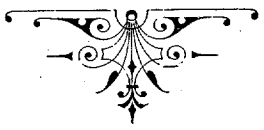
HENRI JULIEN

ALBUM



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HENRI JULIEN

1851 - 1908

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HISTORIQUE DE L'ALBUM

Quelques admirateurs des beaux-arts au Canada, se sont réunis pour collectionner et publier les œuvres de Henri Julien qui a fait école.

RAOUL LACROIX.

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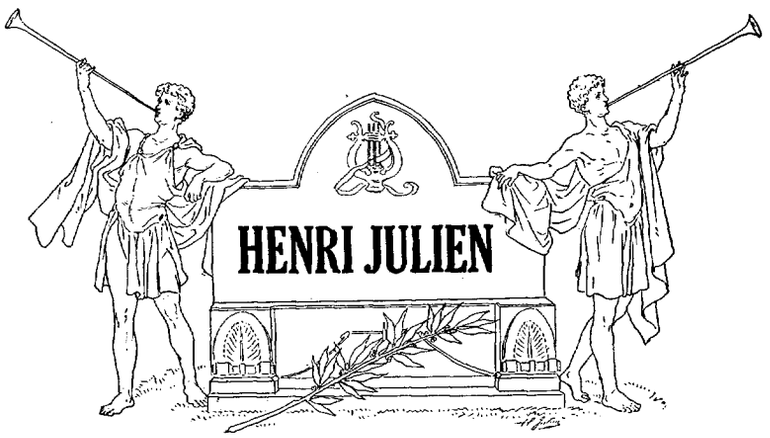


DANS notre pays il s'est opéré un mouvement en faveur du dessin. Selon les milieux cette forme d'art a pris divers aspects, et ici, surtout, au lieu d'être né sous l'inspiration d'écrivains étrangers à cet art, il est l'œuvre entière d'un homme du métier qui fut un véritable artiste. Né avec l'intuition de son art, il a développé, mûri, caressé ses merveilleuses aptitudes au milieu de circonstances difficiles et douloureuses, rebelles aux tentatives artistiques. Nous sommes là en présence d'une création étonnante par sa rapidité et sa sûreté. Les critiques, les curieux d'art croyaient souvent et sans vouloir chercher des limites à son beau génie, qu'il avait dit son dernier mot, que l'originalité de son style et son exécution avaient fourni une expression définitive. De la façon la plus naturelle qui fût au monde, Julien, par des audaces renouvelées et des essais encore inexploités, créait des genres.

Julien est né à Québec. Il fit ses premières études à Toronto et termina sa carrière d'étudiant à Ottawa. On le retrouve plus tard factotum à l'atelier de typographie et de gravure de Desbarats et Burland. C'était déjà beaucoup de déplacement avec alternatives d'espérances et d'angoisses. A l'école, il trahissait son goût du dessin en esquissant les têtes de ses professeurs en marge des livres et des cahiers : il les chargeait d'expressions ironiques, échappées à son génie malin.

A l'atelier, il réussit à apprendre la gravure, tout en remplissant cent besognes d'architectes qui renferment une variété de choses techniques souvent fastidieuses auxquelles se prêtaient sa bonne humeur imperturbable et sa robuste santé. Car, on le sait assez, Julien réalisait l'image la plus frappante de l'homme solide, vigoureux, fait, semble-t-il, de pierre et chaux. Hélas! les plus belles constitutions physiques sont à la merci des moindres accidents.

Quand l'*Opinion Publique* parut, Julien se trouva tout préparé pour ses débuts. Ce journal qui fut toute une révélation pour les lecteurs canadiens offrit au jeune canadien un premier terrain d'élan : on conserve toujours dans nos chaumières les gravures-primes de cette sensationnelle gazette et avec une dévotion égale à celle des paysans français pour les portraits du Petit Caporal. La mode de ce temps était aux réclames ornées de jolis dessins. Les marchands, les industriels qui sévissent à toute époque encourageaient cette fausse tendance artistique, devenue banale à force de se populariser et qui versait dans le fade, le trop joli.

Malheureusement, les meilleurs d'entre nos artistes descendaient à une telle compromission.

La littérature, elle aussi, ne s'est-elle pas, de tout temps, mise au service de l'annonce ? Et un de nos bons poètes français ne se plaisait-il pas à quitter les sommets et tracer des alexandrins comme ceux-ci :

" Pastilles pour laver le tube intestinal
" A prendre avec du lait au réveil matinal.

La réclame à dessins artistiques est aujourd'hui une source de revenus considérables pour les artistes les plus scrupuleux de leur dignité.

En 1874, Julien, attaché au corps expéditionnaire de French que l'on avait chargé de mettre fin au trafic des boissons enivrantes, envoie des croquis à l'*Opinion Publique*. C'est à Pembina qu'il dessine d'admirables croquis de paysages, des chasses ; les véritables nomades de la plaine : les buffles, ses derniers croquis, demeurent classiques dans ce genre.

A son retour, il collabore au *Jester*, au *Farceur*, au *Canard*, au *Vrai Canard*, au *Violon*, et à d'autres feuilles humoristiques, inventant pour la caricature des traits décelant à la fois l'acuité d'observation, l'intime perception du travers humain et un bonheur inoui à rendre sa conception en vérité. Nul doute qu'il ait offusqué plus d'une sotte prétention et ramené à juste me-

sure des vanités qui voulaient se gonfler comme la grenouille de la fable. Bah! c'est être là dans la note et le code de l'humoriste. Et puis.....

les oreilles des grands"
"Sont souvent des grandes oreilles."

Ontario a pendant quelque temps opposé Bengough—qui signait le Grip—à notre Julien. Mais Bengough s'est épuisé rapidement; il dût se répéter et, un jour, il sortit de la carrière pour n'y plus revenir que par intermittences. A la même époque, Julien entrait dans la belle période de sa production; la fécondité engendrait la fécondité; le travail trouvait son repos dans le travail; une inaltérable fraîcheur d'interprétation se mariait indissolublement à une inaltérable puissance d'idées. C'est alors que Sir Hugh Graham, du *Star,* l'attacha à son personnel de rédaction avec des honoraires de ministre d'Etat. Cependant Julien n'asservissait pas sa pensée au bas matérialisme; nous le connaissons assez pour assurer que ce n'est pas de lui qu'on pourrait répéter avec le poète : "L'artiste est ouvrier, le Dollar est son maître."

Nous savons que de l'autre côté de la frontière on lui avait offert des appointements très appréciables et que bien des amis lui ont reproché son absence d'ambition — mais son entrée au *Star,* en 1885, constituait une belle récompense à son talent, à son tact, à son travail : la consécration de sa réputation.

Parlerons-nous du labeur de Julien au *Star,* de ces dessins si lumineux, si précis et en même temps si gracieux ? de cette manière personnelle qui révèle l'originalité de l'esquisse sans qu'il faille sauter à la signature ? de ces croquis parlementaires, événement d'une session et qui en disent autant que le texte des "debaters", de ces impromptus, telle l'admirable page consacrée aux Strathcona Horses — une création étalée sur papier qui ne trahissait aucune hésitation dans la pensée et nul écart de plume ? Non, ces révélations d'un dessinateur inventif, toujours renouvelé, sont vivants dans notre mémoire et dans cet album : elles font, désormais, partie du trésor artistique canadien; nous les considérons comme des témoignages glorieux d'une race qui veut se prouver à elle-même qu'elle a les talents des races privilégiées, et aux autres qu'elle ne leur est pas inférieure.

Entre temps Julien collabora à l'*Illustration* de Paris, et au *Graphic* de Londres. Voilà, en somme, les phases de sa carrière de dessinateur.

Il possédait un beau génie, tout de spontanéité et qui allait vers le nouveau, les relations secrètes des choses. Ce qui étonne, c'est cette maîtrise qu'il avait reçue, pour ainsi dire, avec la lumière du jour. Il était né génial et créateur. D'un vieil abbé, un peu maniaque, il tenait les rudiments de son art. Pour le reste, ce diable d'homme s'est constitué son professeur. L'inspiration, l'étincelle apportée en naissant éclaira tout : son goût s'épure par l'observation et la rectitude naturelle... Sa science du décor, de la charpente des êtres et des choses, de l'accessoire, et j'oserai dire, de l'ethnologie est étonnante quand on songe aux milieux et aux circonstances où son talent, son style et sa verve se sont développés. Il n'appartient à aucune école; à chacune il a su prendre ce qu'elle avait de mieux et en composer pour son usage un ensemble offrant tout un système original, complet, équilibré. Les modèles ? Il les découvre dans une espèce de seconde vision; et les instantanés sortis de son crayon recevaient la valeur précise que donnent les instruments photographiques. D'autres temps, il embellissait le vrai en idéalisant les couleurs et les formes.

Eugène Delacroix peignait, mais dessinait mal : c'est le contraire qui arrive pour Julien et ses peintures à l'huile restent des dessins : là, en une certaine manière, il se limite, accuse une impossibilité de dépasser le champ général de sa vision.

Gavroche de l'art, avec un tempérament de maître, il a été un dessinateur de terroir, et ce qui peut le rapprocher de Courbet, il a peint les habitants plus vrais que nature. Par une faculté tout à fait phénoménale, il fait vivre, s'agiter, parler les êtres qu'il nous présente. Son crayon rendait sa pensée aussi vite que son cerveau le couvait. C'était l'éclair.

Cet artiste enrichit l'histoire de notre race et, au moment où des inquiétudes artistiques semblent percer de toutes parts et qu'on cherche à réaliser des expressions vivantes de l'art, il doit être proposé comme un exemple à la génération qui grandit. Sur un sol inégal comme le nôtre où les difficultés des débuts sont encore aggravées par l'apathie chronique des Canadiens, c'est faire œuvre nécessaire que de souligner le nom et l'œuvre de ceux qui ont su découvrir une note géniale. Julien est de ceux-là. Et on le retrouvera tel que nous avons essayé de vous le faire connaître en feuilletant les pages qui vont suivre.

GONZALVE DESAULNIERS.

HENRI JULIEN

BRENTON A. MACNAB

WHAT Dr. Drummond was to French Canada in the world of letters, by dint of insight and sympathy, that and more was Henri Julien, by innate understanding and personal knowledge, in the world of illustration. The Habitant and his life, the simple pleasures of his existence, and the romances of his life-history — to both artists these furnished themes unnumbered, one weaving them into verse that has captivated a continent, the other making of them canvases whose values we are just beginning to appreciate.

To both, at practically the same age, the great mystery of death supervened just at a time when recognition, with all its attendant vistas of fame and appreciation, was opening out before them.

Henri Julien was an artist—the artist of the Habitant in every fibre of his being. No man of his generation could say more sincerely than he, "O Canada, mon pays, mes amours." The lure of worldly opportunity, the call of financial success never for a moment was able to turn his soul from its ideal — his people and his country. His greatest pleasure was to sketch those visions which, born in the guileless mind of the child, grew to bear the symbolism and meaning of French-Canadian citizenship.

How well do those of us who know him best, remember the travail, and yet the delight which came to him in working out what is probably his best known painting "La Chasse Galerie"! For months before it took definite form on canvas, it was almost an obsession with him — that weird, folklore tale, handed down from generation to generation of elders; told over the dying embers of the winter's fire; how the crew of wild voyageurs condemned to course the stormy skies, had been seen here and heard there, throughout the countryside. Gradually it became a reality, gradually the giant canoe with its crew shaped itself in line and color, until finally its triumphant success at the Art Gallery two years ago was as dear to us who had labored with him through its conception as it was to him.

And this was to have been but the beginning of a series of pictures which would have told the story of the hopes and fears of all French Canada, its traditions and its aspirations, its old world dreams, inherited from Breton and Norman generations, yet adapted to three centuries of life in his own Dominion, had not the all-compelling hand which makes naught of human desires and aspirations written "Finis" ere the work was scarcely started. All else that he had ever painted — "The Midnight Mass," "The Water Carrier," "A Wedding in French Canada," and a score of others, were to have been but prefatory to this great series. "Le Loup-Garou," which was to have followed "La Chasse Galerie," had been already half-planned; we had seen the rough charcoal sketches from which it was to have been constructed; we had heard the grim legend told and retold in Julien's inimitable way — and we have left for all time, our belief that, in his death, Canada has lost that which no other artists will ever be able to replace

For Henri Julien was to the inmost fibres of his being, one who loved his native land. From his boyhood days, (back of Beauharnois.) where he learned to know the toil as well as to love the life of the farm, until yesterday. when, without warning he was taken from us, his whole being was attuned to that of the land in which he had spent all his life. The city was never more than a sordid accessory; the rivers and the woods, the life of the village and of the farm — these were the things for which his soul yearned and here he found endless peace and comfort. The first furrow of the early spring, the turmoil and rush of the freshets, the ripening grain and the still heat of summer, the glorious colors of autumn, and the crisp, clear cold of winter — for him they were always full of ever-new glories. He saw them with the soul of his people; so in his work are we able to see the soul of French Canada.

What is there to add to this tribute, written by Mr. John S. Lewis, one of Mr. Julien's colleagues of The Star, on the day following the artist's death? Not much, indeed!

At the time of his sudden death, Henri Julien was fifty-six-years of age. He was born in Quebec, and lived in Toronto, Ottawa and then in Montreal. He spent his holidays at l'Ange Gardien, County of Quebec, and at the age of 16 years he left there for the Montreal district where his parents took up farming and, later, the father acquired a country store at St. Timothee. Henri married Miss Marie Louise Legault, dit Deslauriers, and seven daughters and one son survive him.

When young Julien left home, he came to Montreal and learned the business of, and became an expert, engraver. Subsequently in the development of his artistic ideas he put to one side the tools of an engraver and seized the pen and the pencil. He drew for a weekly journal, making a western trip in 1871 in search of subjects. With the Royal Northwest Mounted Police he hunted buffalo on what is now the site of Calgary; and many spirited drawings of western incidents are in existence in the files of the paper for which he then made illustrations.

Mr. (now Sir) Hugh Graham, in the course of his daily dealings with the firm in whose employment Julien was, recognized the great natural ability and talent of the young French-Canadian, and his services were eventually transferred to The Star; and for twenty-two years — until the day of his death — he portrayed in the pages of that paper an infinity of subjects in black and white. Some of his drawings were those of occurrences and objects which but little enlisted his ambition to excel; others prompted his whole technique, and stirred the soul of the man. But always his thoroughness and honesty of treatment was manifest. He resisted all inducements – whether an appeal was made to his love of leisure or his bent toward good fellowship—to scamp his work; and a sketch by Julien meant that every detail of it was the result of actual observation and painstaking delineation. His vivid imagination expressed in his oils and fanciful sketches, was severely repressed when portraying events for public information and direction. I have in mind innumerable incidents bearing on this point, but this is not the place to record them. We sat together in a theatre one night when he observed a type that was used in "The By-Town Coons" series. (How we enjoyed the performance!) I once served as "model" as he sketched some dozen fancy dress costumes to be worn at a ball, of which he composed a group picture true to the last detail Many an evening we sat together at "Reber's", and Julien decorated the marble-top table with priceless conceits and quips of his fancy. How life-like his delineation of some peculiarity of a friend! But nothing was set down in malice. We were most intimate outside of the office, but inside Julien never forgot that he was under direction. His observance of such usage was often embarrassing. He never asked a privilege—or a favor—except in such a deprecatory manner, and acknowledged the receipt with such exuberance of gratitude, as to cause something akin to discomfort in my mind.

I have a little "shack" in the Laurentians, and on the walls is a series of Julien's habitant artistry. The simple delight of my French-Canadian neighbors on viewing these is in itself a tribute, alike grateful to me and to the memory of the dead artist. And often as I sit alone at night by the log fire in this mountain haunt, the memory of Julien comes back, and I think long and lovingly of a dead and dear friend, and wish it were possible that he could be with me once more.

BRENTON A. MACNAB.

Montreal, March, 1912.

HENRI JULIEN

PERSONNE n'aura mieux compris et mieux peint Baptiste que cet incomparable Julien, cet artiste de chez nous, si sincère et si juste, dont le crayon nous resta constamment fidèle. Il fallait bien qu'il l'aimât son Baptiste pour lui conserver tout son caractère de finesse, son air bon enfant facilement gouailleur, son apparence fruste et digne, sans jamais lui prêter la moindre allure ridicule, le moindre sens ironique. Le " Baptiste " de Julien restera le type par excellence de l'habitant canadien, avec toute sa bonne humeur gasconne, son sourire finaud et roublard, mais combien sympathique. Voyez-le drapé dans son capot d'étoffe du pays, sanglé de sa ceinture fléchée, avec sur sa chevelure hirsute, campée droite et fière, la tuque de grosse laine ; et fouet au bras, regardez-le bourrer sa pipe dans la bonne " blague " — souvenir du dernier porc tué à la ferme — remplie abondamment d'un tabac qui fleure tout l'arôme du champ de Baptiste. O le brave, le bon habitant de chez-nous, combien Julien a eu raison de l'immortaliser, car bientôt il ne restera plus du Baptiste pittoresque et charmant de nos campagnes, que les dessins de ce grand artiste que la mort est venue prendre à son travail et à son rêve !

Tout se modernise, et Baptiste subit l'entraînement général ; il a depuis longtemps dit adieu à la tuque, au rude capot, à la ceinture fléchée, et il n'y a plus maintenant que les vieux qui osent, dans la solitude de leur champ, ou dans l'ombre encore complice de la grosse cheminée, sortir la " blague " rustique où se conserve mieux le parfum du tabac canadien.

Les " épluchettes de blé d'Inde " où Julien a mis dans un ensemble si réel et si joli, les jeunes amoureux et les vieilles aïeules, les épluchettes de blé d'Inde se font rares ; rares aussi les bonnes veillées champêtres où l'on jouait aux dames, et où l'on tirait du poignet, tandis que les plus jeunes se contaient fleurette sous l'œil adouci des vieux qui se rappelaient leur jeune temps.

De nos jours, à la campagne comme à la ville, l'on s'amuse encore, croyons-le bien, mais vous ne retrouverez plus que rarement les petits tableaux que Julien a signés et qui sont définitivement d'une autre époque. On a changé la manière, voyez-vous, et les vieux vous diront, les bons vieux qui sont à bout d'âge : " Ce n'est plus comme dans notre jeunesse."

Julien ne s'est pas contenté d'immortaliser Baptiste, de chanter la nature dans ses semailles et ses récoltes ; il a fixé encore et pour la postérité, de petits tableaux familiers qui sont des merveilles de goût et de vérité. Ce peintre était un poète ardent dont les vers sonnaient radieux dans chaque coup de crayon. Est-il rien de plus joli, de plus touchant que sa messe de minuit à la campagne ! Dans le lointain, c'est la petite église qui rayonne au milieu du paysage blanc ; sur la route durcie l'on entend les carrioles et les berlots glisser rapides, troublant à peine le recueillement de la nuit majestueuse. Le tintement des grelots avertit les rares piétons de se jeter dans la neige qui borde la voie pour éviter les voitures qui passent, emportant les fidèles, recueillis et attendris, dans la blancheur de cette nuit que l'étoile des mages illumine poétiquement....

Julien s'est aussi inspiré de nos légendes, et sa " Chasse-galerie " restera un chef-d'œuvre du terroir, auquel les plus fins connaisseurs ont déjà rendu hommage.

Julien aimait les choses du passé, tout l'intéressait dans notre histoire, dans nos mœurs et dans nos habitudes, il donnait à ceux que le même culte attirait, une véritable gratitude. Le portrait de l'admirable conservateur du fort de Chambly, du modeste et grand savant qui vit là-bas, dans une habitation délabrée, au milieu de ses souvenirs historiques, figure dans la galerie de Julien. Les hommes du caractère de M. Dion méritent certes l'hommage des artistes.

Julien est mort, un jour, en plein soleil et face au ciel ; au milieu de tous les spectacles familiers, il s'effondra. Il était mort, sans lutte et sans spasme, en pleine vaillance, en artiste !

Et ce fut par toute la ville, qui s'en rappelle encore, une rumeur désolée qui prouva mieux que tous les éloges versés sur sa tombe combien cet homme était honoré, aimé, compris !

La foule, à cette nouvelle, devint triste, et la tristesse de la foule fut la grande consécration du talent de Julien.

Le talent de Julien ! Toujours on le proclama et on l'honora avec des mots, tandis qu'un geste fait à propos, aurait permis à cet artiste de s'affirmer en des œuvres que son cerveau enfantait vigoureuses et belles, et qu'il n'eut jamais le temps de fixer. Il est étonnant et magnifique que Julien ait pu laisser une œuvre, et en face de ces petits poèmes jolis comme des rêves, une émotion pénible nous étrangle, en songeant à ce qu'aurait réalisé un tel talent si l'on avait su lui épargner les anxiétés et les brutalités de la vie matérielle.....

La vie et la mort de Julien, quelle leçon pour nous ! Leçon cruelle qui flagelle nos indifférences et nos lâchetés, leçon qui atteint dans leur égoïsme inconscient, mais quand même monstrueux, ceux qui, à la tête des pouvoirs, oublient totalement que Baptiste ne vit pas seulement de pain, mais qu'il a besoin de boire à la coupe de l'Idéal, et que cet idéal, ses artistes, sublimes échansons, seuls peuvent le lui verser !

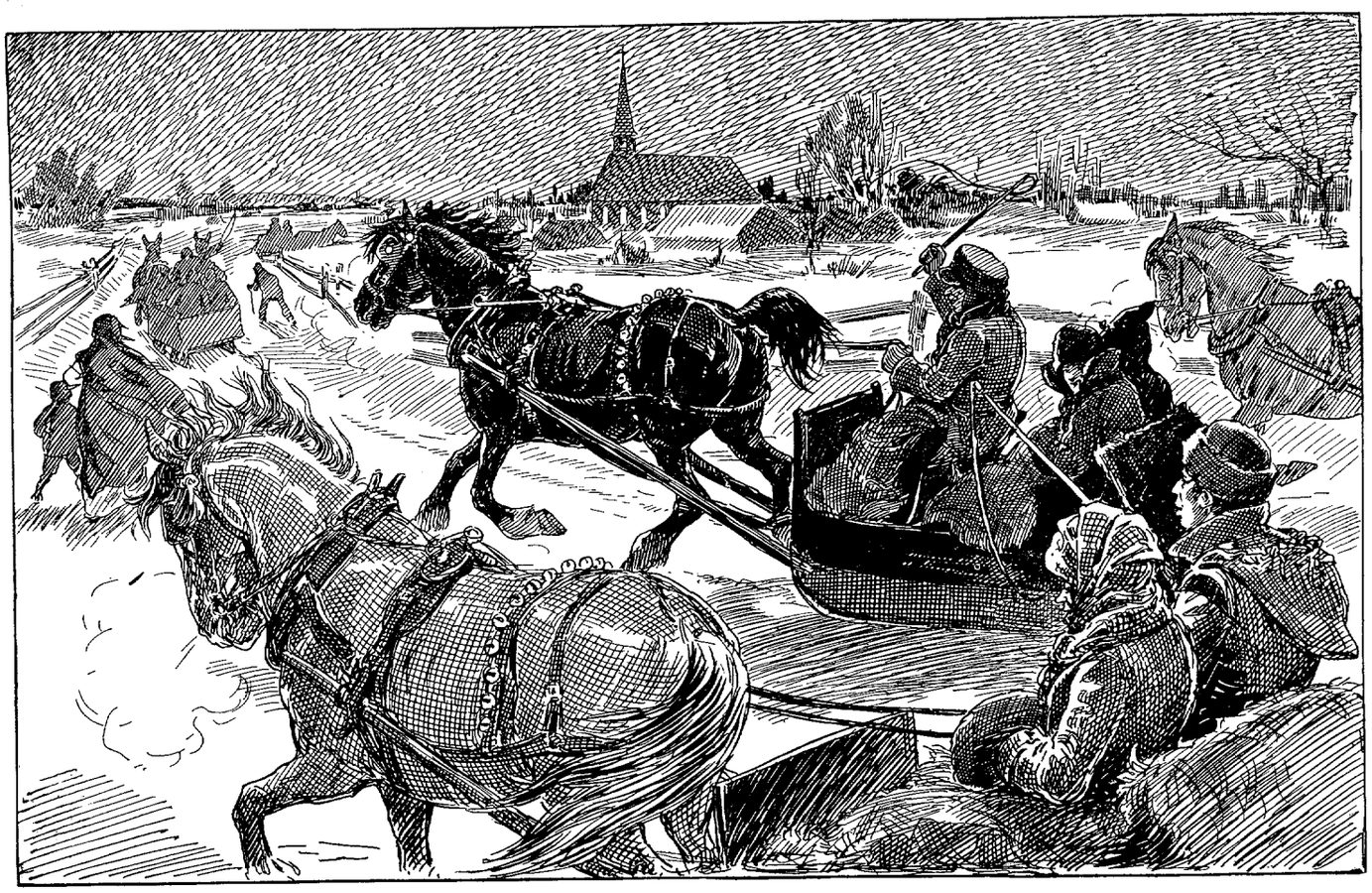
MADELEINE.

Type d'Ancien Canadien — Typical Old Canadian " Habitant "

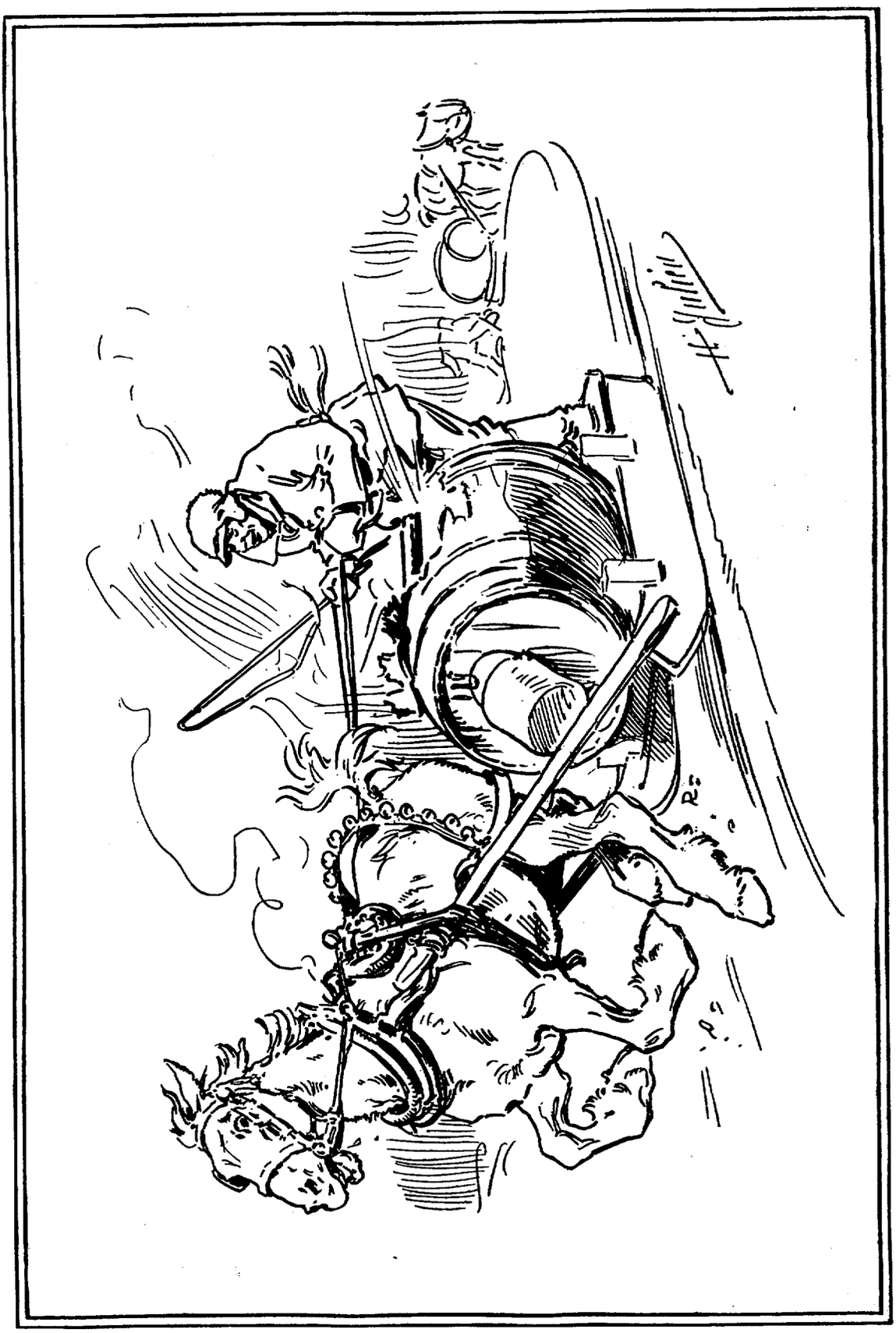
Type d'Habitant Canadien — Typical Canadian " Habitant "

La cérémonie de la Toussaint.
Cimetière de la Côte-des-Neiges.

Côte-des-Neiges Cemetery.
Ceremonies on All Saints' Day.

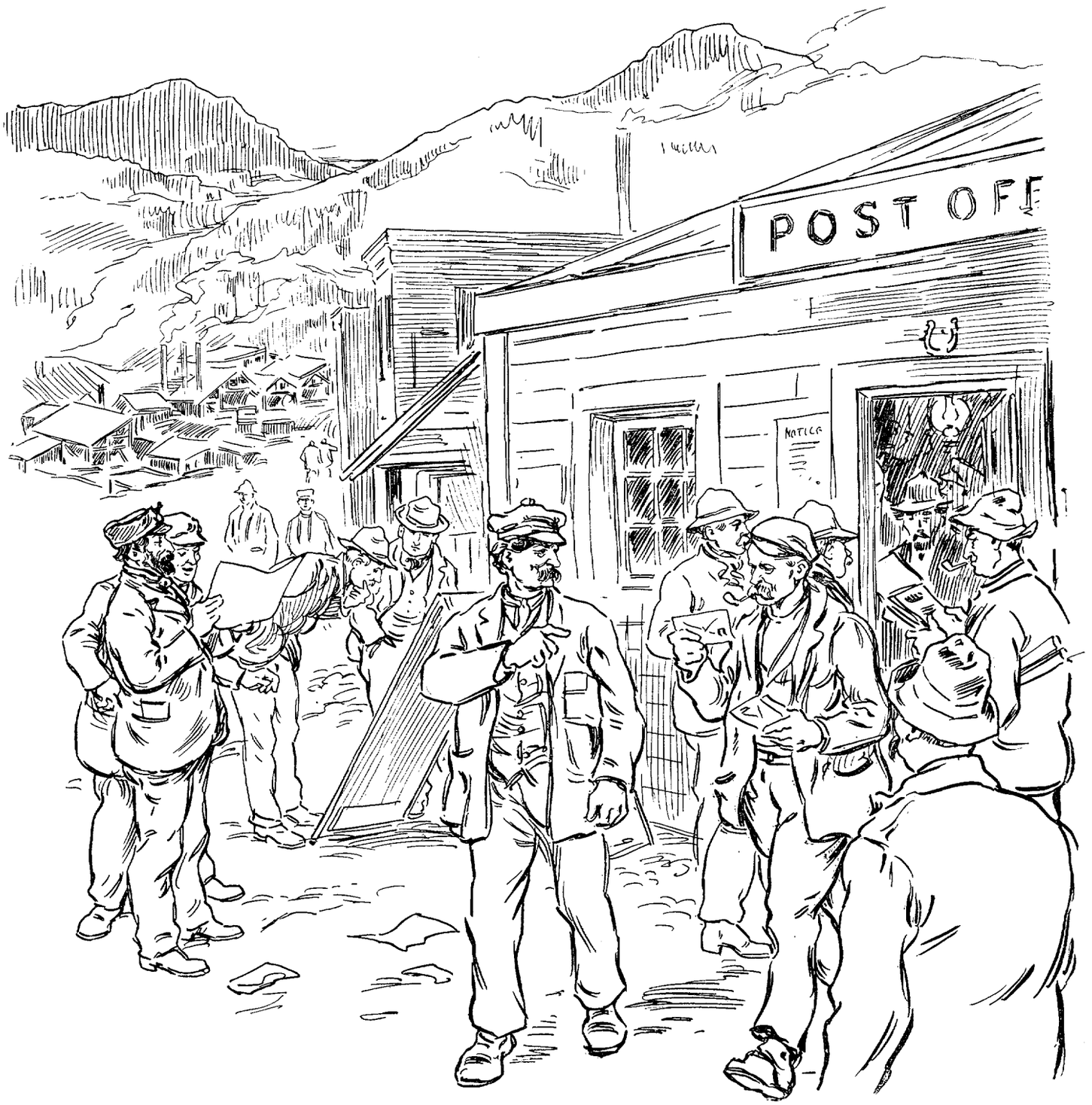


Ils vont, les braves petits chevaux canadiens!
de "Un Murillo," par Louis Fréchette.



Le "charrieux" d'eau. — The water carrier.

CANADIAN SCENES



Le Courrier de Noël au Camp Minier de Cobalt. — Christmas Mail at the Cobalt Mining Camp.

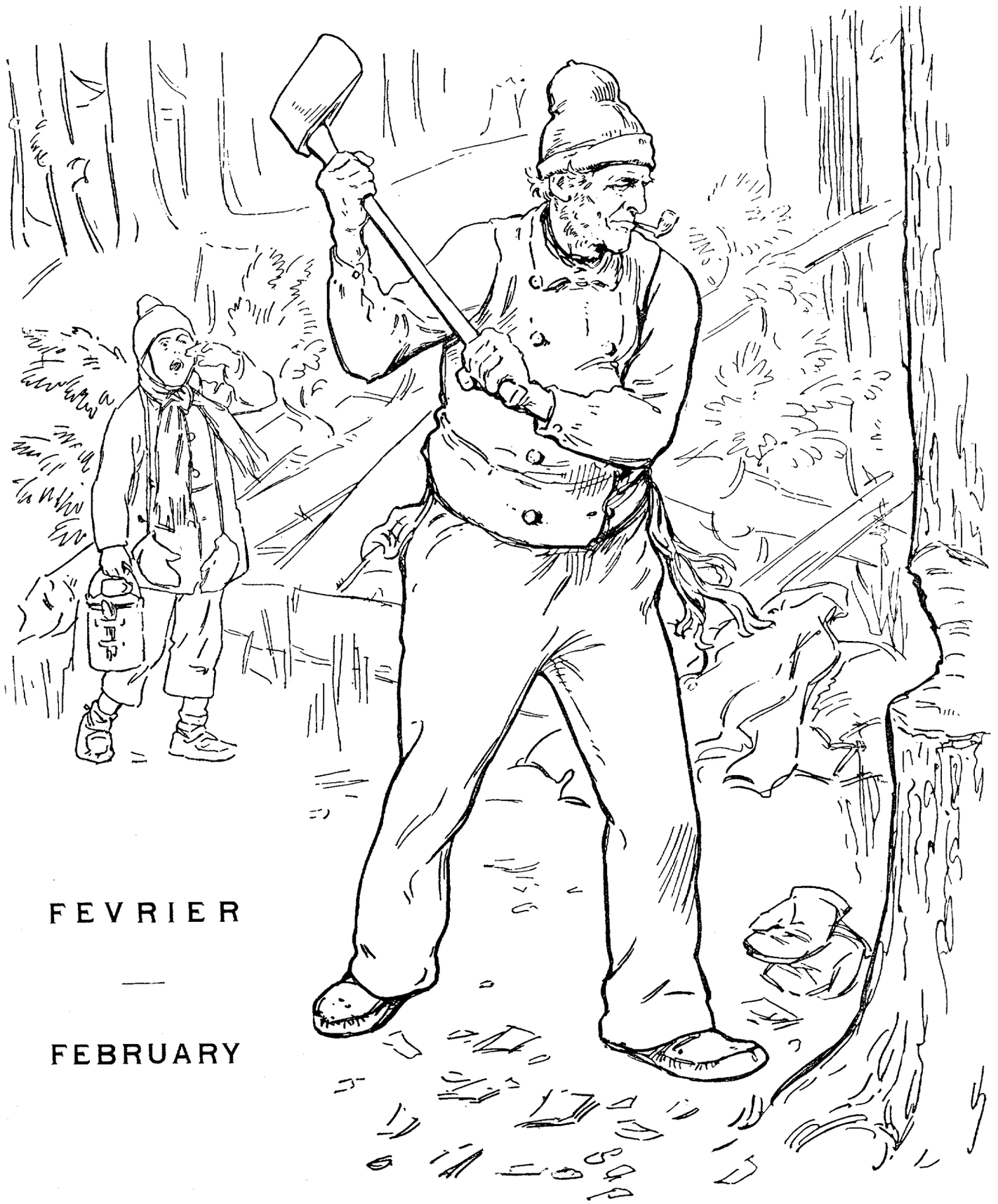
JANVIER

—

JANUARY

"Bonne et Heureuse Année" — "A Happy New Year"

Minuit vient de sonner. Jean-Baptiste quitte sa maison pour aller souhaiter "une "bonne et heureuse année" à son voisin Jos. Le verre à la main, ils échangent un "Je t'en souhaite bien d'autres après celle-ci avec le paradis à la fin de tes jours et bonne santé."



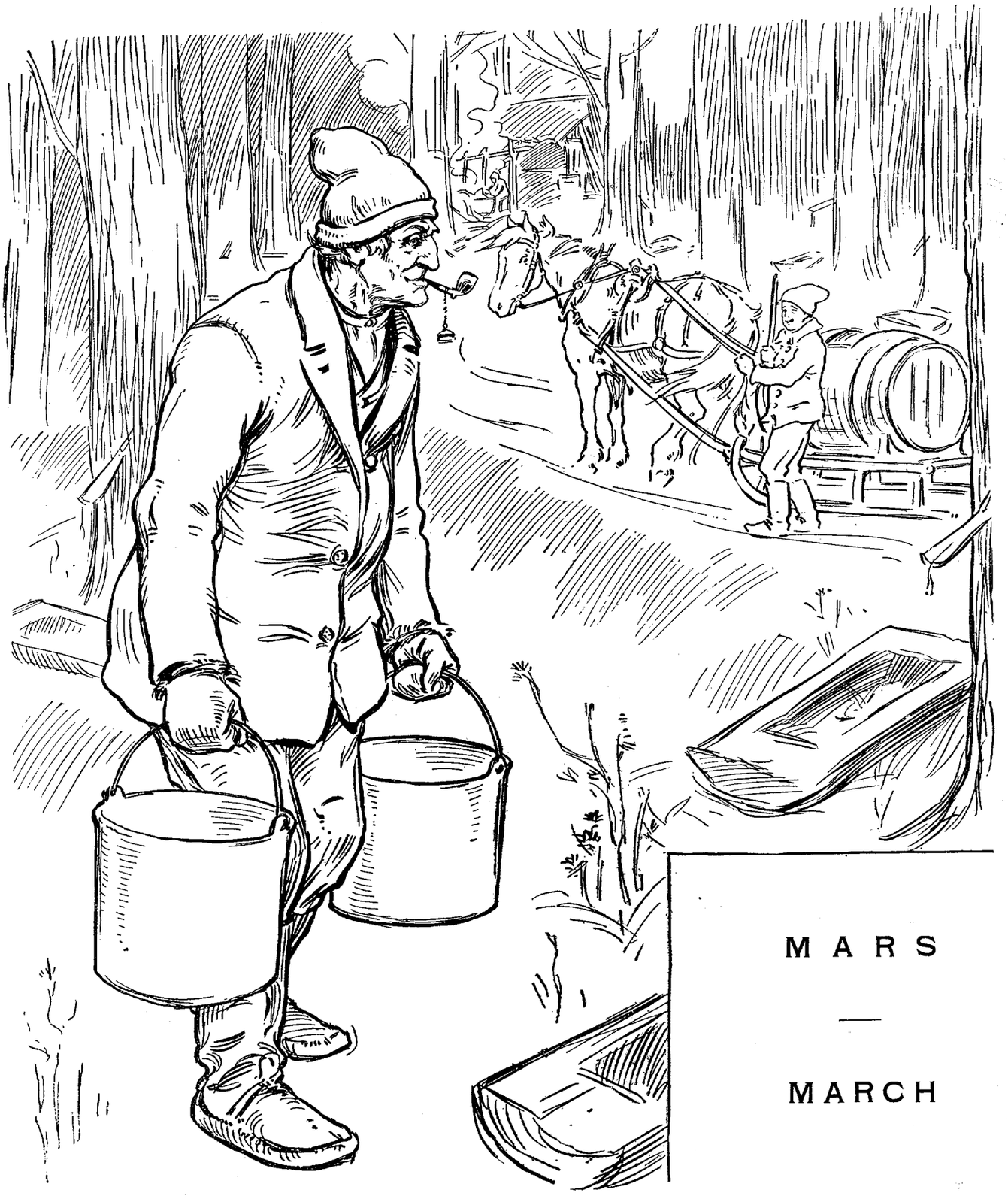
FEVRIER

—

FEBRUARY

Défrichement — Lumbering

Abattre la forêt, voilà bien le travail le plus ardu de "l'habitant." La pipe au bec, sa tuque fermement campée sur sa tête, il joue de la hache sans paraître éprouver de fatigue, grâce à son vigoureux tempérament.



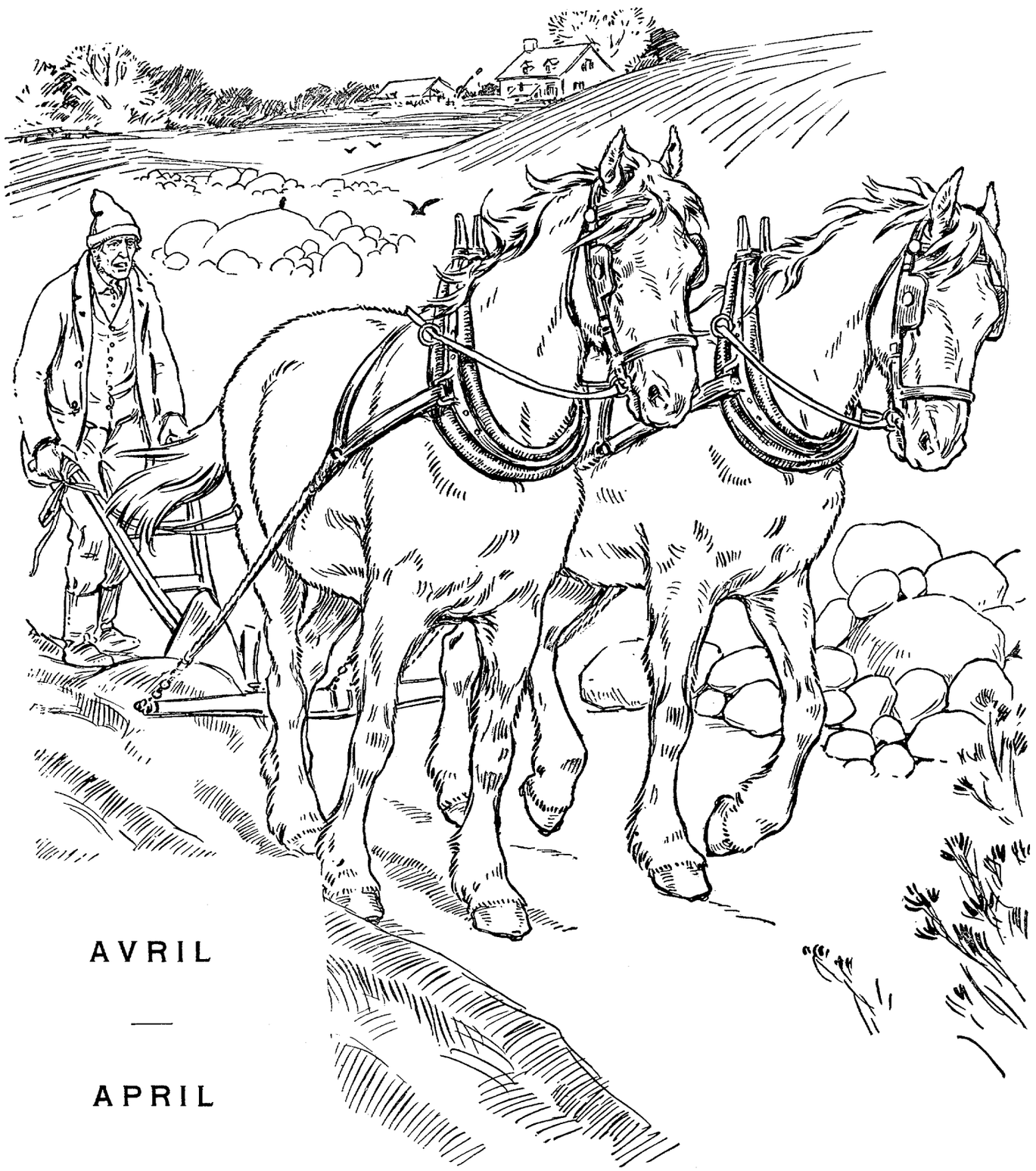
MARS

—

MARCH

Les Sucres — Sugaring

Ah ! le temps des sucres ! Quelle joyeuse journée elle nous promet avec la renaissance à la vie après l'inaction de l'hiver. Le bon "habitant" s'occupait jadis plus des sucres pour s'amuser que pour faire du profit. Aujourd'hui, plus pratique, il mène les deux de front.



AVRIL

—

APRIL

Les Labours — Ploughing

Joli petit tableau ! "L'habitant" retourne le sol avec sa charrue traînée par un superbe attelage. Dans le lointain sa maison rustique et un peu au delà la grange, et auprès, les premiers arbres d'un bocage. C'est bien le reflet d'un petit coin de nos campagnes.

MAI

—

MAY

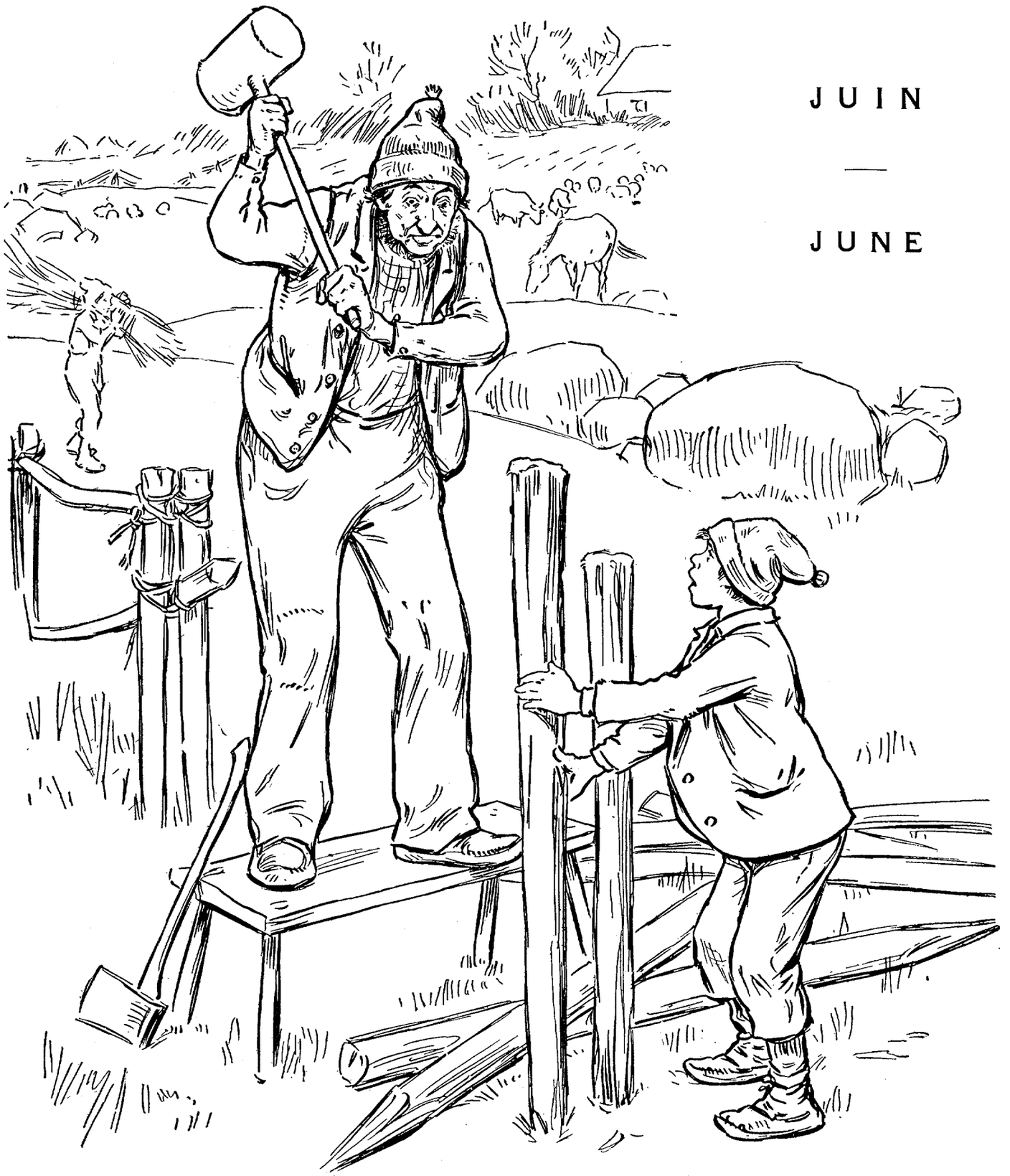
Les Semailles — Seeding

Victor Hugo parle quelque part du geste auguste du semeur. Je ne trouve pas bien auguste le geste de notre "habitant" qui répand sur la terre féconde une abondance de semence; il est plutôt énergique avec, sur la figure du semeur, de l'anxiété mêlée à de l'espérance.

JUIN

—

JUNE



On répare la clôture — Fencing

C'est bien Jean-Baptiste avec son petit gars. L'un et l'autre auraient mieux fait de laisser la tuque à la maison et de coiffer le chapeau de paille.

JUILLET

—

JULY

La Pêche — Fishing

Il *jongle* en attendant que ça morde.

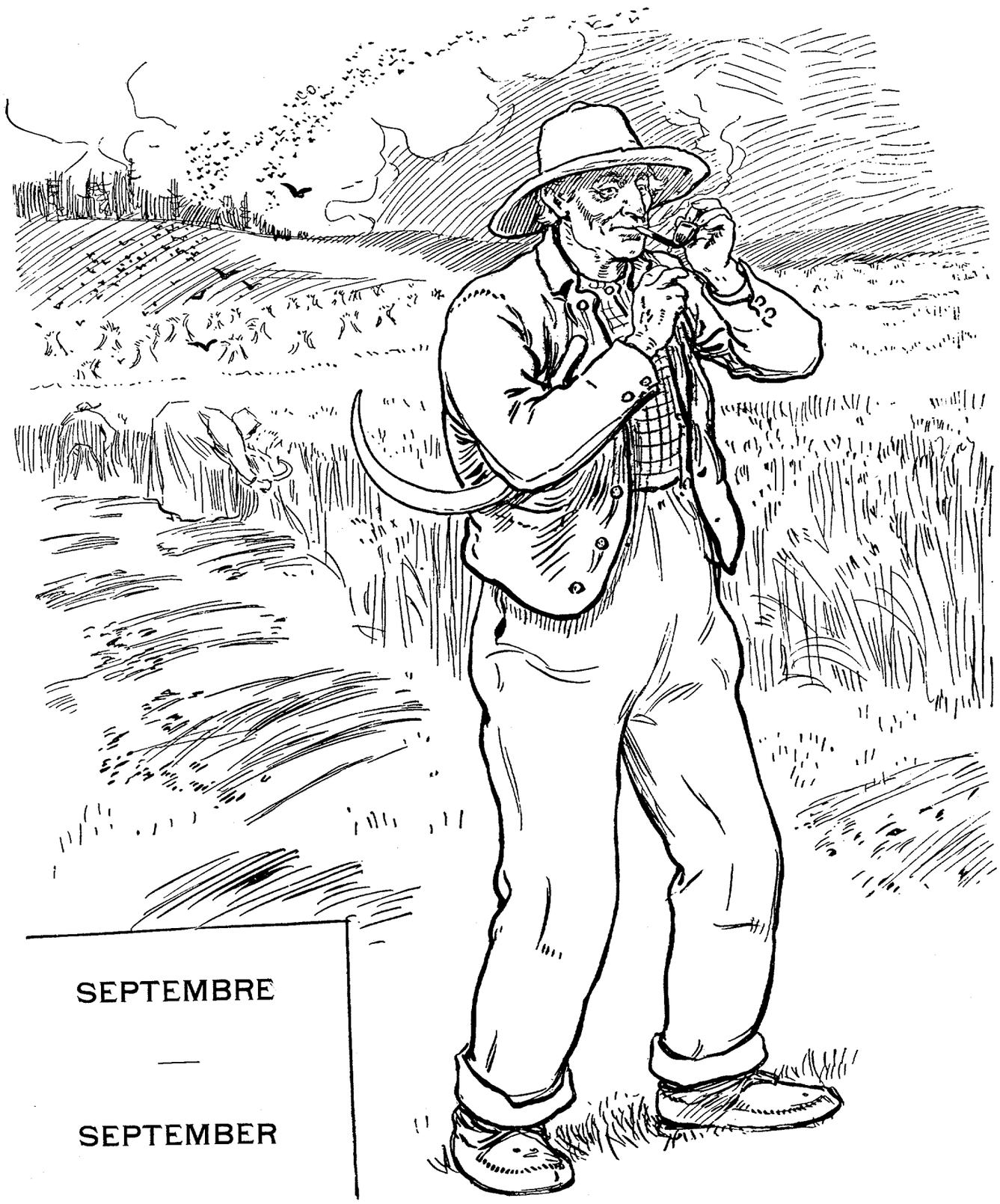
AOUT

—

AUGUST

Les Foins — Haymaking

Enfin, la chaleur lui a fait songer au chapeau de paille et à la cruche d'eau. En avant le coup de faulx !



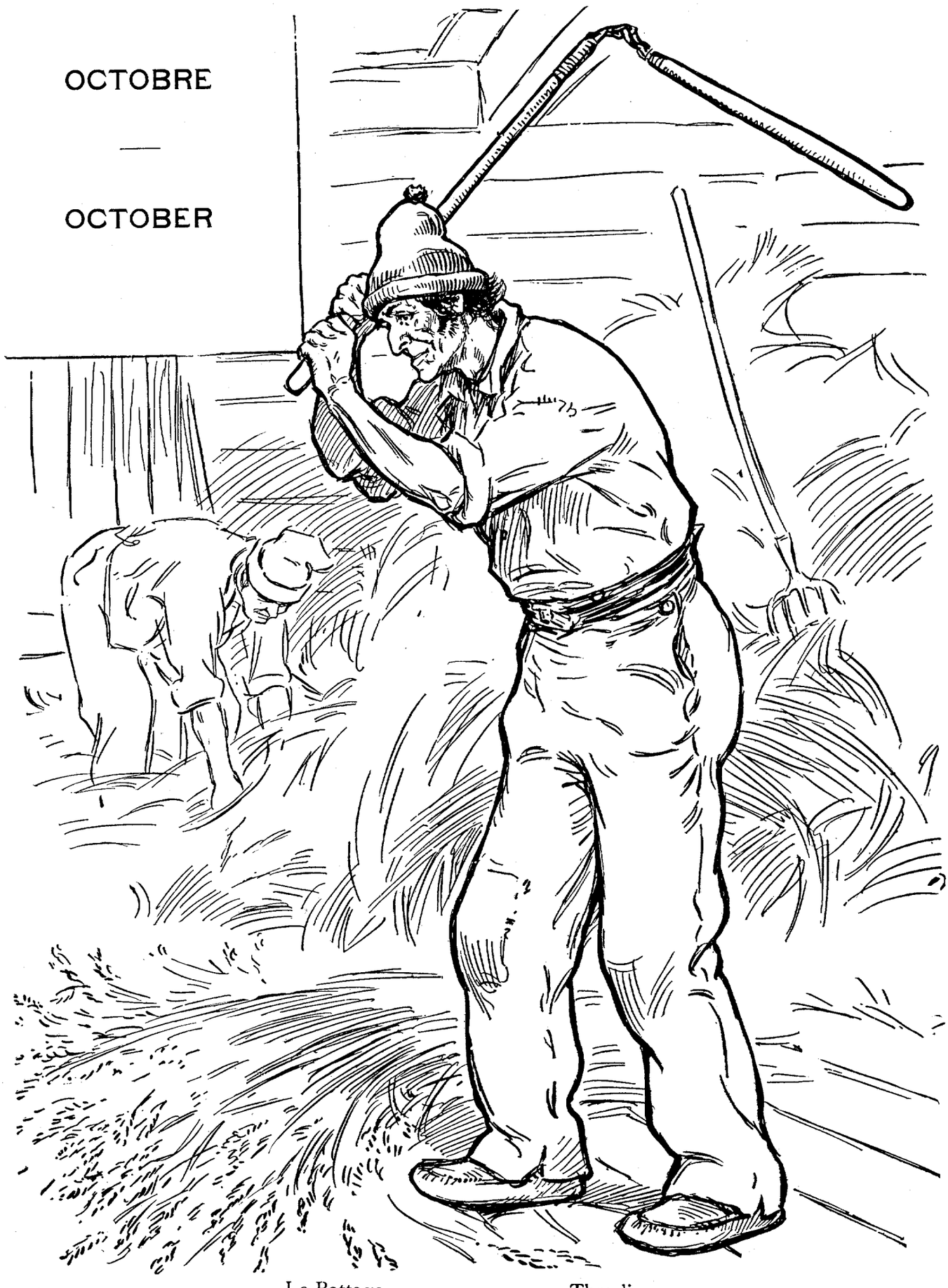
Les Récoltes — Harvesting

La moisson promet, car Jean-Baptiste sourit et suppute, la pipe au bec, les profits à retirer des avoines et du blé.

OCTOBRE

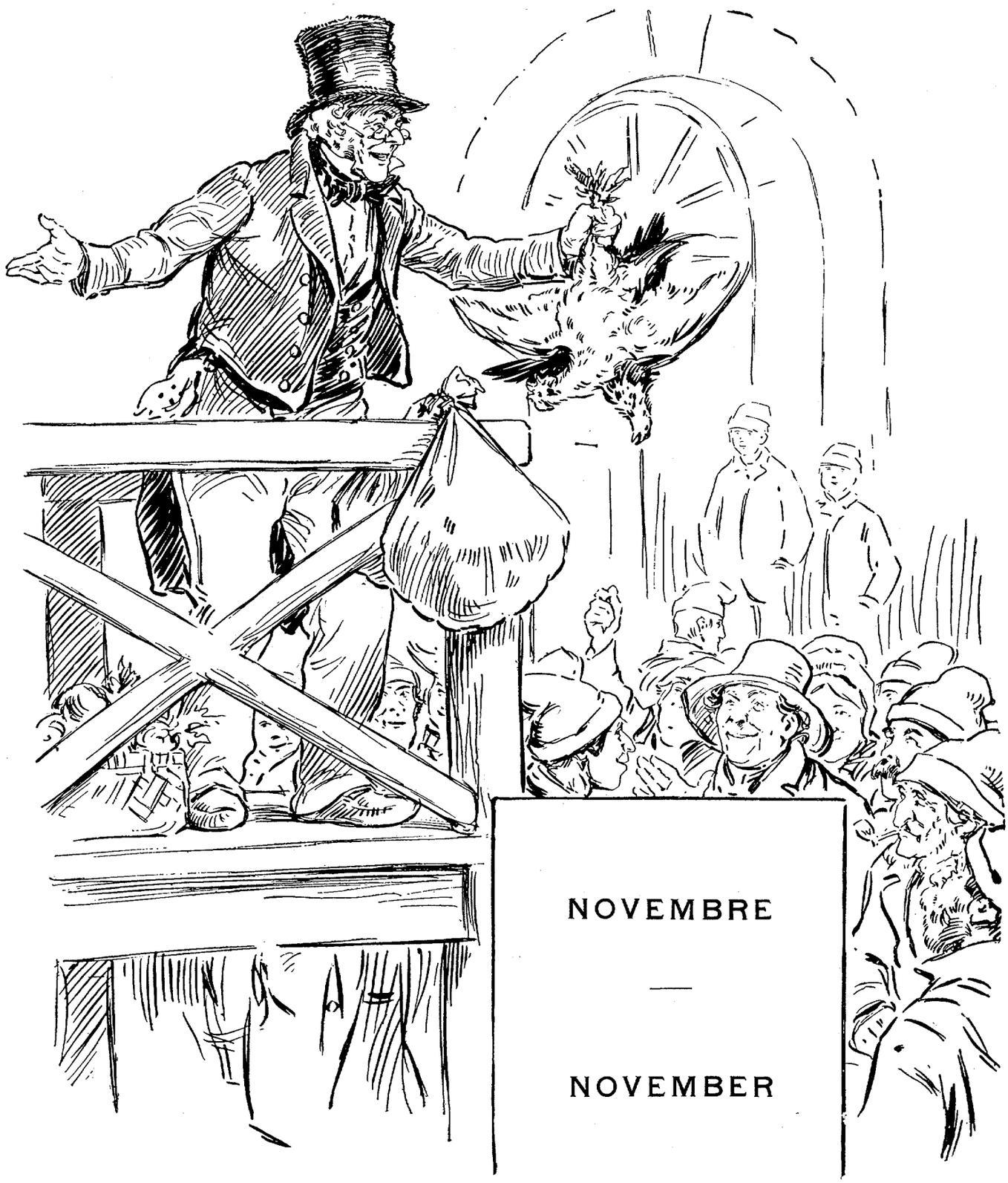
—

OCTOBER



Le Battage — Thresling

Ici le *fléau* n'en est pas un, car il fait sortir le bon grain de sa légère enveloppe.



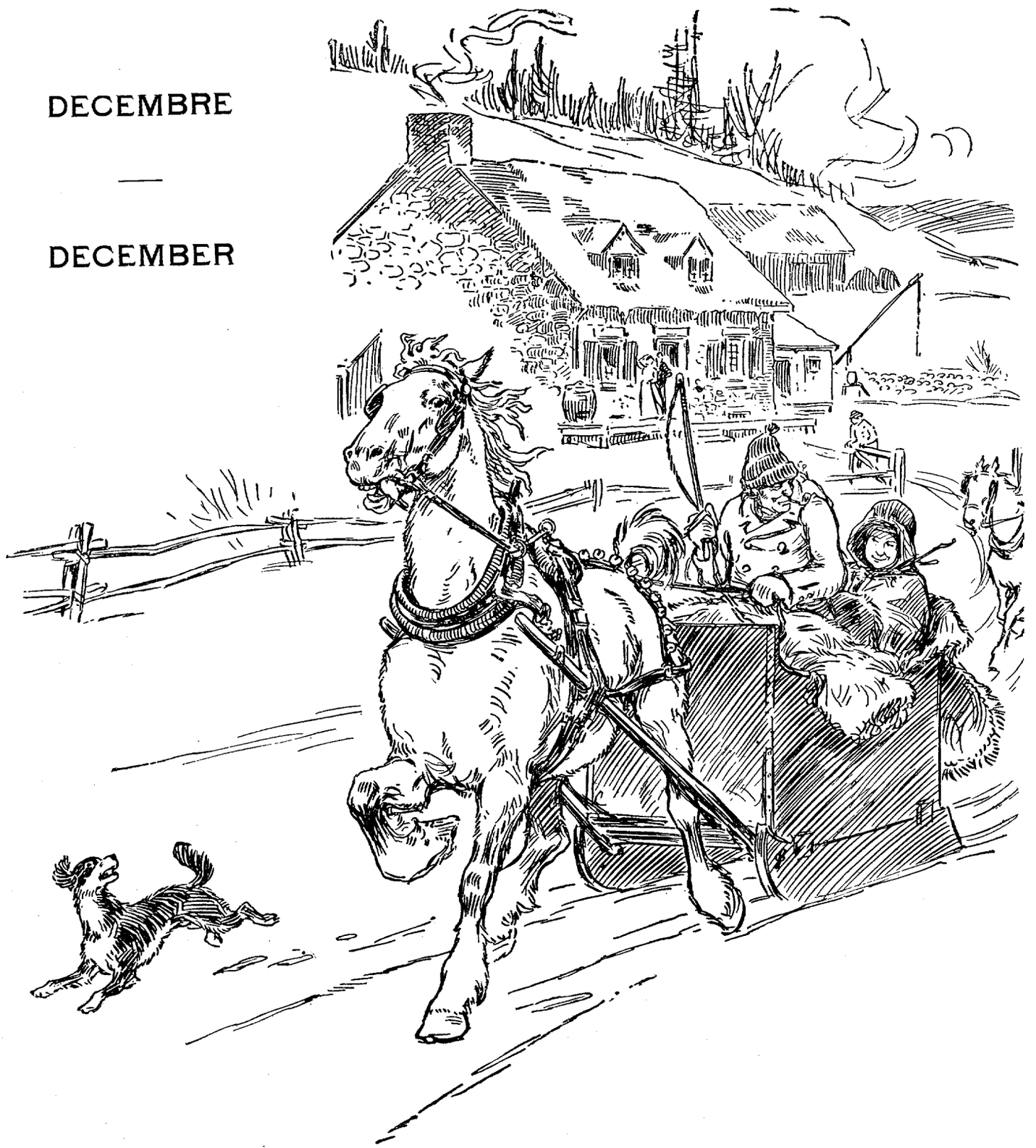
La Criée — The Auction

Vieille coutume canadienne. — A la Toussaint le notaire du village, vendait à la criée des produits de la ferme, poulets, dindes et même cochons de lait offerts par les paroissiens. — La recette était consacrée à faire dire des messes pour les défunts.

DECEMBRE

—

DECEMBER



Le retour de la messe — Coming back from Church

HENRI JULIEN

J. S. LEWIS

JULIEN, sketching the thousand and one incidents of every day life which concern a daily newspaper, was no whit different from the Julien who smoked and smiled and talked his kindly philosophy, or who sought to put into form his memories of habitant scenes and incidents. Unconsciously but almost invariably, his attention was one of mental aloofness like that of a spectator of some well-staged drama. The tragedies that were bared in the courts, the sordid revelations of evil and misery, the sight of corruption in high places and of immorality flaunting itself as virtue never broke down the walls of the little world of peace and affection and happiness in which the real Julien lived and moved and had his being.

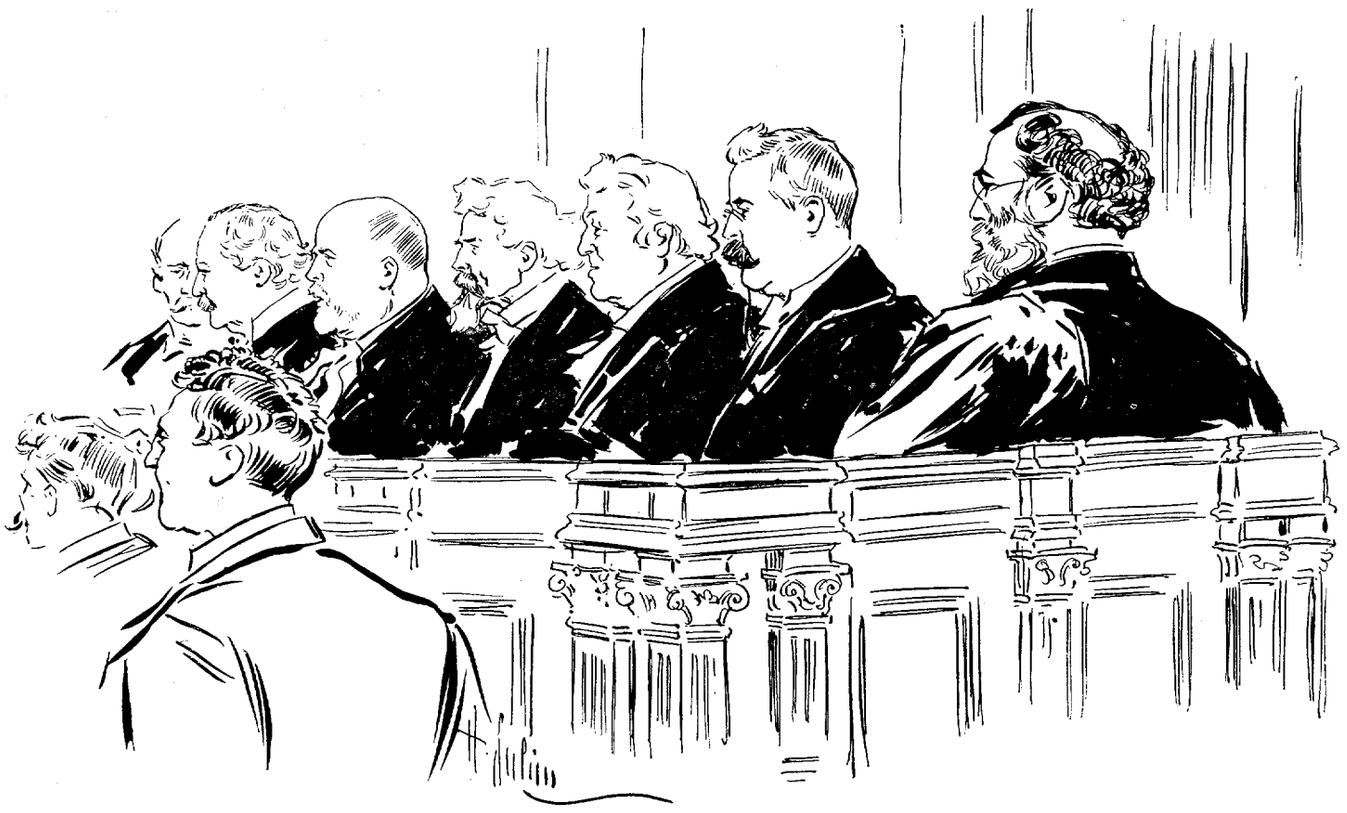
A cruel, sinister face such as sometimes scowls from the prisoner's box in the Police Courts, fascinated him because it told something just as did the sweet, innocent countenance of young girl to whom he might happen to sit opposite in a street car. Each was a "document", each held the secret of character if it could only be put on paper, and it was in the pursuit of these "secrets" that Julien spent his happiest working hours. His note-books were filled, from cover to cover, with heads or suggestions of heads, — here a mouth, lewd and weak, and hopeless, there the hawk-like eye of a foreign desperado caught in some police round-up, next to it the delicate lines of a child's forhead with its tendrils and curls.

He had, to a wonderful degree, the faculty of visualizing likenesses. Many a time he has sketched into a composition portraits of prominent Canadians without other than a cursery glance or two of them as material. He would dilate for hours, with all the fine rapture of the connoisseur, on the beauty of So-and-So's eyes, or the strength of some other statesman's chin without the slightest interest in their achievements, their policies or their prospects. The only concern I ever knew Henri Julien to show over a matter of world-politics had to do with the Yellow Peril. He was firmly convinced that in Japan and China lay a positive menace to Canada and he never tried of pointing out and sketching a Chinaman or a Japanese as "one of our future masters."

Discomfort was not allowed to enter into Julien's calculations if he saw the opportunity of making a good sketch. I have seen him stand ankle-deep in water in order to catch a certain effect of flame or smoke at some big city fire, or perch precariously on a ledge or a coping long enough to photograph some striking incident on the marvellous retina of his mind, or sit up through the long, cold hours of a winter's night to sketch an unusual bit of police activity. He was as indefatigable as he was accurate, and his sketches were finished in half the time required by the average artist. When pressed for time, he could make each of his big, bold lines to the work of ten, and the exigencies of a newspaper work often forced him to turn in his drawings before he had done half what he hoped to with them. That was the one thing to which Julien, was never able to reconcile himself although he, in time, came to regard it as a necessary evil. It hurt him to ever do less than the best that was in him.

J. S. LEWIS.

REPORTAGE



Audience d'ouverture de la Cour Supérieure, Montréal. — Opening of the Superior Court, Montreal.
Messieurs les Juges: Lavergne, Mathieu, Tait, Loranger, Curran, Fortin et Saint-Pierre.

Audience à la Cour de Police — Une rangée de curieux.

REPORTAGE

Un banquet de la St-Patrice. — A St. Patrick's Night Dinner.

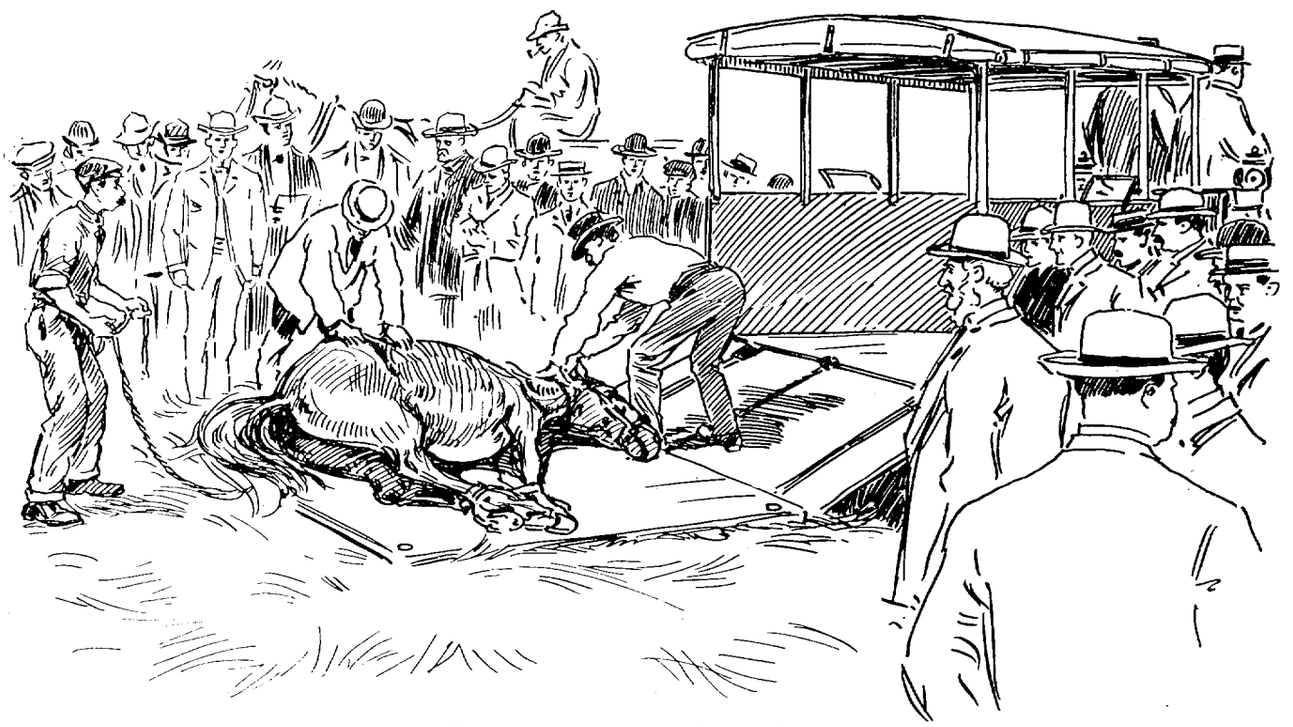
La Commission des Licences.

Une Conférence au McGill.

Affaire NULTY. — Interrogatoire de l'accusé.

(Julien s'est représenté ici lui-même croquant la silhouette de Nulty).

REPORTAGE



Un Accident. — Street Scene.

L'Hon. R. L. Borden au Monument National.

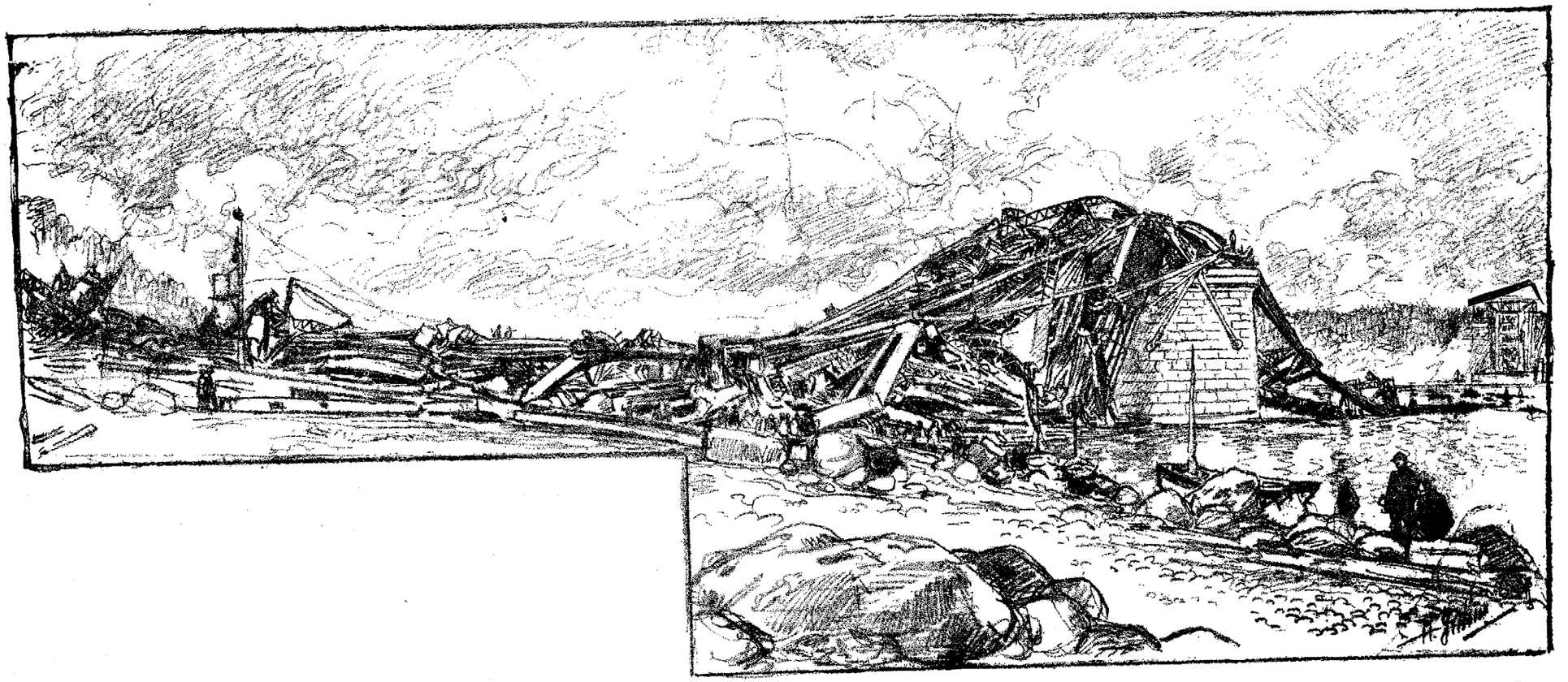
Mr. Hugh Allan

REPORTAGE

Types de "Gamblers"

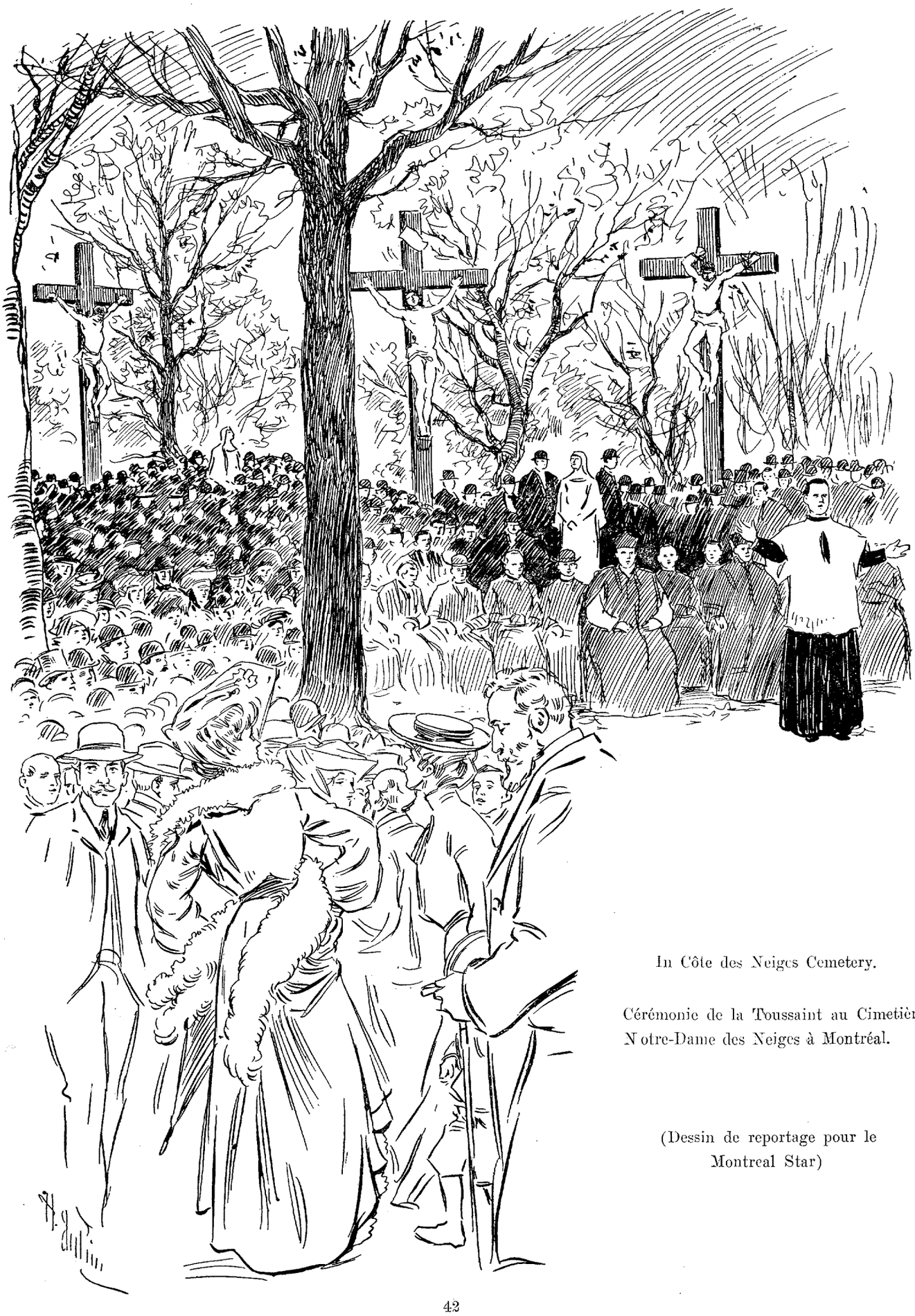
Un habitué de la Cour du Recorder.
An habitué of our Courts.

M. C. A. Corneillier



L'écroulement du Pont de Québec. — The collapse of the Quebec Bridge.

REPORTAGE

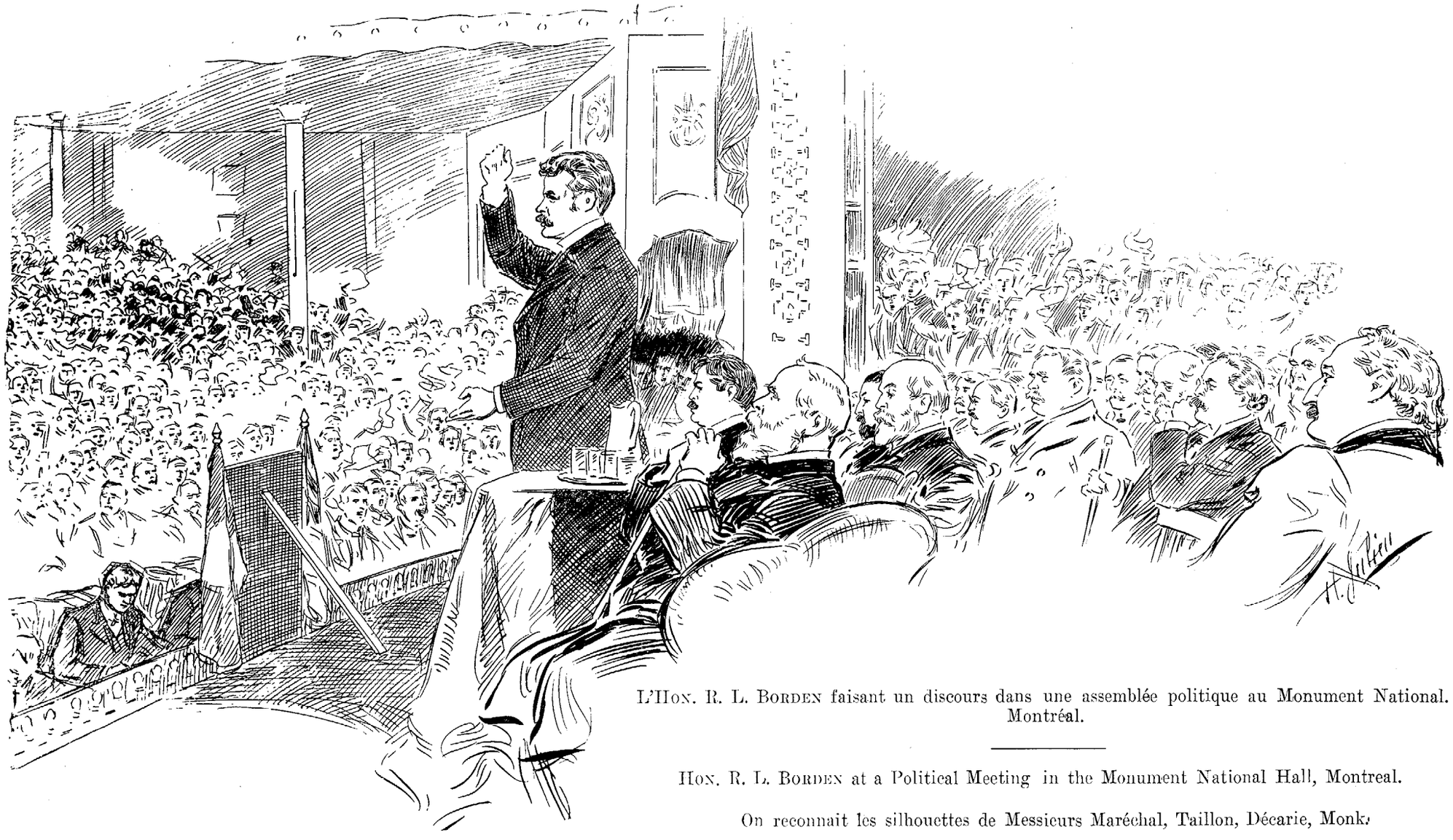


In Côte des Neiges Cemetery.

Cérémonie de la Toussaint au Cimetière Notre-Dame des Neiges à Montréal.

(Dessin de reportage pour le Montreal Star)

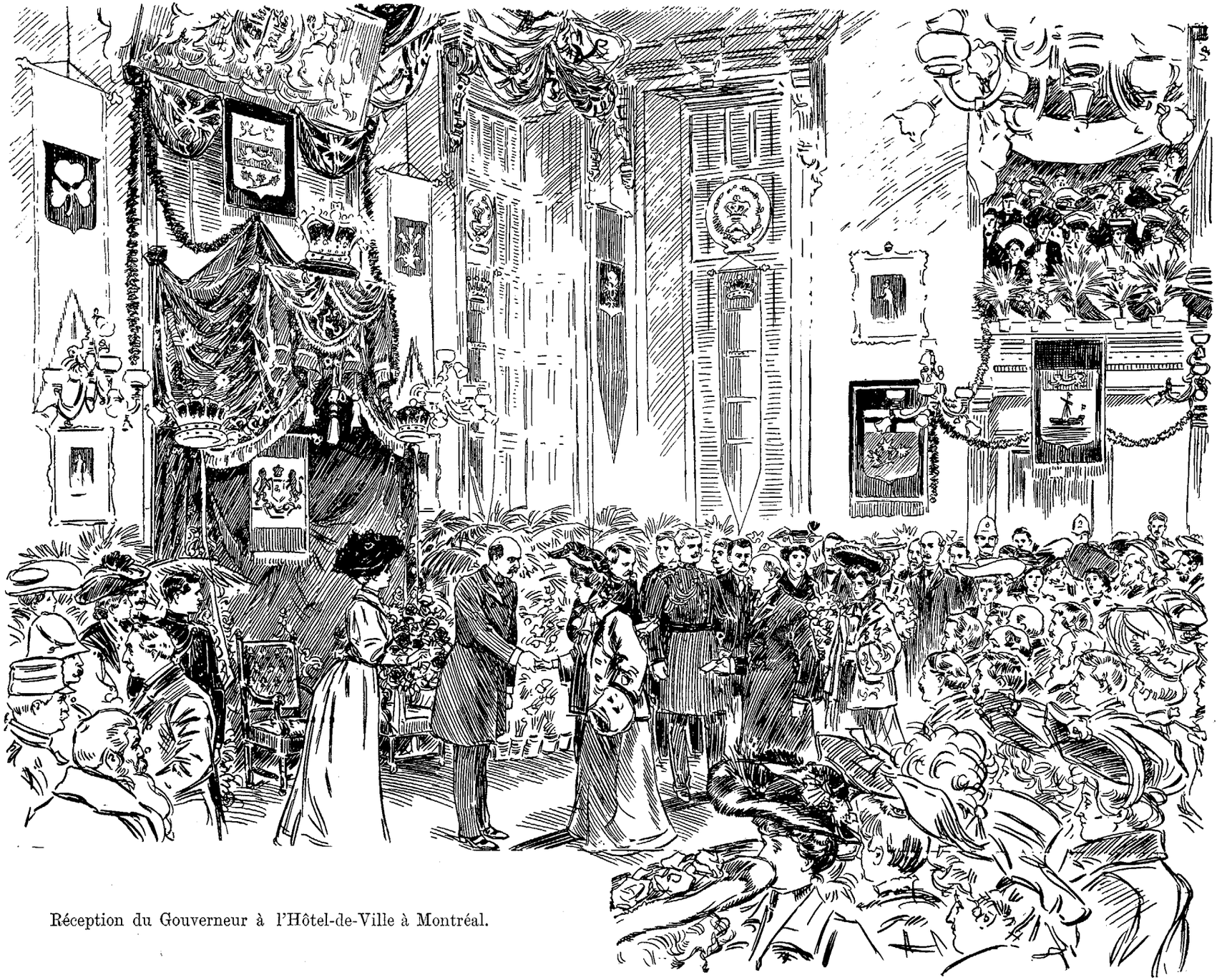
Le Tricentenaire de Québec 1908. — Scènes des tableaux historiques. — Quebec Tercentenary 1908. — Scenes from Pageant.



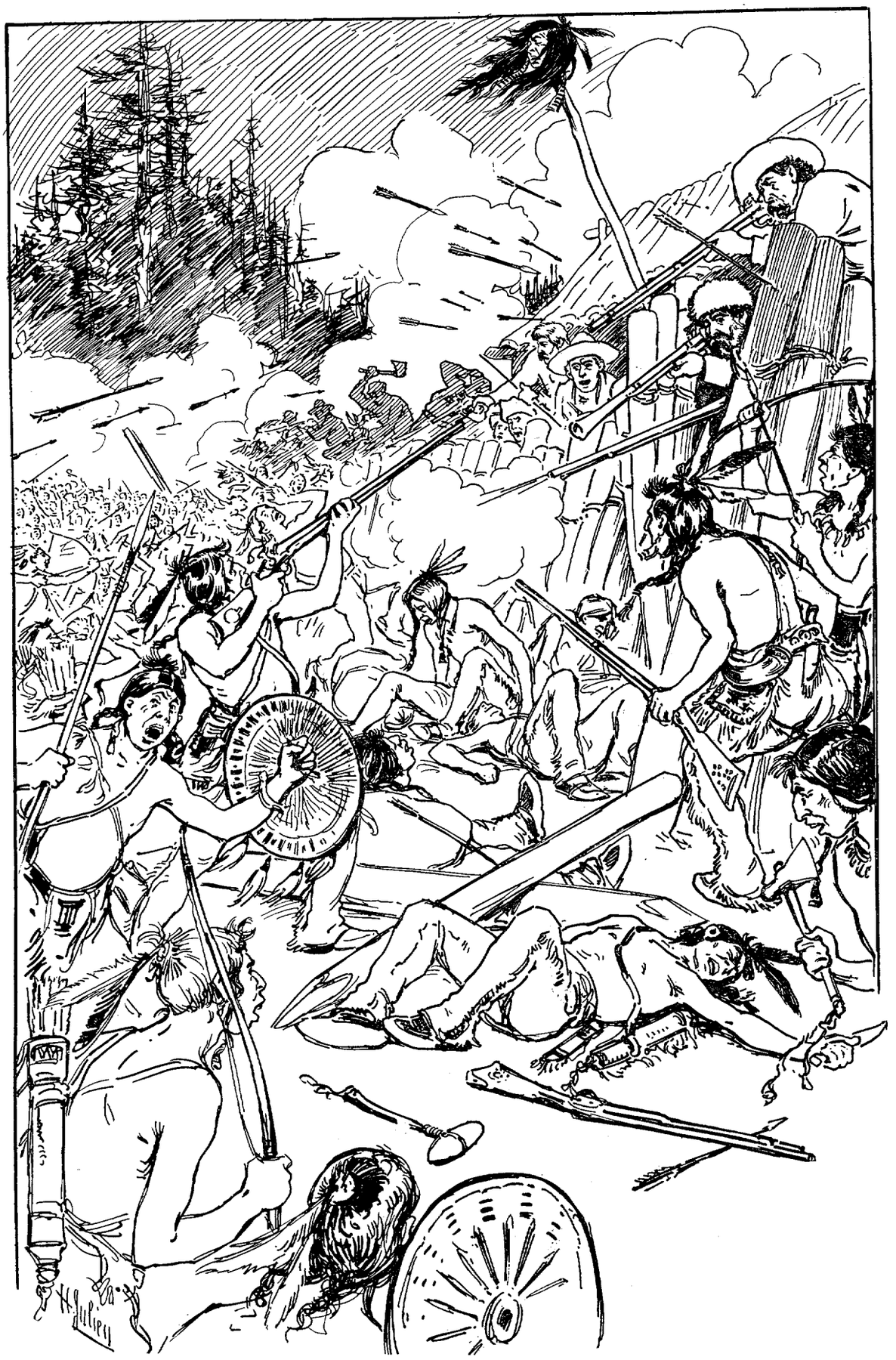
L'Hon. R. L. Borden faisant un discours dans une assemblée politique au Monument National. Montréal.

Hon. R. L. Borden at a Political Meeting in the Monument National Hall, Montreal.

On reconnait les silhouettes de Messieurs Maréchal, Taillon, Décarie, Monk.



Réception du Gouverneur à l'Hôtel-de-Ville à Montréal.



Combat du Long-Sault.

REPORTAGE

Déménagement. — Remove.

HENRI JULIEN

MARC SAUVALLE

HENRI JULIEN passait, tous les ans, quatre ou cinq mois à Ottawa, où il avait sa place réservée à la Tribune des Journalistes, et d'où il envoyait chaque soir, au *STAR* de Montréal des dessins destinés à illustrer les colonnes des rapports parlementaires de ce journal. Ce travail semi annuel, bien qu'il lui imposât une application très soutenue et qu'il lui causât constamment l'horrible sensation de se sentir talonné par l'heure inexorable de la levée postale, s'il voulait que ses dessins arrivassent à son journal le lendemain matin dès l'aube, avait pour lui un charme tout particulier. Il voyait toujours arriver avec plaisir l'époque de ce déplacement habituel qui le rapprochait d'anciens amis éprouvés et qui le mettait en contact avec un luxe incomparable de types dont se régalait son œil d'artiste.

Les couloirs, l'antichambre des Communes et du Sénat, où se bousculent invariablement dans le tumulte de l'Ouverture, des spécimens d'humanité venus de tous les coins de notre immense pays, apportant sur leur visage, dans leur démarche et leur tenue, les traces de leurs passions et de leurs ambitions, de leurs préjugés et de leurs mécomptes, constituaient un champ d'observation d'une richesse incomparable, un vrai terrain d'élection pour un fin critique, pas mal sceptique, comme l'était Julien.

Et cependant, cette joie, ce plaisir du retour, cette sensation captivante des poignées de mains et des saluts donnés et rendus, s'effaçaient bientôt devant l'éternel désespoir que causait à cet artiste si consciencieux, l'optique détestable de la Chambre des Communes. On entend à chaque session, parler beaucoup de l'acoustique pitoyable et de l'aération déplorable de la Chambre ; quant à Julien, c'est à l'optique de cette enceinte si décriée qu'il en voulait spécialement. De la galerie destinée aux journalistes, il ne voyait qu'imparfaitement les visages des députés qu'il avait mission de dessiner ; les traits des physionomies lui échappaient, et il avait beau se munir d'une puissante lorgnette, il ne parvenait pas à étudier les nuances qu'il voulait rendre. Aussi était-il souvent obligé de se livrer à la gymnastique la plus étrange et de prendre les positions les plus invraisemblables, pour obtenir des points de vue particuliers. J'ai dit qu'il avait sa place marquée à la Tribune des Journalistes, le souci de la vérité me force d'avouer qu'il se tenait rarement à cette place et qu'on le découvrait à tout moment dans les endroits et aux postes les plus bizarres de la Chambre où il s'était juché pour mieux voir. Son carton et son inévitable lorgnette lui servaient de laisser-passer auprès des Cerbères les plus farouches qui lui entrouvraient les portes les mieux closes, dans l'espoir d'être récompensés d'un petit croquis.

Son ambition suprême avait été longtemps d'arriver à passer une séance, suivant l'expression consacrée "sur le parquet de la Chambre" et de pouvoir ainsi examiner de près ses modèles au travail. Sir W. Laurier ayant eu vent de ce caprice d'artiste arrangea la chose avec l'Orateur d'alors : on ferma les yeux sur le règlement et on affecta de ne pas voir le dessinateur qui, embusqué au pied du dais, ne perdait pas une minute. Deux ou trois heures durant, il esquissa, croqua à perdre haleine et se bourra de notes. A six heures, lorsque la séance s'ajourna, il revient à la Chambre des Journalistes, tout radieux, avec une abondante moisson dont les lecteurs du *STAR* eurent ensuite les prémices. Je tiens de Julien lui-même que cette journée-là fut une des plus délicieuses de sa carrière artistique.

Lorsque revenait l'époque de l'illustration parlementaire, son grand souci était de dénicher quelque chose de nouveau, de trouver l'idée-type pour ses desseins de la session, et il mûrissait longtemps à l'avance la série qu'il donnerait à son journal. Quand on songe que durant quatre années en moyenne, il lui fallait faire défiler devant le même public les mêmes personnages — et en nombre assez limité — car ce sont généralement les mêmes individus qui se lèvent pour parler, on se rend

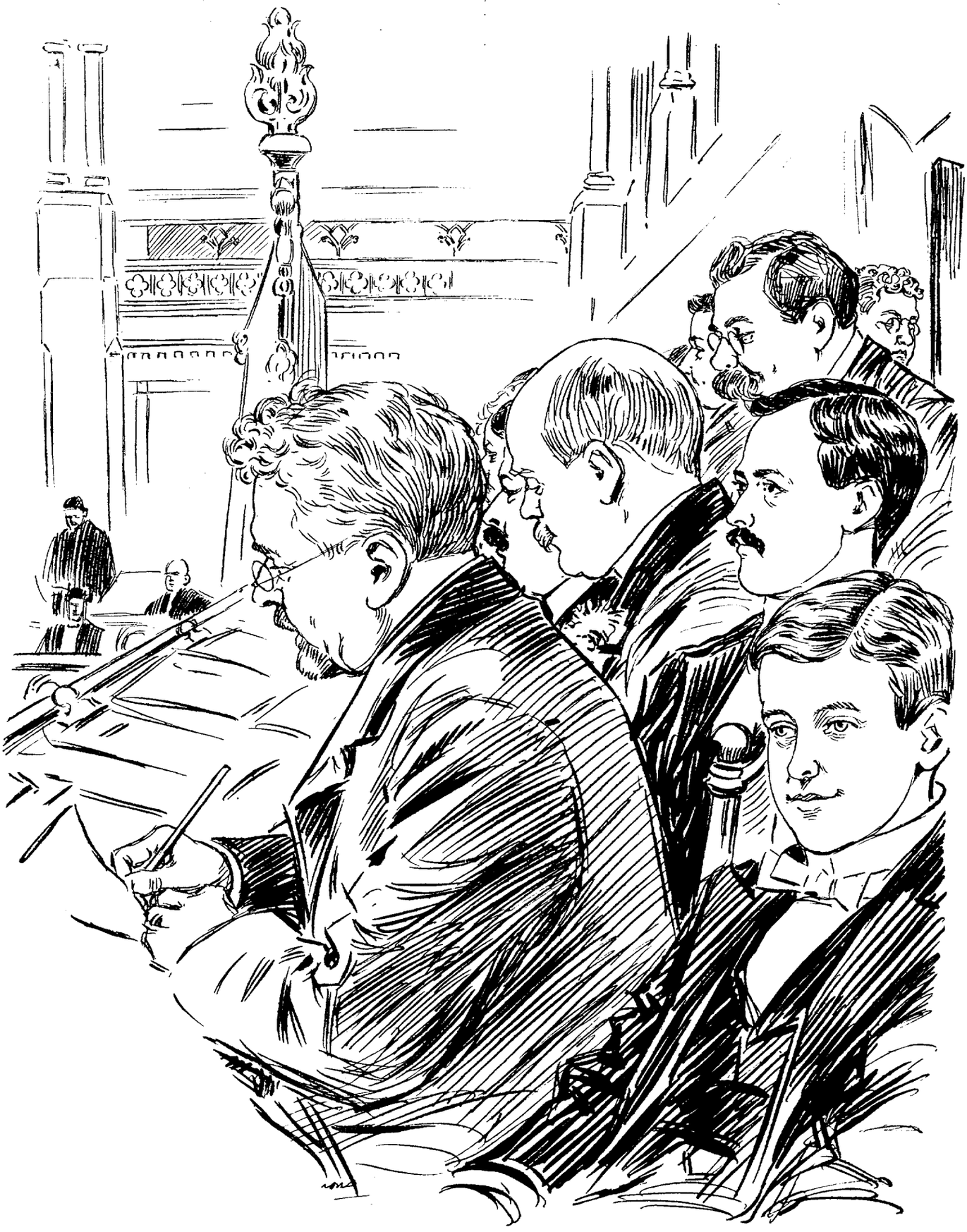
compte quelle préoccupation ce devait être de trouver une façon nouvelle et attrayante de présenter ses personnages. Les députés que nous montre Julien dans les innombrables illustrations que contient le présent recueil, ne sont pas des individualités figées et froides comme celles d'une vulgaire phototypie de célébration de noces d'or ou de guérison miraculeuse. Tous ses portraits ont de l'âme, de la vie ; ils sont parlants. On peut les examiner tous et les assortir pour en faire une histoire sans paroles, un habitué du Parlement rétablira sûrement les légendes, en inscrivant, au-dessous de chaque scène et de chaque attitude, les mots et les phrases qui les ont certainement inspirées et que trahissent l'expression et le geste traduits par le dessinateur. Ce soin particulier pour composer ses sujets et donner toujours du neuf et de l'inédit, dominait ses méditations et ses recherches ante-sessionnelles. Une fois qu'il tenait son plan, sa création de la session, il mettait une coquetterie très artistique à en garder le secret et c'était alors avec une curiosité bien légitime que nous, ses amis, nous attendions chaque fois, le lendemain de l'Ouverture, son premier dessin, pour savoir "ce que Julien allait nous donner cette fois-ci". Quelle joie pour nous de constater qu'il avait encore touché juste ! Et ses confrères de la plume étaient les premiers à faire connaître et apprécier le nouveau succès de ce maître du crayon.

Cet instinct profond de la puissance de la nouveauté réside au fond de tous les genres de croquis et de toutes les dispositions originales des dessins multiples qui sont reproduits ici. Je me rappelle combien fit fureur dans le monde parlementaire l'apparition de ces tableautins en deux couleurs, noir et blanc, représentant à la fois le député qui porte la parole et son adversaire habituel qui l'écoute de l'autre côté, en silhouette.

Je ne vous cache pas cependant que c'était le cœur beaucoup plus léger qu'il s'acheminait vers Ottawa lorsque le Parlement s'était retrempé dans le sein des électeurs et quand il venait assister à la réunion d'une nouvelle députation, avec la perspective de types nouveaux à croquer. En tout cas il ne se rebutait jamais ; il avait le tempérament artiste jusqu'au bout des doigts ; sans cesse il pouvait dessiner et redessiner les mêmes personnages, trouvant constamment des attitudes nouvelles, des tournures non encore vues, imaginant presque le moyen d'en faire des êtres nouveaux. Prenez tous les dessins où il a représenté Laurier, Foster, Tupper, Cartwright, et vous constaterez qu'il rencontre toujours de l'inédit pour nous intéresser à leur personnalité, tout en restant toujours vrai sans exagération ni servilisme.

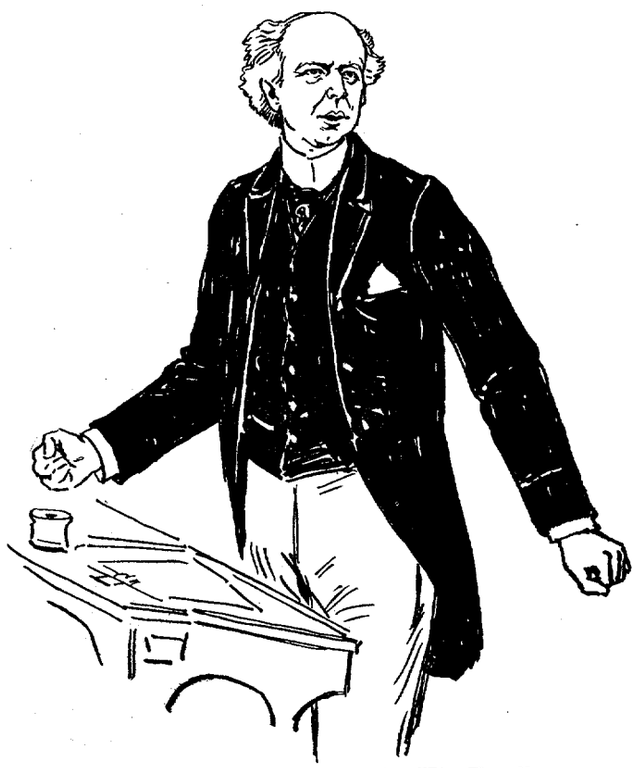
MARC SAUVALLE.

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES



La galerie de la presse à la Chambre des Communes à Ottawa.
The Press Galleries in the House of Commons, Ottawa.

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT



"Surely the Hon. Gentleman told His Excellency what he told the reporter."

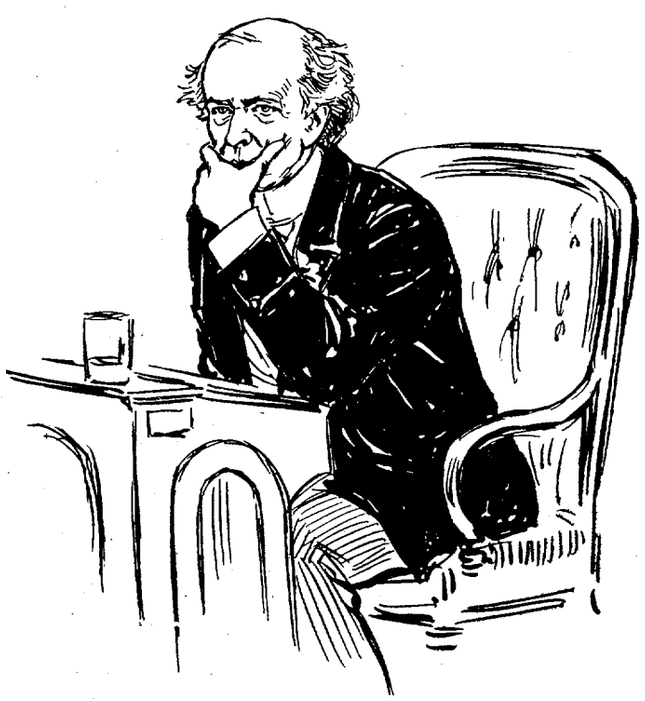
SIR WILFRID LAURIER

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES

SIR WILFRID LAURIER
"Of the People, by the People, for the People."

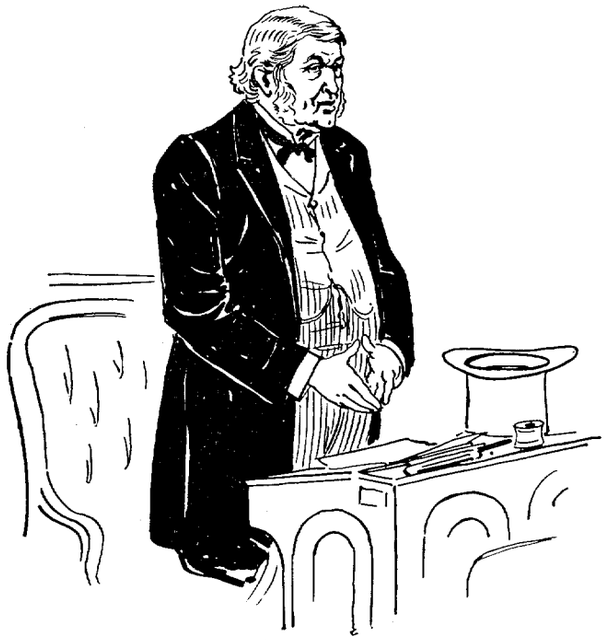
SIR WILFRID LAURIER
"I never spoke to abbé Proulx on the School Question."

SIR CHARLES TUPPER

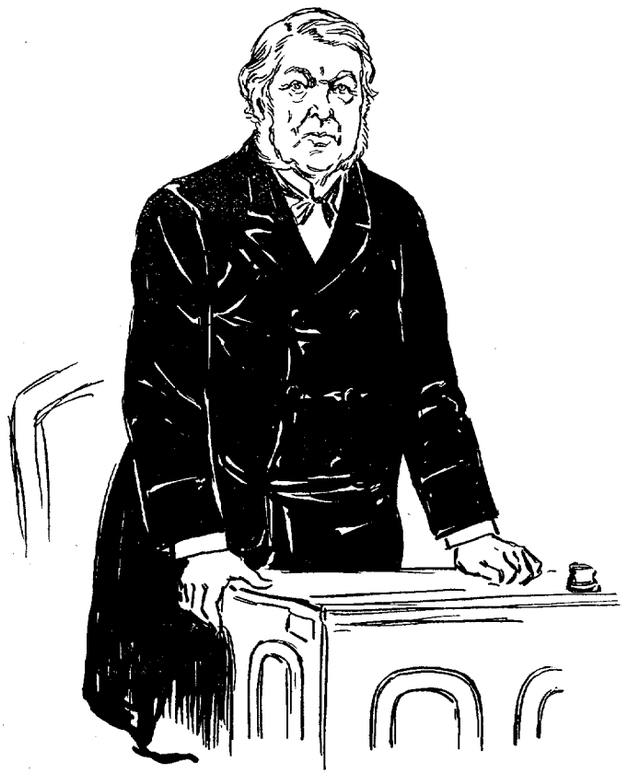


SIR WILFRID LAURIER

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT



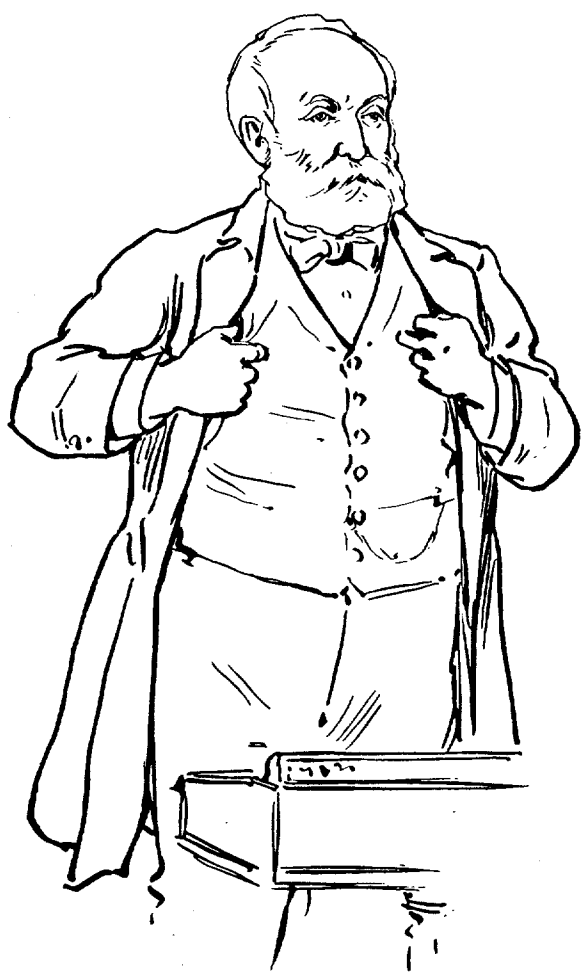
Had heard that our fishermen would never consent to the views expressed by the premier.



Rose to ask a question.

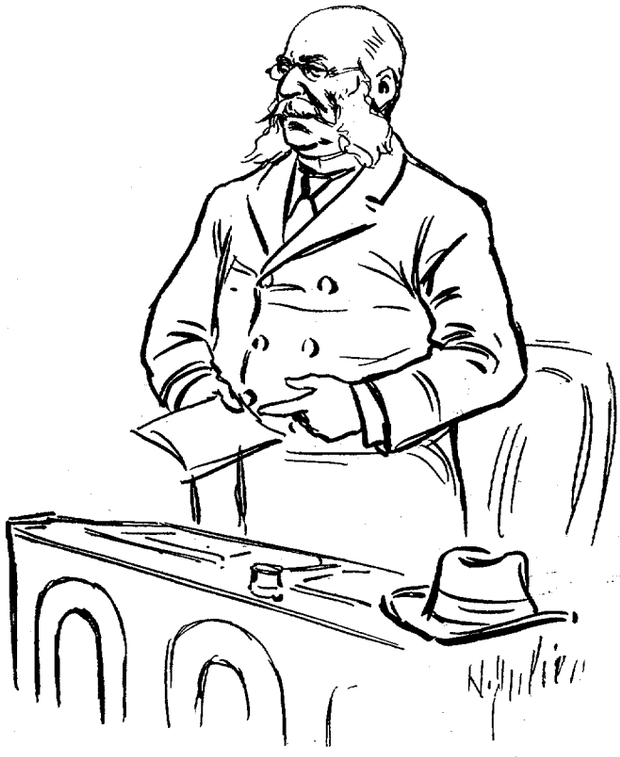
SIR CHARLES TUPPER

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES



SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT



Sir Richard Cartwright

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES

"He did not quote a single conservative."

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

HON. G. E. FOSTER

HON. G. E. FOSTER

HON. G. E. FOSTER

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES

HON. G. E. FOSTER

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT

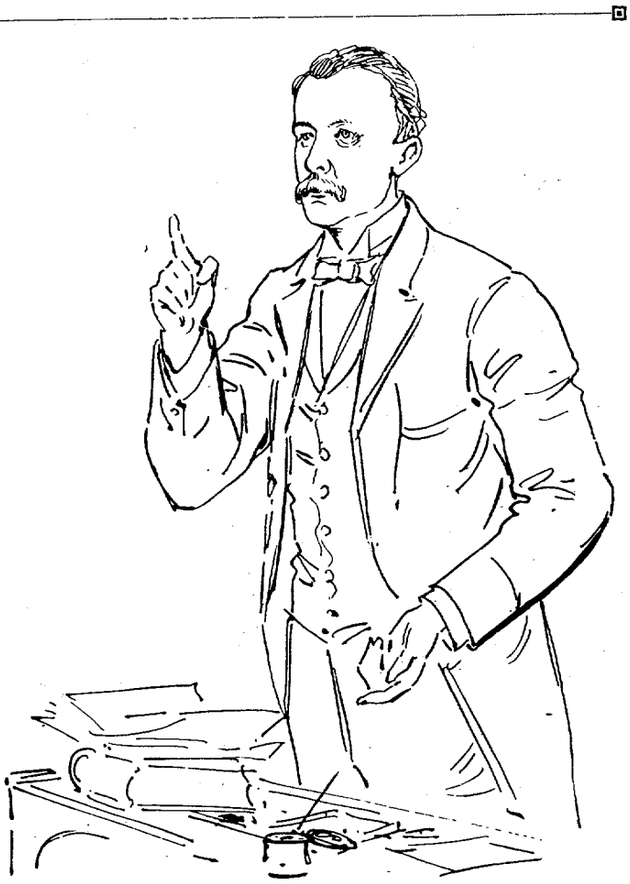
Hon. G. E. Foster

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES

HON. G. E. FOSTER

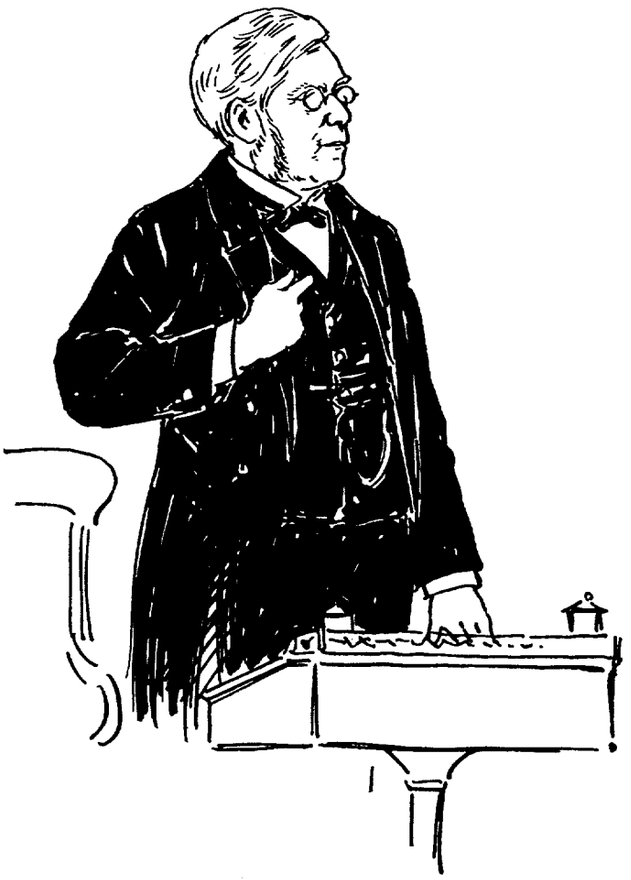
HON. G. E. FOSTER

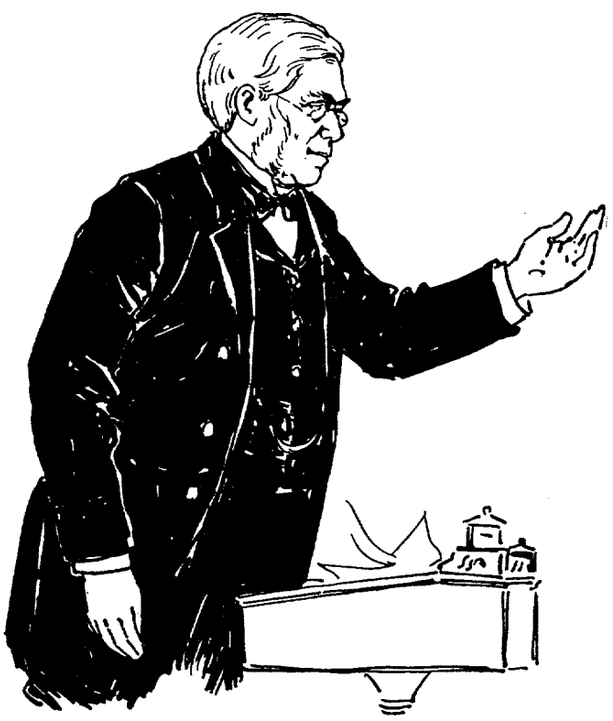
SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK thinks British Columbia should first try to provide for the matter complained.

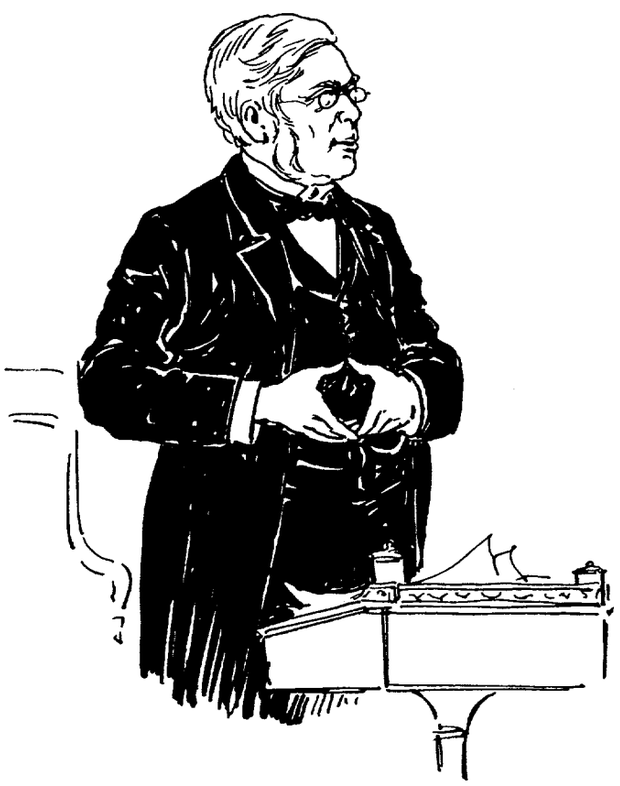


SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK
The Sollicitor General argues.

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT



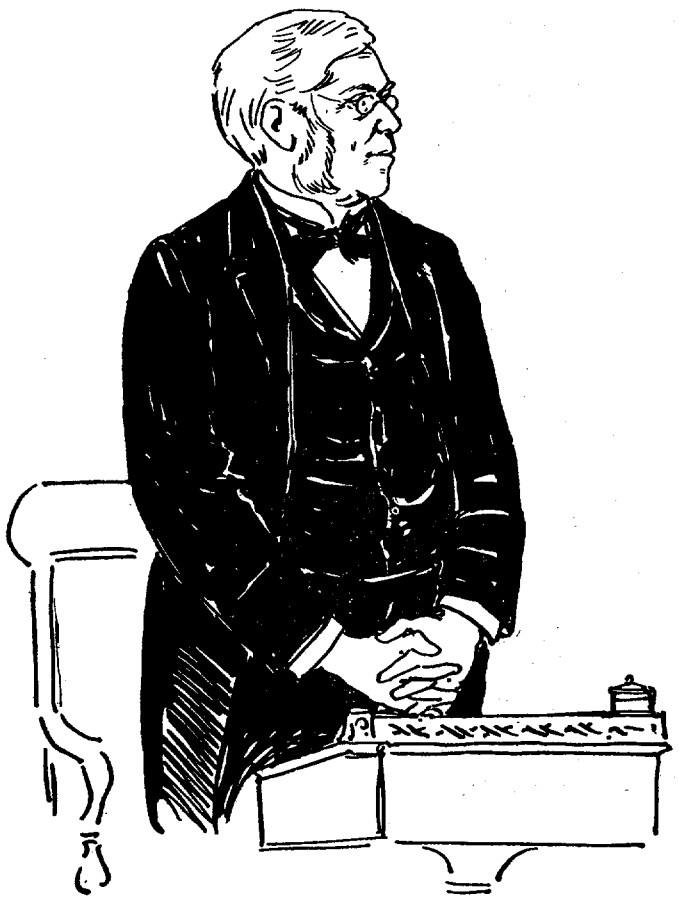




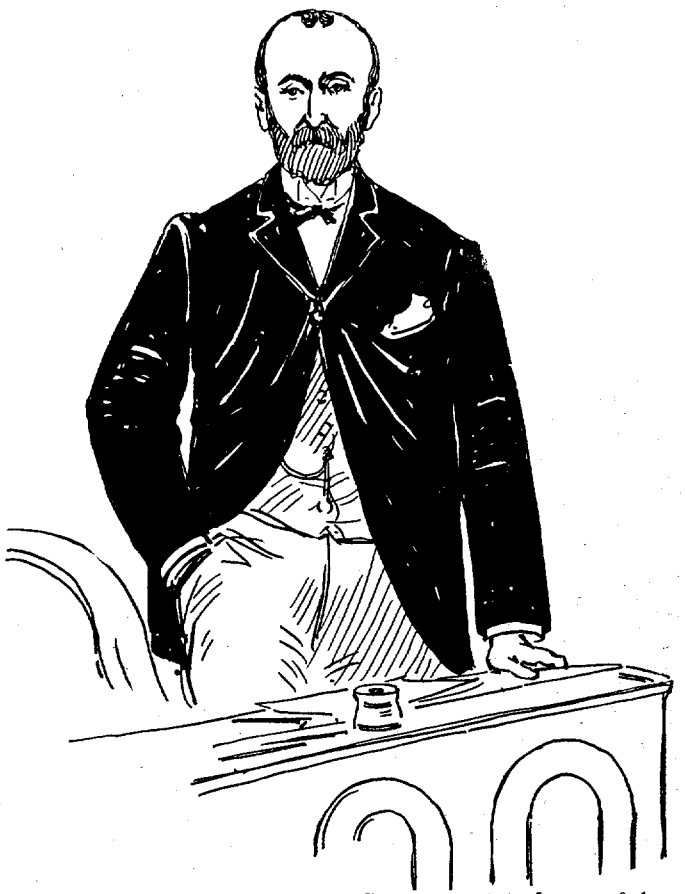
SIR OLIVER MOWATT

Mr. MacMillan had much to say about the Experimental Farm.

Hon. W. Paterson



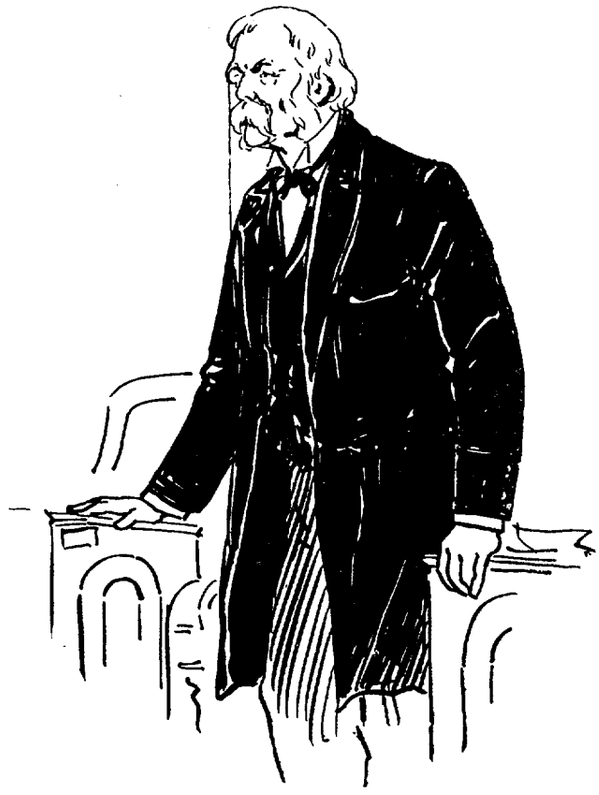
Sir Oliver Mowatt



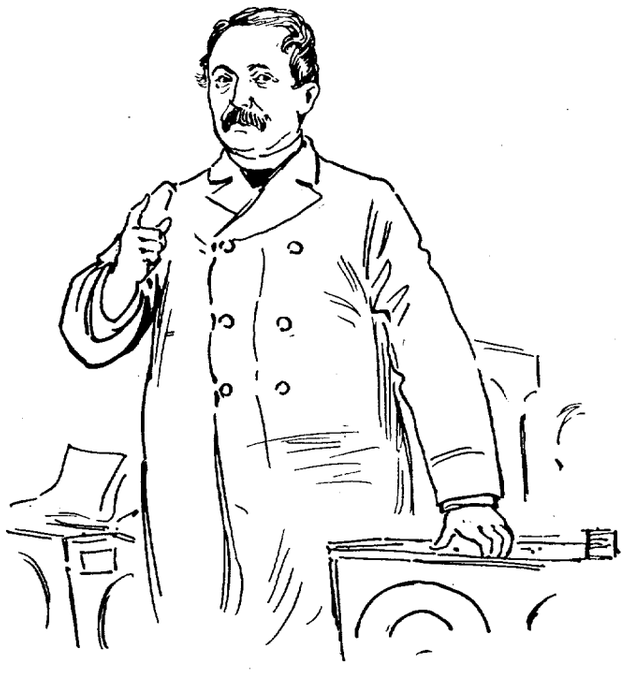
Mr. Kaulbach tells the Government to be careful about our fisheries.

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT

Sir H. Joly de Lotbinière retorts to Mr Foster's reference.



Sir H. Joly de Lotbinière



M. F. Langelier

Hon. W. S. Fielding

"Not if the present government does not wish to continue them."

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES

HON. SYDNEY FISHER gave Mr. Beausoleil his answer in French.

SIR LOUIS DAVIES suggested that Gillies withdraw his motion.

HON. SYDNEY FISHER praised the Experimental Farm Staff.

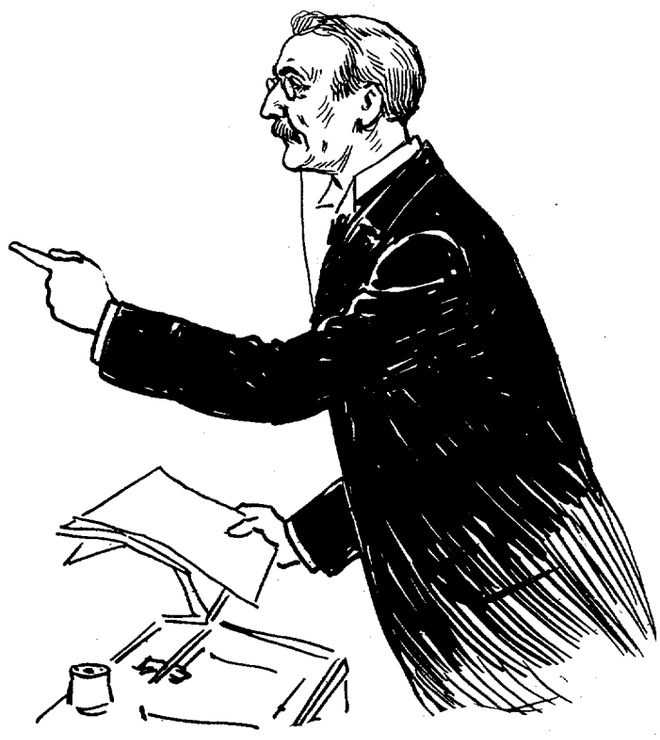
MR. DAVIES in a characteristic post.

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT

HON. F. OLIVER

HON. F. OLIVER

HON. F. OLIVER



COL. DOMVILLE is aroused, too.

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES

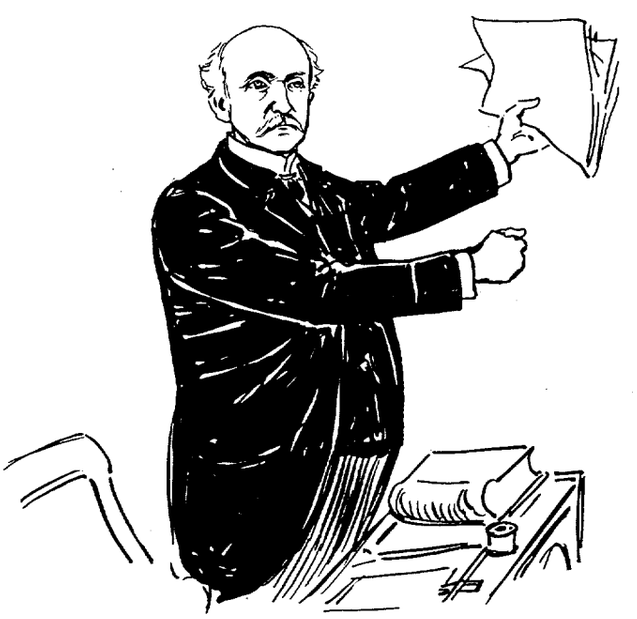
MR. MAXWELL

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT

MR. MAXWELL

HON. N. A. BELCOURT

M. J. G. H. BERGERON



MR. DAVIN

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES

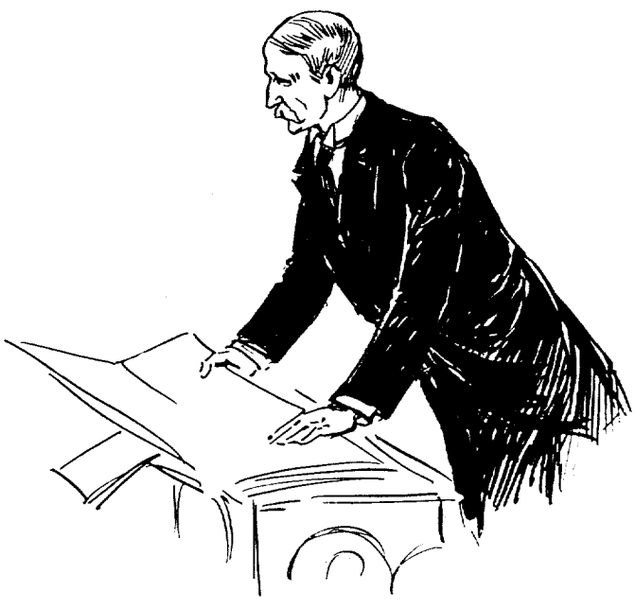
MR. DOBELL : "I am a Liberal and I am proud of it."

MR. BOSTOCK states that the false information is injurious to British Columbia.

MR CASEY wants to be heard.

MR. D. C. FRASER

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT



MR. MCMULLEN: "The last man who should complain."

HON. Ph. A. CHOQUETTE: "It would have been hard for them to do otherwise."

HON. A. C. LARIVIÈRE

HON. Ph. A. CHOQUETTE

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES

MR. HENDERSON: "That shows how accurate these men are in their estimates."

MR. HENRY taunts the Government with inability and want of courage.

DR. MONTAGUE: "Then these stand."

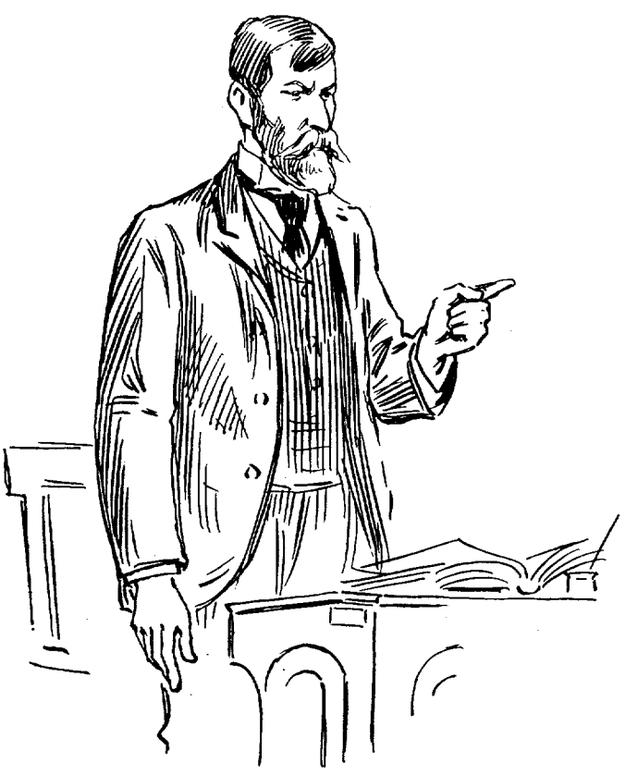
MR. HENRY: Mr. Fielding given the Finance port folio because he said nothing about the Trade policy."

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT

MR. LISTER: "The box, I believe, was empty."

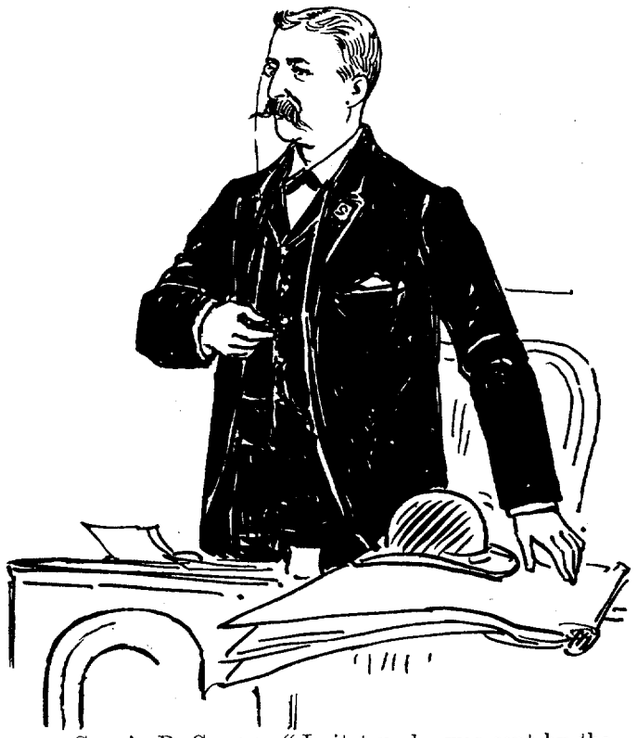
MR. BRODER recounts deeds of valor.

MR. ANDREW BRODER: "If it had not been for them this would not be a British colony."

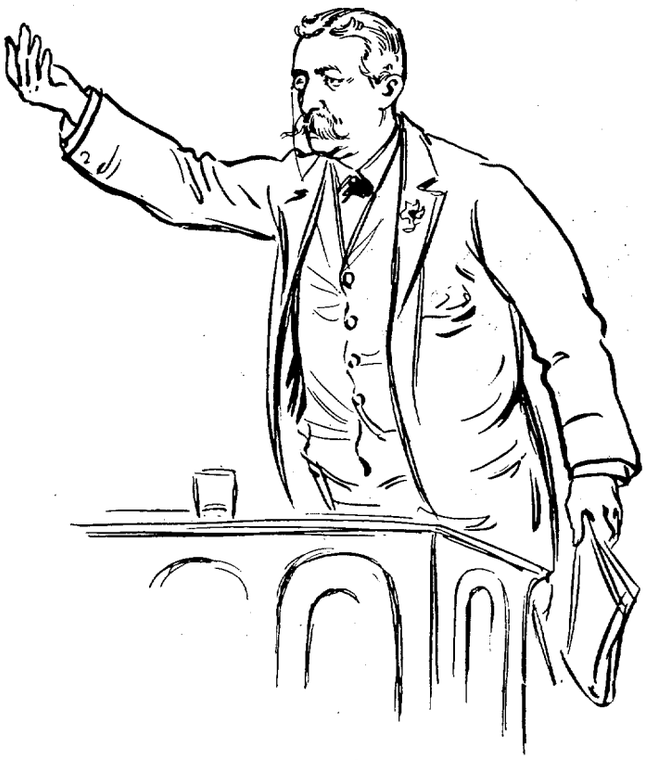


MR. BRODER: "Justice and Fair play demanded their right to be recognized."

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES



SIR A. P. CARON: "Is it true he was sent by the Government ?"



SIR A. P. CARON : "We are fighting the croashments of the advises of the..."

MR. CLÉOPHAS BEAUSOLEIL

MR. CLÉOPHAS BEAUSOLEIL

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT

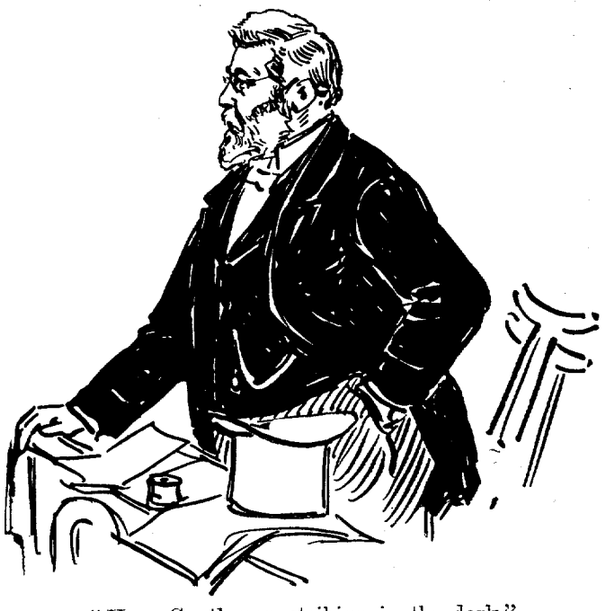
MR. DUPONT

MR. LOUNT: "Where will you find a higher opinion?"

MR. CLARKE WALLACE talks about the customs supplies.

MR. CAMERON

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES



"Hon. Gentleman striking in the dark."

"The opposition deliberately obstructing business."

MR. CHARLTON defending the use of the Governor General's warrants.

"One quite forgets where he comes from."

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT

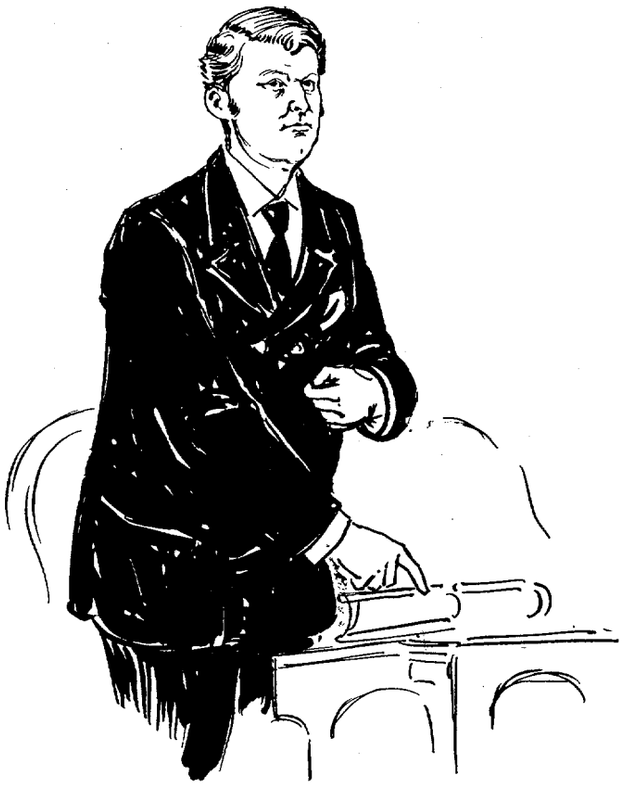
Mr. Chs Devlin

Mr. Chs Devlin

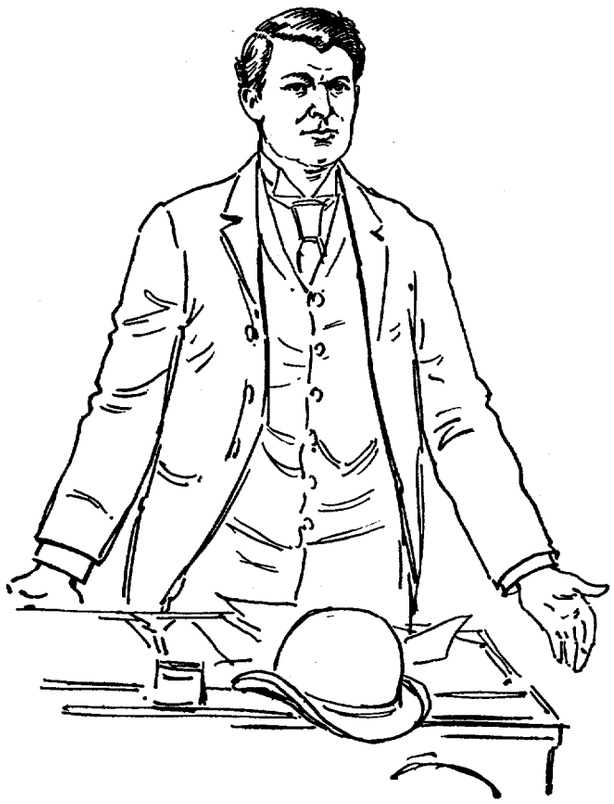
Mr. Gibson

Mr. Chs Devlin interrupting Mr. Dupont.

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES



SIR CHS. HIBBERT TUPPER: "But the Americans now have to pay the duty."



CHS. HIBBERT TUPPER adressing the Committee.

MR. MCDOUGALL : "Let our Government be careful."

MR. BRITTON thinks maj. General Cameron not used quite properly.

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT

"Where was that principle now?"

"So are the principles of the Liberal party."

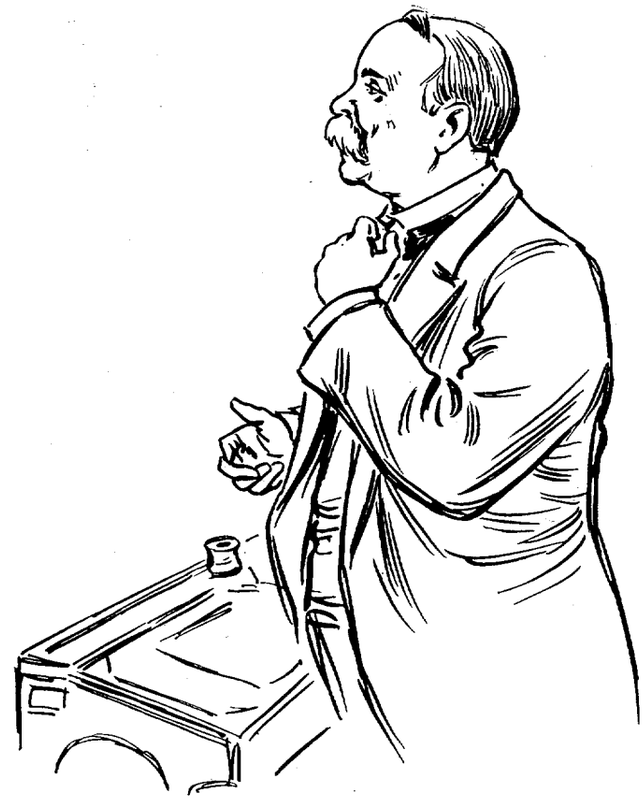
"Parliamentary control of Public funds is one keystone."

Illustrated by a story.

MR. HAGGART

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES

MR. KLOEPFER, a staunch defender of the National policy.



MR. LISTER

MR. DALTON MCCARTHY

MR. GILLIES: "Our fisheries need greater protection."

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT

Mr. L. C. Mulock — Sir Wilfrid Laurier

Dr. Landerkin interrupting Mr. Foster.

PORTRAITS

Sir Wm. Van Horne

CHARLES M. HAYS

PORTRAITS

Monsieur J. O. Dion

Conservateur du Fort Chambly — Promoteur du Monument Salaberry
Commissioner of the Chambly Fort — Promoter of the Salaberry Monument

PORTRAITS

LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

HON. JUGE H. T. TASCHEREAU

PORTRAITS

HON. JUGE H. TASCHEREAU

HON. JUGE J. E. ROBIDOUX

HON. JUGE H. C. ST-PIERRE

HON. JUGE C. LEBEUF

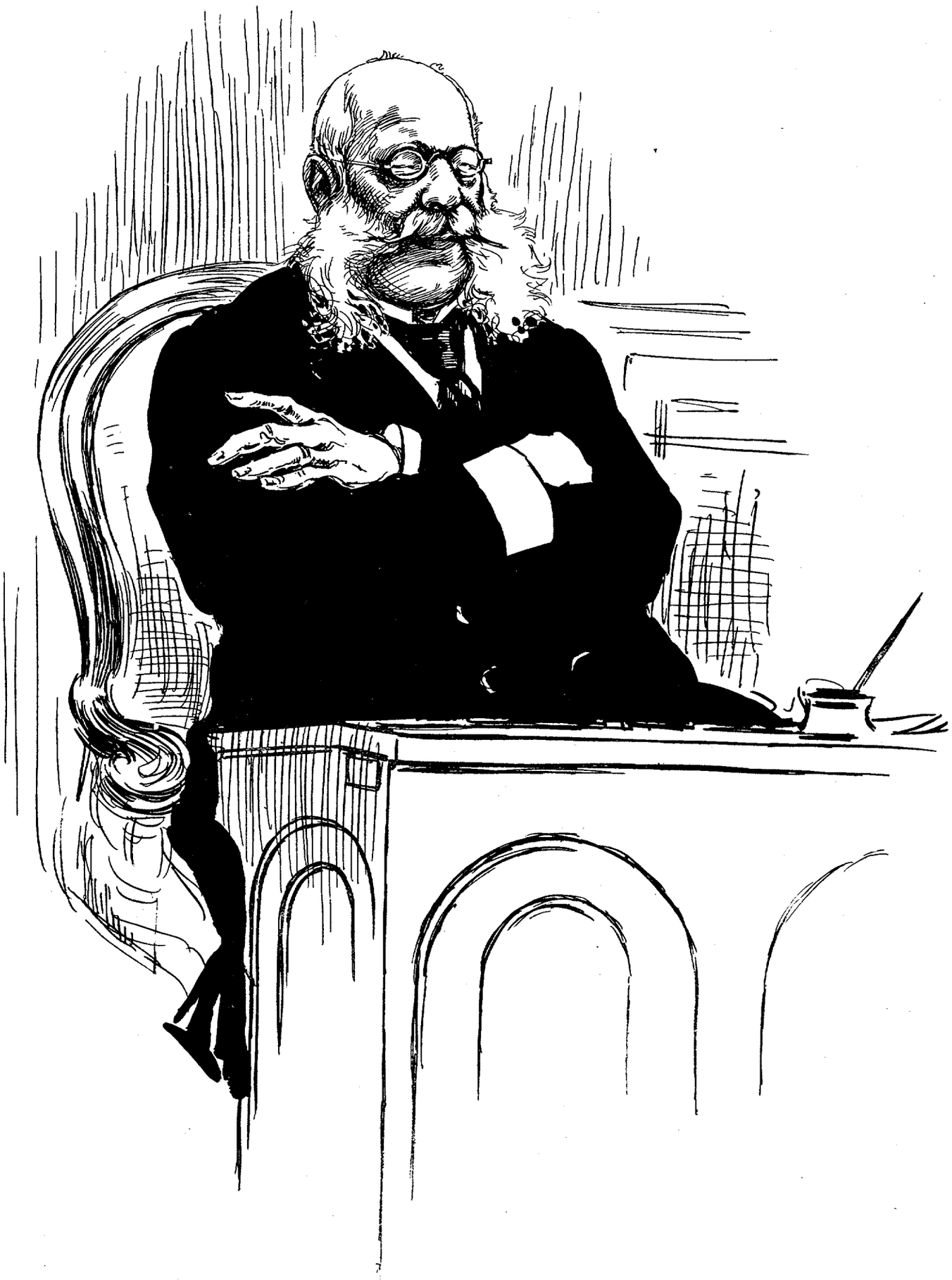
SIR WILFRID LAURIER

SIR CHARLES TUPPER

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

HON. I.-J. TARTE.

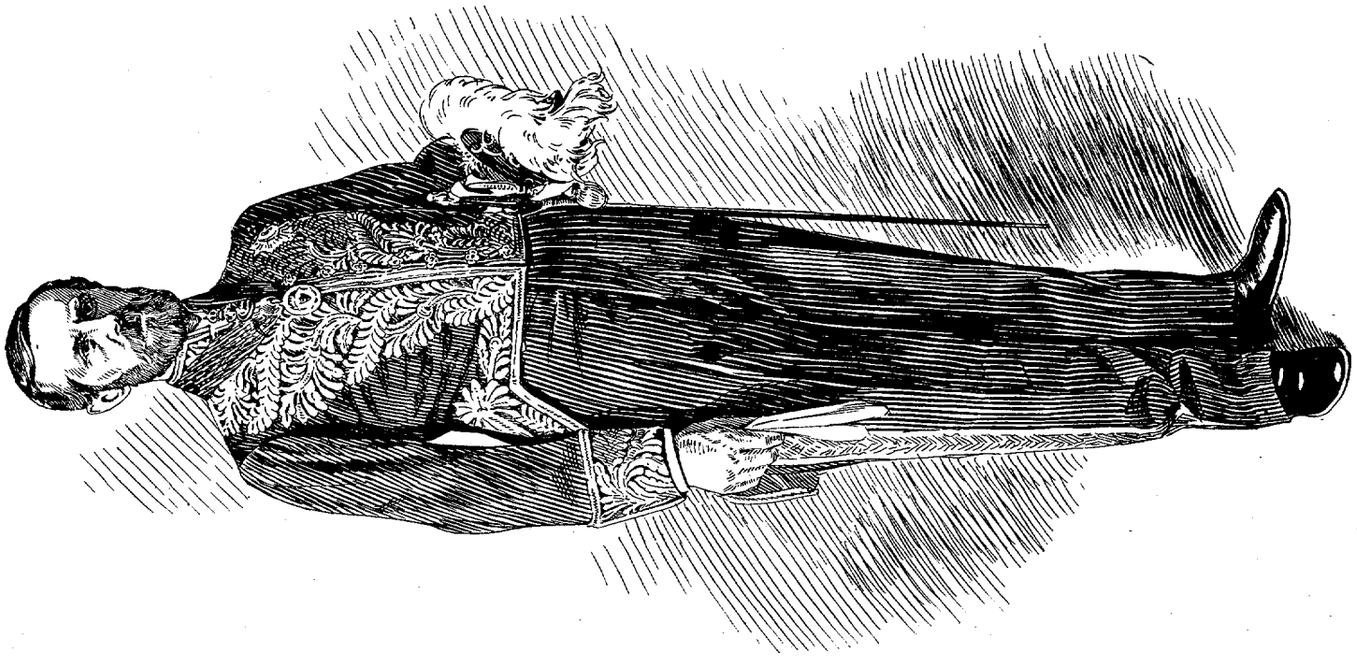
Mr. J. F. Quinn



Sir Richard Cartwright

HON. A. C. LARIVIÈRE

HON. G. E. FOSTER

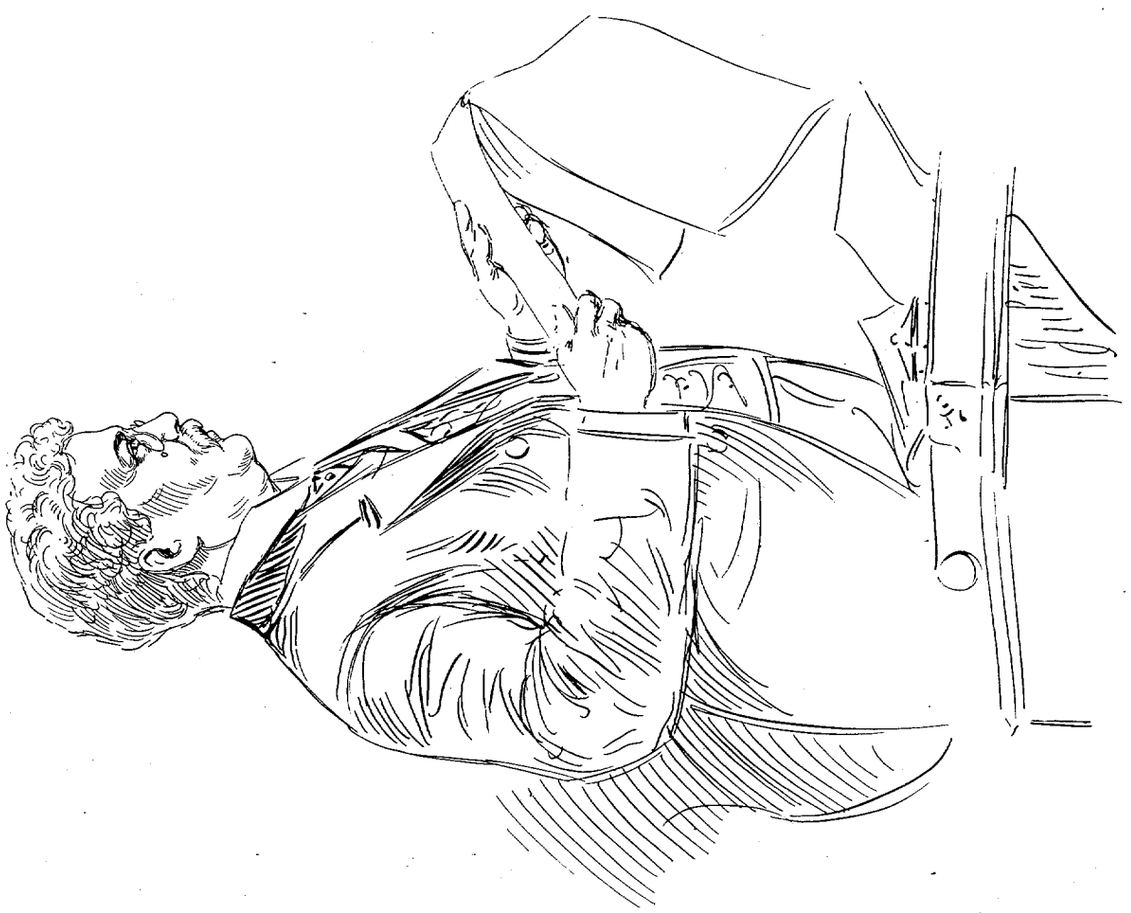


LORD ABERDEEN

Hon. L. O. Taillon

POLITICAL PORTRAITS

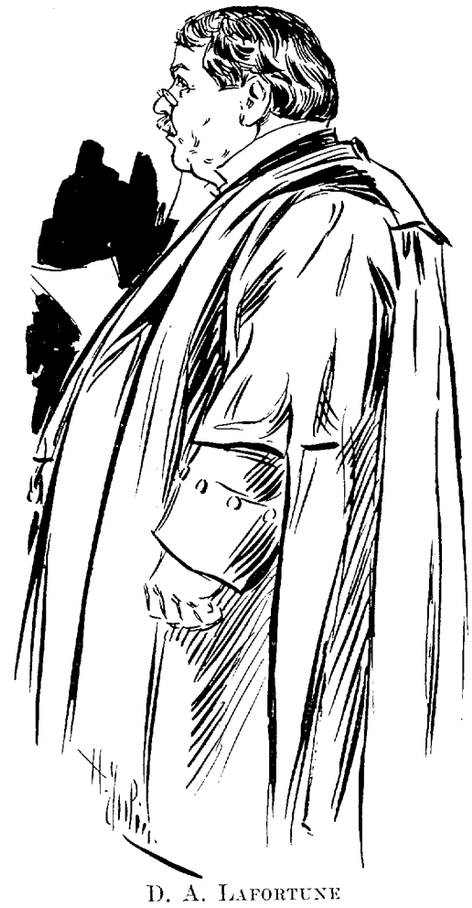
HON. R. DANDURAND



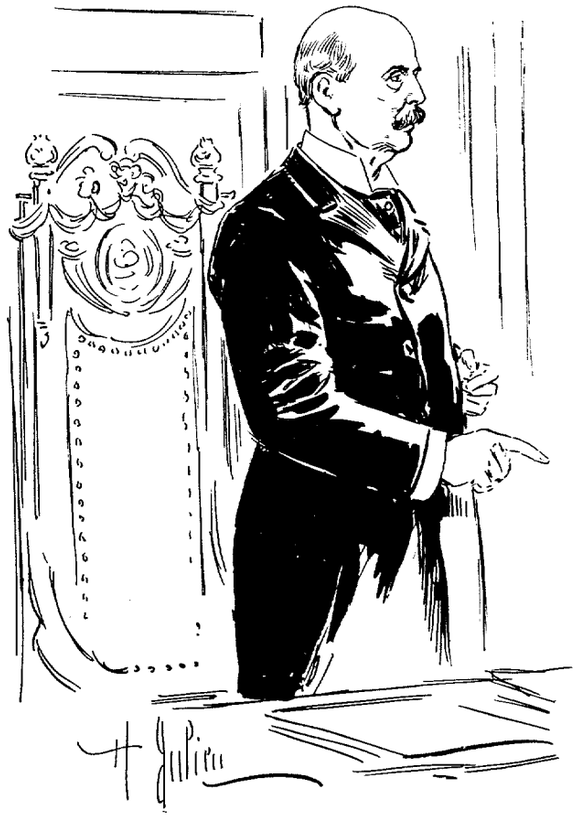
HON. W. TEMPLEMAN

PORTRAITS POLITIQUES

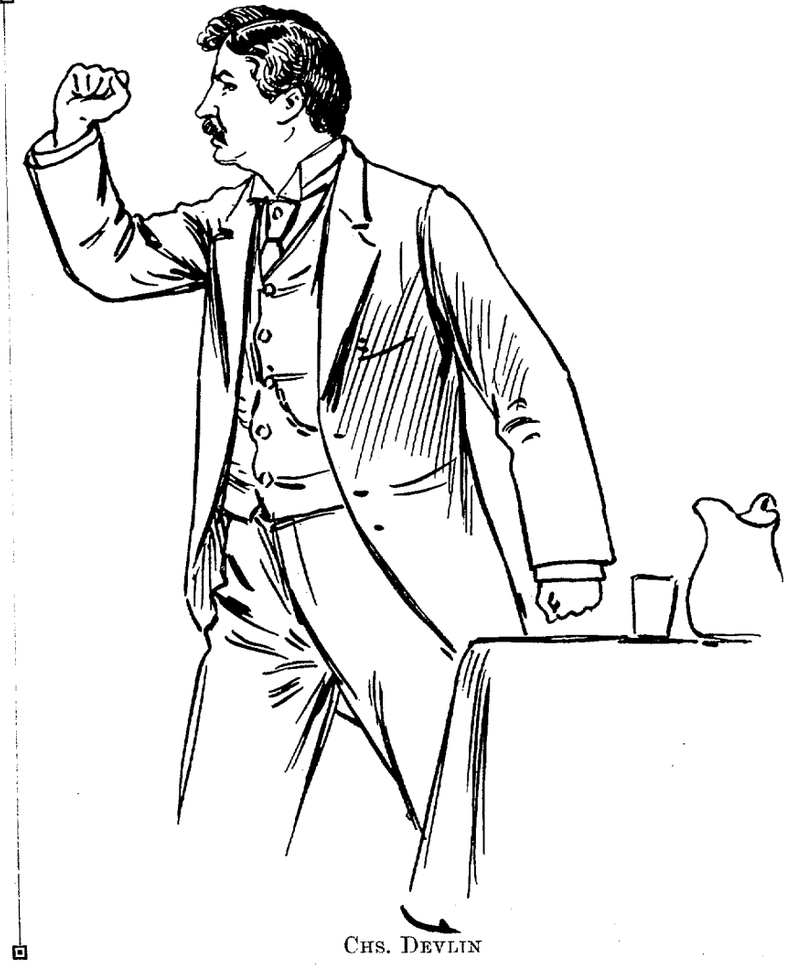
HON. P. E. LEBLANC



D. A. LAFORTUNE



LORD GREY



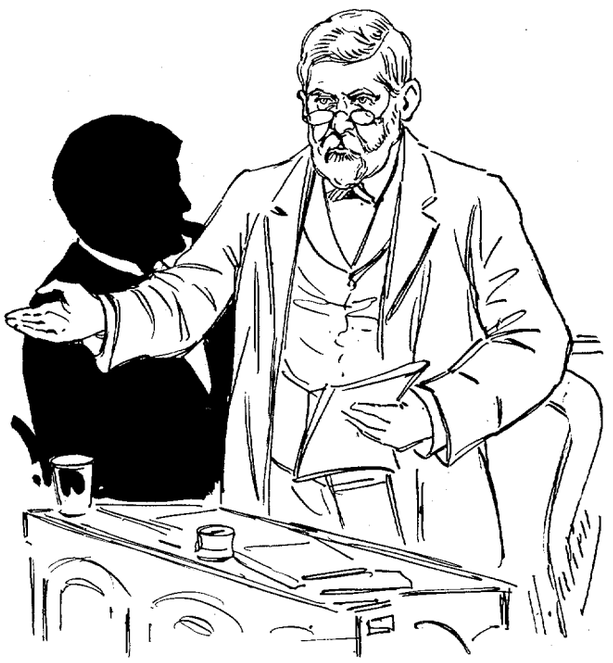
CHS. DEVLIN

MR. JAMIESON

HON. CLARK WALLACE

Mr. E. Goff Penny

Mr. W. Charlton



Mr. W. Charlton

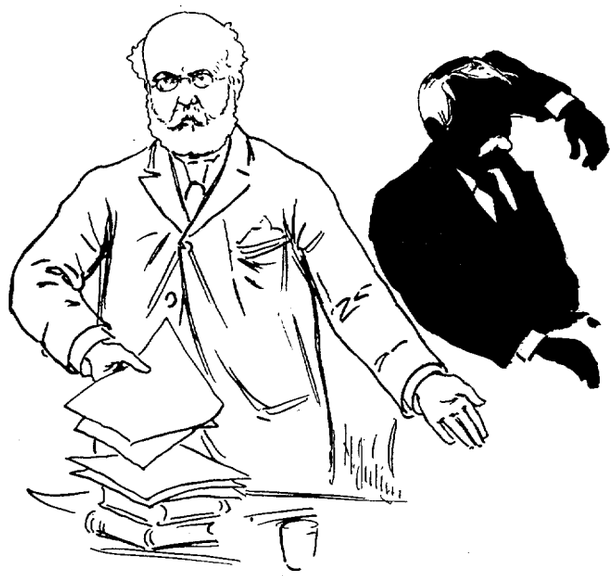
Hon. S. Fisher

BIBLIOTHÈQUE SAINT-SULPICE

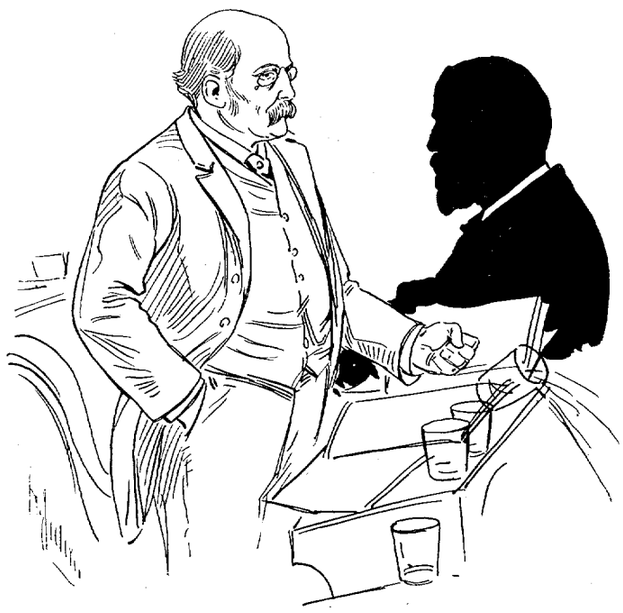
Sir Wilfrid Laurier

Sir Richard Cartwright

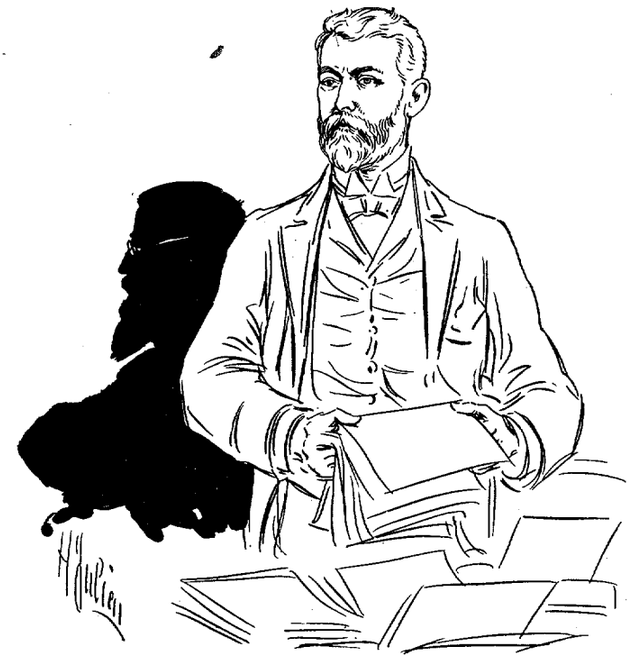
Mr. W. Charlton



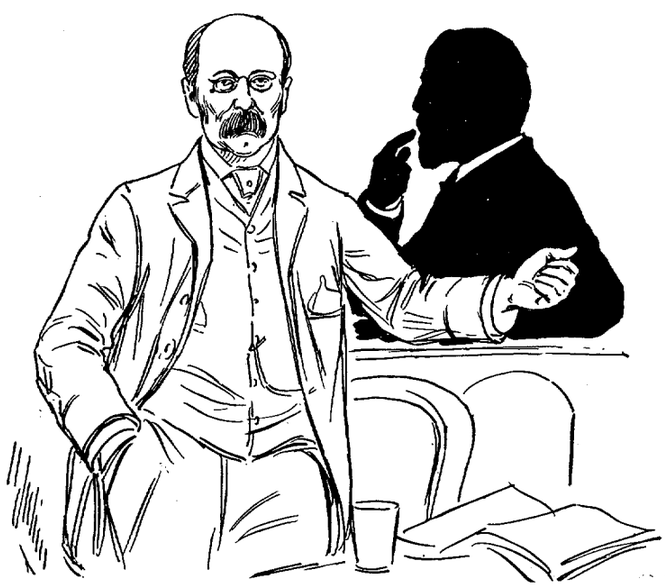
Hon. M. Blair



MR. OSLER



HON. W. S. FIELDING



MR. OSLER

MR. MORRISON

MR. CLANCY

SIR LOUIS DAVIES

DR. CRAIG

MR. MACDONALD

HENRI JULIEN

MARC SAUVALLE

L'ORIGINALITE, note distinctive de l'œuvre de Julien, devait forcément le tenir à l'écart des banalités de la caricature politique courante où l'artiste est esclave des obligations de la cause à défendre ou du personnage à exalter. Il y a dans les mœurs de la satire politicienne des traditions surannées révoltantes pour un esprit animé d'idées personnelles et d'intentions nouvelles, qui sent germer en lui des trouvailles réellement géniales. La règle, par exemple, de représenter invariablement Sir Wilfrid Laurier avec trois cheveux bouclés, perchés sur le sommet de l'occiput, est un échantillon de ces clichés. D'une farce spirituelle au début, mais usée maintenant que l'âge a modifié le physique du personnage, on a fait à Toronto une étiquette qui dispense de tout effort vers l'exactitude ou la ressemblance dans les traits. Ce mode de croquis-express n'inspirait que dédain au consciencieux artiste qu'était Julien.

La caricature qui se permet la charge, qui ne tient pas compte de l'anatomie ni de la réalité, qui trouve dans l'exagération des ressources inépuisables pour échapper à l'impuissance, offre de commodes issues au dessinateur que ne rebute pas la monotonie de la répétition. Mais Julien n'est pas à vrai dire, un caricaturiste, s'il a été, à bien des reprises, et dans le meilleur sens du mot, un dessinateur comique. Sa grande force comique réside alors dans le fini du dessin : c'est par la seule puissance de l'excellence de sa composition et de la perfection de l'exécution qu'il produit ses effets et réussit à rendre dans l'esprit du public l'idée amusante, l'idée satirique qu'il a conçue.

Julien est surtout, à mon avis, un " ironiste du crayon " et c'est par la légèreté et l'impartialité de son ironie qu'il nous plaît. Il n'a pas de passion politique ; il dessine sans haine ni prédilection, l'esprit complètement dégagé de toute influence étrangère à l'art pour l'art. Sans être un contempteur de nos grands hommes, il ne s'emballe pas sur ses types ; quand il les tient sous sa main, il dépeint d'un cœur libre leur anatomie morale, comme il disséquerait leur anatomie physique. Il s'exhale ainsi du dessin un parfum d'indépendance, une désinvolture du crayon, un arome d'ironie sincère qui en accentuent le charme. Cette ouverture de l'esprit lui permet de nous servir les grands hommes, sinon en robe de chambre, du moins dans les gestes les plus banals de la vie avec le même intérêt que dans les attitudes les plus grandiloquentes ; de nous les exhiber en vestons courts, comme en habits de Windsor, dans le maintien le plus somnolent, aussi bien que dans l'activité la plus tonitruante. Ses personnages parlementaires ne sont pas des marionnettes de convention à l'usage d'adorateurs aveugles, ce sont des hommes avec leurs grandeurs et leurs petitesses, ce sont des êtres humains, ni dieux ni démons.

Il ne faudrait pas conclure de ce que je disais il y a un instant, que je voudrais amoindrir la valeur du travail de Julien comme caricaturiste ; il a accompli dans ce genre de petits chefs-d'œuvre de verve, de couleur et d'entrain qui suffiraient à perpétuer sa mémoire. Le fameux album des " BY-TOWN COONS " est un monument incomparable de son esprit fin et souple au service d'une main habile et d'une méthode impeccable. Je me rappellerai toujours l'admiration que professait pour cette pochade, M. Melton Prior, le fameux dessinateur du *London Graphic*, qui vint au Canada pour illustrer le voyage du Duc de Cornwall et d'York : il ne tarissait pas sur le compte de Julien d'éloges ni de bon rire. D'un autre côté, j'aurai toujours présent à l'esprit une collection du *Franc Parleur* qui doit exister encore à la *Patrie* et qui contenait les plus nerveuses et les plus piquantes satires politiques que j'aie jamais vues.

Ceci dit, je n'hésite pas à affirmer que les silhouettes parlementaires et les illustrations politiques sont, à mon avis, les pièces de Julien qui resteront le plus longtemps et qui rendront son nom inoubliable dans le cœur du peuple.

Il mettait à ce travail en particulier toute son âme, voulant absolument faire bien et faire exact. Ce sentiment de conscience au travail explique à lui seul le nombre invraisemblable de croquis qu'il nous a laissés et de visions sous toutes leurs faces de quelques-uns des types notables de notre parlement.

J'ai vu souvent Henri Julien attelé à son ouvrage, le soir, dans le feu de la composition. Après avoir pris ses croquis dans la journée, il s'enfermait dans sa petite chambre d'hôtel, entouré de ses études et de ses ébauches, mettant au trait son personnage, penché sur son papier et ne levant la tête que pour regarder sa montre et s'assurer si l'aiguille lui laissait encore quelque répit.

La besogne achevée à sa satisfaction, il courait à la poste dans le milieu de la nuit ; puis, la conscience tranquille, mais le cerveau encore torturé par l'attention incessante, et les doigts ankylosés par le maniement de la plume, il rentrait prendre quelque repos et fumer une cigarette pour oublier la besogne du jour. Il ne parvenait jamais à l'oublier totalement, un crayon lui tombait vite sous la main et inconsciemment, il se reprenait à esquisser.

Le tempérament avait le dessus ; mais comme pour se venger du travail qui lui était imposé, c'était invariablement vers des horizons plus larges et plus sereins que vagabondait son esprit. Le paysage et les animaux étaient sa passion. Il adorait les chevaux ; ils lui rappelaient le temps de sa jeunesse passée dans les prairies de l'Ouest, et son grand plaisir était de croquer des bucéphales :— A esquisser ce noble animal, il oubliait la platitude de l'illustration quotidienne et se rafraîchissait pour le travail du journal qui, le lendemain, devait reprendre son implacable cours.

C'est à cette tâche mercenaire qu'il s'est épuisé ; ce sont ces veilles constantes et enfiévrées, ce travail à heure fixe, qui ont usé cette constitution robuste et pleine de vitalité. Un beau jour, après avoir quitté sa table à dessin, il est tombé foudroyé sur le trottoir, à la porte même de son bureau.

On peut juger par le grand nombre de dessins politiques que contient ce volume de l'envergure de l'œuvre d'Henri Julien.

Pour donner de cette œuvre une idée plus précise, le comité d'édition n'a pas reculé devant les répétitions de types ni la reproduction des mêmes personnages dans des attitudes diverses. Telle est certainement la meilleure façon de faire apprécier les admirables ressources et les facettes multiples de ce remarquable talent.

Cette collection ainsi comprise constitue une vraie galerie de la société politique des quinze dernières années, une cinématographie artistique d'Ottawa sous le régime aujourd'hui défunt, et, à ce titre, elle constitue un document inestimable de la vie parlementaire du Canada sous le gouvernement de Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

MARC SAUVALLE

SIR WILFRID LAURIER à Londres.

CARICATURES

EXTRA DRY
1SHERY
1SEC

In honor of the Author-Artist
"Man and Boy Hugo Bryan"

Second Annual Dinner
to the
Immortals
at
Rebers'
Palace
Dec. 13th 1902
MENU

MENU
Oysters
Caviar Canapé
Olives Celery
Consommé Julien
Larded Fillet of Beef
with Mushrooms
Roast Stuffed Turkey
Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Cauliflower
Oriental Salad
Squab on Toast
English Plum
Pudding
Ice Cream
Café Noir.
Sat. Nov. 25th
1905
THE FISHING'S GOOD,- I'M TOO SICK TO WORK TO DAY
ST. ROSE
FOR THE COLICS

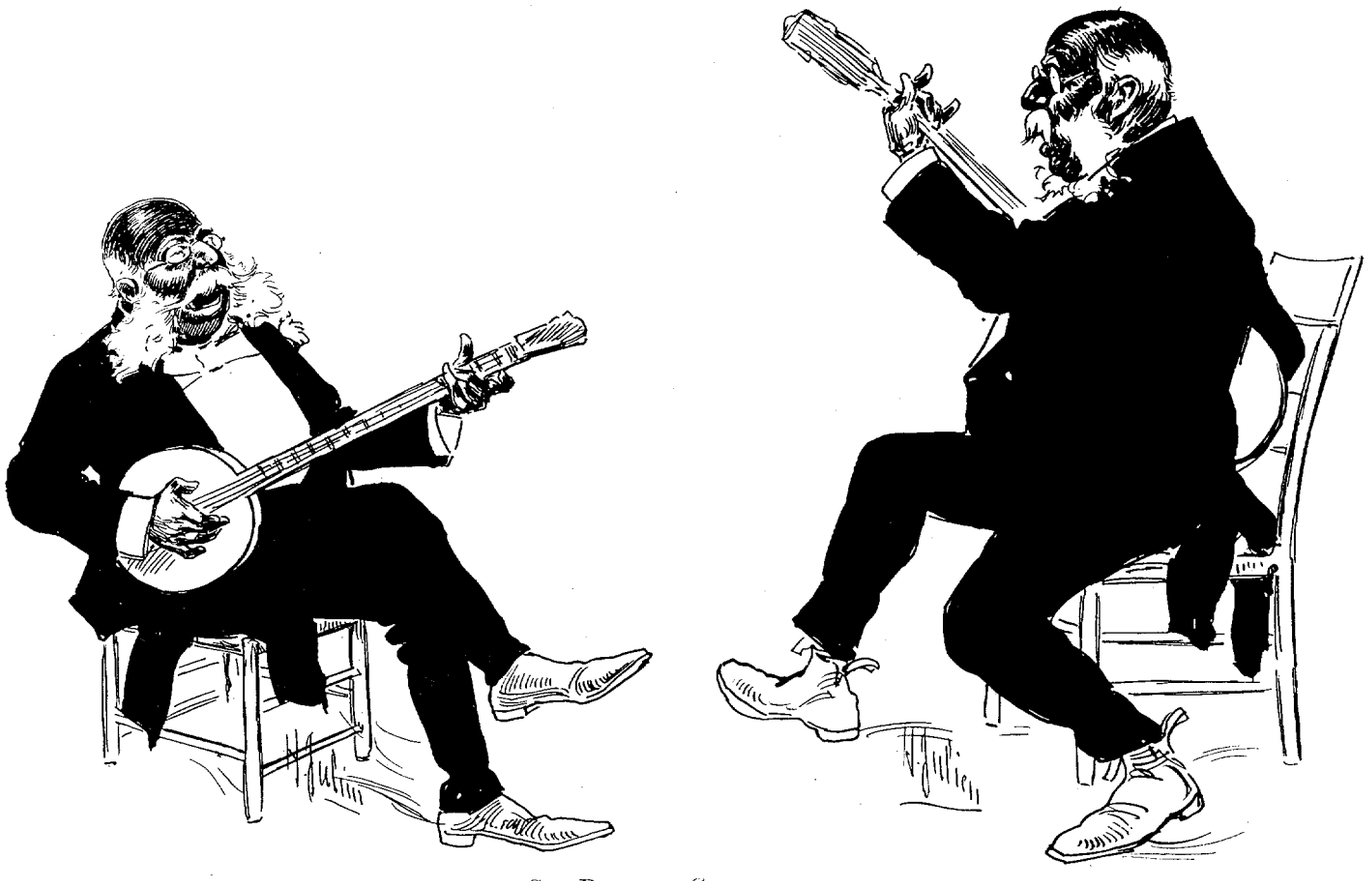
HENRI JULIEN

JULIEN'S method of drawing cartoons was apparently simple. He gazed upon the subject, he corrected his memory with the aid of a photograph when he could, and his inborn power of divination enabled him to adjust features, pose and gestures for the play of the emotions. The result was striking in its lifelike delineation. He was gifted with a memory of abnormal proportion. It was particularly developed in applying it to the pursuit of his calling. A physician obsessed with "professional etiquette" once snatched a sketch from Julien's hand and destroyed it. The artist had been admitted to a General Hospital clinic and had made notes of Dr. Lorenzo at work. Despite the rude and uncalled for action, Julien, through his wonderful memory, was enabled to reproduce the great physician's face, attitude and physique, as well as the several doctors who surrounded the operating table. We sat together at dinner. "A pronounced type," said Henri. He was looking at a well known character about town. He dilated on the points that went to make up a type. He saw deeper than most of us with his artist's eyes. That night, as we sat at supper, Julien reproduced strikingly lifelike sketches of the "pronounced type" on the marble-top table at "Reber's." His method of producing "The By-Town Coons" varied ; some of them were drawn first and the verses written to suit the picture, and others were drawn to illustrate the verses. Like many another brilliant ideas which Julien elaborate in details, the "Coons" were the children of Mr. (now Sir) Hugh Graham's versatile imagination. Henri had had the advantage of witnessing the Laurier Cabinet (otherwise the "Coons") from the Press Gallery of Parliament and he, therefore, knew their every trick of manner, faithfully reproduced. He was a Liberal — proud of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He delighted to draw him, and as he worked, he often pointed out to me some little trick of gesture or pose on the part of the Liberal leader. He took much interest in reproducing the graceful poses of his eminent compatriot.

BRENTON A. MACNAB.

Montreal, October, 1913.

BY-TOWN COONS



SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

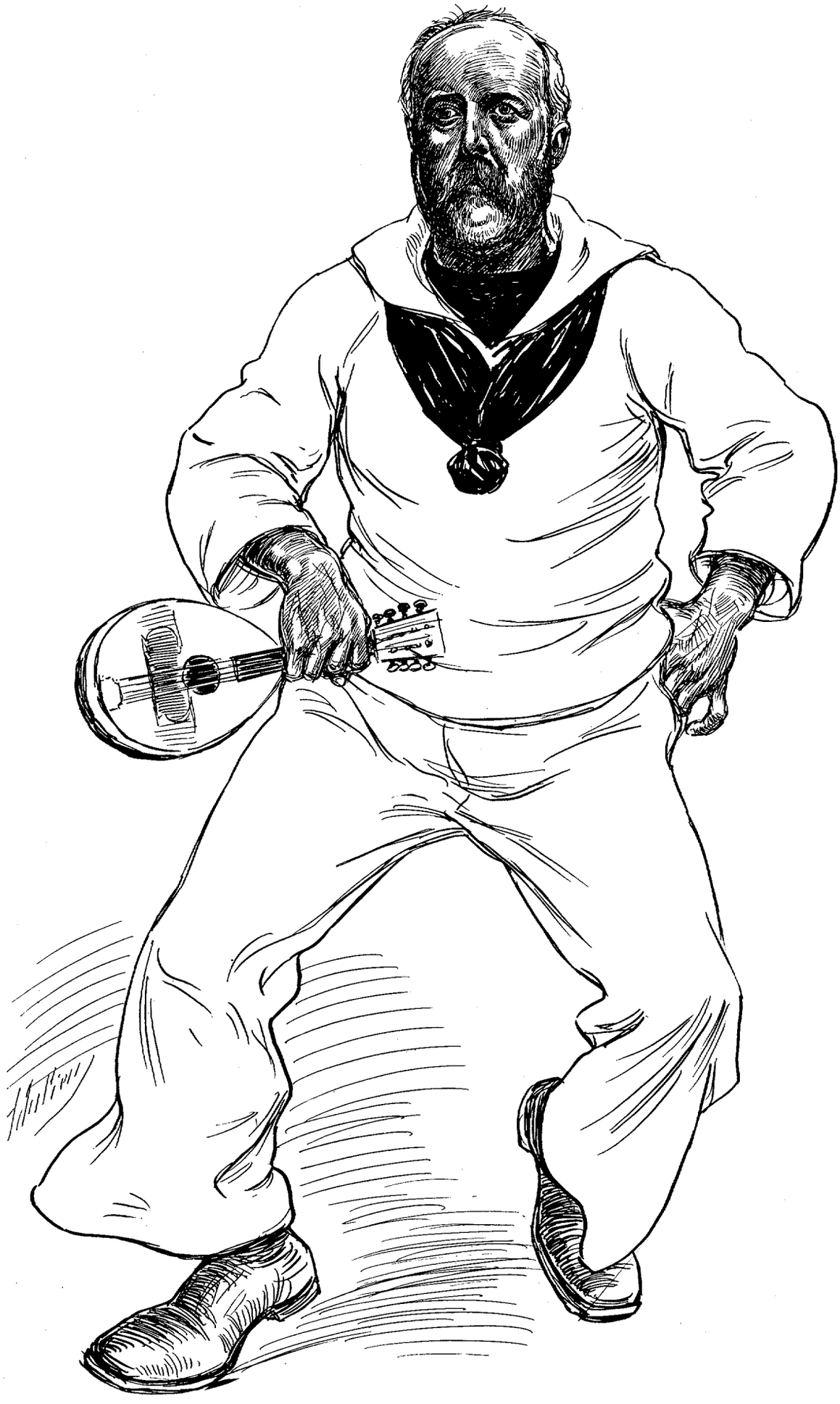
Ces croquis ont paru dans le "Montreal Daily Star" accompagnés de pièces de vers explicatifs. Le tout fut plus tard réuni et publié en brochure par le "Montreal Daily Star."

These sketches were printed along with verses written at time of their publication in the "Montreal Daily Star". The whole was afterwards published by that paper in pamphlet form and secured a large circulation.

Hon. R. R. Dobell

HON. R. R. DOBELL

HON. R. R. DOBELL



HON. R. R. DOBELL
120

BY-TOWN COONS

HON. WILLIAM PATERSON

HON. WILLIAM PATERSON

SIR L. H. DAVIES

SIR L. H. DAVIES

SIR L. H. DAVIES

BY-TOWN COONS

SIR L. H. DAVIES

SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK

Hon. C. A. Geoffrion

BY-TOWN COONS

SIR RICHARD SCOTT

BY-TOWN COONS

Sir Richard Scott

Sir Richard Scott

BY-TOWN COONS

Sir Richard Scott

Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière

Sir Wilfrid Laurier

Sir Wilfrid Laurier

Hon. W. S. Fielding

HON. W. S. FIELDING

BY-TOWN COONS

Hon. W. S. Fielding

BY-TOWN COONS

HON. W. S. FIELDING
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Hon. J. Israel Tarte

HON. J. ISRAEL TARTE

HON. J. ISRAEL TARTE

BY-TOWN COONS

HON. J. ISRAEL TARTE

Hon. David Mills

HON. DAVID MILLS

BY-TOWN COONS

Hon. David Mills

HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON

Hon. Clifford Sifton

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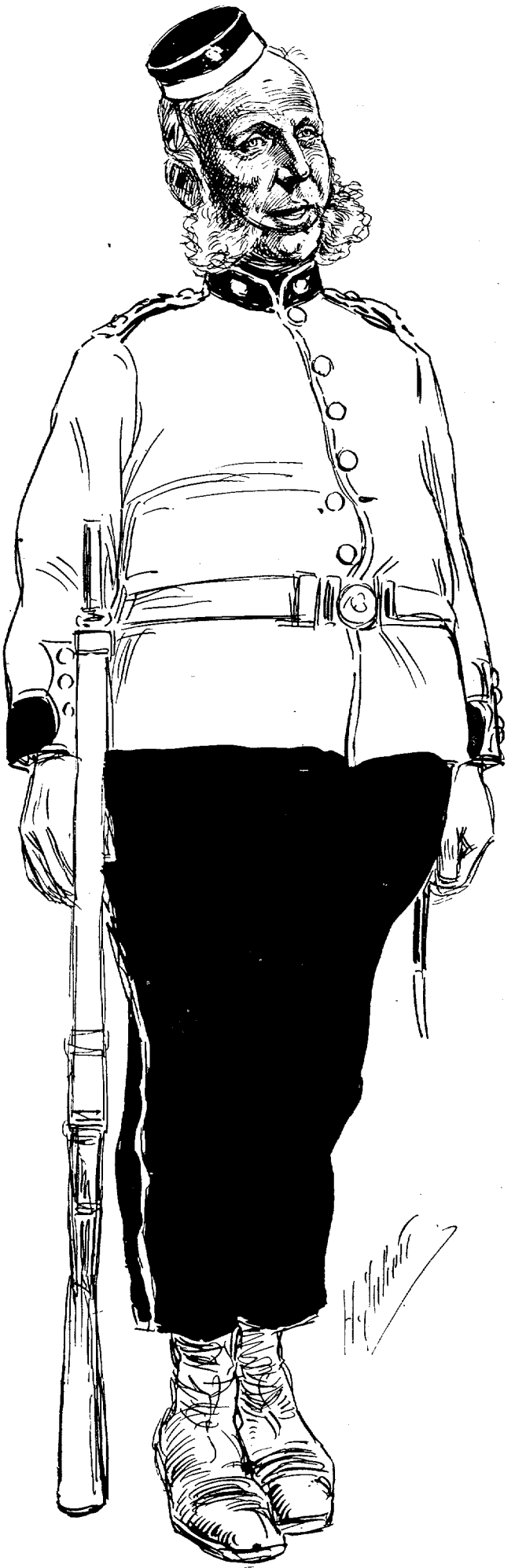
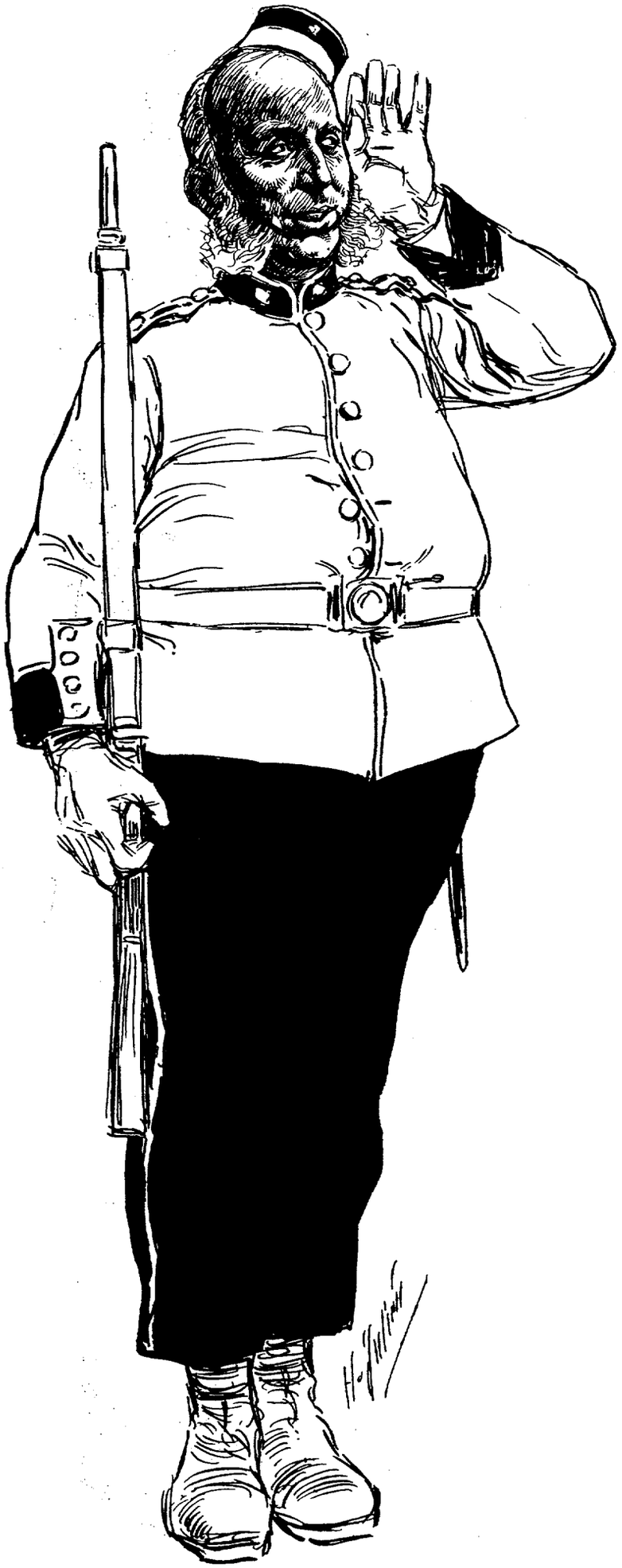
HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON



SIR FREDERICK BORDEN

BY-TOWN COONS

Sir Frederick Borden



SIR FREDERICK BORDEN

SIR FREDERICK BORDEN

Hon. A. E. Blair

BY-TOWN COONS

HON. A. E. BLAIR

BY-TOWN COONS

Hon. A. E. Blair
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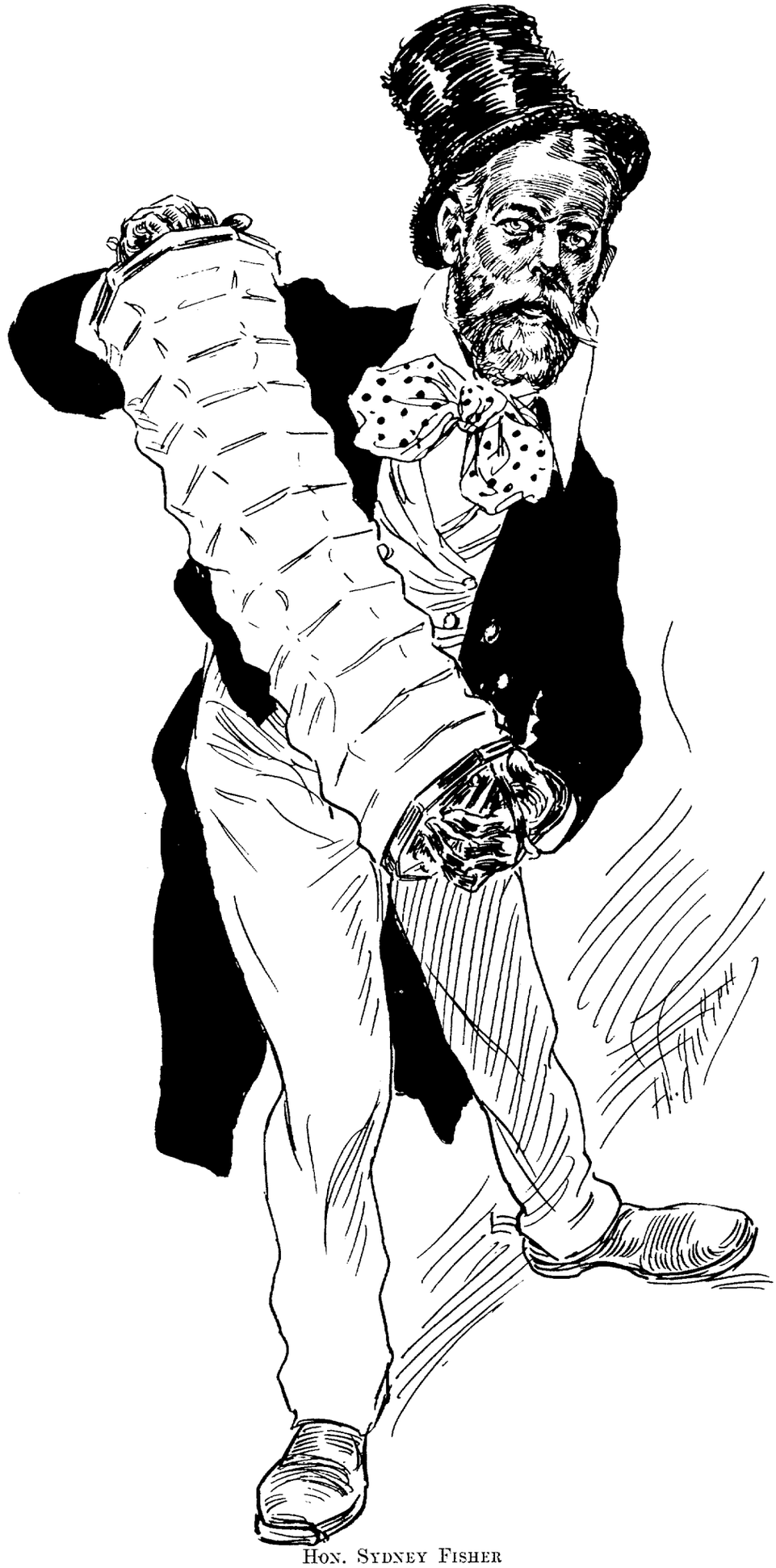
HON. A. E. BLAIR

HON. SYDNEY FISHER

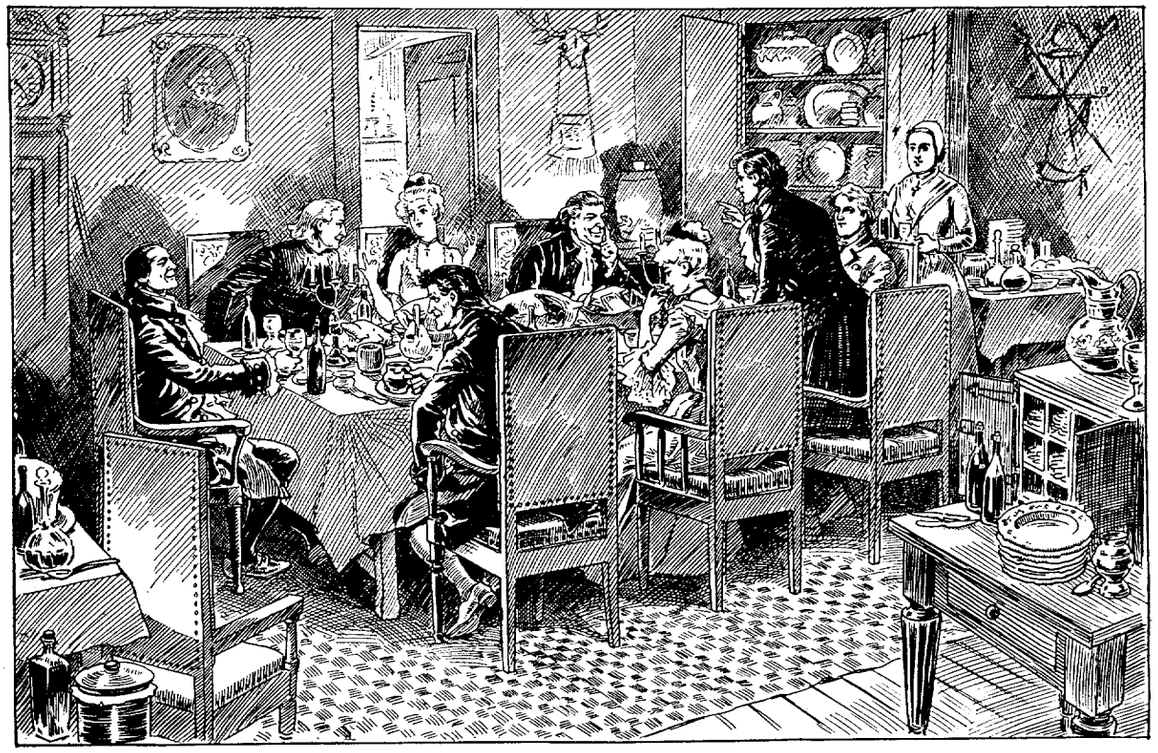
HON. SYDNEY FISHER



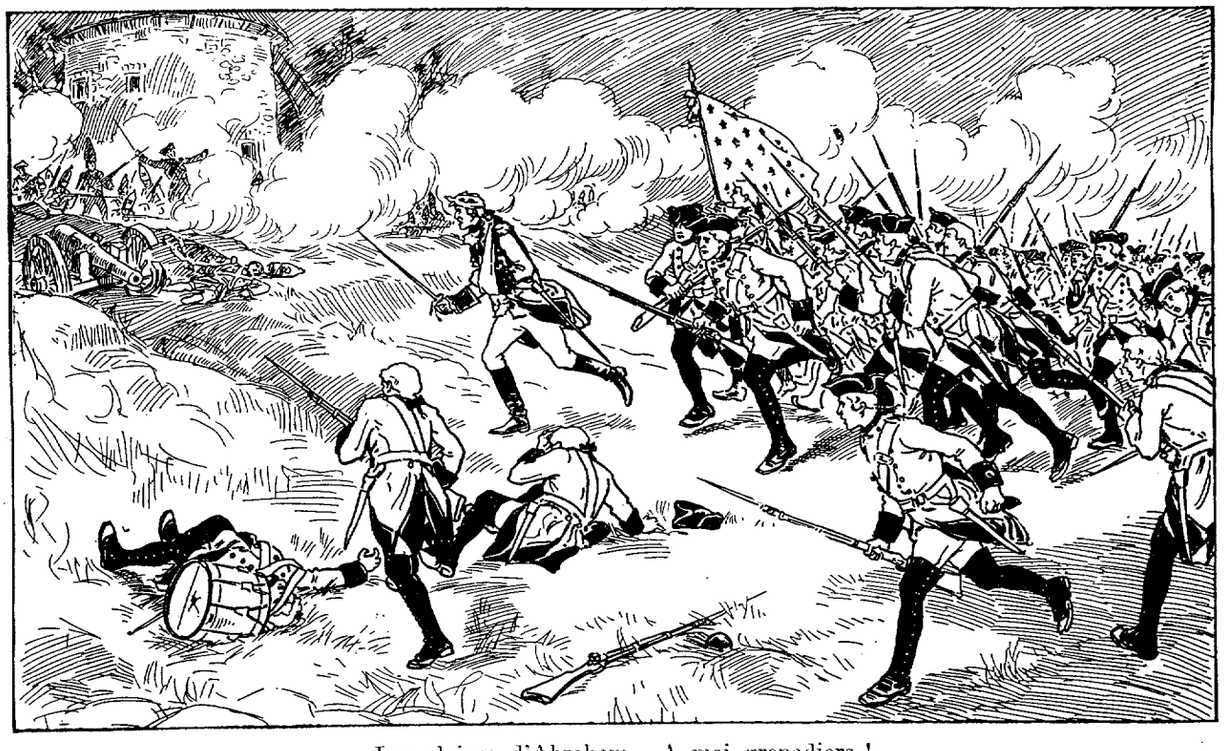
HON. SYDNEY FISHER

Sir Wm. Mulock

ILLUSTRATIONS



Un souper chez un grand seigneur canadien au 18e siècle.
(Les Anciens Canadiens, par P. A. de Gaspé).

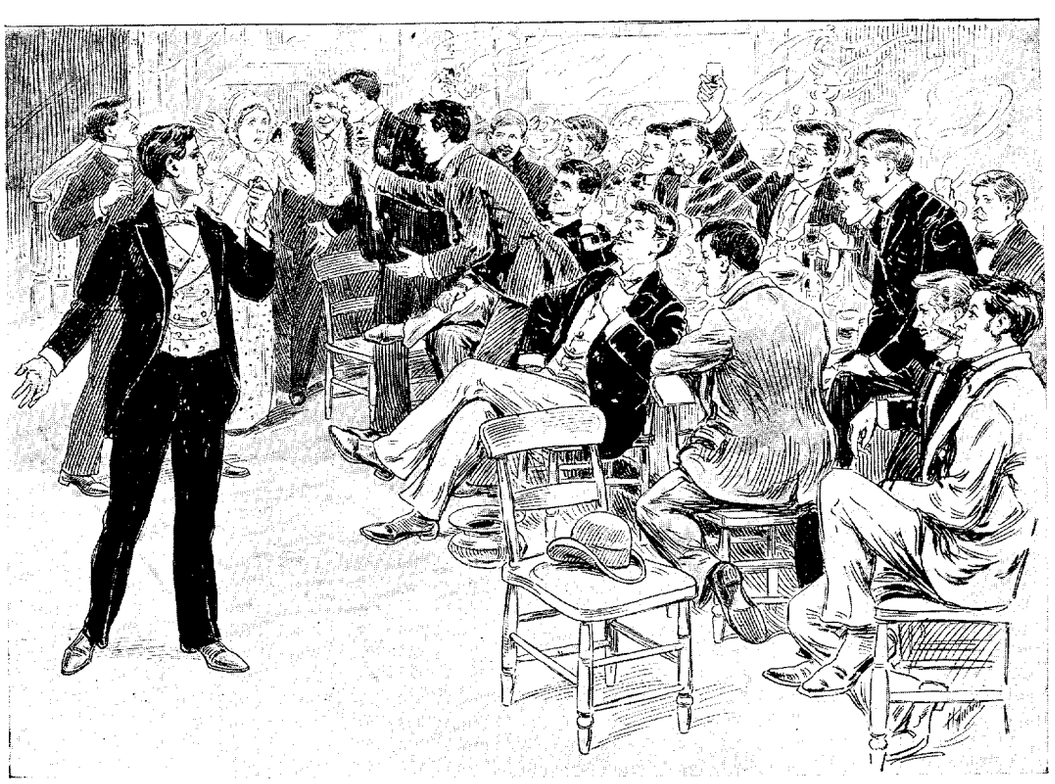


Les plaines d'Abraham. A moi grenadiers !
(Les Anciens Canadiens, par P. A. de Gaspé).

ILLUSTRATIONS

3e acte des "Faux Brillants."— A genoux, misérables!

(Mélanges poétiques et littéraires, par F. G. Marchand).



1er acte du "Lauréat." — La mère Michel : Quel aria! quel aria!

(Mélanges poétiques et littéraires, par F. G. Marchand).

ILLUSTRATIONS

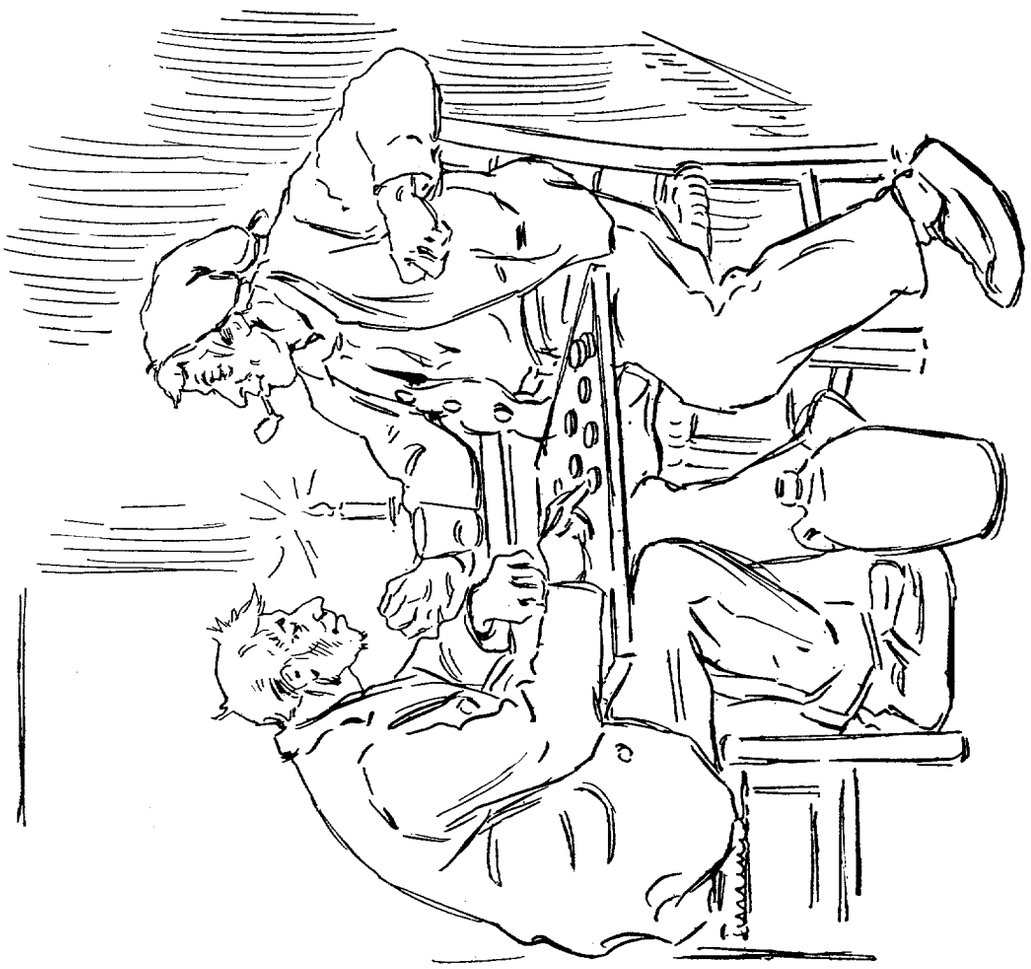
POUTRÉ se remet aux travaux des champs.
(Félix Poutré, par Louis Fréchette)

POUTRÉ assermentant les patriotes.
(Félix Poutré, par Louis Fréchette)

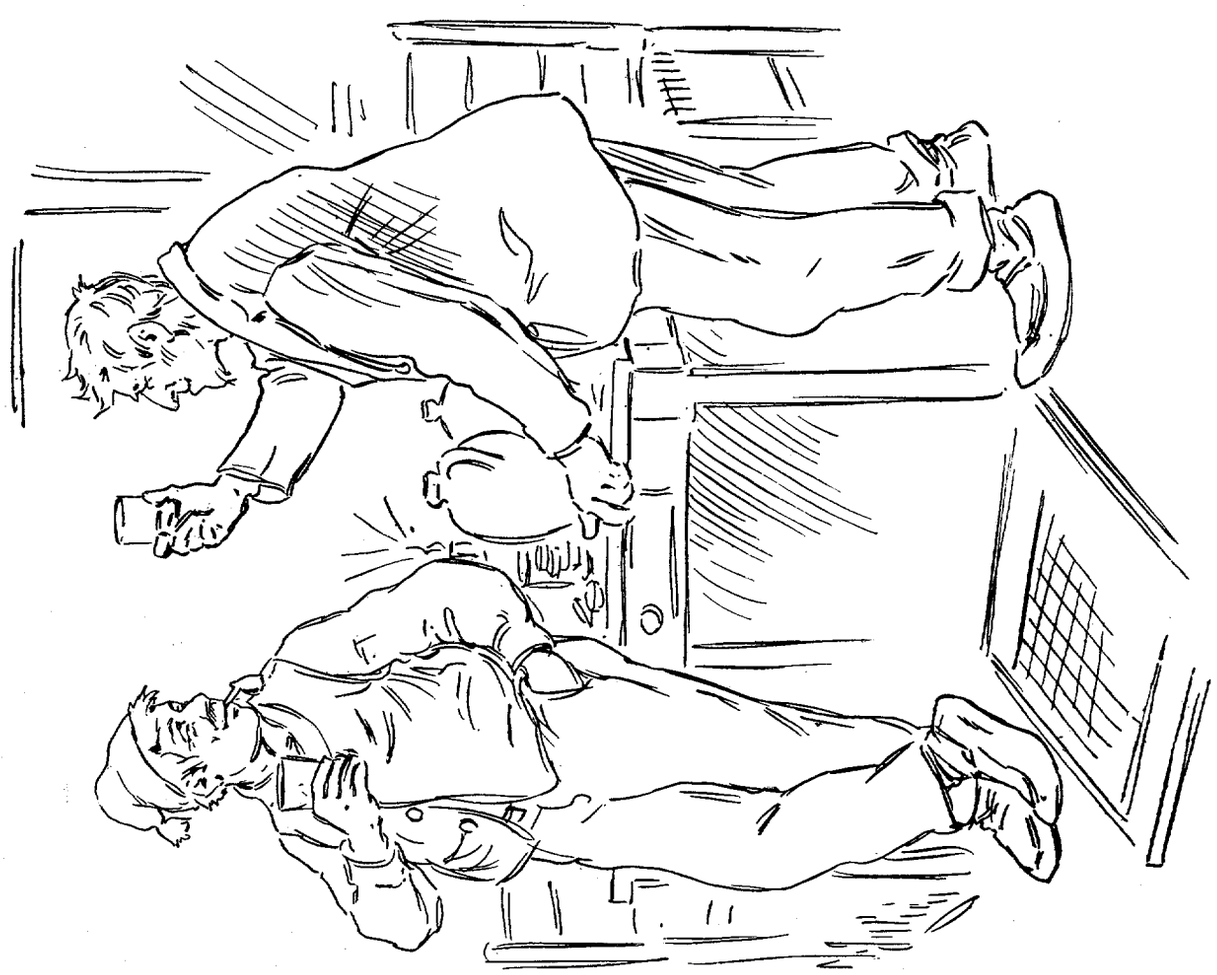
SAINT-DENIS

(La Légende d'un Peuple, par Louis Fréchette).

ILLUSTRATIONS



JOACHIM CRÊTE était un joueur de dames.



Sers-toi, et à ta santé!

ILLUSTRATIONS

Une scène électorale à la campagne.
Et nos deux champions s'attablent face à face sur le perron de l'église, tirant au poignet avec ses électeurs.
(Anecdotes politiques et électorales, par Ls. Fréchette).

Un épi rouge, les amis!
(Le Loup-Garou, par Louis Fréchette).

(La Corriveau, nouvelle de DeGaspé).

ILLUSTRATIONS

A ces mots une voix furieuse part du lit : T'as menti, Brissette !

(Anecdotes politiques et électorales, par Ls. Fréchette).

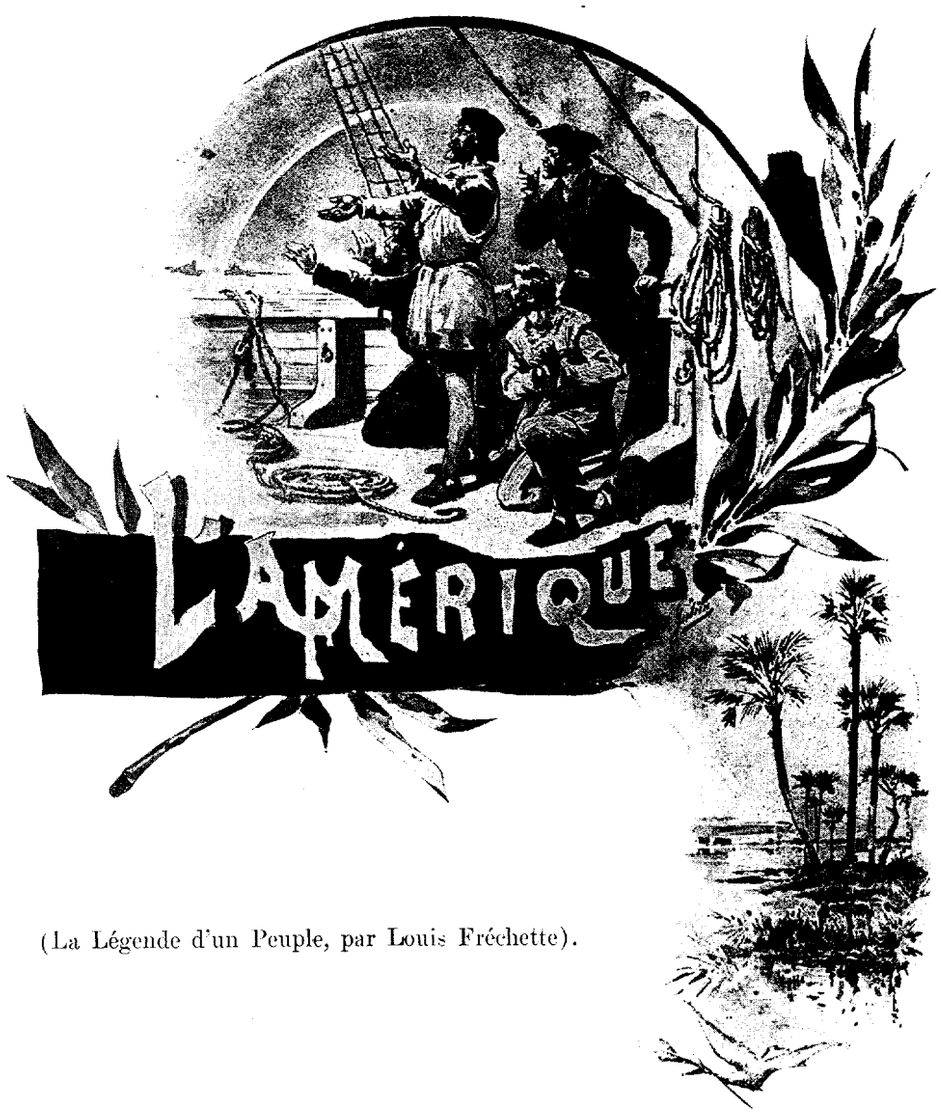
ILLUSTRATIONS

Le cauchemar de José.
(La Corriveau, des Anciens Canadiens).

ILLUSTRATIONS

La débâcle.

(Les Anciens Canadiens, par Ph. Aubert de Gaspé).



(La Légende d'un Peuple, par Louis Fréchette).

(La Légende d'un Peuple, par Louis Fréchette).

3e acte des "Faux Brillants."

MARIANNE : Te voilà joliment harnaché!

(Mélanges politiques et littéraires, par F. G. Marchand)

FATENVILLE. — Pièce.

(Mélanges politiques et littéraires, par F. G. Marchand)

ILLUSTRATIONS

ILLUSTRATIONS

Poutré enlève ses bottes pour marcher sur la neige.
(Félix Poutré, par Louis Fréchette).

(Coq Pomerleau, par Louis Fréchette).

Jos. Violon
Et cric, crac, cra!... Sacatabi, sac-à-tabac!... mon histoire finit d'en par là.
(Le diable des forges, par Louis Fréchette).

Type d'espion.
(Félix Poutré, par Louis Fréchette).

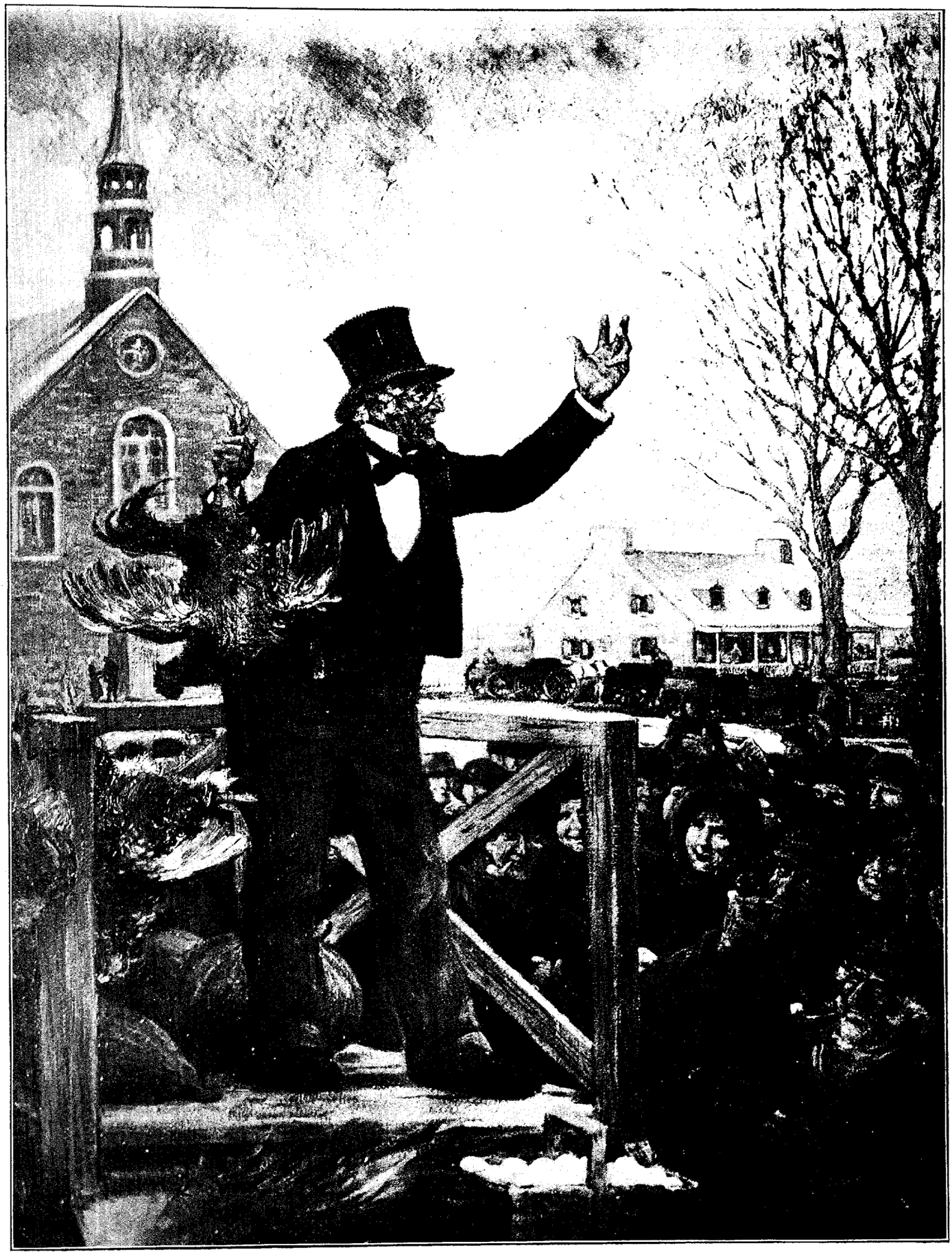
C'était un grand chien noir de la taille d'un homme.
(Le Loup-Garou, par Louis Fréchette).

Ce fut une brosse dans les règles.
(Coq Pomerleau, par Louis Fréchette).

ILLUSTRATIONS

ILLUSTRATIONS

(La Légende d'un Peuple, par Louis Fréchette).



Vente à l'enchère du 1er Novembre.

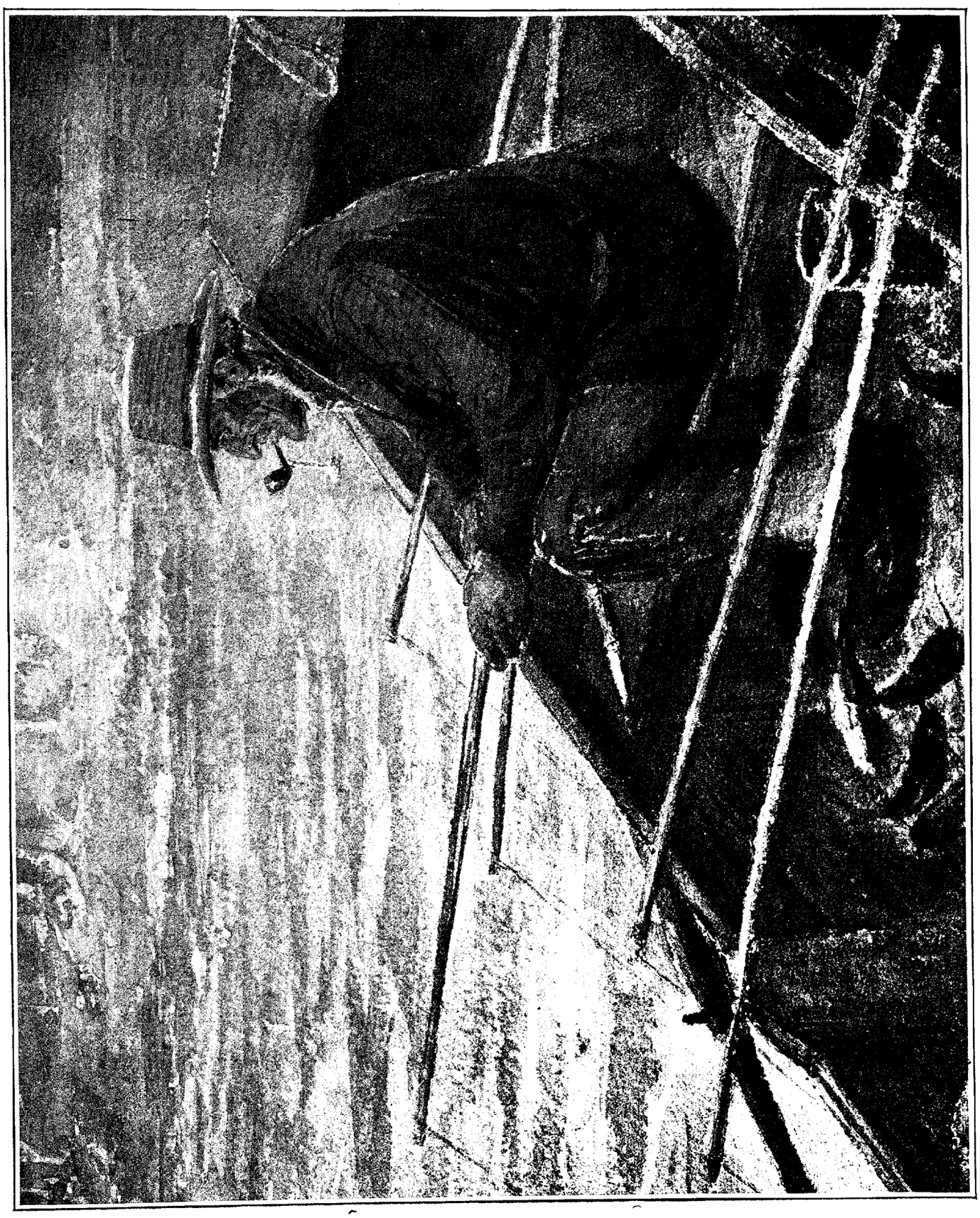
La Chasse-Galerie.

Le fumeur au coin du feu.

La bonne année.

Les sucres.

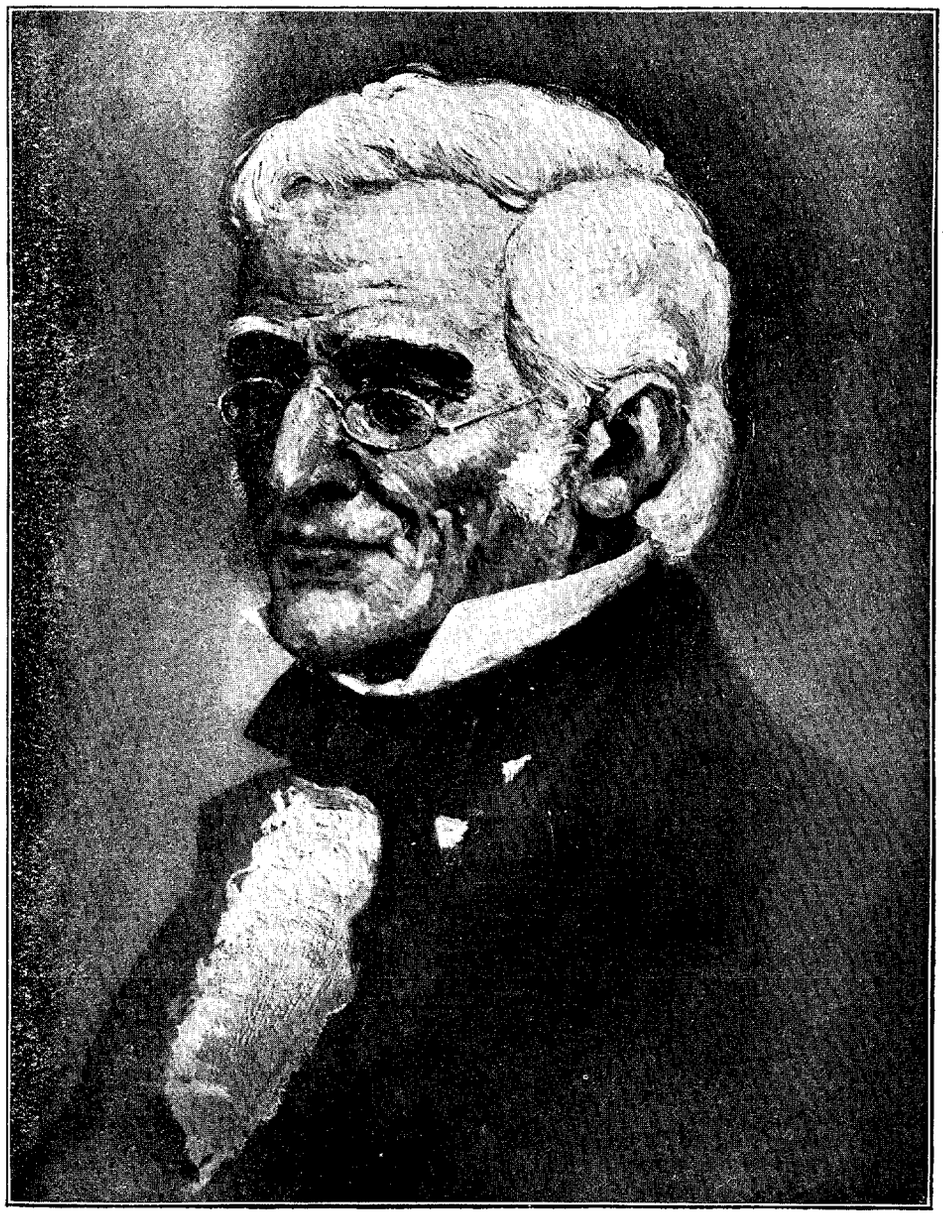
La carriole.



La pêche à la ligne.

Un vieux de "37".

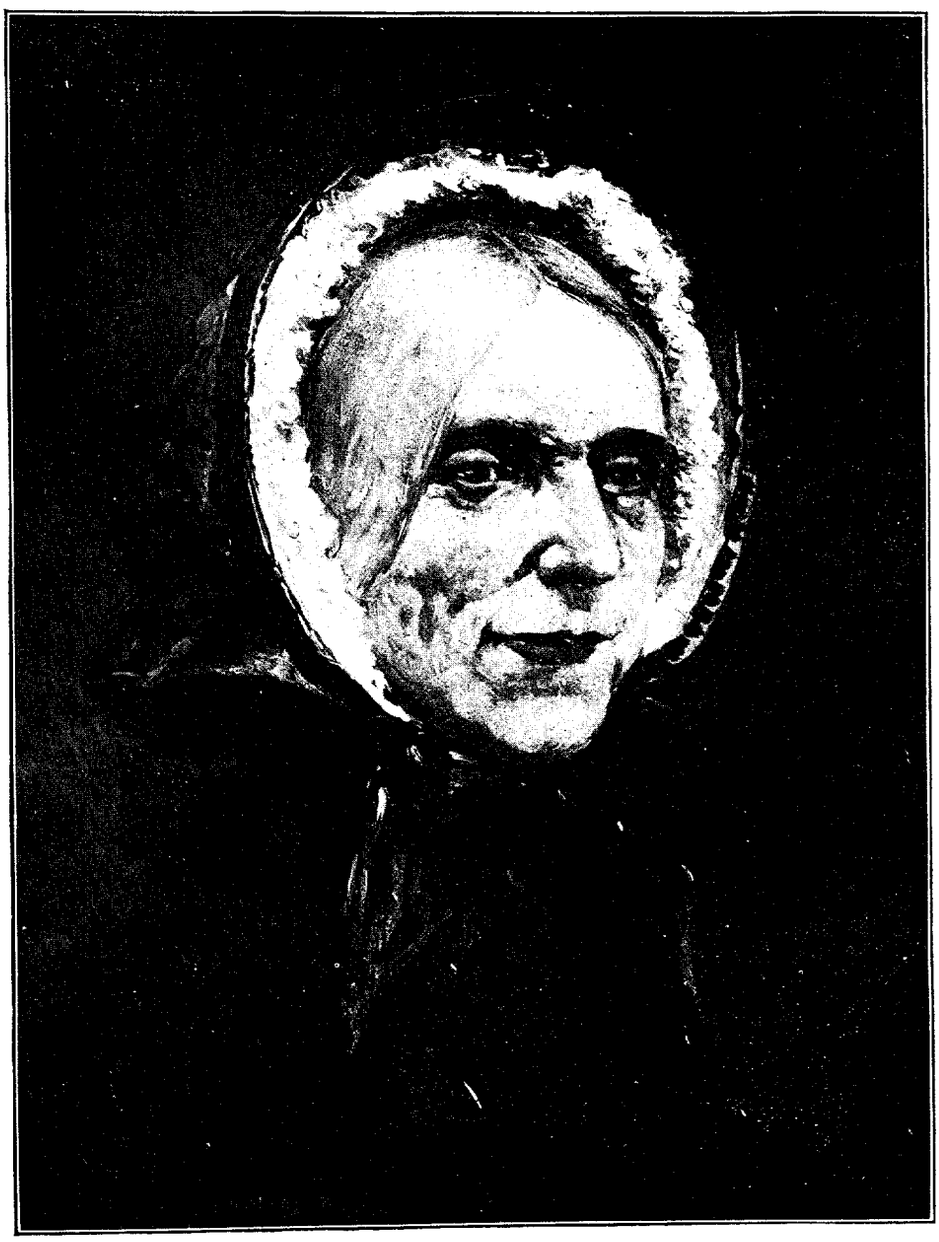
Le tricot.



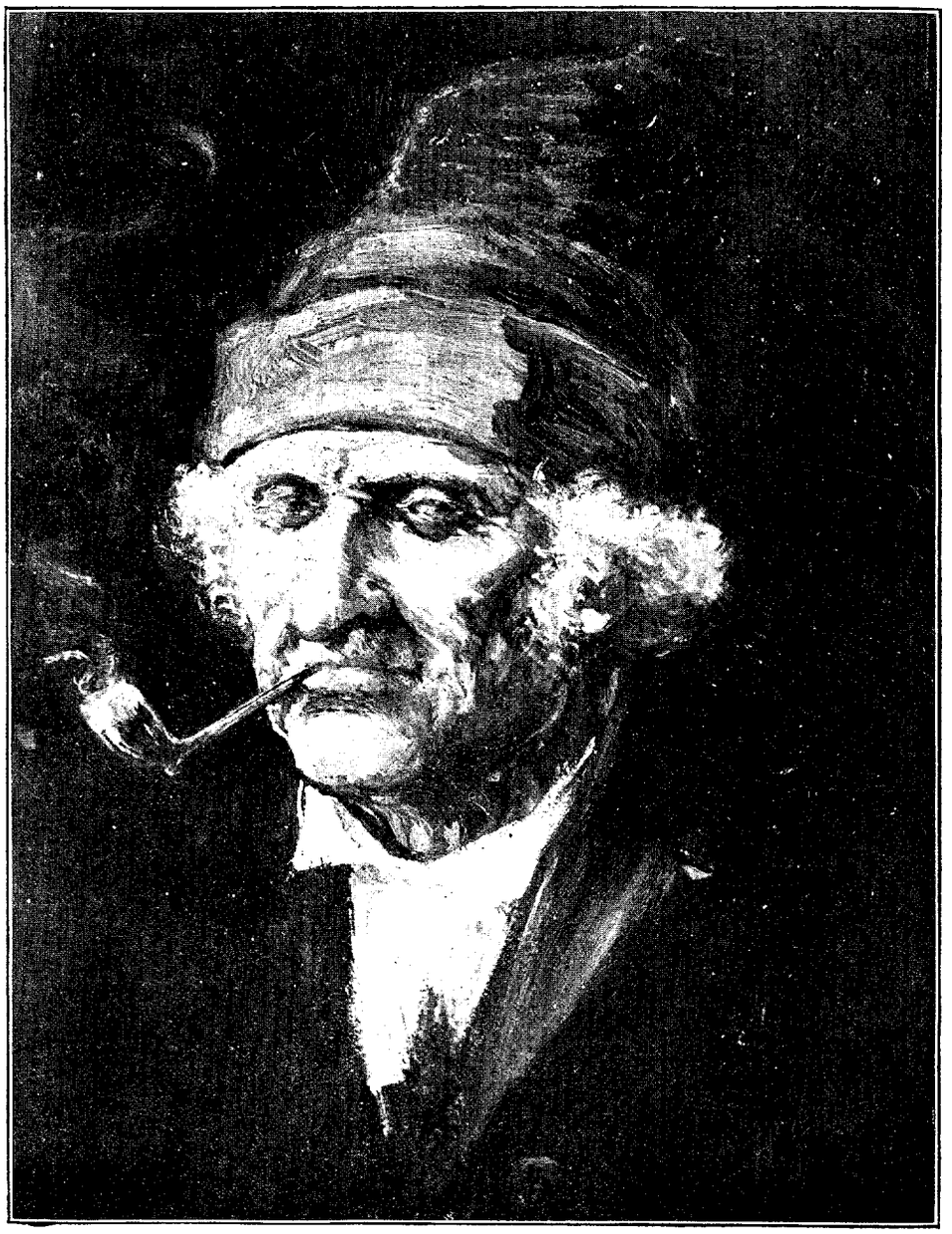
Notable canadien de 1830.

Femme de bourgeois canadien. (1830)

Bourgeois canadien. (1830)

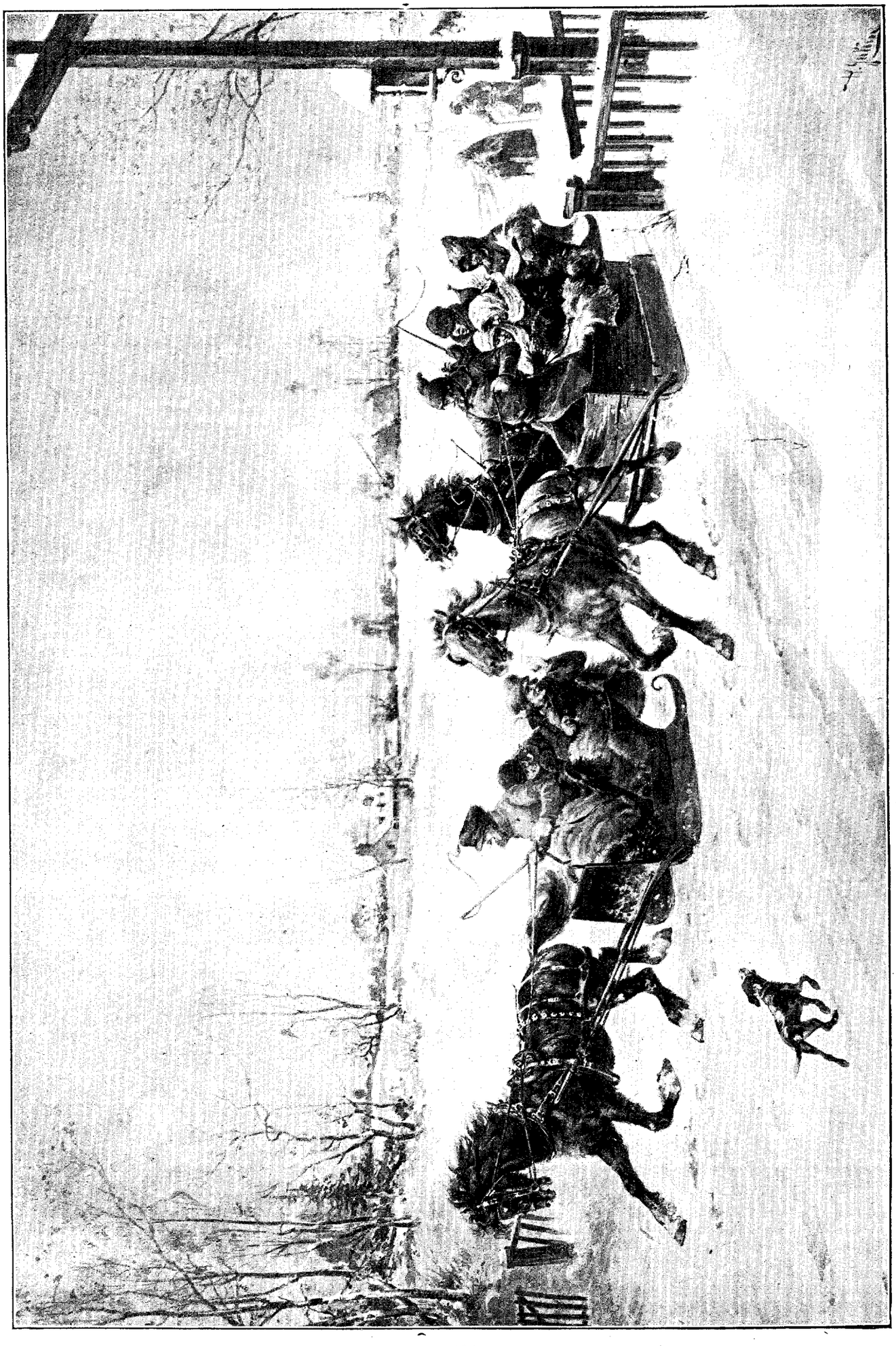


Femme d'un notable canadien. (1830)

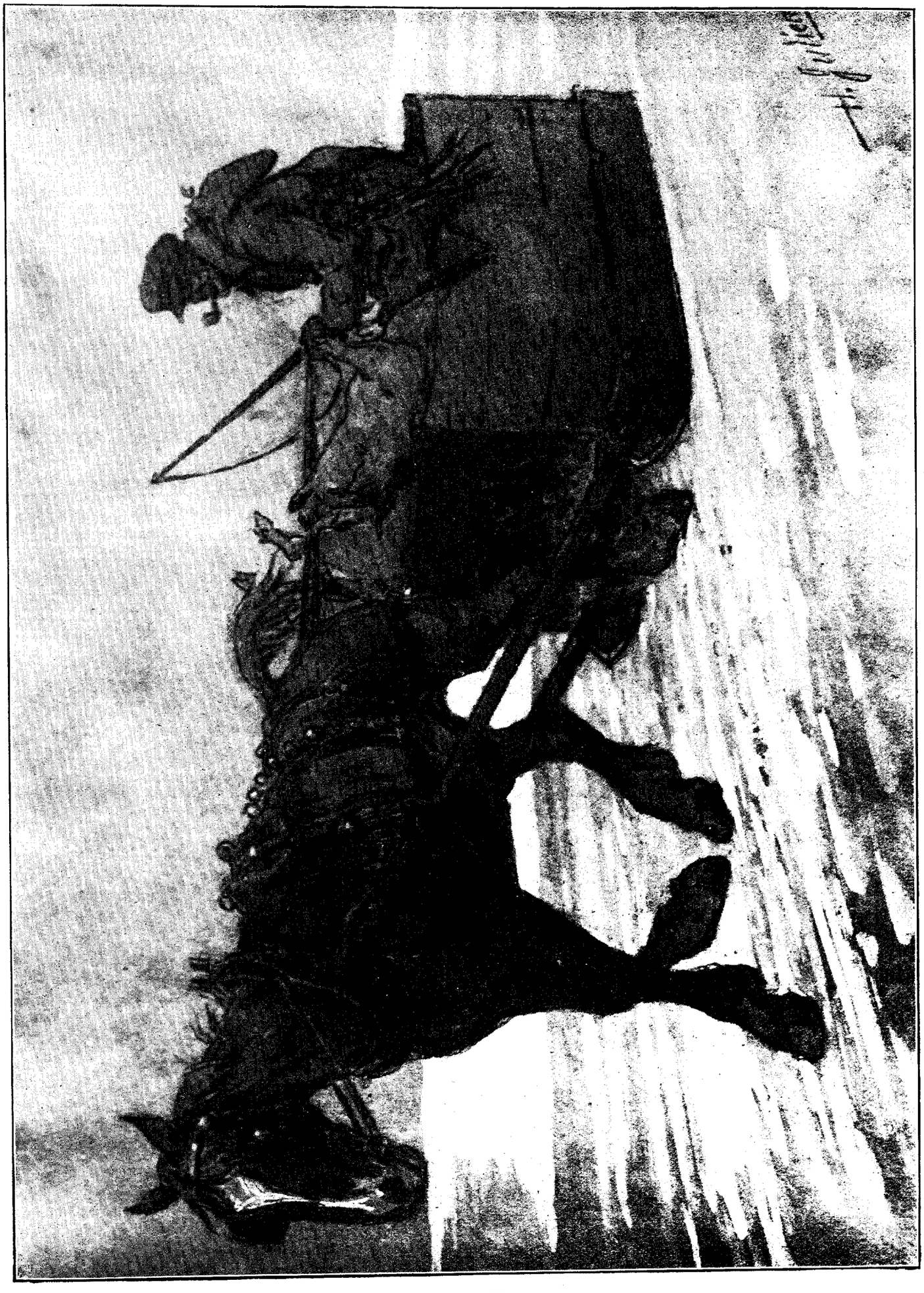


Habitant canadien. (1830)

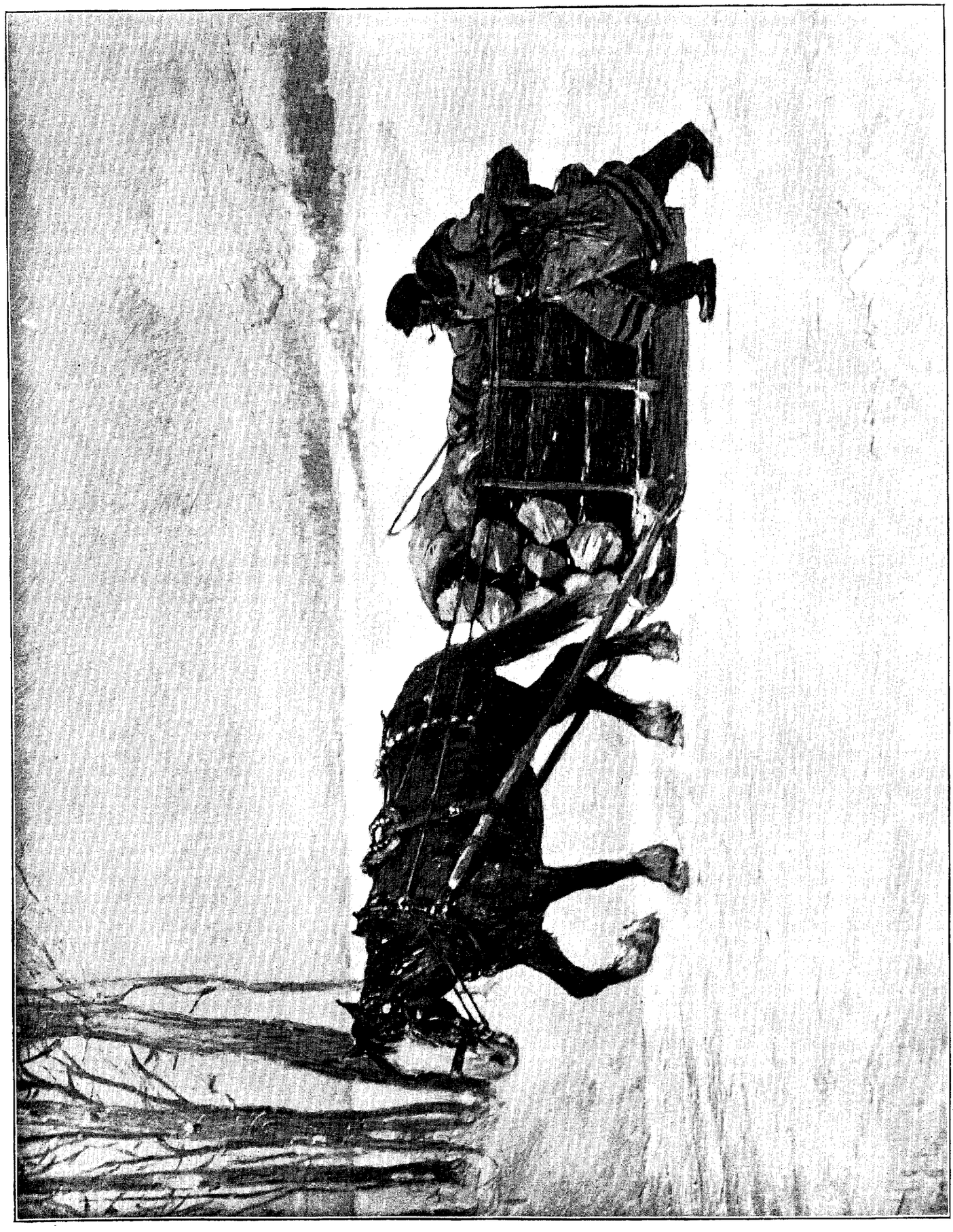
Femme d'habitant canadien. (1830)



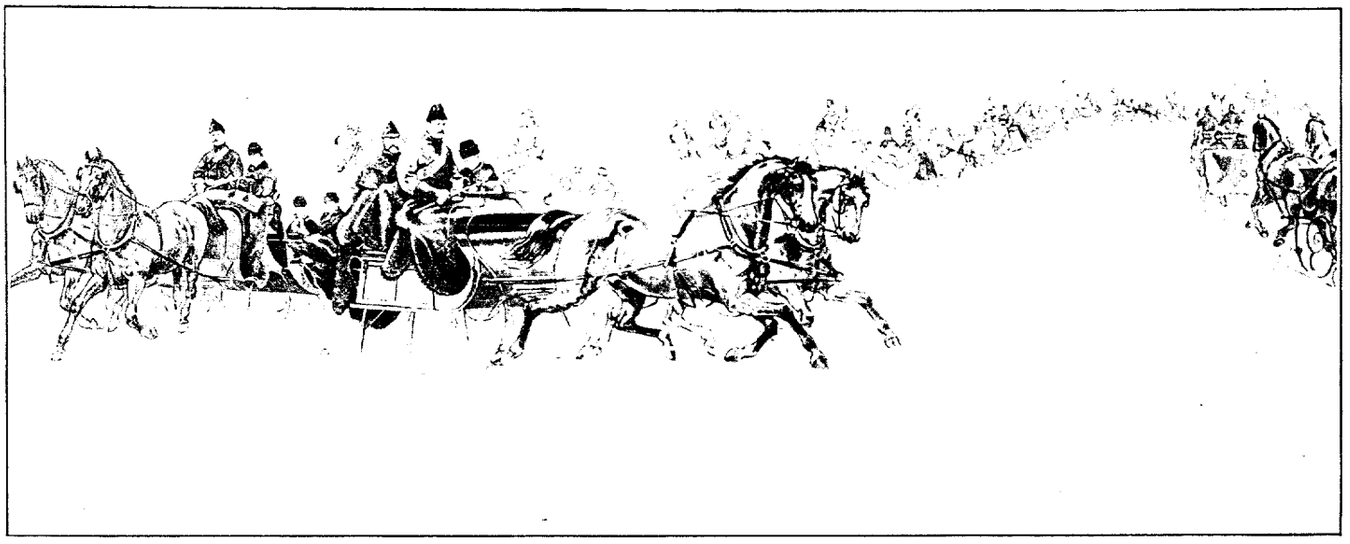
Retour de la messe.



Habitant allant au marché.



Charroyage du bois.



Le "Tandem Club" de Montréal.

Course sur la glace.

The Star. Sept. 18th 1908.

HENRI JULIEN

Those who knew Henri Julien through the medium of his supremely facile and finished art, missed much of what was best of the man. We who knew him as a lovable companion and a loyal brother-in-arms — a man carrying the genius of a great artist in the simple hands of a frank boy — have much more to miss now that the pencil is broken, and the eye, which is at once so keen and so friendly, is closed. It seems a little thing to say now that Mr. Julien was the greatest of newspaper artists. The efforts which were made to entice him away from Montreal showed the sincere opinion on this point held by the best judges. But our friend loved Montreal as a Swiss mountaineer loves his Alps, and could not be coaxed into another life.

What Mr. Julien might have done, had he gone as a boy to the studios of Paris, we shall never know. Most of his work has been given to that modern ephemeral, the newspaper, and will not hang on our walls to gain mellowness and fame from time. In this way however, his speaking pencil has reached millions instead of hundreds, and it will be a long day before his magic power to enclose a portrait in a line will be forgotten. As for the man, it is only the simple truth that he will not be forgotten as long as the men who knew him keep command of memory. His popularity with associates was of an intimate and peculiar kind which leaves an emptiness in the heart.

The Star, Sept. 18th 1908.

HENRI JULIEN

STRICKEN DEAD ON ST. JAMES ST.

Noted Canadian Artist Died Without Warning Yesterday Afternoon.

Henri Julien, Canada's foremost pen and ink artist, and a notable figure in that little group of men who to-day form the art coterie of the Dominion, is dead.

Death came to Mr. Julien under circumstances peculiarly distressing, the end coming with dramatic suddenness. Mr. Julien was at the corner of St. James and St. Francis Xavier streets at a quarter to six o'clock. He had just crossed from the Post Office and was proceeding to complete arrangements for a little holiday he was to have for the week-end. When opposite the office of the Canadian Pacific Railway he stopped, threw his hands high over his head, and fell forward to the path. He struck on his face, the contact cutting open his cheek. When passers-by stopped to aid him, there was a slight movement of his hands, and he was moaning. Ambulances were called for and those of the General and Notre Dame Hospitals responded. The surgeons on their arrival, prompt as it was, were too late, Mr. Julien was dead.

Mr. Frank Murphy, a son of Mr. "Pete" Murphy, was on the walk just opposite Mr. Julien as the latter fell and described the circumstances related in the foregoing. These particulars were also corroborated by Mr. Fred Lydon, who is employed in the railway ticket office, and who saw the occurrence through one of the windows.

The hour was one at which the streets were thick with workers hurrying homewards from their places of business, and the sight of a body prone on the path, naturally attracted considerable attention, and in a couple of minutes there was an immense throng about the place. The ambulance surgeons could not remove the body and the morgue ambulance was sent for. It arrived fifteen minutes later and in it the body was taken away. Meanwhile a policeman guarded the body.

Some friends of Mr. Julien and some of the members of the Star staff identified the body, but as the Julien home on St. Denis street was then closed owing to the absence from Montreal of the family, the body was taken to the Morgue.

Today the remains were taken to Mr. Julien's late residence, 875 St. Denis street, and the funeral will take place from there to St. Jean Baptiste Church.

THE FAMILY AT STE. ROSE.

Mr. Julien's family resided in Ste. Rose during the summer and Madame Julien and the children were there when Mr. Julien was in Montreal.

Eight children, seven girls, survive Mr. Julien. The one son is twelve years of age and was at school.

Mr. Julien had been at work at The Star during the day and in last evening's issue some of his most recent sketches appeared. It had been arranged for him to go to the dinner last night given by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

While Mr. Julien had not been in the best of health, there was nothing to indicate that any serious crisis was impending. Apoplexy was evidently the cause of death. Mr. Julien's father had lived to be seventy-eight and the family was a healthy one. Mr. Julien was a lover of the out-of-doors life and a firm believer in physical hygiene. He was at home in the woods and he was an ardent fisherman. He was a strong swimmer and took considerable exercise in the open air.

IN ART HE EXCELLED.

In the art world Mr. Julien possessed qualifications which made him superior to any black and white artist in America; indeed there are few if any men, who possess the craftsmanship of this Canadian. He was thoroughly conversant with every aspect and every phase of newspaper illustration. Not only could he make the drawing for the illustration, but he could, if necessary, make the plate for the cut. He was a master of every form of known engraving processes and was also qualified for stone work and general lithography. This knowledge, coupled with his skill with pen and pencil secured for him a position rarely attained by any man. But Mr. Julien had other qualities, he was skilled with brush and palette, and those so fortunate as to possess his works in oils and water-color of Canadian types, are indeed rich in art treasures. No man knew the habitant type as did Henri Julien, and to a truthful brush he added a sympathy which gave breath and distinction to some notable works. Mr. Julien's oil work is not widely known to the public. He was not a man to produce for display in exhibitions, and his work was only occasionally seen in the Art Gallery. The two most striking canvases shown by him in Montreal were "Crossing The Ice", and "La Chasse Gallerie", the latter a bold and striking conception of an old legend. Mr. Julien was at home in the Province of Quebec in more senses than one. He knew the real people, the people of the country, he knew their stories and he thoroughly sympathised with them and understood their character, their hopes and aspirations. So he was in a position to place them on canvas and on bristol board to the very life.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

Mr. Julien was born in Quebec. His father was Henri Julien who had had some experience in the printing and lithographing business, and he ended his days as a prosperous merchant in St. Timothee.

Mr. Julien was educated in the schools at Quebec, and when sixteen years of age came to Montreal and entered the engraving firm of the late George E. Desbarats. This firm then published periodicals known as "The Canadian Illustrated News", "L'Opinion Publique" and "The Hearthstone", afterwards known as "The Favorite". After working in various engraving departments, Mr. Julien began to draw, and his sketches appeared in those papers. In 1871, when the first expedition of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police proceeded on the Red River expedition, Mr. Julien accompanied it as an artist, and his art work, which appeared in Montreal, was the first to be done of that great country. His sketches of the Indians and the life of the plains were wonderful portraits and attracted attention throughout the continent. Mr. Julien related amazing tales of the then great unknown land, and his story of a buffalo hunt at Fort Garry is a classic to the friends and associates to whom he had told it.

After returning to Montreal, he rejoined the service of the Desbarats firm and afterwards, when its interests were taken over by the late Mr. George Burland, Mr. Julien entered the employ of that gentleman.

HIS WORK ON THE STAR.

Mr. Julien had been for twenty-two years in charge of the Star's art staff, and for ten years previous to join-

ing this paper he had drawn for its pages. He was amongst the first, if not indeed one of the pioneers, who inaugurated daily illustrated newspaper work. His pen was facile. His portraits were unequalled and he could delineate a man's features with amazing rapidity. A little incident to show his skill. During the visit to Montreal of the justly celebrated Dr. Lorenzo, Mr. Julien went to the operating theatre of one of the local hospitals. He made a couple of sketches of the famous surgeon at work. Then he left the operating theatre and was proceeding out when he was stopped by one of the doctors of the staff. This individual was displeased that a newspaper artist should have invaded the operating theatre. He asked Mr. Julien to allow him to see the sketches. Mr. Julien who had a soul above suspicion, handed the rough drawings to the doctor, who looked at them, then tore the paper in pieces and threw the scraps on the floor. Mr. Julien made no comment, turned on his heel and proceeded from the building. He returned to the office and from memory sketched a drawing, which was a perfect portrait of the great surgeon, and one which attracted the most favorable comment from those who had had an opportunity of seeing Dr. Lorenzo.

Mr. Julien was admirable in his skill with the pen. Some men are specialists and can draw one particular class of subjects, but Mr. Julien held the mirror whether the subject was a person, an animal or an inanimate piece of matter.

A LOVABLE CHARACTER.

The chief of the Star's art staff, he was endeared to the men under him to an extent that made devotees of them all. His slightest wish was their command. He exercised his influence without the least semblance of harshness or discipline. Of late years he had devoted less of his time to written newspaper work. He was intensely patriotic, and preferred to live among his French-Canadian friends than better his prospects in foreign lands. There was always a place awaiting him, but he was proof against mere mercenary enchantment.

Henri Julien was a lovable man. He had a cheery word for everybody. He was kindly and sympathetic and was never heard to speak an unpleasant thought of any man. He was a rare man, a man of charming disposition, honest and honorable and worthy of the warm feelings his fellows expressed towards him.

The news of the death of Mr. Julien was a shock to his many friends outside of Montreal. The Star received messages from the members of the Press Gallery and resident correspondents at Ottawa, and also from members of the profession in the city of Quebec.

ARTISTS PAY TRIBUTE TO CHARACTER AND SKILL OF THEIR LATE FRIEND.

The black and white work and the water colors of the late Mr. Henri Julien have long been in demand in circles where his splendid draughtsmanship and his insight into the character of the French-Canadian habitants have been appreciated. Nearly every art lover in Montreal possesses something which is the work of his brush or pen. Mr. Julien's work in all its wide range was eagerly sought for, and most of his pictures were sold long before they were exhibited. Combined with his thorough draughtsmanship and great originality he possessed that most necessary quality for the true artist-imagination. One happy faculty that was of great service to Mr. Julien in his many years of newspaper illustrating was the wonderful faculty of mentally catching a likeness and retaining it almost indefinitely. This enabled him to carry away impressions of scenes which he found it impossible to sketch at the moment, one of his most interesting drawings that appeared in The Star was the result of this remarkable faculty. Being unable to have access to some sketches he had made on an important occasion, Mr. Julien rapidly re-drew the scene from memory, the portrait of the chief person not only being a splendid likeness, but also full of character, the very spirit of the man being caught and shown.

That Mr. Julien was appreciated by his fellow-artists, a visit to some of the studios showed very fully this morning. In each sole thought seemed to be regret at the loss of a good comrade, kindly friend, and a confrere who stood high in his profession. Everywhere the excellence of the artist was overshadowed by regret that one of his charming personality, unassuming disposition, and fine character should have so suddenly passed away. Concerning his ability there was but one opinion — that he was as fine an artist as he was a man. As one lifelong friend put it this morning: "He was truly unassuming. He had no great faith in his ability, and if you told him he was capable of very wonderful things, he only laughed at you. He was really great".

MR. HEBERT'S TRIBUTE.

"Good comrade and fine artist", was the way in which Mr. Philippe Hebert summed up his appreciation of the late Mr. Henri Julien. "I have known him for over thirty years", Mr. Hebert said, and cannot say enough of his kindly qualities and his splendid abilities. He had the most original talent among our artists. None did similar work, none imitated him. In his Canadian subjects he was quite unequalled, and none could approach him in the understanding of the Canadian habitant character. He was the most essentially Canadian of all our artists. Moreover he was a poet and had the poetic inspiration. He caught the poetry of river life and of the country generally. He had deep insight and saw profoundly the philosophy of the national character. He did much fine work, but he did not do what he could have done, what it was in him to do, had he had the opportunity. Given the chance and the training that comes to many artists, he would have equalled the best painters of the present day in France. His loss will be felt in a very large circle of friends to whom he had deeply endeared himself".

MR. MAURICE CULLEN'S TRIBUTE.

Mr. Maurice Cullen, R. C. A., expressed the deepest regret at the premature death of Mr. Julien, saying that he was sure he only voiced the sincere sorrow that the occurrence had caused in local art circles in which Mr. Julien was so generally admired and honored. He was a man whose popularity was endowed, whose friends were many and who was never known to possess an enemy", said Mr. Cullen. "He was very widely appreciated both personnally and through his work, the latter making him many friends among those who had never had the pleasure of coming under the influence of his genial kindly nature and broad philosophy. As a newspaper artist he was the greatest of his day. He was endowed with wonderful natural talent, and his drawing was very fine. He was well known for his character studies of habitants and his insight into the life of horses was very marked. "I had long begged him", said Mr. Cullen, "to do a set of ten etchings of Canadian habitant life, and had he done these there is no doubt they would have been a great success, artistically and financially. He had carefully considered the project and had made up his mind to carry it out at some future time. He had done much good work, but there was still greater work for him to do."

MR. DYONNET'S TRIBUTE.

Mr. Dyonnet, R. C. A., who has been on terms of intimate friendship with Mr. Julien for over thirty years, said words could not express his profound admiration for Mr. Julien as a man, and his appreciation for him as an artist. "I cannot put either too strongly", said Mr. Dyonnet. "As a man he had many lovable qualities that endeared him to all those who had the honor of his friendship. As a newspaper artist I believe no man in America can do the amount of work that he did and do it with such conscientiousness. As an illustrator he had few rivals and in newspaper work he found his life work. The regret at his life so suddenly cut off will be profound, both among his fellow artists and all those with whom he had been brought in contact in business or his home circle. His death will leave a void, difficult if not impossible to fill.

La Patrie, 18 Sept. 1908.

MORT D'UN ARTISTE CANADIEN DE VALEUR REELLE.

HENRI JULIEN

Il est foudroyé par l'apoplexie, hier après-midi, rue Saint-Jacques, au moment où il s'apprêtait pour aller prendre quelques jours de repos à la campagne.

Henri Julien est mort ! Qui ne connaît pas Henri Julien, pour n'avoir pas, au moins admiré cent fois ses croquis enlevants dont il a gravé trois générations de journaux " Le Canada ", à partir de " L'Opinion Publique " en 1871, jusqu'au " Montreal Star ", en 1908.

Le sympathique artiste est mort, hier, foudroyé par l'implacable apoplexie, et les circonstances qui ont entouré sa dernière minute d'existence sont plus dramatiques que ne l'aurait pensé ce bon et doux garçon, qui depuis quarante ans, passait rue St-Jacques en semblant chercher à ne pas être vu, de ceux qui le rencontraient et qui le connaissaient tous.

Hier, Julien avait le cœur plus joyeux que d'habitude. Il partait en vacance, le soir même et toute la journée, il avait travaillé, assistant à une séance de la cour criminelle et à une séance du congrès des manufacturiers, dans la matinée.

Ces deux croquis que publiait (Le Star) hier soir sont les deux derniers que Julien ait faits.

A quatre heures, hier après-midi, il quitta son harnais, comme il appelait son calepin qu'il portait toujours sous le bras, prêt à toute éventualité. Il mit ordre à ses affaires, rangea ses papiers épars dans son bureau et il se disposa à partir pour deux ou trois jours de repos, dans les grands bois " jaunes ", paysage qu'il affectionnait en artiste passionné.

Il quitta les bureaux du " Star ", en compagnie de son jeune fils unique et se dirigea du côté de la gare depuis plusieurs années l'endroit de villégiature de la famille Julien. Il marchait d'un pas allègre et, semblait en excellente santé. Il distribua force saluts et il paraissait joyeux.

Il était cinq heures et la rue St-Jacques regorgeait de milliers de promeneurs, ses habitués de tous les jours.

En passant en face du St. Lawrence Hall, Henri Julien fit un pas de côté pour éviter un groupe d'hommes d'affaires, occupés à causer ; il salua et passa. Soudain, il leva les bras au ciel et s'affaissa sur le trottoir sans un cri, sans une plainte. Il y eut une seconde d'effarement parmi les spectateurs de cette scène, puis l'on s'empressa pour relever le malade.

Celui-ci gisait inanimé sur le trottoir, couché sur le dos. On s'empara de lui pour le transporter à l'intérieur des bureaux de la Dominion Express Co., autrefois la rotonde du St. Lawrence Hall, où pendant plus de vingt ans, Julien fut une figure si connue et si populaire. Mais, le pauvre ami était mort et n'avait plus besoin de secours terrestres.

Le cadavre fut transporté à la morgue.

On se rend compte de l'excitation que causa un incident de cette nature rue St-Jacques. En un clin d'œil la nouvelle se répandit, on alla en informer les autorités du " Star " dont le personnel accourut ; les passants s'attroupèrent, et lorsqu'arriva le sinistre fourgon de la morgue, toute circulation était interrompue, rue St-Jacques.

Si Henri Julien eut été au milieu de cette foule, que de physionomies intéressantes il eut pu croquer sur le vif ! Hélas, c'était son cadavre inerte que les curieux étaient si anxieux de voir, en ce moment !

NOTES BIOGRAPHIQUES.

Monsieur Henri Julien naquit à Québec, en 1851, et il passa sa jeunesse à St-Timothée. C'est là, au contact de la vie champêtre canadienne, que son goût artistique se développa prenant cette teinte de douce mélancolie que l'on retrouva plus tard dans tous ses magnifiques dessins de scènes canadiennes. Car il fut pardessus tout l'artiste du terroir et la génération actuelle lui doit d'avoir fait revivre le souvenir de la famille canadienne de jadis.

A 21 ans, il entra au service de Monsieur George Desbarats, imprimeur de cette ville, puis, peu après, il passa à l'emploi de la Compagnie de lithographie Burland, en qualité de graveur. Entre temps, il collabora à " L'Opinion Publique ", que dirigeait à cette époque, l'Honorable L. O. David et au " Canadian Illustrated News ". Il publia dans ces deux journaux des dessins faits à la plume qui attirèrent sur lui l'attention du monde artistique. La " Benédiction du Patriarche ", parue dans " L'Opinion Publique " en janvier 1880, est un pur chef-d'œuvre, et son " 12 juillet à Montréal ", paru dans "L'Illustrated News " de la même année, est une peinture émouvante des scènes révoltantes qui marquaient à cette époque, les démonstrations orangistes à Montréal.

Il collabora successivement au " Jester ", au "Canard ", au " Farceur ", au "Monde Illustré ", à " L'Album Universel " et " Le Monde Illustré " de Paris a publié de lui des croquis remarquables.

En 1888, il entra au service du " Star", de Montréal, où son travail le plaça à la tête des dessinateurs canadiens. Sans interruption, depuis 20 ans, il a mis en relief les événements importants de chaque jour et sa signature si bien connue au bas d'un croquis, d'un portrait ou d'une caricature, était le cachet de la sincérité de l'œuvre et commandait l'attention du lecteur. Son art par excellence consistait à faire des portraits à main levée, à l'emporte-pièce, et à ce point de vue particulier il était sans rival au Canada. Son talent hors pair s'est révélé, durant les dernières années, dans la galerie des portraits qu'il fit de nos grands hommes politiques et ses silhouettes et ses ombres de la Chambre de la Commune, sont d'une notoriété légendaire. Telle de ses charges, intitulées " Bytown Coons ", où il a peint de si spirituelle façon les vainqueurs de 1896, porte la marque d'un talent original qui savait être satirique à l'occasion.

La valeur de l'artiste ne le cédait en rien à la valeur du caricaturiste et ses expositions de tableaux aux divers " Salons " de l'Association Artistique Royale Canadienne lui ont conquis la plus enviable renommée. Citons sa fameuse " Chasse Galerie " qui fait aujourd'hui partie du musée national, à Ottawa, " Une canadienne ", " Les sucres ", " Dans le bon vieux temps ", " Le bucheux ", " Bonne année ", " Type du vieil habitant de nos campagnes ", " Going to the market ", " Un vieux pêcheur canadien ", " Rêverie ", "Big John ", " Portrait du vieux trapeur de Caughnawaga ", "Le carnaval de 1889", une fantaisie artistique de premier ordre, et combien d'autres où se révèle un esprit d'observation constamment en éveil et un jugement éprouvé.

Feu Henri Julien a goûté de la vie des camps et il prit part à l'expédition militaire du Nord-Ouest. Il explora les vastes solitudes situées au pied des Montagnes-Rocheuses et vécut au milieu des " Pieds Noirs ". Que d'anecdotes tordantes il aimait à raconter de son voyage d'aventures et il ne manquait jamais de rappeler qu'il avait chassé le bison dans la plaine où s'élève aujourd'hui la prospère ville de Winnipeg.

Comme nous le disons en commençant, ses deux derniers dessins sont une scène de la cour d'assises de Montréal, représentant Frank Smith à la barre, accusé de meurtre et dont le procès s'instruit aujourd'hui même, puis un croquis de la salle des délibérations du Congrès des Manufacturiers Canadiens, au Windsor. Ce dernier dessin que nous reproduisons du " Star " d'hier, est d'une scrupuleuse fidélité. Il fait voir un groupe de financiers écoutant attentivement la lecture de rapport du comité de tarif et la figure centrale est celle de Monsieur Simpson, qui a pris une part prépondérante au débat qui suivit la lecture.

Monsieur Julien était encore dans la force de l'âge et il disait lui-même qu'il ignorait ce que c'est que la maladie.

Il est curieux de constater néanmoins qu'il redoutait l'apoplexie, dont étaient morts victimes, son père et son grand-père. Mais ceux qui le connaissaient n'eussent jamais pensé qu'il disparaîtrait, terrassé par le même mal. Le regretté défunt laisse une veuve, huit filles et un garçon. Deux frères lui survivent aussi.

A la famille éplorée " La Patrie " offre ses plus sincères sympathies.

The Standard, Sept. 20th., 1908.

HENRI JULIEN

Artist, Sportsman and Nature's Nobleman.

An Appreciation of His Amiable Life and Lovable Qualities by a Fellow-worker for Ten Years.

When the golden voice of a great singer is stricken into silence ; when the brillant pen of a famous writer is laid down for ever ; when the pencil drops for all time from the deft fingers of the artist — a solemn hush of benumbing sadness falls upon those who survive. So it was that Canada heard the news of the sudden passing of one whose artistic skill, for a quarter of a century, had made his name a household word to all Canadians. At the end of his day's work, in the cool of the evening, the summons came.

Henri Julien, artist, sportsman, gentleman and friend, was, at the time of his death, in his ability to rapidly record a speaking likeness, probably without a peer in the world. He died in the plenitude of his wonderful powers. His eye was still bright, his natural forces unabated. He passed in the noontide of his vigor.

Endowed by nature with a robust constitution, he had, by constant manly exercises, strengthened and cultivated a frame which seemed able for many years to defy the assaults of time. His newspaper career, in daily delineating the things of interest to thousands of readers, covered practically the history of modern Canada. He was the first daily newspaper illustrator in America. Away back in Rebellion times we find him busy on the Saskatchewan setting forth in his sketch-book the striking incidents of an embryo nation's early serious military campaign. And long before this he had explored the Canadian West to the foothills of the Rockies and penetrated far into the territory of the Blackfeet and the Crees. For thirty years no great political demonstration was complete without the sturdy figure of Mr. Julien conveying to paper with nervous, eager and brilliant strokes, speaking pictures of the chief actors in the Nation's Drama. His work illuminated great disasters, happy celebrations, mournful funeral ceremonies. He was equally at home working with the blare of martial music in his ears, or in the gloom of some great cathedral with pealing organ and chanting choir the accompaniment of his flying pencil. With the grief and the tragedy and the triumphs of the court-room he was also familiar. His pen traced the lineaments of many a brilliant jurist in the full flush of eloquent effort. From the time of Alexander Mackenzie, the features of every famous Canadian statesman came under his wizard-like touch. He told wonderful tales with his pencil ; he touched nothing he did not adorn. His last assignment on earth was to be a picture of the Prime Minister, a man of his own race and religion.

With his great gifts he had an innate modesty that bound him with hooks of steel to his friends. He was an ideal companion ; good humoured, genial and kind. He had, withal, a streak of rare whimsical fun in his disposition, and a stock of anecdotes that never tailed. His brother artists had of him no envy. His mind was well informed ; his courage serene ; and he was thoroughly unworldly. As a sportsman he took a keen interest in fishing, and at his country home at Ste. Rose he loved every summer morning to rise early for a plunge in the river before taking train to the city. For country life he had, indeed, a passionate delight, and loved, above all things, to sketch and paint incidents connected with the homely, virtuous, care-free life of the French Canadian. A romantic touch was not lacking in his disposition, and he liked, at times, to talk of the " loup-garou ", which scares little children, and to paint the Chasse Galerie, which shows the hardy lumbermen, in canoe aloft, whirling through the air on New Year's Eve. His last artistic work of importance was upon the drawings and paintings reproduced in the Tercentenary Number of The Standard, and upon these he lavished all his artist's care. To get the atmosphere he read deeply in French histories of old-time Canadian wars ; of savages struggling with white men in the forest ; of Holy Mother Church and her early work in the wilderness. He studied quaint military plates setting forth the uniforms of long ago ; the style of a gun ; the hang of a sword ; the cut of a vestment ; the cloak of a king ; and then, mixing his oils, he brushed on the canvas three hundred years of history.

While much of his work dealt with recording in black and white the daily happenings of a great city, yet, in many a home to-day, friends of the artist will gaze at a brilliant little piece of French-Canadian life in colors, and breathe a sigh of regret at the passing of a gifted man whose busy pencil is now at rest for ever.

FREDERIC YORSTON.

The Gazette.

HENRI JULIEN DEAD.

Newspaper Artist Stricken in Street Opposite St. Lawrence Hall Yesterday Afternoon.

DIED ON THE SIDEWALK.

Skilful with pencil and brush and worked as newspaper illustrator for 20 years.

Death came with startling suddenness yesterday afternoon, shortly after 5 o'clock, to Mr. Henri Julien, the well-known artist of the Montreal Star. Mr. Julien left the Star office, apparently in good health, and walked along St. James street with his young son. When opposite the St. Lawrence Hall he suddenly collapsed on the sidewalk, dying immediately of a stroke of apoplexy.

At that hour St. James street was thronged, and when Mr. Julien collapsed he was immediately recognized by many in the hurrying crowds, who rushed to render any assistance possible. Mr. Julien was carried into the office of the Dominion Express Co., formerly the rotunda of the St. Lawrence Hall, but it was speedily seen that he was beyond the reach of earthly help. The morgue was notified and the body was removed there.

Mr. Julien was 52 years of age and leaves a widow, eight daughters and one son, who was with his father when the fatal seizure came. At the present time Mrs. Julien and the family are at their country house at St. Rose, where it has been their custom for many years to spend the summer months. Mr. Julien had arranged to go there to-day to take a short holiday. Last night he was assigned to attend the banquet of the Manufacturers' Association to make some of his well-known sketches. In the forenoon he made a sketch of the murder trial in the Court of King's Bench. Half an hour before he was so suddenly taken off, he was discussing the chance of getting a day or two in the country, and had arranged to deliver his drawings at the office early this morning, so that he might be free for the balance of the week.

While undoubtedly one of the most skilful newspaper artists in Canada, his work being known all over the Dominion, Mr. Julien had won recognition among the little band of native Canadian painters. For some years he contributed to the various exhibition of the Royal Canadian Art Association, and at a recent exhibition his painting, " Chasse Galerie ", not only won praise, but was purchased for the national collection in Ottawa. His work, giving little glimpses of habitant life, was of a high order, and many of the scenes in the everyday life of the French-Canadian peasantry were taken from his recollections of boyhood days spent in the neighbourhood of Beauharnois.

Mr. Julien started out in life with the Burland Lithographing Company, where he worked as an engraver, but for the past 20 years he has been with the Star, where his work placed him in the front rank of Canadian illustrators. His chief art was the ability he possessed to sketch, at high speed, portraits, and his work in this respect was without a peer in the Dominion.

Mr. Julien was a man in the prime of life, and frequently used to state laughingly that he had almost forgotten what illness was. He was passionately fond of the Canadian woods, and his spare days in the summer were spent in the open air, away from the heat and bustle of the city. Strange to say, he always had a dread of apoplexy, his father and grand-father having been taken off suddenly by the same affliction. But those who saw Mr. Julien of late never dreamed for a minute that he would be carried off in the prime of his life by a similar attack.

In the early seventies Mr. Julien joined the military expedition which explored the Northwest as far as the Blue Grass Hills, on the foothills of the Rockies. The expedition went into the territory occupied by the Blackfeet Indians, and he used to tell many stories of his life there. One of his favourite stories was how he had hunted buffalo within sight of Old Fort Garry, where now stands the thriving city of Winnipeg.

An unassuming man, with a kindness of disposition which had marked his every-day life, the news of the sudden passing came as a great shock to his many friends in the city last night.

Extract from the "Gazette" Montreal, Friday, Sept. 18th, 1908.

The Montreal Daily Mail, October, 28, 1914.

Art and Artists

HENRI JULIEN.

(BY M. J. MOUNT).

A "true caricature", says Theophile Gauthier, "should reproduce the actual features of the model, with enough exaggeration and deviation from the original to render it ridiculous, while it yet remains easily recognizable."

This may be applied to the work of the late Henri Julien, Canadian "Artist, 55 sportsman, and nature's nobleman", as he is called by his old friends.

Never was humorous observation more keen to record the salient characteristics of the people. Never a buffoon — yet his pencil gave with an ironical witticism the amusing turn of a topic or of an anecdote, as well as that of a silhouette. His work was "l'ideal reverse", which has been very happily stated as the true definition of caricature in the higher and more special sense.

Henri Julien was born in St. Roch, Quebec City, in 1854. During his youth he followed his father from one city to another, Mr. Julien, the father, was a manager of the Desbarats Co., King's Printers, and following the gouvernment firm went from Quebec to Toronto, to Montreal, and finally to Ottawa. There young Julien entered the well known Ottawa College where he completed his education, and there he acquired such a proficiency in the English language, that he could express himself as fluently as in his mother tongue. And ever through life he counted as many friends and admirers among the English as among the French element.

During his residence in Ottawa the close contact with the Government, its atmosphere and the personalities met there, enabled him later to make with pen and pencil those inimitable sketches of the chief actors in the nation's drama from the time of Alexander Mackenzie, close to the last days of Laurier.

When Henri Julien had reached his 21st year he entered the Burland firm, which had replaced the Desbarats, and then began his career as illustrator for "L'Opinion Publique", and "The Canadian Illustrated News". During the Riel rebellion, this paper sent him to the North West, at that time almost a wild country, but being rapidly opened to the settlers. He always referred to this trip with pleasure; for he gathered there a lot of experience and information.

Upon his return to Montreal he went in for satirical illustration, which soon ripened into a medium which was always sharp, without malice. He eschewed the spiteful attacks on individuals, his work always being done in a spirit of kindly ridicule, to amuse: and yet by an infusion of sly caricature he added piquancy to the representation.

In 1888 he joined the staff of the "Montreal Star" and became the first daily newspaper illustrator in America. Then for twenty years he was the vogue, by his sketches of events, or portraits of personalities, which were systematically used in reinforcement of the pen, as a powerful political weapon, or as a lash for the social foibles of the day.

Among his most famous cartoons which appeared from time to time were "The By-Town Coons". Laurier, who was then in power, and his ministers, were the subjects of jest. These sketches were so enormously sought for, that they were afterwards published in pamphlet form. On the front cover, all the "Coons" (premier and ministers) are seated, minstrel fashion in a semi-circle, with their different instruments: banjos, bones, accordions, drums, etc. Then on each page is a cartoon of each "Coon" in characteristic poses and gestures. Accompanying each is a parody on a popular song, telling of their aspersions and their foibles. On the back cover is another cartoon: four ministers, returning from Washington after a fruitless trip. The dejected and forelorn look on their countenances walking along a railway track, in rags, and their bundled instruments, in the pouring rain, is a most striking tale of woe; telling of the feeling of those poor discomfited and benumbed envoys.

The truthful yet consistent refinement of his work was remarkable and very typical; and far from losing by this, his work was more trenchant and more vigorous. He had an inexhaustible fire of imagination; his wit always at the tip of his pencil, and what eloquence! when he painted those familiar scenes of Canadian life, or illustrated its folk lore!

Henri Julien was the first and most genuinely national and characteristic artist of caricature in Canada. He was truly a pioneer as a caricaturist proper, and in the higher sense of the word, for we are made to feel that the artist loved and admired what he bade his public to smile at. None so far in Canada can be compared to him; he is a caricaturist linked to an historical painter, for his work will remain as portraits of the epoch.

Standing above and apart from all the rest is a master piece "The Pageant Historical Procession", which he made for the Quebec Tercentenary the summer before his death. This piece of work took him three months of constant work; for he had to make researches, to study — and to study deeply into every detail — the history of Canada to finish on time what is now considered the finest walking history of Quebec on canvas. All the celebrated and illustrious personages since its foundation are represented there, in the correct garb of their period carrying the emblems and banners relating to each epoch. This piece of work alone would vindicate his right to a place among the prominent artistic individualities of his time.

A most characteristic incident is told of the man, and of his wonderful facility at work. At the time that Doctor Lorenzo, the celebrated Viennese surgeon paid Montreal a visit, Henri Julien went to the hospital to get a sketch of the man, at work, if possible. He was standing aloof in the operating room when the famous physician noticed his presence; so, he inquired what he was doing, and asked to see the sketch. This he immediately tore to pieces and threw on the floor. Julien never winced. He took up his hat, lit a cigar, and leisurely walked out, with a smile. The moment he got to his studio, he sat down and from memory made a faithful copy of the original sketch, so ignominously torn up, which appeared in the newspaper the next day.

Henri Julien died at work, when coming out of his office on Sept. 17th, 1908, a few minutes after tracing the last stroke to his daily cartoon, which appeared in the newspaper the day after his death. Never was regret more sincere among the fraternity of the pen and the brush, than that caused by the death of Henri Julien. Never was void more irreparable among his admirers, and to art in Canada.

One of the most finished artists, as to talent, none have been able to render the Canadian types and scenes more truthfully, more vigorously than he. He had grasped the Canadian spirit with its characteristics; the rustic and national element of our country folks, as well as their horses and burleaus he painted with the feeling of one who understood and who grasped every detail, every peculiarity. A man of noble aspirations and ideals, Henri Julien was also an ideal and good humored companion; most generous hearted with his work or his moments; and many artists are indebted to him for ideas and advisory criticism of their work, for he was a faithful apostle of art for art's sake.

He was not only a draughtsman without an equal on this continent, but often he laid aside the pencil for the brush, to paint small genre pictures of Canadian subjects, which were received with great success. Many have been hung in our exhibitions; and some are now said to be in private collections in England. Many regret that his leisures did not permit him to devote more time to painting.

It was in Canada that he was born and in Canada that he spent the whole of his life. He was many times offered tempting and advantageous positions outside of his country, but his heart was here, and he would not leave his native land, the land of which he often repeated with Cartier — "O! Canada, mon pays, mes amours."

From Montreal Daily Herald

September 18th, 1908.

The news of the death of Henri Julien, the widely known newspaper artist, came upon his friends yesterday afternoon with a suddenness as shocking and as painful as his death itself was swift. He was stricken with apoplexy — a disease of which he had always entertained an unreasoning dread, and of which his father and grandfather had died — on St. James street, opposite the St. Lawrence Hall, while walking with his only son. It was shortly after 5 p.m., and the street was crowded at the time. Many friends who recognized him ran to his assistance, but nothing could be done, and he was dead ere he could be removed into the offices of the Dominion Express Co. opposite.

Apparently in the best of health, Mr. Julien had made a sketch of the police court in the morning, and was to have attended the banquet of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at night. He had arranged to leave after this for his country house at Ste. Rose, where his wife and eight daughters were awaiting him.

Nobody had any idea he was ill. Indeed he seemed to be in the best of health and spirits, looking forward, as he always did, to the peace and quiet of his holidays in the country.

Fifty-two years of age, he was a tremendously hard worker. At times he literally slaved, after his work for the newspaper was done, painting and doing commission work at his own home. He always detested city life. He was a born lover of the country, and whenever he could slip away for a day's fishing or painting in the woods he would do so.

JULIEN, THE ARTIST — AN APPRECIATION.

The death of Henri Julien robs Canada of her greatest newspaper artist, and hundreds of Canadians scattered all over the Dominion of a delightful friend. He was a man who, with the best possible right to speak, was never heard talking of his own work. In him the modesty of the true gentleman found striking and poignant expression. And many a man will miss his kindly greeting, his never-failing, somewhat wistful smile, his quiet but cheery chat, and the handclasp that spoke, perhaps more eloquently than aught else, of the sterling sincerity of the man.

He was a self-made man. He had but little tuition, but he was a born artist. Starting life as a lithographic engraver, he made his way by merit. There was nobody to push him forward, and his own unassuming personality rather bespoke retirement than otherwise. But he spent all his spare time studying, with pencil and with brush, and in those early days he turned out many delightful little sketches.

For over twenty years Henri Julien had been a newspaper artist in Canada. His work is known from coast to coast, and over the border he had a host of admirers. He was chiefly known through his newspaper work as a portrait artist, and he drew portraits with astounding speed and often wonderful vividness and strength.

His experience as an engraver had taught him the value of fine, clean work, economy in lines, and unfailing accuracy in draughtsmanship. And these principles he carried into all his work. It was a treat to watch him at work on a portrait. A few quick, sure strokes, a swift touch here and there, often no more than indicating some prominent personal characteristic in the face he was sketching, and then as likely as not the subject would assume such an attitude that further work was impossible. Julien would stop drawing, peer at his subject for a few minutes over his glasses and then quietly close his sketch book and slip away. He carried with him an impression of the face, and he could, with the most meagre outlines thus shorthanded, complete wonderful portraits.

Occasionally — very occasionally — he would fail; but in these instances, rare enough, it was invariably some distortion due to light and shade effect that caused the failure. He knew when he had failed, and would announce before hand with whimsical frankness that his portrait was "no good".

As an illustrator, apart from portrait work, he was skillful and strongly convincing. His work was anti-impressionistic; often as fine as silverpoint, always characterized by a certain definite delicacy, and never careless or indeterminate. And it was all done as swiftly as were his portraits. I have seen him sketch a tree with five strokes of his pencil, and he did not touch it afterwards, but it stood of the picture a dominant note, accentuating the destination of the scene he had depicted with strange vividness and power.

Henri Julien was not alone a newspaper artist, however. He himself preferred that his paintings should stand for his best work, and in this direction his output was exceptionally large, varied, and good. He never cared for crowds. He was a child of nature all his life, and he loved nothing so much as to get away, far away into the depths of the woods, where, seated beside some rushing brook or peaceful lake, his pipe between his teeth, he would sketch for hours and hours or paint as his fancy dictated. He knew the woods; none better. He knew every aspect of Canadian outdoor life. He knew the habitant and his ways; the old legends; the quaintness, the humor, and the pathos of habitant life. And he expressed these in scores of delightful little sketches which will be treasured in days to some.

Curiously enough, his method with the brush was very different from that with the pencil. His best work was that in which he employed the broadest treatment. He had a remarkable eye for the bizarre in color schemes, and he often indulged in daring combinations and arrangements, but almost always with success.

Little corners of landscape that everybody else had missed he would seize upon and transfer to his canvas, bringing out their beauty with sure and skilled touch.

Running water he could paint in a masterly manner; cloud effects he tackled with artistic daring, and his technique in this type of work particularly was impressive.

Death struck him down in his very prime as an artist. One of the best things he ever did was the now famous "Chasse Galerie", a small but powerful and intensely dramatic representation of the weird old legend on canvas which now hangs in the national collection at Ottawa, and which has been copied and admired by many of the most famous artists on the north American continent. Those who saw it when it was hung in a recent exhibition of the Royal Canadian Association will recall the suggestion of the unearthly, the grim tragedy of the composition, the masterful coloring, and the compelling power of the shadowy figure of the devil that was one of its most haunting features.

He was proud of his work, in his own quiet way. His whole heart was in his art, and he was never so happy as when he could get away from the noise and turmoil of city life into the quietude of the country and paint and sketch and fish at leisure.

A French-Canadian with a rich fund of all the best qualities of his race, genial, warm-hearted, affectionate, he stood for a fine product of a type all too rare. The glitter and glamor of society had no appeal for him; he did not understand it, but he did understand nature in all her varying moods, and these he strove unceasingly to express in varying guise and form.

He was present at the great state dinner given to the Colonial representatives during the Tercentenary celebrations at Quebec. The following day, asked how he had enjoyed it, he said, "Pouf! I would rather have been back of Lac Nominingue. Twill be good fishing there today."

That was typical of the man and his work. Crowds were uncongenial to him. The woods and the myriad voices of nature had for him a never failing appeal. And he was a child of nature, unspoiled and untrammelled all his life.

His genial self is gone; but he will live in the memories of his friends as a clever artist, a sympathetic friend, and a most lovable personality — one of nature's perfect gentlemen.

La Presse, 18 Sept. 1908.

La mort l'étreint brutalement

Henri Julien, l'artiste incomparable, dont les oeuvres faisaient l'admiration de tous les connaisseurs de notre continent, est foudroyé par l'apoplexie, en pleine rue Saint-Jacques, hier soir — Ses derniers dessins.

L'ART CANADIEN EN DEUIL

Henri Julien n'est plus. L'artiste distingué que nous admirions tous, a succombé, hier après-midi, à la brutale apoplexie. Il était un peu plus de 5 heures, quand il quitta son atelier du "Star", avec son fils. Ils passaient devant le "St. Lawrence Hall", lorsque tout-à-coup, M. Julien s'affaissa sur le trottoir. Des amis, — il en comptait partout — coururent à son secours, et le transportèrent dans les bureaux de la "Dominion Express Co." ; mais la vie était éteinte.

M. Julien était âgé de 52 ans ; il laisse pour le pleurer une veuve, sept filles et un fils. Mme Julien est à Sainte-Rose où la famille passe l'été depuis plusieurs années, et l'artiste avait décidé de les rejoindre aujourd'hui. Hier soir, il devait aller au banquet des Manufacturiers Canadiens faire quelques dessins pour son journal. Dans l'avant-midi, il avait fait, en Cour d'Assises ,le portrait de Frank Smith, accusé de meurtre et le groupe de manufacturiers en séance que nous reproduisons. Il devait remettre de bonne heure ce matin, ses travaux de la soirée pour s'en aller passer le reste de la semaine à Sainte-Rose.

Il en parlait, une demi-heure avant sa mort, se faisant une joie d'enfant de se reposer pendant quelques heures auprès de sa famille : "Je ne connais pas ce que c'est que la maladie", aimait-il à répéter, et la maladie l'a frappé sans pitié, comme pour se venger de cette parole.

Sa famille ne sera pas seule à le pleurer, car l'Art canadien perd en lui un de ses protagonistes les plus distingués. Il était universellement connu par ses dessins si vivants, si ressemblants, d'une finesse et d'une précision si élégantes.

Il nous souvient qu'il y a quelques années, le bruit courut qu'il allait laisser le "Star" pour accepter les offres alléchantes que lui faisait un journal de New-York ; mais il préféra rester où il était. M. Julien n'était pas seulement dessinateur, c'était encore un peintre distingué, et tous ceux qui fréquentent les expositions de l'Association des Beaux-Arts ont admiré chaque année, des toiles de lui qu'auraient signées avec joie beaucoup de peintres renommés. Sa "Chasse-Galerie" est une merveille qui a été achetée par l'Etat pour le musée national d'Ottawa. Il avait passé son enfance à la campagne, et il en avait gardé l'amour passionné, amour qui se traduisait toujours vivace dans les scènes qu'il savait croquer d'un coup de crayon rapide et sûr.

Il passa ses premières années à l'emploi de la "Burland Lithographing Co.", comme graveur, et, depuis 20 ans, il était dessinateur au "Star" qui aurait fait tous les sacrifices possibles pour le garder. Pendant ce temps, il a publié un nombre infini de portraits, de scènes que les exigences du métier lui faisaient dessiner avec une rapidité merveilleuse, sans jamais pour cela perdre de son individualité forte et de sa maîtrise étonnante. Quand même il n'y avait pas de signature, on disait du premier coup : "Ca, c'est du Julien."

C'était un modeste ; mais avait-il vraiment besoin de réclame, quand perçait toujours son talent fin et original ?

Il était encore dans toute la vigueur de son âge mûr, et il aimait passionnément les bois et les champs où il passait tous les jours d'été dont il était libre de disposer. Cet amour de la nature, il l'avait depuis ses plus tendres années, alors qu'il habitait Saint-Timothée où il était né. Il ne se souvenait plus d'avoir été malade, comme il aimait à le répéter, mais il avait une peur innée de l'apoplexie, maladie à laquelle avaient succombé son grand-père et son père. Ceux de ses amis qui le virent, hier même, ne se doutaient pas que quelques heures plus tard, il aurait le sort qu'il redoutait.

Il y a quarante ans, il fit partie de l'expédition militaire qui explora le Nord-Ouest jusqu'aux Montagnes-Rocheuses. Il aimait à raconter ses excursions dans le territoire des Pieds-Noirs et comment il avait chassé le bison sur le site de la florissante ville de Winnipeg.

Son corps a été transporté à la Morgue en attendant le retour de sa famille à laquelle il sera remis.

A la famille éprouvée, la "Presse" offre l'expression de ses vifs regrets et de sa plus profonde sympathie."

From Montreal Daily Witness

Friday, September 18th, 1908.

Mr. Henri Julien, the well-known pen and pencil artist, died suddenly on St. James street, yesterday afternoon about six o'clock, in front of the St. Lawrence Hall, the result of a stroke of apoplexy. He had just left the "Star" office, where, he had been employed for the past twenty-one years, accompanied by his son. St. James Street at the time was crowded, and when Mr. Julien dropped to the pavement he was immediately recognized and carried into the office of the Dominion Express Company. Human aid was of no value, however, for death was almost instantaneous. Mr. Julien was a man still in the prime of life, being fifty-two years of age. He leaves a widow, eight daughters, and one son. He resided on St. Denis Street, but spent the summer months with his family at St. Rose, and yesterday was planning to take a few days off. He attended to business as usual during the day, being at the Court House sketching Frank Smith, who is on trial for murder, and was to have attended the banquet of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association last evening.

For years prior to joining the staff of the "Star", Mr. Julien was an employee of the Burland Lithographing Company, and there made a reputation for himself as an illustrator. Much of his work went unrecognized by the public for many years, for he was a modest man and did not believe in singing his name to every little sketch that he made. Those who know his work, however, did not require to see his signature ; they could single it out by the bold individuality with which he dressed all his work. His art was true in all lines, for while he was looked upon as a specialist in newspaper sketching, his wash and oil work found favor in the magazines and on the walls of art galleries.

Notwithstanding the fact that he had many tempting offers from the United States, England, and even far-off Australia, Mr. Julien was loath to leave Montreal. He was content here and was bound up in his family.

Early in life Mr. Julien was a member of the military expedition which explored the North-West, and it was the knowledge of the country gained then that stood him in good stead for the series of illustrations he made of the rebellion of 1885.

Liked and honored by all who knew him, Mr. Julien will be missed by a large circle of friends, while his calling loses one of its masters.