The MITRE

UNIVERSITY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE
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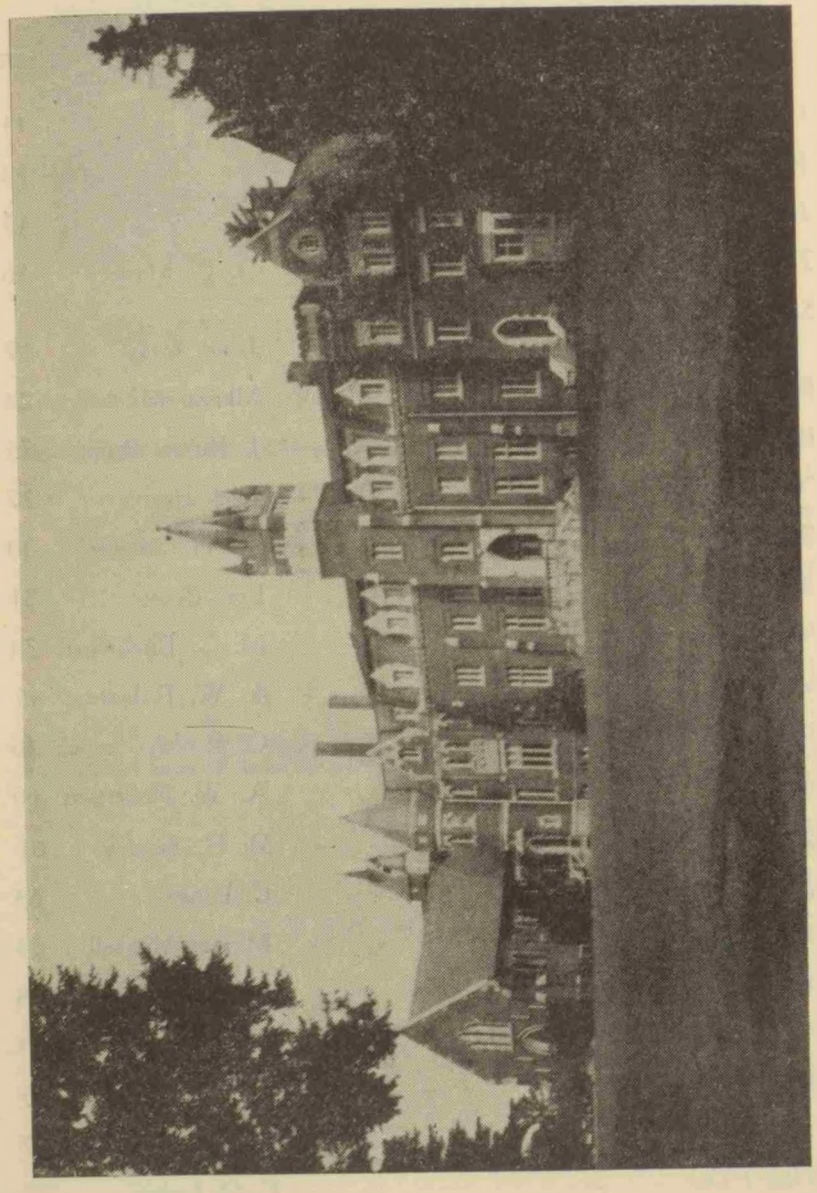

OTHER YEARS

From the "YEAR BOOK", 1937.

Some thirty years after pushing an exploring and sensitive nose into the outside world as a graduate I am asked to contribute a few words to the book commemorating the beginning of a like adventure on the part of the class of —. It is a fine adventure and worth all the blows which inevitably fall upon the above mentioned sensitive member, but it is never surpassed by the experience of the common life at Bishop's.

In the years when I knew the college intimately there was abroad a keen enthusiasm and an eager desire to fill every minute of every day, and a large part of every night, to the very full. We idealized the place and what we did not see we believed would one day be there. A good many of our dreams have since been realized, and certainly our faith in the genius of the place has been justified. In serio-comic fashion we considered ourselves somewhat, especially in the meetings of the "Churchwarden Club" when, clad in "paint" and club blazers, we drank coffee, coloured churchwardens and discussed literature and the ways of men.

Conditions of life were in some respects primitive, and while the necessary food was of the best and plentiful there were annual food riots in February or March in rebellion against its monotony and inevitableness. There was the matter of the alleged plum jam, borne solemnly to the Council and fearfully examined; there was the horrid story of the deceased mouse in the porridge; the joyous sending of the griddle cake through the mail as a souvenir postal card, and the homeric battle in which under-done baked potatoes did their deadly work. But there was also the homely and hospitable custom of bread and jugs of milk in the corridors at nine for the evening mug of cocoa and the high-heaped pile of butter toast made in the "Shed" furnace for returning skiers and snowshoers. There was also an Irish cook who could be blarneyed into providing a spot of cream or cooking a bird for a nocturnal feast.

To these earlier days belong childish amusements at which Bishop's men today would raise a scornful eyebrow. The apple forays and the maple-sugar raids; the Indian war-dance, a fire kindled on a piece of sheet-iron on the top flat of the Old Arts; the annual burial of the

Faculty in full procession, appropriately robed, to the village; the shooting gallery in the upper corridor; a certain Gaspesian slaying mice with a heavy Colt revolver; the engagements between Arts and Divinity waged with water-bombs — they may seem silly now but they provided an escape for a too-heavy head of steam. May that keen enthusiasm, though it be about little things, never die out in Bishop's, and may the men today and tomorrow not grow up too soon!

Connected with the Chapel are thoughts both seemly and unseemly. There comes to mind the reading, as a lesson, of a passage from "Bel and the Dragon" by an Arts man lost in the Apocrypha and trying to find Ecclesiasticus. The agony of spirit endured by the man who had a hesitance in his speech at times is not to be forgotten, nor "Franky's" famous reference to the "beasts at the end of the chapel — the carved ones I mean." Quite different are the memories of "Giffie's" earnest sermons which brought conviction to many a heart and endeared him to us more and more, and men slipping into Chapel, many in overcoats over their gym clothes to say Compline together. And the early morning communions — one cannot write of them but one remembers.

As the years go by one naturally follows with interest the careers of Bishop's men and observes such graduates of recent years as one meets. It was always felt thirty years ago that the university left a definite mark on every student who was capable of receiving impressions. I believe that is still true, perhaps even more so, as the life, surroundings, and policy of Bishop's diverge more sharply from those of other universities, most of which appear to be merely highly developed technical schools. We flattered ourselves when undergraduates that we were living in a true university where men learn to judge and know men, where men learn to use their brains and their wits, where they learn to live with their fellows, where they learn a true scale of values and strive to think for themselves rather than to merely reproduce the thoughts of others. However short we fell of the ideal matters not — that is what we believed Bishop's stood for and if I mistake not the undergraduates today are imbued with the same ideal. If this is so Bishop's has a contribution to make to Canada which was never more sorely needed.

The Very Rev. A. F. C. Whalley, B.A. '10

THE MITRE

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A Student Publication

EDITORIAL

"WHAT IS TRUTH?" SAID JESTING PILATE, AND WOULD NOT STAY FOR AN ANSWER.

It seems safe to assume that all earnest students attend university in the search for Truth in so far as a knowledge of Truth will guide them in the choice of a life's work and make possible the living of a life acceptable to society.

Pilate would not stay for an answer. Perhaps he was weary of

Sophistic argument which lead in furious circles and arrived nowhere. Students still have these to contend with. Perhaps he cynically felt that Truth could not be found. Breathes there the intelligent student who does not frequently arrive at this conclusion? Perhaps he rebelled at dogmatic statements purporting to be Truth. Only the unthinking student does not do this. Only the unintelligent one does not accept such statements as can be proved of value for living. Pilate would not stay for an answer. We must, perforce, stay for three years at least. If we do not find some Truth then, whom shall we blame?

Shall we rail against the faculty as having failed? Rather we must admit to not having looked for Truth. Shall we blame a troubled world as being too unstable to admit of careful study? It has never been any different and is not likely to be. Better that we should do our best with it. Shall we deplore the moral degeneration of our time? We are no worse than our forefathers and there is still room, and need for moral men. Shall we say, when a bit of Truth suddenly bursts upon us, "No one ever told me this"? We wouldn't have believed it if they had for Truth is not told but discovered.

Where is it discovered, then, this Truth? Under what conditions? As we are expected to do, we reply, "In the lecture room, in the study room, in the chapel, in carefully digested books," for it is indeed found there. But we hasten to add that it is found no less on the sports field, in student activities, in off-the-record remarks of professors and in student bull sessions. For Truth is where you find it. It answers your questions about life and when you have found an answer you have found Truth. A chance remark made in a lecture may answer a question which has nothing to do with the point being made by the lecturer. A pointless discussion may yield a thought worthy of the name of Truth.

To forestall all objections that our latest statement belittles the work of professors and course of study, we ask at this point, "Why are we at university?" The answer is simple. We are in search of Truth and a university is the best equipped institution for our purpose. Yet the world demands some proof of study and effort. This a degree gives. A little Truth may come from much knowledge. The faculty guides students in the accumulation of knowledge and presents Truth as it is seen. The student has to rediscover it for himself.

Let us then seek Truth where it may be found. Let us seek it as the scientist seeks it, considering no fact too insignificant for our consideration. Let us seek it as the philosophers, connecting every idea with every other in the search for principles. Let us seek it as the moralist, in the belief that goodness is an all-pervading principle sure to triumph in the end.

Should we find Truth in this way we may not be blessed with great material riches but happiness will be ours. What else does anyone want?

C. L.

In This Issue

The number of contributions received from the student body for the Lent number was extremely gratifying. As a result we are able to present a well-balanced issue. In the feature department, we have a speech delivered by Dr. Masters of the History department to the Sherbrooke Kiwanis Club, which deals with the threat of Communism to the Western World, and suggests an effective way of contending with it.

Mr. Gray has again contributed work of a high order, this time an article dealing with the vital, timeless problem of the relationship between the Arts and the Sciences.

Continuing the historical series on Eighteenth Century England, we include George McClintock's survey of scientific development during that period, and M. G. Birchwood's study of Eighteenth Century Court Circles. These papers, delivered at the History Club, are not only very informative and valuable as works of historical research, but are also of a high literary quality.

The fourth in Sandy Mills "*Travels with a Bicycle*" series did not arrive from England in time for publication, but if possible, it will be included in the Trinity issue.

Highlighting the student material are two short stories, "*The Last Train from Mandeville*" by J. R. Burns, and Margot Mitchell's "*Strange how it is,*" an interesting little piece by M. H. Stanley on the Stack Room, and a number of poems, including Clifton Leney's "*Quest.*"

Several essays, ranging from a study of contemporary conditions in England to an expansion of the theme of Villon's "Où sont les neiges d'antan," complete the Lent issue.

THE RUSSIAN ENIGMA

An address delivered to the Sherbrooke Kiwanis Club on February 2, 1949.

You were rash enough to invite a historian and a member of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs to address you. It is your own fault, therefore, if I talk about current affairs and about history. There are only two topics to which speeches on current affairs can decently refer nowadays. Both are equally depressing. One is the atomic bomb and the other is Russian Communism. I propose to discuss the latter.

It has sometimes been thought that the Revolution of 1917 effected a complete change in Russian foreign policy. This is very far from the truth. The use of Communist propaganda as a weapon of foreign policy is new; but the strategic objectives of Russia have remained the same. Under the Czardom and under the Politburo alike Russia has sought to extends its influence in the Baltic, in Central Europe, in Persia and in the Far East. Russia was in the nineteenth century and still remains a great landed mass seeking to expand in all directions. To that extent Russian policy has not changed.

Yet the same policy is now pursued — thanks to Communism — by new and deadlier methods than were ever employed by the Czars. Curiously enough, Communist philosophy which is now used against the Western Powers, came from the west in the first place. It first made its appearance in Russia about 1898 in the Social Democratic Party of Lenin, Trotsky, et. al. Communism was derived, of course, from the thought of Karl Marx, a Christian Jew of German origin, who spent the greater part of his active career in England. The Marxian dialectic was the product of German philosophy, French sociology and English economics. This has been demonstrated by George Catlin in his volume, *The Story of the Political Philosophers*. Marx's concept of thesis, antithesis and synthesis was derived from the German philosopher Hegel. Hegel was concerned purely with ideas. He believed that each idea or thesis had its opposite or antithesis, and that the two merged in a third or synthesis. Marx began to contemplate the application of Hegel's analysis to material things. While he was in this frame of mind he met the French sociologist Proudhon, who persuaded him to apply the Hegelian analysis to the concept of property. The cost theory of value which became an integral part of Marx's thought resulted from his study of the English classical economists, particularly David Ricardo. From German, French and English sources, therefore, Marx developed his theory of the transition from feudalism (thesis), to middle class capitalism (antithesis) and finally to the classless society (synthesis).

Communism is, therefore, very much on the conscience of the west. It is, indeed, a reflection of all that is worst in western civilization: its materialism, its humanism and its atheism. Communism is an ersatz religion. It makes converts and changes people's lives in the same complete and fundamental manner as other religions. A striking example of the capacity of Communism to convert appeared in the *Sherbrooke Record* of July 14, 1948. It was a letter from a worried Vancouver mother. Her son of sixteen had been an ordinary, jovial, uninhibited Canadian boy, kind to his parents and popular with his fellow students. Three weeks previously he had fallen into the clutches of a Communist youth organisation. Overnight he became a changed person; furtive, secretive, cruel to his parents and apparently devoid of all his former generous instincts. Communism can do that to people. It it in truth a religion, advocated with all the fanatical zeal of a religion and fortified with a body of doctrine which in a horrible, twisted way appears to imitate Christianity. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen in his volume, *Christianity and the Conscience of the West*, has compared Christian doctrine and its Communist counterpart in a brilliant analysis, which begins by setting off "the Trinity: Three Persons in one God: Father, Son and Holy Ghost," against "Matter: Three processes in one theory: capital, labor and Communism."

It is only by regarding Communism as a pseudo-religion that we can really appreciate its insidious and potent menace. How can it be effectively counteracted? Only, I would suggest, by a resurgence of the Christian forces of our own philosophy. Western civilization is superior to Communism chiefly in its acceptance of Christian ideas. By this I do not mean a mere re-allocation of material things. Christianity involves a decent concern for the welfare of one's neighbours; but it involves infinitely more than that. It involves such great, basic doctrines as the immortality of the soul, man's depravity and utter dependence on God, the Incarnation and the necessity of faith in the Atonement as the only means to salvation. Only by the maintenance of such Christian values can, what is best in western civilization be preserved.

D. C. Masters

SCIENCE AND LITERATURE - MARRIAGE OR DIVORCE?

Humanity thrives on absurd contentions, and never was a contention harder to kill than that Culture and Science are two separate entities. It might be better to call it a bone of contention, for, like a bone, it has been buried many times and in many ages, only to be unearthed and re-chewed by dogs with long pedigrees and dogs with none. But a time has come in the affairs of men when the bone should — nay, must — be buried for ever.

The nineteenth century should have taught us a lesson, for the nineteenth century nursed vast hopes. A hundred years ago the future of the world was invested in science, in peace, in the quest of human dignity. A hundred years ago humanity believed itself to be on the verge of great discoveries that would serve man's welfare, of great ideas to serve the cause of peace, of a new range of feelings that would promote man's dignity. But peace was an empty dream, and the investment in Science crashed at Bikini. As for human dignity . . .

At the close of the nineteenth century Nietzsche was fully aware of what he was saying when he re-echoed the words of the ancient oracle, 'God is dead!' Everyone realized the significance of the cry; everyone knew that it meant that the world was waiting for the Kingdom of Man. The problem which we have inherited from the nineteenth century is that of knowing whether or not, in this chaotic world, Man is dead. I make no attempt here to answer the problem: but I make, instead, an appeal to reason, for a re-assessment of our position and duty as educated thinkers and as recipients of a liberal training. I issue the appeal from the quarter of human activity of which I am least ignorant — the province of literature: let us dispense, once for all, with the ludicrous notion that there is no direct connection between Literature and Science.

In matters of this kind it is always expedient to consult the Huxleys. Thomas Huxley, speaking as the foremost champion of scientific studies at a time when those studies were poorly supported and inadequately endowed, laid down this emphatic principle:

> 'Apart from all questions of its practical importance, a knowledge of science, its principles and results, which have so profoundly modified society and have created our modern civilisation, will give a culture unattainable by any form of education which neglects it.' *

* Thomas Huxley: *Science and Education* (a series of addresses), 1873.

But Huxley was careful to show that his sympathies did not lie exclusively with the sciences: "I am the last person to question the value of a genuine literary education, or to suppose that intellectual culture can be complete without it.' He did not blind himself to the real values of classical learning, although he declared that the student of science had no time to spare for it: the culture necessary for *him* must be gained from his own literature. He foresaw the dire effects of specialization: 'an ecxlusively scientific training will bring about a mental twist as surely as will an exclusively literary training.'

Unfortunately, in the present century we are confronted with the dangerous myth that specialization means progress, that modern society has become so complex that rigid division of human activity in all fields is inevitable and necessary. The assumption is that the necessity for splitting all knowledge into mutually exclusive departments increases in proportion as all knowledge expands. And the new mythologists believe that such departmental division will enable humanity to leap forward to a utopian state of general well-being and happiness. Let me quote another Huxley quickly:

> 'Inevitable progress,' said Julian a few months ago, 'is an optimistic reversal of the grim Greek myth of Até, or of the pessimistic Christian doctrine of predestination. It asserts that, the nature of the world and of man being what it is, human progress is inevitable, and more particularly that, now that man has become scientific, it will inevitably be smooth and rapid. But in our western world the myth of progress has fallen on evil days... (It) cannot be reconciled with the retrogressions of Fascism and Nazism and the horrors of the recent war.'*

Huxley is not alone in this conviction. His own brother, Aldous, has bitterly assailed the same myth. He has referred, for instance, to 'the apocalytic religion of Inevitable Progress (whose) creed is that the Kingdom of Heaven is outside you and in the future', and wants to 'bully nature into subserving ill-considered temporal ends, at variance with the final end of men' which he regards as 'unitive knowledge of the Divine Ground of being'. † Elsewhere, he says that 'the religion of Inevitable Progress . . . is, in the last analysis, the hope and faith (in the teeth of all human experience) that one can get something for nothing.'

It is clear that the myth of progress should be discarded, and, with it, the myth that specialization is a contributory factor. That does

* Julian Huxley: *A Re-definition of 'Progress'* (Lecture delivered at the opening session of Unesco at the Sorbonne University, Paris).

† Aldous Huxley: *The Perennial Philosophy*, New York 1945.

not mean that neither human progress nor progress by specialization is possible. On the contrary, both are possible, and both are highly desirable. But we must not deceive ourselves into the false belief that complete specialization will lead to general human progress. A substantial bridge must be built and maintained between the two: and that bridge is the Bridge of Other Knowledge.

For that reason Science and Literature must go hand in hand. Science, Literature, and Religion must join forces. All the arts and all the sciences must be integrated in some way before any composite form of cultural refinement can be established. This is no new, twentieth century species of remedial thinking: it is the common gloss of common sense. Not for nothing was Thomas Huxley's contemporary, Tyndall, spurred on in the pursuit of science by inspiration drawn from Tennyson. Not for nothing did Darwin read with avidity the work of Shakespeare and Milton. Not for nothing did Humphry Davy practise the writing of (admittedly indifferent) poetry. Men of science have been, frequently, genuine poets. Ptolemy, the second century astronomer, was one:

> Mortal tho' I be, yea ephemeral, if but a moment
> I gaze up to the night's starry domain of heaven,
> Then no longer on earth I stand; I touch the Creator,
> And my lively spirit drinketh immortality.

Sir Ronald Ross, in the twentieth century, is another: he wrote a long spiritual diary in verse dealing with seven years of exile which he devoted to researches in tropical malaria.

Ernest de Selincourt once said that 'whatever his literary gifts or taste, the scientist, like the rest of us, inhabits a world of thoughts and feeling and action wherein science plays but a subordinate part, and *of that world literature is the written record.*' *

It is the business of science to ascertain, and to organize intelligibly, the facts of the physical world. It is the province of literature to review the life of man in all its aspects, and to record those thoughts and feelings which lead to a higher consciousness of the things about and above us. The material aspects of the world must be realized and studied if they are to be conquered. The mental and spiritual aspects of man must be recognized and recorded if they are to be comprehended. There is, therefore, an undeniable causal relationship between science and literature. When a scientific discovery is made, when a revolution takes place and affects established notions of the universe, of man's origin and destiny, literature cannot ignore it: likewise, the effects of scientific development upon social conditions are part and parcel of literary study.

* Ernest de Selincourt: Essay in the *Hibbert Journal*, vol XXXVII.

It is now no longer fashionable to say 'art for art's sake', or 'literature for literature's sake', or 'science for science's sake'. All three must hang together, or humanity will explode separately.

History lends profound support to these arguments. The first great age of modern science — the age of Gilbert and Napier and Harvey and Boyle and Newton — was given its greatest impetus in the seventeenth century. And the prophet of the age was a seventeenth century man of letters, Francis Bacon. Bacon saw within the grasp of man a vast, unexplored, and unexploited realm of knowledge, 'if only he will be humble enough and patient enough and truthful enough to occupy it': Bacon, by his eloquence, brought the study of this realm within the common range of educated men. He created for science an intellectual atmosphere in which it might grow and thrive and benefit mankind. Our imaginative literature was affected immediately and profoundly. On the surface the influence is evident in the many metaphores and analogies which the poets drew from the processes or instruments of science. Under the surface it deflected the entire current of thought, and both Donne and Milton apprehended the far-reaching possibilities:

> The new philosophy calls all in doubt,
> The element of fire is quite put out;
> The sun is lost, and the Earth, and no man's wit
> Can well direct him where to look for it.

Donne exaggerated when he said that, but it must be remembered that he was writing at a time when the scientific movement was in its infancy, when the Copernican theory was a hypothesis without mathemaitcal proof.

Donne was, in fact, a little bewildered by the new philosophy: instead of impressing him as an intellectual triumph, it deepened his consciousness of the uncertainty of all human knowledge, and it intensified his fear of an imminent conflict between theology and science. He was afraid — although he never says so in so many words — that science would undermine his religious faith.

Milton apprehended science in a different way. His knowledge of astronomy was extensive, and he supplementd it by visiting Galileo himself, so keeping abreast of up-to-date astronomical theory. In *Paradise Lost*, the Ptolomaic system is adopted as the basis of his imaginative setting, but reference is made to subsequent discoveries. Milton was constantly improving and increasing his knowledge of scientific principles and effects, and it is important to remember that his conception of 'a complete and generous education' included a practical knowledge of the sciences.

In 1662, before Milton's death, the formation of the Royal Society gave fresh impetus to the scientific movement, which had been retarded to some extent by the Civil Wars. The Society set out 'to improve and enlarge the empire of operative philosophy by the real effects of the experimental.' The idea of the Society sprang in large measure, out of the suggestions of literature —out of Solomon's House in Bacon's *New Atlantis*, out of Cowley's *Propositions for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy*. And some of the most enthusiastic promulgators of the idea were the acknowledged leaders of the literary world — Denham, Evelyn, Waller, Cowley, and Dryden. At the same time it was realized that vast metaphysical issues were involved. When Hobbes, in the *Leviathan*, set forth a philosophy based on the materialistic principles of the new science Cowley pointed out an obvious limitation:

> 'Tis only God can know
> Whether the fair idea thou dost show
> Agrees *entirely* with his own, or no.

But Cowley could not stem the change-over from idealism to materialism. The great writers of the early part of the seventeenth century were concerned with problems of man's destiny, with the struggles and aspirations of the individual soul. The writers of the later part were engrossed in problems of the actual world in which they lived. Some of them, like Sir Thomas Browne, who was convinced that witches were partly neurotic and partly diabolical, lived half in the new world and half in the old; Sir Thomas was a medical scientist as well as a man of letters.

Science in the seventeenth century gave literature a 'new look,' a new orientation. At the same time, it owed its prestige to literature; and *literature kept it within the bounds of reason and common sense.* The early *Transactions of the Royal Society* show that some scientists, then as now, could not always distinguish useful investigation from extravagant curiosity. One investigator asserted that he could show a pebble that doubled its size in a short time; another promised to produce artificial serpents; yet another produced an incombustible hatband. Samuel Butler gives a wonderful satirical account of a meeting of the Society at which the members, gazing through an astronomical telescope, observe a battle in progress on the moon, and a massive elephantine monster dealing death and destruction among the combatants. Then, when the record is about to be made in the *Transactions*, it is discovered, by chance, that the combatants were flies on the telescope glass, and that the monster was 'a mouse that, by mishap, had caught himself, and them, in the optic trap.'

Merciless satire of the scientists was bound to follow. Some readers will remember Gulliver's visit to the College of Lagado, where he met a

professor who had striven for eight years to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, and a scholar who had devised a plan for building a house from the roof downwards. But the satire was not very long-lived. Addison, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, voiced the literary world's genuine appreciation of the new science, when he said that no writers could gratify and enlarge the imagination more than the authors of the new philosophy.

From the eighteenth century to the present day science-literature relationships have been, by turns, strained, severed, pieced together, and consolidated. Questions of compatibility have, by turns, burned, flamed, smouldered, and died out. The eighteenth century asked: Is revealed religion compatible with the findings of science? And when the 'age of Reason' gave way to the era of Romanticism, the nineteeth century asked: Is the mechanistic conception of nature wholly competent to explain the mind of man? Wordsworth was inspired at Cambridge by the memory of the statue of Newton, with his prism and silent face —

> The marble index of a mind for ever
> Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone,

and he paid an immortal tribute to mathematics and 'its independent world, created out of pure intelligence.' He was fully aware that mathematical physics would play an enormous part in the advancement of human knowledge, and he regarded physical science as 'a leader to the human mind.' The poet and the man of science were to him 'twin labourers, and heirs of the same hopes.' For that reason, he despised and condemned the shallowness of the mind that is completely satisfied with mechanical analysis. For that reason, too, he disliked the botanical specialist

> . . . who would peep and botanise
> Upon his mother's grave.

At the same time, he said, 'admiration and love, to which all knowledge truly vital must tend, are felt by men of real genius in proportion as their discoveries in natural philosophy are enlarged; and the beauty of form in plant or animal is not made less but more apparent as a whole by more accurate insight into its constituent properties and powers.'

What Wordsworth said brings together all the threads of my argument. Every single, isolated step in the advance of knowledge has its own intrinsic value. But its ultimate and supreme value depends entirely upon the extent to which it may be correlated with the sum of all human knowledge. In this way, the poet's understanding of life and the scientist's understanding of life may be enriched beyond our wildest dreams. Man is, after all, a complex creature and a creature of complexes.

Science was born and developed to satisfy his insatiable craving for knowledge. Literature was conceived as a means of recording those higher aspirations upon which the future of the human mind must depend. Knowledge and aspiration cannot, in sanity, be divided. Both are powerful motive forces in our society, and upon their enlightened amalgamation depends the quality of human progress.

James Gray

FORGOTTEN MOMENT

A castle on the beach the child is building,
Two tiny hands with feverish gesture
Pat into place the sand.
Oops! One side crumbles — quickly —
Fill the hollow with the clay-wet grains
And pridefully survey reward of pains.

Nearly finished, but not quite,
One turret wants refixing.
Ah! Now a stick —

When of a sudden upward looks the child;
The bright sun burnishes red the sand,
And glints harsh blue
Huge billows of the massive sea.
A hush between the crashes of the waves,
The sun-warmed beach the water softly laves.

Murmuring eager voices,
Light mutter of the water,
The child is waiting, watching —

The somnolent silence, the sun-dazzled sand,
This lonely moment of eternal wonder,
Only the child knows —
Hears something everlasting,
But with the crash of ocean, creeping foam,
Forgetting, finds the stick and tops the dome.

Margot Mitchell

"LAST TRAIN FROM MANDEVILLE"

Some time ago, I was in a small Southern town on the day that railroad service to the community was to be discontinued. The local newspaper had been carrying the little railroad's obituary for weeks in advance. "The management regrets the fact; but owing to insufficient patronage and mounting losses, the Mandeville and South Dearing Railroad will be forced to cease operations on Friday, November 19th., 1945."

Being, to some extent, a fancier of railroad lore, I made it a point to be present on the occasion of the last run. Mandeville, fifteen miles from the main line, was a typical, small Georgia town, peaceful and hospitable but possessing that strange undercurrent of racial prejudice so common to the region.

Everything about the place seemed to be in a state of comfortable decay. Five scattered mansions, lacking sadly in paint and repairs, acted as pivots for the few rows of wooden shops and homes that made up the town. Only the Post Office, wooden also, and the large brownstone Court House seemed to be in any way imposing.

Toward the east on a knoll and just over a dry creek bed from the village proper was another smaller and dingier looking collection of hovels. "Bible Hill" by name, it was the section of the community set apart by unwritten law for the coloured citizens. The tone of this rather unpleasant picture was softened somewhat by the great Southern pine and magnolia trees that lined the streets. Here and there, dainty little crape myrtle shrups with pink blossoms splashed colour on the scene. They also served notice by their being in bloom that the watermelons were now at their best.

I was told, and could easily believe, that Mandeville had not changed much since Sherman overran it during his Grand March to the Sea. The only apparent concession to progress seemed to be in the glass false fronts on a few of the shops. The young people, who had not already left for Atlanta or been absorbed by the draft, hung around the local juke-joint or the pool hall.

The railroad station was situated at the lower end of Main Street. A one-storey, frame building, it had been there to greet the first train sixty years ago and today it would bid farewell to the last. Originally

built to tap a large stand of softwood timber, the line had long since become a part of life in the community. For years it had served the people's every need. It had brought them back and forth to the city and had carried in along its rickety tracks their essentials to life as well as the fascinating offerings of the mail-order houses.

Its rusted rails, overgrown with weeds, still pointed to the big cities and adventure but the last generation had found a glittering, new way of leaving behind the squalor of the place. Ever since the motor car had come into common use, the railroad had been steadily losing ground. The shiny new buses and noisy trucks that charged through the town had long-since condemned it to disuse. Efforts were made to save the line but the decision stood. The Mandeville and South Dearing, 'Misery and Slow Death' to the local wags, was to make its last run on the nineteenth.

As I arrived at the station, the little engine had just wheezed out of its stall. It was coupled to its two cars and pulled up alongside the platform. The train seemed to belong to another day. The locomotive, once the pride of the Baldwin Works, looked puny and fragile. The laboured puffing of its boiler indicated that all was not well inside. Its cars, over-ornate but once in high fashion, now appeared gaunt and ugly.

A number of the townspeople had gathered at the station to witness the departure of the last train. Nobody said very much but words were not necessary; their eyes spoke for them. Some were young but for the most part they were old, their faces lined with care. They, like the old Mandeville and South Dearing, had used up their alloted time and were travelling the last weary miles.

If I could have read the nostalgia that showed in these faces, I might have seen a carefree boy, off to his first job in the city, or a nervous groom helping his pretty bride into the car, or, heading for the wars, a youth that even the little train for all its faithfullness could not bring back . . . but a voice broke the spell. It was the conductor checking his watch with a little old man wearing a uniform cap bearing the words "Agent, M. & S.D. R.R." The little man spoke: "Can't be late this morning Dan. Wouldn't do on your last run." He seemed to stumble on the word 'last'. It held such an air of finality.

A few people filed into the cars and at nine o'clock sharp the conductor raised his hand: "Boooard." The driving wheels slipped for a moment; the train creaked away. Up the quiet street the clock on the Court House sounded the hour, slowly and decisively. The little man wearing the agent's cap had not moved since the train pulled away. He was standing still, looking down the track. Smoke from the engine billowed back in his face but he took no notice of it. He remained in this position till the last plaintive notes of the whistle echoed back and were swallowed up by the hills.

J. Robert Burns

"OÙ SONT LES NEIGES D'ANTAN?"

The rambling Villon probably did not intend his refrain to arouse such a sentiment, but I look with some nostalgia and little criticism upon the times that have been — yes, even upon the past which was his present.

How often have we heard the remark: "Things weren't like that in the good old days," or: "In my time—," or again: "When I was young—." How often, too, has such reminiscing brought the knowing wink or the patronizing smile? Frequently, this type of feeling is simply exaggerated sentimentalism; "things" were like that in those old days, and, when Methusaleh himself was young, people were just as human and faulty as to-day. We all tend to call the past a golden age; we remember blessings and we forget our faults. The present is real and hard for us, while the past has been encountered, and we regard it now with the coloured glasses of satisfaction and pride. We have covered the scenes of yesteryear with hazy depths of snow, softening the sharp rocks and whitening the shady patches of a dark past. Yesteryear, indeed, is often pure and shining yesteryear to our reminiscent eyes, and we smilingly realize it.

But we ought to stop and think about this for a while. Surely the past is not all a misrepresentative dream. Are we entirely wrong in calling it "the good old days"? There certainly were some benificent 'snows' of earlier periods; the golden age of other centuries could not have been entirely a stone age. Well, then, what should we think? First of all, we can see ourselves with a great heritage, in a highly-developed civilization and a fine culture. How did we get it, and where did it come from, though? Like Rome, it was not built in a day, nor born with our birth, nor is it self-propagating. Our knowledge and our freedom are not a self-contained force, carrying itself down through the centuries.

Here, then, is our first point. We to-day have something which the earth itself did not give us. Our 'snows' did not come from the ground; they arrived through space and in time. And when we think about it more deeply, another fact arises. Since men have been given the power to develop themselves, to choose the bad or the good; it follows that whatever we have of good in the world was chosen and kept by our forefathers. And we should know from experience, too, that the choice

and care of good is not often easy; it demands sacrifice and devotion, and it involves persecution from the earthly-minded. This brings us to our second conclusion. There actually were good, strong men in ancient times, who had the spirit to choose the right and, in many instances, to die for it. Let none feel, for instance, that our Christianity has had an easy course, let no one think that Florence Nightingale trode only the 'primrose path,' neither let it be supposed that toleration and mutual-service are natural accompaniments of humanity. No, the heritage of the world today was formed through the lives of consecrated, self-sacrificing men of yesterday.

But what does this mean to us, then? To me, and I trust to others, it means that the 'snows' of yesteryear did actually sparkle, that they were widespread, and that their effects were enduring. The storms of righteous protest and the winds of love did blow the brightening snows of Christian culture to a dark and dreary earth. Studded, indeed, is the development of the world with its jewels of noble acts; filled are the pages of history with beautiful and illuminating accounts; and paved is the road of civilization with the labour and sacrifice of inspired men. The Crusaders who stayed to fight and build at home, likewise; the saints who laboured in parliament or factory, the teachers who struggled to raise their fellows by literature and by example; all came as manna to the earth, and covered it like snow with their influence.

Now, such a realization can only lead us on to this question. What are we of to-day doing with our heritage gained and given to us by our forefathers, — what are we doing with our talents? Are we parasites or are we builders? And I think we should feel now that, instead of condemning the past, we must condemn ourselves. Prosperity and pleasure go hand in hand, yes, and freedom and idleness are too often mated. To-day, I consider that the tragedy persists. With a goodly inheritance, we are spending it; with a peaceful world, we are exploiting it. And the cultural snow of yesteryear is now but an obstruction to us. We use its surface for pleasure, and we disregard its deeper treasures, holding them as useless or blaming them as impedimenta. What, then? Are the snows of the past to become sullied with the smoke of crude materialism? Are these selfsame snows to vanish with the burning heat of thoughtless desire? They may, indeed, if men pursue their own pleasures and profit, and they will, unless men open their eyes to uplifting and eternal values. Oh, if only man would display that same self-sacrifice in peace that he displays in persecution; if only he could mount from the hill instead of from the much-easier valley!

In our own country especially, a vital task is facing us. With the eastern part of the world dark with the smoke of political conflict, our Dominion must be guarded against pollution, that pollution which comes

as much by degeneration as by accretion. It is the pollution, not only of foreign ideology, but of native materialism and its present handmaid, complacency, — and it must be cast out. What a benefit it would be if our 'drape-shape'd and 'coke-sipping' crooners realized the significant challenge of their ditty: "Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow," and what a power it would be if they really wanted to make it a "White Christmas" the year round! For shall it not be that the winds of devoted effort which bring the snow shall also drive away the smoke! Yes, in this vast citadel of truth and freedom, we must keep burning fervently in our hearts the recognition of our glorious heritage, we must work unceasingly to better it, and we must be prepared to defend it. Our "Lady of The Snows" stands in need; we are her regents, we must be her champions.

The call, then, is for youth who will keep to the principles of the noblest of their fathers, men who will cast off the tinsel and sham of worldly comforts and live by the Faith which many profess by words, but deny by actions. Who, of all, will take up the challenge, and carry, through strife and toil, the "Vitaë Lampada" to the goal of New Jerusalem, God's Kingdom on earth?

Yes, to-day we can say: "Where are the snows of yesteryear?", but this is only half of the question. We should say too: "Where are the workers to build for to-morrow; where are the 'good men and true' to lead the world to a bright and a peaceful future?" And the answer to this lies nowhere but within us, for there is none to "go for us" but ourselves. In the hearts of to-day's men must be found the consecrated desire, the will to strive for a better to-morrow. By such men, and such men as ourselves only, will the "Gleam" be truly followed, and the Eldorado of hope be reached. It is men like this who, when they have spent this course, may rightfully say: "Here can you see the coming glories much clearer and much closer." Thus shall the snows of to-day be the freshening nourishment for the Garden of to-morrow and, as the martyrs' blood is the seed of the Church, so shall the waters of consecrated effort feed the new earth, the New Zion of happiness.

John Pearce

OBIIT

THIS is finality;
This, too, is a beginning;
The form that lies there silent and unbreathing
Was once inspired with an unconscious stir;
Now it awaits in painful - conscious state
The end of death, the long, slow end of death,
And the beginning of an unbenighted life.

Can it be he, this form, that once was kind to me?
That spot of manufactured colour, paler far
Against the natural whiteness of his cheek,
Can it resuscitate the glow of action known to him
In pulsing moments on the field, the field
Where men forget a greater for a less command,
And desecrate the beauty of magnificent creation?
Would he, I wonder, have preferred to die
Out there where cheeks, at least, are coloured by
A deeper, brighter crimson? — See where the lines
Of rigid bone against the tight-drawn skin
Denote where through long agony
The canker has devoured the flesh that cushions soul
In daily-dying journey through a sorrow-laden field —
Or on that other field wherein I know he once
Took pleasure, and found momentary joy
In thrilling to the swift ground passing underfoot
Before the wicket fell? No, not to me
Who knew it not, nor to those other silent
Waiting ones who did; it cannot,
For the daylight-crested, westward-looking hills
Flame each new sunset-time with unrepeated tint,
And man can never do what God does not.

Why does God's creature make a double torment of the end of life?

M. H. Stanley

A FAVORITE BOOK

"It has not been written. It cannot be written." These words were spoken with blunt simplicity. They were followed by a strained silence. The faint noise of traffic in the street far below was felt but not heard. The intense silence of the room was accentuated by the diffusion of dusk. A soft, expensive rug absorbed the silence and ejected it again. Two men were sitting near the window. The speaker was an author and the second person was a reporter. The first man was the essence of calm, relaxed indifference, as he smoked his pipe and gazed out the window. The reporter was the essence of strained, cautious persistence as he glanced quizzically at the author.

"Come now, Mr. Ames," said the reporter, "you say your favourite book has not been written and cannot be written. How can we print that? Your public will be disappointed. They want you to have a favourite book. Your favourite book is their favourite book. This is a front-page story. Everyone will read it. You must have a favourite book." He was getting weary and annoyed with this interview. The man was difficult. He was uncommunicative about his likes and dislikes. He refused to discuss his best-selling novels. Now he had stated that his favourite book could not be written. This story should be worthy of a by-line. It wouldn't be printed at all if this was all the information the author could give him. In addition to this harassing situation, there was a deadline to be met in a few hours.

John Ames had dark, penetrating eyes. He had fastened his gaze on the top of a sky-scraper several blocks away. The building had a proud air of superiority and architectural beauty. Lighted windows revealed the pulsations of the edifice. The vital drama of the business world was enacted behind these windows.

He looked at the reporter. He, too, was annoyed with this interview. Reporters made him nervous and irritable. His honest opinions were immaterial to journalists. They distorted his ideas with superficial sensationalism.

"You're not interested in my favourite book, said the author. "You don't even know what interests the public. They don't care whether I drink one or two cups of coffee for breakfast. They don't care which side of the street I prefer. Furthermore, they're not interested in my favourite book."

"Look, Mr. Ames," replied the reporter cynically, "we have to earn our living. We earn it by writing for the public. The public wants facts. We give them facts. They want facts of human interest. We give them facts of human interest. Now, all we want is a little co-operation." He sat back with an impatient sigh and lit a cigarette.

John Ames leaned forward in his chair and held his pipe in his hand.

"All right," he said calmly, "I'll tell you what I think of books and stories.

"A story must live It must be vivid. It must reveal the situation with natural perfection in every detail. You modern journalists are the worst violators of this rule. You rush into an interview, you ask childish, trivial questions, and you rush to your typewriters. You write what you think are sensational "scoops" about the personal lives of people, such as myself, who are merely trying to write as a means of self-satisfaction. You call these garbled accounts "human interest stories."

"But, Mr. Ames—" interrupted the reporter.

"Please let me continue," said the author. "My favourite book has not been written and cannot be written because no writer can achieve that natural perfection we all strive for. The best writers approach it. I bow to them in humble awe and sincere admiration. Musicians have almost mastered it. In my opinion, their achievements in striving for natural perfection are superior to those of all other artists. They convert their impressions into delicate, harmonious sounds. Their interpretations are expressed in a universal language which borders on natural perfection. Painters reproduce life. Their art approximates that of musicians in natural perfection. They use the language of colours as their key to vivid interpretations. Poets strive for natural perfection in self-expression. They use the language of mere words with exquisite sensitivity. They combine the delicate harmony of the art of music and the vivid clarity of the art of painting with a powerful mastery of self-expression. Dramatists seek 'to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.' Writers use the language of mere words. They struggle to approach natural perfection."

The author leaned back in the chair. He smoked his pipe and his eyes wandered to the window again.

"It has been said," he continued, "that every time one reads a book it is different, because the reader is a different person. There are many books. I have enjoyed reading some more than others. My favourite consists of the unwritten pages containing the story of the natural depth of living. It is non-existent."

The reporter shifted his feet impatiently and crushed out his cigarette in an ash-tray. He stood up and walked heavily across the room to the door. He opened it, skipped out, and closed it quietly behind him.

In the office of the *New York Daily Chronicle*, the reporter stared at the blank sheet of paper in his typewriter. He sighed and passed his hand through his dishevelled hair.

The next day, there was a picture of John Ames on the front page of the *New York Daily Chronicle*. The column beside the picture was introduced by the following headline:

NOTED AUTHOR
TO SAIL SOON

The sub-headline stated the following information:

REFUSAL TO EXPLAIN REASON FOR
TRIP AROUSES RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION

The column began:

"New York, Feb. 2—John Ames, eminent author of three best-selling novels, is staying at the Biltmore Hotel here for a few weeks prior to sailing for England.

Mr. Ames intends to stay abroad for an indefinite period of time. He refused to divulge the reason for his trip and intimated that he had no interest in public opinion.

Meanwhile, it has been unofficially reported that this same author was recently associated with a group which reputedly has direct connections with subversive activities in this city.

A critic who is well known in literary circles suggested recently that Mr. Ames' literary ability is degenerating. He spoke of the author's style as being superficial and awkward."

Lois Boast

18th CENTURY COURT CIRCLES

In pursuing material for this paper the first book I read was Trevelyan's excellent "English Social History" and you can therefore imagine my chagrin when I came upon the following paragraph while looking for information about English court circles of the 18th century:-

" 'The Court' had been the microcosm and throbbing heart of England ever since the days of Alfred, through Norman and Plantagenet times, through the spacious days of Henry and Elizabeth down to Charles II; his Court was not only the scene of much pleasure, liberty and scandal, it was also the centre of patronage for politics, fashion, literature, art, learning, invention, company-promoting, and a hundred other activities of the King's eager subjects seeking notoriety or reward. But after the Revolution the glory of the Court grew dim. Neither the political position of the Crown, nor the personal temperament of those who wore it was the same as of old. Stern William, invalid Anne, the German Georges, farmer George, domestic Victoria, none of them desired to keep a Court like Queen Elizabeth's. Henceforth the court was the residence of secluded Royalty, pointed out from afar, difficult of access save on formal occasions of proverbial dullness. Patronage was sought elsewhere, in the lobbies of Parliament, in the ante-chambers of Ministers, in the country houses of the pleasantest aristocracy in the world — finally in an appeal to the educated public. This decline of the Court had many consequences, direct and indirect, on English life. It had no analogy in contemporary France, where Versailles still drew men like a magnet, and impoverished the life of chateau and province."

I am afraid that I find myself in no position to argue with Mr. Trevelyan and consequently this was not a very propituous start for my research. Yet the answer to this search for the "missing court circles" must lie somewhere, and it seems as if the solution could be found in two directions.

The urge for power, or even contact with it, has been natural to men of any age. The person of authority invariably finds around him a circle of friends, admirers, followers and just plain yes-men. During the 18th century power swung decisively from King to Parliament and consequently these circles also crossed over. Due to inherent desires, the monarchs of the period, as Mr. Trevelyan points out, further added to

this situation by holding Court, in the full meaning of that term, as little as possible. Still the person of the King did mean something and the Royal prerogative carried more weight than it does today. The Court was still a notable power in the land.

What had happened was that its society became smaller and more compact. Admission to the King's inner circle became more difficult, and for that very reason probably more desirable. And though this statement should be somewhat modified by the fact that many of the English nobles were not particularly interested in the Teutonic Hannoverians as social leaders, positions in the court were still a greatly sought favour.

Yet what had happened to that mass of lesser and greater nobles who had clustered around the courts of earlier periods? It is impossible to imagine that as a class they had completely disappeared from the face of the nation. Rather they had spread throughout the land, remaining in their beautiful country homes for the greater part, coming down to Bath and London merely for the "season" and spreading their wealth and culture around during the remaining portion. In one sense the court circles had tightened and almost closed, while in another they had become diffused throughout England.

Consequently the life of English society must receive serious consideration in any discussion of the court circles of this period.

The Age of Anne inaugurated a long period of content and business prosperity. Though the country was almost constantly embroiled in foreign wars peace reigned internally, and except for the two Scottish uprisings of 1715 and 1745 the nation lay undisturbed. The end of feudalism had really brought with it an end of the citizen army and as wars were now fought mainly by small professional forces the nobles of England turned their pugnacity to politics, bringing with it the interminable struggle for power between Whigs and Tories.

The rise of business had also affected a change in the complexion of the aristocracy. By inter-marriage and purchase these people joined the titled nobles, bringing with them money, and, surprisingly enough, culture and learning.

These two factors did much to alter the face of the nation. As the constant danger of attack disappeared and the desire for "gracious living" grew, the Mediaeval castle, with its magnificent exterior but cold, dark and gloomy living quarters, began to give way before the more pleasant Queen Anne and Georgian houses. These fine country homes surrounded by large farms, specially planted beech woods and walled gardens appeared throughout the country. Large windows and well

lighted rooms became the fashion, while inside beautiful panelling was beginning to replace the old tapestries.

The aristocracy was buying out the small freeholder and improving the land. Crops became more plentiful and stock increased in both size and numbers. Yet the greatest improvement came in the houses themselves as "simplicity in elegance" held sway. Foreign art was imported in great quantity and the nobles vied with each other in their collections. The products of native writers and artists also received great help at the hands of this enlightened aristocracy.

Yet it must not be supposed that these gentle pleasures sufficed to satisfy the demanding tastes of the gentry. Gambling and drinking became national vices, and one could add almost national pastimes. Trevelyan remarks that although it might be hard to prove, the term "drunk as a lord" may well have originated during this period. Ale remained the national drink during the earlier portions of the age but by the time of George II gin for the poor, and wines for the upper classes reigned supreme. The Methuen treaty by which the heavier Portugese wines were given duty preference over the lighter French ones did much to make gout the occupational disease among the English aristocracy. One, two and even three-bottle men ruled the land, and it says much for the nation that though often unsteady these hands safely steered the ship of state.

An interesting sidelight on the drinking habits of the upper classes is shown by the proviso of the Mutiny Act which stated that Courts Martial could only take place before dinner — as after that meal too many judges were so drunk as to be unfit to render judgment.

Gambling of every kind was also prevalent, among the ladies as well as the men. Huge fortunes were won and lost on the turn of a card or wheel. Betting on the most fantastic occurances was the rage, greatly to the profit of men such as Richard "Beau" Nash who lived from the profits of such senseless deeds as riding naked on a cow through some small village.

Nash himself can well be taken as illustrative of the spirit of his times. A man of uncertain parentage, he had tried law, learning and soldiering before finding his proper niche among the society at Bath. This place had been drawn to the attention of society by a visit from Queen Anne in 1705, but it remained for Nash to bring it to its place of social eminence.

He became Master of Ceremonies and ruled the town with an iron hand, well sheathed in silken glove. His improvements drew the gentry to its watering places and once there his rules of conduct were impressed upon them from whence they spread throughout the land.

Nash forbade the smoking of pipes in public places, he prescribed the correct dress to be worn and society governed itself accordingly. It was not until the rise of Fox that the careless manner of dress returned. "The Beau" taught the people manners, and they sorely needed such instruction.

It is greatly to his credit that the wearing of swords was forbidden at Bath, bringing about a gradual abandonment of this habit throughout England. Till Nash's time side arms were a mark of the gentry, and needless, and often disastrous duels took place almost daily. Now a cooling off period was provided as the weapons were not available immediately, and many quarrels were healed when viewed in the bright, and painful, light of morning.

Horse racing and hunting were favourite sports, not only for the lure of gambling but also due to their intrinsic pleasures. Hunts were organized, and society spent much time riding behind the pack. Cricket and football were also becoming popular among the aristocracy and by bringing together nobles and commoners did much to create a bond between them.

The ladies joined their men in drinking and gambling, but as the age progressed, bringing with it ever increasing wealth, leisure became almost enforced upon them. They were not to do any domestic work if possible and Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" illustrates the scorn with which any activity was held, the manner in which Mrs. Hurst and Miss Bingley hold Elizabeth Bennett in contempt for nothing more than taking long walks offering a good example.

Some relief to the drinking habits came with the rise of the famed "coffee houses." These became the contemporary equivalent of the present day English clubs, and the tea, coffee and chocolate drinking in them did much to popularize these beverages at the expense of alcohol in all its various forms.

The improvement in inland navigation and roads made travelling easier and more pleasant. Long journeys could be undertaken with ever increasing ease and lessening danger as the age progressed. And this local travel awoke an urge for further fields. Soon the continent was swamped with English Nobles taking the Grand Tour. In 1785 alone the number of Englishmen travelling through Europe reached the amazing total of 40,000 including masters and servants. This had its effect on the whole of Europe as hostleries were altered to suit the tastes of the visiting "milords."

The chief amusements of society during the season, aside from their gaming, were the masquerades and ridottos or assembly dances

such as were held in the Pantheon on Oxford street, which was opened in 1770, Vauxhall or Ranelagh. Here the men and ladies of fashion paraded in all their glory, yet even the beautiful Vauxhal Gardens were no more the haunt of peaceful lovers than of young rakes on the look-out for horse-play.

These parades of fashion must have been quite a sight to behold, for both men and women dressed with the greatest of care and dandyism. On special occasions men wore dresses costing as much as 500 guineas, and a waistcoat alone might run upward of 50 guineas. The greatest extravagance existed among a group of young people known as the "Macaronis," who wore masses of hair, tiny hats and tight fitting clothes, carrying huge walking sticks with long tassles. It was fortunate for England's gentry that Fox became so imbued with the democratic spirit of the French revolution that he started a return to the simpler and more comfortable styles. Till that period, however, foppishness and superficiality were the rule, and this was rendered all the more objectionable by the drinking habits and foul language of even the greatest "gentlemen."

The marriage relationship of the period is rather interesting, offering as it does a complete paradox. The marriage bond was very strong and seldom broken. In the whole reign of Queen Anne we have record of only six divorces taking place. Yet at the same time infidelity prevailed, and though they would never think of divorcing their wives, many of the nobles, including royalty, kept mistresses, often quite openly in view of their legal wives. Though monogamy was officially the rule, concubinage was quite openly accepted among the aristocracy.

This then was the life of the aristocracy who formed the larger, or outer, court circle of the 18th century and basically the modes and manners of the inner court differed little, except perhaps in their greater dullness and stupidity. The love for art and fine music, excepting perhaps the works of Handel among the Germanic Georges, was not as prevalent among royalty as among the nobility and consequently patronage for it came from the latter group in contrast to the situation of earlier periods.

Like the nobility, Royalty loved its pomp and fripperies and exhibitions such as the public showing of George IV behind a latticed window shortly after his birth show a spirit quite distasteful to the 20th century mind. The "children's salons" held by his mother offers another similar example.

Some attention must now be given to the four personages who sat on the throne of England during this period, William can well be neglected as his death came during the opening years of the century. Of

these four, two, Anne and George III, were narrowly English, while the other two Georges were just as narrowly German.

On ascending the throne in 1702 Anne assumed a stand quite different from her Dutch predecessor. As she claimed in her first speech from the throne she was "entirely English." We may well add that she was just as entirely Tory, and just as entirely Anglican. It has been claimed that she went through life with three ambitions: to be Queen, to favour the right wing of the church, and to give her husband George high positions. To these may be added a fourth: the desire to satisfy her favourites.

She attempted to fulfill all of these but due to circumstances beyond her power was unable to fulfill the second. Her husband had been dismissed by Charles II with the statement: "I have tried him drunk and I have tried him sober but there is nothing in him," and this was a singularly fitting characterisation. The Queen attempted to have him made commander of the combined European forces, but he was totally inadequate for the task and the position was assumed by the able Duke of Marlborough.

Marlborough was a moderate Tory but a man well above party strife when his country was concerned. He had been left in command by William upon the latter's death and along with Godolphin formed the ministry during the first portion of Anne's reign.

As stated earlier, Anne had a great penchant for favourites and at this time the role was ably filled by Sarah Churchill, Lady Marlborough. It was largely due to this influence that the Duke maintained his power, and it is extremely fortunate for the country that this situation existed. Marlborough conducted the war of the Spanish Succession with ability, and seeing the anti-war attitude of the Tories, gladly accepted the support of the Whigs.

In 1708 Harley and St. John attempted a return to Toryism and proceeded to do this by installing Abigail Hill, later Lady Masham into the court. The stratagem failed and the two men were dismissed along with other Tories, leaving a Whig ministry and parliament in power. This situation was, however, only temporary and under the prodding of her new favourite and a general reaction throughout the country, Anne returned to her Tory ways, dismissing the General and the Treasurers, as Marlborough and Godolphin were known, and installing Harley and St. John in their place.

It is true that all these changes had taken place due largely to the altering tone of the country. At the same time the importance of the two women, the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Masham, must be

stressed. Queen Anne was greatly dominated by them and their influence affected almost all her actions. Her friendship with them borders almost on love, as the "Mrs. Morely-Mrs. Freeman" correspondence bears out.

She dominated her husband George completely and loved him greatly but this very love made her incapable, or unwilling, to see his many weaknesses. Her Tory views held sway over his basically Whig ones, and when a vote was called on the "occasional conformity" measure it is recorded that he winked at one of the Whig lords and offered him encouragement while dutifully following the Tory members on every division.

The Act of Succession assured England a protestant king. But it assured his reign, probably quite against his wishes and definitely against far better claims by other pretenders. George I was a Hanoverian first and foremost. He did not speak English, and did not wish to, and his new country appeared to him largely as a place from which riches might be extracted. He was ignorant of English institutions and quite unwilling to do anything regarding this ignorance. We may criticise this lackadaisical attitude, but we must at all times keep in mind the fact that it was mainly George's carelessness which led to the creation of the office of Prime Minister and consequently to the development of Cabinet government as we now know it.

George I was a man of 54 when he ascended the throne of England. He was strictly moral when his wife's affairs were in question and had no hesitation in having her imprisoned when she committed adultery with a young Swiss officer to escape her husband's dullness. That was enough morality for George and he himself brought over two mistresses to England. He had a penchant for ugly women and these two were ugly enough to satisfy any taste. The great fat von Kielmansegge, became the Countess of Darlington upon her arrival in England, though she was soon known as the Elephant throughout the land. Variety was provided by the Maypole, or von der Schulenberg, whose English title was Duchess of Kendal.

These two ran the court and immediately commenced a brisk trade in patronage, a fact which, added to George's general ignorance of English manners and mores, made the king extremely unpopular.

Actual power in the land throughout this reign rested in the hands of Robert Walpole, who had risen to the position of Prime Minister. Walpole was a gross material man who loved power for its own sake. He had little belief in virtue and, quite rightly, claimed that any man has his price when referring to his opposition. In spite of these faults he was an able and far seeing leader, who foresaw the coming of responsible government and quickly retired when he lost support of the House.

With the ascendance of George II many expected that Walpole's rule was at an end. While Prince of Wales the new King had strongly disapproved of the Prime Minister and had gathered about himself a group of Whigs discontented with Walpole's leadership. The latter, however, knew how to deal with the situation. By bribing the King with a larger offer of salary than that proposed by his opponents, he was able to remain in office. Later with the help of George's clever wife Caroline of Anspach, he was able to maintain this power.

Caroline was an amazing woman. She and her husband loved each other greatly, yet it never occurred to George that he should stay faithful under such circumstances. Caroline submitted to her husband's boorishness. She buried her pride and accepted the mistresses which he brought over from Europe. She even managed to bear his constant nagging and constantly deferred to his wishes in private matters. Yet, without his knowledge, Caroline ruled her husband firmly. She had the ability to install ideas into his head, ideas which he was firmly convinced were of his own making. And it was due to this ability that Walpole remained in power. He had a noble ally in Caroline.

The household of George II was not a happy one. Besides the husband's faithlessness both he and his wife detested their eldest son Frederick, Prince of Wales. The latter spent most of his time in Leicester House and maintained that place as a centre of social gayety, wit and fashion, much more so than the actual court at St. James. The palace itself could never really have become the social centre of the country due to the dullness and ill manners of its master.

This then was the picture of the first two Georges. Both were ugly men, gross in their manners and mode of life. Neither knew much of the English morality and hence many of their acts were considered as outrightly offensive by their new countrymen. They were both quite stupid and consequently were quite satisfied to let others rule their new domain.

Their successor, the grandson of George II, was something quite different. Stupid he might have been at times, but at least he was definitely English and quite set on ruling the country himself. During three generations the Hanoverian roots had become firmly implanted in England's soil and although the family name was not changed to Windsor till the time of the fifth George, a century and a half later, the truly native line of monarchs starts with George III, who ascended the throne in 1760, following the death of his grandfather. Coming to power under such conditions was a great benefit for the new king, unlike his ancestors he was no longer faced with the stigma of being foreign and many who had earlier supported the pretenders on just those grounds now eagerly turned to the legal monarch.

George III was only 22 when he came to the throne. His father, Frederick, had died while George was still a boy and consequently he had been brought up by his mother and a series of tutors. The most notable of whom was Lord Bute, reputedly a lover of the Princess of Wales, George's mother.

These two had instilled in him a desire to be King in the full meaning of that term. The mother continually urged him "George be King," meaning a king of the despotic absolute sort to be found in the little courts of Germany where the Princess had been brought up, and from whence came her ideas. From his tutor he had learned the political philosophy which Viscount Bolingbroke set forth in his essay, "Idea of a Patriot King." In this essay, Bolingbroke, who had become disgusted with the corruption of the House of Commons which he could not break, called for a reassertion of the royal prerogative so that the king could control the house and government in the best interests of the nation at large.

George consequently asked his former tutor, now the Earl of Bute, to form a ministry. In an attempt to strengthen this government he took over personal control of a party known as the "King's Friends." Under the corrupt system of rotten and pocket burroughs a large number of members of the House were controlled directly by the King. By existing custom these seats were usually awarded to supporters of the Ministry. Now, however, George decided to use them as a foundation for his own party. Disunity among the Whigs enabled him to do that and he managed to gain control.

The King had early fallen in love with Sarah Lennox, daughter in law of Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland. But Bute fearing such an alliance persuaded George to marry a foreign princess, and when his mother added her weight to the argument the king acquiesced.

Yet Bute's schemes came to no avail and after a short while he was forced to resign. The country was ruled for the next 20 years by a succession of coalitions, none of which was able to maintain power for any length of time. During this period the whole shape of the Empire had altered radically, and it was not until the ascendancy of the younger Pitt that the situation was once more solidified as the New Tory party took over the government. In all of these ministries the King's Friends formed a strong faction and it was their union with the Portland Whigs that finally brought Pitt to power.

On the whole George was a good man, in the full meaning of that word. He was genuinely religious, extremely abstemious in all his habits, and entirely decorous in his mode of life. In all respects he was different from his predecessors. Unfortunately he was burdened with bad advisors and still had the characteristic Hanoverian obstinancy. This was a great misfortune as there is really nothing worse than an obstinate and pious man whose zeal has become misdirected. Acted upon by men such as Lord North, he pursued a course of action which cost Britain a large portion of her Empire, whereas greater prudence might have prevented this loss.

All this leads us to suppose that life at his court was much quieter and more decorous that at those of his predecessors. Like them, he kept the Court closed fairly tightly, but while earlier the reason for this had been mere disinterestedness with English society, George was naturally quiet and preferred to keep his circle small. He had attempted to restore kingly power but time was against him and his successors fitted more and more closely into the accepted pattern of the constitutional monarch.

This picture of the 18th century court offers a strong indictment of the existing mores of society. But before rendering too harsh a judgment we must keep several factors in mind. In the first place our judgment can be made only on the basis of our own 20th century morality, which taken by and large is extremely narrow in its views. Then again nothing is easier than to exaggerate the delinquencies of the fashionable world. It lives in the limelight; it has the means and the leisure of dissipation, and the doings of its rakes and ladies of doubtful reputation will invariably receive more than a fair share of attention, so that there is always a danger of confusing the normal with the exceptional. Whilst making this provision one must add that the nobility of the 18th century certainly did include a high percentage of rakes. But on the whole it is probably true that there was a distinctly better moral tone in the days of Anne than in those of Charles II, less vice and less open defiance of the laws of decency and restraint, although there certainly was an increase of brutality and coarseness.

We must also bear in mind that these men who appeared to waste their time in frivolity or worse were not necessarily fools or idlers. Bolingbroke in certain of his moods had all the semblances of a debauchee; but he was also a brilliant writer, orator and politician. Chesterfield, who seems to lay such stress upon the superficiality of behaviour, was not the intolerable dandified hypocrite suggested by Dickens' caricature of him, but a man of wide reading and artistic taste, and a wise statesman in the bargain, as he showed while serving as Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland. Even Sandwich, the apparently worthless libertine, was a most assiduous and hard working secretary of state. Charles Fox, similarly, was not simply a gambler and spendthrift, and though it is reputed that he lost as much as £140,00 gambling in his pre-parliamentary days, he was still a man of genius, a great debater and orator, a great party leader, and also a man of wide culture.

All these men lived and loved freely. They enjoyed their leisure to the extreme. And though the manner in which they partook these pleasures might seem offensive to our delicate tastes we must at all times remember that they ruled well if not always wisely, and it is in this scale that they can be judged better and more fairly.

M. G. Birchwood

NOCTURNE

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of Life . . ."

An old tongue in a dry mouth
fumbles, idly exploring the phlegmy tooth-gaps:
an old body in a cold bed, twitching, decays —
As dry leaves in a snow-time, the days of my youth.

Taut lids, close gummed by the effluvia of sleep,
sense the pressure of darkness pulsing without;
over the wasted pupils bright patterns flash,
strange reminiscences, cataract flickerings.

The throb of a sponge-heart in barrier ears,
scaling degenerate, and the harsh rush
of dead air through dying lungs —
these are the lonely echoes of an empty night.

The forty days are drawing to a close,
a paschal-flame the spirit gutters low,
the pale gleam quavers in the cup,
flares up, and passes with an afterglow.

A. W. R.

SCIENCE IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND

The Eighteenth Century was a stimulating age in which to be alive. It was a time when old beliefs were questioned and tested as never before and when new avenues of thought and activity were explored with a zest which the world had not seen since the time of the Greeks before Aristotle. In Western Europe leading spirits of the period were so active in attempting to sweep away the cobwebs of ignorance and the dust of superstition from the political and social standards of their people that it became known as *The Enlightenment*. Their restless curiosity and their irrepressible revolt against hoary dogmas may be summed up in three key words — secularism, rationalism, and naturalism. By secularism is meant a lively interest in this world and our earthly life, as distinguished from the attitude of other-worldliness and a concentration on the life hereafter. By rationalism is meant the attitude of confidence in the competence of the human understanding, confidence in private judgement, as distinguished from reliance upon the dogmatic authority of others. Finally, "naturalism" is used here in the sense of a belief in the natural order of things and events, of a faith in the intrinsic orderliness of the processes of nature (including human nature), without any magical or supernatural interference. Humanism epitomized the dominant spirit of the age. There was an intellectual atmosphere most conducive to advances in science and even a most cursory survey of the age confirms this fact. Although some research led into blind or deceptive alleyways, fruitful hypotheses were framed which led to the establishment of many new and important scientific facts. Many of these facts are current knowledge today and we little realize how startling they were to the minds of men at the time of their discovery. Throughout high school we are exposed to some of these important elemental facts— first through the medium of General Science and later perhaps in the study of some more special science subject such as Biology or Chemistry. In college the process may be continued — a process which can grow increasingly fascinating as one grows more conscious of the tremendous scope of scientific knowledge and one's own relative ignorance.

In this hurried little excursion back to the activities of men of science in Eighteenth Century England it will be impossible to discuss every

discovery in detail — often some very important one may be merely acknowledged in passing or, worse still, completely ignored while some rather insignificant little blighter may intrude itself upon our attentions instead. If such is the case perhaps you may wish to go over the ground much more thoroughly for yourself — I hope you will. Some technical terms may be new to you since some of the discoveries made then are used only by specialists who have advanced far into their particular subject fields today — we cannot all be astronomers royal or nuclear physicists — but try to follow as best you can even though some terms may stymie you temporarily. I hope, however, that you will find many old friends on this cruise.

MATHEMATICS

We will start first of all with the Queen of the Sciences — Pure Mathematics (a Virgin Queen). In the Seventeenth century Newton had been the great mathematician in England. Most of the important work in English mathematics in the Eighteenth Century was occasioned by the controversy over the proper interpretation of one of his brain children — the fluxion rate at which a variable increases or decreases at a given instant of time. Bishop Berkeley understood the concept of fluxions well enough to poke fun at it in his book *The Analyst; or a Discourse addressed to an Infidel Mathematician*. In general, considerable haziness prevailed among English mathematical writers of the time as to the exact nature of a fluxion. There was a widespread tendency to confound fluxions with the differentials of Liebniz — who invented the differential calculus — and to regard them as infinitely small quantities, though this did not prevent the notion of the fluxions of fluxions from being used freely. In 1735 Benjamin Robins wrote a book on fluxions in which the whole treatment is based on the conception of a limit to which a variable can be made to approach within any degree of nearness without ever actually reaching it. Later Brook Taylor made important contributions to the pure theory of fluxions and to their physical applications. Thomas Simpson managed to construct a theory of fluxions without recourse to any infinitely small quantities, in his *New Treatise of Fluxions*, (1737) and applied them with great skill to a wide range of physical and astronomical problems. The greatest of the eighteenth century writers on fluxions after Newton, however, was the Scottish Mathematician, Colin MacLaurin. You will notice that I am considering not England alone but Great Britain too in this survey since there are a number of "braw Scotsmen" we cannot afford to neglect in a tour of this type. MacLaurin's voluminous treatise of *Fluxions* (1742) was the first, and for a long time, the only rigorous and complete survey of this branch of mathematics.

Little other important work in pure mathematics was done in England at this time though much very important work was done on the

continent by the Bernouillis and Euler on The Calculus, Probability, the general theory of functions and of infinite series.

MECHANICS

Mechanics, the Queen's less pure little sister, also made notable advances during the same period. Mathematical analysis was increasingly applied to mechanical problems and systematized. Principles such as the Conservation of Force, D'Alembert's Principle, and the Principle of Least Action were formulated. Progress was made with the study of the motion of fluids, and of solids moving through fluids, carefully devised hydrodynamical experiments being carried out for the purpose. A start was made with the Kinetic theory of gases, the pressure of a gas being conceived as due to the impact of its moving particles, as conditioned by its density and temperature. In England, Benjamin Robins investigated the path of a projectile under the influence of air resistance and published his results in *New Principles of Gunnery* (1742).

Apart from this, little original work in mechanics was done in England during the eighteenth century.

ASTRONOMY

And now we come to the science of the Heavenly Bodies — the study of Astronomy. Following the Renaissance great strides had been made in the theory of astronomy and collection of data as well as in the development of suitable instruments with which to observe celestial phenomena. Copernicus' heliocentric theory steadily superseded the old geocentric scheme. Observational astronomy was advanced by Tycho Brahe; and Kepler discovered the laws of planetary motion. Galileo introduced the astronomical use of the telescope and with his knowledge of dynamics countered many of the objections to the heliocentric theory. Finally, Newton formulated the Principle of Universal gravitation from which Kepler's laws could be deduced.

The eighteenth century saw a vast dynamic system of astronomy built on a Newtonian basis. The results achieved were incorporated in the *Mecanique Exposition du Système du Monde Céleste* of Laplace. The problem of the motions of three mutually gravitating bodies with special reference to the Sun, the Earth, and the Moon was studied. Attention was paid to the changes in the orbits of the planets due to their mutual gravitational influences. Improvements were made in the methods of equipping and mounting telescopes. The achromatic lens and the heliometer were invented. The aberration of light and the mutation of the poles of the earth were discovered. The mass, size, and figure of the Earth were determined, and the variations of gravity over its surface were studied. Various theories of the origin of the solar system were

formulated by Kant, Buffon, and Laplace; and William Herschel investigated the system of the stars.

It is interesting to note the number of clergymen who became involved in scientific discoveries during the eighteenth century. Astronomy had its share in the person of the Rev. James Bradley — Astronomer Royal from 1742 to 1762. He studied and graduated at Oxford, but spent most of his youth with his uncle, the Rev. James Pound, rector of Wanstead in Essex. From his uncle Bradley acquired an enthusiasm for astronomy, and that skill in the use of instruments which marked all his later work. The researches which Bradley carried on in collaboration with his uncle soon brought him fame and he was elected F. R. S. in 1718 and Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford in 1721. In 1725 began his fruitful collaboration with Samuel Molyneux, after whose death in 1728 he divided his time between his lectures at Oxford and his observations at Wanstead.

His most important contributions to astronomy arose as by-products of an unsuccessful search for annual parallax in the stars resulting from the Earth's orbital motion. When he became Astronomer Royal at Greenwich he renovated and re-equipped the observatory. His observations on the Moon enabled him to improve the lunar tables then available and he also refined the methods then in use for determining the longitude of a ship at sea. Among the other things that he did were some experiments on polishing mirrors for reflecting telescopes, he collaborated on experiments on the length of the seconds pendulum and on the construction of more correct refraction tables, besides being influential in having England adopt the reformed Calendar in 1752.

Next in the Astronomical Hall of Fame we find the Herschels— William and his sister, Caroline. About 1766, William began to take a definite interest in astronomy and began to make himself a reflecting telescope which he finished about 1774. With this instrument Herschel embarked on an examination of the moon and planets, and later, on a series of surveys of the whole visible heavens. He had been struck by Galileo's proposal for detecting stellar parallax by looking for periodic changes in the positions of close pairs of stars one of which was brighter, and hence probably nearer to the observer than the other. With this end in view he began a search for suitable pairs of stars, of which he published a series of catalogues.

This survey resulted in the discovery of Uranus, the first planet to be discovered in historical times. Its discovery won for Herschel a Fellowship and the Copley Medal of the Royal Society, and what was of greater consequence brought him to the notice of George III, who received him, and in 1782 made him "King's Astronomer" with a salary

of £200.00 a year, on condition that he resided somewhere near Windsor and devoted himself to astronomy. He settled first at Dachet, but soon moved to Slough. There he remained for forty years, leading an outwardly uneventful life, until his death at the age of nearly 84, on August 25, 1822. Although Caroline Herschel is remembered chiefly for the devoted assistance which she rendered to her brother during a collaboration of nearly fifty years, she also won distinction as an observer on her own account by her discovery of eight comets and of a number of previously unknown nebulae; and William himself, although most famous for his discovery of Uranus, did much other valuable work.

One other notable astrophysicist was John Goodricke, a deaf mute, who studied the regular periodicy of light fluctuation in Algol (*beta* Persei) and conjectured that it might actually be a double star — a fact later proved by spectroscopic analysis. He also worked on the eclipsing variables (*beta* Lyrae) and the Cepleids (*delta* Cepheid) — types very important to recent astronomical work.

PHYSICS

The field of physics is immense today and was huge even in the eighteenth century. Certain great men in the field of physics will be found to have made contributions to more than one branch of it, and may be met again in such sciences as chemistry. We shall deal with light, sound, heat and electricity in the same order. Many important physical concepts were in their infancy then and many more were still unconceived.

We shall first examine new developments in the measurement and theory of light in this century. Little progress was made with the theory of light then because most physicists accepted some form of corpuscular hypothesis, supposing the authority of Newton to be wholly on their side and ignoring the part played by aetheric waves in his explanation of periodic light phenomena. Those who adhered to the corpuscular or emission hypothesis were anxious to see it established securely by direct experimental evidence and a number of attempts were made to supply this. It was argued that if light consisted of material particles in rapid motion, it should possess a certain momentum which might be observed and measured. Joseph Priestley devised an ingenious instrument consisting of a fine wire having fastened to it at one end a very thin plate of copper, at the other end a counterpoise, and in the middle an agate cup and a short horizontal magnetized needle. The whole was mounted in a needle point and placed in a box with a lid and front of glass. The wire was set at right angles to the direction of the Sun by means of an external magnet and light was then thrown on the copper plate by a two foot concave mirror. The plate receded before the light until it struck the

back of the box. The same thing occurred when the wire was reversed upon its bearing. This effect was attributed to the genuine light pressure, and from the numerical data of the experiment Priestley calculated the amount of matter incident in the form of light upon one square foot in one second. He showed that at this rate the Sun would lose in weight just over two grains a day, which, he computed would have shortened its radius only by about ten feet since the Creation, assuming the Sun to have the same density as water. It is now known that light actually does exert pressure upon any material surface upon which it falls — but it is doubtful whether Priestley actually did measure light pressure with his little gadget. Euler, the German mathematician, developed the wave theory of light in opposition to the corpuscular theory and did some work on the elimination of chromatic aberration in lenses. John Dollond, a London optician, criticized Euler's findings and through his own experiments devised the achromatic lens of crown and flint glass. Some work in photometry was done on the continent by Bouguer and Lambert but nothing along this line was done in England. Thomas Melvill, a Scottish physicist, did some pioneer work in spectrum analysis and described the characteristics of the sodium flame. A most comprehensive text on Light was written by Robert Smith, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in his *Compleat System of Opticks* which proved very influential to studies in light.

The eighteenth century witnessed considerable progress towards the establishment of acoustics as an exact science. The most important experimental work in this field was carried out by Sauveur and Chladni; and the leading mathematicians of the period also did their share. The acoustical problems investigated were sufficiently varied, including those of the nature of "beats" and new methods of determining the pitch of sounds, the propagation of sounds by means of membranes, rods, and various kinds of gas, and the limits of the audibility of sounds.

The most notable feature of the scientific study of heat in the eighteenth century is to be found in its experimental work in calorimetry. Joseph Black took the lead in this investigation and his experimental work was further developed by Levoisier and Laplace, who owed a great deal to Black's discoveries, though they appeared unwilling to acknowledge their indebtedness. The eighteenth century also witnessed the beginnings of exact measurement of thermal expansion, and the contributions made by Count Rumford to the study of the relation of heat to work, though his efforts had to wait for their continuation crowning success until Joule carried out his researches in the nineteenth century.

The idea of caloric was behind most experimental work in heat at that time. It was used by many to explain the phenomena connected with heating and cooling. The caloric theory was perhaps natural in

physics in an age in which phlogiston was accepted by the chemists. But it survived the phlogiston theory and dominated the theory of heat until the middle of the nineteenth century. Joseph Black used this false hypothesis for a point of departure for his own work where it proved stimulating to discovery.

Before Black's time it was commonly believed that the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of any body was proportional to the density of that body, or in modern terms, that the thermal capacities of equal weights of all bodies were the same. Black became intrigued with the results of one of Fahrenheit's experiments which led him to the method of comparing the heating and cooling effects of other substances with the heating and cooling effects of an equal bulk of water. This method led to the modern system of specific heats. Black's best known discovery, however, was that of latent heat to which he was led by the study of fluidity.

He also did some experimental work on the supercooling of water. At this same time (1757) a number of experiments were devised and suitable techniques evolved to measure coefficients of thermal expansion in different substances — Such men as Taylor, Ellicott, Smeaton, and Ramsden were active in this enterprise with quite good results.

Towards the end of the century a very interesting gentleman became interested in the study of heat. He was Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, and his biography is the stuff that great romances are made of. It was his discoveries in the practical applications of heat and light, however, that are his principal claim to scientific fame. While engaged in boring cannon at Munich, he had observed with surprise that very large quantities of heat were produced by the action of the boring tool on the gun. The caloric theory explained this as due to the diminished heat capacity of the metallic chips through the squeezing out of their caloric in the process of boring, this caloric then appeared as sensible heat. Calorimetric measurements, however showed that there had been no alteration produced in the thermal capacity of the chips as compared with the bar metal. In an experiment on the production of heat by boring, which was performed in 1798, a brass cylinder was made to rotate against a steel borer. The cylinder was placed inside a wooden box which held eighteen and three-quarter pounds of water. This formed a calorimeter since the amount of heat produced could be measured by observing the rise in the temperature of the water. The temperature rose from sixty degrees F. to the boiling point in two and three-quarter hours. In Rumford's words, "It would be difficult to describe the surprise and astonishment expressed in the countenance of the bystanders on seeing so large a quantity of water heated, and actually made to boil, without any fire." He had demonstrated that the heat came from the mechanical action alone . . . from it he evolved his theory as to the mechanical nature of heat.

In the eighteenth century remarkable advances were made in the realm of electricity — especially frictional electricity. Progress in this field was necessarily very slow at first, since it was dependent on chance observations uncoordinated by any theory. Every exact science has to go through this earliest stage, but electrical science was the last of the principle branches of physics to outgrow it. It was not till well on into the eighteenth century that it entered upon its second stage, which is characterized by systematic experimentation directed by hypothetical conceptions. Early in the century Hauksbee noticed the phenomenon of "mercurial phosphorescence" in mercury vapor under certain conditions and developed a machine for generating static electricity by friction. In 1729 Stephen Gray experimented on the conduction of electricity and distinguished experimentally between conducting and non-conducting materials. He also did some experiments that anticipated electrical induction. Some time later William Watson and several other Fellows of the Royal Society succeeded in sending an electric shock across the Thames. In 1747 they discharged a Leyden jar through an external circuit which included a wire across Westminster bridge, and which was completed through the bodies of the three operators, two of whom dipped iron rods into the river, 400 yards apart. When the circuit was closed all three felt a shock, and it was found that the discharge was sufficiently strong to fire spirit of wine. Watson improved the Leyden jar and also conducted experiments in an attempt to measure the velocity of an electric current through a wire.

Benjamin Franklin who became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1756 and whose career was as varied as that of his compatriot, Count Rumford, made some important contributions to electrical knowledge. He believed in the existence of a single electric fluid pervading all bodies in varying quantities. He explained the action of the Leyden jar in terms of this theory and later developed a condenser, Franklin's Pane, which was a pane of glass coated with lead on both sides. His popular fame as a scientist rests chiefly upon the experiments by which he succeeded in proving that lightning is an electrical discharge. His famous experiment of sending up a kite in a thunder storm worked without killing him in 1752. Shortly after that he developed a practical use for his discovery with the invention of lightning rods.

In the field of pure electrostatics the big names of this century were Cavendish, Priestley, and Couloumb who was a Frenchman. Joseph Priestley in 1767 published his *History and Present State of Electricity with Original Experiments*. He described in the first volume, the developments in electricity up to his time. In the second volume he set out some general propositions tending to systematize the mass of experimental facts already brought to light and reviewed the current theories of the nature of electricity. He made important discoveries in the field of con-

duction, for example, that carbon is a conductor of electricity. He noticed oscillatory discharges in a vacuum and attempted to prove the inverse square law of attraction and repulsion of charged bodies.

Henry Cavendish carried on most of his work in private and lived the life of a recluse. In his experimental work he anticipated the modern measure of capacity, compared the conducting powers of solutions and partially anticipated Ohm's Law by showing that the resistance of a conductor is independent of the strength of discharge and he gave the laws according to which a discharge divides itself into a number of conductors in parallel.

Coulomb carried the precise measurement of electrical charges still further with his torsion balance which was sensitive enough for measuring even very small differences in electrical charges quantitatively. Towards the end of the century a number of electrometers were devloped both of the pith ball and gold leaf type much like those now in use.

Salvanni and Volta pioneered in the field of current electricity and by the turn of the century the Voltaic pile was beginning to be standard equipment in the laboratory. In 1800 Carlisle and Nicholson decomposed water by electrolysis and paved the way for Sir Humphrey Davy's development of electrochemical analysis.

METEOROLOGY

The work of the weatherman became considerably more scientific during the eighteenth century. Some of this was due to the refinements which were made in the meteorological instruments available for use. These instruments were the rain gauge, the thermometer, the barometer, the anemometer and the hygrometer — all of which had been invented and were in use before the dawn of the eighteenth century; however all but the rain gauge were greatly improved. Fahrenheit, Celsius and Réamur developed the liquid thermometer as we know today and established their own thermometric scales. Henry Cavendish built a maximum and minimum temperature thermometer which was improved and simplified by Daniel Rutherford of Edinburgh. Cavendish also devised a registering thermometer, the first thermometer to make a continuous graphical record of its indications over a given period of time. Anemometers measuring the force and direction of the wind became more intricate and dependable — both the liquid and the vane types. The subordination of meteorological theory and speculation to the claims of systematic observation characterizing the latter part of the eighteenth century is noticeable in the *Meteorological Observations and Essays* of John Dalton, the chemist. Besides describing various meteorological instruments he also published some significant tables summarizing observations of barometric height, temperature, humidity, rainfall, and direction and

strength of wind, which were made regularly during the years 1788-92 by Dalton himself at Kendal and by his friend Peter Crostwhaite at Keswick.

Nothing in the way of regular weather forecasts were possible at the time but side by side with serious text books and observational records of meteorology, much ephemeral literature has survived in the form of pamphlets describing exceptional atmospheric conditions, especially when accompanied by calamities or prodigies, such as storms, floods, rains of blood or of frogs, etc. Such pamphlets are often of interest as preserving descriptions of weather vagaries of which there is no other record.

In 1723 James Jurin, Secretary of the Royal Society, took steps to develop international meteorological organizations. He appealed to all who were disposed and equipped for the work to submit annually to the Society the records of their daily observations and the readings of their instruments; and he drew up careful instructions for their guidance. From 1724 onwards observers journals were sent in, not only from Britain, but from many parts of Europe, India and North America. Some twenty years later Roger Pickering submitted to the Royal Society *A Scheme of a Diary of the Weather, together with Draughts and descriptions of Machines subservient thereunto.* His schemes were not very successful and successful meteorological societies were not established in England till the nineteenth century.

CHEMISTRY

As the theory of caloric sparked much of the worthwhile experimental work in heat the phlogiston theory dominated much of the study of chemistry during the eighteenth century. According to this theory all combustible materials contained an inflammable element which was given off during combustion, calcination, and respiration, and was absorbed by the surrounding air. This inflammable element, or principle of fire was called phlogiston. The phlogiston theory, in spite of its inaccuracy did useful work in rendering intelligible numerous chemical phenomena.

Lavoisier eventually brought chemistry beyond the phlogiston stage but a good deal of valuable work in the study of gases or *airs* occurred before that. Stephen Hale, the botanist, had developed the pneumatic trough method for collecting gases and Dr. Joseph Black, of calorimetric fame, had compared calcined and uncalcined magnesia airs.

The man who really laid the foundations in the study of gases was Joseph Priestley, whose name has appeared before a number of times in this survey, and whose interest in science in general was probably the peer of that of any other Englishman of the age.

Although he lacked scientific training his experimental genius more than made amends foı it. His first chemical researches dealt with what he called "fixed air" (carbon dioxide).

He put his fixed air to work by making soda water and set in motion the machinery which has built up the pop and soft drink empires of today . . . The navy used his invention on the sailors aboard the men-of-wars in the hope of resisting the ravages of scurvy. In 1771 he studied the respiration of plants and discovered their function in purifying the air by absorbing carbon dioxide from the air and restoring oxygen to it. His chief endeavours were directed to the discovery and study of new airs or gases. In 1772 he isolated *nitrous air* (nitric oxide) and examined its properties. He also collected Marine acid air — HCl — over mercury and to this new method he owed many of his discoveries in pneumatic chemistry. In 1773 he discovered by its means *alkaline air* (ammonia) and in 1774 *vitriolic acid air* (sulfur dioxide).

His most important discovery was that of dephlogisticated air, later known as oxygen, in 1774. He announced it to the Royal Society by a letter which was read to its members on May 25, 1775. In this letter Priestley gives an account of his experiments on heating various substances by means of a burning lens and collecting the airs evolved. He says that he observed that different substances yielded different kinds of air by this method, "and the most remarkable of all the kinds of air that I have produced by this process is one that is five or six times better than common air for the purpose of respiration, inflammation, and, I believe, every other use of common atmospherical air." When Priestley inhaled some of the dephlogisticated air his breast felt peculiarly light and easy for some time afterwards — hence his subsequent suggestion that dephlogisticated air might be of use in the treatment of lung diseases . . . Priestly applied his knowledge of electricity to chemistry and introduced the analysis of a gas by exploding it electrically with oxygen. To the end of his days he was a supporter of the phlogiston theory even after Lavoisier published his findings.

Another great English chemist was Henry Cavendish, brother of the third Duke of Devonshire who had the reputation of being "the richest among the learned, and the most learned among the rich" of his generation. He devoted himself to chemical and physical research. In chemistry he was concerned with the various airs — Inflammable air was his name for what was later called hydrogen and around this gas was centered his most important work. He formed water by sparking hydrogen and oxygen together and suggested that water consists of dephlogisticated air united to phlogiston. He also analysed the atmosphere into its component parts with considerable accuracy.

GEOLOGY AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY

In the field of geology and physical geography English scientists did valuable work. John Michell's *Essay on the Causes and Phenomena of Earthquakes*, which he published five years after the catastrophic Lisbon earthquake of 1755, was the beginning of scientific seismology. On the continent Buffon developed some interesting theories regarding the age of the earth and good work in palaontology was also done. In the realm of physical geography, James Hutton brought out a Theory of the Earth, or *An Investigation of the Laws observable in the Composition, Dissolution and Restoration of land upon the Globe* in an address before the new Royal Society of Edinburgh. He suggested that the Earth's interior might contain "a fluid mass, melted, but unchanged by the action of heat." He also noted the work of water in the processes of erosion and land building. Hutton's friend, John Playfair, helped to spread his ideas in his *Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory*. He also contributed some original ideas of his own the most important being the geological function of glaciers. Sir James Hall, another of Hutton's friends and the father of experimental geology, boosted Hutton's theoiers still further against the attacks of the Wernerian Neptunists.

The work of eighteenth century geographers is probably reasonably familiar to most of you. Geographical exploration was carried on extensively. Individual travellers and organized expeditions explored Africa, Asia, North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the Pacific Ocean and its coasts. The dominating figure among the numerous explorers was Captain Cook. Some progress was made in geodesy and cartography.

BIOLOGY

In the Biological Sciences, improvements were made in classification and nomenclature. Advances were registered in the study of the morphology, anatomy, and physiology of both plants and animals, also in the study of embryology. Above all, Hales introduced new methods of experimentation with plants and animals.

The greatest botanist in eighteenth century England was Stephen Hales, the father of plant physiology. He did some work in animal respiration before becoming interested in plants. In 1727 after considerable work Hales' *Treatise* incorporating his results up to date was published. This treatise ranged over the whole field of plant physiology — the passage of water through the plant, its *perspiration* from the leaves, the role of water in the nutrition of plants, the part played by air in the economy of the plant, etc. He did some experiments on the expansion of various parts of the leaf during growth and drew attention to the place of the

leaf in plant nutrition and even advanced the startling suggestion that light might be important to the physiology of the plant.

Priestley's discovery of the implications of plant respiration was reported in the chemistry section. Horticulturalists began to find out about the bees and the flowers and to use their findings to develop new improved varieties by selective breeding and useful hybrids which increased the quality and yield of vegetable products. Richard Bradley in his work *New Improvements of Planting and Gardening* published in 1717 devoted a large section to pointing out the significance of the sexuality of plants and outlined some workable techniques for the plant breeder.

Zoologists of the eighteenth century made a little progress in classification under Linnaeus' efforts but were also content to do other work as well so that important progress was made in the study of anatomy, morphology, and physiology. Considerable interest was shown even in such philosophical or speculative problems as those of vital or distinct from mere physical Vitalism and Mechanism, which were not particularly helpful in advancing the scientific work of the zoologists concerned. Cuvier and Buffon were big names among the continental zoologists. In England Henry Baker, a bookseller, undertook the experimental study of hydra in order to "display before mankind a new instance of the amazing power of the Creator." James Logan in his studies of embryology drew parallels between plant and animal reproduction. Stephen Hales did some excellent quantitative research into animal respiration and the physiological processes connected with it. The old idea of spontaneous generation of living from non-living organic matter was still quite popular although in the previous century Redi had shown that the alleged spontaneous generation of flies from organic matter could be explained by the presence, in the said organic matter, of eggs laid by other flies. The most important eighteeth century defender of spontaneous generation was John T. Needham, an English Catholic Priest. He carried out a series of experiments quite like those of Redi.

John Hunter, the great surgeon, had an absorbing interest in the comparative study of animals of which he dissected about five hundred different kinds. He formed a great collection of specimens designed to exhibit the biological significance of their different organs. Among his most famous researches are those relating to the electric organ of the torpedo fish, on the air sacs of birds, and on the structure of whales. In 1799 the British Government bought Hunter's collection and presented it to the Royal College of Surgeons of London, where it forms the Hunterian Museum.

MEDICINE

In medicine, considerable improvements were made in the clinical training of students. Progress was made in the study of human physiolo-

gy and in morbid anatomy. Some new medicaments were introduced, and a beginning was made in the remedial use of electricity. But the most striking of all was Jenner's study of smallpox, and the introduction of vaccination. The Hunter brothers, William and John, and their nephew, Matthew Baillie, composed the most illustrious family in British medical circles during the eighteenth century. They were all Scotsmen. Matthew was trained by his uncles and developed a profound interest in the study of morbid anatomy, in which field he produced work of outstanding merit.

John Hunter was one of the most outstanding personalities among the biologists of the eighteenth century and was a famous surgeon and pathologist — a natural historian to whom the study of disease was but a special aspect. To him we owe the attempt to make of medicine a science to which the physician and surgeon can both contribute. He did valuable work on the problem of inflammation and recognized its function as a potential healer as well as killer in his *A Treatise on the Blood, Inflammation and Gunshot Wounds*. He pioneered in the use of surgical ligatures — successfully operating for popliteal aneurysm. His elder brother, William, was a great teacher of anatomy, whose own anatomical work was of a high order — evidenced by his monumental *The Anatomy of the Gravid Uterus* and by his discovery of the absorbent function of the lymphatics.

Edward Jenner gave to the world "an antidote that is capable of extirpating form the earth a disease which is every hour devouring its victims; a disease that has ever been considered as the severest scourge of the human race." Once he satisfied himself scientifically that his vaccine from cow-pox was effective against small pox he publicized his results widely and was a strong advocate and defender of vaccination for the prevention of small pox. His pioneer work with serums and vaccines has led to many other similar controls over disease.

George B. McClintock

MOMENT I

"Who is the third who walks always beside you?"

Gleaming,
reflecting with a subdued glow the lights of autumn
(a wan sun in a clean-swept sky)
the scattered glass-bits glitter in the roadway.
A paper-bag,
I burst open, soggy now, spills trivial house-wrack
on the scarved asphalt.
Sausages, egg-slime and mixed-greens
trail along the trolley-tracks
into the Shadow,
the dusty spaces between the wheels.

Red smears brown in the sunlight,
crushed flesh quivers and a face,
stripped of humanity, blows bell-bubbles,
blood-flowers —
raucous gurling from a gored cavity.
The distant backdrop: muted crowd sounds
rise and fall and are obliterated.
Only the eyes remain,
the eyes of an idly passing girl.
She, in the mangled darkness,
in the strength of agony, has recognised
her Origin.

A. W. R.

Do you remember all those dusty, fusty, musty old books that used to get in your mother's way when she was cleaning house? Do you ever wonder what became of them? They are all in the stack room. Your mother sent them there because she had no further use for them. All the poor, unwanted, and worn-out books from Chedabucto to Kitsilano Bay are in the stack room. They have come as gifts. Thanks very much — into the stack room with them.

Have you ever been in the stack room? Some time you must outfit yourself in a pair of sturdy number nines (which naval ratings wear to scrub down, paint ship, and chip the paint off again — ratings must never be idle), then borrow Miss Oakley's keys and head for the room opposite Trib's lookout. Don't open the door too gingerly or you will have to postpone your visit for a week while the dust settles.

You have taken my advice and opened the door like the husband homing at two ante meridiem: well, don't just stand there, go on in. After all, Miss Oakley does it at least twice a month, and without number nines.

The first thing you see is Dr. Johnston's *Dictionary* lying like gritstone a-crumble next to a "vile whig" text. Is nothing sacred any more? But don't waste your time in the *modern* section, go ahead — push on into that dim corner on the right. Careful not to step on Cy Brandes as you go (No relation to George, but a second cousin to Schafnaburgensis.)

Slowly you make out great massy tomes carrying legends in the language of antiquity (and only a handful of students writing matric Latin this year!) lying six to a five foot shelf. If you have had a particularly good dinner (resident students, I suppose, may disregard,) you can pry open one of the covers and discover a lecture by St. Francis of Assisi, St. Augustine, or a dozen lesser saints. Science students will not be interested, of course, but there are still a few Arts people around; and think what a treasure these are for the divines. The stack room is a gold mine for them, as there are all sort of long-forgotten (they hope) tracts, articles, and commentaries on the Scriptures to be found here. But perhaps I shouldn't give away their secrets. Arts and Science debaters take note, and the next time you are looking for a Skinner winner, go to the stack room.

Those old boys weren't content to write *a* tome and quit; they listed their volumes as Tom. 1, or Tom. 2, and so on; spread out over enough space for a new Shed, you can see twelve such Tomi inscribed *CORNELIUS a Lapide*, with sub-titles running from *In Quatuor Proph: mai:* to *In Epistoli D. Pauli.* These titles are self-explanatory, but for the benefit of the Science boys I may explain that the whole is a collection of letters from Cornelius to the ancestor of Jack Benny's Mr. Lapidus, and the titles, in free translation, say: "Four Profs Quit in May . . . Send Pistol-Packing (Dame) Paula."

But what is this queer language on these loose papers accompanying forty-eight yellow-bound volumes in the same tongue? It looks like Egyptian hieroglyphics, but a second glance suggests Hebrew, and a third makes you think you've found the key to the runes, or the tablets of ancient Crete. Relax, son, those books, like the rest, came to Bishop's as gifts. If your mother can dump her dust catchers here, so can the King of Siam, and that's exactly who sent these. No one knows a thing about them, not even the titles, but there they are. Does anyone know the meaning of ? Maybe it's Slobbovian for 'Grittinks.'

You boys who study so hard in the common room may be interested in the *Quebec Bridge Inquiry* 1908; and for the chaps who are trying to find a dodge for that income tax due this month I recommend Gordon's *Digest of Income Tax Cases*, for what NOT to do, at any rate. Some of our graduating students will like a little volume entitled *Modern Business;* however, the date is obscured with green mould, so it's possible this may not be as recent as you would wish.

Apparently Extension Fund Campaigns were routine stuff around here in the old days, for in one corner of the stack room you can see a pad with the heading (dimly discernible under the dust), "Weekly Report for Bishop's University Extension & Endowment Campaign." *The Manichaean Heresy*, consigned to inner darkness by the Divinity Faculty, may interest Browning students; and a 470-page book on the Greek article, an intolerable deal of sack to so little bread, is a find for the N. T. Greek class.

Klatsassan — sounds like a study in exotic romanticism; let's see. No such thing. The title-page elaborates: *Klatsassan and Other Reminiscences of British Columbia*, (1) by Rev. R. C. Lundin Brown, M. A., Vicar of Lyneal-Cum-Codmere, (Salop).

A name like that is enough to send anyone packing. You should have known better than to go prowling into the dark backward, anyway. Careful as you go out — don't slam the door: Miss Oakley has to go in there still.

M. H. Stanley

QUEST

Amidst autumn's motley multitude,
Queen among queens,
And beauty reigning over beauty,
One tree
With outward beauty incarnate
I sought and found.

From afar its blazing beauty beckoned,
Perfect in hue,
Flaming with scarlet perfection,
The goal.
Like a symbol of man's noble destiny,
What men should do and also be,
Their final aim.

Yet the crimson robe was sign of death—
Of blighting frost.
Each leaf
Proved imperfection in itself,
Corruption choked, while all as one
Made perfect whole.

Thus must it be with child of man,
Lord of the earth,
Master of creation, God's elect.
Alone
Corrupt and mortal, base and mean,
Yet rising to undreamed of heights
When man aids man.

C. Leney.

STRANGE HOW IT IS

Eric flattened himself into the dampness of the over-green grass in the hollow. "Small relief," he muttered, and rolled onto his back restelssly. Sullenly he stared at the unbroken blue oval of sky. Something bit him underneath and he stretched round to scratch. A crow lit on a dusty, unattractive bramble on his right. It said "Caw, Caw" importantly and flew away. "Senseless crow," Eric thought, "thinks it's really got someplace to go."

But pretty soon he thought he'd better get moving himself, so he trotted up to the house to get a glass of milk.

It was cooler in the kitchen. He spilt the milk and didn't bother to wipe it up. Carrie came in fussing. "How could she waste the energy?" But he drank the milk in silence and reflected that she was a good kid really, probably just hot. Living with his sister wasn't bad of course, she was very decent to him, but there wasn't much to do out here in the sticks, and since that pain-in-the-neck husband of hers had come home from overseas, he felt rather like an intruder. Eric wondered where he got all his conceit and airs. You'd think three years in a prison camp would take some of it out of him, show him how to live with people and give him a little sense, but no! He still thought he was the only one who knew how to live, the only one whose opinions were of any account. If you didn't leap out of bed at seven, take several deep breaths of the morning air, and rush out to hoe the garden, you just weren't living. And if you didn't stay around and enjoy the quiet of home life you just weren't normal. And if you didn't talk about the books you'd read, it must be that you just hadn't read any. "It's all very well," reflected Eric, "to maintain such a vigorous view of life, but some of us simply aren't built like that. And if I have other ideas why should he constantly lecture me?"

And Dan was a good deal as Eric pictured him. He did everything over-energetically, as if he wanted people to admire the amount he got out of life. When he sat down he informed everyone with a satisfied grunt that he was "going to relax." He went to a few parties and had occasional tennis with friends, but also made himself conspicuously absent from just the right number, seemingly to impress people with the importance of his own life compared to theirs. It seemed to Eric a deliberately planned psychological attack, and he resented it. All the more since he alone sensed

it, and it was so subtle that he could not even describe it to anyone. The satisfied air, the self-assured tone of his voice, all irritated Eric. "How, how, how, can a man have lived with others and still maintain such an intense interest in his own petty self?"

Dan came in around supper-time and sank noisily into a chair to take off his boots.

"Pull these, will you Eric?"

He stretched, yawned obviously, and turning to Carrie: "Great day! I accomplished an awful lot, too. Been down to the cow-barn helping Pete, and then we stacked wood. Nothing like a good day's work to put you on top of the world. Keeps blood in your veins. That Pete's not a bad fellow, but lazy. Bet I stacked three quarters of that wood myself. He's slow getting around you know. Awful to let yourself go like that."

Eric lowered, and decided to leave. These were the sort of things that bothered him about Dan. Pete was an old chap of about sixty, who'd worked hard all his life and was still steadily keeping the pace. He thoroughly enjoyed what he did and had things so organized that he could tackle any sort of job with the least amount of effort and have it done in half the time it would take a less experienced man. Eric knew Dan must have flustered him, upset his plan. Probably upset the barn management too by arranging things as he thought they should be rather than in the most accommodative way. Eric knew that Pete tolerated but resented Dan's intrusion.

After supper he went up to the Ogilvies'. They were a pleasant young couple who lived about a mile down the road. Joan was a cheerful merry girl ,who loved to see people happy and was deeply engrossed in her husband. He was quiet, thoughtful, contented, and very appreciative of all she did for him. Eric thought they were wonderful. They listened when you spoke and understood. They took a simple joy in their home and their friends that was evidently genuine. They had funny stories to tell of their household and gardening difficulties, and if they'd had a workman like Pete they would have respected his age, laughed at his eccentricities, but they would have allowed him to keep them in peace. They would have tolerated him, not because they felt they must, but because they knew and liked people.

Eric saw Henry Ogilvie in the garden as he approached the house. He was carefully inspecting a bed of petunias. The petunias were an utter mistake, because Henry asserted positively that he'd planted daffodils here, and the petunias were supposed to be over there beside those big tall things he could never remember the name of. He stood up and welcomed Eric.

"Joan's gone into the house because of the mosquitoes. Follow up and see what she has for you. I'll be right in as soon as I get this settled with myself."

What she had was a field mouse in a large wicker basket. A light net was spread over the top, and the field mouse crouched in a corner pretending to sleep. Joan surveyed him with pride, and informed Eric that she'd caught him in the pantry at the back of the house.

"He's such a tiny cute thing! Reminds me of Robbie Burn's 'Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie.' But I only mean to keep it a little while of course."

Eric laughed, Joan gave him a piece of ginger bread, and they sat in the kitchen by the field mouse and talked quietly to one another till Henry came in. "Everything's peaceful and contented," Eric thought, and this brought his mind back to his own home and the atmosphere around Dan.

Dan, Eric felt, must have been an awful one to live with in a prison camp. "He's the type who would take food away from a sick inmate because he felt the fellow was bound to die anyway, rationalizing his own selfishness," Eric thought casually, and as the idea further struck home he decided that he would some day sound out Henry about his brother-in-law, for Henry had been in the prison with Dan.

Though everything for the moment was pleasant, somehow he couldn't shake off the gloom. When Joan left in search of her knitting-bag, he decided that this was the time to tell Henry about it all. Henry listened and partly understood, but couldn't suggest any solution.

"Some people are just made like that, and they can't help it. It's their early environment too. You've got to accept it, that's all," he said.

But naturally Eric wasn't satisfied. He felt sure Dan must have disgraced himself in some way, he was so utterly selfish and self-centred, and Eric would get to the bottom of it. He was searching for a defence against Dan though he didn't realize it. Something that would assure him he was right about the man so he would no longer need to feel cowed by him. He hedged around.

"I suppose they had some sort of code of honour among you fellows when you got out, something whereby you wouldn't bear tales on one another."

"Yes," said Henry, "there was something of that kind."

"Something about starting a new life over, is that it?"

"What's this about a new life over?" asked Joan who just then returned.

"Eric wants to know if getting out of prison means we're to start a new life over," explained Henry rather bitterly.

Joan looked quickly from one to the other. "People in prison act a lot differently from the way they usually behave," she said. "They lose control. It's their primitive impulses coming out and just not their fault."

Eric took the plunge. "Did Dan ever do — anything in camp that — that — he shouldn't have?"

"Like what?" sharply from Henry.

"Like — why — anything." The words rushed out. "I know he did. There's no use denying it, he must have. He's so selfish he just couldn't have gone through three years without some sort of raw act. Maybe he took food from a dying man, or . . ."

But he got no further. Henry was standing with his hands too calmly laid on the back of a chair, his face set and his eyes a steely blue. Joan was looking at Henry.

"No," Henry said, "Dan never did anything to disgrace himself. He was one of the best soldiers in camp as a matter of fact. Lots of common sense and a cool head. I'm the one who disgraced myself. I took a ration of meat and bread from a fellow, because I figured he was dying anyway. If he hadn't been so starved the doctors said later he might have pulled through."

Then Henry left, probably to get some fresh air and save them all embarrassment. Joan looked at the ground and then at Eric. "It's a good thing in a way," she said, "he's needed to get that off his mind to someone who had faith in him besides me."

Eric looked miserably from the field-mouse to Joan and back at the field-mouse. "I don't understand," he said slowly, "there's nothing consistent. I can sympathize now that it's Henry, but I couldn't if it had been Dan. It's all so odd. There's just nothing consistent."

For the first time the field-mouse perched on its hind quarters, its paws poised daintily in the air. It almost winked.

Margot Mitchell

"I SAW TWO ENGLANDS"

With apologies to H. V. Norton

To anyone who has had the pleasure of visiting England within the few years since the war, Canada must seem a paradise. How lucky we are! We not only live in a land of plenty, but in land of variety and pleasure. Can we spare a moment or two to gaze across the sea to get a glimpse of what is actually happening there in everyday life? How have the English changed since 1939 when they were at their peak?

Some of you may remember England before the war. There were tourists, business men, educationalists, clergy and professional people streaming in and out, enjoying, damning; appreciating, ridiculing; studying and teaching as they went. Some of you are familiar with conditions during the war. It is hardly fair to pass judgment, good or bad, at such a time. And some of you may be familiar with post-war England. Though I was there the past summer, I saw little. What I did see and experience, however, enabled me to draw a contrast to conditions as I saw them in 1938-39.

The substance of this article is not gathered from books, reports, or papers, but is based on simple observations which I was able to make both in 1939 and in the summer of 1948.

In 1939 things in England were much the same as they were here. Some things were better and much more appealing, but others were the reverse. Everyone seemed to be happy and busy in spite of the shadow of the impending war which hung over them. One could go into any number of their fine shops and buy practically anything one desired. London shop windows displayed the finest merchandise in the world. What is more, and I would stress this point, if one had the money, any article was his for the asking. At the British Industries Fair I was able to get a fair idea of English standards in the industrial field. The workmanship was perfect. The products were first rate, but many of them would have appealed to me more with a few corners cut off and a few curves put on. Streamlining was little practiced on such things as cars, bicycles, household utensils, and a hundred and one other things which we take for granted here. I say they were of the very best — the proof of this is that all sorts of things in use today in England were made in 1939 or before. The Englishman can buy very little new these days.

The bookshops in England were filled with all the very best and perhaps the worst in English literature, and the books were cheap. Today there are fewer books; they are smaller because the paper supply is limited, and the print is finer too, though the price is up. So we may say the Englishman of prewar days was happy, free and — and — well an Englishman. He was proud of his home and garden, proud of his countryside and dialect; in all he was proud of his country. He had a civilization which suited him. Proof of this was elicited in the years to follow.

People ask today, "What's it like over there now?" or some may say, "Oh I think they can get all they want over there, really. They aren't so badly off as they are made out to be!" Yes, and there are also those who are sure skin-and-bones England is nearly starved out and with pursed lips, tearful eyes, and upthrown heads exclaim "How can they exist? how can they do it?" There are yet others who are guilty (if that is the word for it) of no thoughts on the matter whatsoever. For these, this article is chiefly written. Well, what *is* it like over there now?

A good place to start is on rationing. The effects of shortages and rationing on the English people must be many and varied. It seems to me that only time and history can reveal the true effects upon the national character. I cannot and dare not enter the field.

Husbands and would-be husbands in Canada are very virtuous men who often volunteer to do a bit of shopping now and then. They go gaily off to the grocery store and come home laden with baskets and bags of precious, expensive food. I must accuse the Englishman of the category of being less virtuous in this respect, and less happy on his return with his small parcel of precious, scarce food. There is an excuse, however, and here too I would draw the line. It is the housewife's duty (and privilege) to do the shopping and to look after the ration books and the money. It has been suggested in a cartoon that there should be a medal struck especially for the housewife. It is not a bad idea. The shops are worse supplied than during the war.

My wife and I (eager beavers) suggested that we might do the shopping for our hostess one weekend. Time was valuable and we set off early, in order that most of the morning might be free. First of all we had to find the shop where our hostess was registered, passing ever so many shop windows full of things I thought we needed. Instead of going up to the counter and asking for what we wanted, we presented the coupon books and asked "What can we have?" The first counter offered us cornflakes, cookies and a bar of soap. To pay for this we had to stand in a long queue, and then return in another queue to pick up our parcels. We proceeded to another counter to present our ration books. There, with our rations for six, we were able to get a tiny square of butter, a little

more lard or fat, a little margarine, and an 'nth of a pound of cheese. We were allowed two slices of bacon per person, and with luck we were able to get one egg each, the first our hostess had had for a month. Another queue, for payment, one more queue, and then we were on our way to the butcher shop. There we were really in luck. We had coupons for a whole pound of bully beef, and what is even more surprising, the butcher actually had some in stock. We were also given a roast for six people, for a week's supply. We got the largest roast our hostess had had since the war started, and you will be as surprised as we were to find that it weighed three pounds. It was half a leg of lamb. Some things we were able to pick up without coupons, but these entailed more queues. Oh those queues. They are as horrible as the word is to spell. We arrived home tired out and ready for our delayed lunch. We never offered to go shopping again.

To augment these rations, which are little enough, the Englishman has turned his garden of roses into one of peas, beans, tomatoes, potatoes, (with or without the late blight), carrots, and anything that will grow. Some roses still bloom in their old places but more have died from lack of care, or have been removed altogether. It is strange to see a border of carrots or beets or parsley backed by a second row of potatoes or tomatoes against the house. Some of these arrangements are quite artistic and as the climate is suitable, new plants replace the used ones, and a more or less continual crop is yielded. These crops are, of course, very small but very precious. This preciousness was illustrated to me by an experience early in my recent visit.

Having gathered what I considered enough peas from the garden for a family meal, and having offered to shell them, I was amazed to find several of the pods filled with grubs. These I promptly put by for the garbage, and the rest I carefully saved. When I was nearly finished my hostess came gaily out to see how I was getting along. With a horror-stricken face she gazed at the heap I had found infested. I thought how it must be turning her stomach, so I ventured to put her expression into words. "Why my dear boy," she cried, "you are thowing away half the peas." She left me, and I realized I should have gone through the pods to find the unaffected peas. This I proceeded to do, feeling quite ashamed of myself for being so wasteful. My hostess returned, handed me a knife and suggested that I might take out all the peas out of all the pods, and where necessary cut away the bad part of each pea, thus saving the bulk. This was a tedious job as you can imagine, but in doing it I came to realize how precious these garden greens were. Why were these few peas so valuable? Was it because without them the people would starve? No! Emphatically no. They are not starving to death. They do get enough to eat, but there is no variety. What would any of us think of a ten year diet of potatoes and inferior bread with little or no butter,

and few tasty things to help it down? What would we feel like if we offered a child a banana and he refused it, not knowing what it was or not caring for the flavor? How touched would we be if we offered a child an orange to see him eat it skin and all as though it were an apple? Conditions have changed somewhat now, however, and children especially are getting more fruit. Cream? what is cream? Many can ask that question. Each person is allowed only three-quarters of a pint of milk a day, to say nothing of cream. Sugar is scarce, and the Englishman has learned to do without it in many things. To me, however, unsweetened plums, blackberries, and especially gooseberries are extremely sour.

Porridge with toast and jam, perhaps fish for those who want it, and a cup of tea make up the daily breakfast. Just by the way — the potato flour turns into the hardest, most stubborn toast you could ever imagine, but it is a change from bread, edible with some effort, and to some extent nourishing.

Lunch might consist of salad, if the garden is good. Otherwise potatoes, with one vegetable, and unbuttered bread make a wholesome meal.

When there is enough tea and milk, afternoon tea is served. Thin bread, with very little butter, perhaps a baker's cake and cookies make up this affair.

Dinner is the meal of the day. Steaming hot potatoes and plenty of unbuttered bread, vegetables and parsley, and a tiny thin slice of the weekly roast constitute a dinner. Dessert of green grapes, plums, gooseberries or a pudding of some sort, with a cup of tea and cookies, is followed by coffee in the lounge.

One's reaction to this report may be that "they aren't doing too badly, after all. — They certainly get enough to eat, if they have that every day." The fact is, they *do* get that *every* day. This has been their diet for ten years. The same thing day in, day out. They are not as animals, satisfied with a mere subsistence day after day. They need a change, more variety. Instead of asking ourselves why we should send food parcels to England, why should we not ask "Why *not?*" God knows there are many to share our good fortune.

Not only in foodstuffs do these people suffer shortages, but also in clothing, housing, heating and travelling. It is nothing to see people wearing the same thing that they were wearing ten years ago. They are patched and repatched, but are still worn with an "air." In London, however, the situation looks a little different. The ladies were especially well dressed, in bright new colors, beautiful hats, brilliant spike-heeled toeless shoes, the new look. Contrary to opinion in this country, the English woman on Regent Street is far ahead in the fashion field. Of course these extreme

fashions were overshadowed by the many thousand shabby ladies who had given up their coupons for their children's extras, or for curtains, towels or bedclothing.

English fashions for men are at the extreme too. I saw a most beautiful selection of men's hats — velour felt in bright dazzling colors, red, yellow, green, and even bright purple. There were some which were toned down to wine, royal blue and tan, but they were certainly something new.

Suppose you were a Londoner and you had a bit of money to spend, and you felt the urge to go on a shopping spree. Of course you would head for Harrod's. Along the way you would see many shops showing exquisite articles of art, jewellery and china. Then you would pass by, knowing that you might be able to buy them, but that they were not new. You were looking for something really new! Upon reaching Harrod's you would be ushered in, walking upon deep plush carpets as you start your tour of wonder. Tour of wonder indeed! The things on display you've not seen for years. Your eyes would bulge and your heart would throb with expectancy and delight. You would then enquire the coupon demand, only to be told that the article you wished to buy was for export, and must be paid for in dollars, not pounds. This is hard on the Englishman, and he often feels a stranger in his own country. Tired and disappointed you would find the tea room and seek refreshment. There you would watch the world go by as you sip your tea and enjoy an egg sandwich. You could sit for hours, and muse over your misfortunes, or you could join your countrymen by getting quickly on your way, putting your trust in the government, and hoping that by squeezing tightly now, England may be set back on her feet financially in the near future.

What has happened to the Englishman himself, through all these misfortunes and hardships? He has changed, though I cannot say exactly how. London does not seem to change. There is still that same magnetism about it. How wonderful it is to stand beneath the tower of Big Ben and hear the long booms bellow beyond the embankment. It was wonderful for me, for I had done the same thing ten years before. It made me sad and thoughtful. Everything seemed the same this summer. The hustle and bustle of the evening crowds, the Tower, the Thames and the clock. I tried to reason how the people could have changed. I thought of them now as happy, yet restrained. There is little frivolity and much seriousness. Each man seemed conscious of his obligation to recovery. Each felt satisfied not to get out of life all he felt he deserved, at the expense of his neighbour. Each feels a thankfulness to God, whether he shows it or not.

The Englisman is tired. He is waiting for the day of peace and quiet. He longs for the evenings of comfort by a warm, non-grudging fire, with a full-sized newspaper of peaceful news to read, and a happy, healthy family to cheer him and prove to him that all has been worthwhile.

J. R. Bruhmuller.

THE EXCHANGE PAGE

During the past two months our exchange field has at last begun to broaden and while we have received exchanges from several more Universities tentative arrangements have been made with several others including a large group in South Africa. Perhaps to these latter a few political criticisms from a practicing Democracy such as Canada might be very timely. Our plans to exchange with the larger New England Universities unfortunately do not appear to be making much headway.

Perhaps the most important of the new Exchanges is a little yellow booklet which we have received from Codrington Anglican Theological College, which is in the Barbadoes. I suspect this issue was delayed in the mails for, although it arrived after Christmas, it is dated for Trinity, 1948. Its importance lies in the fact that Codrington, founded in 1710 and blessed with a history very similar to ours, is one of the oldest Universities in North America and is certainly the oldest in the West Indies. Their effort is a very coureageous one for, though the printing might be better, they complain of high costs and strangely enough carry no advertising. Apparently a very small college, (they list only two dozen students in residence) they offer courses in Theology and the Classics and last Fall opened a Medical Faculty under an old McGill man. We wish them the best of luck and hope to continue exchanging with them.

The "*Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa*" for October-December '48 is as comprehensive as ever and amongst others offers a debatable but stimulating article on the resurgance of Roman Catholicism in English Literature. "*The Path to Rome Becomes a Highway*" cites such diverse exponents as Johnson and Chatterton, Newman and C. S. Lewis, Eliot and Hopkins, Chesterton, Belloc and Alfred Noyes — even Coleridge and Charles Lamb. The article avoids questions of dogma and practice, concentrating as it does on aspects of faith and on religious symbolism. It should make interesting if not too serious reading for some of you from *The Shed.*

"*Oyez, Oyez,*" the Journal of the Law School of U.N.B., is mostly devoted to local interests but contains a very readable article by C. Hanson on Canadian Foreign Policy, stressing the unfortunate aspects of our close tie with, and practical dependance on the United States and pointing out Canada's unpleasant but highly probable rôle, that of a North American Belgium, should war ever break out between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

The Editorial in the January issue of the Leed's *Gryphon* stresses a good point. In answer to the charge that the magazine was carrying too much *Arts* material and not sufficiently representing the *Science* faculties it points out that the fault lies in the failure first of the Science and Technicalogical students to contribute as frequently as the Arts folk and secondly in the fact that all groups tend to contribute material of a non-technical nature. Students here at Bishop's might well bear this in mind.

In closing I must briefly mention the Christmas issue of the U.C.C. "*College Times.*" This issue, besides being graced with a forward by Hugh Lyon, former headmaster of Rugby, contains some rather irrelevant but interesting exerpts from a journal recording a canoe trip through the wilds of far northern Alberta and Saskatchewan.

We would like to acknowledge receipt of the following:

Papers:

The McGill Daily, — McGill University.
The Manitoban, — University of Manitoba.
The Dalhousie Gazette, — Dalhousie University.
The Quebec Diocesan Gazette.
Aluminium News.

Pamphlets:

Brazilian Gov't. Trade Bureau.
The "*Service d'information Française.*"

Magazines:

The Cornell Countryman,
Cornell U. Colleges of Agriculture and Home Ecc.
The College Times, — Upper Canada College.
The Gryphon, — University of Leeds.
Oyez, Oyez, — U.N.B. Law School Journal.
Codrington College, — The Barbadoes.
Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa, — Ottawa, Ont.
Queen's Review, — Kingston, Ont.
Yale Literary Magazine.

A. W. R.

BOOK REVIEWS

"*The Diary of Samuel Marchbanks*" Clarke Irwin & Co. Ltd. '47. Robertson Davies is Stephen Leacock's successor as Canada's best writer of humour. The Diary is the collection in book form of Mr. Davies' column in the Peterborough "Examiner," of which he is the Editor. Like all humorous writing which has to be produced every day, the pieces vary, but on the whole they keep up a very high standard of excellence.

Unlike many people called upon to be amusing, Mr. Davies does not talk "shop." His occupation is in fact hardly ever mentioned. He writes about incidents or things he has noticed at home or in the street; nothing is too trivial to be made amusing and interesting by his clever and original pen.

Stephen Leacock, whose name seems to be hard to keep out of a discussion of this kind, says in one of his essays on the subject that the prime requisite of real humour is that it should be gentle, and this Mr. Davies' always is. Anyone can get a laugh with crudity, from an uncritical reader, but the "Diary" maintains a high level all the way through. Reading a few pages is enough to put the most depressed reader in a cheerful frame of mind, and reading the whole book will make him aware that there is a sound, if unspoken, philosophy in it too. If this can be reduced to a cut-and-dried sentence, I should say it is "Beware of taking yourself too seriously." Mr. Davies says that, one evening, he was invited to join a gathering of high school students and found it an extremely solemn affair, if not downright gloomy, because, he supposed, it was vaguely associated with education, that great producer of long faces. After determined effort, he managed to put them more or less at their ease, but on the whole the evening was a failure. Why must the exercise of the intelligence always be associated with gloom, he wonders, and we wonder too?

Through Mr. Davies' deft combination of social criticism and humour, we cannot fail to be made aware of the absurdity of those provincialisms he pokes fun at. He is distressed that so many Canadians with talent go to the States, instead of staying at home to help develop an individual Canadian culture. This belief in Canada's future does not blind his eyes to our faults and in Mr. Davies' pages the reader will quite often find himself gently but firmly exposed as narrow-

minded, stupid, and ill-mannered in many ways he had not suspected before.

I do not mean to imply that Mr. Davies sets himself up as a social improver, or anything so pompous. He is above all a humorist and for the most part his book is sheer lighthearted fun for its own sake.

N. L.

The Fountainhead, Ayn Rand, pp. 754. — Mere verbosity for its own sake is one of the cardinal sins of the novelist and Ayn Rand has considerable trouble escaping this danger in The Fountainhead. The book abounds in some wonderful descriptive and introspective writing, yet the reader is often left wondering whether all this is really necessary to the story.

Basically the book represents the struggle of a modernistic architect during the time of a classical revival in the United States, during the late 20's and 30's. Actually, however, it is much more than that. Miss Rand draws her major characters with amazing skill and leads them unerringly through life. In doing so she brings in architecture, art, and even the newspaper racket (and the term is used advisedly here).

This is perhaps one of the major weaknesses of the work. The author brings in such a pot-pouri of characters and interests that one is often lost in trying to follow the multitudinous skeins of the story. The supporting characters become mere shadows, without any real life or existance, and the reasons for their presence is at times questionable.

In spite of these weaknesses the author has written an exceptionally gripping and stimulating novel. She has drawn her characters by parallelism, with each one having an exact counterpart, whose weaknesses and strength complement one another. In doing this, Miss Rand has clearly shown her realisation that life contains no definite white or black, but rather that everything forms a neutral gray. We have to read well into the novel before realising who the villains are, and who the heroes.

Once this realisation is reached, however, we can clearly foresee what the ending is going to be. Yet such is the writer's skill that to the last moment we are left wondering how she is going to reach this desired end. When it finally does come the climax appears more than somewhat staged after the thrilling build-up that preceeds it, moreover it degenerates into a political diatribe quite out of tone with the rest of the book, and really out of a novelist's jurisdiction.

Yet in spite of these faults, and perhaps this review has overemphasised them, Miss Rand has created a believable and fascinating novel well worth the time spent reading it.

M. G. B.

"A BISHOP'S DIARY"

BEING SCATTERED EXCERPTS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO ALL.

Jan. 7th.-8th.	Bish. New Year greeted by a successful retreat led by imported canon. A discrete silence was maintained. (This also applies to the supplemental exams.)
Jan. 11th.	Lectures again and a star-spangled Results List to greet the madding crowd.
Jan. 14th.	First sports of the year but the girls do not even bring back an old College tie.
Jan. 18th.	Hockey begins and despite a mashed pinna (ear to you) and sudden switching of net-men the ice-bound 'Gators hold their own.
Jan. 22nd.	The Valkyrie sing and Johnny Kuehner sets a new C.I.A.U. basketball game-scoring record.
Jan. 26th.	Hamlet to town, where he nobly exalts a mixed but certainly partially-educated throng. Not only that, but Badminton scores! It's a first game win.
Jan. 27th.	*A full day, this:* As the noon-tide refreshments draw to a close an outstanding educational duologue breaks out between S.C.M.'s Hutchinson and the pink-ish boy who wasn't there. In the afternoon, another association meeting folds for lack of a quorum. But not before the Current Events Club folded too . . . Something about a red herring in a Tory fish-pond? At night the Bede's again! After a smashing game ice-waltzing and hay-riding (or so *they* called it) yielded to hunger and the Terpsichoric Muse. A delightful, in some cases even snappy, time was had by all.

Feb. 4th.-5th.	Bishop's takes a leading rôle! C.I.A.U. skiers flock to the Massawippi hills and a fine bunch do a fine job running a swell meet. The party? Applesauce! Apple something anyway. And as for the team, well, we certainly tried.
Feb. 5th.	Peculiar phenomena observed in chapel as a vast assembly of New-Arts men appears and chants the response. *Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin!*
Feb. 6th.	Afternoon skating to music at the rink offers perhaps the first sensible gathering of faculty and students as one. A grand time had by all. (But let's not get too exultant—remember the record-changers too.)
Feb. 7th.	The Gods speak and the gates swing wide.
Feb. 13th.	A dismal hockey season closes with a Hatley triumph of 10-1. Slush and the weather were pretty bad but a team turnout might have helped as well.
Feb. 14th.-21st.	A busy week. More of that executive enthusiasm, clouded this time with a tragic forboding. The Year Book gets into stride and the new Photography Club delights all and sundry with their not-too-negative results.
Feb. 21st.	The *Paganninni Quartet* (them's Stradivarii, they are!) provides an inspirational evening. Sincere thanks are due the music-lovers from *The Lodge*.
Feb. 23rd.	The new Council begins to shape up. Bim Hobbs and Bob Assad become President and Secretary-Treasurer by acclamation.
Feb. 24th.-27th.	The "*Lampshade*" goes to Ottawa for the first I.V.-D.L. Festival since before the war. A good effort till it met an *Other Conqueror*.
Feb. 28th.	The Blow falls, and in a few succinct phrases several letters explain a severance in relations between the University and certain of the student body. *De gustibus . . .*
March 2nd.	The first election results. A worthy struggle for the Vice-Presidency ends in a *Priceless* victory for Lou.

* * *

And so to print. Spring will be early this year but Easter is late. Third year has triumphed in hockey while inter-year basketball is yet to be decided. The biologists have finished carving-up their frogs, the Vet's dance was a great success, a *new-look* has been destined for the men's Common Room. What more could we ask for?

Occy

WHEN I DIE

Lay me down in the cool brown earth
beneath an elm, and
let me face full into the cool East,
that to the last of my bones
I might smile,
and be of this Life.

Let the cool dewy grass grow above me,
let the sparkling laughter of children ring above me,
and in the repose
of my cool abode
thoughts of gay yesteryears will return to me.

And when after many years
my gay and cool place can be no more
though my wish has passed into lore,
my soul shall rise and move to another felicity
where time is known as eternity
and where God and I will again be Unity.

F. O. Lajoie

The MITRE

RECTI CULTUS PECTORA ROBORANT

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

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