

BLISS CARMAN, POET AND A NATIVE OF FREDERICTON, IS PRAISED BY A U. S. WRITER

(Richard Le Gallienne in N. Y. Herald-Tribune)

The Canada gold medal of letters has been awarded to Bliss Carman. It is always cheering to hear of the bestowal of honors, particularly in the case of artists, scholars or men of science, not only for the sake of the one who is honored but for the sake of the community or the nation bestowing the honors, for it is thus shown to value those rare forms of excellence and achievements which are too likely to go unacknowledged and unrewarded by the world at large.

In this respect France is wisest among the nations, delighting to honor as it does, all forms of achievement. No inscription is more inspiring than that printed in letters of gold along the entablature of the Pantheon: Aux Grandes Hommes La Patrie Reconnaissante.

And one is particularly happy to see Mr. Carman honored for few men have sought honors less and deserved them more. No one who has ever seen Bliss Carman or who is familiar with his work can imagine a human being less versed in those arts which might be termed "the politics of honors." No man has ever done his work more for its own sake, from the necessity and joy of doing it, and more heedless of its rewards, than he who once wrote:

Have little care that Life is brief
And less that Art is long
Success is in the silences
Though Fame is in the song.

I have Mr. Carman for many years though I knew his work long before I knew him and the impression I had received from his work was immediately confirmed the moment we first shook hands. Here, I said to myself, is a man who is a poet through and through, essentially, irretrievably, a man who would have been a poet had there been no printing press, no publishers, no public—even, one might almost say, had there been no poets before him.

It is seldom that a poet is, or can be so absolutely "born" nowadays. Probably there never was a time when there were so many poets in one sense of the word. Whatever the reason the number of "poets"—and good ones too—nowadays is overwhelming good landscape painters are not more numerous—good pianists are probably fewer—and it is impossible to keep up with the amount of work done in verse by men and women who are more than good versifiers but who, after all, we cannot feel to be poets in the sense that Mr. Carman is a poet.

Mrs. Browning once wrote of the word "poet", "that name is royal and to write it like a queen I dare not"; and in one of his excellent essays I have found Mr. Carman saying: "If I were a poet."

Your modern "poet" is seldom modest like that, and such dignified humility in the presence of his high calling is probably one of the surest marks of your true poet. We need another intermediate word, a less than "poet" and a broader word than "verse writer" to describe the immensely clever and valuable artist in verse who we feel is made rather than born—the writer in verse whose gifts are mainly intellectual and verbal.

One feels that the talents such writers bring to poetry might with equal success have been applied to other forms of achievement. On this matter Mr. Carman in an essay on "Subconscious Art" has this admirable passage: "In all poetry, even the most rational, there are certain qualities which pass the threshold of the outer mind and pass in to sway the mysterious subconscious person who inhabits us. The outer objective self may be extremely brilliant, may master technique and become skilled in every lore of the craft; may, indeed, become as masterful in execution as the masters themselves and yet if it have not the aid of a great strong inner subjective, unconscious self, it can do nothing of permanent human interest."

"We are mighty clever fellows nowadays, but we cannot write like Haz-

litt" said Stevenson. Well, of course we are; there is practically nothing that we cannot do; except let us say, write like Bliss Carman; for the reason that such writing as his comes not by taking thought but is an instinctive, unconscious emanation of the whole nature of the man.

This is not to say that the "outer objective" poet in his case has not been influenced by certain masters—Browning, for instance, and even Kipling—yet the essential Bliss Carman is "beyond the reach of art." Those things which we value most in his work which give him his significance as a poet, are those simplicities born of "certain qualities which pass the threshold of the outer mind"—things which might seem so easy to do but the process of which is really so mysterious things, which seem rather to be done for the poet than done by him.

Clever, intricate, "intellectual" poetry can be imitated, for we can usually see how it is done, but not so those almost child like perfections of poetry which often seem to say nothing but mean everything.

I am not, of course saying that Mr. Carman always achieves these. What poet, even the greatest always, does? But what I mean is that his poetry generally is pervaded by that indefinable, elemental quality, elusive as a perfume, those "murmurs and hints of the infinite sea" by which real poetry is forever divided from the most brilliant and valuable verse.

After quoting from Mr. Carman's poetical works, the writer continues:
Native of Fredericton

When Bliss Carman was born, on April 15, 1861 his father, William Carman being a lawyer, the family had moved from St. John to Fredericton eighty miles or so further up the beautiful St. John river. Fredericton too, was the birthplace of his cousin and friend, Charles G. D. Roberts—a friends so close and life long that one cannot mention the name of one without thinking of the other.

In his earliest schooling at the Collegiate Institute of Fredericton, from 1872 to 1878, young Carman was fortunate in having for his head-master the famous Imperial Federationist, Professor George R. Parkin, whom he considers the greatest teacher he has ever known and whose influence in shaping his mind and giving it an early slant toward literature was very great.

After this preliminary schooling, Mr. Carman attended the University of New Brunswick, from which he was graduated in 1881, with honors in Latin and Greek. A year's reading at home followed and a year at Edinburgh University devoted mainly to the study of philosophy, mathematics and physics.

Returning home in 1884, he read law, followed the engineer's compass in the field, and also taught school, which he has declared to be "the most odious of all human occupations." From 1886 to 1888 he studied literature under Professor Francis Child at Harvard, where also he was greatly drawn to the study of science and was particularly influenced by Professor Josiah Royce's lectures on philosophy.

Thus it will be seen that Mr. Carman's education was anything but that haphazard affair which the education of poets has often been. On the contrary, it was both liberal and intensive. But the kind of education that was most deeply to influence him and equip him for that life-work by which we know him has yet to be mentioned. He himself has said that his chief memory of those days is of "an ideal home beside an idyllic river, the indulgent love of many friends and the hatred of no one."

Whatever his other university honors, it is as a graduate of the university of Out-of-Doors that he is most distinguished, and no poet of nature could have been more fortunately situated to drink deep of her sibilant, romantic lore than were he and his cousin Charles Roberts, whose "Heart of the Ancient Wood" is likely to remain a classic when all the "Best-sellers" of today are forgotten.

Fredericton is the Capital of the province of New Brunswick, which, when it belonged to France, went by the more charming name of Acadia,

or Acadia, immortalized by Longfellow and as near to Arcady in its romantic natural features, as its name. It is a region of glittering lakes, rivers and bays, rocky ravines and densely wooded mountain ranges, abounding in wild life, a paradise of the adventurous canoeist.

The St. John river, on which Fredericton is situated, rises in Maine and empties in Bay of Fundy. Thus the future poet of nature was surrounded on every side by the romance of land and sea alike, and he whom Louise Imogen Guiney has called "the biggest of Romanys" had the most fascinating of wildernesses of wood and water to wander in and fill his gypsy heart with the wisdom of the lonely hills and all the various music of Pan and the nymphs. How often exploring all its haunted secret places in his canoe, must the young poet have quoted those lovely lines from Virgil's "Georgic"

Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agrestes

Panaque Silvianumque senem Nymphasque sorores.

Fortunate he who knows the rural gods, Pan and old Cilvanus and the sister nymphs—and fortunate are we to whom he has brought so deep and sweet a message from Nature's heart that his youth and so much of his manhood were cast in an unspoiled corner of the world, where the eternal voices could still be so clearly and thrillingly heard. No wonder that, as I have said, he carries wherever he goes, at city editorial desks or in social gatherings, the "murmurs and scents" from that early initiation into the great solitudes.

In 1890 he went to New York "for a few days" he has said, and "remained three years" his first "job" being that of office editor of "The Independent." Also he was connected for short periods with "The Cosmopolitan" and "The Atlantic Monthly". But his chief editorial achievement was the starting of "The Chap-Book", one of the earliest and best of those "little", individual magazines of which we have so many today, but none so piquant and distinguished.

Among his other activities this shy son of Pan is an admirable, very lovable lecturer and he not only reads his own work well, but he is especially happy when he reads James Whitcomb Riley, with whose deep human simplicity his own genius has a marked affinity. As his face shows, with all his other-worldliness there is in him a deep spring of quiet humor; he has a genius for friendship and a rare gift of companionship, particularly of that comfortable, silent sort which needs to say little, but is content to radiate a gentle warmth of understanding humanity; and though, when the occasion prompts, his talk is of the best, one can easily imagine spending an evening with him like that famous "glorious evening" when Carlyle and Tennyson sat by the fire together smoking their pipes and never uttering a word.

One smiles at the anecdote, but it represents the essence of human companionship; and it is a witness to the expressive stillness of Mr. Carman's personality that in intercourse with him, to use his own words, "success is in the silences." In an age of implacable volubility how consolatory how valuable even to the imagination is this still smiling presence, this silently pervasive personality, so calm so strong, so filled with charm!

It is a happiness to salute him at the summit of a career devoted unwaveringly to the great art he has so nobly served as it is a pleasure to congratulate Canada—"Aux Grandes Hommes La Patrie Reconnaissante"—on the wisdom she has shown in doing him honor.

ALLEGES HE WAS MARRIED IN HOSPITAL

Niagara Falls, Ont., Feb. 6—James Allen Gaston, of New Toronto, told the magistrate yesterday that he was sick for six weeks in a Walkerville hospital and while there a woman came to him with a marriage certificate and told him she had married him. He already had a wife and three children at Chippawa.

That was his story when confronted with two marriage certificates, one to his Chippawa wife in 1906, and one to the other woman at Walkerville last year. Gaston was arrested on a non support charge.



Try these ST. CHARLES Recipes

BAKED CORN

1 1/2 cups Borden's St. Charles Milk
3/4 cup water 1 tablespoon butter
2 cups corn 1/2 teaspoon salt
2 eggs 1-8 teaspoon pepper
Combine the milk and water; add the butter and seasonings; bring to scalding point; add the corn and pour the mixture over the well-beaten eggs. Pour into a well-buttered baking dish; stand in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven until firm in the centre.

SCONES

2 cups flour 1/2 teaspoon salt
4 tpsns. baking 4 tablespoons
powder butter
2 teaspoons sugar 2 eggs
1/2 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk.
Mix and sift flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Work in butter with tips of fingers; add eggs, well-beaten (reserving a small amount of unbeaten white), and milk. Turn onto floured board and cut out to three-fourths inch in thickness. Cut in rounds, brush with reserved white, sprinkle with sugar, and bake in a hot oven fifteen to twenty minutes. For afternoon tea, cut in small diamonds.

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

1 cup brown sugar, 2 tbsps. butter, 2 tbsps. flour, 2 egg yolks, 1/4 tspn. salt, 1 tspn. vanilla, 1 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk, 1/2 cup water, 2 egg whites, beaten stiff, 4 tbsps. granulated sugar, baked pastry shell.
Beat together the brown sugar, butter, flour, egg yolk and salt. Add the milk diluted with the water and cook in a double boiler until thick. Add the vanilla, cool slightly and pour into the pastry shell. Cover with meringue made with the egg whites and the granulated sugar. Brown lightly in a very slow oven.

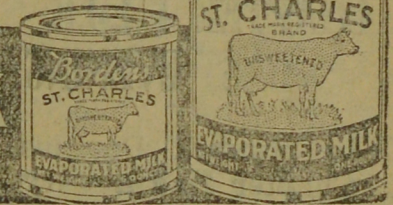
MORE TESTED RECIPES—FREE

THE BORDEN CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL
Send me, free, St. Charles Book with 85 tested recipes.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

538

Borden's
ST. CHARLES MILK
(Unsweetened)



This milk is entirely a Maritime Province product
CONDENSARY
TRURO, N.S.

JOB PRINTING

All Work Guaranteed Finest Quality and
Artistic Workmanship
The Largest Plant in the City

We Aim To Satisfy The Most
Exacting Customer

LETTER HEADS
PROGRAMMES ENVELOPES CIRCULARS
BILL HEADS WEDDING INVITATIONS
REPORTS POSTERS CARDS BOOKS
BUTTER WRAPPERS HONEY LABELS
LEGAL FORMS AUCTION SALE HANGERS
and all other JOB PRINTING WORK

Come in and see our samples of any of the above
Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to

No Job too large or too small to receive our
immediate attention

Mail Printing Co.
FREDERICTON, N. B.