

At length, like the illustrious Count de la Galissonniere, our good friend Lord Dufferin left Quebec at the express call of the Home Government. His services were required elsewhere. Happier than the illustrious Frenchman, he will not have to reproach his country with being ungrateful. Let us make it our duty to walk always in the straight path that Lord Dufferin traced for us: *Per vias rectas*.

S. A. CURZON.

ERRATUM.—An Historic Parallel, page 822, col. 1, line 32, for "to render useful the exceptional position of the Motherland," read to render useful the exceptional position of New France to the Motherland.

### THE CAMP: BELOW GLENORA.

If you imagine that "below Glenora" means a five or ten minutes' walk from the pleasant hamlet at the lake or the mountain, and take a steamer from Picton to Glenora and start out from the latter place camp-ward, you will sooner or later find the distance two miles—imperial measure. You will not mind it, however, for the sky is blue, and the sun not too hot, and the road runs by hay fields, and grain fields, and groves of cedars and pines and firs, and the air is exquisite with the heated perfume of all those sweet things steeping in the sun. A mile of these, and on the left, across a yellow field you catch a glimpse of the bay, the beautiful Bay of Quinte, reaching away north-eastward, azure and rippled with soft gold under light winds. Ahead there is lower land, and in the distance the gleam of a red flag, and the white gleaming of tents, and after awhile, at the foot of the hill you have descended, you think it will save time to go on down through the fields. But mark you! that bit of enticing wood which lies beyond the second field and which you think to pass easily through, enjoying its scented shadows, you will find an impassable ravine. It is too bad! A hunter would go through it, but you must not, so you retrace your steps to the road, and take your way along it until somewhere just above The Camp. If you do not know the entrance, maybe you will enquire of a farmer at work here in his fields, whereupon he will direct you to take the shorter way, that leading through by his line-fence. This you follow, and ere long The Camp is under your eyes, but even so, it seems quite as unattainable as ever, for this reason, that the fence drops down at this point into a sudden hollow and you, of course, protest against dropping down there too. The trouble is: the camp is situated on a bluff by the bay formed, naturally, very much after the fashion of a moated castle-site. Standing here above this unfriendly hollow, you indulge in uncharitable thoughts, momentarily though, for you have this instant caught sight of a ridge of solid earth near by which leads you at last to The Camp, where, once at rest upon the broad piazza of the cottage, you would not exchange the site for any other you know of about the bay. It is very delightful. It is unique.

Directly in front of the cottage lies the broad, blue bay; on the left, the ravine, while south and east are the hollows. At the entrance to the ravine is a wonderful little cove, with a beach of fine golden sand and, inside of this, a bit of lagoon, a reedy place where soldier-bird and purple grackles feed, and sun-loving Halcyon is sometimes seen. A stream runs through the ravine under the trees, and the vines, and the shadows, and one can take a canoe in here

The cove is an ideal one for bathers;

some little distance. What a dark, cool, delightful retreat on a hot day! sandy bottom, and clear, shallow water a good way out.

To return to the cottage. It is built after the West Indian style, and contains half-a-dozen large, comfortable rooms and a wide hall, the partitions falling several feet short of the roof, so that, "If you have any secrets to tell, you must whisper, or everybody'll hear you," your charming hostess informs you. That does not matter though, since the circulation of air is good, and the interior of the cottage always comfortably cool. Beside the cottage, white tents are pitched, and an airy pine-wood kitchen several yards off completes The Camp. This is, so to speak, Major Foster's headquarters for the summer months, and as you sip your tea in full view of the bay—delicious pure India tea, hot from an Oriental tea-pot locked in a curious Oriental cosey—you are pleased at the thought that the beautiful waters of your bay are being duly appreciated, in that one who has travelled the wide world over has selected these shores for his summer sojournings. This is, I think, the third summer which Major and Mrs. Foster have spent in this vicinity.

Yonder the white yacht which belongs to The Camp sails idly, blown to and fro by friendly winds, a faint breeze is on the water and the opposite shores, and eastward the distant bay is quite dim. Some fifteen miles away the Upper Gap leads out between Indian Point (Prince Edward County) and Amherst Island into Lake Ontario. The Lower Gap lies between this island and Garden Island, off Kingston, the Bay of Quinte continuing towards Kingston between Amherst Island and the mainland. Westward from The Camp, a couple of miles beyond Glenora—by the way, the camp is more easy of access by water than by land from Glenora, and the distance is less—the bay runs south several miles to Picton, and also north through the very picturesque Long Reach to Deseronto, and thence south-westerly to Belleville and the Murray Canal. It is indeed a magnificent sweep of water, and too, a popular highway, for the lake steamers pass through it to and from the west by the Murray Canal.

The sun is low now, and cooler, and you go, wishing that these sojourners here on your shores may thoroughly enjoy this and many another beautiful summers at "The Camp."

July, 1894.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

### FINE ARTS AND THE UNIVERSITY.\*

The very illimitableness of Art will permit our plea for a more scholarly equipment of the artist than is given him on this continent as yet. Technical and scientific education is offered the artisan and agriculturist, architect, engineer, solicitor and practitioner, each is a man of culture. Shall the practice of the fine arts forever limit itself to the studio and the field? Should it not allow itself, should it not prepare itself to associate with scholarship in a congenial and eminent fellowship? And should not art in its approved pursuit, and by virtue of both scholarship and skill, have an acknowledged place among the professions?

Art has a normal status as a profession, but is not legally recognized as such; and it does not enjoy with medicine, law or

\* Excerpt of paper read before the Canadian Institute.

engineering, or even architecture, any of their civil rights or privileges. Its classification as a profession would be of value

1. (a) Because in courts of law expert evidence is frequently to be given; in such case the status of the witness is very important. (b) With legal status an artist's evidence would be conclusive and prevent expensive litigation, and save both time and cost to litigants and to the country. (c) It would be of value to the witness who would not be obliged, after the loss of valuable hours in a court room awaiting call to the witness stand, to suffer the indignity of a petty fee for his services.

2. Probably an even greater advantage could be found in a protection to the public, who are the victims of the merciless picture impostor and of the vendor of worthless trash.

3. Nor should it be forgotten in this advocacy of professional recognition for the artist that genius flourishes in the sunlight of approval; and, while it could not be trammelled by any professional codes, its power would expand with the freedom granted it in law by the Parliament of a free people. But when art shall be given educational advantages equal to sister professions, we think it will then be fairly entitled to such recognition without any controversy whatever.

Before taking up the educational question it should be understood the "Artist is born, not made": that no system of teaching, howsoever well applied, can make an artist. What we do ask is that art talent and genius may have the opportunity of wholesome and necessary instruction, and that such may be had at home.

In many of the countries of Europe the machinery of governments and the faculties of universities are utilized to carry forward thorough schemes of instruction. In France, at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* of Paris, a course in general history and art history is given, a literary course, the costumes of the nations in the various epochs are demonstrated, and a course is given in anatomy—human and comparative. In Belgium, at the *Academie des Beaux Arts* of Brussels, a similar course is given, and in Antwerp the same course in history, literature, costumes and anatomy. A regular course in esthetics is given in Paris and Brussels, and in the latter city a special course in natural history. It is noticeable that the most distinguished historians, scientists, philosophers and men of letters are to be found upon the teaching staff.

Such course of lectures and lessons should have no effect in drawing the artist in any wise away from his chalk and models. These are the essentials of his *metier*, and whatever else he has he must have these; but the aim is to give him in addition to these the scholastic opportunities enjoyed by other professions. To enrich his mind with information needful and helpful, the wells of scientific truth should be uncovered, the scrolls of history should be unrolled for him and the ethics of art taught for his inspiration.

The plan proposed is to adapt existing machinery to serve a wider purpose than it does at present, to disturb nothing if possible, and to add the least new material in text books consistent with required work.

It would not be necessary to make any change in the curriculum of art schools or any other schools. Students from high schools and colleges can matriculate into the university for any course they choose. It is in the university we seek opportunity for students of higher art.