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A book has recently been brought to our attention, bearing the interesting title of "Guide Through the Romantic Movement", and the author's name is Ernest Bernbaum. We were interested in the first chapter of the book, which is concerned with the place of the Universities in the present social structure, and their relation to the Romantics, by which we infer that the group represented by Coleridge and Wordsworth, and later by Byron, is intended. The author has dedicated his work to those, "Who inspired in my youth the love of learning and of Romantic Idealism," with the names attached of those who gave such inspiration. The author takes it upon himself to assert that:

"Most college students, through no fault of their own, are, however not in the right frame of mind to profit from the reading of the Romantics. Owing to the fact that our largest national business, education, is the worst conducted, students in school and college have the impression that a cultural subject is something to be learned from a book or a teacher and rendered back to that teacher in recitations and examinations, more or less accurately — the process leaving little impression upon their attitudes toward life or upon character. The student to whom real life is one thing, and his studies quite a separate and secondary matter, should take up some other subject than the Romantic Movement. It may be possible to study profitably in that fashion the Pottery of the Hopi Indians or the Recessive accent in Greek (though I doubt it), but it is an utterly preposterous self-deception to suppose that one can derive anything of value from the Romantics unless one shakes off such indifference."

We suggest that this is a rather narrow view of the matter — and we propose to show why we feel that way. Suppose, just for the sake of argument, that one studies the Romantics with this viewpoint, allowing their work to infuse itself into the consciousness in the way which this author advocates. This would lead eventually to thinking in the way that the Romantics thought, in fact to thinking as a Romantic, in an age which, though it may not be entirely realistic (O misused term!), certainly has less of the rhapsodical interest in its physical surroundings than did the Romantics in question. Perhaps we may demonstrate the
thing in another way — if we are going to think like Romantics, and act like Romantics, (the usual habits of young men being, for the moment, excepted), do then let us live in an age which will be harmonious with such conduct, not fraught with danger such as would probably have made any self-respecting Romantic tremble with well-reasoned fright at the mere thought. Are we, in short, to assimilate our surroundings or to allow ourselves to become subject to what we read of another age, now past and in all probability gone forever. This latter step would be as foolish as to adopt the customs and dress of William Langland's time, forgetting the minor matter of the centuries intervening. History repeats itself, granted, but this is overdoing the thing. Let us rather make every effort to examine the thing objectively, and objectively to the limit of our powers — herein lies the ultimate goal of the genuine education. It is surely far better to achieve a complete mastery of our material, as the accomplished motor-car driver masters his machine, than to be led along by the thing which has achieved mastery of our minds, (if it has, which it should not do). It looks very much as though our friend the educationalist was really worried over the prospect that his treasured subject might have some fresh air blown through, that the dust of years might be disturbed, in the hands of the uninitiate. By all means let the uninitiate look at it, and in its true (another maligned word) light. Truth has its own meaning for all men, we are beginning to believe.

For the average man or woman, life itself provides an education. For people for whom the experiences of life are perhaps felt not to be sufficient, there is the University to fill their needs, and fill them it must, to justify its existence.

Mr. Bernbaum makes another point which we feel is worthy of comment, that it is unprofitable to study the thing in the fashion of dull repetitions. Agreed and conceded: in this wise, much study is indeed a weariness of the flesh, if carried on in this way. But the educator who is worthy of his salt must have a genuine feeling for his subject, because what interests him will interest his students, and what bores him to tears will have a similar effect upon his students. It is suggested that our lives were made for other things, and these probably lie far beyond the range of the Romantic Movement. Let us hope so, at any rate.

There is a very strong impulse to make another comment upon the speech made earlier this term, which seemed to cause so much distress to a certain group in the University. But if we did it would be adding yet another opinion to the myriad of opinions expressed on the subject. Let these gentlemen not distress themselves unduly on this account. As long as they can see the thing in its perspective, there is nothing to be excessively perturbed about. But if the discussion showed the falsity of a treasured position, there is indeed cause for alarm. It seems to be a general rule that we should always verify our authorities, and, having done that, we should have the courage of our convictions, and so be able and willing to discuss them with someone holding the opposite view. Let us, above all, have faith, faith in ourselves: and then our lives will probably, nay certainly, be more secure.

D. M. K.
IN THIS ISSUE

We were rather discouraged when the moment for assembling this issue arrived — but it may conceivably have some merit after all. We leave that for you to decide.

Canon C. Gordon Lawrence, the contributor of the article on Pain, was a former Editor of this publication, and is now Editor of the Canadian Churchman, published in Toronto at the G.B.R.E. His subject is one of perennial interest, and indicates a continuing interest in the magazine of which we had almost despaired finding evidence — but here it is. Mr. Gray’s article needs no explanation, as the author must be well known to the student body in the University. For the outside subscribers, he is a recent addition to the English Department.

Miss Harper, the authoress of the article on Ceylon, is at present teaching in Lennoxville and doing her M.A. at Bishop’s as well. She kindly supplied the illustrations for her article.

We are pleased to publish Mary Hall’s poem, as evidence of the continuing interest being taken by graduates, and as evidence of the kind of mind whose finish was applied by our University.

When Fred Kaufman addressed the Publications staff, as recorded elsewhere in these pages, we collared him to do a short piece on the general topic of his speech; these few excerpts will serve to indicate his ability as an after-dinner speaker. If you need someone to add life to a gathering, we venture to recommend him. He may be contacted at the Star (Montreal).

One of our exchanges, the Service d’Information Français, has provided us with an unexpected treasure, in the article on Paris. We found it was one of the most interesting articles we had read in several months, and have therefore passed it on entire: it needs no explanation from us.

We would like to express our appreciation, for many services well done, to Mr. A. W. J. Robertson, the author of the article on Browning, and editor of several departments in this issue besides. It has been a pleasure to work with him, and his advice has been invaluable.

Most of the other material is self-explanatory, and if there are any questions, the Editors will be delighted to hear of them. In passing, we were so attracted by the article on the origin of poetry that we could not resist the impulse to ask permission to reprint it, and the result was another exchange, and a most interesting one. So, here is our Lenten issue, for whose lateness we humbly apologize, in the hope that it may redeem itself.

D. M. K.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ROBERT BROWNING

One is likely to slip into lazy habits when writing for The Mitre regularly, for the temptation to stick to poems and short stories is great. They are more fun to write, do not require too great an effort and probably are read more widely than most articles of a more-or-less-serious non-fiction type (Sandy’s effusions being of course excepted)! This article, while laying no claims to great scholarship or to much original research, is nevertheless a departure from the usual opera which I have been turning out. The choice of subject was not difficult (as anyone who has taken English under Dr. Raymond will easily understand) and what follows ought to be of some interest to those who eventually plan to enter English Honours as well as to those in first year whose time for studies has been somewhat curtailed by the lure of the “G”* and the Great Outdoors.

This essay will be a brief attempt to analyse those elements of Robert Browning’s philosophy which are revealed in his poetry. Since Browning’s total output was so large, it will be necessary to choose only a few poems and to base our observations on these alone. Hence, of necessity, it will not be possible to study his philosophy in too great detail and a broad outline of those aspects revealed in the poems chosen will have to suffice. Since certain elements and shadings of Browning’s beliefs are common to many of his poems, a short outline will certainly give a reasonably clear picture of his philosophy and will enable us to recapture all its essentials with a fair degree of accuracy.

With an eye to the selection offered first year, I have decided on a few of Browning’s most popular poems, and in discussing them am assuming at least that they have been glanced over by the reader. Nor shall I discuss the development of Browning’s poetical spirit or his changing method through the years. Suffice it to say that, as a rule, his poems grew more subjective as he himself aged, and though he began by writing completely non-subjective poems such as My Last Duchess (in which his opinions and those of the Duke are in no way connected), in his later works it is Browning himself whom we find speaking through his dramatis persona. I have separated the poems (fourteen in all) into two groups — of which the first contains the less important of the philosophical elements of his work and may thus be more readily summarized. Any criticism of the philosophy this study may reveal is left to Professor Child’s students.

* This of course having been written in the days when a visit to the “G” was still a legitimate pleasure.
Pippa Passes

The Mitre

is the first poem which I wish to consider, not so much because it expresses much of Browning's direct philosophy as because, through the conclusions he reached in the poem, we are given a clearer insight into the workings of his mind at a time when his genius was just coming into flower. It is in his handling of the love affairs especially that we are able to study Browning's sympathies and feelings. The poem is woven around four stories of love, each symbolising love in one of its basic aspects. The love of Ottima and Sebald is the licentious love of guilty sensualists; that between Jules and Phene is the love of a married couple; that of Luigi and his mother is the platonic love between parent and child; while that of Monsignor is the love of man for God. Browning condemns the affair between the guilty lovers who have tried to attain happiness through thoroughly selfish and evil means, he approves of that of the newly-weds, feels that love of country should be greater than love of family, and allows the Monsignor to reconcile himself with his God and find salvation despite his more worldly desires. In these four conclusions we are given a clear picture of Browning's own views and also, in certain passages within the separate stories, we may find traces of a more general philosophy. It is in the tale of Jules and Phene that this is strongest and there Browning exhorts the reader, not to love an ideal which not only we may never attain (and also which has no need of our love anyway) but rather, to consider loving where our love is greatly needed, where we may have an immeasurable influence for the good and where we may have an opportunity, as did Jules, of building a new soul and personality — a task of artistic creation which Browning felt was greater than any other.

In Pippa's first and perhaps most charming song, Browning expresses the views of the joyous optimist, and although it may be argued that his purpose was merely to convey the feelings experienced by Pippa herself, the lyrics are too dulcet not to be based on some kindred emotion in the author himself. Browning's entire philosophy, in its trust in God and its complete lack of the fear of death and the unknown, is essentially optimistic at heart, and in these lines I do feel that something of the poet's own courageous and happy emotion is expressed:

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;

—14—

The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

It is the line "God's in his heaven" on which I feel Browning's optimism is based. It is not shallow and selfish but essentially one of faith and trust, and in the deep religious belief imparted him by his mother we have an essential element of his philosophy — an element which must be realised and understood if we are to understand much of his subsequent work.

Childe Roland

is another of the poems in which Browning expresses himself only in a very indirect way. Many persons regard the poem as a great allegory while a simpler interpretation of it would be that it is a enlightening symbolisation of consistancy to an ideal. If this is so, and it probably is, the poem will serve to illuminate Browning's own feelings on the subject and thus shows us that he strongly approved of those persons who are persistent in trying to attain a worthy goal even though they may not achieve success. This is another of the essential elements of the poet's philosophy and is to be found in many other of his poems.

A Light Woman

indicates Browning's philosophy, or rather, a certain part of it, in a negative way, for in the poem he shows us that he disapproves of the conduct of the speaker and warns us against it. He implies that we must be prepared to carry to its full end whatever we may start and that it is a dangerous business to meddle in the affairs of our fellows unless we are both capable and fully prepared to handle the resulting situation — which is bound to develop. This is one of the few aspects of social philosophy which we can find in Browning's works.

The Statue and the Bust

is a condemnation of the procrastinator, of those who wait for manana. In the inability of the Duke and his lover to come to grips with reality lies a great fault. Browning feels that even a wrong action (morally) is better than no action at all.

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!
... the sin... is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
though the end in sight was a vice..."

—15—
This condemnation of delay and lack of ambition to progress is found frequently in his poems and is another of the essential elements of his belief, an element which will be further expounded when we come to consider his major works.

*A Toccata of Galuppi's*

is one of Browning's poems on art but in it we can see the poet's dislike of the idle and frivolous side of our life. It concerns the way of life which existed in Venice in the 18th Century, where worldly pleasures became the "be-all and the end-all," were supreme in importance and served as the basis of the entire social structure of the city-state. Browning senses that Galuppi also disapproved of the licentious carelessness and easy sloth of court circles, and sees in the down-fall of the town only a just retribution and a natural consequence. In this way the poem is stronger and more positive than the previous one where he condemned not so much a way of life as a lack of one.

*Old Pictures in Florence*

is one of the greatest of Browning's poems of art and serves to express his views on art and its development rather than a definite philosophy although it may be argued that these very views were part of the philosophy which guided him. I think rather that they were resultant from it and will try to consider here the conclusions he reaches in regard to the creative impulse, etc. The poem reflects his strong feeling that a magnificent failure is better than a small success, and in Giotto he can see the personification of this ideal, where, having attained complete mastery in his free-hand drawing of the circle, he had the courage to go on to attempt greater things rather than rest on his laurels. The Campanile was, in Browning's estimation, his greatest work, even though the artist died before it reached completion. In the closing stanzas we see the poet's strong sympathies with the freedom of the individual, with the rights of nations in their own standing and with the great Liberal movement which was even then, under the guidance of patriotic leaders such as Cavour, moving to free Italy from the Austrian tyranny.

*Saul*

is one of the greatest of Browning's religious poems. Stated simply, the theme is the illness of the great king, the coming of David, the effecting of the cure, the prophecy he makes and his return to his flocks, no longer an innocent boy but a man, matured by his great experience.

---

*Some say that Browning in this poem is guilty like Ruskin of evaluating art by moral criteria.*

---

The first section is the more beautiful and in the songs which David sings of the comfort and joy which man may receive from nature, companionship, and youth, and strength, Browning reveals an epicurean delight in the senses and speaks with great feeling. It is most obvious that such poetry could only come from one who himself was familiar with the beauty and emotion described. In the second part of the poem the author becomes more philosophical and describes those spiritual comforts which man may attain and which are so much more rewarding and worthwhile, in the long run, than those of the flesh alone. It is at once both an expression of faith and a justification of the anthropomorphic conception of the Divinity, of the human element in the Godhead:

"*Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for!*

my flesh, that I seek

*In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be*

*A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me...*

The poem is outstanding for the intensity of its religious feeling and interpretation and one line in particular may serve to further illustrate our conception of Browning's philosophy:

"...*tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do!*"

*Fra Lippo Lippi,*

another of Browning's poems on art, is important in this study because it contains a few lines of direct philosophy. The poems dealt with before *Saul* were philosophical only by interpretation whereas these next ones contain elements of direct opinion traceable to Robert Browning himself. The poem is from his middle period and also shows his sympathy with the earliest of the modern school of painters, his ability to recapture their feelings and to sketch a story clearly and succinctly while also conveying a picture of another age and its attendant modes of thought. His sympathy with the idealist, the man who is willing to risk everything on something which, though new, he feels to be worthy, is shown in his choice of subject matter, in the story of a painter trying to break the primitive tradition of the past, of the man at the gateway which was to lead to the development of the great masters of Renaissance Italy.

Browning's direct philosophy appears in scattered lines throughout the poem and may be summarized, with his views on art, briefly:

---

---
"The world and life's too big to pass for a dream; This world's no blot for us, Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good: To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

A fine way to paint soul, by painting body So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go further And can't fare worse!

If you get simple beauty and nought else, You get about the best thing God invents ... ... and you'll find the soul you have missed, Within yourself, when you return him thanks. Art was given for that; God uses us to help each other . . ."

Here we have Robert Browning the man himself, and the philosophy condensed in these assembled lines surely needs no further elucidation.

Andrea del Sarto
tells the story of Andrea d'angelo di Francesca, the faultless painter. The poem is another of the 'art poems' but is important to us as there are two philosophical threads woven into the poem. Of these the stronger is the fatalistic outlook on life of the pathetic, uninspired and yet supremely capable artist, resigned to the Will of God and feeling powerless to act against it:

"So free we seem, so fettered fast we are! I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!" he explains.

Browning's philosophy in the poem stands out particularly in a single ringing line:

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, Or what's a heaven for?"

This is another aspect of the philosophy of aspiration to which Browning held so tenaciously. It is most important and will be expressed in several other of the poems which are yet to be considered.

This is the last of the intermediate poems, as one might call them, which I shall consider, and those which follow are much fuller expressions of Robert Browning's philosophy and might be given far greater attention than space permits them to receive.

A Grammarian's Funeral
is a poem in which we find one of Browning's earliest expressions of direct philosophy. It symbolises and glorifies that devotion to pure learning which was characteristic of the great Renaissance scholars; and through the imaginary history of one of these pedants we are given a clear view of certain of Browning's views on the importance of a sincere and entire trust in God. The teaching appears concerned with the importance of a dedication to a great cause transcending all normal values and its theme is trust in death — that it is "God's task to make the heavenly period perfect the earthly." Browning chose a humble and unknown scholar for his subject to impress on us his belief that the importance of the man's work to God did not lie in worldly fame or riches, and the dedicatory philosophy which the poem expresses is the very crux of his philosophy and is repeated through his works. *

A paraphrase of the philosophic content of the poem, while lacking in aesthetic arrangement and form, will make it much simpler to follow his teachings in condensation.

"Imagine the whole, then execute the parts— Earn the means first — God surely will contrive Use for our learning. ... What's time? Leave now for dogs and apes! Man has forever. Oh, if we draw a circle premature, heedless of far gain, ... sure Bad is our bargain! Will thou trust death or not? Yes! Hence with Life's pale lure. The high man, with a great thing to pursue, Dies ere he knows it ... ... throws himself on God, and unperplexed Seeking shall find him."

The Last Ride Together
is a poem which contains the same vein of philosophy we found expressed in the Grammarian's Funeral but expresses it in a different manner.

* Browning's philosophy of life is so insistent that one is reminded at times of the lines in Emerson's Sphinx.

"Through a thousand voices Shake the universal dome; Who telleth one of my meanings Is master of all I am."
Here Browning speaks through a rejected lover and expresses two aspects of his philosophy. The first is that it is better to strive after an ideal than to succeed, for success might then seem hollow. The other is that we cannot possibly expect ever to attain all our desires in this world because, were this to occur, we would have nothing to anticipate in heaven. A paraphrase will again serve to show this more clearly.

"What need to strive with a life awry?"
"Why, all men strive and who succeeds?"
What hand and brain went ever paired:
"What heart alike conceived and dared?"
"What act proved all its thought had been?
What will but felt the fleshly screen?"
"Who knows what's fit for us?"
"... One must lead some life beyond,"
"Have a bliss to die with, dim-described, This foot once planted on the goal;"
Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?
"What if heaven be that, fair and strong, At life's best..."

This also needs no comment. His meaning is clear, his conception of heaven unusual and not meant, I feel, to be taken very seriously, for it cannot be reconciled with the closing lines of Prospice. He is sincere enough in the remainder of the poem however and the whole is an illuminating piece of work which can do much to increase both our knowledge and appreciation of the poet.

Abt Vogler

is a fuller expression of Browning's philosophy than has been previously revealed. Through the musician he delivers his own creed and in Cantos IX, X and XI are clearly pictured his great trust in God, his belief in the power of striving ever onwards — in that it is the desire and will-to-do, rather than the actual attainment, that is important and will count in the end. These are elements of the philosophy especially noted in the Last Ride and the Grammarian's Funeral. They are perhaps the most persistent of all aspects of Browning’s belief and will be made more clear through paraphrase.

"... I cling with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God:

... To whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
What... Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before; What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more; On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

... what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days?"

Here is expressed the basis of that trust in God which was so important to Browning. We have seen his philosophy and beliefs rounding in on themselves, forming a complete and discernable whole. With the next poem the pattern will be made entire and it will be possible to make a very brief summary of those aspects of Browning's philosophy which predominate in his works. Prospice will serve as a fitting conclusion to the whole.

Rabbi Ben Ezra

is Browning's outstanding philosophical poem. Although he builds his discourse around the figure of the wise 12th century Rabbi and actually conforms to the philosophy of the great thinker, the poet himself is also speaking throughout and the views expressed are his views, the beliefs expounded by Ben Ezra are his beliefs, and the chief function of the old Rabbi is to serve as a vehicle for the author's own expressions of faith.

It is impossible to paraphrase the poem, as I have done previously, without using almost all its subject matter again. Instead we can only pick out those philosophic phrases which are outstanding and with these to guide us summarize as concisely as is possible, the remainder of the poem.

The most outstanding lines in the poem are these:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be..." *
"... welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough."
"Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be
"And was not, comforts me:"
"Youth should strive"
"Toward making (rather) than repose on aught found mad..."  

* Mathew Arnold could not agree with Browning on this point, and in Growing Old he paints a more unpleasant yet equally true-to-life picture of age. He is perhaps pessimistic. Browning was equally optimistic: those who condemn Arnold must condemn Browning equally on this point.
"How good to live and learn!"
"And good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
helps soul."
"Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work", must sentence pass"
"All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God."
"Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"

The poem is a plea for a trust in God and a worthy praise of old age as being as essential to a full life as youth itself. It is "the last for which the first was made." After passing through and over the indecision, the aspiration and the 'joie de vivre' of youth, age brings completion, calm, wisdom and discernment. In age we can look back and judge our youth, clearly and objectively, without prejudice. We have attained a fuller maturity and are better suited to carry out our duties and to devote ourselves to the doing of God's will.

Browning feels that mankind was made to live both youth and age; that aspiration is the great spiritual force which lifts us up above the level of the beast and allies us closer to God than to the tribes that take, that are "but formed to feed, finished and finite clods." He feels that the rebuffs of this life serve only to prepare us for the life to come, and that to attempt, even though the end be failure, is by far a more noble and greater thing than not to try at all. Though the brute lives but for the body and man has spiritual enlightenment, he feels that the body serves its purpose also and that it is as essential in its place as is the soul. We should rejoice, not that we have renounced the flesh and donned the austere garb of the spirit alone, but that the two, flesh and spirit, are as one in union. Here manifest also is another of the most persistent elements of Browning's philosophy: that worldly success and true worth are not the same and that great aspiration, even though it may not attain the heights it has set, is nevertheless greater than that success which comes to the low person who, lacking ambition, sets a fickle, feeble goal and easily attains it. True worth lies in

"All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure..." as well. He scathingly denounces Fitzgerald's supposed philosophy of living for the present and cries,

"Thou to whom fools propound,

When the wine makes its round,
... 'seize today!' * while warning them that,
"Earth changes but thy soul and God stand sure:" He closes in dedicating himself to God's service.

From the thirteen poems which we have now considered it has been possible to form a reasonably accurate conception of that part of Browning's philosophy which he chose to express through his poetry. We have seen that he is essentially religious in that he had an implicit trust in God; that he is a liberal in the finest sense of the word; that his interests are wide and his sympathies catholic; that he values the soul of man not by what it has achieved so much as by what it has aspired for; that he feels that this world is but a proving-ground for the life that is to come and that he feels that God, after our deaths, will surely contrive good use for that wisdom and experience which we have accumulated during our life-times.

This has been the man's philosophy of life. What was his philosophy of death?

Prospice

is the great poem in which Browning expresses his views on death. It is a poem which completes the study we have made so far, which pictures Browning's determination and courage beyond life itself, so that a few lines taken from it will serve to present both the poet and his philosophy as entireties.

"I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore.
And bade me creep past.
No, let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old.
Dear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold...
...
with God be the rest!"

A. W. Robertson

* Here Browning seems to have ignored stanza #48, where Fitzgerald writes:

"While the rose blows along the river brink,
With old Khayyam the Ruby Vintage drink:
And when the Angel with his darker draught
Draws up to Thee — take that, and do not shrink."

And though he condemns E. F. so severely it is interesting to note that he may be drawing on the Rubaiyat for his simile of the potter.
FROM AN OLD FRENCH EPITAPH

"Peace to her ashes; perfumed yet."
What wit, what charm, what woman's grace,
What life is caught within the phrase!
What host of details we forget —
"Peace to her ashes; perfumed yet."

A rustle of brocaded silk
Played in the scented May day breeze;
A smile that never failed to please.
Concealing wisdom in its milk;

A word of courtier; tap of fan;
A jest that bent all Paris double;
A sympathetic hand in trouble;
A gesture to intrigue a man —
She laughed at courtiers, waved the fan.

And lady-like lay down to die.
And lily-folded her white hands,
Hearkening for angelic bands
Under a rose-splashed canopy.

What idiot fancies we beget!
But still I feel I know the grace
Latent in that gallant phrase
That echoes from a century set:
"Peace to her ashes; perfumed yet."

Marry Hall
The Mitre police office and Real Offenders.

The Mitre: The Magazines are of lighter character, it is true; in them there is a mélange of pathetic, lively, didactic, critical, and argumentative papers; they are likewise tinged with their peculiar tenets on public questions, and contain approved specimens of poetry. Yet excellent as these generally are, they have too much affinity with the Reviews to be altogether in contrast with them, or to make that entire recreation which the publisher’s plan would carry out.

But Bentley's Miscellany is unique. It is full of humour, good-natured yet caustic; it is pure in moral, though exposing the peculiarities of mankind; it is consistent with religion and good government, although it abstains from any consideration of dogma in either. It is lively, entertaining, and under the direction of one whose celebrity has, in a comparatively short time, spread far and wide...

The Editor was none other than "Boz", the author of Oliver Twist, who was already well-known to the American public, and who needed little of this "sales talk" to recommend him. The publisher, on the other hand, has good reasons for showing Bentley's to be different from other British magazines, the majority of which had gone to extremes in lampooning American society manners. Ever since Mrs. Frances Trollope's visit to the States and her "outrageous" publication, Domestic Manners of the American, in 1832, the American reading public has been on guard against British detractors. Something of the prevailing feeling can be estimated from an article in the second volume of the Miscellany, entitled Uncle Sam's Peculiarities, which begins in this way:

After remaining during a summer and autumn in New York, business induced me to make Philadelphia my winter quarters. A steam-boat carried me on the route to Newark in New Jersey, to a town of some manufacturing importance in the coach-building and shoe-making trades. From Newark I proceeded in a stage to Elizabeth-town Point, where I took a steamer to New Brunswick, stopping there the second night. This is an ancient town of some extent, but I did not learn that any

* This amusing work has been reprinted recently by Alfred Knopf (New York, 1949) and tactfully edited by Donald Smalley. It is available in the University library.
particular branch of manufacturing was carried on in it. There was a very large travelling menagerie here, besides other exhibitions; one of which I was induced to visit, as it was stated there was an “exact likeness” of the celebrated Mrs. Trollope, in wax-work, to be seen within. My surprise and risible emotion may be imagined, when this exact likeness turned out to be the figure of a fat, red-faced trollop, smoking a short pipe, and dressed in a dirty flannel and worsted, and a ragged slouched hat. “This,” said the showman, “is the purty Mrs. Trollope, who was sent over to the United States by the British lords, to write libels against the free-born Americans.” The figure excited a good deal of attention, and was abused in no measured terms. “Impudent crittur!” said one female; “she write of American manners indeed! It would be better for her to smoke her pipe in her own country, than to come here. How can she understand our manners?” “I expect,” said another, “that them lords are the most imperent critturs on this tarnal earth. They won’t be quiet, even after the licking we gave ’em.” “Very true,” said a third, “but we must make some allowance for their feelings. You know they beat all the world before we beat them, and of course they are very angry.” Another man took hold of the figure by the nose, and left a mark on each side of a tobacco-juice colour.

The anonymous writer of the article goes on to describe a long conversation which he had with a native of Philadelphia who advised him that knives were still carried by the “young fellers” in his part of the country:

“An Englisher got sliced tarnally here a leetle while since, ’cos he damned the Yankees. When the knives was out he tuk a cheer, and says he, ‘Come on!’ holding ’em off all the time with the legs on it; but he didn’t calcylate exact, for one on ’em came behind, and ripped him over the shoulders and back considerable smart... It’ll teach him manners, I reckon. We Yankees ain’t goin’ to be damned, I guess, no ways. That’s a fact. If we ain’t free and independent, then that’s not the canal-boat as you must go in. Let the Englisher go back, and say what he seen here, and take a steamer with him. It’ll do the other Englishers good to look at.”

The ill-feeling which articles of this variety fostered on both sides of the Atlantic lasted well into the next decade, when Dickens himself visited the States and recorded similar impressions in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which was published in 1842, and which caused almost as much commotion as Mrs. Trollope’s book had done.

Fortunately, there are many inoffensive delights to be found in the pages of these two volumes of *Bentley’s Miscellany*. In addition to the serial chapters of *Oliver Twist*, there are some excellent original illustrations by Cruikshank, *Family Stories* (including that of Dr. Ingoldsby) by Thomas Ingoldsby (Richard Barham), miscellaneous tales of travel and adventure in America, scores of well-intentioned verses, and hundreds of witty insertions by “Boz.” The pun, as might be expected, plays a leading part in the current wit — particularly in Mr. Barney Maguire’s *Account of the Coronation* (an item of topical interest in 1838), and in the pithy verses of “Dick Distich”. The Irishman saw the Coronation, evidently, through pink spectacles:

Then there was praching, and good store of spaching.
With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee;
And they did splash her with the real Macasshur,
And the Queen said, “Ah! then, thank ye all for me!”
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
And sweet trombones with the silver tones,
But Lord Rolle was rolling; — ’twas mighty consoling.
To think his Lordship did not break his bones.

Then the cannons thunder’d, and the people wonder’d
Crying, “God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!”
Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it’s the proudest day that I’ll have seen!
And now I’ve ended, what I pretended,
This narration splendid in swate poe-thry,
So, ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
Faith, it’s myself that’s getting mighty dhry!
Dick Distich echoes that last idea in his charming little song.

*I Met Her in the Omnibus*:

I met her in the omnibus (a maiden free and frank)
That carries you from Brixton Mill for sixpence to the Bank;
"Where are you going, all a-blowing, on a day so fine?"
"I’m going to the Bricklayer’s Arms," said I, "pray come to mine!"
The Mitre

She blushed just like the red, red rose, and gave me such a look.
And from her silken reticule her lily-white she took;
Then hid her face with modest grace, and wiped away a tear —
"What is your name, my pretty maid?" She simpered
"Shillibeer!"

"A Glass of ale, Miss Shillibeer, if I may be allow'd
To ask if you would sip with me?" — "Kind sir, you do me
proud!"

Then as I pointed to the inn, and help'd the lady out,
'I'll take,' she sighed, "on second thoughts, a drop of cold
without."

She took a drop of cold without to keep out cold within:
"In bitters here's to you, my sweet, until we meet ag'in!"
Within the glass the loving lass left little to discuss;
And we both exchanged at parting, at the omnibus, a buss.
Budding Mitre rhymesters can take heart.

James Gray

Pain

"Bird of the sea rocks, of the bursting spray,
O halcyon bird,
Thou wheelest crying, crying on thy way:
Who knowest pain can read the tale of thee:
One love long lost, one song forever heard,
and wings that sweep the sea."

From allusions in Ovid, Virgil, and elsewhere one learns that Alcyone was a daughter of the god of the winds. Finding the body of her husband washed up by the waves, she gave way to grief. Sea birds still echo her plaintive cry. The lines above have probably as strong an appeal to those who live on the seaboard of the Atlantic, or the Pacific, as to ancient dwellers on the Grecian coast. The explanation lies not so much in acquaintance with "wings that sweep the sea," as in the common experience of pain. Gilbert Murray assures us there are only four themes common to the poetry of all ages—Love, Strife, Death, and that which is beyond.

Certainly no century has seen so much attention to the relief of suffering as the present; nor has there been such widely diffused knowledge of the misery of mankind. World war and the wireless are factors of recent growth. Why there should be suffering is one of the oldest problems that has challenged the understanding. The writer of Genesis pictures humanity limping painfully on a foot poisoned by a serpent's sting. In the epics of the classical age, the caprice of the gods was accountable for adverse winds and deadly plagues. Evil spirits continued to haunt the minds of men through the middle ages. Only in quite recent times have men said: "The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves." Whatever the philosophy in vogue, there has been always the feeling that "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward."

An interesting feature in the history of the problem is the widespread idea that man's unhappiness is shared by nature. In the literature of many lands mention is made of the winds and the waves complaining, the earth trembling, rocks and hills revealing their scars, and the moon withholding her light. Stoic philosophy is given the credit for expressing an opinion that was already latent in the minds of men; that is, of a
sympathy, or capacity for feeling pity. But long before Marcus Aurelius or Seneca, Aeschylus had written:

"The breakers of the sea clash and roar
Together: and the gulfs thereof are sore
With longing. There is murmure of hearts aching
In Hades and the Cavern of the Deep;
And the torrents of the hills, white-breaking,
For pity of thy pain weep and weep."


Said Shelley, "Men . . . learn in suffering what they teach in song." Somewhere in the remote past an explorer in the realm of thought came upon the idea that the wisdom which controls the universe had been acquired through pain. By the time of Aeschylus it was safe to make use of in one of his tragedies:

"Zeus . . . aching with remembered pain,
Bleeds and sleepeth not, until
Wisdom comes."

The Hebrew prophets would probably have shrunk from the thought that God ever lacked wisdom or knowledge. But in the time of the Exile, when national hopes were apparently ruined, someone whose name has not survived had the courage to write, "In all their affliction He was afflicted." Out of that period of extreme disappointment came the conviction that material prosperity is not always a sign of divine approval. There could even be "a righteous servant", exalted and extolled, who was nevertheless "a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief." Thus "at sundry times and in divers manners" was the way prepared for the coming at last of the strong One to take upon Himself the infirmities of the weak. How could it be otherwise, "Ought not the Christ to have suffered?"

"Only a god goes woundless all the way," sang one of the greatest of the poets. But men have come to see that not even God escapes. The sympathy that some felt throbbing in nature turns out to be the pulse-beat from the Source of all things whose name is Love. Suffering remains, but it is suffering shared.

"O Love, my Love, if I no more should see

—32—

Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring.
How then should sound along Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing!"

C. Gordon Lawrence

THE ORIGIN OF POETRY

Translation from the Icelandic by Dr. M. H. Scargill, Department of English, University of Alberta. This translation reprinted by special permission of Stet magazine, Alberta Students' Union, University of Alberta.

Now the origins of poetry were as follows. The gods had a quarrel with those folk who are called Vanir, and they held a peace-meeting and established a truce in this way: Each of them went to a vat and spat his spittle into it. When the two companies parted, the gods took that peace-offering, since they made a man out of it. This man was called Kvasir, and he was so wise that he knew the answer to every question that could be put to him. He used to go throughout the world teaching mankind. Kvasir was once invited to the home of certain dwarves, Fjalir and Galarr, and they took him aside to talk and then killed him and let his blood run into two vats and a kettle . . . They blended honey with his blood, and the result was that mead which has the power to make the man who drinks it into a poet or a scholar. And the dwarfs sent word to the gods that Kvasir had choked himself on his own brilliance, since there was none so wise as to question his wisdom . . . And that's why we call poetry "Kvasir's Blood".

M. H. S.
Dudley pulled the cheap, tattered trench coat still more tightly about him, and pushed on into the night through the driving rain. The pavement, with its dull, pallid sheen, stretched into the darkness like a ribbon of tarnished silver. Every ten minutes or so, an automobile passed Dudley, momentarily illuminating the relentless rain as it fell in great elongated gouts, and the dark streams of water which raced madly along in the gutters, carrying with them leaves and bits of rubbish. Dudley, with the bitterness and wisdom of experience, did not bother to raise his thumb for a lift. After all, he thought cynically, why should anyone play the Good Samaritan to a wet, shabby old man, probably only a potential criminal anyway? Dudley remembered when he had owned a car, and with it the prerogative to ignore road-side tramps, little dreaming that someday he...  

Dudley's thoughts went back twenty years, to the time when he had been a big name on Wall street. He could see again in his mind's eye the impressive letterhead "Dudley, Harris, and Fitch" which had once given him such secret satisfaction. His thoughts were now muddled, and came in a rush; one day a wealthy investor worth half a million, the next a disillusioned pauper... the headlines... Fitch's suicide... his own attempt, only to be frustrated by his acute physical cowardice, and dominant urge for self-preservation... the divorce, and Carol's subsequent marriage to Harris... Harris' uphill struggle to regain his lost wealth and prestige, as contrasted with his own resignation and degradation... his failure to find solace in alcohol... the series of odd jobs... the decreasing handouts from former business and social acquaintances... and finally the last slide into ignominy, and the life of a tramp. The government listed him as "unemployable", but now he was just another tramp without a home, without a family, and, to be more specific, without a dime in his pocket.  

Dudley was now approaching a road-side establishment, a little oasis of light, food, and shelter to the many tourists who drove up in their sleek, modern cars. A sign identified the place as "Jerry's", a combination gas station, restaurant, general store, and "hotel". Business was booming on this stormy July night, and the tourists' cars were clustered around the brightly illuminated sides of "Jerry's" like moths around a candle flame. Dudley walked over to one of the side windows, and looked in on the food and shelter denied him by a society which said that one must work to enjoy such luxuries. Through the rain-spattered pane he saw plump, contented tourists and their families being served tempting snacks by pretty waitresses. Suddenly the door opened, and Dudley stepped quickly back into the shadows, with the nervous haste common to all introverted social outcasts. Two men appeared on the porch, and paused for a moment while the larger one fastened his coat and said to the other:  

"The fellow who owns this place must be making a small fortune. I sometimes envy the owners of little self-contained establishments like this. They have security and room for expansion without half the responsibility or mental and emotional strain of business men like me — but then not half the money either."

The smaller man deftly emitted a little sycophantic laugh, and said:  

"I guess you're right. I hear he didn't have a dime during the depression."

After they had dashed through the rain to their car, Dudley said to himself:  

"Obviously the general manager and office manager of some middle-sized business trying vainly to forget their obsessions by taking a fishing trip. The big one hopes to become vice-president, and the little one hopes to become office manager. That's what keeps them going; always the bale of hay before the horse."

Although Dudley regarded himself as a fairly good judge of character, he would have been surprised to know how very accurately he had categorized these two men after overhearing this scrap of their conversation. Suddenly, while thinking of the fettered existences of these two typical business men, Dudley knew that he should feel very free. He had heard it and read it time and again in a thousand different forms. "Money isn't everything", "Happiness lies within", "Man is the slave to society", etc. But Dudley knew deep in his heart that what he needed more than anything else was the incentive, the bale of hay which other men his age possessed in the form of a family, an ambition, or simply a desire for power. He felt that such a psychological drive would help him to overcome his feeling of utter incapability which ostracized him from society. Dudley realized how much he envied men such as Jerry, who had found security, and, he was sure, contentment. Something the
The Mitre

smaller man had said was acting like subtle leaven on his mind:

"He didn't have a dime during the depression."

Here, he felt, was the crystallization of his confused thoughts. Why should Jerry, this man whom he had never seen, arouse such unreasoning jealousy in him? Dudley moved around to the rear of the restaurant, and peered in through the kitchen window. There, just as he had suspected, were Jerry and his wife preparing sandwiches. Dudley didn't know how he knew so positively that it was Jerry, but there could be no doubt about it. For a while he studied carefully Jerry's dark Mediterranean features, and suddenly he realized that he hated this man who seemed to epitomize all that he might have been if he had applied initiative instead of resignation and despair to his adverse fortunes. He and this man on the other side of the window were opposites in every respect. Dudley felt that figuratively as well as literally he was on the outside looking in. There was nothing he could do. Had he realized twenty, even ten years earlier... but now it was too late. He was an old man. And then suddenly, in a flash of inspiration, Dudley knew there was something he could do. At first he knew he could do it, and then he knew he would do it. He would kill Jerry. Then let them do what they wanted with him.

Dudley felt strangely triumphant as he crept around to the back door of the kitchen. He almost felt sorry for Jerry, not because he was about to die, but because he would never know who had killed him, or why he had been killed. Dudley experienced a surge of power. He felt that somehow he represented the inevitable and illogical hand of Fate. He, Dudley, a tramp, was about to kill a man for the pure joy of destroying something; not the physical Jerry, but the symbolic Jerry; — the sum total of everything this man had ever done or hoped to do. Let them hang him for it; he had always wanted to die anyway.

As soon as Dudley saw Jerry's wife leave the kitchen, he quickly opened the door, stepped inside the room, grasped the long meat knife from the table, and waited for the fear to come into Jerry's eyes. Jerry, who had turned around as soon as Dudley entered the room, registered surprise, and mild annoyance, but nothing more. Moving with a swiftness which was surprising in view of his corpulence, Jerry grasped Dudley's right hand, and at the same time hit him squarely on the jaw with his other fist. Then he hustled Dudley out the back door and threw him over the small cliff as his wife would have thrown a bag of garbage.

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The Mitre

Dudley landed on the rain-soaked rubbish heap about ten feet below. With some difficulty, Dudley got to his feet and looked dully at his bleeding hands. His face had also been cut on the broken glass and sharp tin among the rubbish. Pulling his torn, threadbare coat more tightly about him, he slowly limped off into the night rain.

S. W. Stevenson

RIVER BREAK-UP ON PALM SUNDAY

O ice-choked river, swish and sway,
Swirl forward on thy pageant way.
Thy crowded, churning chunks have formed
Parade for this Palm Sunday day!

So steady surging by the shore
In rushing plunge and breaking roar:
Cold carpet, as you proudly pass —
What deeps disturb this frozen floor?
Thy crunching clamour, churning whirl
Give answer, and your mask unfurl;
For underneath your whitened scale
Black dirt and sullen torrents swirl.

In four short days a shallow throng
Of fickle cheers and calloused song
Had melted thin, and showed within
Its darkness and its depth of sin.

Their Host they bore with cheer and cry;
In surging throng He passed on high.
With careless praise and noisy shout
They hailed their King — Who came to die

Sweep on, Sweep on, O pageant proud,
Still thus portray our present part —
Go bear your icy offerings far,
Then show, like us, a sullied heart.

—37—
The Mitre

A heart which lifts a surface show
Of whitened deeds, while deep below
Her muddied soul so selfish swirls
In vain disguise beneath its flow.

A heart of fickleness and pride
Whose feelings turn with every tide,
To cheer, or kill, — to lift, or leave.
And yet, for this the Saviour died.

Is this the way that man should be
To hail the passing novelty,
And then disclose, when danger comes
A fickle, cold hypocrisy?

O heart in sinful striving spent.
O will which spurns the Gift God sent.
O cold-corrupt — and calloused throng,
O wayward Man — Repent! - Repent!

John Pearce

Here and There

They have had them for centuries and, doubtless, they will have them in years to come. I am referring to the proverbial stomach ulcers of newspaper editors. After spending almost five years in the editorial rooms of two Quebec dailies (The Star and The Record) I feel qualified to discuss the subject. Furthermore, I might add that it is highly unlikely that, with this background, anything that may happen in the future will surprise me. Anything is possible.

Take the Eastman affair.

A six-year-old boy got lost in the woods. More than 2,000 persons went to look for him. The Star’s photographer, after working all night, produced some pretty good shots. The problem, however, was how to get them back to Montreal. There were no trains, no buses, or wire-photo machines handy. Nor did he want to take a chance to drive them into town himself for fear that something might happen while he was away.

We finally decided to take a chance. Out we went on No. 1 Highway and started to hitch-hike. Sure enough, within 20 minutes a beer truck stopped (The Dow variety). After filling in the necessary background, the driver agreed to deliver the exposed negatives to The Star’s city editor.

At 10 a.m. that morning (an hour ahead of deadline) a beer truck pulled up outside 245 St. James Street West. A rumour that henceforth The Star’s coolers would be filled with beer was quickly denied.

The city editor, advised by ‘phone that the negatives were coming, got hold of an office boy (we have 15, but try and find one when you need him!) and told him to take the parcel to the dark room.

But boys will be boys. On the way from the third to the first floor the lad got curious about the parcel. There was only one way to find out about the contents. So he opened it. By the time he found out a night’s work was ruined.

I have yet to see the newspaper that is exempt from boners. Usually they don’t last more than one edition, but that is enough to entertain a great many subscribers. Take the church page: Sermon Topics for Sunday ... St. Mark’s Chapel. Morning — “All Men Seek Thee”; Evening — “Foolish Virgins”. Look at the Want Ads: Help Want-
Faulty English frequently causes raised eyebrows. The Monday morning accident column (and I am NOT quoting from The Star) said: "The victims of the fatal accident are in a local hospital where their condition is reported as fair."

Now boners are bad enough in a story. They're worse in headlines. Take the heading of a recent piece describing the appearance of an employer in court during the hearing of an action brought by a labor union. It read: "JONES TAKES STAND IN UNION SUIT." Imagine how Mrs. Jones felt that day.

Ambiguity in headlines are also cause for stomach ulcers. Said the caption underneath the picture of a prominent lawyer: "53 Years at the Bar." Or the recent heading in The Star: "MORE CORN FROM KAUFMAN." A most unfortunate incident, you must admit. And that at a time when I was in charge of the church news. The story, of course, referred to George S., the playwright, who had told a New York reporter, that, in his spare time, he liked to feed the chickens on his farm himself.

Unfamiliarity with a subject often proves a writer's undoing. The best publicised — and perhaps most unfortunate — boner of that nature in recent years happened to the Toronto Globe and Mail. The paper was passing editorial comment on a foundation named after Dr. Dafoe. Being a good citizen of Ontario, the editorial writer who handled the subject had Ontario's outstanding tourist attraction, the Quintuplets, on his mind. And so he sat down and wrote a lovely editorial about Dr. Dafoe, the country physician who brought the Quinns into the world.

But phone calls, letters and telegrams soon flooded the Globe's modern office. The Foundation, indignant citizens pointed out, was named after Dr. Dafoe, the late editor of the Winnipeg Free Press and not Dr. Dafoe, the physician. Said Time magazine: "The worst boner of the year." Said the Montreal Star: "Dr. Dafoe brought ideas into the world, not babies." Said Bob Farquharson, the red-faced editor of the Globe: "Most unfortunate, it could have happened to anybody."

That leaves two more types of common mistakes: the hyphenated heading and, of course, typographical errors. "James Coleridge had

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One of the best examples of typographical errors happened not long ago in a book review written by S. Morgan-Powell, the Montreal Star's veteran literary and drama critic. Said the review: "... he (the author) has already achieved great fame with his five navels..." The second edition carried the correct version "novels" instead of "navels", but hundreds of "let's-send-it-to-the New Yorker" types had already clipped the item and forwarded it to sources which will pay for such contributions.

Boners are, of course, only one of the reasons why editors get ulcers. Inexperienced reporters are another.

We have a bell in our office. Everyday someone turns in a fire alarm in Montreal the bell rings, giving the nearest box number and thus the location of the blaze. For a second alarm, however, the bell will keep on ringing, three rings at a time, than an interval, and three rings again. For a third alarm there is the same procedure, but six rings at a time and for a general alarm we get a continuous signal of 18 rings, impossible to miss unless absolutely deaf.

Well, the other day a fellow was on emergency duty. The bell rang. On the first alarm we don't get excited. There are more than 10,000 every year and most of them don't amount to much. But then it rang again, three rings at a time. The other reporters didn't pay much attention, thinking the emergency man had set the emergency apparatus in motion (sendin out reporter and photographer, notifying senior editor, etc.).

But ten minutes later, the bell still ringing, the fellow turned around and said: "They must be practicing. I've never heard the bell ring so often."

By the time he had said this (and the remark proved to be in the category of "Famous last words") a three-storey warehouse had burned down. And The Star had no pictures.

Fred Kaufman
"HAIL LANKAI"

Let others belaud the ways of the West,
Or homeland or township, wherever it be,
However mighty, however blest —
Lanka, my Island, you are all to me."

R. L. Spittel

During the past few years, the island of Ceylon, formerly the premier crown colony, now a self-governing dominion, has come to the forefront in world news.

It has been my good fortune to spend two of the most interesting years of my life in Ceylon, and I shall always reserve a special place in my memories for this "precious stone set in the silver sea"; this island of jungle and scrub, of blue sea and white sands; the home of happy brown-skinned children and the seat of a civilization which was flourishing when Athens rose to the height of her prosperity.

G. E. Mitton, in the introduction to her work on the buried cities of Ceylon, writes:

"The mighty monuments of Egypt left me cold; the many attractions of Burma amused and interested me superficially; in Ceylon from the first moment I was at home." *

Using Miss Mitton’s remark as an excuse for writing this article, I should like to touch very briefly on the glory of the ancient Sinhalese civilization, as revealed by the historical records of the Mahawansa and by the lost cities themselves, which until recently were buried beneath the jungle.

Little was known of this old civilization until the last decade of the nineteenth century, when archaeologists began excavating at Anuradhapura, the oldest of the cities and for many years the capital of Ceylon, or Lanka as it was then called. These excavations have brought back to life the history of the ancient Sinhalese race, as outlined in the Mahawansa.

The founder of the race is said to be Wijaya, grandson of Sinha the lion, but it was not until the following century that the city of Anuradhapura was founded.

On Wesak Day, May 22, the Buddhist world celebrates the anniversary of the birth of Prince Siddhartha, or Buddha. This date, too, is taken as the day on which he attained Nirvana in about the year 473 B.C. May 22 is also commemorated as the day on which King Wijaya landed in Lanka and with his seven hundred giant companions, all born on the same day as himself, overcame the aboriginals, a fierce war-like people known as Yakkas, whose descendants are probably the Veddas; shy, dark-skinned men who still live in the Ceylon jungles. Although Wijaya was not, of course, a Buddhist, the Gautama Buddha watched over him to see that he came to no harm, and it was fitting that Wijaya’s descendants should establish the Buddhist religion in their island home.

In the third century B.C., Mahinda, the son of King Asoka of India, came over to Lanka and converted the Sinhalese to Buddhism. In the Mahawansa we may read an interesting and vivid account of the magnificent reception given in Anuradhapura to Mahinda and his followers. This important event occurred in the reign of Tissa, “Beloved of the Gods”, and since that time Ceylon has been a Buddhist stronghold. One does not need to go far on any country road to-day to see a Buddhist priest in his saffron robe, his head shaved and his eyes downcast, holding out his begging bowl into which the devout villagers drop rice and other articles of food.

When the Buddhist missionaries arrived in Anuradhapura, King Tissa offered a palace and pleasure garden for the use of his distinguished visitors during their stay in Lanka. On this site was planted a few years later the sacred bo-tree which is the oldest tree in recorded history. It still stands to-day amid the ruins of the old city, a sacred shrine visited by thousands of devout Buddhist pilgrims, who come from all over the East to worship there. This bo-tree was planted in the third century B.C., when the daughter of the pious Asoka, Princess Sanghamitta, brought over from India a bough of the tree under which Buddha was sitting when he received Enlightenment after his long meditation.

The ancient city itself is a wonderful monument to the old civilization. I well remember my first visit to Anuradhapura. After travelling through the jungle from Kandy, the old hill capital to which the Sinhalese retreated when they were harried by the invading Tamils, we came out into a park-like clearing. As we walked on the bund of the hill outside the ruined city, the smell of the snakes was strong in the air. Around the clearing the dark jungle brooded, secret and mysterious, awaiting its chance to flow silently a second time over the works of men. The strong moonlight of the tropics shone down on the stone pillars, which had at one time supported the massive roof of the Brazen Palace; it shone on stone steps, beautifully sculptured by unknown men who had dedicated their lives to their work over two thousand years ago. After passing through jungle villages where life is primitive, one experiences a shock of incongruity when one comes upon these remnants of an ancient civilization, where methods of irrigation, plumbing, and engineering must have been well-advanced.

Perhaps the most amazing of the relics of Anuradhapura is the Brazen Palace, a monastery built in the second century B.C. by Duttu Gemunu, famous in Sinhalese history as the king who overcame the Tamils after they had ruled Lanka for nearly fifty years. Gemunu became sickened with the bloodshed of war and turned to the religion which had meant so much to him in his youth. The monastery he built was a square nine-storey building, supported by sixteen hundred stone pillars, forty in each row. Each floor contained a hundred rooms, gorgeously decorated with gold and precious stones. In the centre was a golden hall festooned with pearls. A throne of ivory, studded with gold, silver, and pearls, stood in the hall. The whole vast edifice was roofed with brazen tiles which shone like fiery gold in the blazing sun.

Duttu Gemunu also had the famous Ruanweli Dagaba built as a store-house for the sacred relics, which were taken in procession to the Dagaba on the backs of royal elephants. This monument was not completed at the time of the king’s death, and tradition relates that when he was dying he was taken to a spot from which he could see his two greatest works, the Dagaba and the Brazen Palace. While he was there he listened, according to the Sinhalese custom, to an oration praising him and reciting a list of his accomplishments.

Wherever one goes in Anuradhapura, one comes across ruins of temples and statues. There are great Buddhas, lying recumbent in the grass, fragments of carved stone are half buried in the ground. The Viharas, or temples, are usually approached by steps, on each side of which is a guard-stone, beautifully carved. At the base of the steps is the semi-circular moonstone; on the outside rim the sculptor has carved a procession of four animals, the elephant, horse, lion, and bullock. Inside is a band of geese, and the centre of the half-moon represents a lotus flower.
The glory of Anuradhapura was not constant; from 237 B.C.,
the year of the earliest Tamil invasion, there were frequent periods of
strife, both among the Sinhalese themselves, and between the Sinhalese
and the Tamils. Finally in the beginning of the eleventh century, the
Tamils destroyed the city, and the capital was moved to Polannaruwa.
The ruins of this city reveal much the same type of building and sculpture
as is evident in Anuradhapura. Polannaruwa’s prosperity lasted for
about another hundred and fifty years, until in its turn it was looted by
the Tamils in the thirteenth century.

Dr. R. L. Spittel speaks of the final disintegration of the ancient
civilization, when the cities destroyed by the Tamils were abandoned to
the jungle that swept over them, covering their glory with a tangle of
vegetation: “The tropical jungle crept over the ancient cities and fertile
lands, and enveloped within itself the remains of a civilization that
flourished two thousand years ago. Tumbled amidst that wilderness were
granite Buddhas, whose sublime calm reminded man that pain was due
to insatiate desire. Round the colossal dagabas, and over monolith and
moonstone the jungle grew, covering them with a carpet of soft grass
and canopy of leaf, to hide, as it were, from future eyes the story of
man’s past sorrows.”

K. HARPER

Fifty-seven years ago this December there appeared on the
campus at Bishop’s College the first issue of “The Mitre”, our oldest
publication. It was a magazine designed “to promote the interests of our
University by creating a spirit of unity and fellow feeling between the
various members of our collegiate body.” Fifty-seven years later that
magazine still exists, although in format, content, and aims it scarcely
resembles that early effort.

“The Mitre” was not Bishop’s first publication. As early as
1866 an attempt had been made to produce a College magazine. The
result was called the “Student’s Monthly” by its editors and evidently
something a good deal worse by the readers. In the words of a later
writer “it was neither fish, nor fowl, nor good red herring. Its career
was short and its passing... anything but glorious.” No copies of this
ill-fated effort exist today but we gather that it was somewhat too pretentious
for the student body to digest.

It would be well to note here an even earlier and more successful
publication. In 1861 a paper known as the “Frying Pan” was published,
“to agitate certain reforms in domestic economy”, presumably in the
kitchen. It achieved its aims and, having done so, retired into dignified
silence.

In 1891 the idea of “The Mitre” was conceived when the
feasibility of a College magazine was discussed by the Quintillian Debating Society. Although this group rejected the resolution by one vote the idea had taken hold, and the next year a group led by Mr. M. H. Carroll suggested to a Student meeting that a College publication be started. There was little enthusiasm, but fortunately no opposition, and so this eager group went ahead with their plans. By early 1893, a Board of Directors had been formed. B. Watson and A. H. Moore were appointed Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager respectively. Mr. Moore was one of the original proposers of the idea and later became President of King’s College in Halifax.

The name of the magazine was suggested by a Mr. F. W. Frith
and eagerly approved by the Faculty as a fitting title for the official
organ of a Divinity College. There was evidently another magazine in Australia called the “Mitre”, but as this was not discovered until our publication had been established for several years no change was ever made. At any rate our Mitre’s Australian circulation is not very large.

A few days before the Convocation of 1893 the first issue of “The Mitre” was published. Seven hundred copies were printed.

In his first editorial Mr. Watson said, “We shall publish articles on all subjects of literary, classical, poetical, critical, and educational interest … contributions from our professors and graduates, as well as the present students; every interesting item … in the way of sports, personal news, or any other topic likely to be acceptable to our readers.” The first issue also contained several jokes of very low calibre as well as a section devoted to the affairs of B.C.S., in conjunction with whom the magazine was published. The six advertisers in the first issue included the Sherbrooke Steam Laundry and the College House Hotel, both of which exist to this day under different names.

“The Mitre” was fairly well received by the public; a leading daily commented that it was “far above the average of university magazines” and a few interested alumni (we had interested alumni in those days) took the trouble to send in subscriptions. However the Business Manager did feel it necessary to write a piece in the second issue appealing for subscriptions and this appeal has been growing louder and more frenzied for fifty-seven years with little result.

In the third issue of “The Mitre” two new features were added. An Exchange Page was started, the first noting the publications of McGill, King’s College, and the University of Edinburgh. The other feature was the Alumni Letter, discarded by later editors. It was a fine idea, providing an outlet for the reminiscences of distinguished graduates on their college days, and the present Board hopes to resurrect it. The first Alumni Letter was written by F. G. Scott who later contributed many articles and poems to “The Mitre”. His last contribution was a letter suggesting the federation of Bishop’s and McGill. These two additions were the last major changes in “The Mitre” until recent times.

For forty years our magazine did not change much. The same kind of writing was featured, often the same writers; the jokes remained at the same low level, and the Business Managers pleas for subscriptions, joined with the Editors cries for contributions, became louder and louder.

We can learn a good deal about College life in those days from the old Mitres. The original magazine was a news organ as well as a literary outlet and contained a good deal of College news and sidelights now found in the “Campus”. We note that as far back as 1897 Bishop’s had a great many clubs, including the Boat Club, the Tennis Club, the Glee Club, Lyric Club, Debating Club, the Missionary Union, and a Mock Parliament. The first reference to a fraternity was found in 1903 when an initiation ceremony of the Sacred Owl Society was described. Freshmen who think that they are being badly treated this year should take a look at the freshman rules of 1904 published in the October “Mitre”. Seniors had to be supplied not only with matches but with tobacco, and all freshmen had to steal apples from neighbouring orchards and keep a supply on hand for any hungry seniors. There is also a curious note, “Freshmen are reminded that all liquids in jugs or bottles must be carefully concealed from professors.” We wonder if this was done to preserve the freshmen or the liquid. Moustaches and walking sticks were, of course, forbidden among freshmen.

In 1905 the number of issues of “The Mitre” was reduced from one a month to seven each year, and B.C.S. dissolved its connection with our magazine and branched out on its own.

Not until the 1930’s was there any major change in “The Mitre”. Early in that period the format of the magazine was altered. The page size was made much larger and the whole publication suddenly took a much more modern appearance. Political essays made their appearance about this time and we are surprised at the radical thoughts emanating from this conservative, country college. The number of issues was reduced to five.

While the quality of contributions did not seem to drop appreciably in the next few years, the standards of the Editors must have become much higher, for we note an air of discouragement in the editorials and leading articles at that time. The climax was reached in 1938 when the Editor, L. S. Magor, wrote (a masterpiece of monotony), “Everyone in Bishop’s knows enough about something to write for “The Mitre”, everyone in Bishop’s is familiar enough with the English language to write for it, no one in Bishop’s is busy enough not to have time to write for it, and no one in Bishop’s is likely to do later what he has been able to avoid doing now. We are criticized for publishing a magazine which lacks life, and yet all those who appear to know most about life never contribute. Let us write for “The Mitre” or get rid of it.” Our magazine survived, however.
For the next eight years we know very little about "The Mitre" as no bound copies exist between 1938 and 1946. In 1944 when the "Campus" was founded, the greatest change in the magazine's history took place. "The Mitre" relinquished its coverage of sports and college news and became for the first time strictly a literary magazine. This in itself would not have been a particularly serious blow had the editors of the magazine not restricted themselves more than was necessary. The students began to get the idea that "The Mitre" was a magazine which dealt only with serious and consequently dull subjects. The Editors did nothing to discourage this feeling and the students began to believe that they did not possess the literary and intellectual standards necessary to write for "The Mitre". As a result there have been practically no contributions of a light nature submitted since that time. Interest in "The Mitre" waned and capable students began to devote their time to developing the "Campus".

In 1946 under the capable leadership of F. N. Gooch and M. J. Seeley, the format of "The Mitre" was again changed to its present appearance. Their first two issues were two of the best in many years, containing a good deal of work by the Faculty and distinguished alumni as well as an article entitled "French Clergy and Canadian Unity" by Conrad Lafontaine, allegedly the most controversial article ever published at this College. It seemed possible that the College literary magazine might regain some of its former glory.

But for the last two years "The Mitre" has not flourished. Circulation reached the lowest point in its history in 1948 when there were only twelve outside subscribers. The students have lost interest in the magazine owing mainly to the heavy nature of its articles. In the past few months there has even been some opposition to its existence. The time has come for "The Mitre" to indulge in a little soul-searching if it is ever to regain its status as a popular college periodical. Its main problem now is to create an interest in the students to contribute. A great many students do not write for "The Mitre" because they do not feel qualified or able to write on the serious and "highbrow" subjects found there. On the other hand they will not write light articles, as they feel that the Mitre Board will not accept that type of writing. There is a good deal of sentiment that the Mitre Board is too much under the influence of one or two people who permit only those articles which appeal to their own tastes. Perhaps this is so and the next few months may see some changes.

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THE EXCHANGE PAGE

Our field of exchanges seems to be having its ups and downs. While we have continued to receive new exchanges from Universities in Canada and the United States, several of the older exchanges — and in particular those from England — have inexplicably failed to turn up. The Mitre will continue to be sent out to all, however, and it is hoped that the missing magazines will eventually arrive.

One very striking new exchange is the Profile, a quarterly put out by the University of Cincinnati which boasts an unusual cover and format — in what might be termed the modern American glossy (with art) genre. Like many other student publications it apparently has been having its troubles, particularly in the field of finance, but has nevertheless managed to include numerous cuts of line drawings, and features the odd page of white on black to lend variety. In content it is probably of more interest to Cincinnatians (or whatever they may be called), as it features write-ups on various undergraduates and reports on local civic problems.

The Trinity College Review on hand features an article on the State in modern times which is a balance sketch-survey of more than passing interest. It is an issue in a general vein of light humour blended with a few articles of more particular merit, and, to counterbalance some uneven poetry, also contains a most interesting article on the Essence of Canadian Literature which points out that if Canadian literature is to be great there is no need for it to stick to purely Canadian themes, in the badly worn-out maple-leaf, beaver and maple sugar tradition which the majority of the Canadian public seem to expect of a Canadian author. Not even Shakespeare's greatest works are centered on English themes or locales.
Acta Victoriana is another University of Toronto publication, and is distinguished by a first-rate study of the development of the British composer Benjamin Britten, and by some fine photographic and Art work. If all the U. of T. publications could get together and put out one literary (and cultural) review, they would undoubtedly have a most distinctive magazine.

Of the older exchanges little need be said here. B.C.S. — the new B.C.S. — is now a well-balanced and comprehensive review of all phases of the School life, as is the latest Acta Ridleiana. This latter boasts an altered and much more convenient cover and design, and with its black-on-very orange colour scheme, is still one of the most outstanding school magazines to be seen.

A. W. R.

Magazines:
The Cornell Countryman, Cornell U. Col. of Agriculture and Home Eco.
The Yale Literary Magazine, Yale University.
The Gryphon, University of Leeds, England.
The Sphinx, Liverpool University, England.
Codrington College, The Barbadoes.
The College Times, Upper Canada College.
The Ashburian, Ashbury College School.
King's Hall, King's Hall School, Compton.
The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope.
The B.C. S. Magazine, Bishop's College School.
Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa, Ottawa.
Queen's Review, Kingston, Ont.
Oyez, Oyez, U.N.B. Law School, U.N.B.
The King's College Record, Halifax (including the Dalhousie No.)
The Quebec Diocesan Gazette.
The Algoma Missionary News.
Acta Ridleiana, Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ont.
The Tallow Dip, Netherwood, Rothsey, N.B.
Acta Victoriana, Victoria College, University of Toronto.
Trinity College Review, Trinity College, University of Toronto.
Profile, The University of Cincinnati.
Stet, Students' Union, University of Alberta.

Pamphlets:
The "Service d'information Française"
The "Brazilian Gov't Trade Bureau"
The Alcan Ingot & The Aluminum News.

PARIS — SPRING — 1950

(Jean Botrot, Parisian-born journalist who knows his town like the palm of his hand, offers tips to the visitor who plans to see Paris this spring.)

(Courtesy of Service d'Information Française)

Motor coaches reappear in Paris with the swallows in the first fine days of spring. We hardly ever see the swallows — but the buses — we see nothing else!

With some crossroad in the boulevards as their starting-point, moving singly or sometimes in closely-packed lines like Hannibal's elephants, buses may be divided into two categories: the long-distance coaches which travel hundreds of miles to tackle the Alps, the Pyrenees or to follow the broad highways that skirt the sea; or the "merry-go-round" coaches which turn in Paris like animals in a vast cage.

Theirs is a first-class program. The engines are in perfect running order. The vehicles are flawless, Pullman car style within and painted with a high gloss in cream or blue without. The guides have passed difficult examinations in languages and archaeology. The tourists are amazed at their stores of information and the great vistas they offer from the Arch of Triumph to the terrace of Montmartre.

But will they know Paris?

Knowing Paris is not a question of pocket-book but of time, of forethought and of method.

Lenotre, who was a great specialist in the art of historical anecdote, took delight in telling the story of a discerning Pope who never failed to ask visitors who came to take leave of him, how long they had remained in Rome. If they replied a few days, the Pope would say "Adieu". If they replied several months, the Pope would say "Au revoir". The sovereign pontiff considered that the former had not stayed long enough in the Eternal City to fall under its spell.

One might reason in the same way about Paris. But how many tourists realize that they can learn some of the secrets that have made the eternal charm of Paris — even in a few days? Indeed, how many Parisians have sufficient leisure — or initiative to get acquainted with
their town? A few painters, writers whose profession calls them to contemplation — and the occasional stranger with imagination and enterprise— these are the true lovers of Paris!

Following a similar trend of thought, one might ask: which scholar could claim to have read one tenth of the five million books to be found in the National Library of Paris? In the face of the overwhelming abundance of art treasures in the Old World — the whole problem becomes one of selection.

Whoever tries ambitiously to impress the picture of all the beautiful things in Paris on his mind, runs the risk of retaining only a series of superficial images, comparable to a series of poor picture post-cards. This is not the way to do it.

Depending upon the time at one’s disposal, it is possible to select some unforgettable pictures.

For instance, the finest memory one can keep of Notre Dame cathedral is that of a quarter of an hour spent alone, contemplating its marvellous 13th century rose windows or gazing up from one of the quays of the Seine at the apse which stands out as one of the most magnificent creations in stone that the mind of man has ever conceived.

Or stop in front of the Opera. What do you look for? There is to be seen there Carpeaux’s admirable group “dance” which is one of the loveliest memories one can carry away. A good book of reproductions will serve to familiarize you with the rest.

Or visit the Place de la Concorde just at sunset and see the last rays blazing down the full-length of the Champs-Elysees through the Arc-de-Triomphe! Return at night when the fountains are playing and take another look up the avenue acknowledged as the most beautiful in the world.

Thus each individual can introduce the essential active element into the enforced passivity of conducted tours. It is all very well to follow the guide. But his explanations need not be retained word for word. I once saw a group of people following a guide through the Louvre. The guide spoke rapidly, pausing before one picture and then another. Every single individual in the group had a guide book in hand reading swiftly as he walked with now and then a rapid glance up at a picture here and there. It would be interesting to know what was retained of that excursion!

The best use one can make of a conducted tour is to note down the things one wants to see particularly — and then return alone later with time to contemplate and enjoy. These personal experiences are the ones that go home with you — and remain warm and bright in your memory.

There is one feature which is both striking and wholesome — the great number of tourists who do not blindly follow guides. Before they come to Paris they have read some books and have noted the places and monuments they want to see particularly. Sometimes it is more the atmosphere of a place than a description that is important. One might read François Villon, Colette, Eugène Dabit or the many French poets who have written of Paris. Or one might read in English “Paris that is Paris”, by White — one of the most interesting travel books ever written about Paris.

But Paris has not only famous monuments — Paris is also a series of villages with various customs and occupations whose inhabitants are no less interesting to look at than the Madeleine or Sacré-Coeur. Secondly, because villages have riches to offer, “the little-known treasures of Paris” these old houses, castles, cloisters, towers, gates, windmills, fountains and statues, have been described in a splendid volume by René Heron de Villefosse.

The other day I saw the album of a visitor from across the Atlantic. In two weeks, the previous year, he had collected a series of interesting pictures in little known corners of Paris — a collection unique in charm and oddity.

Just to take a few examples of some of the “different” things one can do: what about a visit to the cemetery Père La Chaise? There, in the early morning one may enjoy a walk — and incidently visit the tombs of Sara Bernhardt, of Chopin, of Oscar Wilde or even the celebrated tomb of Abelard and Héloïse, famed for the most beautiful love story in history. Indeed, nearby may be seen loitering a romantic young couple or a disconsolate girl who has placed a tiny bouquet of fresh violets on the tomb as a tribute to an imperishable love.

And across the street are two restaurants famous for their sardonic names: “La Famille” and “On est mieux ici qu’en face” (One is better here than across the street).

In the Latin quarter may be found many narrow twisted streets that recall the student days of six hundred years of students. In the little “Rue des Anglais” a colony of English students were established in the 13th Century. Around the corner is the “Chat-qui-pêche” (Street
of the Fishing Cat). Across the Seine near the Palais Royale is to be found the street of “Good Children” and one does one’s shopping in the middle of the city along the beautiful “Boulevard of Nasturtiums”.

Indeed, street names in themselves are clues to the past of Paris. Many recall trades and crafts or incidents in history of the people as far back as the middle ages. Think of these, for instance: the street of “Cherubs”; of “Little Ducks”; of the “Drop of Gold”; of the “Deaf Woman”; “The Three Blindmen”; the street of the “Joyful” and the street of “Sinners”; the streets of “Sighs”, “Good Wishes”; of “Short Breath” and of the “Musketeers”. Of course all the trades are there — the “Tanners”; the “Lace Makers”; the “Leather Workers” and the “Goldsmiths”. There is also a whole series of “little” streets: “Little monks”, “little fathers”, “little bridges”, “little houses”, “little stables”, “little deers”, “little windows”, “little vagabonds”, and “little butchers”.

How can one help fearing that the tourist who would like to be familiar with Paris in all its aspects will only get to know the grandiose and the common place? If I mention such a long list of interesting streets it is not to suggest that the tourist visit them all. No, it is just a hint to keep his eyes open even in the most casual walk through Paris. The observation of plaques at street corners and on buildings; the sign above a door or the name of a street may be very rewarding. For every step taken in our city cuts across the footsteps of poets and artists, revolutionists and kings. These things can’t be seen from the bus. That is why I recommend that you walk, if you really want to see Paris.

JEAN BOTROT

THE MITRE

A BISHOP’S DIARY

Jan. 8 Back again. HOORAY! HOORAY! hooray!

Jan. 9 Lectures begin a losing battle against post-binge blues.

Jan. 11 Compton passes by, and we witness a daring roll in the snow from a speeding (?) train.

Jan. 18 The common-room committee finally does its stuff, and in the windy darkness of a winter night two weary Councillors board the 4.30 express — headed for Montreal, bizniz, and even chairs, no less.

Jan. 21 N.F.C.U.S. day is celebrated. Anyway, we did miss a lecture.

Jan. 26 56°F. Quelle chaleur! Query: could it be the bomb?

Jan. 27 The History Club holds its first post-Michaelmas reunion. After a little Geography session they almost stuck to the subject, too.

Jan. 28 Basketball vs. Mac. We lost.

Jan. 30 A splendid winter’s day, so several hardy specimens don skates and sweep up Lake Massawippi to the accompaniment of ominous rumblings and resultant near nervous prostration.

Jan. 31 Inter-year hockey begins and first year emerges triumphant — a propitious omen, that?

Feb. 1 We become very keen, and a large turnout attends the opening lecture on an introduction to Scouting . . my, my.

Feb. 2 The I.U.D.L. debates begin with a fizz. Two positive teams result in a most agreeable debate, but McGill proves to be the better anti-welfare group.

Feb. 6 Co-Eds vs. Divines. The ladies win the day and this year’s effort features a dance (of all things) in the College Dining Hall. What are we coming to!
Feb. 9  Mr. Kaufman entertains the annual Publications banquet- eers while The Campus Ed.’s have a wry recollection of Beers for Pubs.

Feb. 10-11 Two very splendid hockey games whet our appetite for thrills and such. Bishop’s now nears the top of the league.

Feb. 14 St. Valentine’s witness the last of the Vet’s dances. A tradition passes, but a splendid time is had by all.

Feb. 16 We try an Oregon debate — another innovation, this — and a novel complex rears its head.

Feb. 18 Our first game in the new gym, and while its highly unofficial, a large crowd watches R.M.C. win out over Bishop’s while skidding about on the puddley floor. Reminds one of the story of the man who forgot to build a chimney and had to chop a hole in the roof. It was O.K. some of the time — but when it rained . . . !

Feb. 22 The monthly Association meeting features a new version of the Alma Mater. Talk about the Glee Club . . .

Feb. 25 The end of the basketball season. Score: Bishop’s won 2, lost 6, and ended 10th out of 11 in the league.

Feb. 27 At the Seniors-vs-All Stars hockey game only a remarkable performance by first-year goalie Fields prevents a complete slaughter. Of course, 16-2 isn’t so very close at that.

March 1 A week of fervent campaigning is climaxed by the annual elections, and President Hobbs is swept (?) into office for a 2nd term — no precedent, that.

March 4 Dr. C. P. Martin of McGill holds forth on Christianity, and several Sheddites are seen to gag over their Quaker Oats.

Query: Must we burn without a sprinkler system?

Answer: I don’t know — but my brand’s best! The sincere interest aroused by the talk is nevertheless a most welcome sign.

March 6 1st rehearsal, and the Major Play gets under way.

March 7 Strange stenches swirl down from the upper reaches of the Old Lodge, and strictly non-kosher pigeon breasts are procured for a veritable witch’s brew.

March 8 A quiet celebration with the Raymonds marks The Mitre’s 57th birthday.

March 9 The Council Banquet — ’nuff said.

March 10-13 A rather hectic weekend:

A rather boisterous evening is climaxed by a shocking squabble, and results in an account-rendering of doubtful veracity, an unsatisfactory interview, and general executive displeasure.

Thought for a Sunday dawn: “If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Charity, I become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.”

Monday surprise: While certain Spikes are suddenly fearful of a Lollard blow or two, a more general perturbation is caused by news of interest to our thirsty brethren.

March 15 More elections.

March 16 Plague . . . and one of residents develops German Measles.

March 17 The first annual Glee Clubs concert is a distinct success, and it is long past the original dead-line by which the Diary is supposed to have gone to print.

A quick look-see before we say goodbye.

It is Spring at Bishop’s now — not that we had much of a Winter anyway — and already the shadow of the earlier closing and exams looms nigh. In a few days we are to have another Biology Exhibition, the new Council will soon come into office, and the various Clubs and Societies are functioning much as before. It looks as if the threatening measles plague may not materialise after-all. Soon we’ll be able to stretch out in the sun, and before long the crocus and snow-flower will bloom again. So — till later.

Occy
The Mitre

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Vol. 57 No. 3
Trinity 1950