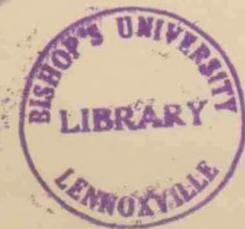


THE
MITRE
1948-49



The
MITRE



UNIVERSITY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.,
CANADA

Vol. 56 No. 1

Michaelmas 1948

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CONTENTS

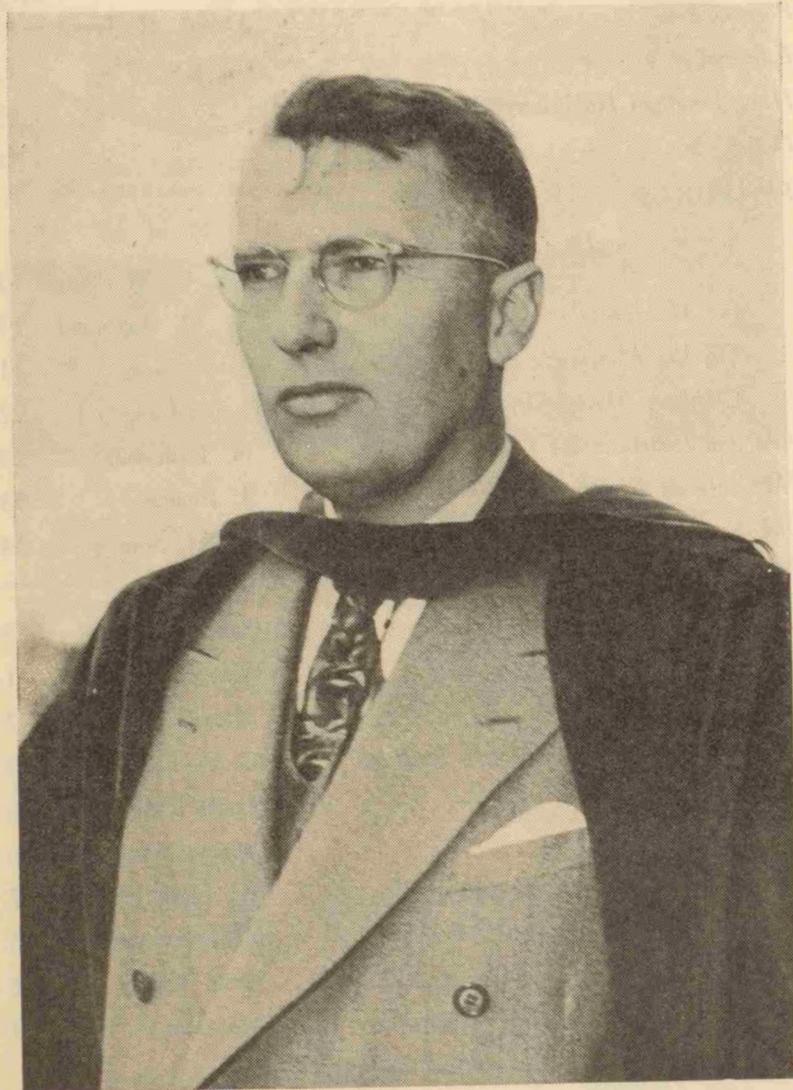
	PAGE
<i>Foreword</i> - - - - -	Dr. A. R. Jewitt 11
<i>Editorial</i> - - - - -	- 12
<i>Hon. Jonathan Robinson</i> - - - - -	15
<i>In this Issue</i> - - - - -	- 16

FEATURES

<i>Convocation Day Address</i> - - - - -	Hon. Mr. Justice C. G. Mackinnon 17
<i>No Man an Island</i> - - - - -	W. O. Raymond 19
<i>On the Morning</i> - - - - -	James Gray 21
<i>Climbing Mount Orford</i> - - - - -	James Gray 22
<i>Arts and Letters in the 18th Century</i> - - - - -	N. Lampman 23
<i>"Me Life on the Briny Deep"</i> - - - - -	J. Pearce 33
<i>Childhood in Extremity</i> - - - - -	M. H. Stanley 34

FROM OUR GRADUATES

<i>Travels with a Bicycle</i> - - - - -	Sandy Mills 35
<i>Cynara</i> - - - - -	Mary Hall 41
<i>Old Story</i> - - - - -	Mary Hall 42
<i>"Unto the Least of These, My Brethren"</i> - - - - -	C. E. Force 43
<i>The Lonely Pianist</i> - - - - -	James Dawson 46
<i>Solitude</i> - - - - -	James Dawson 46
<i>Theme from "So Well Remembered"</i> - - - - -	W. DesB. March 47
<i>"The Noose"</i> - - - - -	R. Robertson 48
<i>"Torpedo Victims Return"</i> - - - - -	Brian Kelley 52
<i>English Politics in the 18th Century</i> - - - - -	Margaret A. Banks 53
<i>The Umpteenth Synoptic Gospel According to Two Freshettes</i> - - - - -	Edith Astwood 62
<i>The Exchange Page</i> - - - - -	- 63
<i>"A Bishop's Diary"</i> - - - - -	- 66



PRINCIPAL ARTHUR RUSSELL JEWITT,
M.A., Ph.D., D.C.L.

FOREWORD

In 1947 the Primate of All Canada wrote the Foreword to the Michaelmas edition of "The Mitre" and spoke of his pride in being numbered among the Bishop's alumni. This year another recent graduate feels equal pride in being accepted into the Bishop's family both as an alumnus and as Principal and in being asked to write a Foreword to the first issue of "The Mitre". To all contributors, supporters and readers of this Students' magazine I should like to extend my best wishes and express the hope that in "The Mitre" will always be found the best critical and imaginative thinking and writing of our under-graduates whatever the subject -- Literature, History, Science or Current Events. An unexpressed thought is only half a thought. "The Mitre" offers to all students an opportunity to prove to themselves and others that they can think clearly and express themselves intelligibly.

Dr. A. R. Jewitt

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EDITORIAL

This editorial was written particularly for the benefit of those Freshmen who do not seem to know or care anything about "THE MITRE", and for the seniors who are possessed of a similar attitude. This laxity, ignorance, or whatever it may be, is quite apparent from the number of contributions received from the students in comparison with other years. Although few will agree, this is rather serious. It reveals for one

thing, the general lack of interest in college activities, and particularly in those which involve mental exercise. It is perhaps necessary to explain, then, as has been done so many times in the past, the purpose served by "THE MITRE" in the university.

First, however, compulsory freshmen contributions deserve some explanation, in view of the fact that so few Freshmen have done as they were told. The least they could have done, as one Freshman did, was to contribute an article objecting to this practice, which is printed in part below:

"Of all the things I hate doing, I think that I dislike writing essays and contributions for the various publications.

Why can't the men in charge of these publications . . . or those that like writing fill the papers and magazines with their contributions?

One of the silliest things to do is to tell a person that he has to contribute an essay or a poem to some publication as it is his duty. How do the editors expect a person to write a decent article when they have to do it or take the consequences?

One of the many failings of the Nazi Party was the admittedly compulsory schemes they had, and if one did not do as they were told, it was very easy to liquidate the unwilling member of the Party. The same process is used to get contributions from people who have never written for a magazine or who never intend to do so."

Before anything else is said, we wish to assure the contributor of this article that Nazi methods will not be used to liquidate him nor in fact those who failed to contribute anything at all.

We agree with the contributor that compulsion does not always produce satisfactory results. In this case, however, it is perhaps a necessary evil. The main reason behind the practice of making Freshmen contribute to the first issue is quite obvious: to discover those in the first year class who have any writing ability. We could, of course, as another Freshman suggested, look up matriculation marks in English composition, or conduct a kind of poll, in order to discover those interested in and capable of writing; but in the first place examination results are not always true indications of ability, particularly in non-scientific subjects, and secondly polls do not always reveal the truth. Quite frankly it is difficult to imagine many freshmen telling us how they enjoyed writing, and how delighted they would be to contribute something to "THE MITRE".

The policy of making the Freshmen contribute something to the first issue has a purpose other than giving our busy first year people something else to do. And may everyone rest assured that sincere at-

tempts at writing short stories, poems, and articles are appreciated, whether or not they meet the standards of the magazine. What is desired most of all by the Literary Board is an indication of genuine interest in this very important extra-curricular activity, and the number of contributions from the student body serves best to indicate just how much interest there is.

This brings us to our second point: the necessity of a student magazine in this university. "THE MITRE" serves as a part of the general aims of most student activities which are not strictly academic, namely to give students the opportunity to develop abilities in many fields not specifically dealt with in the college courses, and to increase the individual student's sense of responsibility to the university and to himself, and thus contribute to the development of that healthy spirit of cooperation necessarily inherent in the life of a college such as our own.

As a medium through which students are able to develop literary abilities "THE MITRE" has served well, as the number of Bishop's graduates prominent in the Canadian literary field would indicate. The absence of such a magazine in this university would create a vacuum difficult to fill; there would be virtually no opportunity for those fortunate few who are talented to develop their talents, and for the rest of us to at least make attempts at literary work. The artistic impulse should not be thwarted in any way, but should be given every opportunity to manifest itself in a constructive and intelligent fashion. For a university which prides itself in being able to give the individual student every opportunity to develop his character and abilities, the absence of a student magazine would be nothing less than a serious departure from principle, and indeed from a tradition of the sort which should be respected and appreciated.

"THE MITRE" plays at least one more important part in our university life. One of the principles of the democracy we pride ourselves in possessing guarantees that the individual have every right and opportunity to express his opinions on almost any matter, and any college magazine which denies to the student this very important privilege is in effect destroying the very thing it should help create, perhaps more so than all the fascist and communist propaganda that may find its way into the university.

The student must be given the opportunity to express his opinions in the fullest possible manner. "THE MITRE" presents this opportunity to him. We hope it will be able to continue as in the past to publish those articles of a controversial nature which meet the required literary standards of the magazine, and which do not step over the bounds of decency and discretion. We must consider one rule of censorship, however, because unfortunately there are people outside the university who do not appreciate the student's desire and right to give vent to his feel-

ings and opinions on certain matters, and with that in mind we reject those articles which might possibly damage the interests of the student body or of the university.

"THE MITRE" has served its purpose well in the past, and will continue to do so as long as the students realize that it is a student magazine, and as such works in their interests, and that it is their responsibility to support it, either as contributors or as readers, in a way that will enable it to continue its undeniably valuable service to them and to the university.

E. C. B.



Jonathan Robinson

It is with no small feeling of regret that we read of the sudden death of the late Hon. Jonathan Robinson, K.C., D.C.L. A man whose connection with this University goes back over thirty years, Mr. Robinson's numerous achievements need little mention.

Rather it suffices to say that he was a man who expended his great energy and enthusiasm in every job which he undertook. It is not however as Minister of Mines in the Quebec cabinet, as a prominent lawyer, or in the field of education in the province that we best remember him.

We see him instead, here at college, first as a student, then as Valedictorian in his graduating year 1920, and finally, but a few months ago at his son's convocation receiving an honorary degree in recognition of all that he had accomplished.

D. L.

IN THIS ISSUE

As one of our feature articles in the Michaelmas issue of "THE MITRE" we are pleased to present the Convocation address of the Honourable Mr. Justice C. G. Mackinnon, which in a few words neatly describes the nature and purpose of our university.

Those of us who studied English under Mr. Whalley for the past two or three years will find Dr. Raymond's review of his latest book of poems, *No Man an Island*, of exceptional interest. As Dr. Raymond points out, Mr. Whalley's poetry is of a high order, and indicates that he will undoubtedly join the long list of prominent Canadian poets who have attended Bishop's as students.

James Gray, a new member of the English department, has contributed a poem and a descriptive article, which reveal unusual power of imagery and description.

A graduate of only a few years ago, Mary Hall, has sent us two poems which we include in this issue. Noticeable in them are Miss Hall's command of language and expression, her mastery of verse forms which are flexible enough to allow her themes to materialize fully and clearly, and her genuine lyrical qualities.

Many will be pleased to learn that Sandy Mills is going to continue his "Travels with a Bicycle" series. His vivacious style adds a colour to his work, the type of which too little is seen in contemporary literature; and the general liveliness of his treatment of the subject makes this well worth reading.

We received a comparatively large volume of poetry from the students, which is a good indication that writing poetry is not yet a lost art.

The number of short stories received was frankly disappointing, but we are fortunate in being able to include Ron Robertson's "The Moose", a truly outstanding piece of undergraduate writing.

Two articles of a historical nature, "Arts and Letters in the Eighteenth Century" by Natalie Lampman and "English Politics in the Eighteenth Century" by Margaret Banks are both interesting and instructive, with a considerable amount of information being presented in a clear and methodical fashion.

Address by the Honourable Mr. Justice C. Gordon Mackinnon, O.B.E., B.C.L., D.C.L. at the Special Convocation of Bishop's University held at Lennoxville on Wednesday, the 27th October, 1948.

Fifty-two years ago last June I came to the platform in this very hall as a school boy of Bishop's College School to receive a small recognition of my indifferent scholastic attainments. That day I severed my connections with the school having successfully completed the required curriculum of the sixth form. Little did I think then that after the elapse of many years I would be standing again on the same platform to receive an honorary degree from this great University. I am deeply conscious of the great honour that has been bestowed on me and I am humbly grateful to the University of Bishop's College for having chosen to enroll me on its list of graduates. I am exceedingly proud of this distinction.

Born and brought up in the Eastern Townships I have followed with keen interest and great satisfaction the sure and steady progress of this University. There has been nothing static in its life and it has steadily advanced under the leadership of its successive principals, until for some years now it has been recognized as a great University.

The leadership and dynamic energy of our late beloved principal Dr. McGreer have left an indelible stamp on the University which to-day stands as a great monument to his memory. The University is on the threshold of even greater success and prestige under our new principal — that distinguished scholar who this fall took over its guidance and who to-day has been also honoured. Adequate finances have been provided for the necessary buildings and equipment and for the maintenance of a sufficient and competent staff of teachers. With Dr. Jewitt at its head the many friends of this institution can look forward with confidence to its future.

We can rest assured that Dr. Jewitt will uphold the purposes which were in the minds of the founders of Bishop's College which were to inspire its students with the love of learning, an appreciation of service to one's community and a healthy patriotism. That those purposes have been carried out during the intervening years clearly appear in the records of its long list of eminent graduates. Then too is the

record of its many undergraduates and graduates who served their King and Country in two World Wars, so many of whom made the supreme sacrifice. We take pride in the heritage they have left us.

Situated as it is in this beautiful countryside a comparatively small and compact residential university such as Bishop's has great advantages that the larger urban schools cannot offer. The teaching staff can establish a personal relationship with the student body and can give leadership and guidance to the individual. The student cannot fail to appreciate that he is a vital part of an organization which has as its objective his mental and indirectly his moral development. He can learn much from his close contact and association with his fellow students. For him the University is not a place where he spends a part of his daily life attending lectures. It is his entire daily life.

I am proud of the fact that I have to-day been enrolled on the long list of distinguished holders of degrees from the University of Bishop's College.

NO MAN AN ISLAND

W. O. Raymond

The recent publication of Mr. George Whalley's book of poetry, *No Man an Island*, will be of particular interest to those who have been associated with him at Bishop's University,—his colleagues in the faculty and members of the student body.

The poems in this book are of a high order of merit. They reveal the combination of aesthetic sensitivity with an incisive, penetrative mind.

It is a mark of the progress towards maturity of Canadian poetry that our younger poets are reflective as well as descriptive. In the past, many of our writers, especially in dealing with Nature, remain on the level of sense perception, and give little insight into the deeper intercommunion of Man with Nature. Mr. Whalley not only sees, but interprets and transfigures what he sees. He links with the intuition of a poet an intellectual grip which recalls Wordsworth's definition of poetry as "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." At the same time his poems are never cold and abstract. They are eminently pictorial, with a fertile command of appropriate sensuous imagery.

Artistic sincerity is an outstanding quality of this volume of verse. The poems mirror experience with realism and fidelity, and they are entirely free from anything that is meretricious and rhetorical. Faults, so frequent in the writings of a young poet, such as indulging in a display of cleverness or slighting communication in concentrating on subjective emotion, are refreshingly absent from *No Man an Island*. There is occasional subtlety, but no obscurity of thought. In addition to realism, many of the poems in this book have that touch of inevitability without which no poetry of distinction is possible. They lead on through meditative thought from the particular and incidental to the universal warp and woof of human nature.

The majority of Whalley's poems are based on his war experience in the Navy, in which he saw varied service in the Atlantic, North Sea, and Mediterranean. They are ruggedly realistic in their portrayal of life at sea in war time, yet the poet frequently relieves the tension by vistas of the phenomena of Nature, in their beauty and sublim-

ity. The sweep and vastness of the ocean, the magnificent panorama of the stars in their courses tranquilize the spirit, even in the midst of the grimness of war. In addition to poems which have as their environment the high seas, there are a number of charming English vignettes. These are often associated with the mood of a soldier in Great Britain on leave, during his brief respites from active service.

With the exception of "Canadian Spring" and "Cabot Strait" none of the poems have a Canadian background. This may be attributed to the fact that they record the experiences of the years when Mr. Whalley was absent from Canada. The verses on Canadian Spring show that he has a sensitive appreciation of the spirit and genius of Canadian landscapes which his future poetry will doubtless more fully reveal.

The metrical form of *No Man an Island*, unrhymed free verse, is modernistic, but not radically so. The form is not imitative, but the native voice of the poet; and the delicacy of his ear for rhythmical balance and cadence as well as his wealth of imagery, sustain his utterance on the poetic level, despite the hazard of his free and at times colloquial medium of expression. He has also had the advantage of a rigorous discipline in the classics. In common with other modernists he appreciates the value of speech tones. His accuracy and precision of phrasing, discriminating choice of words, the cutting edge of a keen mind shunning verbosity and ornateness are admirable virtues in a comparatively youthful poet. An occasional thinness is inevitable in a trial flight; but with ripened experience wavering outlines on Mr. Whalley's poetry will become more closely knit in texture, and limpidity will be reinforced with an added strength and sinewiness of thought.

Limitations of space preclude citation from individual poems which would illustrate in a concrete way qualities of George Whalley's verse stressed in this brief review.

ON THE MORNING...

James Gray

The great, plunging, curveting sea dropped his half-chewed morsels from angry, gurgitating jaws, and drew rein, ready and poised for the next assault. An uncertain moon goggled in the unshaven heaven, and sullen low-hangers troughed round the belly of Night, forming a mighty and endless belt, buckled by infinity and studded unmethodically by the random-set stars. And as this belt revolved, and the entire living mass of Universe with it, savage arms from the sea spread upwards, upwards, until it seemed their finger-tips would touch the firmament. Straining, tortuous turbulence, convulsing as if the combined wars of a world's history were being re-enacted there in the deep, while the wide raw gallery of the cosmopolitan skies, braving the desperation of the storm, undeterred by the dimness of the flickering light, looked on and roared encouragement from the very throat of Silence.

And on the land it was Christmas, the first Christmas of all — peace on earth and goodwill — untouched by raving tempest, undisturbed by remorseless beating of waves, undismayed by harsh cataclysmic passions of night. On the land and in the dwellings of men the news of the Saviour spread as glory spreads over the battle-field. But the wanderer on the sea did not catch its spreading. She was gripped fast at anchor, held in rooted terror of the eager reefs, and waiting longingly, patiently, sleeplessly, for her reprieve . . . And at last, weary and tear-stained, whipped and battered to the point of exhaustion by the thongs of a million breakers, she beheld the morning, as through a misty water-glass, with the phantom shore ahead and all nightmares flung to stern. Daring scarce to breathe, she stooped to retrieve her anchor, while the valiant, pale, war-tried sun struggled manfully a-top the horizon to give light to see and warmth to feel her way on to the formless haven of boundless promise where the first fires of Christianity were kindling to welcome her return.

From "Three Christmas Pieces".

CLIMBING MOUNT ORFORD (THANKSGIVING WEEK-END, 1948)

James Gray

The morning sea of silence
Broke into ripples of song,
And the leaves were glad by the roadside,
And the wealth of gold was scattered
Through a rift of tinted clouds;
We busily went on our way
And paid no heed.
The sun rose to the mid sky,
And withered leaves danced and whirled
In the champagne air of noon:
It was hard to reconcile Death
With so much living colour;
We busily went on our way
And paid no heed.
But as upward ranged our path
Through the kaleidoscope of the leaves,
The pattern of the pallet of God
Took away our halting breath:
No longer unheeding, unseeing,
We climbed as if on wings
Loaned by the beauty of creation.
All purple and red and fiery
The trees stood out, as it seemed,
In a last mute, glad defiance
Against bare, towering crags.
Into a clear abyss we looked and saw
A shower of reds and greens and violets,
The ribbon of waters tangling round,
And all the gorgeous panoply
Of fall-tide, richer far than art;
Fragrance, mystery, amplitude intense
In soft coalescent compromise,
Delicate violet tones and amber, rust,
A fantasy of nature, richer far than gold.
So we halted at last by the way
And paid great heed.

From "*A first look at Canada*"
(by permission of the author).

ARTS AND LETTERS IN THE 18th CENTURY

Natalie Lampman

The arts and letters of an age are a manifestation of the spirit of the age. Its philosophy for instance is not the product of impartial or abstract investigation but is intimately connected with the practical conditions of the time. To understand why certain ideas become current it is necessary to consider what were the current social difficulties which brought them forth. This is even more true of the literary and artistic expression of these ideas. But the relation is not a simple one. Ruskin, the 19th century critic, believed that there is a decay in the art of a nation if it lost its vitality and morality, or that only good men could paint good pictures or write good books. But this is an over-simplification because the arts actually play too small a part in the whole activity of a nation to be a complete indication of the forces at work or of its moral state. They are only one strand in a complex tissue, affected by religious, political, social and economic changes. They are also of course affected by an individual genius who in turn influences them.

In the beginning of the 18th century, during Queen Anne's reign, the Parliamentary system was definitely in shape and the aristocracy in supreme power. At this time the relation between politics and literature was closer than ever before. Literary merit was recognized by state patronage, that is parliamentary influence, whereas in earlier days it had had to depend on court favour. So comparatively speaking, it shone by its own light. The political power of the press was developing, an opportunity first noticed by Harley, Lord Oxford, who employed Defoe and Swift to write deadly pamphlets against the Whigs. So the patronage of literature was largely political: Parliamentary statesmen recruited their party from rising talent. This system of course excluded those writers, historians, divines, and philosophers for instance who did not write politics.

The literature of Queen Anne's reign was produced by the London wits, a society of the city exclusively, who frequented the many coffee-houses which had recently come into fashion: Here they discussed politics and current literature and as there were no critical journals in those days, these clubs, as they came to be called, represented literary tribunals, passing judgment on the latest poem or pamphlet. They cor-

responded more or less to the Salons in France which had such an influence on French literature, but the English clubs lacked the feminine element of the French ones so their conversation was not always so polite. To Frenchmen, however, England was the land of liberty and philosophy. The creed which led to such happy results was laid down in the late 17th century by John Locke who expressed the sturdy common sense and mistrust of things imaginative of the intellectual class of his time. His rather limited practical philosophy had a very strong influence on the 17th century, particularly the first half in which poetry is too much like prose and imagination is kept well at a distance. In philosophical writing Locke cleared the field of the scholastic type of argument so that when Bishop Berkeley, the great 18th century philosopher announces a metaphysical discovery he does so in an exposition quite short and clear enough for the average untutored reader. In the church too the same change is seen. Instead of impressing their readers with superior classical learning and scholastic logic theological writers appeal to the reason of the average laity who has no special theological training.

The literary world, as we have seen, was made up of the wits, as they called themselves. Their influence, good and bad, can be seen in the theatre which decayed sadly in the 18th century. Dryden's brilliant successor Congreve wrote comedies of witty dialogue, reflecting the conversation of the best social circles. However they also reflected the moral code of these circles which seems to have been anything but strict. Marriage is ridiculed; virtue of any kind is hypocrisy and humbug. So Congreve was attacked successfully by the clergy in 1700 and the theatre decayed until after 1770 when Goldsmith and Sheridan wrote their sentimental comedies.

Because of the prejudice against writing for the stage after this a new kind of literature grew up to meet popular demand. Beneath the upper social stratum was a class generally known as Grub Street, the journalists and pamphleteers. The daily newspaper, a small sheet by a single author, had appeared at the beginning of the century. Grub Street, as its name implies, was regarded with haughty disdain by the wit. No one of importance objected when one of its representatives, Defoe, was pilloried, flogged or lost his ears. Yet the journalist was beginning to be useful to the politician, as Swift was. Defoe, a genius at the art, was the agent of more than one party, and often had to compromise his conscience to keep alive.

At this point, when a market for periodical literature was arising, Richard Steele, who had found writing for the stage unpromising, started "The Tatler", in 1709. Its aim was to discuss all topics not considered adequately treated in the daily papers, suited to all classes, including women (hence the title). "The Tatler" was succeeded by "The Spectator"

in cooperation with Joseph Addison. It had a tremendous success because it satisfied a real need. Addison sets himself up as a censor of manners and morals, veiling his pretension with delicate irony. He gently ridicules social affectations and frivolities, writing with the sublime confidence of one who doesn't know a great deal about such subjects as psychology, aesthetics, ethics, etc. He shares the belief of his time that all such problems are quite easily solved by common sense. His readers are of course flattered by this assumption. Addison owes his popularity to the fact that he made up for the lack of a good public theatre. He sets up an ideal of human conduct tempered with humour, as Molière did in France in the previous century. The English reading public loved to be preached to, because it was trying to form for itself a practical philosophy. It was interested in psychological problems and clever character sketches but it had not yet learned to embody its ideas in living fictional characters, except for Addison's "Sir Roger de Coverly" who is kept in the background of his creator's more important sermonising.

In painting this feeling for moral improvement is seen in William Hogarth's narrative pictures of English life. He was the first to look at English life around him and paint it without affectation or foreign influence. His "Talk of the Town" satirized the tendency of fashionable London to lionize foreign singers and in the well-known "Rakes Progress" and "Mariage à la Mode" he shows the sad consequences of reckless living. He was too truthful to be a favorite with society and only one or two aristocrats had the courage to pose for him.

Another great satirist of Queen Anne's age was Jonathan Swift, the most intellectual writer of this age of reason. He did not moralize but used the deepest and most searching irony. In the "Tale of a Tub" he ridiculed the pedantry of theology with amazing audacity and in "Gulliver's Travels" political corruption — Whig corruption that is, as he was in the pay of the Tories. He is the most impressive literary figure of the century, writing with tremendous force, his prose quite unadorned by any tricks of style.

Poetry at the beginning of the century has changed much since the spontaneous lyric of the Elizabethan age. It is transformed by the self-consciousness and matter-of-factness of the age of Reason. Sentiment is tempered by wit. Fearing ridicule for his outburst of emotion the poet anticipates it by half-ridiculing it himself. The old pastoral type of poetry with its shepherds and shepherdesses seemed absurdly artificial now and there is a feeling that to be poetical in deadly earnest is to risk being absurd. However the Wit considered himself quite capable of writing any kind of poetry, serious or light, because of his critical keenness. He seemed to think that poetry, instead of being an expression of a positive, spontaneous feeling, was simply a matter of avoiding the

faults of bad taste which he considers his barbarous forefathers, Milton, Shakespeare and Spenser, no less, committed. Shakespeare's mixture of farce and tragedy was thought to cater to vulgar tastes while the French theatre of Racine was the only model, for the writing of tragedy. This is another reason for the decay of the English stage in the 18th century, because the British public did not sympathize with intellectual spirit of French tragedy. It had a healthy appetite for battle, murder and sudden death and a mixture of tragic and comic, all out of keeping with the French tradition. The attempt to refine tragedy was as hopeless as the attempt to moralize comedy. Tragedy was simply made artificial, quite divorced from real human emotions, contrived, not inspired.

This distrust of common human emotions can be seen in the attitude to the literature of Greece and Rome, which the early 18th century took for their revered models. In the 17th century Homer had been translated by Chapman, a translation considered barbarous by the 18th century because Chapman's aim was to reproduce the real feeling of Homer's age, but Alexander Pope improved on this by making a translation of Homer, excellent in its way, except that it is, of course, Pope not Homer.

In short the only vital literary form of importance up to this time, which was really in touch with the ideas and strivings of the common reader was the periodical essay, very popular and a model for at least three generations of writers and countless imitations. Samuel Johnson, the century's greatest critic, advised all young writers to give constant study to the style.

With the death of Queen Anne in 1714 a new period begins. Everything seems to settle down to a quiet, stable equilibrium and growing wealth and comfort. John Bull, as he had named himself, was becoming very complacent. Songs like "Rule Britannia" and "The Roast Beef of Old England" were composed. Politically it was a period of bribery and corruption, serious enough to cause indignation among all the leading writers. The change in political atmosphere caused a break-up of the literary societies which had formed in club and coffee house. Patronage was no longer given to promising writers. However the book-sellers began to make up for this lack and the author by profession was beginning to be recognized. Alexander Pope became the acknowledged literary dictator and remained so long after his death, thanks to the authority of Johnson. The secret of his power was that he reflected so completely the rather complacent spirit of his day, though he was an original poet in his own right. He was the authorized poet of the ideas rather than the emotions of the aristocratic class, still in the ascendancy. Lord Chesterfield's "Letters" to his son give a good idea of this class in which social success is the first essential to all other success.

The only kind of poetry really congenial to this class was satire, if satire is poetry, and in that Pope was most successful; some of his more personal barbs were polished for years. Chesterfield says that he never spoke without trying to express himself as well as possible and the same is true of Pope. The Satires denounce an age when, he says, "not to be corrupted is the shame". Satire however is negative and can degenerate into an arid pessimism. In Pope there is no feeling for nature, no descriptions of sea, sky and mountains for their own sake. He wrote for and belonged to a class which lived in the city. But around the middle of the century communications between town and country were improving, bringing them closer together. Also the "grand tour" on the continent was becoming popular. Young men of the upper classes visited Italy, acquiring a taste for Italian paintings, and opera, so at home they could appreciate the painting of Reynolds and Gainsborough, and start an English opera. There is a growing taste for gardening, an attempt to make the garden less formal and more natural. On the whole there is a growing understanding between country squire and city wit who are beginning to appreciate each other's tastes.

In the meantime the Plebian class which Pope scorned so was developing a literature of its own. It was beginning to regard the artificiality of the aristocratic class with an honest contempt. Defoe, whom Pope ridiculed so unfairly expressed this new spirit of sturdy self-reliance in "Robinson Crusoe", a simple application of journalistic methods to a partly imaginary incident. It saved trouble to make up your facts instead of finding them and was the same in effect. Crusoe represents British individualism and ability to make the best of the most hopeless circumstances. Hence its popularity among the growing class whose characteristic it embodied and who cared nothing for canons of taste or the conventions of aristocratic literature. The journalistic class whom Defoe represents is rapidly becoming respectable, the demand for popular literature and useful information has grown so. Smollett, for example, has a sort of literary factory of paid hackwriters. He also started one of the first literary reviews which, as critical judges, take the place of the coffee-house gatherings. The aristocracy regards the professional writer with their usual contempt for anyone who has to earn a living. As Lord Chesterfield put it "We, my Lords, may thank heaven that we have something better than our brains to depend on." But Samuel Johnson surprised this gentleman by being independent enough to refuse his offer of patronage. Walpole condescended to be polite to Gibbon the historian and Hume the philosopher only because they are gentlemen as well as authors.

Through the influence of Addison and Pope is still dominant, one unusual book, appearing in 1742, marks a change in taste, a poem by

Young, called "Night Thoughts", a title perhaps indicative of his character as he was a man with a grievance, a hitherto disappointed author. He was fortunate enough to meet the contemporary taste exactly in this poem which he says is to make up for an omission in Pope's "Essay on Man", that is, revealed religion. Pope's religion was the Deism which developed from Locke's philosophy of reason. Young's elaborate argument is to prove the immortality of men, chiefly by astronomy. But most important is his deliberate pathos and gloom; he is always thinking of death and asking for sympathy. The world is a huge lunatic asylum in which the only consolation is the hope of immortality. Another evidence of this fondness for melancholy subjects is Blair's poem "The Grave", appearing at the same time. Both these poets lived in Scotland which accounts for their partial independence of Pope's all-pervading influence. Pope had ignored religion except as a system of abstract philosophy and the new class of readers wanted something more congenial. It is the beginning of "sentimentalism." The rising class to which these authors and others like them address themselves is tired of the indolent scepticism of polite society, however well expressed.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" had always been very popular with them in spite of the critic's scorn. The most effective preacher of popular sermons was Samuel Richardson, the first to turn the new feeling for sentimentalism to account, hence the great popularity of his epistolary novels, in England and on the continent. His works, "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe" greatly irritated one contemporary, Fielding, with what he called their sham morality and he set to work to create, in "Tom Jones" for instance, the beginning of the novel as we know it, not a mere series of adventurers like Crusoe but a portrayal of human nature with a background of dramatic situations.

Another development at this time, a result of the travelling on the continent, was an interest in mediaeval and ancient architecture, resulting in the rather odd taste for artificial ruins and imitation Gothic. This was a symptom of growing interest in history. Chaucer, Spenser and Shakespeare we have seen were thought barbarous by Addison and Pope, but now there was a new interest in these poets. There was a feeling that moralizing in verse as Pope did had been pushed too far. In the Scotch poet Thomson we see a half-apologetic interest in nature, later developed by Gray and Collins, in whose poetry natural description stands by itself, without a moral attached to justify it, as was inevitable in Pope.

The period just before the outbreak of the French Revolution is a period of literary stagnation. Johnson is still the dominant figure but no more writers are produced. An interest in history was characteristic of the time, as the British began to realize they had a steadily growing

complex order. The Scotch philosopher Hume turned from metaphysics to history. This interest, and the example of Montesquieu and Voltaire in France led to the principal literary output of the time, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" for instance. As we see in Adam Smith's "The Wealth of Nations" a growing interest in science influenced the study and interpretation of history and economics. Politically and philosophically England had ceased to be the originator of ideas such as were appearing in France and Germany. Ideas of extreme revolution left the English cold and on the whole, the French Revolution was to them as unexpected as the earthquake at Lisbon.

The literary world was best represented by Johnson's club whose conversation is recorded for us in Boswell's life of that great man. As I have mentioned, there was no great writer of originality at the time but the club included the brilliant figures of David Garrick the first actor to gain respect for that profession in England, and Joshua Reynolds the portrait painter, as well as many writers. Men of letters now lived in a congenial environment, could usually say what they thought without encountering the persecution which outspoken authors like Voltaire got in France. This was of course because the increasingly independent middle-class had no grievances worth resorting to revolution for. Public opinion was acquiring power through the press which was allowed into Parliament. This began the great period of English rhetoric in Parliament. The speeches of Pitt, Fox, Sheridan and particularly Burke are literary as well as political compositions. The presence of reporters to take down the speeches meant that this would have the same power as political pamphlets. It was partly due to Burke's brilliant oratory that England was so cool towards the Revolutionary heavings on the continent, as Burke abhorred the violence of Rousseau.

The return to the purely literary trend, the sentimentalism of which Rousseau was the modern proponent can be detected in the early years of George III in the novels of Goldsmith and Sterne, who put new wine into old bottles, as it were. Working on old times they use new motives and materials which are beginning to interest people, the evils of the old prison system in "The Vicar of Wakefield" for instance. Poetry had decayed after Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" in 1770 to revive in the 80's with Crabbe and Cowper who stimulate a "return to nature." Cowper's poetry was strongly influenced by Methodism. While he agreed with Rousseau that society was corrupt and selfish, he disagreed in believing this was because the human soul itself was naturally corrupt — a fundamental difference. Dominated by religious fear, Cowper retired from the world to die insane. He escapes from the tortures of insanity when he describes the delights of the peaceful English countryside, not in the artificial manner of Pope, but from a real emotional need.

For Cowper, Pope's conception of nature represents "cold morality", substituted for the language of the heart. Crabbe and Cowper, though very different, both agree in their endeavour to put new life into poetry by seeing things as they are.

This attitude to nature had been anticipated sometime before this in landscape painting by Richard Wilson. He is not so well known as other painters of the century for because of an ill-timed joke at the expense of Royalty, George III, consigned him to obscurity and poverty for the rest of his life. Like Romney and Joshua Reynolds after him, he had gone to Italy to study Italian painting and returned to show his countrymen the true beauty of their own country, but he was too early. His paintings were too original and truthful to appeal to a public which still preferred the rather unreal and idealized classical style.

Wilson is succeeded by a man much more in tune with the spirit of the age and therefore much more prosperous and popular. Sir Joshua Reynolds was a portraitist in the grand style. He thinks in paint, looking for spiritual and intellectual qualities rather than physical ones. For example, the actress Mrs. Siddons was painted both by Sir Joshua and his rival Gainsborough, but in Sir Joshua's picture Mrs. Siddons looks years older. Gainsborough was really greater than Reynolds, and liked to poke fun at the latter's dogmatic teaching on technical details. He is supposed to have painted his famous "Blue Boy" in defiance of Sir Joshua's dictum that blues could not be massed together. Gainsborough's landscapes, like Wilson's, were ahead of his time. They seem to be full of movement, unlike the static nature of the classical style. At his death in 1788 his house was full of his own landscape paintings.

Poets and authors of prose works had more success with originality than painters seemed to have. Samuel Johnson, the strong believer in common sense whose critical judgments still carried so much weight, agreed in objecting to the conventional diction of Pope, and pastorals in which shepherds and shepherdesses flitted about an unreal Arcadia; better describe a loutish country clown such as appear in Crabbe's poetry than one of these.

The new interest in history stimulated a long-delayed appreciation of older forms of literature, old English, and Elizabethan literature, Scandinavian and Icelandic poetry, all suggesting new ideas. This interest is generally supposed to be the beginning of the Romantic movement which however does not simply mean an interest in certain types of literature, but rather that the old forms are inadequate to express new impulses. There is a feeling of dissatisfaction with old philosophical, religious and political systems. It is a very complex movement of which the literary evolution is only a small part. In fact the literature which be-

came popular during the Romantic era sometimes took strange forms, showing the peculiar psychological state underlying at least parts of Romanticism. For instance one of the more popular poets was "Ossian", supposed to be an ancient Scotch bard who wrote vague and grandiose descriptions of Northern mountains and lakes. Only Wordsworth had a true enough sense of natural description to be anything but disgusted by it. It was really a literary forgery by a Scotchman named MacPherson. It appealed very strongly to the romantic feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction with reality but had no influence whatever on the development of literature. Lyrical poetry seemed to have died out in England, to come to life in Scotland, in Robert Burns, the greatest of self-taught poets, who expresses the emotions of a people in their natural form, quite independent of rules of literary criticism. His greatness arises from the fact that he was in such complete harmony with the society in which he lived. His vigour and spontaneity show the importance of the Return to Nature, that to be great an author must express not only his own emotions but those of a large and vital class. Otherwise his art becomes an unnatural survival.

The union of Scotland and England stimulated the patriotism of Scotland which was expressed by Burns and, differently, by Sir Walter Scott, who has a vivid sense not only of the present but of the past. He sees Scotland against a background of history. Scottish lairds and peasants are intimately related to social conditions which have slowly developed through the centuries. Scotland also produced its greatest portrait-painter at this time in the person of Sir Henry Raeburn, who like Scott preferred to remain in Scotland rather than go to London, the magnet for all artists.

The third important literary representative of the new movement is William Wordsworth who like Scott and Burns believed in expressing the feelings of the common unsophisticated yeoman. This accounts for his early enthusiasm for the French Revolution as long as he thought it represented the republican ideas of such people. When he saw that it meant to overthrow completely all that bound men together he turned against it. French revolutionary doctrines did not find permanent support among English poets until the next century, with Byron and Shelley.

I think that, in conclusion, it is possible to draw a moral from the artistic evolution of the 18th century, the fact that arts and letters must be produced by whatever class embodies the really vital and powerful currents of thought which are moulding society. The history of 18th century literature illustrates this by showing how, as the social changes give new influence to the middle classes and then to the democracy, the influence of the aristocratic class which represented the culture of the

opening stage is gradually pushed aside; its methods become antiquated and its conventions cease to represent the ideals of the most vigorous part of the population, until with Romanticism they are entirely cast aside. It is all part of a long process as we have seen of a return to Nature, a striving, by both writers and painters, for the sincerity and spontaneity which were so cramped at the beginning of the century. It is also the century when the common man finds a voice and the arts are no longer concerned with one particular ascendant class.

An Episode from

“ME LIFE ON THE BRINY DEEP”,
or “ME BIT FOR THE WAR”

J. Pearce

I'm sitting in the mess one stormy day struggling away at some tough old steak the cook has just slung us. Me winger "Iron-jaw" Gus calls out with his usual generosity: "Here Jack take my molars, guaranteed to pulverize the Rock of Gibraltar they is, I got another set." So I picks up his size 12 chompers and shoves 'em in me food hatch then grinds away again.

Just then we gets the old pipe "all hands on deck — sub at close quarters." Jumping up with me customary sam froid I flies up to the main deck and there sure enough is old Heil Hitler with his perryscope sticking up like a sore thumb. Dismayed at this me mates size in despair "This paddle-pusher ain't much of a match for her, we're sunk." But the Old Man spots me, don't worry boys he says, we got that old sea-dog O'Pearce on board, I'll send him in. Grasping his suggestion like a 10 spot on pay-day, I springs him me best salute with "Aye, aye, sir, trust me sir, at your call" and giving me 14 carrot watch to Gus, jumps into the foaming brine.

Churning along I streaks it over to the perryscope. Grabbing it with me grabbers I proceeds to rock it back and forth all over our stretch of the murky North A. When I figgers the Germans is getting to look as green as Paddyman on the 17th I peers into the pipe to see how things is getting along in little Jerry-land down below. Two astounded peepers meets me gaze at the other end, they disappears and then I hears a chorus of dismal growns from the inmates. In a moment the spy-pipe rises and I'm straddling the sub as she surfaces.

Well chums, clang goes the deck-hatch and out crawls a trembling Hun with his arms hoisted. "Alright Canadian depth-chargers and bums iss bad enough but now gives you. Too much iss enough". No need to throw you the old bilge mates I represents his remarks but takes it without a blink on me weather-beeten face. Lining up the whole crew

I hails His Majesty's pride and she steams alongside. Then I notices me shipmates all guffaws.

Well spike me if I'm still sporting Gus's Molars! When I pries 'em out revealing me natural features all the Germans swoons flat in a dead faint, but I ignores this embarrassment and reports to the skipper. "Beastly jolly, O'Pearce, you've saved us again, an extra hour's leave for you in port.

Overwhelmed with his kindness, I climbs aboard me own packet and slips quietly below for the rest of me chow. Another job done.



CHILDHOOD IN EXTREMITY

M. H. Stanley

*"The world will end tonight."
So said a rumour, and a child in fear
Went trembling homeward, there to meditate
The awful consequences he had learnt
To see in his mind's eye of such a thing.
His mind was filled with pictures of dismay -
A floating city overhead, the God
Of Time, with two-edged sword, wreaking
Destruction on a sin-burnt world encased
In flames that scorch with a dry heat - a heat
Which tortures but does not consume. "Dear God,"
He pled, "When midnight comes bringing its dawn
Of bright eternal day, Oh then may I
Not perish in the purging fire, but live
To love in Heaven, as I loved on earth,
My Saviour Christ, my parents and my dog."*

TRAVELS WITH A BICYCLE (Part 3)

Sandy Mills

The last sentence of the previous article in this series, "Travels with a Bicycle", ended with the cry: "Remember then, we meet in Scotland!" So be it. Let's take ourselves north now to a point in Scotland above the 57th parallel, and imagine bicycling a little wearily and slowly, not quite broken in yet, the thirty-five miles from Grantown-on-Spey to Inverness, — enduring with calmness the humiliating sight of athletic youngsters and determined oldsters flashing past peddling swiftly up the hills as if without effort. Imagine ourselves arriving not a little stiff and sore at Inverness and there for the first time going to a Youth Hostel.

For those who don't know, officially a Youth Hostel is for "keen hostellers from nine to ninety-two." At British hostels keen but aged hostellers gather who either cannot afford hotel bills, or, gregarious by nature, are constitutionally unable to endure the boredom of British hotels. There also gather those who find such keen joy in the outdoor life of bicycling and hiking that they care only to associate with strictly outdoor types. In Britain the impressive Youth Hostelling organization owns hostels varying from proud 14th century castles or Victorian mansions to squalid Nissen huts. Canada with its vast spaces and small population although it does have an embryonic organization, has nothing which compares with its British counterpart. Canadians prefer to drive.

My first introduction to a night in a Youth Hostel brought back strong memories of the army. For the sum of twenty-five cents we were given grey army blankets, a pallet of straw, and a modest space on the floor; the theory doubtless being that keen hostellers should arrive too tired to bother about little things like comfort. However, as I afterwards learnt, hostels are graded on a first, second, and third class basis. First class means luxurious accommodation, second sometimes does, third never. The Inverness hostel was an apologetic second.

Because of the variety of sporty people from all over the world who gather at these hostels conversation is usually animated and interesting. Inverness was no exception. At this hostel there seemed to be a gathering of the clans, the clans of Scottish nationalists whose goal is home rule for Scotland. They reason, narrowly and selfishly admitted-

ly, that Scotland a proud country with quite distinctive traditions gives England far more in the way of food, power, and money than she receives in return. But the most annoying thistle in the nationalist bonnet is the treatment Scottish affairs get in the Mother of Parliaments, where Scottish M.P.'s dour and tenacious as they may be are hopelessly outnumbered. They feel that Scotland would be better managed and better off financially if it was able to control its own affairs. Usually excess steam is let off in belligerent editorials and testy letters to the editor, but some are not so easily satisfied.

For example, the person in charge of the Inverness hostel, appropriately called the "Warden", was such a full-blooded nationalist that, as he himself told me, he even used to say his prayers in Gaelic each night before retiring, so his soul might be filled with the spirit of the past. Seeing my interest was roused, he modestly mentioned that only the day before he had boldly climbed to the top of the highest flagpole in Inverness, hauled down the Union Jack, and replaced it with the standard of Scotland, a white lion rampant on a field of yellow. Overhearing our conversation, another nationalist eagerly joined in, and on his part swore he intended bettering the Warden's feat by dynamiting the historic stone on which the cruelly efficient Duke of Cumberland had stood while surveying the wreckage of the Highland clans roused by Bonny Prince Charlie to the disastrous Jacobite rebellion of 1745. By this time a highly expressive crowd of nationalists had gathered round us, and as I stood in their seditious midst, I particularly remember a striking looking girl with fierce blue eyes swear to me she would never rest until Scotland had been freed from the English yoke.

She even entered my dreams that hard night on the floor, but fled away with the coming of dawn and the stirring of hands of keen hostellers off for a refreshing pre-breakfast tramp across the moors. They were to tread the moors that day, and I was to journey down to Oxford once again for a brief visit to an old college friend of my father's. He was a sleepy, lovable clergyman who with typical kindness had taken into his household, to comfort and protect, a lonely spinster of well over eighty. She was afflicted with the unfortunate habit of ceaselessly grinding her teeth. The harsh rasp of teeth seemed peculiarly out of place when he, myself, the aged one, and the adoring Irish housekeeper would solemnly kneel for a fervent ten minutes round the breakfast table, our thoughts aspiring heavenward; but mine at least, because of the temptingly fragrant smell of bacon and eggs, regrettably remained of the earth, earthy. The periods of contemplation between prayers was broken only by asthmatic breathing and the crunch and grate of teeth being rubbed together. Finally, when we were able to control ourselves no longer, we rose with one accord and like good trenchermen tucked into a hearty English breakfast.

My visit was a short one. The lure of adventure on the Continent was too strong to delay any longer. To avoid having to spend a grubby night in London, I preferred to board an Oxford-London train a little after three in the morning, for this was the holiday season, and when it comes to taking holidays the British are as determined to win through as they were during the blitz. Consequently, even at that ungodly hour, the train was crammed with people. Rows of weary, crumpled passengers were stolidly standing or sitting in the aisles in various postures of discomfort. Unwilling to join them without the most thorough search, laden with packsacks I stepped across and pushed by half-resisting bodies, peering into compartment after compartment. After struggling almost the length of the train I mercifully found seven people guiltily trying to look like eight. Even though the compartment was originally designed to carry six comfortably, I quickly stepped in and helped them do away with any guilt complex.

As a good milk train should, we rolled and creaked into London making the fifty miles without much difficulty in just over three hours, arriving a little after six in that great, smoke-filled barn, Paddington station. Loaded down with the usual two packs on the back and a suitcase on the handlebars I began pedalling my way through the dirty, misty streets of London. As usual I found it a sad sight, joyless even in the softness and peace of early morning. Without regret I reached Victoria station in time to encounter the first rush of early morning commuters. To say the scene at Victoria station was hectic is indulging in British understatement. This was the peak period of rail travel, and the turmoil this morning was like the meeting of two frothy seas each trying to overcome the other. Conscientious, worried-looking commuters hurrying to their offices struggled gamely with strongly elbowing holiday-makers hurrying to their pleasures. Hustling like the others, I somehow managed to hang on to my possessions, pass through Customs inspection, and be on the train by nine.

Having arrived at the cross channel port of Newhaven, there was the usual passport inspection. In view of the crowd's size that morning it looked like another tedious delay until in the traditional spirit of British fair play an official called out with an air of invincible superiority: "Holders of British passports on the left; foreigners on the right!" Perhaps it was only a means of proving the inestimable advantage of being a British subject, but I certainly appreciated the gesture. While an American cyclist with whom I had struck up an acquaintance was left fretting and fuming amid a bedlam of foreign accents, I gratefully shuffled through the British line, and feeling now a stronger sense of pride in my status as a British subject was on board the cross channel steamer a good twenty minutes before the American.

Later, as we neared the port of Dieppe, we could see the tremendous German-built fortifications all along the French coast. Some were in ruins, but others consisting of gigantic tunnels burrowed into the cliff face appeared almost indestructible. Although a good many had had their barrels blown apart, ugly snouts of coastal artillery still thrust out menacingly from the cliffs. These defences were on a scale difficult to realize until actually seen; as never before it sunk home to me what a fearsome task was the storming of Europe. Both Dieppe and its environs were a shambles. In many places literally nothing but pulverized rubble was left. The port entrance had only been partially cleared, and we had to steer our way in through the masts of sunken ships. The town had been so saturated by bombs that roofs hung crazily and few houses were without scars. In fact, Dieppe looked as though it had been peppered with buckshot and finished off with a charge of dynamite. And yet the miracle was the people were living as though nothing had happened. French madames were once more leaning bosomly and blously from upper story windows waving a greeting, sidewalk cafes were once again filled, and one could see that French animation and joie de vivre were not to be stopped simply because the town was in ruins. The scene was at once amusing and heart breaking.

Before starting on my travels I had heard much about the inquisitiveness of European Customs officials, much that was decidedly alarming. For example, their supposed fondness for stripping hapless travellers at the slightest suspicion. Therefore going through the French Customs I had no idea what to expect. It proved as inconsequential as one could possibly hope for. Instead of asking me to disrobe, the good natured Customs officer merely asked in a bored voice whether I had anything to declare. Having cleverly anticipated such a question, I answered in my best Parisien accent: "Les cigarettes seulement." The man was evidently charmed by this naiveté, for his only other question was: "Combien?" "Quatre cents." "Alors, passez, Monsieur, passez!" Without so much as opening the packsack and the two canvas bags, like some officiating High Priest he made a few extravagant gestures over them, quickly chalked a mysterious mark of approval, and then gaily waved me on.

It was blazing hot in Dieppe, and so it was a wonderful relief when the last passenger was aboard, and we were off for Paris clattering our hot and dusty way over the beautifully cultivated French countryside, clattering as only a French train can clatter. Arriving in Paris, we cyclists soon met with French ways of doing things. It was apparently an inflexible rule that bicycles are the last pieces of baggage to be released. And so while a mob of angry cyclists colourfully threatened the station-master with hellish retribution, we had to wait for at least an hour while porters talked animatedly with flailing gestures.

My American acquaintance being unable to speak a word of French, it was necessary for us to stay fairly close together. After obtaining luxurious accommodation we were walking the streets of Paris in search of food when we encountered the immense, roving *Marché Noir* organization. Hearing us speaking English, and recognizing in us signs of the New World, seedy, garlic-tainted characters, probably spawned in the vicious underworld of Marseilles, sidled up to us with furtive, beckoning gestures hoarsely asking whether we had any dollars to sell. We were foolish enough to admit we did. Next moment from out the darkness swarmed more black marketeers gathering thickly round their prospective victims like moths around a light. What probably saved us was their quarrelling among themselves about the rate they should offer us. Now officially the rate that summer was a hundred and nineteen francs to the dollar. Just how grotesquely unfair was this artificially set evaluation was best known in the free money market of Switzerland where a dollar that summer was fetching three hundred and eight francs. The difference between the real and the artificial evaluation was so out of proportion that nobody in France took the matter seriously, the only bone of contention being the price you should receive. At that time, the standard rate on the black market was from two hundred to two hundred and fifty francs to the dollar. Once a reasonable quantity of dollars or travellers cheques had been collected, these black marketeers would scurry off to Switzerland and there make a handsome profit by exchanging dollars for francs at the standard rate of three hundred and eight to the dollar.

The quarrelling and hubbub of bargaining was like a busy bazaar in Cairo. Mercifully it attracted the attention of an honest Frenchman who took advantage of the confusion to draw us aside and whisper that we should have nothing to do with them since they were more than likely to give us German-issued francs for dollars, francs which though similar to the real thing were in fact quite worthless. Thankful there were still honest Frenchmen afoot we brushed aside these pawing denizens of the underworld and strode hastily down the boulevard. Had we been caught on a side street escape would not have been so easy; by their looks these sidewalk villains would have slit their grandmothers' throats for a few dollars.

The exchange transaction took place later at the hotel, where the obliging manager of his own accord offered us two hundred and twenty-five francs to the dollar, took all my cigarettes at a hundred and fifty francs a package, and all my surplus soap at fifty francs a cake. The number of francs exchanged for the cigarettes, the soap, and ten dollars was enough to pay for all my expenses in France including an expedition to Montmartre, the city within a city. A McGill friend of mine studying in Paris that summer took us on a tour of the place the next evening.

Formerly this part of Paris had been the haven of fashionable artists, but now it is only the devil-may-care home of bohemien failures, and the gay playground of Parisian pleasure-seekers.

A journey through the subway, or "Métro" as it is called in France, and we soon found ourselves strolling up notorious Rue Pigaille and seeing about us an assortment of fantastic characters which only Montmartre can produce. From there we walked through a weird series of crooked little streets, dimly lit, and lined with an astonishing variety of cafes, each with its own mysterious doorway. Through these doorways there rose like steam the uncanny sound of hideously-mingled music from at least twenty different orchestras, each throbbing and tootling away within its own gaudy cafe and filling the street with a bedlam of nightmarish music. The darkness, the ghostly quality of the moonlight glittering on the cobblestones, the weird music, screams, the indistinct shapes of people flitting through dark alleyways and aimlessly swirling about the streets, made it seem all an illusion. Sordid sights in open windows, a square tightly packed with carousing merrymakers, the stage effect of brightly coloured buildings painted with lewd frescoes, wild apache dances, the general state of undress and disorder, the people disarrayed and carefree, and wandering, wandering in search of experience. These constantly changing sights flowed through my mind as through a kaleidoscope so that later, when I came to think it over, my visit to Montmartre seemed nothing but an extraordinary dream. Even now I can never think of it as anything else. There seemed to be nothing real, nothing tangible, everything distorted and confused.

And that scene of confusion and distortion is where I will have to halt this third installment of "Travels with a Bicycle." To go on would mean flinging ourselves into a host of experiences whose relating would require far more space than the present allotment permits. And so let's leave the remainder of the story to the next issue of THE MITRE.

CYNARA!

Mary Hall

Roses and wine, perhaps, are deeper Lethe;
 Beer and pretzels have the common touch;
 I have praised blue plasma overmuch
 And to shake that sovereignty is not so easy.
 Last night, the night before, and many nights
 I have danced feverishly to juke-box tunes,
 And heard the cold winds play on broken runes
 The shadowy echoes of lost Tyre's delights.

But never, between the kisses and the cokes
 Did pulses leap to wake their slumbering passion.
 I kissed, but kissing in a frigid fashion
 Between the conga and the common jokes,
 Felt no stirrings from the depths of time;
 No long dead lovers leapt across the years;
 I lay in a cactus land too dry for tears
 Where joy and pain became a vulgar rhyme
 On crooners' lips. I saw the grey dawn come
 To write its shallow promise in the sky,
 I saw the roses and the lilies lie
 Wilted. And my lips were bruised and dumb.

OLD STORY

Mary Hall

The wary heart
Remembers, shies
The concentrated art
Of eyes;

The charm of bow-bent
Lips ignores,
And stands alone
At empty doors,

Feeling the words
Of men intrude
The starry night's
Sweet solitude.

The wary heart,
Still bruised and bleeding
Perceives how Eve
Made earth of Eden.

‘‘UNTO THE LEAST OF
THESE, MY BRETHREN’’*C. E. Force*

The majority of people in Canada can hardly visualize the hardship that is everyday life in many parts of Europe. We, having plenty, have little time to think about the needs of the European people. I have received several letters from Overseas which clearly show the living conditions over a widespread area. These letters have come from such countries as England, Holland, Germany, Austria and Greece. They are letters expressing the thanks of those people for gifts of clothing and food that were sent over to Europe through the agency of the Co-operative Remittances to Europe, (CARE).

The letters from England were more thoughtful than those which arrived from the Continent. Read, for example, this letter from a woman in Romfort, Essex:

*12th September, 1948**‘‘Dear Sirs,*

I recently received a CARE food parcel from you for which I thank you very much indeed. I am sure you must already know what these parcels have meant and still do mean to the people of Britain and the one I have received from you has certainly made a change in the bleak monotony of our daily diet. My little girl's face was a picture of delight when she beheld all the good things your parcel contained.

I am in business and my boss went to Canada in the late spring and early summer and I expect that it was through his kind auspices that I received this wonderful parcel from your good selves, otherwise you would probably have never heard from me. But anyway, I do want you to know how grateful I am. I shall have a warmer spot than ever in my heart for Canadians now!

The world seems far from settled still and most of us—the ordinary people—view the future with much misgiving. War

seems to loom large, to some of us, on the horizon, and it is awful to see that some people's lust for greed and power cannot be satisfied. We do hope that war won't come and that we can all make our way as happily as circumstances will permit."

The majority of letters received were from the Continent. It was interesting to note that two out of six letters mention the fact that the husband and father of the family had not been heard from in several years, the earliest date being January of 1945. This woman also mentioned the fact that the only cooking utensils she has are two small saucepans and a marmalade bucket with which to cook for five children. Here is one of the letters translated from the German:

Augusthelm, 12 August, 1948

Dear CARE Package Sender;

You have given joy again to a German family with your gift. Many thanks for it.

In January of 1947 I gave birth to three healthy boys here in Augusthelm. It was a joy to receive this gift from God but nowadays it is difficult to bring up three boys together.

I am not, however, a person to complain a great deal. "Always when the need is greatest, God is nearest." Thus your package came at just the right time. My husband has no work at the moment, hence money is often scarce. Until now we were able to keep the little fellows satisfied but I do not know whether we can do it from now on. At present the CARE package helps but the little children must be clothed as well. "Out of old things I make new." When they are still small one can always manage but the question of shoes is an unsolved problem. They all run around like little weasels and one can say that from week to week their little feet grow bigger. In summer, of course, they go bare-foot over everything but in winter Mother and Father must do something about it. Also Mother has to conjure up three little coats. But from where? Buying is too dear and so is making. I could sew for them if I could get one or two blankets but then they would be lacking for other fugitives who need them as covers. My parents would help me but the Russians in Berlin have taken almost everything from them. My stepmother was completely bombed out. I, myself, was a deaconess and the Russians have taken a greater part of my things from me. Yes, the war has caused much wretchedness.

The simplest, yet most moving letter came from a girl in Pireaus, Greece. The letter was written in the English as given below:

22nd August 1948.

Dear Sir,

Cople days ago I received your package with an unexpected manner, Mr Johnson the Chief of Mission CARE in Greece, he visit my house, he also take photos our misery, he is very polite and good as he came and gave us your most welcome parcel. Sending this parcel I feel obliged to thank you the unknown benefactor, sending you mine and my brothers gratitude. My story is very sad, I am 16 years old, I am the eldest, I have three brothers aged 8 - 11, we had the misfortune to lost our parents, first my mother died, she was suffering from the heart and when the war started, during an bombardment from Germans at Pireaus our mother died; after the war our father died by accident at his job, 40 days ago we lost our grandmother she was 90 years old, we are abandoned to God's and to the neighbour's kindness and charity.

I stopped my job, my job was to clean and wash small broken piece of glass and as I was all day long into the water I suffer now from rheumatism, but as it is necessary to do something I carry water to my neighbours and I do many others odd job, the result of all this is that I suffered sometimes from my appendix. My eldest brother is suffering from his heart, the other two are too feeble from their miserable life. Thus we outlive the war and the dark year of 1941, I dont know God saved us from certain death, my only thought now is how I can stop the hunger from my brothers that is going through. We havent anything for selling as we have sold it to outlive the occupation. I am terrified at the thought of the coming winter for my brothers whose health are in danger. Hardly I can describe my house, which consists from one room very small, we have earth for floor and the ceiling is full of rifts, the cow's stable is better than our home. You have a small idea about our life, only the films which the merciful Mr Johnson take can give you a full description.

May God keep you healthy and prosperous for the rest of your years.

I thank you again and wish to express the gratitude of my brothers and myself.

"And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Matt 25: 40

THE LONELY PIANIST

James Dawson

What was it in the music's sound
 that made me stop and listen
 to melancholy strains, at first
 poured slowly forth, and then in
 ever rising strains to greet my ears,
 a swelling, glowing crescendo formed?
 It was not alone the rhythm or the tune,
 but something deeper still than this,
 a thought that mind of man can never reach.



SOLITUDE

James Dawson

The last rays of the evening sun
 streaming in all their golden glory through
 the window in my room,
 Caused my mind to wander far
 from daily cares,
 And to contemplate upon the far-flung
 mysteries of life.
 No angel voice to guide my thoughts,
 They wandered free,
 And stopped at many points,
 But none for long.

Theme from "SO WELL REMEMBERED"
by James Hilton*W. Des B. March*

The world is a rock of implacability
 Resting in a past so well remembered,
 And, growing as with intrinsic self desire,
 Resolutely stands in our mundane midst.

The growth of human knowledge and kindness
 Unceasing, in a stream of a million years
 Flows with rising power against the fortress
 Malignant growth of civilizations.

Implacable stream meets steadfast rock.
 Will the flow, perhaps increasing, dissolve
 The dark buttress of isolation from
 Past hurt, and hence the deriving self desire?

‘‘THE NOOSE’’
(WITH APOLOGIES TO R. B.)

R. Robertson

It was raining. An entire month had passed and once again a chill drizzle swirled down from the black night sky, spattering on the asphalt of the courtyard in the path of the revolving searchlight, whipping icy needles into the raw faces of the cold guards, freezing along the bars of the waiting man's cell — like the tallow drippings of the somber corpse-candles the ice glistened dully against the damp iron, drawing his eyes towards the single window and out into the misty emptiness.

He shivered, turned back towards the cot in the corner and stretched out on it, wrapping himself tightly in warm woolen blankets, trying to avoid and ignore the staring eyes of the men beyond the iron grating — that led out of the cell — trying to forget the utter impossibility of being alone, imagining that he was for once unwatched, completely by himself, safe in the small cottage he knew as home. He smiled wistfully into the pillow and soon drifted into deep slumber, sleep but not rest, for his mind was haunted still by the memories of what had occurred. The ceaseless patter of the rain kept reminding, kept stirring something within, dragging him back to the last rainy night before his imprisonment.



The day had been cold, and in the late afternoon great banks of dark cloud had rolled slowly over the far end of the lake, had spread in the rising wind, and finally, as the blood-red sun plunged behind the black hills, leaving only the greenish glow of twilight in the West, had broken into flying tatters which streamed through the darkening sky. The wind lashed at the dying foliage, sent grey swirls of rustling leaves spinning against the windows — strange shadows gyrating before his unseeing eyes. With a startling rush the rain broke over the cottage and in a moment obscured everything, leaving only the running panes to reflect the dying glow of the embers which still smouldered on the hearth.

He sat loosely on a hard wooden bench, resting his elbows on the table behind, allowing his hands to drop listlessly over its edge. So immersed was he in his own gloom, so buried in the misery of his aloneness, that he could not bring himself even to rise. He remained where he was,

torturing himself with thoughts of her, forgetting bodily discomfort in mental anguish.

Before the war he had seen her occasionally but they met only on the last week-end before he went over-seas. They had chatted aimlessly of this and that — friends in common, McGill, Mrs. de Leign's hats — and he realised, even before ten minutes had passed that, shocking as it might seem even to himself, he loved her. During the remaining two days of his stay he scarcely left her for an instant. In the later years of the war, he could never understand why they had not met sooner. She had a different background, yes, but the lake was small, and almost everyone knew everyone else, rich or poor, while he himself, though it was small, had one of the most charming and frequented homes in the district.

Their friendship, at first shy, had ripened in their letters, slowly waxing stronger and more promising as the first year passed. When they had met again they were on surer ground and he left a second time knowing that she returned his love.

And now, darkling, he sat, dumbly hurt, alone in the grey rain, the rushing gale, and the empty cabin, wanting her still, hoping for her still, and yet realising that he was never to have her. He had matured during the years following and under the horror of battle, the sweat of rage and exhaustion, the clammy fear of death which must at some time smother all, he had come to know himself, and his knowledge and new power had frightened her. He scarcely knew if she even thought of him now, for she would not see him, staying rather near the vast family house in another bay, entertaining, playing, seemingly caring nothing for his sorrow and lonesomeness, actually hungering for him, for his youth and strength, but unable to brave the opposition of birth, family and tradition which stood between them, trying to forget him in a vain opiate, an unceasing social whirl.

An hour passed, slowly and heavily, and still he remained motionless, lost in reverie. Then, dimly through the fog of his misery, faintly in the beyond, he sensed a new sound — a boat was being dragged onto the wharf below. Above the rush of the rain and the sighing of the wind he heard the splash and slurp of boots on the muddy path leading from the lake. Soon the door swung open and a dark shape stood in the entrance, silhouetted against the black murky depths of the storm.

It was she!

Closing the door, she kicked off her muddy boots and padded in stocking feet to the now-dead hearth. He remained where he was, motionless, fearing that at any moment he might awaken, while she carefully laid strips of cedar over the ashes, bundled in paper and laid on two small logs of birch. A match flared, tiny flames licked swiftly through

the pile, the papery birch bark popped and crackled, curling swiftly away from the heat, the cedar snapped merrily, sending out its cheering aroma, and in a moment the bright blaze sprang out into the room, dancing on the shining woodwork, twinkling back from the windows, gleaming softly on the polished copper and brass scattered about the walls. The shadows leaped and swayed, ebbing in the darkness among the roof-beams, laughing in the corners, and still she was there, stripping off her damp jacket, loosing the tawny mane of hair he loved so well, laying her dripping gloves over the fire-screen and then (and he still remained mute and motionless) turning towards him.

She took his hand and led him as a child to the low couch in front of the fire-place. Sitting close to him she unbuttoned the hunting shirt she wore, laid bare the seductive loveliness of her shoulders, still faintly golden from the summer's sun, and pressed his cheek against her, cascading her hair over both of them. He closed his eyes tightly against her beauty, felt only her satiny skin next to him, inhaled the subtle perfumes of her body and hair, mingled with the scents of the fire and the strange odour of damp wool. Scarcely conscious of her stroking fingers, hardly hearing her murmured words of endearment, he at last realised what had happened, and knew at last that she loved him still, that her passion had broken all restraint and brought her to him, even through the storm and darkness of the autumn night. As he held her pressed against him, feeling the trembling surges of expectation rippling through her whole frame, looking into the veiled blue-green of her happy eyes, conscious of the rapid beat of her heart against his own, his mind, despite the urge of his body, was strangely calm. He gloried in the thought that she was his, awaiting only his pleasure, and he played with her gently, arousing, while his thoughts wandered back over the past weeks and he weighed all his knowledge of her against his love and desire. He was running his hand along her back, feeling the gentle undulations of muscle and smooth skin from waist to neck when, in a flash of inspiration, he realised what he should do. Grasping her lustrous hair, gold and copper in the flame-light, between both hands, he twisted into a single thick braid and wrapped it three times around her throat, gently tightening it each time. She made no move and he felt certain that he had not hurt her when he warily pressed back her lids and looked once more into her filmed eyes. Loosening the tresses a gentle blush infused her cheek once more, he kissed her passionately and furiously, propped her head on his shoulder, rejoicing that he had gained her love.

She was cool, so cool, and a faint dew headed her pale forehead.

The clear light of early dawn flooded the prison court-yard, gleaming on the new-fallen snow, accentuating the black puddly tracks

and footprints which criss-crossed between the granite buildings, stealing softly into the darkened cell where the prisoner still slept.

A white coated figure padded down the long corridor on rubber soles and paused before the second grating, which separated him from the watchers.

"Morning boys," he said. "It's all off." As he spoke his eyes remained fixed on the sleeper.

"The Doc received his mental report from town 'bout an hour ago. He's headed for Bellevue now — crazy as a coot!"

"TORPEDO VICTIMS RETURN"

Brian Kelley

I

*Then the cocktails and women
and front page clippings and
that far-off-sounding — "Daddy"
after the trains' shoulder glances.
Then the insidious admiration of
a sensitive face and delicate hands.*

*"Yes, you were meant to be a doctor.
Your eyebrows like magnetic fields
of iron filings conjugate at your
nose. Was it there that the sun burnt?
Perhaps you counted those twelve days
backwards? But your dilated pupils —"*

*"perhaps sugarless tea has given
them that astringent acid look."
(Four red and white fingers
clutched her throat as she spoke.)
Lady — I observe — the most astounding
things are your filigreed bipeds I*

II

*Twelve days' sun blistering the
gunwale's paint. We, hollow-mouthed,
watching the waves tipping their
white caps as they flew before
the wind, and the washing sea
breathing on the shore —*

*suddenly covering the stark sand,
where one hand was receiving
the quiet supplication of the waves.
And after the mournful
swish
of black silk?*

ENGLISH POLITICS IN THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Margaret A. Banks

The eighteenth century was a period of great development in English politics — one in which many of the characteristics that we recognize today as essential to the British system of government first appeared, or, if they had already appeared, evolved into forms more similar to their present ones.

Since the beginning of the thirteenth century, the issue between absolute and limited monarchy had dominated almost every epoch of English history. It had culminated in the seventeenth century in a lengthy and violent struggle between king and parliament — a struggle in which one monarch had lost his head and another his throne, and in which parliament had finally triumphed with the acceptance by William and Mary of the Bill of Rights in 1689.

But even after so decisive a victory, parliament still had much to do, and much was accomplished in the eighteenth century, as a study of political development in that period indicates. One of the most striking features of the British constitution lies in the fact that it is based largely on custom, that only small parts of it are written down in documents such as the Magna Carta, the Petition of Right and the Bill of Rights. The political development which took place during the eighteenth century affords perhaps some of the best examples of this fact. For it was in this period that party government assumed something like its present form and that the cabinet system and the office of Prime Minister evolved. These processes illustrate well the part which custom plays in the British constitution, for today there is no written law requiring the Prime Minister and his cabinet to resign when they no longer retain the confidence of the House of Commons — it is simply a custom which is always observed — one which grew up very largely in the eighteenth century. Thus a study of eighteenth century English politics is of particular importance if we are to have any clear understanding of the present-day British constitution, or of the Canadian constitution which, to a large degree, stems from it.

As the eighteenth century opened, William III's reign was drawing to a close. At that time, the two political parties, Whig and Tory,

already had definite existence and some sort of cabinet system was beginning to evolve, but there was as yet no definite method of choosing the cabinet. Although the first parliament during his reign had been strongly Whig, William believed that he could form a successful government by uniting both parties in the ministry. In fact, he really thought that he ought to do this, as he would then be free from any danger of being the king of a party or faction. In other words, it was an early expression of the idea that the king must be above politics, but the method used in an attempt to achieve the purpose was very different from the present-day one. To most people, indeed, it would appear to achieve the very opposite result, for the king, in choosing advisers who did not enjoy the confidence of the House of Commons, was really taking a part in politics which no British monarch would think of taking today.

The question of the succession to the crown was one which caused considerable controversy in this period, for Princess Anne's last surviving child had died. There was considerable fear and some desire that on the death of Anne, who would succeed William, the crown should return to the Catholic branch of the House of Stuart. In order to prevent this, parliament, in the last year of William's reign, adopted the Act of Settlement. This declared the next heir to Anne to be the electress Sophia of Hanover, a granddaughter of James I, and the nearest Protestant relative. This act showed very clearly the right of parliament to decide who should be king and was a final blow to the theory that the throne of England was held by divine right.

Not everyone, however, was satisfied with the Act, and, in fact, opinions regarding the Act of Settlement formed one of the main dividing lines in party politics during Anne's reign. Roughly speaking, the Tories wanted peace (the War of the Spanish Succession was in progress) and the succession of the Pretender (son of James II) to the throne when Anne should die. They were the country party who complained indignantly that the war was a Whig war paid for by a land tax which crushed the Tory countrymen. The Whigs were composed of two elements, the city merchants who hoped to increase their trade by winning new colonies and the great lords who thought they had earned a perpetual right to govern England because they had brought about the Revolution of 1688. Above all they were determined on the "Protestant Succession", that is, that the Pretender should never come to the English throne.

Anne, like William, showed some preference for mixed non-party cabinets, but this experiment of a coalition was only occasionally possible. Anne's policy was very largely influenced by the hot-tempered Duchess of Marlborough, who was an ardent Whig, a not unnatural fact, since this party favoured the war which her husband was doing so much to win. Consequently, with the Marlboroughs' influence on the Whig

side, the Whigs were for the most part in office from 1704 to 1710. Sidney Godolphin was, perhaps, the chief man in this government although there was as yet no suggestion of the post of Prime Minister, while Sir Robert Walpole, who became more prominent later, was Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was during this government's tenure of office that the Act of Union, uniting the parliaments of England and Scotland, was passed.

But the influence of the Marlboroughs finally ended. The Duchess had introduced into the Queen's household a poor relative of her own, named Mrs. Masham. The queen, who was becoming irritated with the Duchess, turned in relief to Mrs. Masham, who was acting as the agent of Harley and St. John, the Tory leaders. It was not a difficult change for the queen to make, for in her heart she had Tory sympathies — she was tired of the war, she had a secret fondness for her brother the Pretender, and above all she was anxious to aid the High Church party. Accordingly, in 1710, the Duchess of Marlborough was dismissed from court, and a few weeks later Harley and St. John replaced the Whigs in office. Then in an election, in which Press and Pulpit were called upon to work up public excitement against the government, a successful attempt was made to get rid of the Whig House of Commons.

The Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 was a triumph for the Tory party, but on the question of the succession to the crown, there was some division. Some Tories wished to break the Act of Settlement in order that the Pretender might succeed, while others who prided themselves on being a Church of England party, though in their hearts they wished the Pretender to rule, were torn between duty towards their king and duty towards their Church. Harley was inclined to the policy of "wait and see", but St. John, better known as Viscount Bolingbroke, was determined that James should succeed. Bolingbroke succeeded, the month before Anne's death, in having Harley dismissed from office and he would no doubt have attempted to break the Act of Settlement had not two Whig dukes succeeded in persuading the dying queen to dismiss Bolingbroke and appoint one of them to the vacant post of Treasurer.

When Anne's reign closed, therefore, nothing like responsible government had been achieved. There was a beginning of it, for it was coming to be recognized that those who were advisors to the monarch should at least have considerable influence in the House of Commons, but there was still much to be done before the modern cabinet system evolved.

The Electress Sophia of Hanover had died only a few days before Anne, so it was the electress' son, Prince George of Hanover, who,

under the Act of Settlement became King of England. With his accession to the throne began a period of Whig ascendancy, for George heard that the Tories were conspiring in the Jacobite interest to drive him from the country. For fifty years the Whigs remained in office, controlling every branch of the government. The king was their nominee; they constituted a majority in the House of Lords; and by means of the pocket-boroughs they were able to control the House of Commons. Thus for more than half of the eighteenth century, politics was a question of personal struggles for office and rank between the various Whig noblemen and their supporters. To most Englishmen it made little difference which of the Whig "connections" was the more powerful at the moment, for all of them were pledged to uphold the Protestant Succession and the Revolution Settlement.

At first thought it would seem that under conditions such as these, there would be little development of party government or the cabinet system. Yet it was during the reigns of George I and his successor, George II, that many of the developments which have made the British system of government what it is today took place, and it is evident that they occurred in this period as a result of existing conditions rather than in spite of them.

First of all, the fact that George I was a German who could speak no English had a profound influence on the development of the British government. Previously it had been the custom for the king to attend meetings of the cabinet as a permanent member, taking part in its discussions and having a voice in its decisions. While this was the case, the transfer of complete responsibility for government policy to the cabinet could not be made, because the king's opinion must always be, or be felt to be, of prevailing weight. But George I had no interest in cabinet meetings, for he could not understand the discussions. Consequently, after a time he began to stay away from them and the independence of the cabinet was largely achieved. It was a happy accident, for it was a change which would have been very difficult to carry through if it had been deliberately attempted with the conscious knowledge of any sovereign.

Closely connected with this change was the creation of the position of prime minister. With the king no longer attending cabinet meetings, it was fairly natural that some man in the cabinet would rise to a position of leadership. Although Sir Robert Walpole never admitted that he was Prime Minister, he was continually accused of creating and holding this position by his enemies who believed that he had too much power. Doubtless, he was, from 1721 to 1742, the leading man in the cabinet and, as we shall see, he did much to establish the power of the Prime Minister and to make the cabinet a unit in which all members must be

agreed on policy. This was a very definite change from the attempts of William and Anne to form mixed cabinets which would certainly not be united on policy. The change was perhaps aided by the Whig supremacy already described, for when real party politics emerged once more, the system of cabinet unity was sufficiently well established to become permanent.

Walpole's most famous measure and one which illustrates well the establishment of cabinet unity was his excise bill, a proposal for tax reform made in 1733. There was an intense public opposition to this bill which was actively supported by members of the ministry and important office-holders in the upper house. Walpole immediately removed from office several who, he believed, should have supported him. This action he repeated a little later in the year, on the defeat of the government in the House of Lords. He felt no obligation to resign on this defeat, but he dropped the bill without trying to force it through Parliament although he had a majority in the House of Commons. But what Walpole had made clear at this time was that the ministry should act together, and that if any member of it could not support the majority decision he should resign.

Although Walpole's belief in the principle of ministerial unity is accepted today as necessary to the successful working of the cabinet system, there were many in the eighteenth century who objected to Walpole's methods of achieving it. Consequently, a considerable opposition to the leader grew up within the Whig party. In 1739, because of the increasing violence of this opposition, Walpole, against his better judgment, entered upon a war with Spain. He had offered to resign because he did not approve of the policy, but the king had been unwilling to see him go. It is true that Walpole still had a majority in the House of Commons, but nevertheless he had been obliged to adopt a policy of which he did not approve and a modern Prime Minister would have insisted upon resigning. When, however, in 1742, he lost his majority in the House of Commons, he did resign and as Earl of Orford retired to the House of Lords.

There was only one real statesman in the cabinet after Walpole's resignation, although many of the men who had previously been in the ministry were re-appointed. This did not mean that the cabinet was actually a mixed one, however, for it will be remembered that during this period the Whigs made up the sole party although there were several factions to it. The one statesman in the new cabinet was Carteret. His chief interest was foreign affairs, especially the war, which by this time was not merely one with Spain, for in 1740 the War of the Austrian Succession had begun. Due to Carteret's influence England was able to take a large part in the European war, but he did not remain in office long, for in 1744, the Duke of Newcastle and his brother, Henry Pelham, drove

him out, bribed and tricked themselves into office, and stayed there for ten years. The only act of this government worth remembering is the change from the Julian calendar, which had three leap years too many in every four centuries, to the Gregorian one, which has been in use ever since.

Pelham remained Prime Minister until his death in 1754, when his brother, the Duke of Newcastle succeeded him. He remained in office for three years, but by then his government had become so unpopular that the king consented to replace him by William Pitt. A year before this, following a period of eight years peace after the War of the Austrian Succession, the Seven Years' War had begun, and for the successes achieved in this war Pitt was largely responsible. He showed himself a great patriot and one of the few English politicians who has ever understood the principles of war.

It was during Pitt's ministry that George II died and George III succeeded him (1760). This change in monarchs marked the beginning of a great change in government, for George III held ideas regarding the kingship very different from those of his father and grandfather. While they had been Germans uninterested in English affairs and willing to leave the government in the hands of the cabinet, George III considered himself an Englishman and was determined to "be a king."

It must be noted at the start, however, that George never attempted to regain the sort of power aimed at by Charles I or James II, an absolute and arbitrary royal power, limited only by the responsibility of the king to God. What he did attempt was to regain the powers lost by the kings after 1689 — the powers which had been lost to the Prime Minister and his cabinet.

When George came to the throne, he realized that it would be unwise to attempt to recover control from Pitt, who because of the brilliant way in which he was conducting the Seven Years' War, was at the height of his popularity. However, he did begin at once to determine, on his own, who should be his ministers, and to recover the distribution of government patronage and rewards from ministerial control, so that he, instead of they, might be able to influence the elections of Members of Parliament. He did not insist upon attending cabinet meetings, but he made his opinions known through friends who in a way represented him in the cabinet.

So the cabinet system, which had gradually been built up, was for a time weakened. The cabinets of the first ten years of George III's reign were unstable and disunited, there being no less than seven ministries during the decade of the sixties. It was during this period that the Whig supremacy, which had lasted since the death of Queen Anne, came

to an end. This came about as a part of George's attempt to recover power, and was relatively easy because the Whig party had split into factions which could be played one against the other. Furthermore, the loyalty of the Tory party was no longer suspected as it had previously been, and Tories soon began to appear at the court and to be put by the king into office. Apart from this, no important developments took place in domestic affairs during these years, the swiftly changing ministries being remembered principally for their part in bringing on the American Revolution.

In 1770, the Tory ministry of Lord North, which succeeded in retaining office for twelve years, came to power. By now the king was his own prime minister, and North, who believed such a position to be the King's constitutional right was, in reality, merely his chief agent in parliament. Although North did not entirely approve of George's policy towards America and, in fact, repeatedly urged his resignation upon the king, he always yielded to the king's will. Thus, for a time, cabinet, parliament, and government policy were all under the king's control.

This, however, did not continue for long. England's failure to retain the American colonies discredited the ministry, and furthermore, the Whig opposition tended to support the American cause, for it was felt that the colonists were struggling against the excessive power of the Crown to which they too were opposed.

Accordingly, after the House of Commons had many times demonstrated its want of confidence in the ministry, North finally resigned in March, 1782. The king then had to accept, under Lord Rockingham, a ministry which he detested, because public opinion and the House of Commons were now in control. Thus, George's 'personal government' came to an end, and Burke's Economic Reform Bill, the one constructive piece of legislation passed by the Rockingham Whigs, ensured that it should never be revived. This was accomplished by cutting down the number of sinecures and the amount of secret service money by which the House of Commons had been bribed, by prohibiting Government contractors from sitting in Parliament, and by disfranchising the Revenue Officers, who constituted more than one tenth of the electorate and were dependent on the Government for their places.

This Economic Reform Bill was the first step in a process of legislative reform for which the nineteenth century is better known than the eighteenth. The Rockingham Whigs were divided on the question of further reform, and even Burke, who had instituted the Economic Reform Bill, believed that the 'Whig connection' should remain aristocratic. Fox, however, was a convinced supporter of Parliamentary Reform, as was Shelburne who was soon to become Prime Minister. However, because of divisions within the party, it was not until 1832 that the great Reform Bill corrected some of the existing abuses in parliamentary representation.

It was on another issue which the Whig party split at this time. George III had not lost all hope of regaining the power which he had lost with the fall of Lord North's ministry, so he began to grant his favour and confidence to Lord Shelburne, who though a strong Liberal and an advocate of parliamentary reform, was not so jealous of the power of the Crown as were Burke and Fox. Then when Rockingham died after only three months in office, the king chose Shelburne as Prime Minister. Fox, Burke, and several others refused to serve under him, and left the Government.

Into the new cabinet the king called the young William Pitt, Lord Chatham's second son, as Chancellor of the Exchequer. For the next two years, 1782-84, a struggle for power was waged between this young man and Charles James Fox. Pitt was in a minority in the Commons, and Fox, by forming a coalition with North, was able to bring the seceding Whigs back to office in April, 1783. But the king used his personal influence to induce the House of Lords to throw out Fox's India Bill, and when they did so, he at once dismissed Fox and North and installed Pitt as Premier, despite a hostile majority in the Commons. In the general election of 1784, Pitt had both Liberal and Royalist feeling on his side—consequently, he gained a majority and was able to retain the post of Prime Minister for the rest of the century.

Although Pitt at first appeared the tool and nominee of the king, he by no means intended that the king should again establish a 'personal government'. What the new Prime Minister did, in fact, was to establish the Pittite settlement of the Constitution, which remained as the unwritten law of the land for the next fifty years. The basis of power was Ministers' 'influence' over Parliament, through the distribution of patronage, somewhat less corrupt than in former years, but there was no more real representation of the people than there had been before. As to the power of the Crown, there was a compromise. The king could no longer choose puppet ministers; nor could he dictate the policy of the cabinet. He could still, however, select the Prime Minister, thereby influencing the combination of the numerous groups into which the House of Commons was divided. Irrespective of party, the government of the day could usually obtain the support of over a hundred members, so that when the King chose a Prime Minister, he went far in supplying him with a working majority. In addition to the right of selecting the Prime Minister, the King also retained the power of forbidding the ministerial introduction of measures to which he had a strong objection.

Thus it is obvious that there was extensive political development during the eighteenth century. At the beginning of the century, the cabinet system was in its early stages, there sometimes being mixed, non-party cabinets. During the period of the Whig ascendancy, when the kings

were uninterested in public affairs, it grew into an institution more independent of the king and to some extent responsible to Parliament. After George III ascended the throne, the cabinet system was in danger of extinction, but before the end of the century it had regained much of its power and was relatively certain of permanent existence. The office of Prime Minister developed in much the same way, becoming important during the period of Whig supremacy, being in danger of complete subservience to the king during George III's 'personal government', and regaining much of its power, though not complete independence from the king, after 1794. The political parties also underwent many changes—Whigs and Tories struggling for power in the early part of the century; various factions of the Whig party continuing the struggle during the period of Whig supremacy; with the Tories returning to the fight after the accession of George III.

At the close of the eighteenth century, English political institutions were not similar to those of the present day in every respect. There was still much to be done especially in the field of parliamentary reform, as a study of English political history in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries would show. But the institutions, themselves, were well developed by the end of the eighteenth century; it was only reforms within them which had yet to take place.

THE UMPTEENTH SYNOPTIC GOSPEL ACCORDING TO TWO FRESHETTES

Edith Astwood

- 1) And it came to pass that there was a prophecy of the fateful examinations;
- 2) And great were the lamentations from every quarter.
- 3) For behold, there was much to be learned; yea verily, there was much to learn.
- 4) Moreover, fatigue descended upon the multitude and they were smitten with dark circles for the nights were long and sleepless.
- 5) Behold, the gates of knowledge were high and mighty;
- 6) And it was the eve of the trials.
- 7) Wherefore, there was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.
- 8) The days of darkness passed in agony and there was a great lowering of spirit.
- 9) Then slowly the anguish lifted accompanied by great rejoicing and much feasting and celebration.

*With due respect and sincere apologies
to the Four Evangelists.*

“THE EXCHANGE PAGE”

Unfortunately, as we go to print, not many of the exchanges for this year have arrived. Those that have come have been read with much interest, and brief reviews of a few of them will be found below.

It is a great shame that so many persons do not realize the importance of the exchanges and therefore are unable to appreciate their value and interest, for valuable and interesting they are.

It is through the medium of the exchanges that the various schools and Universities throughout the world are able to keep in contact with each other: in their pages we can find a record of almost all phases of student activity and are able to keep track of the Literary development in other Universities aside our own. They are a proving ground for many of the authors of the future and in them many great writers and poets come into print for the first time. THE MITRE is most familiar to readers at Bishop's and it serves as a fine example of this. In its pages, in the field of poetry alone, have appeared the early works of some of the greatest Canadian writers, including such men as Dr. Henry Drummond, F. R. S. Scott, Neil Tracy and Ralph Custafson, to mention only a few. A review of the latest collection of poems by George Whalley appears elsewhere in this issue. But the coverage of extra-curricular activities in the exchanges is wider than the Literary alone, and we find a fairly complete record, directly and indirectly, of the interests and happenings in the daily life of fellow-students on *all* the campuses with which we exchange.

The number of exchanges maintained has varied considerably over the years and recently it has not been all that could be desired. Diocesan Gazettes and the like may be interesting enough in their own way but are really not quite what we want in a University as a steady diet. This year it is hoped that we will be able to increase the number of exchanges and offers have been made to many University publications with which we have never dealt before. As yet we have heard from only a few of them; it is to be hoped that when the Lent Issue comes out closer relations will have been established.

One of the most outstanding magazines reviewed was, as it almost invariably is, THE GRYPHON, which is the journal of the Univer-

sity of Leeds Union. Current restrictions in England have made it necessary to print a very compact magazine, approximately the size of our *Pocket-books*, and the H.C. of L. has doubled its former price to a shilling. Its high standards, however, have not been sacrificed. Aside from the usual articles dealing with current University affairs it contains several excellent photogravure reproductions of paintings suitable for a small gallery, a timely article on life in the German Universities today, and several prose contributions of a high but not exceptional standard. Strangely enough this October 1948 Issue contains no poetry at all.

"*The Queen's Review*" is an alumni publication and as such is concerned primarily with the University Alumni and their doings. We hope to exchange with some Queen's University student publication as well.

"*The Ashburian*" in our hands is the Summer Issue of 1948. It is a general issue and covers the entire year 1947-48 and part of the Spring term of 1946-47. Only ten pages are devoted to the Literary section, the bulk of the issue being comprised of reports on Sports, Dramatics, Music, Science and the Closing Ceremonies.

The Summer Issue of the "*College Times*", the magazine of Upper Canada College, is especially to be commended for the abundance and general superior quality of its illustrations, many of which show high artistic ability and handling. Since the entire issue is printed on glossy paper it has been possible to have photographs interspersed all through the text. The Literary section is fairly large and contains fair material.

The "*T.C.S. Review*" of August 1948 is more or less of a validictory issue. Aside from the usual school notes, reports on Athletics, drama, the Old Boys section, etc., it contains some outstanding work, in prose and verse, by F. H. S., a VI former.



We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following publications:-

" <i>The Queen's Review</i> ", Queen's University, Kingston.	" <i>Le Carabin</i> ", Laval University, Quebec, P. Q.
" <i>The Algoma Missionary News</i> ", Bracebridge, Ont.	" <i>St. Mary's</i> ", St. Mary's College, Brockville.
" <i>The Ashburian</i> ", Ashbury College, Ottawa.	" <i>Revue de L'Université d'Ottawa</i> ", U. d'O., Ottawa.
" <i>The King's College Record</i> ",	" <i>King's Hall</i> ",

U. of King's College, Halifax. King's Hall, Compton.

"*The Quebec Diocesan Gazette*", "The McGill Daily",
Quebec, P. Q. McGill University, Montreal.

"*The Record*", "The Brunswickan"
Trinity College School, Port Hope. U. N. B., Frederickton, N. B.

"*The Gryphon*", Leeds University, Leeds, Yorkshire, England.

Exchanges will probably be opened with the followings:

Royal Roads, University of Toronto, Western University,
University of Montreal, Loyla College, Ontario Agricultural College,
The University of Manitoba, The University of Saskatchewan,
The University of Alberta, St. Dunstan's, Mt. Allison,
McMaster University, McGill and its affiliates, Carleton College,
University of B.C., Oxford, Bristol, Liverpool,
and several of the more prominent American Colleges.

A. W. R.

“A BISHOP’S DIARY”

being scattered excerpts of general interest to all.

- Sept. 9th.* The cracked walls and dusty corridors of Bishop’s, barely recovered from a hectic summer session, are disturbed again. Several hale and hearty specimens clatter by on the inway to zealous pre-season football practices while, with stumbling steps and haggard faces, bleary-eyed hopefuls prepare themselves for the supplemental examinations.
- Sept. 12th. - 18th.* Registration, the joys of a high-tea on the lawn, a talk from the new Principal, and for the new students (a highly scientific lot with only B.A. to-be’s amongst them), the ghastly experience of first lectures.
- Sept. 24th.* Sports day—an innovation, this autumnal affair—with a good entry led by Vip Vipond who carried away top honours.
- Sept. 25th.* The first Issue of Volume V of THE CAMPUS hits the stands (in a manner of speaking).
- October 1st.* The annual evening football rally. This year’s stupendous effort involved a descent upon Sherbrooke in two buses, a parade through the Granada, a brush with the Queen City’s constabulary and the detention of two of the new members of the student body.
- October 2nd.* Loyola-Bishop’s Exhibition game: Dewhurst kept his moustache after all. The post-game tea dance was graced with music supplied by a vastly improved College orchestra.
- (Somewhere around here)* An entirely successful and unexpected invasion of Old Lodgers descended on the hapless first floor of Old Arts and then, leaving a confused, surprised, and disorganised rabble in their wake, melted back into the darkness of the night.
- October 6th.* Decorum shocked by the Music Club’s announcement of alternate nights of Jazz and Classics. What would Kenny say!

- October 20th.* A hectic second meeting of the Students’ Association ended in a violent discussion of the general inferior quality of the pap being served here in lieu of actual meals and a petition was signed, which by now appears abortive. It might take steps to remedy the situation. Business in course was also discussed.
- October 27th.* Big to-do. A special inaugural convocation held for the new Prin’ featured all the works: degrees conferred Hon. Causa and in course, endless eulogies and the usual assurances of the “new day ahead” for *Alma Mater*.
- Bishop’s also entered the remnants of a track team — two football injuries kept it down to two men—which made a good showing in this year’s Inter Collegiate Intermediate Track meet in Montreal.
- October 28th.* A retaliatory expedition of members from the Old Arts against the Lodge falls through and ends in a rout.
- November 4th.* The Minor play rehearsals begin and troops of mumbling would-be Garricks and Siddons gesticulate in every corner.
- November 6th.* Bishop’s Debating society plays host to the first 1948 meeting of I.U.D.L. — after all, she’s President this year.
- Week of Nov. 7th. - 13th.* Excessive executive enthusiasm results in an unexpected barrage of tests and the cancelation of almost all but Saturday exeat.
- Basket-ball and badminton practices both going strong.
- November 8th.* First annual meeting of the Current Events Club features large turn-out in Robing Room No. 2.
- * * *
- As we go to print, life at Bishop’s wanders on in the same old way as ever. Soccer matches have been played between the various houses and New Arts is now in the lead. The tennis tournament has yet to be settled, History club has held two meetings, and Debating has been featuring almost weekly jousts. The annual football dance came up on the 13th. and the dinner was held on the 18th. Lectures end on Dec. 4th., the exams are just ahead . . . Veni, vidi, victus sum.

A. W. R.

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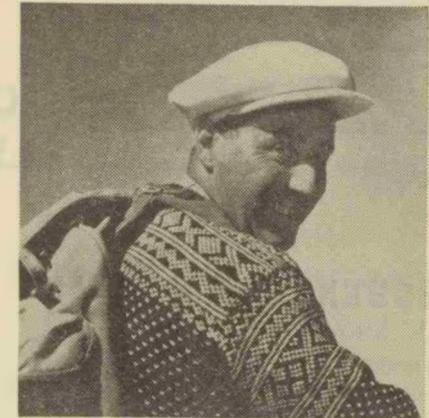
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