

dome and cross of St. Paul's still stood and, seeing it, gather hope and faith. I was therefore for once not unwilling to speak at a dinner which was given at the Mansion House to inaugurate an appeal for the cleaning and redecoration of the Cathedral and other purposes. The Dean of St. Paul's in his subsequent history did me the honour of quoting some of my words which were spoken from the heart. I said: "I do not think any of us will forget what St. Paul's with its dome and cross meant in the darkest days of the war. It seemed then a daily miracle that it should survive: that it did survive was a daily hope and inspiration and a symbol that the christian way of life would not perish. The great fane was not unscathed, as I shall tell you, but even the cross shone - a beacon which seemed to be the emblem of the undying spirit of this scarred and battered city, a symbol of endurance to a nation so valiant in action, so steadfast in adversity" - rather turgid words perhaps, but the learned Dean thought them worth quoting as an expression of the spirit of the time, and he is surely a better judge than I.

But it was not at dinners only that speeches had to be made. There was an interesting occasion in 1954 when a French delegation led by the Presidents of the two Chambers of their Parliament came to London to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Entente Cordiale. The Royal Gallery in the House of Lords was prepared for their reception and those of us who were to be seated on the platform met them in the Prince's Chamber and two by two we marched to our seats. When it was my turn to speak I observed that they had not come as the ambassadors of France came more than 500 years ago bringing from the Dauphin of France to Henry of England a gift that was also a challenge, a reference to tennis balls that was probably not understood by all my hearers. I remember that Harold Macmillan, who also made a speech of welcome, bolder than I, spoke in French, and I think his accent must have been good, for I did not understand it nearly as well as I do Mr. Churchill's French. I would not discourage this sort of meeting, for it may well be that international concord is

is strengthened by a multitude of little links, but I profess myself somewhat cynical about the good that that particular gathering contributed to our relations with France.

I turn my random thoughts to very different surroundings. One of the glories of England is her parish churches. But too often they have been allowed to fall into grave disrepair. For this no one should blame the parishioners. The great churches of East Anglia and the Cotswold country in particular, built at a time when the wealth of England was in her wool, were too large for a dwindling agricultural population which could neither fill them nor had means to maintain them. A national effort was needed if many buildings of historic and architectural interest were not to be lost for ever. A trust was accordingly created by the Archbishop of Canterbury of which I was one of the original trustees and an appeal made to the public for financial support. Various means were adopted for getting contributions among them a service at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, at which the Archbishop officiated, Lord Scarbrough read the lesson, and I gave an address. It was not, I think, altogether a failure but perhaps marred by a somewhat comic incident. For I had thought it inappropriate to speak from the pulpit and preferred to do so from the steps of the chancel. For this purpose I had been provided with a temporary lectern which was, I think, nothing else than a violin stand. Having addressed the congregation in what I hoped were moving words, I turned sharply about and, missing my footing, kicked the violin stand with a clatter among the congregation. However a good collection was made. The Trust has done much good work, though it has by no means had the support that we hoped for. Our original appeal clashed with others that won more favour and lost its momentum. But even so, I suppose that in rough figures the Trust had disbursed about £600,000 in grants to over 1,300 churches. It has worked in close touch with affiliated country Trusts and equivalent bodies and generally helped to stimulate interest in the preservation of a national treasure. The administration of the Trust was not

at first entirely smooth, for, as there was not enough money to satisfy every need, the question soon arose whether priority should not be given to those churches which were still functioning and not mere historic monuments. This question was eventually (to my satisfaction at least) answered in the affirmative and now all goes well except that, please, more and yet more money is required.

And now I must change my venue and go to Cambridge. Thither I went in the year 1953 with my wife to open on behalf of the Queen as visitor the new buildings of Downing College. I remember what a lovely day it was. Cambridge looked its best and, let Oxford pay its tribute, the best of Cambridge is very good indeed. Downing College is not one of the older Cambridge colleges nor will it challenge King's College Chapel or the gateway of St. John's or Trinity's Great Court. But it stands on a fine site and its buildings are of good design and craftsmanship. It had a difficult birth. For, though it was more than 200 years ago that George Downing saw the vision of a college to be built in Cambridge and bear his name, there were many delays (which were as a matter of course called the law's delays) before effect could be given to the provisions of his will. The Great Seal was attached to the charter of the College by my predecessor, Lord Chancellor Loughborough in 1800 and the foundation stone laid in 1807. But not the whole design of the original architect, William Wilkins, was carried out. That became possible only when, as the result of an appeal to which a generous response was given by past and present members of the College, funds were available for the building of the Chapel and North Block, which it was now my duty on behalf of the Queen to declare open. These buildings were designed by the late Sir Herbert Baker and his partner Alex Scott. Now the college stands essentially complete, a noble whole.

I have a special reason for remembering this day, for on my return to London I found a message from Mr. Butler saying that he wanted to see me at once on my return. He came with the grave

news that Mr. Churchill had had a stroke. How serious it was could not yet be told but we all felt the earth shaking under our feet, so dominant he was, so emphatically primus inter pares. He recovered more quickly than we had dared to hope. If my memory serves me, Anthony Eden was still away, convalescing after a serious operation and it was left to Butler to take command, while Lord Salisbury took over the Foreign Office.

Mention of Rab Butler reminds me of a happy occasion - and yet another speech! The town of Saffron Walden, which was close to his home and lay within his constituency, had resolved to give Rab the "freedom of the city" and it was thought desirable that at the ceremony the congratulatory speech of the Mayor should be supported by one of Rab's colleagues in the Cabinet. I was asked to do the job. My wife and I went down to Stansted, the Butlers' Tudor home, where we spent the night and the following day we all went to Saffron Walden. I was greatly impressed by the obvious goodwill and affection felt for Rab by political friends and opponents alike. The Mayor, himself a political opponent, opened the proceedings with a speech that could not have been bettered. His admiration of Rab was sincere. It is heart-warming when political opponents do not think, each of the other, that he will "sell the truth to serve an hour". I too made a speech but I have not the least idea what I said. That it was laudatory, I have no doubt, for the occasion demanded it. Nor would any other note have expressed my sentiment, for I had and have a profound admiration for him which the events of 1963 only enhanced. When the history of them comes to be written the verdict will be that he acted with real nobility.

One more occasion I must mention and it may be the last. I have already said something of my admiration for the county court judges. I was particularly glad therefore when they entertained me to dinner soon after my appointment. It happened that^a/few days before there had been a debate in the House of Lords on the perennial subject of flogging. That is a subject on which I have a great difficulty in making up my mind, but it was one on which

Parliament had recently given its verdict and the Government could not, whatever its present views, so soon reverse it. That is in effect what I said. The result was that on the morning of the dinner I received a letter with which I regaled my hosts. It was on good note-paper with the address effectively blacked out and was anonymous. After expressing violent disagreement with my views it said: "We always thought you a b-y fool at New College and now we know it." Its authors remain unknown to me. I should like to assure them that it is the sort of letter which a man in public life views with complete indifference.

I have said something of my work in the House of Lords and something too of my expeditions outside it. Yet there was much more to fill my day. Apart from the problems which were my particular province I tried conscientiously to prepare myself to deal with the numerous other questions which were on the agenda for Cabinet meetings. The rule of collective responsibility of Ministers is essential to good government and I did not relish the idea of approving, or even by silence appearing to acquiesce in, a decision the basis of which I did not fully understand. This was perhaps the hangover of long years spent in an appellate court where each man must weigh the facts and study the law as if he were the sole judge. But this was no doubt an impossible ideal. How could one hope to approach a problem of defence with the background of knowledge of the Prime Minister or of finance with that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer? One could only do his best and follow the leader if the road seemed clear. In one, and that a very important sphere of government, that was pre-eminently the case. In 1951, as in 1964, the world was in a turmoil: it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that in a dozen columns of every morning newspaper there were recorded events, any one of which would in earlier years have thrown all the chanceries of Europe into confusion. The task of the Foreign Secretary was therefore heavy indeed. I used to read bundles of despatches from our representatives from all over the world and marvel that he could keep in touch with all that was happening

and form a sound judgment upon them. Let me pay a tribute to Anthony Eden¹. It has been the fashion to cry him down with the word "Suez" and as to that, since it happened after my time in office, I will only say that no one had yet explained what would have happened if there had been no intervention and the Israeli army had been allowed to proceed on its way. I look back to the month of October 1951 when he returned to the Foreign Office after six years' absence. He would be - has indeed been - the first to acclaim Mr. Bevin as a great Foreign Secretary, but Mr. Bevin's successor had not been so successful. The problems that faced Eden were formidable. In the far East the war in Indo China, Quemoy and the off-shore Islands, in the middle East the sad Story of Aba~~dan~~ and the Iranian oilfields, Egypt, the Suez Canal and the Sudan, nearer home the delicate and difficult situation of Trieste, the negotiations for the extension of the Brussels Treaty, the problems of the European Defence Community, these were among the many subjects that demanded his anxious attention. He could not solve all these problems. They have not yet been solved. But in some he was supremely successful: particularly in the settlement of the dispute between Italy and Jugo Slavia over Trieste, in which his skill and patience as a negotiator reaped their reward. In these matters I played little part except that Eden sometimes honoured me with his confidence. But in one field I took a particular interest. I have told how ^{he} ~~Anthony~~ sent for me late one night in January 1952 and of the immediate outcome of the rioting in Cairo at that time. For the moment there was peace and quiet. But it was clear that it could not last. Egypt's claim to sovereignty in the Sudan whether the Sudanese wanted it or not, the safety of the Suez Canal and the maintenance of a British base in its neighbourhood, these were questions that provided fuel for the flames of Egyptian nationalism. And nearer and nearer came the day when Egypt might fairly claim that the Anglo-Egyptian agreement of 1936 had expired. Our position was not made easier either by the threatening conflict between Israel and Egypt or by the attitude adopted by the United

States towards our difficulties which was reflected in the conduct of Mr. Caffery their ambassador to Cairo, ever a thorn in our flesh, and of Mr. Dulles who from time to time seemed to be obsessed with what he considered to be the evils of "colonialism" though heaven knows what that had to do with Anglo-Egyptian differences in the nineteen-fifties.

Here was a tangled skein which was the more difficult to unravel by reason of the instability of the Egyptian Government. It is easy to be wise after the event, but I shall always think it a triumph of diplomatic negotiation, for which Eden deserves by far the greater part of the credit, that in the autumn of 1954 an agreement was at last signed supplementing or superseding that of 1936 by which, had it been observed, lasting peace might have been secured. The signing of this agreement coincided with my resignation of office and it was only as an outsider that I witnessed the steady deterioration of relations, the growing ambition of Colonel Nasser, the "nationalisation" of the Canal and the conflict with Israel which resulted in "Suez". At the time there was one thing that above all others gave me satisfaction. It was the thought that no longer would a large British army of occupation be tied up in the Canal Zone. Of what use could it have been if Egyptian labour was no longer available and if, as might so easily have happened, its supply of fresh water had been cut off? This was, however, but one of Eden's problems with which, often in sickness and in pain, he coped not always with entire success, for no mortal could command that, but with a patience and skill which won my admiration.

I must have said enough to show that a Lord Chancellor has many responsibilities. But I have not mentioned one which is perhaps the greatest of them, namely, the patronage that he exercises. The highest judicial appointments, those of the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, the Lord Justices, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls and the President of the Probate Divorce & Admiralty Division are formally made by the Sovereign on the recommendation of the Prime Minister, but I

doubt whether the Prime Minister ever makes a recommendation without prior consultation with the Lord Chancellor. All other judicial appointments (except the Vice-Chancellor of the Palatine Court) are made by the Sovereign on the recommendation of the Lord Chancellor or directly by him. These include all the Judges of the High Court, Official Referees, County Court Judges, Recorders, Justices of the Peace, Chairmen of Quarter Sessions and Chairmen of many other Tribunals. And that is not the end of his patronage, for it is his duty to recommend that the patent of Queen's Counsel should be given to aspiring juniors and on a lower rung to appoint the registrars of the County Courts and, I have no doubt, to make other appointments which for the moment I forget. When it is remembered that the holders of many of these offices (and the most important of them) are practically irremovable, it will be seen how anxious a task is their appointment. I must touch upon one aspect of it. Once upon a time it seemed that a sure way to the High Court Bench lay through the House of Commons. In the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth many judges took this path, and most, if not all of them, became good judges. But when such an appointment is made the cry goes up that it is political and that the Bench should be kept clear of politics. This is very true and it was greatly to the credit of my predecessor that, though he was under some pressure, he never allowed political considerations to weigh with him in making a judicial appointment. I remember that, when he was in America, he made a great point of this in speaking to audiences of lawyers. Let it be conceded then that this is the golden rule that should be followed. I at least was under no pressure and had no occasion to disregard it. But there is another side to it which should not be forgotten. There is sometimes a prejudice against lawyers in the House of Commons. In a book recently published I came across this sentence: "An unwritten constitution is dependent upon the capacity of laymen to keep lawyers in perpetual check." I am not entirely sure what this means and must ask the author, with whom I claim friendship.

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But it suggests a view that the/lawyers, the better; from this I must dissent. I will not dilate on the part that lawyers have played since Stuart times in defending that same unwritten constitution. It is enough that they play an important part in the consideration of the very complex legislation which occupies so much of the time of the House. I would say therefore that ambitious lawyers, for whom the goal of their ambition is the High Court Bench, should be encouraged to enter Parliament. Put at the lowest, it should not count against a man that he is labelled "politician" and has been active in party controversy, if he is otherwise fit for judicial station. The position of the Law Officers of the Crown (the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General) has also to be considered. The holders of these offices must be members of the House of Commons and must as a rule be chosen from those who are already members, though there have been rare cases (the name of Douglas Hogg occurs to me) where the office has been given to one who is not a member and a seat then found for him. No one who has any experience of politics would challenge the importance of getting men of first-rate ability for these posts. And it is natural that such men should in the event of an important judicial office becoming vacant expect to be invited to fill the vacancy. If there were not such a legitimate expectation, one at least of the incentives for the ambitious lawyer to enter the House of Commons would be lost. Sometimes the convention - for such it has almost become - is not followed. The reason may well be that the law officer of the day can look forward to the highest office of all.

The discussion of the Lord Chancellor's heavy responsibility in the exercise of patronage has led me down an important by-path. Let me return to the main road. It is obvious that the Lord Chancellor can have personal knowledge of few of those who are/candidates for judicial office, and, the lower the office in the hierarchy, the less he will know. This makes his task the more anxious. I will say no more about it than that I always acted after the most exhaustive enquiries from every available

source. In only one case was I disappointed in my choice.

There is one large batch of appointments, nominally by the Lord Chancellor, in which he has little real responsibility. I refer to the appointment of Justices of the Peace. Here the practice is for the names to be submitted by the Lord Lieutenant who acts upon the advice of an advisory committee. It is, I think, competent for the Lord Chancellor to make an appointment on his own initiative and also to refuse to appoint someone whose name has been submitted to him. I never took the first course and should think it very undesirable. The latter course I took once only and I shudder now when I think how nearly I avoided the pit. A list had been submitted in the ordinary way and I was on the point of signing when I received a letter from a local clergyman saying that a rumour had reached him that Mr. X. was to be appointed a justice and giving details of his career which showed him to be entirely unsuitable. I stood the matter over for enquiries to be made and found that indeed Mr. X. was wholly unfit for office and that his appointment would cause a gross scandal. The matter went no further except that I had something to say to the Lord Lieutenant who was responsible.

If the Lord Chancellor's responsibility for appointing justices is unreal, it is otherwise with their removal. There the responsibility is his alone and there is no appeal. It is arguable, and has been urged, that a jurisdiction which can inflict a grave stigma on its victim should not be vested in one man, however exalted, without appeal. I would not dissent from this as a general proposition, but, if some reform is desirable, it should not be by way of an appeal from the Lord Chancellor but by associating one or more persons with him in exercising the jurisdiction. In my own experience the necessity for its exercise seldom arises. A case that stands out in my memory is that of an inveterate poacher who had to be removed from the Bench. On the whole the work done by this great unpaid magistracy is admirable. It is inevitable that they should rely on their learned clerk for advice on the law, but I have always thought that in this

field a little learning is not a dangerous thing and instituted and encouraged courses of elementary instruction for newly-appointed magistrates. I did not make these compulsory, but I hear that it is now proposed that they should be. I would support that proposal.

This is the place to say something on a very delicate subject. Until recently there was no age limit for High Court Judges. Now they must retire at 75. But until they reach that age they can only be removed by a resolution of both Houses of Parliament. This formidable engine has ^{not} ~~only~~ been invoked once within my recollection, ~~and then unsuccessfully~~. But it must happen to many men that before they reach that age they become, unknown to themselves, through infirmity, no longer fit for the arduous work of a judge. Or without physical infirmity they may develop habits of conduct which provoke general disapproval. This is a solemn theme which I will illustrate by a not so solemn story, which is probably apocryphal - and at any rate the characters in it died long long ago. A certain Chief Baron Pollock, a distinguished member of a family whose name is illustrious in the law, had been many years on the Bench. He was old and forgetful and very irascible and it was clear to everyone that he ought to retire. But he was a very formidable old man and no one liked to tell him so. At last it was agreed that his brother-in-law Baron Martin should beard the lion and an appointment was made for him to see the Chief Baron in his room. He went to see him and no sooner had he put his head round the door than the Chief Baron said (all in one sentence): "I know what you have come to tell me: you have come to tell me I am no longer fit to be a judge: let me tell you that you have never been fit to be a judge." Well - true story or not - that is not the way in which such business should be conducted. It is for the Lord Chancellor to undertake a very distasteful duty. It may be that he can do nothing less than advise the judge that the time has come for him to go, or it may be sufficient to warn him that his judicial conduct has in the general estimation fallen short of

what is expected of a judge. If he does not^{do}/so, it is likely that disapprobation will be publicly expressed and even that the power of Parliament may be invoked. On two occasions - and, though the parties are dead, I name no names - I found myself bound to intervene. My task, which I undertook most unwillingly, was made easier by the friendly, almost grateful, manner in which my intervention was received.

I have been speaking of what I may call lay patronage. But by an accident of history the Lord Chancellor has also a vast amount of ecclesiastical patronage. Over 500 livings are in his gift. To assist him in this patronage he has a secretary and staff. I was fortunate enough to have in Brigadier Watkins^a a secretary of unlimited energy and excellent judgment, who spared no pains to find the right man for the right place and appeared to be on intimate terms with every bishop. I could not easily go wrong with him at my side. I could thank heaven that having appointed a man to a living I had no more to do with him. His subsequent delinquencies were the concern of another.

I have written that my appointment to the office of Lord Chancellor meant amongst other things a change in our social life. Perhaps that is not quite the right word. But it did mean that, having led very quiet lives particularly during our son's long and distressing illness, we suddenly found ourselves taking part in splendid ceremonies with all surrounding pomp and circumstance. I have kept no record of State banquets at Buckingham Palace, luncheons at the Guildhall or Mansion House or Lancaster House, dinners or receptions at embassies. Of all these we had full measure, and we would deny neither that we thoroughly enjoyed them nor that we were well content when I retired and we were no longer on the list. Amidst many glittering memories the visit of President Tito stands out. I was not concerned with the arrangements for his safety, which were a headache for the Home Secretary. I doubt whether greater precautions were ever taken for any crowned head. My vivid recollection is of him at a banquet at Buckingham Palace sitting between the Queen and the

Queen Mother as to the manner born. It must have seemed a far cry from the humble home where he first saw the light in Jugo Slavia, but he exhibited the utmost sang-froid. I remember him too at a dinner at the Foreign Secretary's house in Carlton Gardens. The rapid backfire of a motor-car just outside the window of the dining room startled him for a moment. It certainly was rather like the familiar rattle of a machine gun. Again we met him at a reception at the Jugo Slav Embassy. Just a few meetings and a few words exchanged, but I was left with the impression of a man of iron will who could adapt himself to every change of circumstance.

I recall too the state visit of Haile Selassie coming as Emperor of Ethiopia after he had been restored to his throne. This had a special interest for me. For when he had been in this country before the war, an exile from his home and almost friendless, he had been invited by a number of Cambridge undergraduates, amongst whom was our son John, to go to Cambridge where there was a reception in his honour. I reminded him of this and his face lit up in grateful memory. He well remembered John. Other State visits I recall but after all this is not a court circular. There is a certain sameness about them all.

We were fortunate in making friends with the High Commissioners. Dining one evening with the High Commissioner for South Africa I met and talked with Dr. Malan. And now whenever I hear the usual denunciation of Apartheid, though I agree with it, I give a backward thought to the way in which that honest and very sincere man spoke of his plans for the advancement of the native African. In his mind at least apartheid was the only path to that end. Mention of the High Commissioner for South Africa, who and his wife became rather special friends, leads me to a digression. For it happened that they were fellow guests on a visit that my wife and I paid in our official capacity to the Palace of Holyrood in May of 1953. There is, I think, no event in those three years on which we look back with greater pleasure. The Duke of Hamilton was Lord High Commissioner and

our visit had as its chief object an address that I was to give to the Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The High Commissioner represents the Sovereign on these occasions and maintains a royal state. Gentlemen bow and ladies curtsy to him and his lady. And so we bowed or curtsied with a will to the Duke and his Duchess who mixed dignity with gracious hospitality. There were many ceremonies, but for me the great occasion was the address to the Assembly. I had asked what should be its subject and received the alarming answer that it should be the dearth of candidates for the ministry of the Church, the need for their increase and the duty of laymen to provide funds for their support. I thought that this was not a proper theme for one who had followed the fleshpots in a secular profession. But I did my best. The Assembly is a formidable body quicker to take a point and express its assent or dissent than any audience I ever addressed. Afterwards I was gratified to hear that extracts from my speech were printed in a little brochure with the photograph of myself in Chancellor's robes and which was placed in the pews of every Church in Scotland and still more gratified to learn that as a result a really substantial sum had been collected. Lately I chanced to find a specimen brochure that had been sent me and quote from it a purple passage which perhaps the occasion justified. I expressed the hope that "this generation of young men, girding itself to a task that is no easy task but demands courage and devotion and self-sacrifice, the very attributes of chivalrous youth, will come forward and whether it be in lonely glen or among crowded city habitations, live a life devoted to the service of God and man after the example of the Ministers of old." Then I went on to demand of the laity that they should support the youth who made their sacrifice.

I took the opportunity of this visit to Edinburgh to go to Parliament House and make the acquaintance of the Scottish Judges, few of whom I knew. And I sat in court with one of them. It would be wrong to generalise from a single case, but what I saw and heard confirmed me in the views which I had formed in

the hearing of Scottish appeals to the House of Lords, that Scottish counsel are briefer and more concise in their speeches than their English brethren. That is a quality that I wholeheartedly approve. By the kindness of Cameron, Q.C. (as he then was) who gave a luncheon party I also met many members of the Scottish Bar.

This happy visit ended, we returned to London by the night train on Friday to make the final preparation for the Coronation which took place soon after. But the prevailing passion had its way. For, learning that my presence was not immediately required, I arranged for my car to meet me at Euston Station and was on the Test rod in hand by 10.30 on Saturday morning.

I return to the High Commissioners. Tommy White ("Sir Thomas" but no one could call him anything but Tommy) was High Commissioner for Australia. His wife was a daughter of Alfred Deakin, a "founding father" of the Commonwealth of Australia. My great interest in Australia, which had been fostered by my work in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, led to a close friendship. Tommy White had been a very gallant airman in the first war and had been shot down and taken prisoner by the Turks. His health which had suffered from this experience broke down after he left this country - I heard with great regret of his subsequent death.

The High Commissioner for Canada was Norman Robertson and mention of him leads me to another digression. For it happened that on an occasion on which my wife and I were honoured by an invitation to spend a weekend at Windsor Castle the Norman Robertsons were our fellow guests. So were the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher. To be asked to a small family party at Windsor (for that is what it was) is a great privilege. It shall not be abused by gossip about it. It will remain a happy memory. We were lucky in perfect spring weather with the trees and flowering shrubs at Frogmore and in the Savill Garden in their finest bloom.

I might well end my story of what I called the change in our social life with this visit. But, lest it should seem that we

spent our lives in being entertained and did nothing in return, I must add that we had numerous parties, large and small, at our residence in the House of Lords, large receptions to which we asked members of the diplomatic corps, most of them barely known to us, and smaller dinner parties to which we asked old and new friends. The reception rooms at the residence provided a good setting for entertainment. Looking back on it, I think we did not do enough, but we were at full stretch most of the time.

There may be some more recollections that come to me before I leave the Woolsack but I must say something of our visit to the United States and Canada in the late summer and early autumn of 1953. For some years a member of the English Bench or Bar had attended the Conventions of the American Bar and the Canadian Bar as the guest of their respective Associations. Early in 1953 I had been approached and after some hesitation had agreed to go, largely, I think, seduced by the charm of André Taschereau, then a member of the Canadian Bar. The American Convention came first and was to be held at Boston: then we were to go to New York, where I was to meet members of the New York Bar. The Canadian Bar Convention at Quebec was to follow and thence we were to go to Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto - a pretty full programme for a few weeks. So in due course we sailed in the Queen Elizabeth and were very glad to get a rest after the exhaustion of the Coronation festivities. But just before the end of the voyage we had sad news. A short time before our departure my elder and only surviving brother had been taken ill. An operation was necessary but I had been assured before I left that all was well. But he had a relapse and died. We received the news on the ship by telephone from New York. It was a great shock to me. For, though our ways had parted and we had not many interests in common, we had remained the closest of friends. He was a rock upon which I could always rely.

At New York we were met by my cousin Henry Simonds who for the greater part of our stay in the United States was our guide and friend. He took us at once for a drive round New York ending

at the Harvard Club where we met a number of my relations, many of whom I had seen before on their visits to England. Then in the evening we took train to Boston. We could not find our luggage when we got there and my wife was in despair. However we drove out to my cousin's place on the coast near the little town of Cohasset^a - originally, I think, a Portuguese colony. The luggage turned up next day, the sun shone, and we spent a very happy weekend in delightful surroundings. Then the business of life began. We moved to the great Hotel Statler^l in Boston, where we were greeted by representatives of the Bar Association. An A.D.C. was assigned to us, John Brooks, who looked after us with assiduous care. Then there began a round of meetings, conferences, visits to Harvard, and entertainments in bewildering succession, of which my predominant memory is of kindness and hospitality. The opening ceremony of the Convention gave me an opportunity of meeting Beth Webster, then President of the New York Bar Association¹¹⁹ who was to become and to remain to this day our firm friend. The pièce de résistance was the great dinner of the Convention at which I was to make my principal speech. There were some 1500 diners filling the great banqueting hall and overflowing to an adjoining room. Many judges from the State of Massachusetts and other States were present and Chief Justice Vinson of the United States Supreme Court had been good enough to come from Washington to introduce me. It was a very hot evening and I must admit that I was in a state of near disintegration when, after an unexpected delay owing to a speech by the Chief Justice which went far beyond his covenanted time, I rose to speak. I was able to begin with a personal note by observing that I could claim to be the son of a father born on American soil as had no other Lord Chancellor since Lord Lyndhurst whose father had come from Boston. Then I went on to the main topic of my discourse for which I had chosen the trite but ever new subject, the rule of law. It is a commonplace that Americans make the best audience in the world. At any rate, they listened to me without visible signs of distress for nearly 40 minutes. I will not tempt fate further.

From Boston we were to go back to New York but there were two or three empty days and for these we were the guests of Beth Webster and his charming wife in their country home in the Berkshire hills. There we had a rest which we certainly wanted and we fell in love with the unspoiled New England villages of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Then to New York where we stayed at the Plaza Hotel as guests of the New York ^{City} Bar Association. I was given a friendly dinner attended by many judges of the State of New York and by our Ambassador at Washington, Sir Roger Makins a first cousin of my wife, who came to New York to see us. I did not escape without a speech but it was very informal. The cross-questioning to which I gladly submitted indicated the eagerness of American lawyers to learn in what ways we and they, starting on the basis of the common law, had diverged. That we can learn from each other is clear. In recent years there have been large scale visits of American lawyers to this country and of English lawyers to the United States to discover, particularly in the realm of legal procedure, what the experience of each of us has to teach. It is by no means a one-way traffic.

From New York we took the night train to Quebec. The weather had broken in the night and after the humid heat of New York we arrived at Quebec in chilly rain. Again we had the warmest of welcomes and were taken to the Hotel Frontenac which was the headquarters of the Canadian Bar Convention. We had, however, been there but a short time when the Governor-General, Vincent Massey, arrived from Ottawa and carried us off to stay with him at the Citadel. There, if anywhere, is a pervasive sense of history. The broad St. Lawrence and the ^{Plains} ~~Heights~~ of Abraham bring at once to mind one of the great exploits which capture boyhood's imagination. We spent happy hours with Vincent and his family, but work lay before us. The dinner of the Canadian Bar Convention at which I was to speak was held in the Hotel Frontenac. It was attended by a huge company which included the Governor-General himself and the Prime Minister, Mr. St. Laurent. An unusual incident happened in the course of

my speech. I was in full flow when suddenly there was a crash. The major-domo, if that is his right description, who was standing behind my chair, fell forward in a dead faint. Vincent was quick to render first aid, calling out to me: "Go ahead, he is all right." And so I went ahead, but it was a somewhat disconcerting experience.

At Quebec too I was given the degree of docteur en droit honoris causa by the Université Laval. It was an interesting and dignified ceremony. There were others upon whom degrees were conferred and it fell to me to return thanks for us all. I was told that it would be an acceptable gesture if I spoke in French. I have said, I think, how badly my education had been neglected in this respect, but I decided to make the venture. The speech was, with some assistance, carefully prepared, but I had not got very far with it when I saw upon many faces an expression of amused bewilderment and upon that of my wife one of shame and horror. It was clear that, however unimpeachable my sentiments, my accent was not nearly as good as I thought. Everyone was relieved when I finished my speech in English. Yet the French of Quebec is not quite the French of Tours or Paris, as was made plain when the Batonnier of the French Bar, a fellow guest of the Canadian Bar Association, spoke at some of our meetings.

Too soon our stay at Quebec came to an end. I live in hopes, which are unlikely to be fulfilled, of once more visiting that lovely city and meeting old friends who live in my grateful memory.

From Quebec we went to Montreal where we were entertained by the Acting Chief Justice, William Scott, a generous host, through whom I met many of the Canadian judges whom I knew by their judgments in Privy Council appeals. From Montreal to Ottawa, where I had to make a set speech which was not at all successful. What a depressing feeling it is when one feels half-way through a speech that one has struck a false note, that it is not getting across, that (in a word) the sooner one sits down, the better. At Ottawa I renewed my acquaintance with the Chief Justice of the

Supreme Court (Rinfret, C.J.) who had sat with us on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and with him went to the Supreme Court, a building which puts the Victorian Law Courts in the Strand to shame. From Ottawa to Toronto. I had been asked by a friend in Quebec whether we were going west. "Yes", I said, "we are going to Toronto." "Toronto!", he replied: "That isn't west." At any rate we seemed when we got there to have travelled a great many miles west of Quebec. We were met by our friend Cyril Carson a leading Canadian counsel, who had many times appeared at the Bar of the Judicial Committee until to our regret, and I think to his, Canadian appeals came to an end. He was - and, no doubt, still is - an advocate in the front rank. Too many Canadian counsel had formed the habit of reading their addresses and were put off if they were required to deal more explicitly with some point in the course of the argument. Carson, like the best English, and, I may add, the best Australian, counsel, was ready at any moment to meet any objection and having done so to go back to the main thread of his discourse. I have a vivid recollection of his powerful advocacy in a grizzly income tax case, the last appeal, I think, from Canada that we heard in the Judicial Committee. There then was Carson to greet us in Toronto. Not many formal engagements had been made for us - we had had our fill of them. But there was a very pleasant ceremony in Osgoode Hall, the law school of which Toronto is legitimately proud, where I met and addressed the students. That was the end of our official visit but not the end of Carson's kindness. He drove us one day to Niagara, which has been adequately described by others and as Mr. Churchill once said: "The principle remains the same." Finally, he took us for our last days in Canada to a home he had built for himself on a little island in the middle of Lake Rosseau which we reached after driving 100 miles or more northward along the great Queen Elizabeth highway. Here was peace and quiet after restless weeks. As we returned, we found the maple just beginning to wear its autumn dress of scarlet and gold but we were too early to see its full glory. So now our