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The Commission which was appointed to lay down a new constitution for the University of Toronto, held some of its meetings in Goldwin Smith's dining room, out of courtesy to the aged Professor.

Photograph by Galbraith, Toronto.

on that hill one far from imposing block of building, Morrill Hall I believe it is now called. The Campus had not been laid out. No bridge was over the creek. All was Rome before Rome was built, and for the newcomer from that venerable city by the Isis had the full charm of novelty.

"Now, after the lapse of a little more than a single generation, re-visiting Cornell, I see all these buildings, homes of learning and science in every branch, while the fair Campus is busy and cheerful with the life of three thousand students. Such is the magic of American energy and enterprise."

The Professor was too markedly English to escape notice in Cornell. He writes:

"In those days I used to keep up my British habit of taking exercise by long walks. I would go to Dryden, spend the night there, and return on foot next day. Farmers with their teams seeing me plodding on foot and not understanding the British mania would kindly offer me a ride. Once I fell in with a farmer who was on foot and had a long walk and talk with him. He let fall something which seemed to imply that he took me for an American. Candour compelled me to confess that I was only a Britisher. 'Yes,' he said, 'I knew you to be a British by your brogue.'"

In a curiously impersonal paragraph he speaks of his work at Ithaca:

"Two years the English Professor spent in teaching at Cornell, and in his long life there have not been two better or happier years than those. He is often reminded of them by the greeting of an old Cornell pupil."

At Cornell Goldwin Smith became intimate with Agassiz, James Russell Lowell, and Bayard Taylor as in England he had known perhaps less intimately such men as Macaulay and Froude, Melbourne and Peel, Wellington and Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. Then of a sudden he left Cornell—still retaining his lectureship—and came to Canada. He naively says that it was a desire to be among such of his relations as he had in Canada. At first he boarded—still a bachelor. In 1875 he married Mrs. William Henry Boulton and in the family mansion of the Boultons he set up a miniature replica of an English estate in Toronto; in what was then the heart of a small residential city. He became the first intellectual citizen of a land much younger than the United States, just struggling through a period of great depression, groping and fumbling to find its way on the map of politics.

Perhaps there was more than mere family connections that induced the Professor to come to Canada to live. He was above all an Englishman; and in the United States it would have been hard

for an Englishman to live as Goldwin Smith has always lived so delightfully and austere here—a perfect autocrat, with all the simple, quiet tastes of a man of letters and much of the almost profound dignity of an English gentleman. He was a strange triangular embodiment of England, the United States and Canada.

In all America there was not such a house as "The Grange," built best of a hundred years ago in the pure colonial style. The gardener's house at the front gate resembles a gamekeeper's lodge in England; tenants' cottages at the rear; almost English elms—though much finer; great sweeps of sward as green as Ireland; stone pillars and facings and the homeliest of red brick—and at the solid oak door at the ring of the leisurely bell came the butler in full dress, politely bowing the visitor in.

The hallway—as large as a big room; studded and beamed with walnut—enough as the Professor himself said to have built a house in itself. On the south stained-glass window a Latin motto—that of the Boultons; north over the winding vast staircase another—that of the Smith family. Then the rooms; immediately to the left an apartment hung with replicas of oil portraits; then the big dining-room—more portraits, historic and profound; finally if you would see the Professor himself you came to him in the long, sombrely magnificent library to the west.

There was the real Grange; the book-house—in which a Washington Irving might have revelled;

a billiard table loaded with books and papers; the tick-tock of a half-silent clock; dim, lofty cabinets of books—a room whose very walls were books, and whose windows looked out upon the pensive charm of a strangely quiet spot in a bustling big city. Here was the room in which Goldwin Smith did all his multifarious writings in Canada; to which after days of isolation in a bedroom after his accident he was brought down and a bed made for him that he might have his last glimpse of life among the books, and from which a gangway was laid so that on the last few fine days of his life he might be taken out to the open where the birds were nesting in the big elms. Here also his body lay before being moved to the big drawing-room.

The first time I interviewed Goldwin Smith he sat near the west window of the library. Skull cap, lean legs crossed and thin fingers locked he gazed penetratively out of the window.

"No," he said crisply when the subject was first announced, "I shall not talk to you about the housing problem. I have been too long unable to visit the homes of the poor as I used to do."

He referred to the time when amid the busy labours of journalism, writing for magazines, making of books and studying public questions he had been closely identified with the work of the city in which he had come to live. In those days he went out much; a more familiar figure on the streets of Toronto than the Mayor; well-known in the sanctums of editors, at the banquets of press associations and boards of trade; at the convocations and public gatherings of the University; at the conventions of teachers whose president he was; at meetings of charity whose chairman he had been; on bowling greens where he had shot many a good bowl; at the National Club whose first president he was—a singular, alert, analytical man forever interested in the affairs great and small of a growing city, on which he had kept tab so astutely as well as upon the outlook of men and of nations.

Most of his opinions of men and events had been formulated in this very room which might have been called the inner temple of thought in Canada. It seemed like a cloister at Oxford; the pale quiet of the brain; cold, reasoning, dispassionate—yet not without pathos and humour.

"You have a magnificent library, Professor," I ventured to say.

"No," he replied curtly. "My library is not magnificent. It is useful. I have read every book



Goldwin Smith's last appearance in the Annual Convocation Procession at the University of Toronto—June, 1909. He is seen here (centre) supported by Sir Charles Moss and Professor Mavor.

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