

Artists' Corner.

NO. VIII.—JOHN JOUVENET.

Until the last few years the ancestry of Jouvénét was involved in obscurity, but M. Charles Blanc, in his *Histoire des Peintres*, has shown that he was one of a numerous family of artists, whose ancestral head emigrated from Italy in the middle of the sixteenth century. John Jouvénét was born at Rouen, in April 1644, and was the son of Laurence Jouvénét, a painter and sculptor in that city. Having studied for some time under his father, and also received instruction from his uncle, Jouvénét was sent to Paris in the seventeenth year of his age to prosecute his art. At this time Mignard and Le Brun were at the head of the French school, having shortly before this established the Academy of the Fine Arts. The young artist became the pupil of Le Brun, and was employed by him to assist in painting the ceilings of the palace at Versailles, which Louis XIV. had then determined to convert from an insignificant chateau into a residence befitting so great a monarch. For nearly ten years Jouvénét seems to have been so occupied, but during the time he painted several pieces which tended to establish his reputation. In 1673 he had attained so great a proficiency in the higher qualifications for his art as to carry off the second prize in the Academy; and in the same year, being then only twenty-nine years of age, he painted the "Paralytic Healed," for what was then called the "May Picture." Up till the year 1708 a picture so designated was annually presented by the goldsmiths of Paris, on the 1st of May, to the Virgin, in the cathedral of Notre Dame. Jouvénét's picture established his reputation. In 1675 he was admitted into the French academy. The subject of his "reception picture" was "Esther before Ahasuerus." In 1683 the death of some of his relations induced him to visit his native city Rouen, where he was received with very great distinction; but Louis speedily recalled him to Paris, and gave him apartments in what was then called the Palace of the Four Nations. The first work he assigned himself in his new atelier was one on a magnificent scale, twenty-eight feet long by thirteen in height—subject, "Jesus Healing the Sick." Le Brun having died in 1690 Jouvénét became the head of the Academy; but three years afterwards was induced to seek a change of air, and to try the medicinal waters of Bourbon, in consequence of an attack of apoplexy. He returned again to the scene of his labours in 1696, having regained his wonted health, and was summoned to Rennes to paint the ceiling of the Chamber of Parliament. During his stay in this city he painted, in forty-five days, three ceilings for the Registrar General, in whose house he lodged. Louis, as a mark of favour, bestowed on this artist a pension of twelve hundred livres, which sum was increased by five hundred more, when the decorations of the Palace at Versailles were finished. One of the finest of Jouvénét's works is the "Descent from the Cross"—a subject previously treated very successfully by Rembrandt and Rubens—painted in 1697, for the convent of the Capuchins, at Paris. In this picture he seems to have incorporated the perfections of both these great masters. Another of his best pieces is the "Raising of Lazarus," a subject also illustrated by Rembrandt. In 1702 he completed "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," the last of the series painted by order of the king; and in order that he might the more truthfully represent the "Draught of Fishes," the artist travelled to Dieppe to make such studies on the sea coast as would enable him to paint to nature. In the early part of this century he, in conjunction with Coyvel and Poerson, executed the colossal frescoes of the Apostles, painted in the Dome of the chapel of the Invalids in Paris. These figures stand about fourteen feet in height, and are finely drawn. In 1713 or 14 he lost the entire use of his right side and arm, from an attack of paralysis, and was for a short time obliged to resign the prosecution

of his profession. But his studio was filled with pupils, and he was desirous to promote their interests. Among these was a nephew of his own, a favourite pupil, who one day painting a head in a large picture—the venerable artist was standing by and took up, with his stricken hand, a pencil to put a touch or two into the work, but the hand refused to obey his will; the pencil was then shifted to the other, when, to the surprise of the painter, he found he could use it with almost as much facility as he had been accustomed to use the right. From this time he continued to paint with his left hand, and among the pictures so produced are—"The Death of St. Francis"—the ceiling of one of the chambers in the Parliament House at Rouen; and his last work "The Visitation of the Virgin," in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. He died on the 5th of April 1717, in the 73rd year of his age.

Varieties.

The thinking man hath wings; the acting man has only feet and hands.

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, judges others by himself.

The storms of Adversity are wholesome; though like snow storms, their drift is not always seen.

A man who gives his children a habit of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

Oh! the blessing of a home where old and young mix kindly—the young unawed, and the old unchilled, in unreserved communion.

Riches are like the leaves of a tree beautiful for a season; but when the winter storms arise, they fall off and are blown away.—

True religion shows its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant bough.

Hasty words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

Smiles are the sunshine of the heart, imparting beauty and radiance to the plainest features, and shedding a glow of pleasure and delight on all around.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

Every heart has some prefigured, ideal choice—certain qualities of form, of expression, of endowment, which this ideal object presents as supremely desirable.

Every individual, however obscure his situation in life, and however humble his lot, has an influence to exert either for the right or the wrong for good or for evil.

The man who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposed to remove.

He that hath never known adversity, is but half acquainted with others or with himself. Constant success shows but one side of the world. For as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom we alone can learn our defects.

ZENOARDES. It is said, though the most profound philosopher of his time, theoretically, was very easily put out of temper. He once carried his irritability so far as to break a marble table to pieces with a hammer, because he chanced to stumble over it in the dark.

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED.

If your flat irons are rough, or smoky, lay a little fine salt on a flat surface, rub them well and it will prevent them from sticking to anything starched, and make them smooth.

Rub your griddle with fine salt before you grease it, your cake will not stick. When walnuts have been kept until the meat is too much dried to be good, let them stand in milk and water eight hours and dry them and they will be as fresh as when new.

When clothes have acquired an unpleasant odour by being from the air, charcoal laid in the folds, will soon remove it. If black dresses have been stained, boil a handful of fig leaves in a quart of water, and reduce it to a pint.—A sponge dipped in this liquid and rubbed upon them will entirely remove stains from crapes, bombazines, &c.

Biographical Calendar.

		A. D.	
May 2	1519	Leonardo da Vinci, died.	
" 3	1469	Machiavelli, born.	
	1678	Archbishop Sharp, murdered.	
	1795	R. J. Wyatt, born.	
	1815	Thomas Hood, died.	
" 4	1577	Isaac Barrow, died.	
	1799	Tippoo Sultan, killed.	
	1842	Sir Robert Ker Porter, died, (3rd by another authority.)	
" 5	1432	Count Carmagnole, beheaded.	
	1821	Napoleon Bonaparte, died.	
	1831	Admiral Yorke, drowned.	
" 6	1527	Constable Hourton, died.	
	1775	Mrs. Sherwood, born.	
" 7	1641	Sir J. Suckling, died.	
" 8	1731	Bishop Porteous, born.	
	1815	David Ramsay, died.	

Thomas Hood, a poet, humourist, and miscellaneous writer, the son of Mr. Hood, Bookseller, born 1798, was early placed "upon lofty stool, at lofty desk," in a merchant's counting-house, but his health failing, he was sent for a time to his father's relations at Dundee; and upon his return, was apprenticed to his uncle as an engraver. A desire to appear in the world of literature had, however, long been uppermost in his mind; and at length we find him contributing to, and in part editing, the *London Magazine*. But his connection with the press became more publicly known by the occasional appearance of his name to various clever and whimsical bagatelles, which enlivened the pages of some of the most popular among the weekly and monthly periodicals. After this came his "Whims and Oddities," "National Tales," "Comic Annuals," "Whimsicalities," "The Plea of the Missummer Fairies," "Tyne Hall," "Up the Rhine," &c. Much, however, as we have admired his abilities as a punster and a satirist, and heartily as we have laughed at his original sketches, droll allusions, and grotesque similes; much as we esteem the man of wit who can "shoot folly as it flies," without indulging in personalities, or inflicting pain on any but the worthless, we can still both admire and esteem him more, when, with true pathos, he fixes the attention of the reader, and commands the best sympathies of man's nature, by compositions so simple, eloquent, and forcible, as "The Song of the Shirt." In speaking of the long and wasting illness which terminated in Mr. Hood's death, the *Literary Gazette* has the following just and expressive sentences. "His sportive humours like the rays from a crackling fire in a dilapidated building, had long played among the fractures of a ruined constitution, and flashed upon the world through the flaws and rents of a shattered wreck. Yet so firm as was the fabric, the equal mind was never disturbed to the last. He contemplated the approach of death with a composed philosophy and a resigned soul. His bodily sufferings had made no change in his mental character." He died May 3, 1845.—*Albion.*