

A Victorian's Jottings

Crossing from Victoria on the evening of Nov. 30, per S. S. Princess Charlotte, under command of genial Capt. Hickey, we joined the steamer Queen at Seattle, which sailed next morning at 10 o'clock for the golden land of California. The boat was well filled with passengers, close to 300 being booked for different points as far south as San Diego, the last port of call. The trip was considered the best in six years, not very rough or stormy, which we rather expected it to be at this time of the year. Excepting off Cape Flattery and near the mouth of the Columbia river, very few suffered from sea sickness. Under the solicitous ministrations of an exceptionally kind stewardess (a Victorian) the ladies so afflicted were most carefully looked after. The masculine portion of the passengers were not exempt. "Since one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," the ladies did not have it all their own way, which no doubt was attributed to the present suffragette excitement extending over the continent. Some of the poor men did not appear at table once even during the entire trip. A short distance south of Cape Flattery several whales were to be seen blowing near the steamer, quite a good find for any one of the Pacific whaling steamers if they happened to be in the vicinity. Great flocks of gulls were following us, companions on voyage ever since leaving Seattle—apparently leaving us at twilight, to be seen again next morning darting here and there, resting on the waves one moment, flying skyward the next. Our first stopping place was at San Francisco; the Golden Gate we entered at 9.30 p.m. Sunday, and tied up at Pier 9, the docking place for the Pacific Coast steamers. The lights of the city shone forth radiantly. No one could imagine so short a time ago the city was a mass of ruins owing to the earthquake and fire of 1906. The citizens do not speak of the quake—they speak only of the fire. Many of the buildings have been reconstructed, and others under way, including the city hall. Next morning as the steamer was discharging freight, we were enabled to take an auto ride of two and a half hours through the city and gain a fair idea of the marvelous growth of the city with its several charming parks. Our guide with a megaphone named over and called our attention to the different statues erected in Golden Gate Park (which comprises several acres), Sutro Heights, the famous Cliff House, the Seal Rocks, with sea lions and seals sporting in the surf, were all points of interest.

California is a land of flowers and shruberies. Besides groves of eucalyptus trees, palms and acacias were numerous in all the parks we saw at San Francisco and delighted us immensely. Our attention was claimed also by a fine herd of buffalo grazing in Golden Gate Park, and by several ostriches strutting about.

Leaving here at 2 p.m., we set forth again. Many new passengers joined us, about 200. Our next stopping place was at Redondo Beach. A famous bathing pavilion and hotel are in evidence here since the place is quite a summer resort. Quite tropical vegetation is here since groves of palms line the streets. The century plant, cactus and acacia grow to an immense size. Many pretty articles fashioned from the abalone shell are to be purchased in the stores. Two large wharves are erected here, and several steamers and vessels are tied up. About nine or ten miles inland is the city of Los Angeles, which was then in the throes of political excitement over the election of a mayor, the Socialist party working for their candidate so strenuously that 700 special police were sworn in, the former mayor being re-elected (Mr. Alexander). After a stay of six hours and discharging 300 tons of freight, we left for San Pedro, about five miles distant, which place we entered at 2 a.m. on Wednesday. This port contains a fine breakwater, and many large ships and steamers were docked, including the passenger boat Yale—companion steamer to the Harvard. One hundred new passengers joined us going to San Diego, 80 miles distant, the last port of call south; for the good steamer Queen, and its courteous staff of officers.

Rounding Cape Loma, we entered San Diego Bay on Wednesday evening at 6.30. Disembarking, we took the electric car at the wharf for the city. This is certainly a pretty spot, with a population of 60,000; several fine buildings, including the Grant hotel, National Bank, Union, denote progressiveness, besides a fine theatre in course of construction. Land here is very valuable, and something like good old Victoria, is soaring in price. The opening of the Panama Canal is expected to benefit the city very materially. Recently San Diego has been the calling port of the British naval boats Shearwater and Algerine, on their way to Mexico. The American battleships also winter here. Christmas preparations are very much in evidence. The national flower, poinsettia, is blooming everywhere. Huge bundles are displayed in the store windows. The gorgeous red blooms have a very Christmas appearance. I have not as yet seen any of the holly which decorates our Northern homes at this season. High hedges of scarlet and pink geraniums adorn the wayside. Everywhere is a mass of glorious bloom. The weather is simply lovely, like early September in Victoria; and a California sunset is something to remember. Taking a car ride to the Pavilion, one of the famous parks of San Diego, we gazed upon one of the loveliest scenes conceivable. Lying below us many feet was Mission Valley, with immense groves of orange and lemon trees; off in the distance was the ruin of an old adobe

church, where Franciscan fathers first established a mission among the Indians in 1667. The San Diego River winds through the valley, but at present is not very full, winter rains having not yet fallen. The people here say only one rainy day has occurred in the past five months. The climate is humid, so vegetation does not suffer on that account. According to U. S. weather reports, an average of nine rainy days occur through the entire year, and 356 fair days. Strawberries and small fruit can always be had. Taking a ferry across the bay, we come to Coronado Beach, a fine watering place, familiarly known as Tent City. Numbers of summer homes are built to accommodate visitors which throng here during the summer months, to the number of 3,000. Summer and winter seasons do not exist here; it is all summer, about to deg. only in the difference of temperature. The standing population is about 2,500. This town can boast of a very good hotel, capable of accommodating hundreds of guests. It is called Hotel del Coronado. Two splendid bathing pavilions with concrete floors, a fine dancing academy, where concerts, etc., are held. The building has seating capacity for about 2,000 people. One of the attractions is an immense turtle, 100 years old. A cage of about twenty monkeys of all ages and sizes, and a seal which eats popcorn and crackers thrown him by the young people comprise an interesting family. This old seal has rather a distinguished record, inasmuch he had beaten his mate so terribly that those in charge had given her freedom, and set her adrift in the ocean. Looking in the seal's tank a few days later, they saw she had returned. The old fellow behaved well for a couple of days, but she was found again gashed and bleeding. She was once more set at liberty, again returning, crawling from the ocean across the sand to the tent, in which his lordship was monarch of all he surveyed. She plunged in, he treated her again to similar harshness; again she was set at liberty, when, bellowing a loud good-bye, she disappeared into the Pacific. This is no fish story. The modus vivendi no doubt appealed to his sealship. My next trip will be to Tia Juana, a Mexican town about 15 miles away, of which more anon.

A. O'Leary.

THE SIGN OF THE CLUSTERED CROSS

The Union Jack—A flag comprising the Crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, united.—Dictionary.

Transcending the babel of tongues, of creeds and opinions, Of kingdoms and commonwealths, states and mighty dominions, From Windsor's grey keep to ultimate isles that reflect her.

Serene on her arrogant Rock, vain menace unheeding; Outflung, as the battleship meets the sea-horse stampeding;

A pendulous wisp in the tropical heat that quivers Over the wake of the stern-wheel on pestilent rivers:

Proclaiming her frontiers, icicled, shot-riven, sand-swept;

Bejeweled by moonbeams high in the abbey's dim transept;

Herself, in epitome, power and majesty mated—

Who that beholdeth shall deem that her strength is abated?

For clear on her Sign is blazoned her strenuous story—

The stiff red lines of our kindred who compassed her glory,

The white-laced indigo sea, her vast limbo of losses

Wrung from the race as it planted the earth with her crosses.

George, Patrick, and Andrew, guardian saints in communion,

Great Saxon, and Gael, and Celt, whose might is your union,

Whose trinity safeguards our peace, alone stays the thunder,

Whom, for a fetish, the fool in his folly would sunder—

From plague of hypocrisy, poltroon lie and misstatement,

From all false sentiment suffer us, timely abatement;

Restore the ideals whereof clay gods have bereft us,

Steel us to hold fast the Heirloom our fathers have left us.

Incline us to ponder the ways of those hardier sires,

The pike-pushing 'prentice, the bow-drawing yeomen and squires,

The gallant who wrestled at fairs with drovers of cattle—

Stalwarts whose holiday pastimes prepared them for battle.

Drake's stout buccaneers, the sea-dogs of Mings and of Nelson,

The poles of whose primitive thought were mast-head and k'lson,

Who, dunces at horn-book, mastered the fine art of dying,

Careless of self, so they keep England's heraldry flying.

The dare-devil redcoats of Wolfe of Clive, and of Napier,
Who hardened themselves 'gainst the Day with fist and with rapier—
The men who were England, of whom but a remnant remaineth,
Linking the Tenderfoot Scout with the Seaman who reigneth.

For now have we bred lesser men to work our undoing—

Pale, lank-haired effetes, who shamble like apes to their wooing,

Who toy at the tee, with croquet and badminton trifle.

While the grim Alien mendeth his aim with the rifle.

Dull wits of the simian stoop, the many-hued raiment,

Who play with the fires of fate, unforeseeing the payment;

Effeminate sons of decadent fathers and mothers—

These the traditional leaders! Yet what of the others?

Begotten in haste of incontinent weaklings and fools,

State-pensioned tomorrow, State-pampered in yesterday's schools;

Their lore, the shrilled Football Results, the loud "Hall" their college,

Babblers of vain information that passes for knowledge;

Inepts who look on at the game, and ever eschew it,

Who bellow the players advice, yet fear to ensue it;

Who chorus by night that Britain shall never surrender,

Shirking, when sober, the call to arise and defend her.

Who shout for the Flag, when pageant and tournament please them,

Yet barter its honor for ill-timed measures that ease them,

And, gaping at torchlight tattoo, tin trumpet and tabard,

Dream not of Nemesis loosening the blade in the scabbard.

And luring the sleep is the shepherd, the puller of wires,

Who serveth the altars of Demos, and tendeth his fires,

Propounding his gospel of grab, his creed of class hatred,

Holding that none but himself and his flesh-pots are sacred.

To such, with interperate haste, we leas'd our salvation,

By such is the casting vote flung that shatters a nation.

The judgment of ill-balanced minds, indisciplined senses,

Dictates the period set to an empire's defences.

And ever before their clay gods they bow down their faces,

While treason and cant, and apathy sit in high places,

And ever, scarce deigning his guttural laughter to stifle,

Bides the grim Alien, mending his aim with the rifle.

Lord God of those sires who foiled the "invincible" galleons,

Who rolled back the tide of the Corsica's vaunted battalions,

Bestir us anew for the fray, lest, dallying longer,

Doomsday shall dawn, and our Heritage pass to a stronger!

A LINK WITH ROBERT BURNS

A chair made of oak taken from the foundations of Ayr Auld Brig has just been presented to the Provost of the town to be used as the official Provost's chair. For almost six centuries the oak lay under the river and formed part of the foundation of the brig made famous by Burns. It was recovered during the recent preservative operations, which have been carried out for some time and in which Lord Rosebery took great interest. It has been stated that the oak was laid in the river bed before the days of Wallace and Bruce, and perhaps before Scotland got its new standard from William the Lion.

One authority gives the date of the erection of the Auld Brig as the reign of Alexander III, and it is said to have been built by two old maids named Lowe. No public buildings are more celebrated than "The Twa Brigs" of Ayr, thanks to Burns. The old erection satisfied the townspeople, though but a

poor, narrow footpath of a street, Where two wheelbarrows tremble when they meet.

The new bridge was built in 1788, but the decorated abutments of the arches roused the ire of the Auld Brig, and in the poem it prophesies to its rival that it would be a "shapeless cairn" before the Auld Brig had fallen. This prophecy came strangely true. The new bridge yielded to floods, and was replaced in 1877, and even then was repaired in 1879 and again in 1882.

When the oak of the Auld Brig was recovered by the workmen it was beautifully seasoned, some parts being quite black. The new chair is carved in the old Scottish style and bears an inscription in bronze.

Physics Prof. (after long-winded proof)—And now, gentlemen, we get X equals 0.

Sleepy Voice (from rear of room)—Gee, all that work for nothing!—Yale Record.

England and Germany

"I am fully persuaded that he who would attempt to settle European differences by an appeal to arms is looking backward and not forward; that he knows little of the great world problems of today and along which their solution seems undoubtedly to be guiding us," declared Professor L. E. Horning, of Victoria College, Toronto, in the course of a most interesting address given to the Montreal Canadian Club on the subject of "England and Germany."

Prof. Horning resided some time in Germany, and his intimate knowledge of the people and the conditions existing in the two countries rendered him well qualified to deal with a question which is so much debated at the present time.

He commenced his address by saying that one day late in November we were all astonished to read in our morning paper that a few weeks before British men-of-war in the North Sea had cleared their decks for action in hourly expectation of an attack by German warships. We all remember the thrill of excitement over Lloyd-George's fighting speech at the Mansion House banquet on July 21, and we can recall Premier Asquith's studied message to the House of Commons a few days later. Therefore, every Britisher was keyed up to hear Sir Edward Grey's explanation in the House on November 27, and everyone breathed easier when he felt that a great crisis had been tided over.

The Morocco peril seems past. What of the morrow of this New Year, when two great nations are standing over against one another, distrustful of each other's motives, armed cap-a-pie, and still increasing their armaments?

England's Expanding Period

"Any attempt to understand the relations of the two countries must be made by the help of history. The period of England's greatest colonial expansion begins with 1688, when under the leadership of William of Orange, she headed a coalition of European nations against the great Louis XIV., and it ends in 1815, with her against the head of a similar coalition of European nations against that master military genius Napoleon I. Wellington's thin red line made the English soldiers famous, and the brilliant Nelson gave Britain the mastery of the seas.

"After this Titanic struggle the inevitable re-action followed all over Europe, and from 1815 to 1830 times were very bad and politics reactionary."

Changing Conditions

The speaker then traced the long series of political measures by which the English people have ever since tried to keep pace with the sweeping industrial changes and the multitude of new inventions which are the distinguishing features of the Nineteenth Century. He touched upon the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, the great Reform Bill of 1832, and that momentous fiscal revolution, the repeal of the Corn Laws.

"All these numerous reforms," he said, "have greatly extended the political rights of ordinary citizens and made England, what she is still, the model of all those who are striving to establish constitutional government in place of absolute monarchy. Therefore, it is only natural that the ruling and privileged classes should resent this silent, but effectual influence of modern constitutional development. The modern political and social ideas bore fruits earlier in England than on the Continent."

Consolidation of Territories

"After describing other historical events, Professor Horning declared that "Our greatest problem of today is how to develop and consolidate the vast territories which own the sway of the Union Jack," adding that the political changes in the world with which England has been and is concerned are very important to every Canadian.

"When we turn to Germany we find it hard to group our facts. For centuries the Holy Roman Empire, of which the German Emperor was the head, had been a thing of paper, and from the date of Westphalia, 1648, the individual states could act quite independently to and often times in direct opposition to the Empire. It is therefore best to trace briefly the history of Prussia, the present head of the German Empire, for in so doing we find a clue to the events of today.

The Change in Germany

"The speaker then gave an historical sketch from 1415, through the period of the Franco-German war, to the "dropping of the pilot"—Bismarck to the great change in Germany's fiscal policy to the adoption of Protection, to the rise of the Socialistic party and to the development of State Socialism, to the state of Germany at the present time, and to the colonial policy of Germany, which is a sore point with many Englishmen.

"In 1870 Germany was still a grain-exporting country," he said, "but now through their splendid schools and universities, homes of democratic thought, Germany has been speedily provided with trained captains of industry and a large body of skilled artisans.

"The training in citizenship imparted in all their schools has also inculcated a very high type of patriotism. Therefore made in Germany is found everywhere upon the most English looking wares, and before other nations were aware of it, Germany had ceased to export grain and had become an importing country with a rapidly growing commerce.

"No intelligent man needs figures to convince him that England's commerce is

greater than that of Germany, what he must know is that the latter has increased in many ways faster than England. In population the percentage of increase between 1870 and 1910 is about the same. In 1870 the population of Germany was about 40,000,000, in 1910 it was 66,000,000. This great increase in population has wrought a momentous industrial change, and made it necessary to import food stuffs and to export the manufactured goods of the thousands of concerns which have sprung up all over the land. But where from and where to? Therefore arose the cry for Colonies.

"England is great because of her colonies, therefore, Germany must have Colonies." The speaker then told how Germany has tried to get possession of Colonies in Africa and other places where England had laid her hand upon a century ago, which made Germany ask "did the earth belong to the Englishman?"

Navy is Protective

"The English Navy," he said, "exists to protect English commerce and the sources of England's food supplies, and so the Germans began to build a navy for the very same purpose."

He concluded by highly eulogizing Germany, and was profoundly interested in the first step to many and its institutions, and emphasized the importance of Canadians visiting Germany and learning therefrom in regard to science, commerce, etc., and that Canadians ought to be towards the realization of that ideal: "the fostering of peace and amity between the great sisters—England and Germany."

FRENCH LETTER WRITERS

France has for centuries been held up as the birthplace of exquisite politeness, and though of late years there have been found some to challenge the twentieth century fashion of upholding the tradition in Paris, the legend still is very generally accepted, writes a correspondent of the London Standard. But whatever may be said of manners and forms few will contest the supremacy of the French language for putting thought and sentiment into pretty dress, even if disguised. French is still the international vehicle of diplomacy and in the art of letter writing it is doubtful if anybody ever has or ever will surpass, or even rival, French masters and mistresses.

Nothing is more amusing than to take up some of the treatises on the subject, such as for instance a "Nouveau Secretaire," price sixpence, which came out in the early days of the eighteenth century, probably, or "Le Petit Secretaire francais, ou modeles de petitions, et lettres sur toutes sortes de sujets." Admire the sweet simplicity of the New Year's letter a little child writes to its mother!

"My dear Mother.—It is a custom to wish a happy New Year. Everyone makes it a duty to do so, but are the wishes always sincere? How many false friends, how many ungrateful relations and unflattering compliments which are but an insult to true feeling! Ah! deign to distinguish me from this crowd of adulators."

A little girl, on her father's birthday, had chosen a rose to give him, "but the naughty flower pricked me. "Get along!" said I, "you are not worthy of being presented to my papa!" and she sends him an "immortelle!" A soldier writes to his parents, "This happy day reminds me of the one on which I was born, the remembrance of which is always in my heart!"

The following model may be recommended to bashful young men, and is meant for two friends who invite two sisters to walk the path of life together with them. "Mesdemoiselles.—You are two and we are twin. So far we are equal, but there is a difference. We love you much, but you scarcely care for us. Yet this is not a very marked contrast. Allow us to present our homage to you."

The answers that young ladies ought to make are very elegantly turned, with a cunning mixture of prudish reserve, and a spice of encouragement. Here is a non-compromising specimen. "I ought, sir, to maintain a profound silence regarding the letter you have done me the honor to send, as it is not becoming for a demoiselle to keep up a correspondence without the consent of her parents. As for the trouble and torment you pretend to suffer, I fancy this is the ordinary tone of gentlemen."

The index is compendious, and we can find drafts for "a father whose daughter is living with her aunt," "an uncle to a daughter who is in love against the wish of her father," "an uncle to a scampish nephew," or from "a cook to her mother," which last shows that the race of cooks has deteriorated. This model servant concludes her letter after three months in her place, "When your masters have got to like you and put trust in you, there is nothing so pleasant as to obey them."

Under similar circumstances we often read in the newspapers that the cook finds it pleasanter to run away with all the available silver and money given for the month's bills, with a chaffeur to help her. I have a lively recollection of a very pretty and excellent cook whom we were foolish enough to trust, and who habitually kept her mother and family at our expense, and who, on one occasion, after serving a pheasant for luncheon, carried out the best half of the bird to give to her sister, who was waiting at the door in a hat adorned with the creature's tail. This lady was last seen in a box at the theatre, resplendent in pearls and furs.