Pheasants."

"Dogs and Partridges."

"Guns, Game-bags, and Powder-horns."

All these paintings are admirable, both in conception and design.

There are many of the compositions of Desportes to be found in the museums of the provinces; in that of Grenoble there is a "Stag at Bay, surrounded by a pack of Hounds." In that of Lyons, eight pictures, "A Bear-hunt," and some still-nature pieces. The catalogue of the Rouen museum mentions "A Stag-hunt."

In the royal palaces of Fontainebleau, Versailles, Trianon, Meudon, Marly, La Muette, La Menagerie, a vast number of paintings by Desportes are to be found.

The Print department of the Royal Library is less rich than usual. There is a full-length "Portrait of Desportes," engraved by Ferrarois; "A Boar-hunt," engraved by the same and a series of ten dogs in different attitudes, engraved by Le Bas.

The productions of Desportes in France are rarely met with in sales, and their price is generally from £12 to £30.

Desportes

Des Portes

JOHN BOTH.

If the reader would imagine a rough, savage and somewhat theatrical Claude Lorraine, he would at once understand without further description what was the peculiar style of Both of Italy, as he was wont to be called by his contemporaries. Between the rural style of Ruysdael and the historic conception of Poussin and of Claude there was a style to be created, and John Both filled up the gap. The question has often been asked, Why do men born within the cold and foggy regions of the North feel much more deeply the beauty and grandeur of nature than the children of the South? Whenever a northern painter—a Fleming, like Paul Bril; a Dutchman, like Berghem or Poelemburg; a Norman, like Guaspre; a Lorrainese, like Claude—is introduced to Italian scenery, he appreciates and enjoys it quite as much as—French critics think more than—an Italian himself. Certainly, there are peculiarities and details of scenery which are more apt to strike the stranger than the man who has seen them from his birth. Warmed by novelty, the foreign painter feels and endeavours to convey all that poetry of landscape with which his mind is imbued.

A Dutch historian, whom we have often quoted, Arnold Houbraken, relates an anecdote of John Both, which is characteristic of this excellent painter.* Van Der Hulk, burgomaster of the town of Dordrecht, proposed a prize, for which Berghem and John Both were alone to compete. The worthy citizen wished to try the talent of these two friends. Both competitors were to receive the sum of 800 florins; but the victor was to receive in addition a magnificent present. Berghem painted on this occasion his masterpiece. It was a mountainous landscape, with numerous oxen, sheep, and goats. The trees, the terraces, and the sky, were painted with so much richness of tone and finish, that none doubted his carrying away the prize. But the landscape of John Both was not less admirable. There was so much light, and so much of the lofty and heroic style mingling with the rural, that none could decide between Berghem and Both. A generous and just connoisseur, the burgomaster of Dordrecht, put an end to the difficulty in a way that is worthy of being recorded in any history of art. "Gentlemen," said he, "you have not given me an opportunity of choosing between you. Both of you have merited the prize, and both of you must have it." †

In the country scenes of John Both, the principal objects are not silent shepherds keeping their flocks, nor the peasant driving his ass before him—but great trees with their lofty summits and their verdant boughs. He does not paint them cut by the trim gardener, nor does he represent

* "Le Grand Théâtre des Peintres, et des Femmes Peintres des Pays Bas." The French translation of this work exists only in manuscript.

† Descamps relates this fact in his article on Berghem, in the second volume of his "Lives of Flemish and German Painters."

them wearing their leafy boughs with effeminate grace, as in the pictures of Herman of Italy. Nor does he make them too wavy in their outlines. On the contrary, he loves to represent them wild, with boughs blasted by lightning or broken by the storm. When we examine the magnificent oaks which are to be found in the pictures of John Both, relieved with so much boldness, now against the warm light of the setting sun, and now against the dazzling and fresh brightness of an Italian morning, we seem to feel as if there were a life in these ever-moving objects, and we can scarcely separate the conception of the tree from something with more than vegetable existence. "To the pantheist painter of the North every tree is a hero," says a French critic; "the forest giant is wrapt in his cuirass, his ligneous muscles swell, his arms are contorted, sometimes he lies down in an attitude of sadness, and then his torn bark, his broken branches give him all the appearance of a dying gladiator; but oftener in the landscapes of John Both the oak stands up triumphant, shakes his shaggy head, in which the vulture cradles its young, while larks play in the lower branches." The French critic was doubtless strongly imbued with the metamorphoses of Ovid, and dreamt of Hamadryads and Fauns when he indulged in this hyperbolical picture of Both. We quote it simply because, amongst our French brethren, it has been considered to convey a correct idea of the artist.

It is, however, by means of his trees, in the form, taste, and truth of his rocky scenery, by the imposing aspect of his mountains, and by the richness of his luminous back-grounds, that we always recognise a true Both. While seeking to be great, and when awakening in our minds a sentiment of poetry and light, he does not ask us to gaze on the gods in the woods, nor does he show us the beauteous forms of women bathing in rivers, like Poelemburg. He does not introduce us to demigods, as did Poussin. He is satisfied when he has given an imposing aspect to the oaks of his foreground; and nature, which he studied with such patience and devotion beyond the Alps, appeared poetical enough to him, without the assistance of gods and goddesses of more than doubtful morality. The plants, the lakes, the foaming waterfalls, and the rural scent of the bushes and flowers of Italy, their capricious profiles relieved against a fleecy sky, were enough for him. With the great Poussin, history, mythological and real—man in his more elevated actions—is all. With Both nature is everything; but it is a wild and savage nature, so picturesque, and at the same time so real, that it seems to awaken in our bosoms the wish to wander through such scenes, and to gaze upon such trees, mountains, and hills. The enthusiastic lover of art could scarcely gaze upon the warm southern landscapes of the Netherlands artist, without being seized with an irresistible desire—in far distant places, at all events—to whistle some tune familiar to the shepherd; and he is even tempted to believe that he hears the tinkling sound of the bells on the mules' necks, as they slowly ascend the mountain. There is nothing mean, nothing low, nothing common, nothing dirty, in Both. He views still nature in the same way that Albert Cuyp has studied the cow. His vegetation is vigorous, sombre, and real. The air is pure and pellucid; the sun shines upon every detail of the picture; and not one shadow of the agitated and active life of great cities ever troubles the calm and reflective beauty of the scenes which seem made for mute contemplation. He never introduces a sign of civilisation, except in the form of ruins. We see a broken column, a huge piece of a wall, nothing else to remind us of the mighty nation which once dwelt upon that historic soil, trodden once beneath the hoof of Scipio's cavalry, crushed beneath the weight of the chariots of Hannibal. And these signs of a life that is past are cast into the distant background, beneath the shadows of the trees. He speaks to us in his pictures only of youth—of the eternal youth of nature. What he seeks to interest us in, is a ray of light falling through a long vista of trees, or in a garden dotted with beautiful flowers. It is sufficient to remark that John Both was born in Munich, to enable the student of art to comprehend why, even when beneath the rich Italian sky, he remained faithful to the purely rustic style; why he loved nature more than men, or, at all events, than demigods; and why he asked for no sweeter scent than the honeysuckle.

John Both and his brother Andrew, who painted him his figures in his pictures, studied together at Munich, under the learned guidance of Abraham Bloemaert. They started together for Italy, and resided some time in Rome. They attached themselves to two masters: John became the pupil of Claude Lorraine, and Andrew attached himself to the style of Bamboche. The former became necessarily a landscape-painter, the latter painted the human figure; but they divided their styles, the better to unite their talent; for Andrew studied rather to paint in the figures in his brother John's pictures, than to create for himself a distinct reputation. He succeeded at last in introducing them with so much ability, in working them up with so much finish, that if he had not compelled himself to sacrifice them to the general effect of the picture, he would have spoilt its unity; but, moved by a double feeling—great and tender affection for his brother, and by the good taste of an excellent artist—Andrew Both took care to make his figures subordinate to the general design, leaving the real and great triumph to the landscape. It was rare and beautiful to see how John Both, on the other hand, often sacrificed his landscape to bring up with more effect the figures painted by Andrew. The result was, that, by means of this friendship and by the full development of the two talents, pictures were produced so harmonious and so full of beauty, that it has been impossible for even the best judges to separate the work of one brother from the other.

The landscapes of John Both usually represent a mountainous country, great accidents of land, convulsed nature, a winding rocky path carried away by rains, or cut in the rock. Along this road, between two precipices, on the flanks of some mountain, itself a spur of the Apennine chain, we notice travellers, peasants, and mules, with steady foot, covered with bells, carrying little barrels of precious and rare wine. These mules have the shoe made especially for this traffic, and on they go without guide, their driver, perhaps, drinking afar off at a spring. In the distance we remark a rich plain, a pasturage, with islands of trees waving in a flood of evening sunlight; or the scene, rough and full of startling effects, sinks away at last into the quiet hues of some still bay, such as Sorrento. All breathe soft gentle Italy. As the eye of the amateur, abandoning the background, lingers on the foreground, he feels all is freshness, while the warmth of day illumines and burns the distant scene. The shadow of the trees, deep and mysterious, allows but faint rays of the sun to reach the foreground of the picture. The spectator thus fancies himself more at ease, protected here by huge masses of rock, and there by the rich vegetation of that gifted country. He may even refresh his eyes with the spectacle of a pond, sleeping silently on the front of the picture, the transparence of which is shown by tufts of reeds and water lilies.

It appears from a passage in Sandrart, that even during their lifetime, the brothers Both were ranked among the first of living landscape-painters;* and it was even said by very eminent judges, speaking of the great Claude Lorraine, that he was less happy in his figures than in those marvellous creations of light, those rich landscapes, which we have already described; while the brothers Both, uniting their brushes, excelled in both styles.† It is perfectly certain that their style of art was exceedingly popular, and that their workshop was full of buyers, *emptoribus abundans*, though John Both always kept his pictures at a very high price. Joachim Sandrart is, therefore, exceedingly proud that the excellent painter of Utrecht was good enough to make him a present of two landscapes, representing "Night" and "Morning,"

* Ut juxta excellentissimos haud immerito locari possent artifices. Academia artis pictoriæ. Nuremburg, 1683. Folio.

† Lorrenius.... subdialibus ingeniosior erat quam imaginibus humanis.... fratres in utroque exercitatissimi erant.—Sandrart, iii. c. xix.

when so many amateurs were glad to obtain possession of such pictures almost for their weight in gold.

The great and crowning merit which has been noted in the landscapes of John Both, and indeed of both brothers, is the nicety, the care, the truth, with which they have always succeeded in marking the different hours of the day. In fact, the play of the sun through the forest trees, of its silvery light in the morning, and its golden light in the evening; —these were things which the great landscape-painter studied and noted with as much love and artistic devotion as his master Claude Lorraine, and which he rendered with almost as much success. We must not, however, pretend that he succeeded in rendering aerial perspective as his master did; nor do we find in his pictures that solemn tranquillity which appears to suit the gods of Virgil; but he expressed admirably, as we may see in "An Italian Sunset," which adorns the museum of the Louvre--he painted with truth and exquisite finish—those boughs of trees, illumined and warmed by the sun. He was excellent in the contrast of his grounds, in dashing off on a mass of sombre verdure a projecting root, or some such accident of vegetation by means of those able touches, or, if we may so speak, those theatrical effects of light and shade, so familiar to Adam Pynaker. His ground is too rough, too rude; his foregrounds are covered by too many thorny plants; his roads are too rude and steep, for us to suppose such a landscape inhabited by divinities of fable or by the soft pastors of Arcadia. The nymph of Poelemberg would prick her beautiful legs amid those bushes, nor could her tender and soft feet run along those paths so rude and steep. And it is in this that John Both distinguishes himself in such a marked manner from Claude Lorraine. If there is in nature, as represented by John Both, an heroic point of view, certainly his personages are not aware of it; they tread with light and thoughtless step that soil sacred to the memory of great deeds, and every inch of which has had its tragedy or story. The sentiment which bubbles up from the artist's soul is felt only in the heart of the spectator. That is to say, the landscape is sublime, grand, sad, and wild; but that man in a red cap, who is urging his mules with many a cry and shriek, would never have noticed the fact.

JOHN BOTH.

Joachim Sandrart speaks of the brothers Both as having sometimes painted night-scenes:—"Nec non nocturnum lunæ splendorem et similia proferebant." These night effects are not familiar to continental amateurs. None of them are found in any of the Dutch galleries, so rich in artistic productions. These moonlight and evening scenes are rather to be met with in England than elsewhere, as we have always been great admirers of John Both, from his resemblance to Claude Lorraine, the prince of landscape-painters, especially in English eyes. A very fine engraving, published in 1791, represents a picture in the possession of Sir Thomas Dundee, Bart.—a picture called "The Bandit Prisoners." In no other painting have the figures of Andrew assumed so much importance, and yet the beauty of the picture and of the landscape is by no means sacrificed to the human form. The prisoners are brought out upon the edge of the forest where

they have been just captured; their fierce brigand physiognomies, the gestures of the soldiers, the officer, and the reflected light on the armour—all give dramatic interest to the scene, completed in the distance by the appearance of a fortress; but the eye turns with pleasure to the majesty, the grandeur of the foliage, to the irregular beauty of the knotty trunks, broken and contorted, and the lofty mass of underwood that skirts the forest and dies away on the borders of the streams.

THE WOMAN MOUNTED ON A MULE.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN BOTH.

During the life of the brothers Both, most of their pictures were owned in Venice; and though their appearance in Rome was exceedingly successful, though their life was enlivened, ennobled, and honoured by the acquaintance and friendship of Bamboche, of Herman Swanevelt, of Claude, of the two Poussins, and Elzheimer, the two artists were doubtless tempted to Venice to study the masculine landscapes of Titian, so fiery in touch, so robust, and so free. They remained some time in that city. But one day Andrew Both, having supped with some friends, was coming home along the silent highway of Venice in a gondola, when he fell overboard into the canal, and, for want of assistance, was drowned.* From that fatal and unhappy hour, a residence in Venice became impossible to the surviving brother, who had lost his best friend. He accordingly returned to his native country, and established himself at Utrecht. There he again found his countryman Poelemberg, who had also been, before Both, the pupil of

* "Donec alter istorum fratrum qui imaginibus ditabit tabulas, noctu, dum e sodalitio domum abiret, ex improviso in canalem illapsus defectu auxilii, undis miserrime suffocaretur."—*Sandrart.*

Abraham Bloemaert. On many occasions the painter of sylvan beings and ancient dryads embellished with his little figures the rustic scenes of Both; but the softness of Cornelius' pencil did not suit the spiky bushes, the rough plants and rocks of Jean Both, as did the muleteers of his unfortunate brother. Berghem, in his turn, who was very much attached to this painter, whom he could neither compete with nor envy, was delighted to put out to grass, in the landscapes of Both of Italy, some of those black-streaked bulls which he painted under the walls of the castle of Benthem.

But John Both did not, could not, long survive his brother. He resisted the feeling; but he never painted anything great after his fatal loss. Houbraken does not fix the date of the death of John; but he informs us that Andrew died in 1650; and as he adds that the landscape-painter died soon after, we are able pretty well to fix the date from this expression. Sandrart also affirms, that John Both died in 1650.

We may truly say with the celebrated amateur Le Brun, that John Both is one of the greatest landscape-painters in the world, though his reputation is less vast and world-wide than that of Claude Lorraine.* We may add, that he engraved several landscapes with a fine free point, in exquisite taste. Upon copper, as upon canvas, the great talent of John Both was to enable the eye at once to catch the truthfulness of every species, to notice not only the character of the leaves, but whether they are attached to their branches in bunches, or in regular order. He was so minute, so careful, and so true, that we cannot say of him what Lairess has said of so many others, that he placed the leaf of an elm on a willow, an ash or an oak. What also distinctly marks this luminous landscape-painter is, that he seems to have selected, to make his task the more difficult, trees which have no heavy and solid mass, those whose branches let in the light, and allow the sky to sparkle between the smallest intervals of their boughs, and even the smallest bunches of leaves.† If he wishes to vary his compositions, he throws in some great wooden bridges flanked with towers and fortified. He likes the country where a chain of rocks ends in a precipitous cliff, where cascades bound off and fall in froth and rain upon a cluster of bushes below. At the foot of these rocks start up some stiff pines. A tuft of chesnut trees have fixed their roots below upon a hillock which springs from the mountain, and a little spout of water comes bounding along amid the rocks in front of the picture, while some peasants with two mules cross a wooden bridge.

The finest picture by John Both, and undoubtedly his masterpiece in his own estimation, as he has made so many copies of it, is his "Italian View at Sunset" (p. 133). A boatman is passing some oxen over in his ferry-boat which already touches the shore. A gentleman appears to be waiting for the animals to land to take his turn. We are at the foot of a steep rock, which rises to the left and dies away at the edge of the water. Two fine masses of trees rise in the fore and background; between the two passes a ray of the sun, which paints on the ground the long shadow of the legs of two horses which are about to cross the river. An old unfinished bridge, or one-half carried away by the tempest, stops in the middle of the water. To the left is a large demi-tint, created by the shadow of the mountain, and which is softened by the reflected light of the sun; a peasant leads his ass along by its halter. Two or three fleecy clouds fill the right of the picture. This landscape, so tranquil, so full of light, is also remarkable for strict observation of the rules of art in all their nicety.

Henri Verschuuring and Guillaume de Heuss were the only pupils of John Both. The first devoted himself to battle scenes, and those robber subjects so familiar to Bamboche; but the second imitated the manner of his master so perfectly—his touch, his light foliage, his warm and luminous skies—that an unaccustomed eye would easily confound his works with those of Both of Italy. Though free and easy, the touch of this admirable painter—we are speaking of the master and not of the pupil—is apt to catch its tone in a most marked manner from the object rendered. It is rough when he paints the rugged trunk of the huge oak; it is terse when representing bushes; it becomes soft over the sleeping pool; it is lively when he has to convey, without servile minuteness, thorny little bushes, small grounds, reeds, roots, fine and light plants. "John Both has been reproached," says Descamps, "with tanning his colour, by touching the leaves of his trees with a somewhat saffron yellow." This reproach is well founded sometimes; but from the testimony of Descamps—rather than that of our own observation—we must add that the fault of which this historian, and after him the amateur Le Brun, speak is not general. John Both cured himself of it, and many of his pictures are wholly exempt from it. We may truly say of these, that they are masterpieces, worthy of being placed alongside the greatest works of the greatest masters.

For picturesqueness, for the variety and richness of his compositions, for the exactness of the foreground, and its vigour and form, Both of Italy is a perfect model. The profound and strong sentiment of rural beauty, in a nature of heroic character—this is what, above all, marks the originality of Both of Italy—this is what distinguishes him from all his rivals. Sometimes, it is true, his buildings are in a style so noble that they appear to elevate the thought of the painter above a purely Dutch intention—that is to say, above the rustic style which De Piles has so well defined. A temple, with a façade and columns, or an Italian abbey, adorned with pilasters and surmounted by a campanile, sometimes gives to the compositions of Both a purely historical character, quite *à la Poussin*. We feel a kind of inexpressible charm in gazing on this shelter, which a community of Italian monks has raised at the foot of the mountains, but ten steps off from a river, which flows silently across a scene of mingled majesty, solemnity, and silence.

But nevertheless, on all occasions, the artist shows his love for the rural and the beauties of nature, even in his moss-clad ruins.

Good Boths are dear and rare. In 1792, when the pictures of this school were not valued at anything like their present prices, Le Brun paid 500 louis (about £475) for a fine picture by this admirable artist.

The merit of Both was recognised by all his great contemporary artists, countrymen and others; while Berghem, Poelemberg, Wouvermans, and Karel Dujardin were always eager, after the death of his brother, to paint in his figures for him.

If we may judge from the engravings of Daudet, De la Barthe, Bovinet, Niquet, Duttenofer, Dequevauvilliers, Fortier, etc., from Both, without counting his own ten admirable copper-plates, he must have painted numerous works, though he died at an age when many men have only just begun to gather renown.

There were originally a great many pictures by Both in

* "Galerie des Peintres Flamands et Hollandais." Par Le Brun.

† See Deperthe's "History of Landscape Painting."

Italy, before English amateurs began to buy them up. Few galleries now are without one or two pictures by this artist. There are two in the Louvre. There are several in Munich, especially "Mercury setting Argus to sleep." The Dresden Gallery possesses two pictures by this master.

THE DAUGHTER OF MIGNARD.

One fine June morning, three men and a young girl were together in the Castle of St. Cloud, in the great Salon de Mars. One of these men was Louis XIV., who was advancing to age and infirmity. The second was Bloin, first *valet-de-chambre* of the king, whom the Duke of St. Simon has thus painted:—"Witty, gallant, particular, cold, indifferent, unapproachable, conceited, self-sufficient, and sometimes obstinate, always rather wicked, but not to be offended with impunity; a real personage, who had good cheer at home, who was courted by the greatest, even by members of state, who could serve his friends but rarely, and who never served any one else, and was, in fact, rather dangerous than otherwise."

The third was the celebrated artist, Pierre Mignard, the only rival of Lebrun who did not bend beneath his yoke.

The young girl was Mademoiselle Mignard, an admirable model of the young beauties and goddesses painted by her father.

At this moment, Mdlle. Mignard, who was in all the brightness of her youth and beauty, was sitting for Spring in the picture of "Apollo on his Car, surrounded by the Four Seasons"—a painting sketched by the artist in the hall it was to adorn.

Louis XIV. and Bloin were watching the work of Mignard, and were talking as familiarly as royal etiquette allowed. Suddenly the king interrupted the painter, and handed him a parchment with a large royal seal on it. It was a *brevet* of member of the Academy of Painting, founded under the auspices of Lebrun.

Louis XIV. expected Mignard to fall on his knees and pour forth enthusiastic thanks.

His surprise, and that of the courtier-valet was great, when the artist, after having read the brevet attentively, returned it to the monarch with a low bow, saying, however, these words, which, to the ear of the haughty king, were all but new:—

"I thank your majesty from the bottom of my soul, and I shall always feel deep gratitude to him; but I cannot sit in the academy presided over by Monsieur Lebrun."

Louis XIV. frowned, Mademoiselle Mignard turned pale, and Bloin thought his *protegé* lost for ever.

"And what academy do you intend to honour with your presence?" said the king, in that pompous tone which by his courtiers was called crushing.

"The Academy of St. Luke, which to-morrow will elect me president, and the next day will submit that election to your majesty."

Louis XIV. understood Mignard, and his pride checked the king's anger.

"Altar against altar," said the king, with an ironical smile.

"Brush against brush," replied Mignard.

"We shall see," replied the king, flattered at the rivalry of two reputations, which he considered owed their very being to his glory.

"Pardieu, my master," said he, rising to leave the room, "I admire your disdain for royal parchments; it is rare among people of your class."

This insolent remark caused the cheeks of Mademoiselle Mignard to crimson. Her beauty was now so dazzling, that the king, about to leave the room, stopped to gaze on her.

Encouraged by his admiration she spoke:—

"Sire! People of *our class* have shed their blood on the battle-field, and we merited the notice of your most illustrious ancestor."

"How was that?" said the king, coming back.

"Sir! my grandfather's name was Pierre More. He was in the service of Henry IV., with his six brothers, all as brave as he was, and all handsome."

"Beauty is an inheritance in your family," said the king, smiling.

"One day, when our seven ancestors had fought like men, Henry IV. saw them together, and cried '*Ventre-Saint-Gris*, these are not *Moors*, but Mignards!" They have preserved the name, and it is nobility of which your majesty will allow us to be proud."

"I will allow you, and it depends on your father, whether or no I one day remember his ancestors. We will speak again of *my* academy and of yours. I will sit for my tenth portrait one of these days, if I am not too old!"

"Sire!" replied the painter, "I shall only have to add some more victories to the glorious list!"

The king said no more of the Academy, approved his election to that of St. Luke, and it was only at the death of Lebrun that Mignard became, the same day, academician, professor, rector, director, and chancellor of the Academy in which he had refused to sit beneath his rival. It was but two days after the scene above referred to that the king sent letters of nobility to the artist.

MODERN BRITISH ART—THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

When Turner was a rising man, and was exciting some of that notice which his eccentricities no less than his talents demanded, he sent a picture full of brilliancy and colour to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. As chance, or ignorance of the Hanging Committee, would have it—(or it might be, to be very charitable, that the size absolutely required it)—it was hung side-by-side with a very dark and sombre painting by Northcote. The latter artist, when he came to his own, upon the private view, found it literally "put out." "You might," said he to the hangers, when he indignantly remonstrated with them, "you might as well have opened a window under my picture."

The force of this remark—and Northcote was celebrated for his happy expressions,—the majority of art-students must at once perceive. The light and brilliant picture naturally attracts more than its sombre and dull pendant. The one is termed "high," and the other "low," in tone or colour, and the effect produced by hanging one by the side of the other, is termed technically "killing."

Now, for "killing" other people's pictures, some artists—and Turner was amongst the number—have a genius. His were so bright, that some one said that they were like holes cut in the wall; and Sir Francis Chantrey, on a varnishing day, which happened to be excessively cold, stopped before one of that artist's pictures, blazing with vermilion and chrome, and rubbing his hands, as if warming them at the glow, said, "Hang it, Turner, this is the most comfortable place in the room!" But even this brilliant artist could himself be killed, and in 1827, at an exhibition had the misfortune to have his "Rembrandt's Daughter," a very vivid picture, hung close to a portrait of a member of Dublin University in a scarlet gown, the effect of which was, that the Turner was "killed;" and a passer-by found that artist very busy adding red lead and vermilion to his picture, and trying to outblaze his neighbour. "Why, what are you at, Turner?" was the question. "The hangers have checkmated me," was the reply; and the artist's pencil pointed significantly to the scarlet gown of the university man.

These anecdotes we have quoted to illustrate the remarks which we are about to make concerning exhibitions. No one can have failed to observe that some pictures, carefully painted and well finished, have a weak appearance when in a gallery of newly-painted pictures, which they have not when looked at alone. They are hung, it is very possible, near a picture which is high in tone, and which boasts a very brilliant colour. The picture which *kills* its rival is painted, doubtless, by an "income-seeking" artist, who knows very well that a bril-