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MR. C. BURTON-BARBER.

HOW I PAINT MY DOGS.

A SKETCH OF THE LATE C. BURTON-BARBER.

A few weeks ago there died in England an artist whose pictures have become widely known on three continents—Mr. C. Burton-Barber, the animal painter. At this time the following interview with him by a representative of the 'Pall Mall Budget' will be of much interest, giving as it does such an insight into the work and character of the man.

An artist was seated 'close to the ridge of a noble down,' the very down to which Lord Tennyson alludes, painting a group of sheep huddled in the poet's chalk pit. An artist, around whom gambolled three charming children and a beautiful collie dog, and whom, as I drew nearer, I recognized to be Mr. Burton-Barber, the celebrated painter of 'The Order of the Bath,' 'Once bit, twice shy,' and many another well-known favorite of the British public. We fell into conversation at once, and at my request Mr. Barber told me the story of his work.

'I have been at it all my life,' said he, 'and my mother still has pictures of dogs that I drew when I was a year and a half old. Thus is the child the father to the man. Sir Edwin Landseer, to whom my father sent some of my early productions, and who was much pleased with them, urged me to study at the Royal Academy. The first picture I exhibited there was called "First at the Fence," thirty years ago, when I was about sixteen years of age.'

'Do you paint your droll incidents from life, Mr. Barber?' I asked. The artist shook his head. 'No; I make all the incidents out of my own head; I have never once got an idea from nature.'

'But,' I objected, 'don't you run a danger of "forcing" nature now and again?' 'No,' was the reply. 'I am

very fond of animals, and I am always studying them. You cannot paint animals unless you fully sympathize with them. So I get thoroughly to know them and to guess pretty accurately how they would behave under certain circumstances. They are very like human beings, even anatomically they resemble us so much that I often go down on all fours, and think how I would do such and such a thing.

But I never force nature, and I would sacrifice much for exactitude. It is a regular grind with me to sit down and think of some droll situation for a dog, which yet must not caricature it or be impossible. I sit down, and think of what might be.

I have the greatest difficulty in getting people to help me to pose the animals. My little girls do sometimes. An old woman who is dead

used to have wonderful power with them. But it is curious that those who are professionally connected with animals are hopeless for my purpose. A groom is the worst man in the world to hold a horse for me. I have by now learned all sorts of dodges, and I know, though roughly, how to work on their feelings. There is hardly anything a dog won't do to oblige you

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A SILENT PARTNERSHIP. After the Painting by C. Burton-Barber.