

A Victoria Girl at the Birthplace of General Wolfe

In a delightful letter to her mother, Miss Jessie Brown, a Victoria girl, secretary to Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, describes a visit paid to Wolfe's birthplace and the scenes at the unveiling of the memorial recently erected to the famous General at Westerham, England. The letter is such a delightful one that no excuse is needed for publishing it in full.

Dear Mother—Would you like to hear about a dear day we spent today, a really Canadian day? It was a day any Canadian would be proud of.

On Saturday we read a little announcement that a special train would leave Charing Cross for those who wished to go to Westerham (pronounced, if you please, "Westrum") for the unveiling of the Wolfe Monument. So that decided us. We didn't even know if one required a permit or a ticket or an invitation, but at 11:25 we were all at the station, and as we showed our tickets to the guard before passing the barrier he asked for our names. We could see other people coming along the platform, army officers and ladies attired in black velvet, etc., etc. As we scanned the train we could see carriages with big 1's and 2's, and I was beginning to fear that on this special there would be no plebeian thirds, but after a while we saw one carriage, of third-class compartments, so we found our owl level.

Westerham, the birthplace of Wolfe, is a little village in Kent, only 26 miles from London, but, as some one said, "it is 150 years from London." You can't imagine how quaint and old-fashioned the place was! We have seen some quaint old-world bits of England—Canterbury, Norwich, Gloucester, Chester, etc.—but I don't think there is any place which looks so much like an old etching or like a Christmas card as dear little old Westerham.

This was a special train, on the South-eastern & Chatham Railway, and so many of the trains on this line, which traverses the south-east part of England, have a curious way of calling around at half a dozen stations in London, picking up their load, as it were, before they really start off. So, of course, that was what we did. Leaving Charing Cross Station (which is between the Strand and the Embankment), we immediately crossed the Thames by Charing Cross Railway bridge. No sooner were we south of the river than we crossed the river again on London Bridge, and, after picking up a few people there, we called at Cannon Street Station (in the city), and then, of course, we had to cross the river for the third time, and went spinning on into Kent. It was a non-stop "special" after it really got started. As Aunt Aggie said: "After we have delivered all the milk, it may be a non-stop." As we passed through the town that rejoiced in the name of "Orpington" Aunt Aggie began clucking—and I remembered that we were not very far away from the town of "Dorking." Another station was "Hither Green," at which we stopped on our way home. As the guard went up and down the platform calling out the name of the station, Aunt Aggie said: "Something's gone wrong. Don't you hear the man calling out Smithereen?"

We got to Westerham about half-past twelve, and outside the tiny station were motors, and "flies," and "Jeemes," no end. All the "county families" were represented this day. A man selling programmes at the door told us that the ceremonies began at 1 o'clock, and that it was just five minutes' walk from the station. (So ignorant were we about the whole thing that up till this we knew not when it was or where it was.) We followed the crowd, and found that the town was in gala attire. Pictures of Wolfe were in many windows, and flags were flying from every house. The first little refreshment room that we noticed was "The Wolfe." Then the almshouses. We knew they were almshouses because they were so quaint and picturesque. All over England one can tell the almshouses—they are nearly always the most picturesque buildings in the town—and they are built on much the same plan. And such dear, quaint streets; not a straight line anywhere—the lanes and streets here surely follow the cow tracks of the ancient Britons. The little school is a beautiful old thing, built of odd-shaped stones. After winding up this street, with high brick walls covered with ivy, we come to the High street. (Every town and village in England has its "High street," just as every city in America has "First street" or "Front street.") On every balcony was a camera erected on its tripod; in one place we saw a cinematograph camera. The statue was in the middle of High street, on the Green, where the fountain used to be. The statue was covered with a big Union Jack, and around it was a little platform. Forming a hollow square at the back of the statue were some soldiers—Territorials, perhaps; also some Scouts—and around them the crowds of people. There was a special place roped off for "ticket-holders and subscribers." Awn on the sidewalk opposite the hotel, which rejoiced in the name of "The Grasshopper," were the school children, marshalled into order and controlled by the eight firemen of the town. I don't suppose there are any policemen in Westerham. On the opposite side of the street was another house of public refreshment, whose name was familiar—"The Pritchard House."

It was a cold day, and there had been a flurry of snow in the morning, and the ground was wet and cold, cold, cold! We waited for the half-hour, and then from the little village church came the surpliced choir and three or four clergy. They marched up the High street,

with the band, singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." It was impressive in its simplicity. They marched up through the hollow square and then the choir and band formed up in front of the steps, and the clergy mounted the platform. It was, as I say, very cold, and the choir and clergy had no overcoats, and they also had their hats off, all except the Bishop—the Bishop of Chichester—who wore a cap (something like a tam-o-shanter) of violet velvet. Then we all waited for something or somebody. And presently the rousing cheers told us that Lord Roberts was coming in his car. He had evidently motored all the way from

in Ages Past." A lesson was read from what the clergyman called "The Book of Ecclesiasticus," beginning with: "These were honored in their generations, and were a glory in their days."

Then Lieut.-Col. Warde (who lives in the big house, and is a descendant of the Wardes who were Wolfe's great friends) invited Lord Roberts to unveil the statue. Lord Roberts took the rope which, by a series of slipknots, was holding the flag around the statue, and said, in a strong, clear voice: "To the glory of God, and in honored memory of James Wolfe, who laid down his life for his Sovereign and his

country, and firm resolution, a firm friend and a loving son. A soldier at fourteen, Wolfe never lost the art of perfecting himself in his profession, and to the study of which he devoted himself with that whole-hearted zeal which caused Pitt to select him before he was 32 years of age to command the forces that saved Canada to the British Empire. How Wolfe justified that great statesman's selection is well known. How he, after the most prolonged and careful examination of the locality in which Quebec is situated, formed that daring plan and led his troops to victory is one of the brightest chapters in our history. Taking only a soldier's view of the campaign, it is of most absorbing interest, it is almost unsurpassed, his campaign of naval and military operations; but I doubt whether it is generally known what a very important part the sailors took in that operation, and how nobly they performed their part. The story has often been told, but I think it loses nothing by repetition.

"He drifted downstream of the mighty St. Lawrence and scaled the heights of Abraham in the dark. The utter impossibility of obtaining any accurate information of the position of the enemy's troops or of the nature of the ground where the fighting was to take place shows what a consummate commander Wolfe was. That he so rapidly decided to form the infantry two deep in order that their flank might not be broken by the superior forces of the French was a move which only a consummate commander could undertake. Wolfe had perfect confidence in the courage and discipline of his troops, and they had the same feeling of trust in him—there was a feeling of reciprocity between the men and their commander which enabled Wolfe to order his men to remain until he himself gave the word; and it was not until the French were within forty yards and Wolfe himself was severely wounded that he gave that word. Then the command was given, and the volley was fired which decided the fate of Canada. No wonder that Wolfe, as he lay mortally wounded, was able to murmur, 'I die content!'"

(Where it doesn't run smoothly, it is I that am to blame, and not Lord Roberts.—J.C.B.)

When it was all over we went across the street to the "George and Dragon" (which is an historic old place, where Wolfe stayed the last time he came to Westerham) and had a nice luncheon there. Then we walked through the town, the quaintest, dearest old place one can imagine. At the end of the High street is Squerries Court, where the Wardes still live. There were Wardes living at Squerries Court when the Wolfes lived in Westerham, and they were all great friends. In the grounds of Squerries Court the Wardes have erected a cenotaph to mark the spot where James Wolfe was sitting when he received his first commission, at the age of fourteen or fifteen.

Then we walked back along the High street again, and came to the church, which looked very rustic and stolid from the outside, but inside it was quite richly ornamented, and very pretty. The guide book says regretfully that no part of the church dates any further back than Henry III. There are many stained-glass windows, and the altar is beautiful. Most everything in the church has been given by and in memory of some of the Wardes. There is a window to the memory of Wolfe—a very beautiful one of the Nativity, from a design by Burne-Jones.

But the most interesting thing in the church is the peal of bells (which was also given by one of the Wardes, Mrs. Griffith). We had seen the bell-ropes in the tower when we first went, and after leaving the church we heard the bells pealing, so we went back to see how it was done. And I wish you could have seen the picture that our eyes fell upon! Here in the bell-tower, standing around in a circle, were eight old men—one of them quite old (whom we had noticed during the unveiling). He had a fringe of whiskers around his face, leaving his chin bare; he looked like an old salt. There were two soldiers, middle-aged, and five other men ranging from middle age to old age. Each was pulling a rope, and it required a lot of strength to pull. Each bell has a different tone, of course; and they weren't playing a tune, but a pell-mell medley of noise. I know it was bells pealing like that which meant by the historian who wrote, "Joy bells pealed when Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne."

It was a joy-day for Westerham, and the bells were pealed from 3:30 till 4 o'clock; and I shall never forget the picture of these eight old men, standing in the dim light, pulling might and main on the bell-ropes. One old man was nearly pulled off his feet half the time.

Then we wandered down through the graveyard, and came to Quebec House, where the Wolfes used to live. Then we came back, and had tea at the Crown Hotel, in a little sitting-room, which was just across the hallway from the bar, where we could hear the soldiers carousing and singing songs at the top of their voices.

At 5:22 we were on the train again for London, and arrived at Charing Cross at a quarter to seven, after having had one of "the" days of our lives. Besides our own little family of three, Miss Dickinson of Victoria was with us. And she is a splendid travelling companion, because she thoroughly enjoys everything.

CAUTION

"I have a remarkable history," began the lady who looked like a possible client.

"To tell or sell?" inquired the lawyer cautiously.—Washington Herald.

Witness—She called me a brute, I slapped her face and called her a liar; then she kicked me and called me—

Judge—Well, go on.

Witness—Well, then we started to quarrel.—Life.



WHERE WOLFE WAS BORN

Room in the vicarage at Westerham, Kent, England, which has an abiding interest for Canadians. It came into prominence again recently through the unveiling of a monument to Wolfe by Lord Roberts

town. He was in uniform, with his Field Marshal's cocked hat, with the waving plumes; but his grey overcoat hid all the medals that he might have been wearing. He inspected and reviewed the soldiers, and then he mounted the platform. There were already about half a dozen men or so (the local member, etc.) on the platform, besides the clergy. Lord Roberts knew some of them, and shook hands with them, then he was introduced to the others, and they all shook hands.

The service was short. There were a few prayers, and everyone sang "God, Our Help

country on September 13, 1759, I unveil this memorial." As the flag fell and revealed the stirring statue, the bugler played "The Last Post." Then the Bishop read a few more collects, and the bugler sounded "The Reveille"; the benediction was pronounced, and a beautiful wreath, or, rather, pedestal, of white asters and mauve orchids and violets, "From the citizens of Quebec," was placed at the foot of the statue.

Just at this juncture arrived Lord Strathcona, leaning on the arm of a young man, who, I think, is his private secretary, and ac-

Millenniumville News

(This budget of news is supplied by our own correspondent. We do not accept any responsibility for his statements, as we pay him a large salary with the distinct understanding that he is to take the consequences of his own loquacity. For the benefit of intending punters, we may state that our correspondent is six feet in height, weighs 200 pounds, and once thrashed John L. Sullivan.)

The people of this town are very sympathetic. It is touching to note the interest they take in a letter from an ill Millenniumville boy who has sought greener fields—especially if there is news of his falling from a high building or murdering his employer, or something.

R. Rudleigh Perkins, son of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Pedley Perkins, has hung out his shingle on Front street as a full-fledged lawyer. We wish Rud well, but we feel that it is due to the public to state that for our part we wouldn't trust him to defend a two-year-old child on a charge of brutally beating its father.

Last Wednesday evening Mrs. Pottington Jones gave a bridge for the younger set. The party was a great success, but owing to the fact that Millenniumville has been depopulated of its young men and women by the rapid growth of Victoria, the younger set is made up mostly of Miss Tellington, who is forty if she's a minute; Miss Getemeyet, who, it will be remembered, was bridesmaid for Mrs. Waddington, who has been a grandmother this long while; and Miss Ruddybeek, who, if Women's Rights had prevailed one hundred years ago, would be the oldest voter in Millenniumville.

Mrs. Hiram Spyrer, wife of our well-known pill merchant, Doc Spyrer, surprised everybody in town Saturday afternoon by appearing on Main street with a hobble skirt. A crowd of small boys, led by young Johnny Turner, who ought to be spanked three or four times a day on general principles, followed her as far as Berg's Drug Store, and when Mrs. Spyrer tried to step up to go into the store to get some rouge, which everybody knows she uses, she tripped on her skirt and fell flat. Any man as big as Doc who allows his wife to go around in such a get-up deserves what he gets.

The greatest excitement we have had in town since Doc Spyrer's big Irish setter licked Horace Thompson's bull pup on Main street a few years ago, occurred on Tuesday night

about eight o'clock, when everybody had gone to bed. The atmosphere out in the aristocratic part of town along Appian Way, was suddenly rent by cries of anguish and female supplications. As your correspondent dashed out of his lodgings over the A. O. U. W. Hall, J. Etherington-Brown, Parkington, our lion-hearted town constable, was seen dashing up Main street in such haste that he had not waited to properly part his hair and adjust his cravat. A large crowd of four or five townsmen had gathered in front of the residence of Miss Ruddybeek, one of our oldest residents, whose voice could be heard shouting for help from one of the second-storey windows. With out pausing a second, Constable J. Etherington-Brown Parkington burst through the crowd and up the front steps of the house. Four brave men (including your correspondent) followed him. As the party entered the hall the cries could be distinguished as emanating from a room near the head of the stairs. Miss Ruddybeek's voice was growing weak and her calls for help were becoming fainter and fainter. The brave rescuers realized that they must act quickly. Some delay was caused by Horatio Smelt falling against the statue of Venus on the ballustrade and knocking her through the art window, but when Horatio had been picked up and put on his feet, and when Doc Spyrer had placed some court plaster on his wrist, which had been cut by flying glass, the noble little party hurriedly ascended the stairs and knocked on Miss Ruddybeek's door. Faint moans were coming from within as the Constable placed his ear to the keyhole and said:

"We are here to effect your escape, madam. Shall we enter at once, or would you prefer that we remain outside?"

Miss Ruddybeek's voice immediately perked up:

"Don't you dare enter this room. Stay right where you are, and I shall hand him out to you."

Constable Parkington's face wore a shocked expression as he straightened up, and we all looked at one another in surprise, wondering whom "him" could be. Then the door opened a little bit, and a long, bony, white arm appeared and at the hand end of it was a coiled-up poodle dog.

"The poor dear has had the most awful convulsions. Please hurry him at once to Doctor Spyrer."

That was all Miss Ruddybeek said. The door closed with a bang and left us brave rescuers in the corridor, Constable Parkington holding the dog. They tried to get me to promise not to send you the item; but of course that wouldn't be journalistic.

I append a piece of poetry which was handed to me for publication by Mrs. Waddinghand Coyne. It is her own composition, and as she is the wife of our most influential citizen, I thought it might be given space. It is about the worst I have seen for some time. Of course you needn't print that:

Spring
(By Harriet Waddinghand Coyne)

The dear Spring has come at last,
With pretty flowers growing up in the grass,
And lovely clouds athwart the morning breeze,
Which is, however, a trifle cold and makes me sneeze.

The Easter hats are going to be glorious,
But husbands will very likely be furious
Owing to the high cost of living,
Which has made it hard for the poor milliners to be thriving.

Note.—I told Mrs. Coyne that "living" and "thriving" wanted a bit of plumbing before they would rhyme, but she said it was poetic license, and that if I couldn't get into the spirit of the thing, I hadn't any imagination and ought to confine my reading to the market quotations.

CORRESPONDENT.

A BIBLE RECIPE FOR CAKE

Four and a half cups of I. Kings iv., 22.
One half pounds of Judges v., 25.
Two cups of Jeremiah vi., 20.
Two cups of Nahum III., 12.
Two cups of I. Samuel, xv., 12.
Two cups of Numbers xviii., 8.
Two teaspoonfuls of I. Samuel xiv., 25.
To taste, II Chronicles ix., 9.
Six teaspoonfuls of Jeremiah xvii., 11.
One and a half cups Judges iv., 19.
Two teaspoonfuls Amos iv., 5.
One pinch of Leviticus ii., 13.
Directions, Proverbs xxiii., 4.
Bake one and a half to two hours. Baking powder may be used instead of leaven.

A MODERN FAMILY

"Where is the cook?"

"She's in the kitchen preparing supper for the doctor's wife, dinner for the doctor, and breakfast for the students."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Witness—She called me a brute, I slapped her face and called her a liar; then she kicked me and called me—

Judge—Well, go on.

Witness—Well, then we started to quarrel.—Life.