

# Joseph Farquharson



Joseph Farquharson sometimes known as the Painting Laird, was a Scottish painter well known for his winter landscapes and depictions of sheep. He was born May 4, 1846. When he was twelve his father, a doctor and amateur artist, gifted him his own set of paints. The following year, he displayed his artwork at the Royal Scottish Academy. This was quite the honor for a thirteen year old. As he continued his education he traveled to Paris and studied under Carolus-Duran. He later traveled to Egypt, where he painted scenes very different from the snowy landscapes inspired by his home in the Scottish Highlands. He was well read and seems to have been fond of poetry and literature. Many of his titled paintings bear names that sound much like the poems of Milton, Burns, Shakespeare and Gray. He passed away on April 15, 1935, at the age of 89.

The realism of his artwork and his ability to invite the viewer into both the painted scene and the feeling of the depicted weather is likely attributed to his propensity to work *en plein air*. When an artist works *en plein air* this means they paint outside and allow what they see and experience in nature to influence how they depict a scene or landscape. *En plein air* paintings therefore have a true sense of place and immersive realism.

Though dedicated to his craft and to the benefits that working *en plein air* offered, Farquharson had to adapt to the harsh conditions of the Scottish Highlands.

It is not easy to paint in a blizzard.

With the goal of being able to paint in bad weather without his paints, brushes or toes freezing he built a little painting hut on wheels. This hut featured a large glass window and a warm stove.

His commitment to realism also resulted in the creation of a flock of imitation sheep which he could pose at will in the landscape that he desired.

In a 1913 essay about his artwork Archdeacon William Macdonald wrote:

"There is not one of Farquharson's pastoral landscapes which is not treated from the contemplative or poetic point of view: the poetry of snow either in its suggestion of desolation, or of the endurance of peasantry life, or the exquisite beauty of rare tints in the sun or moon on deep snow surfaces and seen through leafless tree... and the varied voices with which Nature elevates us from the prosaic, the commonplace and the ugly in her countless mood..."





Yon Yellow Sunset Dying in the West

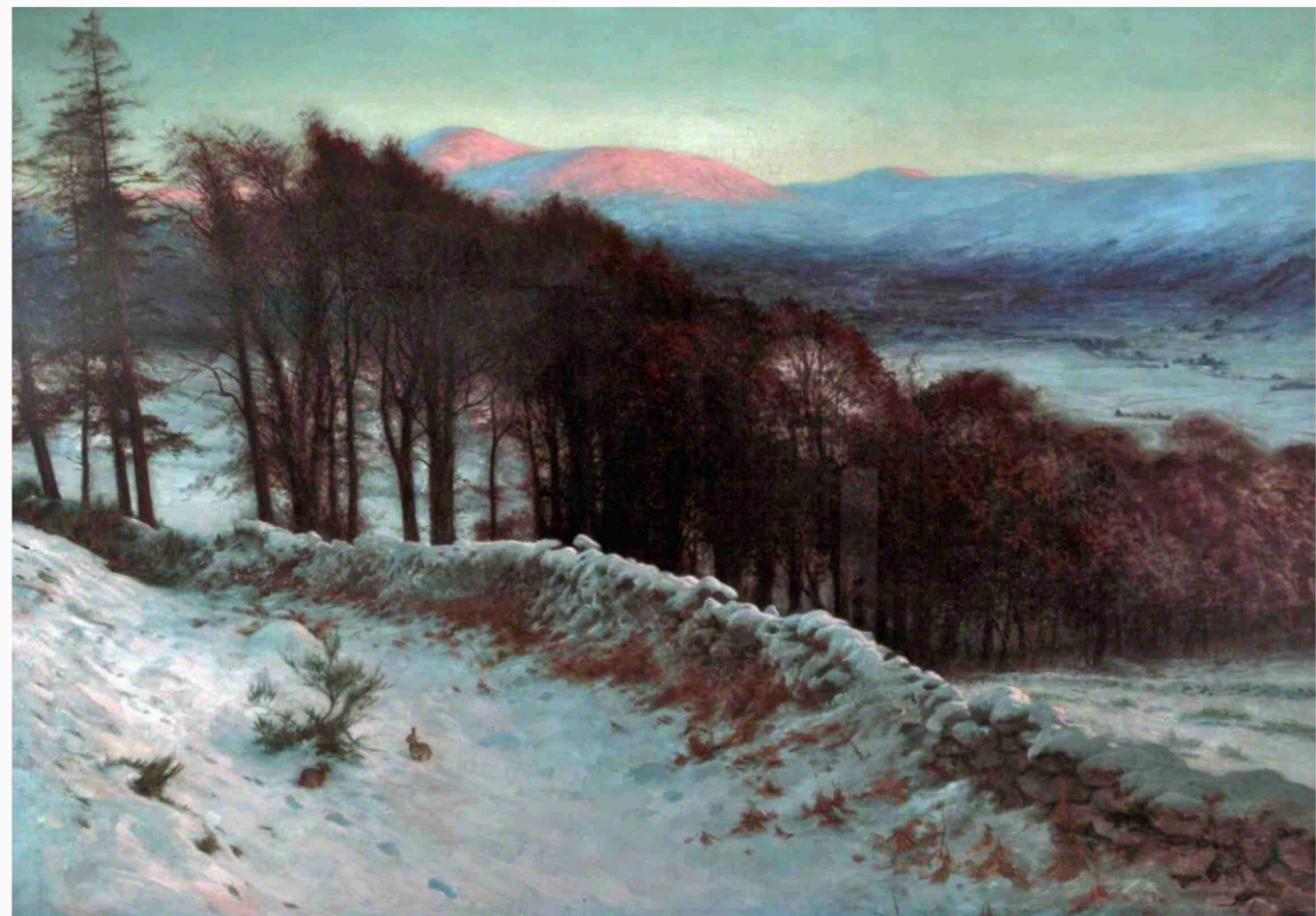
Winter







The Joyless Winter Day



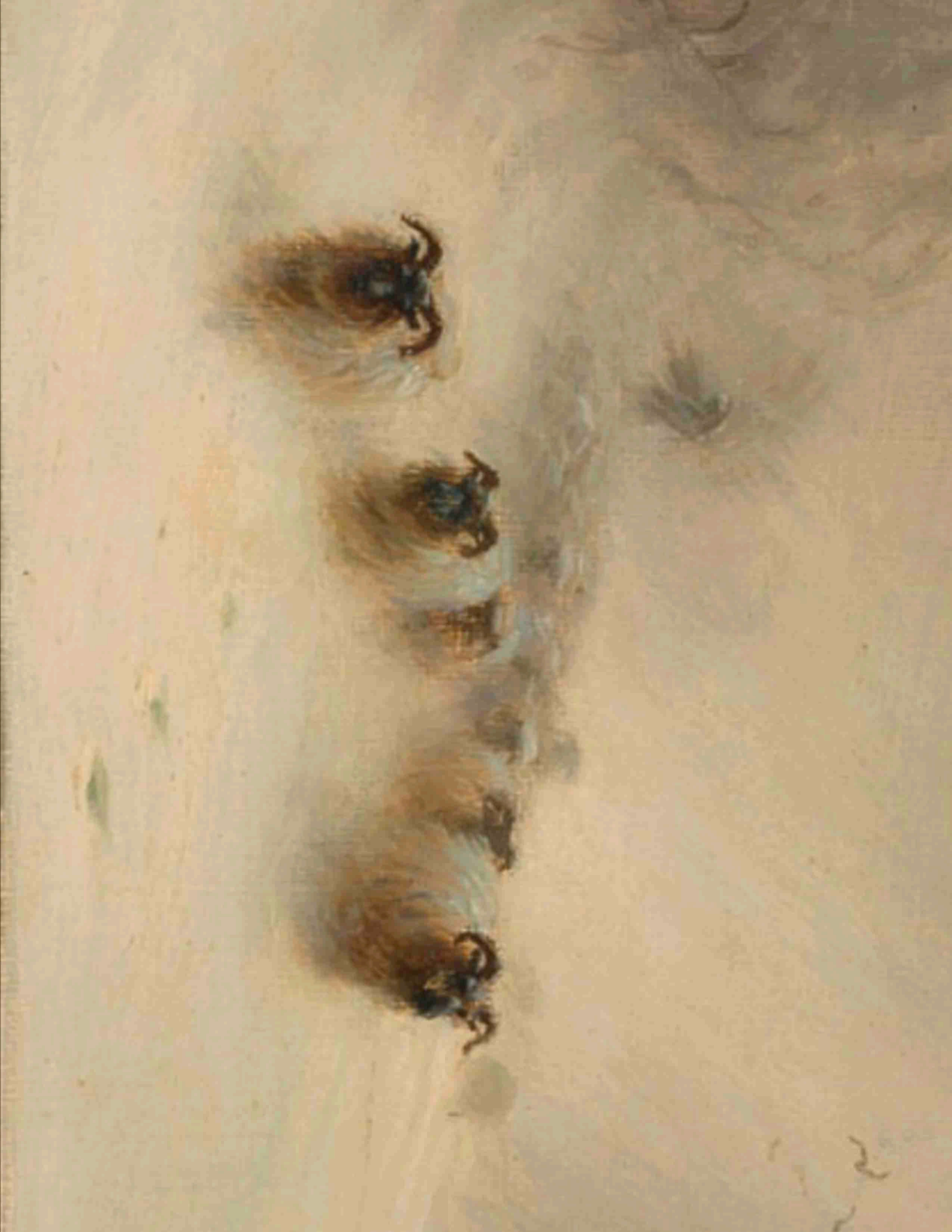
And All the Air a Solemn Silence Holds

When the West with Evening Glows











*L. J. ...*



J. J. ...