

as his inferior in distinction and even in artistic accomplishments. Mr. L. R. O'Brien, who had turned from architecture to painting and who put an active mind to all things affecting art in Toronto, suggested that Jacobi be invited to join the school as teacher of water-colour drawing and that the teachers be distinguished as professors.

Mollified by the offer of these honours Jacobi accepted them and became forthwith one of the professors. But the honours were not to last long. For Jacobi, however grave may have been his fault of repetition, seems to have been a better painter than a teacher. He had no system, but relied solely on demonstration. The result was about the same as if a juggler were to display his greatest skill and then command his pupil to do likewise. Jacobi would surround himself with the class, which was in number about twelve or fifteen, and, taking a water-colour pad on his knee, would proceed to paint. He used the old-fashioned dry water-colours, and the brushes were composed of stiff, stubby bristles which he cleaned by drawing them between his teeth and lips.

"Now", he would say, retaining his Teutonic accent, "ve vill make a nize leetle vater-colour. Ve vill put a round spot of red in the centre, so. Zat is ze sun. Now ve vill take some yellow, so, and some purple, so, and before you know it, ve haf a sky. Then ve put some trees on this side and some odders on the odder side, so. And then ve run a leetle vaterfall down the meedle, so; and it is finished. Now you haf seen me make a vater-colour. It is very simple. Make one yourself".

Each pupil, encouraged by the apparent simplicity of the work, would begin immediately, the idea being to paint with the same facility. But the results in most instances were at once disastrous and in the end highly discouraging. Mostly for that reason Jacobi did not last long as a "professor", but he accepted from time to time a few private pupils. Among these was the late Henry Sandham, R.C.A., who in the 'nineties had some reputation in New York as an illustrator. It cannot be shown, however, with all his good work and his indifferent teaching, that Jacobi had any effect on the art of the country. His paintings, pleasing as they may be in colour and tone, and interesting as they always are in method, will be valuable more for their association than for their artistic superiority. He never was in actual sympathy with Canadian scenery, never so much as with the scenery of his imagination. Nor can it be shown that he ever advanced in any Canadian spirit. During his latest years his work deteriorated under defective eyesight. He applied spectacles in course of time—two sets of lenses and, finally, three sets. Still he wondered why his admirers turned to his earlier productions in preference to his later. He long endured these conditions, living very simply in the city of Toronto, and his pictures sold at about one-tenth the price that they could fetch at public auction in the same city fifty years later. Near the end of his career he went to the Western States, where he died in 1901.

Almost contemporaneous with the coming of Jacobi to Canada was the coming of Daniel Fowler. What could have induced Fowler to come? He was an Englishman and had studied law first and then art. He had passed a year in study on the Continent and afterwards had opened a studio in London. But, his health declining, he sought rejuvenation in the wilds of Canada. He settled on Amherst island near Kingston. For fourteen years he lived there, but the desire to paint must have lain dormant, for that period of his life was barren so far as art is concerned. Then he visited London. There the former desire