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JAMES DE MILLE AND ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

By A. R. BEVAN

IT is not often that one finds such a ready-made subject as the relationship between James DeMille and Archibald MacMechan, two of the best-known professors connected with the history of Dalhousie University. De Mille, Professor of Rhetoric and History from 1864 until his death in 1880, was a highly respected teacher, a well-known author of best-selling novels, a poet of sorts, a brilliant conversationalist and the author of a long and carefully constructed work on rhetoric. Ten years after De Mille's death Dr. MacMechan, also highly respected as an English Professor and well known as an author, decided to write a book-length critical biography of his illustrious predecessor. The letters he collected, the personal reminiscences he recorded, and the outline sketches of the manner in which he intended to use the accumulated material reveal both the author and his subject.

The first mention of the biography is on November 30, 1889, on which day MacMechan called on De Mille's widow to persuade her that such a study was needed. At first, she "did not see what there was in his life", but gradually she "came to see it in my light". Interviews with De Mille's former faculty associates are also recorded, and we find (as could be expected from the sturdy individualists on a college faculty) that there was not complete agreement by any means. One found him "not deep", and accused him of talking too much about himself; another said that De Mille was a "fine talker in monologue, one of the best conversationalists [he] ever met. Just switch him off by a word on Art or Literature." One described De Mille as the "dark, handsome show man of the staff", and another talked about the "common-place looking Dalhousie Professor".

Other acquaintances of the rather mysterious De Mille came up with such unconfirmed comments as the "yarn about De Mille and his wife being captured by brigands". The contributor of this bit of information is described as a "lawyer, pleasant, old-fashioned, stupid"; so there is apparently a good deal of room for doubt as to the authenticity of this romantic episode with the brigands. A doctor friend of De Mille told MacMechan that "in 1867 De Mille was discouraged, wanted to get away to New York, talk to a man one evening and you knew all he knew and he knew all you knew. Lacked intellectual companionship. Would go to a little meeting, take part in it, and then caricature it all with a grave face, keep a table at a boarding-house aroar with laughter, as grave as a judge himself. Budd [the brother who had accompanied James De Mille on the European tour in 1950] on his dying-bed said, 'I know I have been a bad lot, but I don't see why old Bill should hold me over the grave and make me smell worms?'. Raised his head on his elbow, characteristic remark, died of consumption."

There are a number of entries recording the receipt of letters from former students and classmates of De Mille. On June 11, 1890, MacMechan writes: "Letter from Tippet. In compliance with my request to tell Alf. De M. [brother of James] that I had never been in jail. I was right in imagining De M. had classed me among the 'ordinary literary hacks'. Much obliged, I am sure!" On July 4 he records briefly: "Satisfactory letter from Alfred De Mille", and there is no evidence of the disappointment he must have felt as he read the following letter from De Mill (who still used the old-fashioned spelling of the family name):

Dear Sir,

Yours of the 30th April has been lying on my desk calling for a reply for a long time. I have also been reminded by our mutual friend Mr. Tippet that you feel rather hurt by what appears to you to be rather cool treatment.

You are not aware of the rubbish that has been printed about my brother James and cannot therefore understand that we have no desire to see his name in print. Some one wishes to write an entertaining article for the newspapers and so James De Mill is selected—and a medley of fact and fiction is gathered together—pungency being added by jest and invented anecdote—the feelings of the dead man's relatives being considered of no consequence whatever.

Almost simultaneously with your request I received letters from two other gentlemen, one of whom was getting up an article on Acadia College and the other on Canadian authors. Often in these articles my father is dragged in, his character discussed and amusing stories perhaps told about him to give zest to a paragraph.

You can therefore perceive why we cannot take very kindly to the publication of a hasty sketch. Might I propose to you that if you really think that my brother's life would prove of public interest you postpone the matter during the lifetime of some persons now living.

You are a stranger to me but I understand you are a gentleman and incapable of giving offence.

If you will agree to my suggestion I promise to assist you in every way in my power. A year or two or so would remove existing obstacles. I am, of course, in possession of much that would render your work of greater value than it would otherwise possess. Other matter I could procure which would make it authoritative and save other men the trouble of additional compilations.

I believe that you will on consideration see the force of what I have said. I certainly thank you for the kind interest you have taken in the life of my brother and it is a pleasure to know that in your hands at all events he will not be maligned and slandered.

On September 1, 1890, MacMechan laconically records, "Answered Alf. De Mill, willing to wait".

There is no further entry in the De Mille file until May 9, 1892, when Dr. MacMechan again interviewed Mrs. De Mille, probably in preparation for his talk on May 12: "Lectured on 'James De Mille, the Writer and the Man' before the Athenaeum Society of Acadia College, Wolfville. Well-filled hall, appreciative, laughed (!) at my good points, well-treated." In December of the same year, the last entry appears: "Issued prospectus for 'Behind the Veil'".

Several years later, in the 1906 *Canadian Magazine*, Dr. MacMechan published "De Mille, the Man and the Writer", a twelve-page article instead of the full length book he had planned. The purpose of this relatively brief discussion is "to do simple justice to [De Mille's] memory—to give the facts and let them speak." De Mille, he says, "was, in his own time, the

widest read and the most productive of Canadian writers. He is still in many ways the most remarkable. As a teacher, he was one of the most capable and the best loved men that ever sat in a professor's chair. After the lapse of a quarter of a century his old students write and talk of him with deep affection and respect—an honour afforded to few." (An honour, incidentally, shared by Professor MacMechan.)

In his article MacMechan, discussing De Mille's family background, mentions the reputation earned by Nathan De Mill of Saint John for his unbending Puritanism, which manifested itself most noticeably in his campaign for total abstinence: "In a time when total abstinence was regarded as a mild form of lunacy, he was known as 'Coldwater De Mill'. Stories are told of his starting a barrel of rum into the harbour, which had somehow been smuggled into one of his ships; at another time he burned a package of novels that had found their way into the cargo." And his son James became a best-selling novelist who occasionally entertained his friends with "beer and 'baccy"!

The European tour of James and Budd De Mille in 1850-51 is treated at some length, since, MacMechan says, "It is hard to over-estimate the influence which these eighteen months abroad exerted upon the whole of De Mille's subsequent career. For a talented boy, in the most impressionable period of his life [he was sixteen at the time], to come into direct contact with old-world civilisation was in itself a liberal education."

Life at Brown University a century ago is reconstructed for us from the career of James De Mille as a student there from 1852 until his graduation as a Master of Arts in 1854: "While he did not distinguish himself in the regular ways, he was certainly not idle, and there was ample excuse for neglecting the prescribed curriculum. The term was nearly eleven months long and the whole time was spent on Natural Philosophy and Rhetoric, with alternatives of Chemistry in one half-year and Physiology in the other. Those were the good old times before elective classes were heard of and the theory of individual development was an unborn heresy. With such a meagre bill of fare before him, a youth of De Mille's ability, and active mind, fresh from European study, would naturally look for a more attractive and more varied mental diet. He was the exceptional student who does not fit into the college scheme of things, which is calculated to the scale of the average man."

Dr. MacMechan's interesting and provocative discussion, however, is so brief that he was not able to quote from any of the letters he had collected in 1890. Many of the letters are of in-

terest for their historical significance as well as for the light they throw on the character of James De Mille. For example, in a letter from Herbert C. Creed, a graduate of Acadia where he studied under De Mille, there is this P.P.S.: "It may be of some interest to you to know that . . . I am an alumnus of Dalhousie, having been regularly matriculated in 1856, with the first class that ever entered there for a college course."

Creed, after apologizing for his inability "to recall incidents and impressions worthy of preservation" goes on to tell us a good deal about De Mille as Professor of Classics at Acadia:

We all—at least those of us who were *students*—had a very high regard for Professor De Mille. We considered him a thorough classical scholar, an ardent admirer of classical literature, and an excellent teacher. He certainly awakened in many of us a love for the study of the Greek and Latin classics. Several of us, I may say, also studied Italian with him in our senior year.

In private intercourse—and I frequently spent pleasant evenings at his home in Wolfville—he was always genial and agreeable. In his conversation there was usually a tinge of the satirical. While he was doubtless a sincere Christian, and occasionally occupied the pulpit very acceptably, he took delight in ridiculing everything like cant, and even the ordinary words and actions of the 'pious' sort of people often brought to his keen eye and thin curling lip that peculiar sarcastic smile of his.

He goes on to quote from his diary for June 7, 1861:

Inaugural address by James DeMill, Esq. A.M.—one of the best addresses I have ever heard; the language clear, forcible, smooth; the delivery faultless. We were all charmed with him.

The entry in his diary for December 13, 1861, is also quoted:

In the evening Prof. deMill lectured before the "Acadia Athenaeum": subject—"The Catacombs of Rome". It was very chaste and elegant. He had committed it to memory and had no notes with him. We all thought it was very short—much less than an hour—and that he had omitted many things which might have been said. We afterwards learned that he had forgotten about a half-hour of it, in the middle.

Mrs. Creed is given credit for the following anecdote:

When his brother Budd was editing "The Watchman"—a Baptist weekly published in St. John—James De Mill used to write stories and other articles for its columns. . . . James would drop in to the book-store, and Budd would ask him for some copy. He would pick up perhaps some wrapping paper, and without looking at the part of his story written last, would dash off a fresh instalment of it, keeping up a running conversation all the time, and then, tossing it to his brother ask, "Here, Budd, will that do?". This my wife had from her father, who was an intimate friend of Budd De Mill.

Another of De Mille's students, Edwin Crowell, took time off from his parish duties in Barrington to write to Dr. Mac-Mechan about his relationship with De Mille. His letter deals chiefly with De Mille as a teacher, and gives some interesting information about life at Dalhousie College more than seventy-five years ago:

At times, his genius would display itself in the humdrum of class exercises and offer enough for everyone under him to be impressed with a sense of his superior genius. In the most unimpassioned way, however, he had the power of compelling attention and securing respect for his theme. He seemed to see us with his spectacles and be looking into the world of literature or history with his real eyes.

The mechanical and sometimes preoccupied air may have grown upon his method of teaching, for as you probably know, he would stand at his desk and read so rapidly for forty minutes from his Ms. that it needed considerable decision and judgment, to say nothing of speed in writing, to preserve the salient points of his lectures. . . .for the recitation of the next day. . . .

He never laughed at the ridiculous things of the class room; but smiled frequently and filled the interval between smiling and laughing by some remark so delicately humorous that it at once expressed sympathy with the bungler and his merry critics. No failure of preparation by a student could annoy him, not even the boisterous conduct at times in the main hall. . . .On one

occasion, when a new species of torture and common danger had been invented by prying out a lot of the stone blocks which formed the bases of the window and door posts in the hall, and kicking them over the smooth floor to the terror of every passerby, suddenly when a number of these had been pooled near the library-door out stepped our Professor, and taking in the situation, took also before him with some vigorous kicks enough stones to start a curling rink. He did not seem aware that the stones had not made all the racket unaided.

It is interesting to compare the comments of Crowell on De Mille's attitude to his teaching with those of an earlier student, William Elder, who had known De Mille at Acadia. Crowell, writing about De Mille as he was a short time before his death in 1880, says:

"Perhaps, I might correctly designate his relations to his classes as well as to myself as a secondary affair. Regular as the arrangements of the Calendar, the mechanical element was so evident in his lectures and class work generally that I could readily believe he was mainly interested in some other work, but lay anchored to the College duties and might appear to the public to be absorbed in them.

Elder's letter, on the other hand, is filled with admiration for the devotion of De Mille to his students and their problems:

"One thing connected with his teaching I have been able to appreciate since I came to know more of the laborious nature of the profession. His time must have been very fully occupied by the duties of his department, and his writings; yet he never spared himself. He would willingly devote an hour a day to meet even a single student who was prepared to undertake study outside the regular course. Many others besides myself will remember that this was done so generously that we almost seemed to be conferring a favor by laying this extra tax on him. He never appeared over-burdened, but always came to his classes fresh and vigorous, as if his thought, and study, and heart were in that one exercise."

In the last section of his article, Dr. MacMechan deals with the writings of De Mille, examining them "critically, ac-

ording to the only standard worth setting up—the highest". Most of De Mille's novels are characterized as "sensational stories of the wildest kind, abounding in impossible adventures, angelic heroines, and villains of the deepest dye. They are weak in construction, not seldom 'padded', and spun out to an undue length. But it is possible for censure to go too far. Yielding half in joke to a public taste, not perhaps of the highest order, De Mille did not condescend unduly. His stories are impromptus, written at top speed from notes, and not revised, but they bear everywhere the marks of unusual talent. De Mille could not help being clever."

In *The Dalhousie Gazette*, April 10, 1885, there is the report of a talk given to the Haliburton Society by H. P. Scott on De Mille. In his talk, Scott expressed regret for the inability of De Mille to develop "some style of his own which might insure his later fame. As it is, before long he will be but a name, his work having no enduring qualities. It was only a passing literary fashion and like all such manifestations of the artistic spirit will soon be forgotten. He had around him the materials out of which one author at least has built a world-wide fame, but he neglected them for worse, if more saleable ore. An author can never be great outside of his own nationality."

It is true that De Mille's novels have been long neglected, as most of them deserve to be. There are at least two books, however, that are still extremely readable: *The Dodge Club, or Italy in 1859*, and *A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder*. The first of these, drawing heavily on De Mille's own experiences, is a humorous, semi-picaresque novel describing the adventures of a group of Americans in France and Italy. It is true that as MacMechan says "there is no plot", but such a novel requires no plot to maintain interest, and unity is provided by the conventional framework of the travels and the travellers. Senator Jones from Massachusetts is the best character. "The aggressive, humorous, plain-spoken senator" is a "real live Yankee", whose ideas of European culture are coloured by his deep faith in the idea of progress and the spirit of Seventy-six:

"These I-talians air a singular people. They're deficient. They're wanting in the leading element of the age. They haven't got any idee of the principle of progress. They don't understand trade. There's where they miss it. What's the use of hand-organs? What's the use of dancers? What's the use of statoos, whether plaster images or marble sculotoor? Can they clear

forests or build up states? No, Sir: and therefore I say that this Italian nation will never be wuth a cuss until they are inoculated with the spirit of Seventy-six, the principles of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the doctrines of the Revolution."

Later on, as a practical measure, he suggests that the government tear down "all those unsightly heaps of stone and erect factories and industrial schools. There is plenty of material to do it with. For instance, take the old ruin called the Coliseum. It is a fact, arrived at by elaborate calculation, that the entire contents of that concern are amply sufficient to construct no less than one hundred and fifty handsome factories. . . . The Catacombs under the city could also be put to some direct practical use."

When the party is attacked by brigands, the Senator assumes command and plans the strategy: "Now let them come on, just as soon as they damn please. We'll try first the European system of barricades; and if they don't work, then we can fall back on the real original, national, patriotic, independent, manly, native American, true-blue, and altogether heroic style. . . from behind a tree, in the woods, like your glorious forefathers!"

A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder, published after De Mille's death, is carefully constructed and surprisingly interesting. Dr. MacMechan describes it as a "fascinating tale of an Antarctic Topsyturvydom, where lovers fly on tame pterodactyls and unselfishness is the chief end of its civilized cannibal inhabitants." This novel, in the tradition of *Gulliver's Travels* and *Erewhon*, has as its hero a simple seaman who finds himself in a world of inverted values, a world which he describes with all the honesty and naivete of Gulliver or the hero of Butler's *Erewhon*. De Mille has created a framework for the tale that allows him to comment on the miraculous adventures of Adam More, the hero. The strange story is picked up at sea by four men on an extended yacht trip designed to allow them to escape the world and all its boredom.

The indolent host, Lord Featherstone, makes few comments on the manuscript, but his three guests all have a good deal to say about it. Melick, the skeptic, believes the story to be a clever hoax, planned by someone who wished to get his imaginary voyage treated as an authentic adventure of a real traveller. The Doctor, interested in archeology, geology and other related studies, treats the story as the honest tale of a

strange, but not incredible voyage to a hitherto undiscovered part of the world. He offers scientific explanations for the existence of the tropical land at the South Pole—heat from the earth's fiery centre warms the surface of the flattened lands around the Pole. He also suggests that the strange and terrifying birds and beasts of the land of the Kosekin are really to be identified with creatures that have become extinct elsewhere in the world, but which have survived, for some reason he cannot give, in the nightmare world described by Adam More. Oxenden, the fourth member of the group, is a student of languages, using Grimm's Law to prove to his own satisfaction that the Kosekin are descended from the Lost Tribes of Israel.

Each of the four men takes a turn at reading the story, and between each instalment De Mille gives us the discussion that takes place among these four educated and diversified students of mankind. They cannot agree on many points, one calling the story a "scientific romance," while another defines it as a "satirical romance". They do agree, whether the manuscript is a fake or not, that the story of Adam More throws a new light on European culture. Melick, the unbeliever, has the most to say on this subject:

The satire is directed against the restlessness of humanity; its impulses, feelings, hopes, and fears—all that men do and feel and suffer. It mocks us by exhibiting a new race of men, animated by passions and impulses which are directly the opposite of ours, and yet no nearer happiness than we are. It shows us a world where our evil is made a good, and our good an evil; there all that we consider a blessing is had in abundance—prolonged and perpetual sunlight, riches, power, fame—and yet these things are despised, and the people, turning away from them, imagine that they can find happiness in poverty, darkness, death, and unrequited love. The writer thus mocks at all our dearest passions and strongest desires; and his general aim is to show that the mere search for happiness *per se* is a vulgar thing, and must always result in utter nothingness. The writer also teaches the great lesson that the happiness of man consists not in external surroundings, but in the internal feelings, and that heaven is not a place but a state.

Oxenden and the Doctor cannot agree with Melick's idea that a clever writer has been using a fictitious setting to satirize

society, but they do see that the story forces the reader to take stock of himself and his society. Oxenden says, "It is a plain narrative of facts; but the facts are themselves such that they give a new coloring to the facts of our own life. They are in such profound antithesis to the European ways that we consider them as being written merely to indicate that difference." Melick, however, remains firm in his belief in the existence of an author other than the simple naive Adam and passes judgment on that unknown author: "His plan is not bad, but he fails utterly in his execution. The style is tawdry; he has the worst vices of the sensational school—he shows everywhere marks of haste, gross carelessness, and universal feebleness." De Mille's ironical built-in criticism of his last and most careful novel, however, is less justified here than it is for his other works of fiction. *A Strange Manuscript* is a subtle and delightful book that should be better known.

Another of his novels, *Helena's Household* (1867), probably has at least historical importance. Dr. D. C. Harvey, in *An Introduction to the History of Dalhousie University*, says that according to Dr. Lawrence J. Burpee, a nephew and great admirer of De Mille, this novel "was the precursor of and may have inspired Wallace's *Ben Hur*, Farrar's *Darkness and Light*, and Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis*." He also quotes from a letter to De Mille from Sir William Young, then Chairman of the Board of Governors of Dalhousie: "The characters of Nero, Isaac and Hegio are powerfully drawn—and the burning of Rome and the fall of Jerusalem and other scenes are depicted with the skill of a master. The only fault I find is that you have not put your name on the title page. It would have enhanced your own reputation and reflected credit on Dalhousie."

Dr. MacMechan says that the "innermost nature of the man" was revealed in two of De Mille's works—"his *Rhetoric*, on which he worked for seven years, as time served, and his posthumous poem, *Behind the Veil*. The first shows how seriously he took his professional work. As an analytical treatise on style, it is one of the clearest and most complete ever written. The poem shows the poet's deeply reverential nature and his unflinching grasp of the things that are unseen and eternal." *Behind the Veil* appeared in 1893 with MacMechan's introductory note as editor: "The manuscript of this poem was found in Professor De Mille's papers after his death. Even his wife did not know of its existence. It had been prepared for the press with the greatest care; and had apparently been offered for publication in vain."

The poet, grief-stricken and driven in a frenzy of longing "for the Loved and for the Lost", is granted his request to see once more this "Loved One Lost." Freed from the earthly chains of the body, the poet's soul passes from system to system, vainly trying to measure the infinite in terms of the finite and the eternal in terms of the temporal. The poem can be described most accurately as a theodicy; the poet, in his journey behind the veil, is made to see that there is a purpose for every thing and every action, even when the finite understanding of man is unable to see any such purpose. He is overwhelmed by the indescribable glory and immensity of the vision he is granted:

Systems,—clustered Systems,—congregated Systems
 rose to view,
 Blending nebulous forms, and starry orbs of every shape
 and hue.

He asks his "Guide and Guardian" if what he has seen is not "Infinitude" and learns that he has been able to see and comprehend only a small fraction of the works of God:

—"Are there bounds to things created?"—"None that
 finite minds discern."
 —"Was there ever a beginning?"—"None, that finite
 minds may learn;—
 None for evermore may learn."

Made more and more aware of his own insignificance, the poet passes through periods of utter despair, only to be raised and heartened by the attendant spirit, who shows that the earth too has had its moments of greatness:

For the Earth its rays of glory
 O'er the Universe hath flung;
 With its sad, mysterious story
 Worlds on Worlds innumerable through the Universe
 have rung,
 And the song of man's Redemption all the angelic hosts
 have sung;

For the All-loving, once descending,
 On its hallowed surface trod,
 And the Souls, in hosts unending,
 Gazed upon that scene in wonder, while He made it His
 abode,
 And its name for ever blendeth with the awful name of
 God.

He is further comforted by the assurance that God—"the All-Pitying, the All-Loving, the All-Sympathizing One,—the Unutterable One!"—descends from his glory to meet the aspiring soul of man, as long as there is such aspiration. De Mille, resorting to the hoary concept of the Great Chain of Being to justify God's ways to suffering mankind, emphasizes the need for struggle, for self-conscious endeavour:

And for ever and for ever
 All the Universe is rife
 With perpetual endeavour,
 Made by souls of all gradations, in a stern persistent
 strife,
 To ascend to higher stages and to grander planes of
 life.

Dr. MacMechan concludes his article with the comment that it is in this poem that "we find the real De Mille". But De Mille the humorist and satirist is completely detached from *Behind the Veil*, which, it seems to me, represents only one side of a many-sided individual. Even the little verses—most of them never published—that MacMechan collected from De Mille manuscripts reveal something of the man. For example, the following lines show his ability, successfully applied in the writing of his novels, to use the conventionally melodramatic for a humorous effect:

Oh meet me by moonlight alone,
 The Moon shall illumine the scene.
 A pistol shall each of us take,
 With only ten paces between.

Then haste leave the banquet with me,
 The wine shall wait for us here,
 Till one shall come back to his wine,
 And one shall go off to his Bier.

In one rather lengthy unpublished poem read to the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Brown University in June, 1879, there is strong and frequently bitter attack on the American way of life; much of his criticism has a strangely modern tinge as he concentrates his attack on materialism, the vulgar love of show, and the demand for novelty:

Among the charges by the accuser made
 The first is this, it is an age of trade.
 Franklin, he cries, in worldly wisdom sage
 Taught Mammon-worship to the present age.

Our children learn his precepts and his rules
 With them as copy heads in all the schools. . . .
 The boy with such a training grows a man
 With this one motto, "Grab whate'er you can!"
 Asks this, as the first question of the day
 Of every human calling—"Will it Pay?"
 Preachers, like boys, delight in "Showing Off"
 Till those who come to pray remain to scoff.
 Sensation! O Sensation, they proclaim
 Till earth's remotest nations learn their name. . . .
 Self-seeking, self-indulgence, self-display—
 From these arise the evils of the day.

De Mille's criticism of his own time is also apparent in his Inaugural Address delivered at the opening of the sixteenth session of Dalhousie College, October, 1878. This speech, published in *The Dalhousie Gazette*, deals with the functions of the university in a changing society. It is a witty, learned comment on two kinds of education, both of which are available at the university. He talks about the conflict between the classics (which "comprehends the ancient languages and ancient literatures of Greece and Rome; ancient studies like philosophy, logic, rhetoric; and also the equally ancient discipline of mathematics") and the moderns ("modern physical sciences, modern language and literature, political economy, constitutional history, mathematics"). He examines the claims of the rivals carefully, since, as he says, "In this utilitarian age we are all trained to take nothing on trust, but to put to everything the interrogatory—short and sharp—"What is the use?" The age, he says, "is too much given up to mere money getting," and "more than all others, (this present age) requires discipline and culture." He concludes by saying that Dalhousie will continue to teach the old learning, but will also find a place for the new:

To those who have not the time or the taste for philosophy, or the ancient classics, we offer the discipline of modern sciences—the culture of modern literature. . . . Education may be given in various ways, each of which may be good. The one thing needful is that it be true education. And to be true education it must involve both discipline and culture. Discipline alone gives strength, but would involve hardness and narrowness; culture alone might give elegance, but would tend to effeminacy. Discipline is masculine;

culture is feminine; and as it is not good for man to be alone, let discipline be always wedded to culture.

It is perhaps a proof of the accuracy of De Mille's judgment of his age that the editor of *The Dalhousie Gazette* for February 3, 1880, felt obliged to point out that De Mille's funeral was not at all well attended:

We were astonished at the small representation, exclusive of the two Colleges, Dalhousie and Pine Hill. We are sorry to observe that the man whom the people of this city delight to honour is the man who has the fullest pocket. The citizen of ONLY (?) intellectual abilities must be content to take a minor position. We are pleased to notice that *some*, however, of our leading men were present as the remains of the greatest citizen of Halifax were being borne to their last resting place. . . One by one the men whose lives have been a credit to our country are being laid in the grave and the solemn question of to-day is, "Who will fill their places in the various fields of responsibility and usefulness?"
