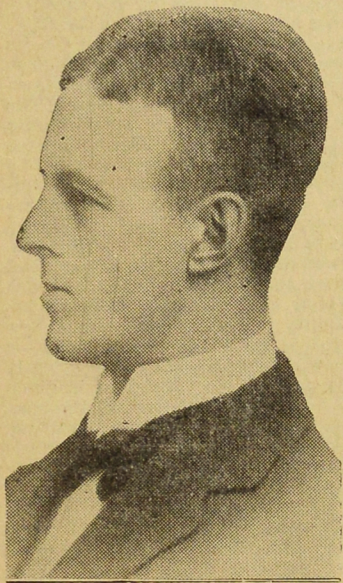


Traditions

By

Dr. Chester B. Martin, '04, Professor of Hist., University of Toronto

The U. N. B. of our day—now longer ago than I care to think— inherited two or three traditions which left their mark, I think, upon our student-generation. There was the literary tradition inspired largely by the Roberts family, Charles, Theodore, and Elizabeth, by Bliss Carman, by W. O. Raymond a provincial historian, by Dr. Bailey of the Royal Society in science, and



by many others. Then there was a tradition in affairs and public life traceable very largely to men like Foster, Pugsley, and Parkin. Above all there was an intimacy and kindness accorded to us by the brilliant young staff of those days — Raymond, Davidson, Dixon, Stockley, Scott, and others, culminating in the benevolence of 'Tommy' Harrison himself—which I, for one, in a life of some experience in academic work, have never seen surpassed. Our appreciation may not always have been as responsive as it might have been. In all too many cases it can now be inscribed only to their memory.

But the real teachers of any student-generation are not infrequently their own undergraduate contemporaries. A long list of men in public life, on the bench, at the bar, in arms during the last war, in

(Continued on Page Seven)

Education—A Reverie

By

Stanley E. Smethurst, Professor of Classics and Ancient History

"At present seventeen scholars, excepting the children under nine years—am enclosing a list of their books." Thus wrote Governor Carleton to Lord Grenville in 1793, in his account of the newly established "New Brunswick seminary." Casually I glanced over the list: "Lilly's Accidence; Colloquies of Corderius; Corderius? Why, of course! Sam Johnson dead but nine years before, had recommended 'Corderius' by Mr. Clarke" in his Scheme for the Classics of a Grammar School. Had he, I wondered, actually used the book on the occasion of his one abortive attempt to found an academy? "At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek Languages, by Samuel Johnson." I read further. He must surely have approved of the course of instruction. Here were Cicero, Virgil, Sallust and Caesar, Ovid and charming Tibullus (too little read nowadays).

But, we must presume, Greek was considered unnecessary for a clergyman's education. Or could it be that the language of Aristophanes was too robust for the tender susceptibilities for an incipient curate? Certainly, it would appear that no pains were spared to give the requisite amount of moral instruction. For in addition to the obvious selections from the Old and New Testaments (in Latin), English "exempla moralia" were studied and translated. Thus, even should the perverse student fail to benefit by precepts inculcated in his native tongue, he would be caught unawares in the act of translation, and must needs profit by them, unwilling though he be.

At this point, I feel, Johnson's approval would end. We can imagine him impressively clearing his throat, assuming his most portentous manner, before thundering forth some scorching comment at the omission of one of his favorite authors. For the students at the seminary read no Horace.

In these days of conflicting beliefs, we may well heave an envious sigh at the simplicity—some might say the naivete—of such an education, for the pupils studied little but English and Latin. Yet, we must confess that they had at least a reasonable chance of attaining to the objects desired by Governor Carleton. In our time, when a malicious investigator, after a thorough search among the many authorities on education, has come

Through the Years

By

Sir Charles G. D. Roberts '79

Looking back across the years I realize ever more and more clearly that, for my temperament at least, it was a great piece of good fortune to have been educated at what was then a small college, the University of New Brunswick—a small college, indeed, but one with a definite atmosphere of its own and a distinctly formative tradition. The handful of Freshmen who gathered each September on the Terrace and eyed each other with suspicious curiosity consisted for the most part of more or less raw material, somewhat leavened by four or five youthful matriculants from the Collegiates or High Schools of Fredericton, Saint John or Saint Stephen. These were speedily drawn under the influence of the very attenuated staff—a president and four professors each responsible for several subjects of the curriculum. This influence, exerted unconsciously but all the more potently for that, and accepted with equal unconsciousness by its recipients, worked upon us with remarkable efficiency, so that long before the year was out these very "verdant" Freshmen had all insensibly taken on the College stamp. In my own case, as I remember, we were an unruly and turbulent class, not easy to assimilate; but it soon came about, somehow, that unsuspectingly we were ruled, and liked it. In the true sense of the word we were being educated, rather than merely lectured at. We were being securely grounded in the fundamental things; and we were not being specialized at all.



At the end of our course we found ourselves prepared to choose understandingly our own individual careers and with some confidence to embark upon them. Again speaking of my own class, which after graduation had scattered far and wide, I made a survey of them some eight or ten years later, and found that they all, with the exception of one from whom ill health had lamentably "queered the pitch" were winning success along those paths to which they had set their feet. Whether in Medicine or Law, in Teaching, Engineering, or Politics, each was making his mark. One of the most conspicuous of these successes was that of a student who had always come within an ace of getting plucked in his examinations, but had now climbed to be head of an important school in a State known for its great universities.

My own personal debt to this small college is incalculable. It confirmed and increased that love for Greek and Latin Literature which had been first inspired by my father in private lessons and later nour-

ished by Dr. Bridges and Dr. Parkin at the Collegiate School of Fredericton. Greek, Latin and English Literature (but Homer and Milton especially) were the formative influences to which I have chiefly owed whatever there may be of excellence, if any, in my own literary output. In the intimate teaching of this small college stress was laid upon the beauty and wisdom of these literatures rather than upon the dry bones of grammar and rhetoric which, of necessity, underlay them. In other words, the teaching I received was inspirational before it was mechanical.

Bliss Carman

We must not omit in our Founders' Day Issue, the special mention of a member of the graduating class of 1881—The great Canadian poet, Bliss Carman.

Bliss Carman was born here in Fredericton, New Brunswick in April 1861. He is descended from the United Empire Loyalists who settled first in St. John and later in 1783 along the St. John River. Bliss Carman attended the Collegiate School of Fredericton, and then entered U.N.B. where he took the Arts Course. While at U.N.B. he was editor of the college paper, head of what was then called "The University Weekly." He was a very tall boy, six feet two or three inches high, slender, and slightly stooped. He had brown hair, expressive features, and deep-set clear blue eyes. His voice was not strong, but pleasing and charming. He had a great sense of humor and was well-liked by his fellow students who considered him a very amiable person with an engaging smile. He graduated from here in 1881 taking his B.A. with honors in Latin and Greek and won the Gold Medal for Latin prose. He later received his M.A. and an honorary LL.D.

When Dr. Carman left U.N.B. he attended Edinburgh where he spent some time studying law, teaching school and field engineering. Later he went to Harvard and took up Literature and Philosophy.

At about twenty-five years of age he began to write original verse. Much of his home town and his summers spent in Nova Scotia with his cousin Charles G. D. Roberts were inspiration for his better-loved poems. Among them being "Low Tides at Grand Pré", written about Nova Scotia, and his "Grey Ships of Yule" inspired by his own native river St. John. His poem, "Trees" also shows his love of New Brunswick.

Dr. Carman held various editorial and journalistic positions in New York, publishing meanwhile numerous broadsheets, pamphlets, leaflets and small volumes of verse, and a few volumes of prose. It was in the United States that he first received the fame for his writings he so deserved. He took up his home in New Canaan, Conn., but made many lecture tours in Canada as well as the United States. He was unanimously welcomed in Toronto as well as in New Brunswick, and they acclaimed his worth, and loved him and his works. On one of his visits the Canadian Authors Association crowned him with a wreath of laurels as a token of their appreciation of his work.

He died suddenly in New Canaan in June 1929 of a heart attack. His ashes were returned to Fredericton and now lie in the Forest Hill Cemetery, under a fitting memorial of native New Brunswick marble.

It is an honor indeed to be able to claim Bliss Carman, one of the best beloved poets of Canada as a graduate of our Alma Mater. In the Victor Hatheway room in our library we are fortunate in having the works, some first editions and an excellent scrap-book, as well as pamphlets of Bliss Carman, which were given to the University by the relatives of Mr. Hatheway, who were great friends of Bliss Carman's and have preserved for us a valuable legacy in the contents of that little room.

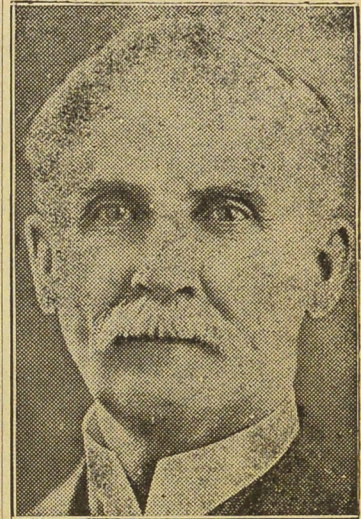
In these few lines I am paying grateful tribute not by any means to small colleges in general but to this small college as I experienced it. And my appreciation of this small college that was, does not in the least conflict with my admiration of, and my unbounded aspirations for, the great and distinguished University which it is coming to be.

Class of 1886

By

Dr W. C. Murray, '86 Former President, University of Saskatchewan

"On a bright September morning", so ran the Valedictory of other days, a score or more of hopeful boys wended their way up College Hill for the Matriculation examination. Several of them had come from different parts of the Province to be trained in the Collegiate School near the Cathedral for admission to the University. The Principal of the School was



Mr. Parkin, a great teacher, who later became Commissioner for the Rhodes Scholarships and received Knighthood for his services to the Empire.

The examination was held in the Library of "Old Alma Mater" standing half way up the Hill. It was the only College building on the campus. In the east end lived Dr. Jack the President of the University, in the west Dr. Bridges. On the second floor thirty or more students lived in residence and enjoyed College life.

Within a week the results of the "exam" were posted in the order of merit to determine who would win County Scholarships, the equivalent of free tuition.

The great events of the College year to Freshmen were "The Initiation" most dreaded of all College rites, the Hallowe'en celebrations when all the spirits of evil were let loose to the discomfort of the Faculty; the Rugby game with the City; and Encaenia Night, when the recent graduates proclaimed their freedom from discipline by firing the Old Cannon which had remained buried and hidden during the past year. Its roar from the Hill, behind the College, terrified the old ladies and wakened the children in the city.

The Freshmen viewed the Seniors with awe and hoped that they would accord them a measure of protection against the wiles of the Juniors. The leader of the College group, numbering about one hundred, was a vigorous Senior from St. Stephen, who afterwards attained great distinction as a Botanist at Harvard and Smith and left his native Province a very valuable historical and scientific collection for the Museum in St. John. Another of the Class of '84 won the Gilchrist Scholarship which took him to Britain and Germany where he attained high distinction and returned to teach in his Alma Mater and the United States. He made a great name for himself as a writer of books, one of which became a text book with a great circulation and an amazing number of editions. He is now Emeritus, but still receiving his editions.

Nineteen of the Class of '86 received the B. A. degree. Two now remain. One is Mr. Justice Crockett of the Supreme Court of Canada, living in Ottawa. The other is Emeritus, as Stephen Leacock translates it a "out" and meritis "should be"! Another who left the College at the close of his Freshman year for business prospered greatly. His name appears in the list of Directors of the Bank of Nova Scotia in Toronto.

There were no electives in the course prescribed for the B.A. The students used a text in Chemistry written by Eliot and Storer. This

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