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S'IL AVAIT SU

(From the French of Madame Valmore.)

If he had known the soul he has wounded,
If he had seen yon tears of the heart!
If he had known my heart's voice was silent
In loving too well, ah! not now apart
Estranged would we walk, my glad life-days over.
He surely had yielded to Love's gentle art,
And cherished the hope, he deceived in all cunning,
If he had known!

If he had known what depths of true feeling
A glowing child-soul, awakened above,
Deep buries; his soul knew not mine in its passion;
As he inspired it, he might have known Love
My eyelids, low drooping, concealed all my longing;
Ah! sweet sweeping lashes, read he that Love strove
With your pride? A secret all worth his divining,
If he had known!

If I had known how I into bondage
Was sold, when I looked into tenderest eyes,
As free as the air, the soft breeze of summer;
My days I'd have borne under other fair skies.
Alas! now too late to live my life over.
A sweet hope deceived, a prayer, then one dies.
Will he say in pity, my life-sorrow guessing:
"If I had known!"

GRETA.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."

Toronto theatre-goers had an opportunity last week of witnessing the acting of Mr. Mansfield in his dual role of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The play is an adaptation of the well-known book of Mr. Robert Stephenson, with a love affair, some stage business, and a considerable amount of hackneyed, if not bad sentiment thrown in. That Mr. Mansfield is an actor of unusual power is too well known to require comment, but to judge at least from the blanched, uneasy and horror-struck faces around one at the close of the performance, it seemed that he had chosen an uncanny subject. The book has been very generally read. To many the mere tale, an exciting one and so attractively told, has been the source of an hour's enjoyment, but by the majority of readers the moral underlying it has been gratefully acknowledged. It is an old truism, this moral, as old as man. He shall not yield to his baser nature with impunity. The doing of evil has a greater consequence than the act—it weakens the better side of man as well, until, to carry the truth to a fearful conclusion, the evil nature completely dominates—the good dies. That is what the book suggests—we knew it before, but not with the same appreciation. It is an old text, but an eloquent sermon. Viewed as a moral teaching, the story of Jekyll and Hyde is an allegory. The truth is exaggerated to intensify the moral. We know very well that the spirit of an angel and Hyde are both in us, but we know also that they combine and produce a state of consciousness dictated entirely by neither the one nor the other, just as a black and a white produce a gray. As long as a man is capable of doing one good act, Hyde is not master of him—there

is a potential Hyde only. Such a subject, treated in the delicate manner of Stephenson, is well enough and healthy, but to be turned into a sort of melo-drama—to have the sacred relationship of lovers analyzed by dividing what is pure in man from that which is impure, and casting the latter loose in a separate body, is a contemplation too horrible for most people. It is an appeal directly to the senses. The spell takes one by force; criticism is out of the question; we forget the allegory and the exaggeration in the hideous reality before us. A vague dread, quickened by the surroundings, that we, the best of us, are Hydes, and the mask of Dr. Jekyll is worn only for expedience, creeps into the heart and sickens it. This may be weakness, but it must be very unhealthy, and we are not all strong. One scene—an added one—is, for both hideousness of suggestion and of reality, the most remarkable. Dr. Jekyll is parting lovingly from the girl to whom he is engaged to be married. She accompanies him a few yards in the garden. She returns to the drawing-room and plays at the piano, lost, no doubt, in a love reverie. A moment afterwards Hyde enters, and snatches at her with the brutality of the vilest libertine. To appreciate the full significance of this is no part of an education; to believe it would be to lose the sacredness of life. To suggest it is an evil thing. The play is full of ghastliness. Hyde's apartment covered with pictures and objects, the delight of an absolutely bad man, to say nothing of his own figure and countenance; the agonized shudderings of Jekyll in the last scene, and the cry of a lost soul; the final transformation, hurried apparently by the thought and approach of the pure girl he loves; his death as Hyde—all these make up an experience of three hours, one feels he would gladly have not passed through. This is his last word. He does not attempt to ask why, but merely mutters: It is a bad, unwholesome excitement. He would say to a friend, "Read the book, but never see that play."

Toronto.

G. F. B.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

My first duty is to thank the members of the Literary and Scientific Society for the high honour they have conferred upon me in electing me their President for this year, and thus placing me in a position to preside over their meetings, and to take such a part in all their proceedings as my interest in their welfare can dictate. What the extent of that interest is, I will endeavor to illustrate by the remarks which I have to make about the past of the society, the valuable work which it has accomplished, the causes of its undoubted decline, in some respects, during the past few years, and the plans which might be suggested to bring about an assured continuance of activity and an increased vitality in the future.

I cannot but remember, at this time, the pride which I felt when, six years ago, I was elected Vice-President of this society. While I then felt that the honour given me was the highest which my fellow-students could bestow, I felt also that, if ever I should, as a graduate, be called upon,—as I had then little hope,—to preside over the Society's meetings in a higher capacity, the position in which I should be placed would be one at the same time of the highest privilege and the highest responsibility. But,