

Some Pages from an
Artist's Life



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ROBERT HARRIS MEMORIAL GALLERY
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CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

*"For don't you mark we're made so that we love,
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps an hundred times, nor cared to see."*

ROBERT BROWNING.

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ROBERT HARRIS, C.M.G., R.C.A.

1849—1919

The fact that these extracts were not written for publication is, of course, self evident.

The letters were to his parents in Charlottetown, the notes were for himself, but they are published in the belief that they will prove of value to those who are interested in the course of human life.

The short story at the close is taken from an actual experience about the year 1865.

The prints are from some early sketches.

The notes on some painters of Florence are from early lectures.

MEMORIES OF CHARLOTTETOWN

When in the gathering dusk I sit
To see the day end drearily,
And watch the night hawks as they flit,
And hear the wind moan eerily
With tones that throbbing intermit,
Old days return, ah verily!

Old days, old doings, dear old friends,
My little town beside the sea!
How many forms its memory sends
Returning to abide with me;
It in the deepening shadows blends
Dear visions to confide to me.

How they return! the tides which flowed
Past old grey wharves where lazily
The schooners floated, heavy bowed,
While at flat sterns so crazily
Drifted the little boats they towed;
I see them rolling hazily.

When, in one, by some skipper lent,
Our venturesome course across the bay
We took, on bold discovery bent,
No seekers after gold, Cathay
More earnest saw, than boys who went
Forth on such summer holiday.

And oft by moonlight in the shade
Cast in the streets by cottage walls,
What mimic feasts and fights we made,
Companions in our carnivals;
Far sundered now, some lowly laid,
All, all return, when fancy calls.

From darkening plain and sombre grove
Their spirits come so eerily,
And beckon me with them to rove;
I cannot forth, but drearily
Turn back again to life and love
And firelight glowing cheerily.

—R. H.



MEMORIES



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OLD HATCH, THE TOWN CRIER

1867

Sometime in the month of May in the year 1867 the barque L. C. Owen was ready for another trip to England. There had been the busy scenes on the wharf in Charlottetown; the cargo was on board; the crew were shipped; friends had gathered to say their last farewells; and, as the hawsers were cast off, the Heather Belle (once a very familiar name in Charlottetown) began to tow the great ship with its spreading yards outside the harbour mouth.

Each ship which sets her sails to reach a port beyond the far horizon stirs some emotion in the human heart. It betokens

change for good or ill, it means adventure, or it speaks of a growing and expanding life. It prepares man for the last great voyage on which every human soul must embark.

To Robert Harris, then a youth of eighteen, this sailing of the L. C. Owen was of vast importance for he was standing on her deck and going out into a greater world to learn. Let us go with him for a while and see the world as he saw it then, and as he wrote about it in his letters.

SETTING OUT

A fine breeze carried them through the Gut of Canso and the beautiful scenery along its shores and soon they were clear of land. There were the sights familiar to sea goers on the way. Three barques, one probably the Lotus, were sighted on one day, and on another three fishing vessels came into view. Whales and porpoises and gulls were seen, and once when becalmed a little bird came on board so exhausted it could hardly eat the crumbs he got for it. Then a great gale broke upon them with the men at the pumps two days and nights. Later there came the first view of the Irish coast which many have gone out on deck to see, and to distinguish in the distance the magnificent and rugged outline of the mountains. On the 16th, they saw the Welsh land where he was born. Some large steamers came in sight and nearing Liverpool he saw the sandhills he had known as a child. The Great Eastern was lying off Rock Ferry and though it was getting dusk he could make out enough of her to see what a tremendous size she was. The next day he went ashore.

The letters which follow give some idea of the delight which the old land can give. He has been to Chester and writes "We got a boat by the bridge of Chester and rowed up the Dee to Eaton Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster. The scenery along the banks of the river which is only about thirty yards wide though very deep is most beautiful. The willow and other fine trees come straight down to the river and drop their branches into the stream. Every now and then we came upon some beautiful villa surrounded by trees, with the grounds prettily laid off and sloping gradually down to the water's edge. Pleasure boats were moored to the banks, the birds were singing in the trees, and we could hear the cattle lowing in the meadows far from the shore. The sweet smell from the hay fields and the calmness and sunshine of the day helped to make the scene still more lovely. Every turn of the stream revealed new beauties to us as we drifted down the river."

Of Brown's Museum in Liverpool where he spent some time drawing from the casts he says "When first I saw the statues I thought I should have gone mad with joy."

Then there comes a visit to London with a description of the journey—the green fields and the hedges and the trees, and the canals which helped the effect very much, winding so quietly along. "The first day I went to Trafalgar Square where the great lions are. It is a splendid place. Two large fountains shoot up great streams of water and numerous monuments are about. It is faced on one side by the buildings of the Royal Academy and National Gallery." From the Royal Academy he walked to Westminster Abbey where he stayed till evening, recognizing the sculpture he had read of, filled with delight in the chapel of Henry VII and wondering at the work of the excellent Puritans who had marred so many of the old monuments. Of South Kensington museum he writes with youthful enthusiasm "A most glorious place—one of the best sights of London." He speaks of the dust on the statues in St. Paul's as nearly an inch thick. Of the National Gallery he says "every place grows pale, poor and small beside it." On his way home he saw the Prince of Wales and the Viceroy of Egypt coming to London. "There was a company of the 3rd. Hussars for an escort, but of all the troops I have seen the Life Guards are the toppers, and the way they keep watch on their horses by the Horse Guards is wonderful. Both man and horse look like statues."

On Sunday he was greatly taken with the service at All Saints and the hearty manner in which all joined in the worship. During this visit to London he met with several Island friends, among them Mr. L. H. Davies, afterwards well known as Chief Justice of Canada. Of several days spent in the National Gallery he writes "Two or three times I commenced sketching but some fierce looking officials stopped me every time, so at last I had to stick to writing down all I could notice to learn from the pictures, which was no little, according to the paper I filled up." At this time he was looking about for work and was discouraged at not getting any. "I'm afraid I'll not be able to get a situation here but it won't be for want of trying, and if I have to go back to America I will never be satisfied till I get back to England for I am bound if I possibly can not to settle anywhere but here, or at least where the people are civilized with regard to art."

Then there are in his letters his first impressions of Wales. Putting up at the George and Dragon Inn in Beaumaris he went sketching in the castle in the morning where Capt. Pearce, a nephew of Sir Richard Buckley kindly showed him about. He described the view from China Rock—"Penmanmauer looked gloriously grand. It stood out so black and frowning against the sky with the clouds rolling over the peaks." Thus he also writes of Carnarvon and Snowdon. At Beaumaris he met old friends of his father. Dick Jones showed him the house where his father had

lived. At Conway he also met old friends and one of them slipped a sovereign into his hand as he went away. At Caerleum (Kirene) Church he saw the plate over the door with his father's name as warden.

Back in London in September to sail from the West India docks for home by the ship Lotus he again visits the National Gallery and the South Kensington museum. "They're worth all the other places in London put together. When you are in either of them you forget everything but the pictures. I think I could give you a fair description of every picture in the National Gallery."

HOME AGAIN

In an old writing book, apparently being prepared for reading at a debating club in Charlottetown in 1871, we find the following:

PICTURE GALLERIES

"It seems to me that there is hardly a place in the world more entirely desirable than a good picture gallery. If one could take the wings of the morning or find any means of locomotion of so airy and idealistic a character I hope that many of us would be found frequent visitors in such abodes of art. The Pitti Palace in Florence, the Louvre in Paris and the National Gallery in London with other such galleries seem to be centres of the world giving color and warmth to everything. Where the pictures of great masters are gathered together we have the most precious record of their thoughts and we do not need to learn a new language to understand them."

"A picture gallery is a kind of oasis in the midst of the bustle, noise, stench and smoke of a city, something which seems to be under a different and brighter sky. . . . One can never forget a visit to the National Gallery in London. First you go slowly up the landing, stopping at every picture and getting a little more worked up to the right pitch. The first thing which strikes us is a kind of mellowed glory and the quiet peace. The sounds of the City are shut out and on a summer afternoon there is a kind of dreamy feeling in everything, produced, perhaps, by the quietness and solitude. About us are the labors of thousands of hands which dabbled away right stoutly, and now they are gone, their very dust may be whirling about in some dusty gale along the streets or lanes of a far off land. And here are their works all hanging in orderly and well arranged fashion with companions with whom their makers never imagined they would be associated. With quietness and stillness everywhere one could almost imagine that

the spirits of the artists were flitting about. Here are some pictures which Rembrandt has left us. They are more stable than we ourselves for they will remain when we are gone not only from the room but from the earth. Thousands of people for years to come will look upon them and learn. What noble society we are admitted into. Raphael and Titian will hold converse with us as long as we choose and tell us how such and such a thing appeared to each of them, bringing out the grace and nobility of them. Not only can we have their thoughts but here are the precious mementoes of their handywork. At this stroke on this old man's forehead Vandyke must have taken another look at his model and, before he put it on, his hand must have been in this or that position.

THE DIVINE ARTIST

A picture gallery is a good place but most of us have not the chance to go to them and it is a pity, but we are not without our galleries of art. A greater Artist than any of the masters has been and is painting a picture for us all—a universal picture for every nation and for every age. There is beauty around us everywhere. There is not a face but has its color and its meaning, not a wrinkle written on the brow, not a line graven on the countenance that is not pregnant with teaching and thought. We have not here the ridges of noble mountain forms tossing their crests to heaven, white with Alpine snows; no cataracts to shout their thunder from the steep but we have our hills and dales and pleasant pastures. The sunny slopes of Italy, the foliage of the Ilax, the lovely glens and grotts of Cambria, the domes of everlasting rock must not be looked for here, but our Island has, in autumn, colors which even Titian could not rival; the spring here has many a lightsome spray of maple or of birch to toss against the fir and we may get some little glimpse of the blue loveliness of far off hills. There is also one thing which is scarcely denied to any climate, there is a picture being painted everlastingly above our heads ever since the great command of the Creator that there should be a sun to rule the day and a moon to govern the night. When the day comes up and man goes forth to his labor is not the east a fitting place to turn the eye when the light breaks through? And all through the day we have that canopy of clouds rolling in high, piled phalanx, or fleeting and fading softly into the blue ether. Even the pillar of cloud has its share of loveliness as well as its wrath of storm, and when the steeds of the sun chariot have run their circle and hid them to the western hills is there not beauty then? Gorgeous are the colors, lovely the tints that are spread

with a lavish hand. The clouds, then, float in liquid fire as the evening breezes drift their vapours into charming forms, and when the sun has sunk and his beams are enlightening other spheres how softly the hue fades off, the wandering flocks of heaven give up the glory which they had caught and silently join together in the sombre tones of night.

To watch the day die is the most gloriouſ of the ſights that any man can ſee. The heaven ſeems opened, the glory of the ſanctuary is almoſt revealed. To watch the ſunſet is one of the moſt mournful and one of the moſt profitable things we can do, and yet, too often, man deſpises it.

We ſeem to ſet up our own opinion as ſuperior to God's and inſtead of watching the ſunſet turn away and ſay 'Let us have lights ſo that no time be loſt.' Stil' the painting is carried on and man has been given eyes to ſee and a heart to feel."

Written evidently about the ſame time (1871) we find:

There ſhall be light at eventide,
When life's down weſtering ſun
Draws near the earth mounds drear and cold,
Which mark the courſe as done.
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But when to that dim, ſhadowy land
Our faltering footsteps come,
Where evermore the weary reſt
And homeless find a home,
From whoſe far bourne no traveller
May backward bend his way,
That ſilent land for whoſe deep peace
The ſad and careworn pray.

Then in the quiet evening time
There comes a pure, ſoft light,
Faith well nigh loſt in certitude
Hope almoſt loſt in ſight.

The light which ſhines at eventide
Is ever nature's beſt,
Her holieſt, happieſt, ſweeteſt hour
Comes with the faint fluehed weſt;
Our God and nature's God are one,
And in our gloaming too,
The light that comes at eventide
Falls on the ſoul like dew.

In the same book there is a note which says; "I have certainly to decide on a very important matter. If I have any ambition to get on in the world—that is to say make money and be of some little importance—now is a capital time to begin." Then he writes:

VOCATION

If worldly wealth is my desire
 And honor from my neighbours
 Then here's the course that I should take
 To gain them by my labours.
 But worldly wealth I do not crave
 Nor social elevation
 And I'd be loth to change for these
 My present situation.
 The small amount I need to live
 I think that I can earn,
 And not be forced from things I love
 My loving gaze to turn.
 To rack my brains o'er law books dull,
 O'er brief and declaration,
 Would never yield me anything
 But wearisome vexation;
 For what is life if we give up
 Our dearest joy and pleasure,
 We never can be recompensed
 By foolish stores of treasure.
 Ah, no, the joys that I desire
 They are not to be found
 In the dull, plodding, anxious care
 Of those to business bound;
 Dearer than all the rich man's joys
 Is one glad hour to me
 Before the sunset's golden glow
 Or neath the greenwood tree.
 I'd rather let my fancy rove
 To pleasant scenes and faces,
 And glens and streams, than burrow deep
 In bills of costs and cases.
 'Tis happier far to drink the draught
 Great wondrous nature's brewing,
 And step through life those hidden, deep,
 Mysterious joys pursuing.
 Oh, more's to me the artist's light

Of glory and of splendour,
 "The consecration and the dream"
 That wraps our life in grandeur,
 The "touch that makes all nature kin"
 The noble and the peasant,
 That merges time in one great whole
 One deep and rapturous present;
 The lovely gleam that falls o'er life
 Which in that gleam grows clearer;
 All these delighted me in youth,
 And daily they grow dearer;
 The poet's light, the artist's power,
 The glow of inspiration,
 Alas, they never can be mine,
 They're far above my station;
 But mine still is the deep, deep joy
 That bids me think and ponder,
 And free in thought as ocean winds
 Through nature's labyrinths wander.
 'Tis this that gives existence light,
 That gilds our life with glory,
 That burns in deep prophetic fire
 Within the poet's story.
 Then can I doubt about my choice,
 Ah, no, I'll quickly make it:
 That which would help to mar these joys,
 I'll never, never take it,
 If for the penalty I'm poor,
 I will not be so whining;
 One who is filled with love like mine,
 Is safe from all repining.

Immediately following these lines we come to a copy of a letter which explains the writing of them. Some friend had evidently suggested that he should take up the study of law and had made an offer to that effect. In making answer he writes:

"As to what occupation I should love most and in which I should work with the greatest amount of enthusiasm—this was never with me a matter on which any doubt could exist in my mind, neither was the question in which I should take most pleasure capable of being answered truly in any way but one. Ever since I was a very little boy I have had one great earnest hope and wish to be an artist You can hardly understand the delight I always did take and do yet take in art—the way my heart warms

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and the boundless enthusiasm I feel about it, and what is the most hopeful thing, how steadily and hardly I can work at it. My love of art and desire to practice it are quite independent of any feelings of ambition It is not only that I love art so much that I should be happy as an artist, but also that I love it so much as to make me unhappy in doing other things. I can never get rid of the feeling that a day when I have not made progress of some kind in painting is a part of my life wasted and thrown away. I think too that my enthusiasm will wear I feel all the warmth and ardour which I did when I was a boy, and as, then, I often had to scrape and save to get money for my paints, so now I am quite content to rise early, work hard and eat the bread of carefulness There is one point which you urge upon me very strongly. You say all this dreamy nonsense is useless and that I will have to buckle down to the stern realities of life. I fully perceive the justice and sensibility of the latter and I do not by any means leave it out in considering the question I think I should at least be able to make my way by painting and if the worst comes I have the land surveying business to fall back on This will give you an idea of the light in which I view the matter. I appreciate your kindness in making me the offer. However I cannot but believe that it would not be wise for me to accept it."

BOSTON

January 1873 finds him in Boston making use of every opportunity to study art. He copies pictures in the Athenaeum Gallery, attends classes in anatomical drawing given by Dr. Rimmer and began to make some money by drawing on wooden blocks for illustrating. In April finds that he has been written up in the Transcript and was receiving congratulations for his sketches. Then he writes—"I know very little of the practical part of art. All the artists here seem to stick to one point and by hammering at it ever so long get on with it, but it is better to be tolerable in all parts of art which assist in conveying an idea than good in one mechanical thing." Trouble arises with his eyes and he is forced to be careful with them as so often later during the days of constant studying.

With portrait work he begins to find himself. A Professor Austin of Harvard who wrote art criticisms in the Transcript showed one of his sketches to the poet Longfellow who "was much pleased with it." Opportunities for illustrating were springing up, but early in 1874 he was back in Charlottetown where he had some portraits to paint. The letters from Boston all show de-

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votion to his work and a very happy comradeship with fellow lodgers, and interest in sermons, lectures and the stage.

October 1876 brings another trip to England. Leaving Charlottetown by the once familiar route to Summerside, Point du Chene and Shediac he went to Moncton and thence caught the S. S. Circassian at Rimouski. He is impressed with the rugged country through which he passed. "The mountains run steeply up in very bold and grand forms to a great height. As we got further on, the arable land and with it the houses gradually disappeared till at length we were in an immense wilderness of mountains. Here and there we saw a few lumbermen, or Indians fishing from a canoe, but nothing else." On Sunday October 12th just after service he saw again the Irish coast "which is so like a grey fold of cloud that many of the passengers are dubious, not I however."

ORMSKIRK AND LIVERPOOL

He landed at Liverpool and stayed with relatives at Ormskirk and Aughton and of an exhibition which he saw there writes that they looked for "seven good hours at the pictures and as that old woman in Pendennis would say 'it was trewely 'evenly.'" There were good portraits by Vandyke, Sir Joshua and Gainsborough. "I found that I knew many of the fine old pictures from prints, and every now and then I caught some old face on the walls which was quite the same as meeting some one I knew in the flesh." Of the return home he adds: "Instead of taking the train from Wrexham we walked about three miles to Gresford. I can't tell you how glorious it was. The road was arched over here and there by grand old trees and nothing to break the quietness and solitude but now and then some quaint old thatched cottage, or old farm house; sometimes we could catch a glimpse of the distant shadow of a mountain. The deepening shadows of the evening closed on us very fast and as we passed old Gosford Church it was nothing but a dark mass against the sky. Gainsborough was running in my head all the time. The effects we saw were just the solemn evening tones which he spread over his landscapes, and I could imagine him walking with us, and pausing to note the points where the great trees clustered or swept their broad masses apart to reveal the grey dimness in which the dale was seen far inland. In fancy we went along in the spirit of one hundred years ago and when we stepped into the parlour behind the bar of the old inn, and sat down before the fire to some bread and cheese, the illusion was complete."

A walk in the country near Liverpool is thus described. "I managed to get into the real old Lancashire country villages out

of the influence of the railways where the country about is as quiet and sparsely populated as in the Island. The hedges were a perfect jungle of blackberries. I held parley with most of the natives of the region and feasted my ears on their classic accents. My big hat and blue spectacles seemed to create the most unbounded astonishment in many of the people I met."

He made a visit to Knowsley Hall through Croxtell Park, the Earl of Sefton's seat. "There are many fine pictures in the Hall, family portraits etc. and many historical things. At one end of the great dining hall is what is called the Throne of Stanley, namely the old chair upon which the seventh Earl sat while waiting to be beheaded. Vandyke made him a grand looking cavalier."

"On Wednesday evening I went to Tom Huson's and took my portrait of John Medcalf there. There were six artists present, all of the best in Liverpool, amongst them Bishop. They were very civil to me, and all seemed jolly fellows. Their criticisms of my picture were enough to tickle my vanity."

In November there comes a letter from 17 Gloucester St., Regent's Park, London, where he had just taken lodging. On Sunday he went to St. Paul's morning service, "which is very grand. The music is magnificent, and with the effect of the grand building and the statues of great men all about, sensations are produced too fine to be talked about. After service I settled myself opposite the statue of Sir Joshua—a very fine one it is—and 'all absorbed in reveries profound' stayed till the functionaries cleared all out of the place."

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

"On Thursday I went to the National Gallery and began a copy of a portrait by Velasquez. On Thursdays and Fridays only students are admitted but they are there by hundreds. There are always easels around the good pictures. I am in a very bad place at my picture. There were three in before me so I can't get a fair chance. However as I am further on than the others I don't mind. The lady who has the best place is a poor stick and doesn't understand the picture she is trying to copy, but she is set off by a little duffer of a man who is the most preposterous dauber in the place. I don't think I ever saw anything so utterly hideous as the leering monster he is creating, and what adds to the solemnity of the situation is the little fellow's evident satisfaction. He steps back, cocks his head on one side, and then gives his canvas a wipe, finishing off with a dexterous flourish of his brush in the air. He seems to have a good many respectable friends. He seems so dogged he may mend. The other is a young lady and is getting

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on better as far as she has gone. I think she must be one of the South Kensington students by the way she works. She gets worse as she begins to paint, but she differs from the little duffer in that she sees it, and every now and then heaves such a deep sigh that all the easels rattle."

Shortly after he goes to see the Bohemian Girl; sees a fine loan collection at South Kensington and visits the house where Romney and Sir Marten Archer Shee, the celebrated painters, lived; and the house in which Byron was born. He called on Mr. Duncan McGregor at the Athenaeum Club who promised to introduce him to Mr. Solomon Hart, R.A. Later he writes of painting in the National Gallery and says "the young lady and I have it all to ourselves now at the picture."

"Did I tell you that I have been to Sir Joshua's house in Leicester Square. I obtruded myself all through it. It is now a business place. I found out the dining room where Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke and all the other great men used to sit, as Boswell describes conversations that took place in that very room. Then I made out the studio above, now merged in a large auction room, but I felt quite certain of the location because part of the old octagonal walls was left. I also saw the site of Hogarth's house. Then I have seen the old street in which was the Mermaid Tavern, a haunt of Shakespeare and Ben Johnson; and where Milton was born. Also the site of the house where Sir Thomas Moore was born and Thomas a Becket, and where Gray the poet was born and the site of the court in which Defoe lived."

Of Advent Sunday in St. Alban's, Holborn, he writes—"The singing was glorious. When the preacher got up I thought at the distance where we sat I had hardly ever seen a finer face and was not mistaken in thinking it was Father Stanton. It was a wonderful sermon." Later in the day he went to St. Paul's where the preacher was Canon Liddon. "I need not say that the sermon was wonderfully fine."

Soon after this he mentions finishing the copy of the picture by Velasquez (not one of those in Charlottetown) and commencing a couple of heads after Sir Joshua. "Last Tuesday I heard Spurgeon and I don't wonder at the reputation that he has. His material was not much, but anything better would have flown over the heads of his hearers. He is a powerful orator—no doubt of it. There were some splendid things in the sermon I heard and some of the best seemed to be quite spontaneous. On Sunday I heard Canon Liddon again; many thousands crowded in to hear him. The sermon was a splendid one, but read, of course, so that I think it would be more proper to call him a great preacher than a great

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THE WINTER ROAD TO CHARLOTTETOWN ON THE WEST RIVER ICE

orator. His voice is very agreeable and the high pitch which he maintains all through his reading gives quite a different effect from that of the ordinary delivery of written sermons. He has a very impressive face also, and his flashing eyes seem to emphasize his words. The music was glorious. The same day I heard Father Stanton and I feel very much inclined to think that he is the most powerful orator I have heard. He is very free in his action; often outre and extravagant, but it appears to be natural, and you can't think of him as studying his appearance, though he often strikes attitudes that are perfectly grand. It is no use to go on describing him but he is one of the men who goes beyond his reputation, I think."

AN OCULIST

"Went to-day to consult Dr. Boroman who is tip top here as an oculist. I felt rather afraid of his charges which of course I expected would be very high and especially when I saw the way things were done. You go through the hands of a footman, a sort of half secretary, and an assistant oculist who sends a report, and then the doctor himself. He told me to use the glasses I have used for work all day. Says he thinks a proper pair of glasses will work all right. I am according to him rather long-sighted. He would not take any fee which rather took my topsails aback. You never saw a kinder old gentleman."

"Have been to see Mr. McGregor and Mr. Hart again at the Athenaeum; the latter also at the Royal Academy. Before he saw my sketches he seemed to be grumpish, but since, he is a jolly old buck. He gave me tickets for all the Academy lectures, and said he will give me any privileges which non-members can enjoy. I had a visit from my friend McLennan the Montrealer who is at Trinity College, Cambridge. His lines are evidently fallen in pleasant places. He is a first rate and very pleasant fellow." "I was at a dissection the other day—horrible."

"It was while in London at this time that he wrote the lines on Christmas Eve—

Now when the mist-beleaguered city's gloom
Saddens the night which deepens towards that morn,
When angel visions sweetly did illumine
The shepherds' slumber, singing 'Christ is born,'
I'll sit me by the smould'ring fire to hear
The weary wind that sobs against the pane,
Shut out the starless sky and drop a tear,
Thinking of lands far o'er the heaving main."

.....
Now, as the night here shrouds each gloomy pile,
Far in the West I see the sun go down,
Crimson the cliffs which guard my well loved Isle,
And gild the lowly spires of Charlottetown.

SLADE SCHOOL

Jan. 3rd, 1877. "To-day I entered the Slade Fine Art course at University College and have been drawing there all day. They have a splendid selection of casts from the great works of Greek art; living models; fine, well lighted studios; a fine art gallery and every convenience. Mr. Legros the professor is a Frenchman and can hardly speak a word of English, so he can't lecture as Paynter, the last professor, used to do, but he comes round every day and advises the students. I have entered for the next three months. At first I thought I would get a picture ready to try at one of the great exhibitions but it seemed best to take advantage of these facilities for study which it is impossible to have in Canada. Mr. Hart has given me tickets for all the Royal Academy lectures so they will occupy two or three evenings a week."

"About my lodgings—the house is a large one in a wide, quiet and respectable street only a few minutes walk to Regent's Park. The landlord is a German named Weisshoff and his wife a cockney. Mrs. Weisshoff is a very civil little woman, a perfect wonder at getting H's into her discourse. Mr. Weisshoff appears only on Sundays. He has given up the language of his father-land and as he speaks through his nose, and has acquired the English language under cockney auspices it is quite a treat to hear him discourse."

Then comes a letter telling of what he saw when not engaged in painting. On St. Patrick's night he went with his brother Tom who was in England on business, to hear Sims Reeves. One of the songs sung was the "Meeting of the Waters" and, as the audience in the part of the house where they sat was Irish right through, it was "enthusiastic to the verge of insanity." Again he speaks of being in St. Paul's and waiting till the lights were nearly all put out and "the huge space under the dome was a vast mass of gloom, it was very fine." "One evening we went to Chelsea to the steps of Carlyle's house. It is quite a plain house in a quiet unfashionable street. At the door we all took our hats off in honour to the great old man inside. I wish we could have had a peep through the lighted window." (Carlyle died in 1831).

Human interest appears in a letter telling of how he had to look for new lodgings. His landlady was giving up her house because "Weisshoff, which is my 'usband being a 'helderly man hobjects to a walk to business." There was difficulty in renting the house. Mr. Weisshoff being "a most hobstinate man" objected to widows as tenants because he said "there is no finding hout their hincums." One party arrived who said "she 'oped very shortly to be beyond hobjection on that reason."

Matters of interest at this time were—Irving in Richard III and music and singing in the Albert Hall. "On Saturday afternoons we stop working at the college and I generally go to the National Gallery and spend the time before a few favourite pictures. About a week ago the Queen opened Parliament and we Island fellows went to see the procession. The crowd was enormous. One of the queer sights was to see the dogs coming down the long avenue formed by the spectators. They could not get out and went all the way with their tails between their legs looking very much surprised and ashamed. Last Sunday afternoon Alexander and I walked out to Hampstead Heath. It used to be a favourite walk of Dickens. The tavern where he used to stop for refreshment is called Jack Straw's Castle. We remembered that it was there the highwaymen fell upon Mr. Tom Jones."

"Have got my new spectacles now and they answer very well. I can work all the daylight hours, and I think I am improving in the knowledge of the figure every day. I work from living models all the time now at the college. Last Sunday we had a fog here in perfection. You could really not see a yard before you. People shouting out to know the names of the streets. Last Sunday evening I went to a Church across the river and as it was a glorious moonlight night I crossed Waterloo bridge and Blackfriars bridge several times enjoying the scene. When I had taken my fill of that I went off to muse beneath the shadow of St. Paul's which was wonderfully grand in the moonlight and as solitary as one could wish. Then I walked up and down by Christ Church gates to raise the shades of Coleridge and Lamb. At the Royal Academy lectures I have seen many R.A.'s and judging by their looks they must be a fine genial set. A good many of them have their wives and children with them and the ladies seem awfully proud of their husbands. We had a sort of field day at the college this morning. Legros (the professor) painted a head before the assembled students and did it well. The lady artists from outside came in also, and precious daubers some of them are. The students here are of all ages and sorts. We have some rare characters. Some hideously ugly fellows there are, but by general consent the most hideous person is a lady who is known as the Venus de Slade."

During all this period of study he found it very necessary to be careful of his eyes and often used a frame for writing. In one of these letters he says—"I go to a place where they have a model three times a week, now a costume model. The present model is in Arab dress. He was once a captain in the army and the poor fellow has got down to posing as a model now. Alexander and I had a very nice walk to Highgate last Sunday afternoon. We

saw the house where Coleridge lived. The view from the back of the house is very pretty Charlie Davies has just left me. We have been having a kind of scrimmage, as we generally do, when he arrives. Reading, singing, fighting with sticks etc. He is a capital fellow."

LODGINGS

"You ask me to tell you about my new lodgings. The landlady is a woman with business in her eye, and a corresponding bias towards sharp practice in her character. I have listened to a great many talkative females, but never met the perfect blossom of loquacity till I encountered my landlady. As I go downstairs I can hear her going away like a hand organ in the lower regions of the house. When she comes upstairs I can count her progress up by the increasing loudness of her chant and doesn't she go when she gets in my room. Through all her conversation I notice a sort of leading up to a swelling of my week's bill; as Tennyson says—'One increasing purpose runs therein.' She is Scotch, I believe There is to be a great sale at Christie's of the pictures of Baron Albert Grant, a collection which comprises some of the best modern English painting."

A letter written in May 1877 says, "The principal thing I have seen is a large political meeting in St. James' Hall on the Eastern question. The meeting strongly supported Gladstone's policy. If ever a politician was popular he is. As for noises, our stormiest meetings are scenes of peace in comparison. . . . I have been to the Grosvenor Gallery, a sort of competition to the Royal Academy, just commencing. It is very fine. You will see accounts of it in the papers Have just been painting from a model at the place I told you of—Heatherley's. Our subject is a girl in a 15th century dress, playing on a mandoline.

"Mr. Alexander, the Canadian student of whom I have often told you, is to be the new master at Prince of Wales College. He heard from Prof. Anderson a few days ago about it. He is as nice a fellow as can be found, and will be an acquisition to the place."

ROYAL ACADEMY—HAMPSTEAD HEATH

In another letter we find an account of a visit to the Royal Academy with Mr. Tom Medcalf, an English friend and relative whom he often visited. "There were thousands of pictures and a friend, Tom Huson, had a very good landscape there. There are many splendid pictures there, but no really great ones I should say, and many bad ones. Some of the very worst are painted by

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Academicians." After this there came a conversazione of the Art Club to which ladies were invited. "I didn't care about going as I enjoy a walk into the country in the evening better than anything else, but I forced myself to go and felt very glad afterwards that I had done so. I take a walk now nearly every evening to Hampstead Heath. It is a wild place, but I did not think it would be possible to find such a bit of natural scenery so near London. It is generally quiet too, some parts as solitary as one could wish. On last Monday, however, it was invaded and should a similar crowd be turned loose there a few days in succession everything would be laid waste. I was greatly amused at watching some of the sports, especially the whirligig with horses. You know what that is like. About sixty duffers in the very height of glory all driven on their raging coursers by a donkey engine in the centre of the ring."

"It is very strange how one meets people here. I have had a vision for a moment in a crowd twice now of a preposterously ugly fellow who rose up early to follow strong drink and got the sack in consequence. As the second place I beheld him was near Chiswick it reminds me to tell you that I went there to the old church, and saw Hogarth's grave with Garrick's doggerel epitaph which runs thus—

Farewell great painter of mankind
Who reached the noblest point of art.

.....
If genius fire thee, Reader, stay;
If pity move thee, drop a tear;
If neither touch thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here.

"A stroll by the Thames from Chiswick toward London is delightful. As we walked in we passed the house of George McDonald the novelist, and happened to see him and part of his large family at the door."

Towards the end of May he writes "The trees are out in full leaf now so walks are enjoyable. All the fellows are talking of getting off to the cowslips and daisies." In copying a picture by Vandyke at the National Gallery he speaks of the difficulty of getting near to it on account of it being popular with the copyists. "Last Thursday I got as near as I could. There are six at it. One ugly fellow with a long, hooked nose and specs; one pretty girl; a six foot dandy with a huge mustache; a fat old gentleman; and a fellow who looks as if he had just been carried in from some of the farming districts in a hay cart. The old gentleman got crowded out the last day and went round the room looking darkly at us."

"Since last week I've been to hear Nielson and also a Wagner farewell concert. He conducted part himself, and was most enthusiastically received. It was in the Albert Hall. I enjoyed it immensely. Then I was at a meeting about the woman suffragettes. Lord Houghton was chairman. Several ladies spoke very well, one an American—Julia Ward Howe."

IN THE ABBEY

Last Sunday Alexander and I went to the Abbey and sat just opposite to General Grant who is getting a great reception here. He looked very like Nast's picture of him. Pierpont, the American minister sat with him and their wives with them. Grant looked like a man plain, able and sturdy. Crowds of people pressed to have a look at him. Dean Stanley welcomed Grant in a very happy style and spoke of what he had done in a most eulogistic way. He said a great deal also about Morley the American historian who is just dead and who seems to have been a great friend of his."

In June, he speaks of being in the House of Commons, and hearing speeches on the Fenian question. "Gladstone was there but said nothing." Then he speaks of seeing a sight "which would have pleased James Irving—the trooping of the colours in St. James' Park with the best military music." The weather in London became very uncomfortable, scorching hot, a smoky, stifling heat in the day and very cold at night.

AN EXPERIENCE

From Liverpool we have the following: "I was coming up from Town, when on the way I met an old lady who on coming opposite to me, gave a pause, a start, looked at me with a fiery eye, threw up her hand and exclaimed hysterically 'Ha, ha, at last!' I said to myself, 'You have a wee drap in your bonnet, madam,' and passed on. A little further on I went into a bakery in order to satisfy a craving, so to speak, as my wunt is, and was engaged in active discourse on a penny bun when the sybil I had met before shot in with a look of triumph in her eye. She made a sweeping and very satirical curtsy in the centre of the floor and threw out her arms exclaiming, 'The time has come, I have found you at last.' I began to fear I was to be the hero of a scene such as Artemas Ward describes among the Mormons, but she began to look so furious and wild that I saw that any demonstrations on her part would probably be of a belligerent nature, so I just said, 'You're mistaken, you don't know me.' At the same time I seized my

umbrella so as to be able instantaneously to fall into a position of preparedness to receive cavalry, expecting her to pounce down on me the next moment. However as she seemed to think me an able ruffian to cope with she did not attack. 'Not know you, ha, yes I do,' she said, 'I recognized the features of the family of Odge.' Then slowly and firmly, 'You are the son of Odge the banker of Leicester who swindled my father who became a bankrupt consequently.' I again told her she was mistaken, upon which she went over me in good shape, pointing out the serpent eye, the look of villanous cunning and so on, and concluded with an exhortation to me to descend to the bottomless abyss. A man in the place began to laugh upon which she saluted him as a black devil in the employ of the miscreant she had discovered and unveiled before the glare of the world. She adorned all the abuse she heaped on me with the most glowing imagery. I was told by some one in the shop that she is a mad woman who sometimes got out."

PARIS—ATELIER BONNAT

In March 1878 there is a letter from the Rue de Douai, Paris. Letters which he has received make him wish to be at home and "at the present moment what adds to the feeling is the sound of a street organ in the distance which somehow is always associated with quiet Charlottetown streets on summer days some years ago." "I don't know that I shall paint in the Atelier Bonnat much longer now, as I must begin one of the pictures for Mr. L. Brighthouse soon."

"Dommett wants a little singing. He is very fond of music or rather the words, for he has not the least ear for music, can't tell one tune from another. Bennett is a very little shade better. I have just been hearing a number of Ruskin's Fors Clavigera read. That great man is very ill now. (Ruskin died in 1900). Don't I wish some of the music here could be wired across for you all to hear. I heard some of Beethoven and Mendelssohn gloriously rendered the other day."

A letter from the Rue St. Lazare, Paris, says, "My studio is very pleasant now, looking out over quite a fine space of greenery, so when I'm not painting the windows are wide open. My pictures get on slowly. I don't think I'll be able to finish more than a couple inside my time here, and I get so disgusted with what I do every few days that I feel like cutting the canvas up. I have one of Abraham on the way to Mount Moriah, and another of Elisha Raising the Shunamite's Son pretty well advanced. Dommett has come back from England and reads a great deal for me. You can't imagine a kinder, nicer fellow. He brought me a lot of

colours and brushes from England as a present, and a whole lot of songs which I sing very badly but to his great satisfaction as a rest now and then from painting. I have been to the Exposition, of course. Paris is very pleasant now. There are so many trees everywhere and everything is so fresh and bright looking, that certainly any other city I was ever in seems dull by comparison. The boulevards are always lined by crowds of people sipping their favourite drinks before the cafes and under the shade of the trees. They had a wild scene on the opening of the Exposition which was a great national fete at the Atelier Bonnat also. A large, dirty old yellow sheet was painted with a large crimson crescent and some other things, and stuck out of a window, and a lot of awfully mean looking illuminations were exposed with it in the middle of the day. The exhibition was so strange and original that a large crowd collected (as they do in Paris for the least thing). After a while as some of the wilder spirits inside persisted in shouting out speeches which were supposed to derogate from the honour of the Republic, the crowd became excited and cried out that it was an insult to the nation. 'Is not even the birthday of the Republic to be sacred?' and so on. In fact the hubbub became so great that the gendarme had to interfere and insist on the thing being stopped. When Bonnat heard of it he was rather cross and punished them by not coming for ten days, which they did not like in the least."

BORGHESE GALLERY

Turning from the letters which Robert Harris wrote home in his early years, to the many small sketch books which he left we learn how closely and keenly and perseveringly he studied art in all the galleries of Europe. For instance, after making notes on picture after picture in the Borghese Gallery, Rome, in December, 1882, he says—"In all these works of beautiful expression or good drawing how much one sees the good of taking pains in the first part of a picture. It is not by spending time in the doing after a thing has been begun but by taking time to know just what you want to do—deciding how to do it—consideration at the first, not worry at the end." After looking at a picture by Andrea del Sarto—"Very beautiful—so to paint the model must evidently be used only as suggestive . . . it shows the wisdom of working on the picture after the facts have been well studied from nature." Then later, of St. Joseph by Guido "This shows how badly an able man may paint when he makes a thoughtless picture which challenges attention as something natural, not ideal, and at the same time is not studied from nature."

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FROM PAINTING IN ROBERT HARRIS MEMORIAL GALLERY
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FLORENCE

Still in 1882 we find amongst these notes: "I hope the strongest impressions I have had in art have been received here in Florence. The frescoes of the early Florentine masters and the works of the sculptors too! How different to most of our art now in spirit. There is something in these things which really lifts the spirit up. Honestly let me ask myself, before how many later pictures have I felt as before these? Now, practically, what lessons are to be learnt from these works? To attempt them in form would only be possible by an utter misunderstanding of their spirit. Well, what is their spirit? It seems to me to be profound sincerity; nobleness of aim; a looking for the dignified and beautiful In Ghirlandaios, for instance, we may find many technical faults in tone, colour and execution but how pregnant and vital everything is. Take a group of the portraits of spectators, for instance; in short there is such a thing as character, the interior significance. The essentials of what you represent must be comprehended. Try to live and throb in the figure you are making. Never make one which is merely a space filler. When one can't know and feel what this figure on the canvas is feeling and thinking and how it is affected towards the scene and the other actors, blot it out, it is better not to have any such stuff in the picture. This however, of character applies to things which may be ugly In sacred pictures I have seen heads of old men, evidently portraits, used in a search for the ugly, but these Italians are ever on the watch for the noble. No ideal or a base one in the one case, in the other a lofty ideal. Never forget that there is a noble side to nearly everything and never be content with a mean ideal. Seek always to see and render the essential characteristic truths." After making note of some lessons in technique to be learned from these old masters he says—"Whenever I am in danger of not remembering enough how it is the first duty of an artist to try and make his pictures elevated and beautiful, I hope thinking of Florence will bring me back to the true paths and reading this make me remember what it was to stand before these divine things in the churches and cloisters."

In 1885 he notes "After to-day in the Gallery (Antwerp) remember above all that the means which attain your end in the picture are sure to be the best. There are so many ways all admirable in the men who employ them but often contrary to one another To get the utmost reality arrange the material before you as near as possible to the effect you want. The pictures I especially admired to-day were various. The one thing common to all good work is purpose." He makes many references to the

means used by the different painters and looks for the faults in his own work.

ASSISI

"We got up early in the morning (7th Oct. 1906) and the whole lower land round Perugia was filled with a flat field of white mist which folded round the lower buildings of the city and the bases of the surrounding mountains like a great white sea—a most strange and beautiful effect. After seeing a good deal of the city including the very impressive Arco, we drove to Assisi, stopping on the way to go into the Etruscan tombs which are even more interesting than they are said to be. Assisi, lying on its gaunt hill side which you see from afar—what could have been more affecting! The spirit of St. Francis seems to haunt the dreamy, pathetic landscape everywhere. Put up at the hotel Giotto." At Assisi he speaks of "The wonderfully beautiful effect—the whole plain throbbing softly in mysteries of shade with the accent of the sunset glow against the mountains. The light in the Church was like a star."

At Florence he writes—"At the Franciscan Monastery till the sun went down. The beauty of the scene beyond all imagination, the whole valley swimming in a soft, languorous light as the sun sank and on the other side the moon clear over the heights east of Fiesole. The voices of the monks singing vespers in the Chapel of the monastery gave the finishing touch. It was a never to be forgotten experience."

The following note on the wire haired terrier Tough comes under 15th. July, 1903. "Poor old Tough gone on this date. Bitter week for Bessie and me. Nearly sixteen years he was with us associated with all our life in that time. Dear old fellow! We buried him just by the apple tree at the back of the house, 11 Durocher St. It is a comfort to think no dog could have had a happier life and now he has not the pain of age to endure. Dear old friend, farewell!"

BEAUMARIS

As a closing extract let us take a description found amongst little sketches and jottings in another note book. Under date of Nov. 7th 1898 he writes—"Arrived at Bangor I drove down past the Cathedral to Garth point. The long pier lately built reaches nearly half way across the Menai Straits. From the pier end I crossed to the Anglesea shore in the row boat. The old road from Menai bridge to Beaumaris, narrow walled and overhung by trees, and with lovely peeps of the mountains opposite, seemed about

as when I was here last. I went at once to the Church The sexton has been dead about two months and his wife Margaret Jones is doing his work at present. I got her to unlock the yard and Church and found the three Harris grave stones. The Critchlow grave I did not find but she is to write me . . . I was sorry not to be able to identify our great grandfather's seat in the Church. If I had had some more detailed notes from father could most likely have done so. I had such vivid pictures of our long dead relatives who walked up and down these streets all before my mind's eye, knowing them so well from the old portraits that I could see the different generations coming into the Church almost actually, in the dresses of the different times. I felt as though I could have stayed there, rooted to the place. Then I walked about the old town. The dear, quiet old place is almost unchanged. In the principal street one or two of the house fronts have been a little furnished up. 'Tyn y gongh' where Mr. Jones lived is just the same. After going about the town and Castle which is unchanged and ivy covered as of old I drove out to Tre'r Castle where my father's grandmother or great grandmother died. There is a large modern mansion built as far as I could make out where the old Tudor mansion stood and there are ruins of a part of the keep . . . It was quite dark when I had done looking about and very grand and impressive all things appeared in the fitful gloom. Penmanmaur and the Snowdon range could only just be distinguished as mighty shadows against the sombre sky. After getting tea at the Liverpool Arms I stayed in Beaumaris walking up and down the quiet streets with, in fancy, old relations of the past till the time the last row boat left the Anglesea side for Garth Point. The scene crossing was wonderfully fine. Beaumaris lights twinkling out as a long strip below the high wooded land beyond; the Bangor lights and those of Garth Point, then flashes here and there all up the shores of Menai to the bridge, and the shining ports of the old man o'war Clio where she has lain as a training ship for some thirty years. These and a fitful gleam round the shadowy base of Penmanmaur in the deepening tones of night formed a picture I shall never forget."

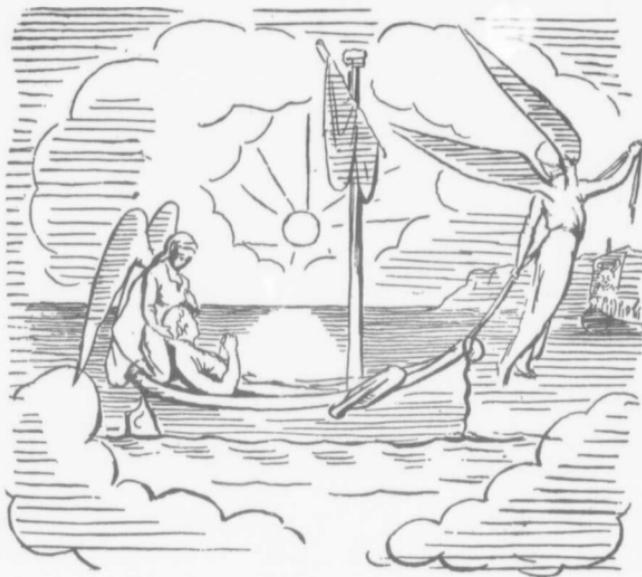
"I was up before five o'clock in the morning finding it still quite dark. Getting breakfast I walked down to the pier and took an oar with the boatmen over to the Beaumaris side. There was a fine mist, the herald of a wet day they said, and still no sign of dawn. However, I decided to chance it and walk inland to Milbank. Crossing the main road from Menai to Beaumaris I walked up the hill road under embowering trees or by old hedges or stone walls till on a lofty eminence I came to Milbank which used to be-

long to my great grandfather and where father's father, James Harris lived. It is a fine house with gothic windows and castellated sides beautifully situated with fine trees about. The baying of dogs forced me to be cautious in getting near the house. When I began to try to make a sketch the light was so dim that I could not see the character of the windows making them square and the fine rain prevented me doing more than a few notes. I stayed about here till it grew to daylight from the 'sad and hollow dawn.' First, long, pale gashes of whitey yellow in the grey mass of cloud behind the crest of Penmanmaur, then a gradual rising and lightening of the mist. Looking right into the heart of the mighty Snowdon range the clouds lifted and unfolded disclosing what looked like a never ending prospect of sublime grandeur and mystery. Then below the faintly colored surface of the Menai Strait. I have never seen anything to surpass this view this morning. I could fancy my father's father and his also and my father as a little boy all standing on just the same spot to admire the same scene, and later my father and mother also. Everything combined to strengthen the impression this visit to Milbank made on me. The darkness and loneliness of the ascent, the gradual, oncoming dawn, the revelation of first one characteristic of the scene and then another, the silence only broken by the baying of the hounds in Milbank, I felt as if I could not leave the spot, but it was a question of getting over to Garth by a certain time or losing our boat for Montreal on Wednesday. So sadly indeed I turned my back, taking a last look at the old house."

'Tis thus our generations pass. They live, they love and reach their hearts and hands to those diviner things of which creation speaks, and so they become, when time has been fulfilled, in some degree familiar with the work of Him who has given them so much to learn, such scenes and models from which to draw and paint, and to form and clothe the ideals which He has set for them to attain—the Creator, Preserver and Redeemer of our universe, and of man and his understanding soul.

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O MAY I DIE WHEN EVENING GLOWS ITS LIGHT UPON MY FACE

A SURVEYING EXPERIENCE IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Cool and shady under the fragrant spruce trees was the spot where we stretched ourselves for a midday rest by a road of which we did not even know the name. The music of a woodland brook near by murmured drowsily; overhead the soft blue with here and there a fleecy cloud or two "shepherded by the unwilling wind." It was high summer in Prince Edward Island, what more could one desire.

Passing by comes a citizen of the country bearing on his back part of a mowing machine. "Ah, Will," said I to my companion, "I would it were a scythe he bore, it was better in old times. Now speaking of old times, do you know the ground over which we have come seems strangely familiar to me, though the fields of to-day may have been forest when I knew it. Let us ask this man the name of the road." He put down his load and answered us, "We call it the Monaghan road" said he, "but it is really named the Green road." "The Green road" said I, "Tell me does it run from the old Appin road to Dollar's Mill." "That's it, mister," said he. "We giv it the name of Monaghan out of respect to old Tim. Monaghan when he died last year." This made me sit up. "And Tim Monaghan lived till last year; what an old man he must have been!" "That he was" said our friend, "the very oldest man in these here parts and the finest, liveliest old divill ever knowed in the settlement. Howsomever (shouldering his load) I've got to go to my work, not like you townies, galivantin round or taking your aise," and with a grin, he left us.

"Do you know, Will, this is a very interesting place to me" I said, "and if you won't go to sleep I'll tell you why." "Prose away" said he, "and if it's possible to keep awake I'll do it."

"Well then, here goes though it doesn't make much of a story. When I was a boy you know I learnt surveying and was with the principal surveyor in Charlottetown. At the time I'm speaking of I was about sixteen. One day Mr. R. B. S. came into the office wanting a survey made to determine the location of lands held by squatters on his estate. At that time nearly all the land in the province was owned by proprietors, in many cases non-resident. The settlers even with the long leases they had (generally 99 years) made continual agitation to obtain the freehold. The history of the whole question is a very interesting one but does not concern us now. This Mr. S. was said to own in different parts of the province over 80,000 acres. He had come over from England as a young man to look after his father's estate and built a fine

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house some 16 miles from Charlottetown. Here he lived in the style somewhat of a highland laird as befitted the staunch old Jacobite that he was. He was a tall, grave man always clad in black and wearing a huge, stiff, black stock. His trouble with the squatters was this. It sometimes happened that some of the rougher sort of emigrants who found their way to the Island instead of making any arrangements with the owners of the soil took matters into their own hands, simply went into the forest, built themselves log houses, cleared what land they could and fencing in what they chose prepared to defy all claims of ownership based on title deeds. The land being principally forest at this date men in the more isolated districts might do this and it might be a long time before they would be discovered. If anyone could hold his land so in undisturbed or adverse possession for twenty-one years he acquired a legal title which enabled him to resist all attempts at eviction. There was, therefore, on the part of the proprietors or their agents when the holdings of squatters were discovered a vigorous attempt to make them attorn or acknowledge the owner's right. It thus became very necessary to know exactly what land the squatters had enclosed in the event of attacking their claims or in leasing adjoining land. The squatters on their part looked on all surveyors as devils incarnate being harbingers of evil, threatening disturbance of quiet possession. They had the mistaken idea firmly fixed that if once a surveyor's stakes were planted on their land they were 'gone coons.' Mr. S. then, wishing to begin operations against some of his squatters applied to my principal to make the survey and he committed the work to me though but a youngster.

One fine afternoon accordingly Mr. S's eldest son with four lusty oarsmen came down the river some sixteen miles and we started in the late afternoon from Charlottetown. The outflowing tide was so strong that we made little headway and it was dark when we reached McEwen's wharf, a rough landing for boats in a clearance of the forest, about nine miles from the town. A thunderstorm coming on we decided to stay for the night. We had to sleep on the bare floor of a shed and by the morning I had thoroughly memorised all the projecting points of the human skeleton. Before sunrise we were again on our way. In recollection it seems to me one of the most beautiful bits of journey I ever had. The river at this point was about half a mile wide, gradually diminishing in width till at our destination it was quite narrow. Its course was indeed a winding way. On the shallows at each point, as the early dawn disclosed them, were sentinelled those solitary fishermen—the cranes; so little used to disturbance that they did not

trouble to move as we, the strange invaders of their ancient peace, rowed by the lonely haunts gently aided by the inflowing tide. The clearings were few and not much seen from the water, the forest coming down to the banks, dark spruce and pine with here and there the white of gleaming birch trunks. The morning mists were softly wandering away, every turn of the sinuous stream disclosing new and beautiful effects. Perfect peace and stillness, except now and then as the sun came up the faint and distant sounds of awakening life from some of the woodland farms.

Our journey over, we arrived at the residence of Mr. S. and after breakfast he had his piper, whose Saxon words were scant, give us a good skirl, and fine the old slogans sounded echoing in the hills and glens about the house. A strange thing, it seemed, to come across fine pictures and books in a country place which was in some respects a wilderness.

Our first business was to overhaul the plans of the township with which we had to deal. The whole province was divided into lots of about 20,000 acres and the surveys of these plotted on a fairly large scale with the holdings and roads laid down. The block of land of which it was necessary to get a survey was situated between two roads, a certain point on one of these as shown on the indicated plan marked the place we were to start from.

Mr. S.'s younger son, a boy of my own age and an old playmate, myself and six men composed the party. After a drive of five miles or so through the woods we reached the point on the Appin road which was to be our starting place. I set up the theodolite, gave each man his work to do and off we went. Our chief object was to survey the Green road, a winding wood road made by squatters which cut across from the Appin road at right angles roughly and to note all the squatters fences on this as it formed their means of getting to the main highway. It led through a dense forest. As it twisted about exceedingly and there were many hills and hollows we had to take very many short courses, and measuring every angle and also taking each course with the needle made smart work necessary both for surveyor and men. We were in a hollow just after crossing a little brook and I was taking a back sight on the last station when Mr. S. came up and said quietly in my ear, "Look to your left, Robbie." I did so and encountered about thirty feet away two sparkling eyes, living beads of black. Curiosity, indignation, fury was in the glance. It came from a young woman of about eighteen, strong and nobly built as the Venus de Milo. Between us was a rough fence of tree roots—one of the squatter's bounds. Her black masses of hair seemed to lift and wave like living things about her flushed and angry face.

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In her hand she held a huge hoe with which, when we came upon her, she had been smiting the cradle hills to unearth potatoes. One moment she looked, then turning, bounded off like a pantheress into the depths of the forest.

"This means trouble," said Mr. S. "if there happens to be a meeting or working frolic for potato digging at any of the houses. They'll collect quickly and be after us like a swarm of bees in no time. Did you ever see more of the devil in a woman's eye? She'll rouse them, I fear." We redoubled our efforts to push on. Before long a dismal sound assailed our ears—the long drawn wail of the conch horn. These huge West Indian shells used to be found on every farm, procured from the schooners which brought cargoes of molasses and rum to the Island. The shells were used to call when the men were wanted from the woods or clearings. From this side and that we now heard these, to us, dismal and foreboding sounds prognosticating woe. "Men," said I, "is there any high land ahead from which we can get a long sight?" "The highest land" said one, "is at the top of this here gully but the trees is so durned thick you can't see no furdur." "Crack on, crack on lively at any rate," said I. "Get our heads cracked, we will, if we ern't keerful," said another, "there's going to be trouble when all the women gets to blowing those darn horns like this. My God, just hear 'em, there aint no let up at all."

We reached the top of the hill on the other side of the gully and I was sighting back to where the road bent, disappearing in the trees, when with a wild shout some twenty five men or so dashed round the turn. Waving heavy sleigh stakes in their hands they came full tear up the hill, a tough looking crew sure enough. The dull, salmon color and grey blue homespun shirts with a few red flannel ones telling bright in the sunlight marked them as they came on, every head and face bushy with all the hair it could manage to grow. Our men meanwhile at the first appearance of this mob sat themselves down on the huge fallen trunk of a tree by the roadside. There they were, all six of them like crows on a fence, proclaiming by their air unmistakably, "This aint no affair of ours, we aint going to have a hand in this pie, simply nootral onlookers, that's what we are." These men were tenants of Mr. S. but probably acquaintances of, and no doubt much more sympathetic towards, our assailants. The gang came to a momentary halt as they reached us on the top of the hill, yelling at the full force of their mighty throats. The leader was the redoubtable Tim Monaghan who looked to me like the huge gorilla in De Chaillin's book. He came right at me, swung his stake back (it looked to me at the moment about the size of a giant's club) and shouting "I'll send

ye to hell, you red, young devil." I seemed to feel the crack on my head and like a flash remember the idea coming of wonder whether my brains would come out at the top or side of my skull. However the blow did not fall. The only means of explaining it is this. It was a great dread of mine that something might happen to the theodolite which was the only fine instrument of the sort in the province and which I was always glad and proud of the chance of taking into the woods. So I stood carefully by it all through this with my hand on the telescope, looking straight at my assailant's expressive mug. Inadvertently, while he swung himself back to give a good knock downer I turned the telescope, pointing directly at him. Whether he supposed it could do him a mortal injury, having some shooting power or whether some reflected ray of sunlight from it started new ideas in him at the moment who can say! The fact is that he remained fixed with the club thrown back, his mouth opened as it had never done at even the finest meal of herrings and potatoes he had ever eaten and a wild dazed look came into his eyes. After what seemed some time but which must have been really very short he grounded arms, so to speak, or to be more accurate stuck the point of his stake in the earth and leant on the top.

Mr. S. then took up the parable calling on all present to keep order in the Queen's name; that we were on the open road and as a magistrate he commanded all present to keep the law and to aid in restraining those who broke it. This met with no response whatever. I then asked one of our hands to go ahead and set the sighting rod. This at once stirred the squatter party to activity. Tim, having pulled himself together, showered imprecations on our heads, damning the proprietors, the law and the magistrates. The more they talked the madder they became. Mr. S. said "I fear we'll have to go. There will be bloodshed if we attempt to do more. It's a great pity, because from what I hear them saying, the fence we are just at marks the enclosure of this villain, the ringleader. Have you enough to locate this accurately?" "Probably," said I, "but it is not easy to be accurate in the hurry we've been working in since we saw the girl. We must try to check the work somehow. Is there any higher land between here and Dollar's Mill?" "I'm almost sure not." "Then do you think we could see those two trees from there?" pointing to a couple of huge, dead monsters left from an older forest, which towered above the leafy growth about, and stretched fantastic arms as if trying to grasp the clouds. "I think" said Mr. S. "one could see them from the rising ground beyond the Mill, but what is the use of that, there are numbers of such about the woods, it would be impossible to identify them in

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the distance." "Gain a little time for me to sketch them and we can work that," I replied. He then resumed his previous discourse as to the majesty of the law, and the trouble these men would create for themselves, while I carefully drew the forms of the two big trees in the field book. The chain was then folded, the theodolite put in its case, we mounted our conveyances and left perfectly smothered by the vituperations and curses of the gang.

A bitter retreat it was for Mr. S. "We'll run the line through here yet," said he, "if we have to bring fifty men and half a dozen pipers to do it." We soon reached the Mill. A lovely spot with its placid dam surrounded by the darkling pines. The pungent aroma of the new cut logs was in the air and the trout leaped in the pool below the water wheel. After staying our appetite we found a base at the other side of the stream and to my joy with the telescope and the aid of the drawing could unmistakably identify the two big trees seen over the intervening forest. All that had been thus desired was after all accomplished.

The sequel of this affair much talked of at the time was a trial for riot and assault in Charlottetown, Tim Monaghan and the most active of his friends being prosecuted. The accused were well defended by some of the ablest lawyers in the province. Our performance under cross examination though proving a joyful entertainment to the spectators was otherwise to us. It was like going in as an elephant and coming out as a microbe. The very atmosphere of the stuffy court room was described by the opposing counsel as having been further polluted by the character of our evidence. The case was of course, perfectly clear against the men. At that time, however, it was nearly impossible to get a jury to convict in a trial in which the settlers were the aggressors against the landlords.

The twelve wisecracks in the jury box were charged by the Chief Justice in no uncertain fashion. As well might one have expected a little liver pill to cure the disease of a hippopotamus. They were kept a long time shut up in their rooms and had to sleep on bare boards. Tired and hungry at length they acquitted the prisoners.

Accordingly after a very uncomfortable visit in the county jail the valiant Mr. Monaghan and his colleagues who as they said "were in it wid im" were set free. In fighting for what he considered the rights of any man who chopped out a living in the wild woods the old cock would perhaps have been well rewarded by having the road's name changed in order to commemorate his

name and exploits, for as our friend of the mowing machine observed he was in his day a "fine, lively, ould divill."



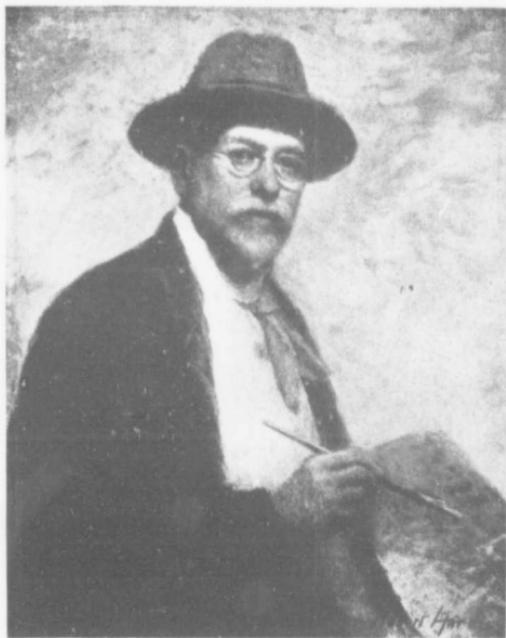
SOME PAINTERS OF FLORENCE

On the site of the ruined temple of a pagan goddess, in the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva in Rome, there is a shadowed passage near the lofty chancel, into the old grey walls of which the lordly monuments of several great princes of the Church are set. Among these, though not of them, is a long tablet upon which is carved in low relief the worn and emaciated figure of a man. He lies clad in the habit of St. Dominic, with the cowl drawn over the melancholy head, the ordered folds of his dress disposed in quiet simple lines, and his hands meekly placed, as one whose desires were fulfilled. This monument marks the burial place of a painter of Florence—Fra Giovanni Angelico, called il Beata or the Blessed. He died in a monastery adjoining the church about four hundred and eighty years ago.

Before this worn effigy the mind is naturally led to reflect on the changes in religious faith and hope since Angelico's death. We recall the story of his life and character and the spirit of the age in which his work was produced; then turn to regard the vast

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ROBERT HARRIS, C. M. G., R. C. A.

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spaces of the great church, grey with the stains of time, dark, melancholy, and silent, with altars deserted, from which the cold figures of martyrs and saints stretch their appealing arms in vain to the hollow aisles where multitudes no longer kneel. The difference is hard to realize between the world of thought and religious feeling to-day, and that of the period when Angelico wrought. Nevertheless those who wish in any degree to understand the art of this man and his contemporaries must attempt at least to find enough of sympathetic imagination to vivify the old traditions.

Angelico was born in the year 1387 near the Castello de Vicchio in Tuscany. He was well instructed in art and was practising as an artist before he was twenty years old. At that time he entered the Dominican order of preaching friars. This step marks at once the strong religious character of the man, for his proficiency in art was then quite sufficient to have secured him an honourable living in the world.

His life was not an eventful one. Its narrative is the record of quiet days filled with ecstatic visions of angels and saints, and the constant uplifting of the soul in pietist reveries. Its active side was furnished by the working of the innate artistic spirit which led him to labour ceaselessly to give his emotions permanent expression through the language of art.

The position occupied by this painter is a very definite one. His merits and defects are all patent and clear. He is perhaps the most typically religious artist of the Christian schools. For him art was above all things a means of expressing religious emotions with the purpose of exciting similar sentiments in the minds of the beholders. Naturally of a profoundly religious nature his art was the reflex of his life. It was a favourite saying of his that "he who would do the work of Christ must live with Christ." Every picture which Angelico painted was to him a definite religious act, as much an exaltation of the spirit to heaven as prayer or praise. Dreaming ever of purity, of sincerity, of the fair light of an ideal Paradise where all was harmony and peace, and where desire and longing could find no place, his figures are, as far as he could make them, the equivalents of these ideas.

Nearly all his works were executed either in fresco or in tempera. In genuine fresco the pictures are painted into the wet plaster, incorporated with its surface and durable as the wall itself. In tempera the colors were mixed with size or glue and water. He depended much upon simple arrangements of line in expressing form, and in color pure unbroken tints were his favourites. The bright colors of flowers and birds were those that he loved, unmodified by shadows. In power of modelling, sound structural drawing,

chiaroscuro or tone, facile execution with the brush, the bringing of a picture broadly together by masses, the melting and evanescent effects of atmosphere upon forms;—in all these he is a little child.

In the case of Angelico we have a sincere and noble mind which in its day of pupilage accepted the best which circumstance afforded towards the acquisition of expressive power in art. He entered the monastery when young, and before the period of the greatest activity had commenced amongst the painters of the renaissance. To the quiet cloisters of Fiesole the noise of the great revival came probably only as the sound from a vast babel of trouble and moil in a world where all was confusion and care.

THOMAS GUIDO (MASACCIO)

The traveller from Central to Northern Italy, after passing the city of Avezzo, halts about thirty miles before reaching Florence at the little town of San Giovanni in Valdarno. As the time tables are usually arranged, he will reach there at the close of day when the wide shadows of the mountains give breadth and mystery to the details of the valley, and peace descending unites with the charm of the remote past. Indulging the pensive meditative vein to which all strangers become subject in Italy, his thoughts turn back. In fancy he sees the same grey walls hundreds of years ago in the same declining light, the weary sun descending as now behind the sweeping contours of the silent hills, not then, upon a country grown pale with reminiscence, but in the days of energy and hope of a great people. Here in this little town of San Giovanni more than five hundred years ago, in the golden aspiring days of Italian art one of the great captains of the craft was born—one who, if any man deserves the name, should be called the founder of modern art. In the year 1401 with clear-shining, truthful eyes, Masaccio first looked about him.

Florence had at this time taken the lead in art. From all the towns and villages in her territory she drew an increasing number of men of talent. Among these the young Masaccio soon appeared, eager to try his powers. It was the custom then, for an art student to live in the house of his master and from the very first assist in the works in hand. Though he might end by painting the beatific vision, not the less did he begin his career by grinding the paints. Masaccio, accordingly, became the disciple of Masolino da Vanciale, an artist of decided originality, whose influence on his pupil is strongly marked. Masolino was a true enthusiast who found an early grave owing to his devotion to his work.

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The city of Florence was walled and had various gates according to the custom of those days. Some of the bridges across the Arno were as we see them now. Most of the great buildings of the Florence of to-day—the Palazzo della Signoria or Town Hall, Giotto's Tower, the Baptistry of San Giovanni, Or San Michele, the Duomo or Cathedral, and the great palaces were built or building. Over a hundred years before, that great original artist Giotto had roused painting from its slumber in stiff, pattern like figures, and turning to nature had given meaning to his personages. This art, as formed by him, had been practiced all over Italy without any very definite advances, but now, again, a generation of men walked beneath the shadow of Giotto's lofty campanile to whom use and wont had made the stereotyped reproductions of his disciples seem unsatisfying, as previous art had seemed to him. The time for a great revival had come. The ample folds of the mantle of inspiration fell on the shoulders of the appointed leader—Masaccio.

That Masaccio was soon remarked as a man of talent amongst his fellow artists is evident. In all their gatherings in studios, churches, squares and the barber shops, which were the lounging clubs of the day, no doubt his daily advances were discussed. For his part he was a quiet enthusiast entirely given to his work. He is almost the first who introduced living and characteristic portraiture in the chief actors in his works. The broad lines of dignity, simplicity and manliness were too strong in his noble nature for this bias ever to lead him into the mean or trivial.

BRANCACCI CHAPEL

When death overtook his master, who had been commissioned to paint a series of frescoes in the then new church of the Carmine, Masaccio was appointed to continue the work. These pictures are on the walls of the Brancacci Chapel, a room long celebrated in the history of art. The artist who can go into this place for the first time without a beating heart is to be pitied. Here day after day to his long hours of enthusiastic labor came Masaccio, still a very young man. The frescoes are yet strong and clear, and sitting in the cool shade below the window by the altar steps, one can easily conjure up from the past the vanished shadow of the man who wrought upon the walls. In the waning light of the afternoon we seem to hear the scaffold boards creak softly. In tight fitting hose and jerkin which show the shapely energy of his figure, Masaccio steps swiftly back and forth. We catch the candid truth seeking glances of his dark eyes and note the mass of hair which falls in long disorder. The smile of triumph moves his full

lips and transfigures his rugged features with the light of genius, as the dignified and heroic figures grow beneath his facile strokes. The shadows from the cloisters steal across the tinted wall, the voices of the monks chanting vespers float mournfully through the Church's lofty aisles, and the painter piously doffs his barret cap of red, lays his brushes aside and goes to the little bye street where he lives.

Here too, the shadows of other and later men inhabit. Here came Leonardo and Michael Angelo and Raphael and Andrea del Sarto and all the great men of the craft. Here, reverently gazing on his work, whole generations of succeeding painters acknowledged the captaincy of the inspired country boy of San Giovanni. These paintings yet hold their place by intrinsic merit. The two most known and best are, perhaps, the Tribute Money and the Preaching of St. Peter. In the former there is a magnificent sweep of mountain background and the level spaces of a dark sky, a broad poetic impression of nature brought from some solitary walk at eventide. There is such dignity and boldness in the forms of the figures in these pictures, their meaning is so direct and natural, that they can never fail of commanding admiration while the great essentials of art are appreciated.

The great advances which Masaccio made in the more natural rendering of the figure are known to all who take any interest in the history of art. Foreshortening before his time had been little attempted. In giving natural grouping to the figures in his compositions, in study of light and shade and coloring, he went far beyond his predecessors. In each portion of the art, in fact, the impress of his powerful and original nature was felt. Shortly after the great pictures to which allusion has been made were painted, Masaccio died. His age at the time of his death is somewhat uncertain but he was at any rate still a young man and much as he had performed would doubtless have gone still further in his own lines if he had lived.

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI

In the year 1412 when Masaccio was a boy of ten another painter was born in an obscure street of Florence. This was Filippo, the son of Tommaso Lippi, known in art as Fra Filippo Lippi. At first his art was quite that of a pupil of Masaccio though he may not have been actually under that master. It is easy to see in his pictures, however, what a much less serious man he was. He was undoubtedly an artist of very great power and Michael Angelo is said to have admired him exceedingly. All the force



VILLAGE CHOIR
IN ROBERT HARRIS MEMORIAL GALLERY, CHARLOTTETOWN

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of his character, however, went into his art, unlike most of the other celebrated names of Florentine art, whose bearers were often distinguished in literature and science also.

In the works of Fra Filippo there was an original basis of dignity and the sentiment was often lofty and sustained. This no doubt sprung from real sincerity and power in the man. His good fellowship and geniality and his passion for all that was pretty and attractive in the feminine creation, often gave to his works qualities which added to their popularity. It would be easy to imagine men like Masaccio, absorbed in noble aims alone, with glistening eyes ever directed to heavenly stars which still increase, from whom the pleasures of the world slip off unnoticed, it would be easy to imagine men like these starving in many ages of the world. Fra Filippo would have thriven at any date, so long as the heart beats faster in spring, or the sunlight looks pleasant on the flutter of white draperies or waves of flaxen hair.

His most celebrated pupil was Sandro Boticelli, a painter whose works have been very potent in their influence on one of the most poetic phases of English art.

D. GHIRLANDAIO

When Fra Filippo laid down his brushes, there were many young men eager for the chance to take them up and make a fame like his. Among these, was none of manlier and more stalwart mental texture than Domenico Ghirlandaio. Twenty years before the death of Fra Filippo in 1449 Domenico was born. In one of his first pictures in one of the Churches was the portrait of Amerigo Vespucci who gave his name to this continent. Ghirlandaio painted a large number of frescoes and when he was about forty years of age and at the height of his reputation, Michael Angelo, then a boy of fifteen, was placed with him as a pupil and is said to have assisted in his master's works in Santa Maria Novella.

Of the personal character of Ghirlandaio nothing is to be said but good. He was an upright, honorable, studious man and possessed of great judgment in all that he did. The position occupied by him in Italian art is one of great importance. In clearness of vision and ability to observe the true proportions of things, he had, in his own day hardly a rival. The accuracy of his drawing is indeed surprising. The influence upon him of Masaccio and Fra Filippo was very great. He had evidently closely studied their works and imbibed their ideas as to the manner of looking at nature. In him the naturalistic tendency was exceedingly strong: so strong indeed that he was fond under any pretext of

introducing the actual men and costumes of his own day into religious pictures. There is true dignity and simplicity in the beautiful figures which he painted. In looking at nature he saw with the eyes of a man accustomed to elevated thoughts and emotions. The technique of his art is still, in substance, the same as that of the men before him. The outline is firmly and frankly drawn, appearing as an outline, marking the contours decisively. The colouring is something added. Of painting as it exists in Velasquez or Rembrandt there is no trace. The soft influence of atmosphere, the charm of mystery and the glamour of throbbing tints are not to be looked for.

Even in the lifetime of Ghirlandaio the forces were active which soon carried the art of Florence into a still further stage of development. To this culminating period belong the names of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael (who though not a Florentine was strongly influenced by that school) and Andrea del Sarto. As the powers of art increased some of the old simplicity and singleness of aim was lost, but in its greatest spirits the old traditions were still alive. Andrea del Sarto who was a boy of six years old when Ghirlandaio died and who four years later saw the execution of Savonarola, stands the last of the great Florentine painters. Dying at the age of forty three, he had seen his city enter its last phase, in which its last beauties were added. He saw also the days of decadence begin.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

Let us now imagine we are standing on the grand square of Florence on a day in May in the year 1498 when the great preacher Savonarola is being put to death. The painters of the city are present in the crowd in numbers, many of them his ardent supporters. Among the older are Cosimo Roselli, Sandro Boticelli, Lorenzo Credi, Filippino Lippi, Piero di Cosimo, Raffaellino del Garbo and Francesco Grannocci all masters of renown, but not of the last phase of the renaissance, some touch of the "primitif" lingering in all their work. The later manner is represented by Fra Bartolomeo and Mariotta Albertinelli. Then we see three bright boys, the lads of promise in the studios skurrying here and there in the crowd. These are Franciabigio, Ridolfo Ghirlandaio, and Andrea del Sarto who was then ten years old. The two greatest of the painters of Florence are at present away. Leonardo da Vinci is in Milan aged forty six; Michael Angelo is in Rome aged twenty three. In a year or two they will return to Florence to work on the drawings for the frescoes for the Town Hall before which the scaffold of

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Savonarola stands. Among the other great names of Italian artists then alive were, Titian in Venice aged twenty one; Raphael in Umbria aged fifteen; and Correggio in Lombardy a child of four. Then in the North in Nuremburg was Albert Durer aged twenty seven. This enables us to place Andrea del Sarto a boy of ten with reference to his great contemporaries.

With the concourse of people, drawn from Florence and its suburbs, he too most likely had run up from Gualfonda, or dark dale, where his father a poor man lived. And in all that vast throng there would be none on whom nature had bestowed nobler or truer gifts for art than this boy; no one whose being would vibrate more fully to all that there was of beauty or impressiveness in the scene before him.

The position of Andrea del Sarto as an artist is very high. There can be no doubt, as one of his contemporaries declared, that he was one of the greatest painters who has ever lived. As a draughtsman, even in the Florentine school, he takes a first place. His name with the men of his own day was Andrea the Faultless, referring to the beauty and decision of his drawing and his general technical excellence. In his pictures we have the influence of atmosphere exhibited, a thing before almost unseen in art. The contours are softened, the shadows are broad and treated with admirable judgment in their effect on the modelling. The draperies are arranged in the most beautiful folds. Though art in his hands never aimed at the realistic and suffusive coloring of Venice, his tints are always charming and admirably adapted to express the sentiment which he wished to convey. And how admirably unaffected he is. There is something about his pictures which seem to suggest at once the true feeling of refinement in their maker, they seem so much the work of a man willing to be himself. It is quite impossible to imagine their author a creature ever tinged with bounce or swagger which sometimes disfigure otherwise able performance.

Andrea once paid a visit to Rome, but the confident tone, swagger, and bravura of a host of courtly painters were too much for his quiet, poetic spirit and he soon returned to his native ways. He may, indeed, have felt himself hardly calculated to succeed in Rome, where intriguing and courtierlike arts conduced so much to speedy success, and where the simple habits of his life were against him. He had not the stern moral force of Michael Angelo (his only equal in genius), who, while gentle and retiring in personal matters, when the dignity or freedom of art was in question, would assert himself and cleave his way like a thunderbolt to his end. At this time Michael Angelo was the authoritative voice on art in

Rome, when he chose to raise it, and Andrea had, no doubt heard of his remark to Raphael, somewhat earlier, when the latter was surrounded by his fifty disciples, all painters of distinction, the favorite of Pope and people. The great, simple Michael Angelo, hating the sight of this—to him—worldly display, said one day to Raphael, thinking of Andrea in quiet and poverty at home in Florence: "There is a certain little fellow in Florence who if he had the fortune to be employed in great works, as you have been, would have brought the sweat to that high brow of yours."

With Andrea del Sarto art reached its greatest height in Florence. Later, though Michael Angelo survived and as an old man produced great works, the tendency among artists generally was towards decadence. Many qualities have been added to art since the days of Andrea del Sarto. We are not to expect in his works the gleaming figures emerging from depths of solemn gloom wrought with the unctuous impasto of Rembrandt, nor forms apprehended as in Velasquez by the impact of light on planes alone, or the fairy visions of Turner's mysterious brush, or the effects aimed at by the modern impressionists. We shall, however, find a mode of expression so admirably consistent with the lofty and beautiful ideal of the artist himself, such a harmony between what he wished to do and the way it was accomplished that we cannot fail to ask before his best works by what other means could this seductive charm find means to operate. As some of the qualities of later painters are not to be found in his works, so many of those he possessed do not exist in theirs.

From these old masters, revered and venerated shadows of the early day of hope in art, how many lessons are to be learnt. These men show us once for all, that there is an art which deals first of all, directly with the spirit of man; an art ever aspiring to the noble, the beautiful and the sublime. It demands for its due performance the qualities of the poet and the thinker, united with the vision of the man born to observe justly. An art in which the full force of the producer may work, and which appeals to the highest powers of perception in those to whom it is addressed. Michael Angelo, speaking for the true artist said; "I am convinced that riches are nothing, and the favor of princes is nothing, but to be, to do, something worthy for a man's self, that sufficeth."

In the early days of Montreal, history tells us that Maisoneuve climbed the steep crags of the mountain carrying on his shoulders a huge cross which he planted on the summit, in fulfillment of a vow. Over that painful road, surrounded by so many dangers, how bravely did the fine old soldier go; till he stood on high beneath the pines. What fortitude this required; how difficult then was

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that ascent, which now on smooth roads or convenient steps is only the happy pastime of an hour. It is thus in art. Over easy and discovered paths, how many generations have skipped jauntily along, with glances roving or which sought the earth alone. But the pioneers of old, with eyes fixed upon the difficult summit, against the dawning light, set their firm wills to the hardy task of its ascent, and never misconceived their lofty goal. And yet from distant ages the echoes of their brave voices still linger in the air upon the mountain side; and their treasured handiwork on wall and panel still bears witness to the master qualities of simplicity, sincerity and truth which conducted them to the mountain top, where firmly based arise the everduring pillars of the house called beautiful.

