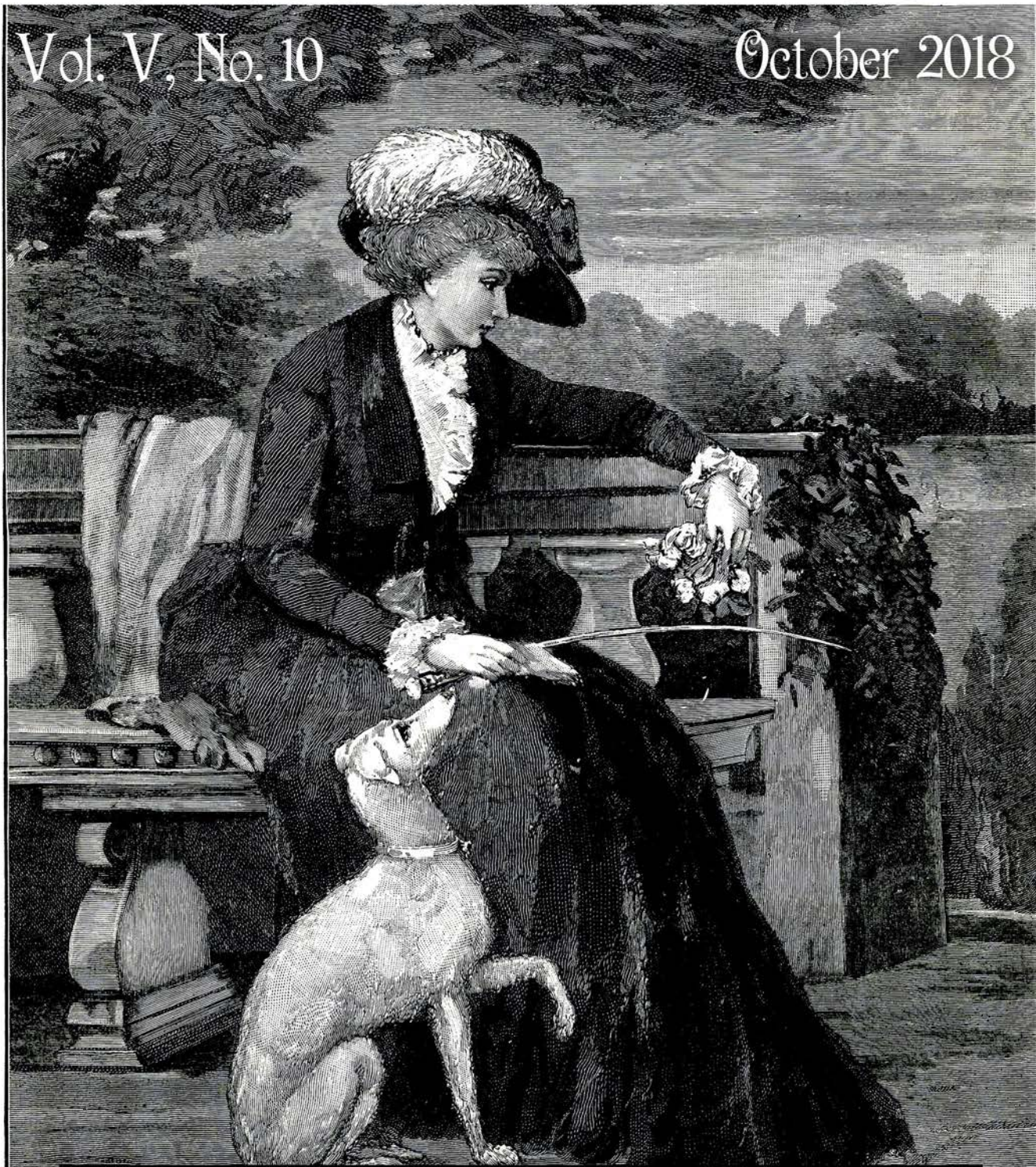


Victorian Times

Vol. V, No. 10

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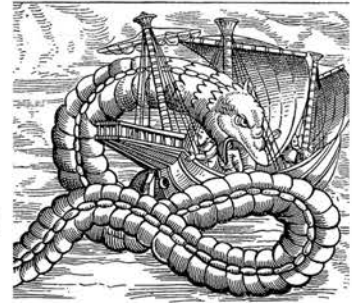


*Sightings of the Sea-Serpent • The White Lady of the Berlin Castle
Artistic Beadwork • A Champion Orange-Peeler • Aunt Mehitable in Washington
In Defence of the Cat • Austrian Streets • Business in the London Streets
On the Higher Education of Women • H.G. Wells' "The Magic Shop"*

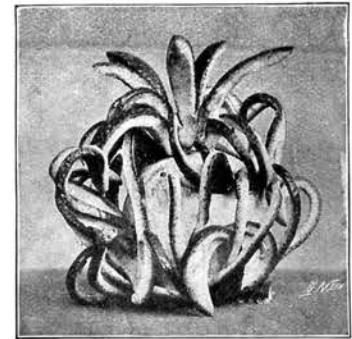
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The Girl's Own Paper* *Cassell's Family Magazine*

The Victorian Cat

When I began collecting Victorian ephemera, I was confidently looking forward to gathering lots of lovely illustrations of Victorian cats. I soon found that “lovely” pictures of Victorian cats were few, far between—and consequently hideously expensive. It seems that cats, like so many other things in the Victorian era, went through quite a period of “transition” in the 19th century.

It’s hard to imagine a day when cats weren’t popular or beloved as pets. Yet in the early Victorian period, cats were regarded as barely more than wild animals, suitable for catching mice but hardly pets to be pampered or even allowed in the better parts of one’s home. One’s mouser might find a place in the kitchen, but certainly not in the parlor. I’ve come across several articles in Victorian magazines written by cat lovers who have found that they need to “defend” their preference—including the article in this issue, which dates to 1890. For much of the Victorian era, dogs ruled supreme as the household pet, and cats skulked in the stable-yard.

This attitude toward cats shows up strongly in Victorian artwork. Most depictions of cats before the 1880’s tend to be unflattering, to say the least. Most commonly, cats are depicted as feral and vicious, often with a snarl on the face, and not in the least cuddly or attractive. Even the wonderful animal artist Harrison Weir, who actually founded the very first cat club in Britain, never could quite capture the cat in his artwork. Weir could draw wonderful, expressive dogs and a host of other creatures, but his cats rarely resemble the real thing—and rarely look like something you’d want to pick up and cuddle or allow near your children.

Fortunately for our feline friends, things began to change as the century drew to a close. (I suppose “drew” could be a pun here, given that one can see the change in attitude toward cats, literally, in how they were drawn!) Artists like Henriette Ronner began to portray cats in a positive light; her cats are cute, cuddly, and utterly natural. A bit later, Helena Maguire began the trend toward anthropomorphizing cats, depicting cats engaged in a variety of human activities such as mixing Christmas puddings or ice-skating. Her cats often wore ribbons and bows, but no clothing—but fully dressed cats were soon to follow. (Actually, they had already appeared, though rarely; the 1875 book *Mrs. Mouser’s Tea Party* is a delightful collection of very, very dressy cats!)

One of the biggest names in Victorian cat art was, of course, Louis Wain (who illustrated, with remarkable restraint, the article in this issue). Wain certainly qualifies as a “Victorian” artist, but his better-known comical cats began to appear around the turn of the century. (Watch for more of Wain’s cats in our December issue!) Wain’s cats were often fully clothed, and engaged in a variety of human behaviors. Yet, comical as they may have been, they remained still quite clearly *cats*—with expressions that cat lovers everywhere will recognize.

Wain coined the phrase “Catland” to describe the new, turn-of-the-century fascination with cats, and the growing trend to depict cats as fully clothed and just about fully human. (To find out more about “Catland,” I recommend the book *The Catland Companion*, by John Silvester and Anne Mobbs; it is packed with wonderful illustrations.) More artists began jumping onto the cat bandwagon, including Arthur Thiele, whose marvelous postcards depicted kittens in school, cats cooking up a meal of fried mice in the kitchen, cats playing tennis, and a lovely series of cats wearing elegant hats.

It’s tempting to attempt to draw some connections between the evolution of cats in Victorian society and concurrent changes in the roles of women. Such connections may not be totally fanciful (though I doubt anyone has ever done a study of the matter.) Cats are often associated with the feminine branch of society; even today, cats are more often viewed as a woman’s pet rather than a man’s. Cats are regarded as independent and non-obedient (compared to, say, dogs)—qualities that were certainly not highly regarded in the early Victorian woman (or, really, the early Victorian of either gender). As the independence and individuality of women became not only more common but more socially acceptable, one sees a similar acceptance of these characteristics in the cat. As the Victorian woman begins to be able to “walk by herself,” so, then, does the Victorian cat. The cat, like the woman, is no longer a mere servant to the household, its role being to catch mice and nothing more.

Again, perhaps this is merely a fanciful conjecture—but it’s an interesting coincidence. Perhaps, one day, some college will offer a course not only in Victorian women’s studies, but in a study of Victorian women and their cats. In the meantime, thank goodness we have the wonderful artwork of Wain and Thiele and others to show us a side of cats we’ve always suspected, but never seen!

—Moira Allen, Editor
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The Sea - Serpent.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.



HERE is a general disposition to regard the sea-serpent and all the tales of him as an everlasting joke. He only turns up, say the jokers, when Parliament is out of Session and the silly season arrives with its prize gooseberries and showers of frogs; and he usually turns up in America, in a local paper. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that the sea-serpent is a living fact; or, perhaps, it is safer to say that there is evidence that great living creatures of a kind or kinds as yet unclassified by science inhabit the sea; probably in small numbers, and quite possibly not serpents in the usual sense of the word.

Every circumstance tends to deny a fair hearing to evidence as to the sea-serpent. A man reporting having seen it is laughed at, and a sailor doesn't like being laughed at by a landsman. Of course, a long trail of seaweed rocking upon the sea surface may, at one time and another, have been mistaken for a living thing, or a

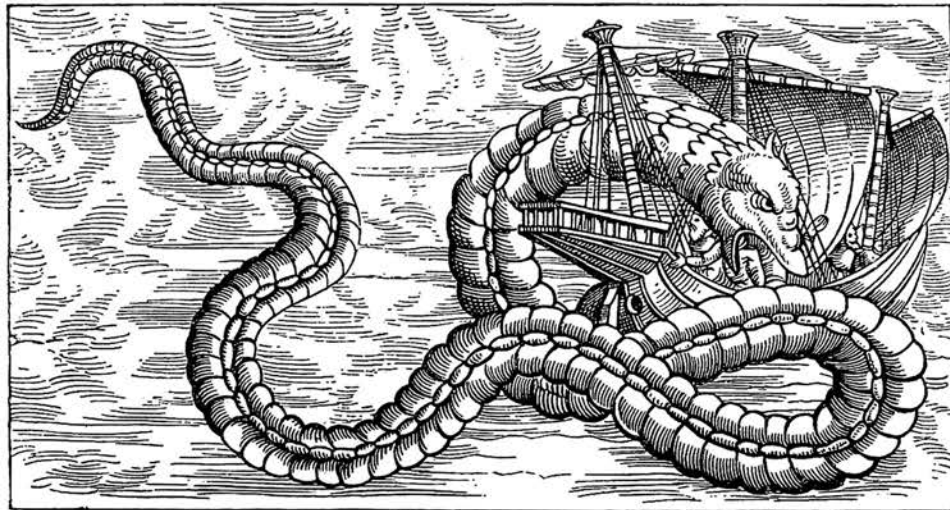
procession of porpoises may have been thought to be one great organism. But a sailor, as a rule, knows seaweed or a porpoise when he sees it, and is more likely to know actually what he does see on the water than a landsman who wasn't there; and it is unlikely that every sailor who reports a sea-serpent must be drunk, blind, or a fool. It has, however, become customary to assume that he is, and, as a result, a sailor is disposed to keep quiet about anything out of the ordinary which he may see, since he has nothing to gain by making announcement of it.

It may be remembered that tales of gigantic cuttle-fishes were regarded, until comparatively recently, with as much incredulity as those of the sea-serpent, yet the existence of such cuttle-fish is now as much a recognised scientific fact as that of the whale. Let us, then, examine such small

part as we may of the large body of evidence on the subject.

The Norwegian fishermen regard the existence of the sea-serpent as a thing beyond all dispute, and can tell any number of stories of his appearance in their fiords; and a Norwegian book of travel published in the sixteenth century describes its appearance in the year 1522.

Olaus Magnus, who is careful to say that his description is from hearsay and not from personal observation, describes the sea-serpent as being 200ft. long and 20ft. in circumference, having fiery eyes and a short mane. He also gives a very surprising picture wherein the sea-serpent is represented curling about



SEA-SERPENT ATTACKING A VESSEL. FROM OLAUS MAGNUS.

entirely out of the water, and reaching over to snap a man from the deck of a ship.

Hans Egede, who afterwards became a bishop, travelled to Greenland in the year 1734 as a missionary. In his account of the voyage, he describes a sea-monster which appeared near the ship on the 6th of July. "Its head," he says, "when raised, was on a level with our main-top. Its snout was long and sharp, and it blew water almost like a whale; it had large, broad paws or paddles; its body was covered with scales; its skin was rough and uneven; in other respects it was as a serpent; and when it dived, the end of its tail, which was raised in the air, seemed to be a full ship's length from its body." A companion of Egede's, also a missionary, made a sketch of the monster, which is here reproduced.

Erik Pontoppidan (Bishop of Bergen), the



SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY HANS EGEDE IN 1734.

famous Norwegian naturalist, at first disbelieved in the sea-serpent, but confesses his conversion in his book (published in 1755) since he had received "full and sufficient evidence from creditable and experienced fishermen and sailors in Norway, of whom hundreds testify that they have seen them annually." Pontoppidan tells us that it is the habit of the sea-serpent (which he identifies with the Leviathan of Scripture) to keep at the bottom of the sea except in their spawning time, in July and August, when they rise to the surface occasionally, if the weather be calm, but make their way below immediately should the least disturbance take place. He discriminates between the Greenland and the Norwegian sea-snakes, the former being scaly as to the outer skin, but the latter perfectly smooth, and with a mane about the neck, hanging like a bunch of seaweed. From the various accounts he estimates the length of the serpent at about 600ft., this length lying on the surface in many folds in calm weather. The forehead in all varieties is high and broad, though some have a sharp snout. The eyes are large and bluish, looking like bright pewter plates. The colour is dark brown, variegated in places. Thus Erik Pontoppidan.

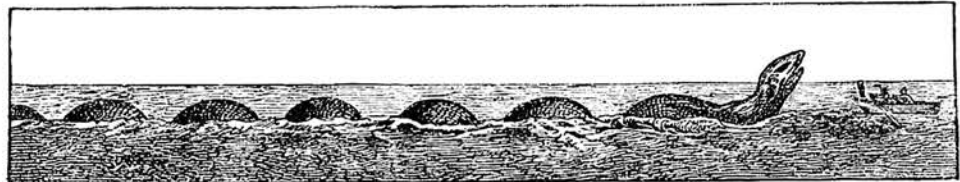
The *Zoologist* for the year 1847, too, contained many accounts of the appearance, during that year, of sea-serpents in the Norwegian fiords.

One of the most famous and best authenticated appearances of the monster is that recorded to have been observed by the

officers and crew of H.M.S. *Dædalus* in 1848. We reproduce, entire, the official report of Captain M'Quhae to Admiral Sir W. H. Gage on the subject:—

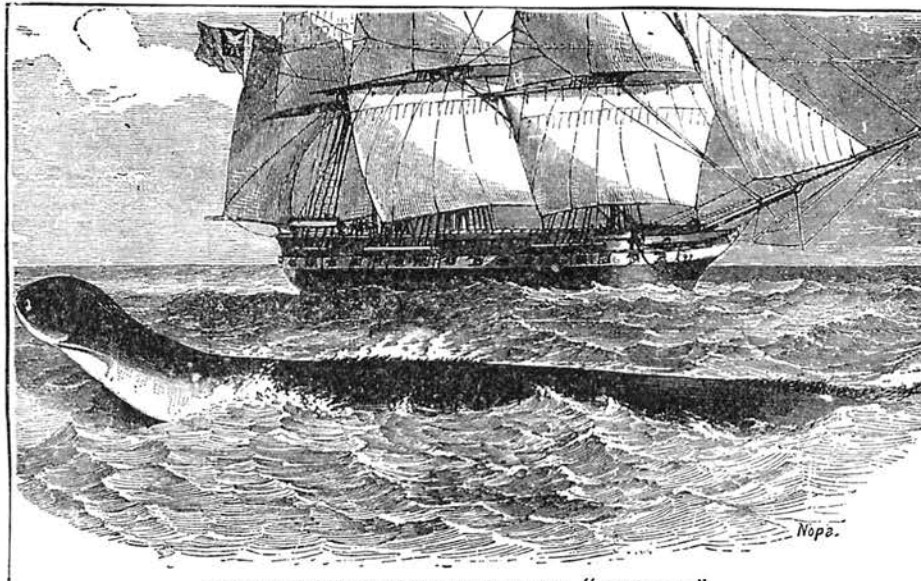
"H.M.S.
Dædalus,
"Hamoaze,
Oct. 11th.
"SIR,—In reply to your letter of this day's date, requiring information as to the truth of a statement, published in the *Times* newspaper, of a sea-serpent of extraordinary dimensions having been seen from Her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*, under my command, in her passage from the East Indies, I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that at 5 o'clock p.m., on the 6th of August last, in latitude 24° 44' S and longitude 9° 22' E., the weather dark and cloudy, wind fresh from the N.W., with a long ocean swell from the S.W., the ship on the port tack, heading N.E. by N., something very unusual was seen by Mr. Sartoris, midshipman, rapidly approaching the ship from before the beam. The circumstance was immediately reported by him to the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Edgar Drummond, with whom, and Mr. William Barrett, the master, I was at the time walking the quarter-deck. The ship's company were at supper.

"On our attention being called to the object, it was discovered to be an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept about 4ft.



THE SEA-SERPENT ACCORDING TO PONTOPPIDAN.

constantly above the surface of the sea; and, as nearly as we could approximate by comparing it with the length of what our maintopsail yard would show in the water, there was at the very least 60ft. of the animal *à fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was, in our perception, used in propelling it



THE SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM H.M.S. "DÆDALUS."

through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter that, had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should have easily recognised his features with the naked eye; and it did not, either in approaching the ship or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the S.W., which it held on at the pace of from twelve to fifteen miles per hour, apparently on some determined purpose. The diameter of the serpent was about fifteen or sixteen inches behind the head, which was, without any doubt, that of a snake; and it was never, during the twenty minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses, once below the surface of the water; its colour, a dark brown with yellowish white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of seaweed, washed about its back. It was seen by the quartermaster, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel in addition to myself and officers above mentioned.

"I am having a drawing of the serpent made from a sketch taken immediately after it was seen, which I hope to have ready for transmission to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty by to-morrow's post.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"PETER M'QUHAE, Capt.

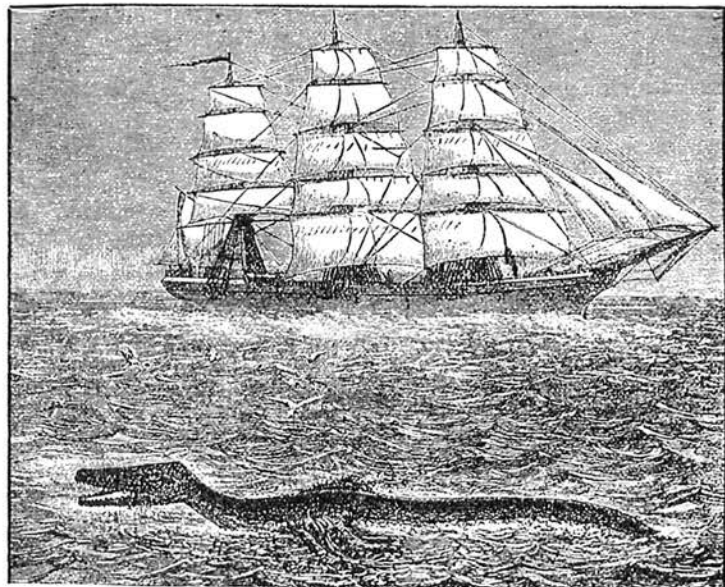
"To Admiral Sir W. H. Gage,
G.C.B., Devonport."

This is unassailable evidence from the best source possible—the ob-

servation of several educated men used to the sea, and set down in a sober, official report. A letter was printed shortly after in the *Globe* newspaper, giving an account of the appearance of a similar (very possibly the same) monster to the American brig *Daphne*, 20deg. further south, soon after it was seen from the *Dædalus*. The publication of the *Dædalus*

adventure led to many stories of similar encounters being brought forward in the Press of the time.

Captain W. H. Nelson, of the American ship *Sacramento*, reported catching a glimpse of a strange sea-monster on July 30th, 1877, in latitude 31° 59' N., and longitude 37° W. The man at the wheel (his name was John Hart) had a better view than Captain Nelson, since he first caught sight of it, and the captain did not arrive upon deck until it had proceeded some distance on its way. Some 40ft. of the creature, the helmsman estimated, was seen above the surface, and its girth appeared to be about that of a flour barrel. He afterwards made a pencil sketch, from which it would appear to be a different animal altogether from those usually reported, and somewhat resembling the ancient ichthyosaurus.



SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM THE SHIP "SACRAMENTO."

The next account I shall quote is that of an officer of H.M.S. *Plumper*, whose description is as follows:—

“On the morning of the 31st of December, 1848, lat. $41^{\circ} 13'$ N., and long. $12^{\circ} 31'$ W., being nearly due west of Oporto, I saw a

it moved through the water, kept washing about; but before I could examine it closely it was too far astern.” The illustration is from a sketch by the officer.

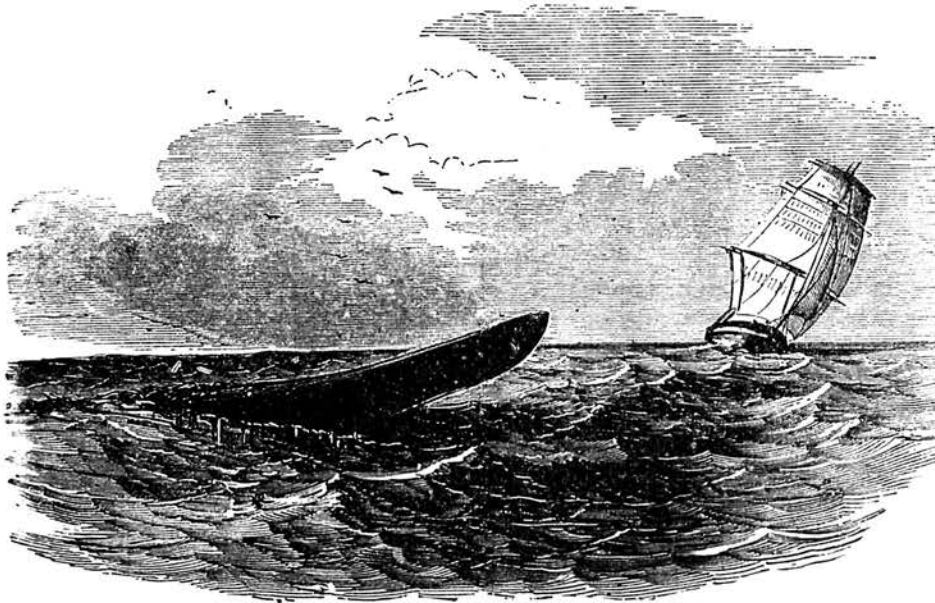
The following account of a sea-serpent was communicated to the *Illustrated London News*:—

“Colonial Agency,
“4, Cullum St.,

“London,

“Sept. 25th, 1853.

“We hand you the following extract from the log-book of our ship *Princess*, Captain A. K. N. Tremaine, in London Docks, 15th instant, from China, viz.: ‘Tuesday, July 8th, 1853; latitude (accurate) $34^{\circ} 56'$ S.; longitude (accurate) $18^{\circ} 14'$ E. At 1 p.m. saw a very large fish, with a head like a walrus,

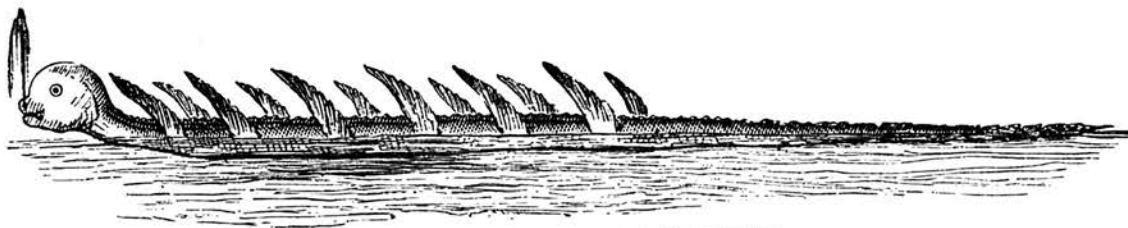


SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM H.M.S. “PLUMPER.”

long, black creature with a sharp head, moving slowly, I should think about two knots, through the water, in a north-westerly direction, there being a fresh breeze at the time and some sea on. I could not ascertain its exact length, but its back was 20ft., if not more, above the water, and its head, as near as I could judge, from 6ft. to 8ft. I had not the time to make a closer observation, as the ship was going six knots through the water, her head E. half S., and S.S.E. The creature moved across our wake, towards a merchant barque on our lee-quarter and on the port tack. I was in hopes she would have seen it also. The officers and men saw it, and (those) who have served in parts of the world adjacent to whale and seal fisheries, and have seen them in the water, declare they have never seen or heard of any creature bearing the slightest resemblance to the one we saw. There was something on its back that appeared like a mane, and, as

and twelve fins similar to those of the blackfish, but turned the contrary way. The back was from 20ft. to 30ft. long; also a great length of tail. It is not improbable that this monster has been taken for the great sea-serpent. Fired and hit it near the head with rifle ball. At eight, fresh wind and fine.’ The monster was seen by the entire ship’s crew, as also by Captain Morgan, a passenger by the *Princess*.”

Another well-authenticated sea-serpent is that seen by Dr. Biccard, of Cape Town, in February, 1857, a month later seen by Mr. Fairbridge and others. Dr. Biccard was at the lighthouse at Green Point in the afternoon of the day in question, about 5 p.m., when the lighthouse-keeper asked him to “come and see a sea-monster.” “I proceeded to the lighthouse,” wrote Dr. Biccard, “and from thence I saw on the water, about 150yds. from the shore, a serpent, of which some details have already appeared in print. (This refers to the account by

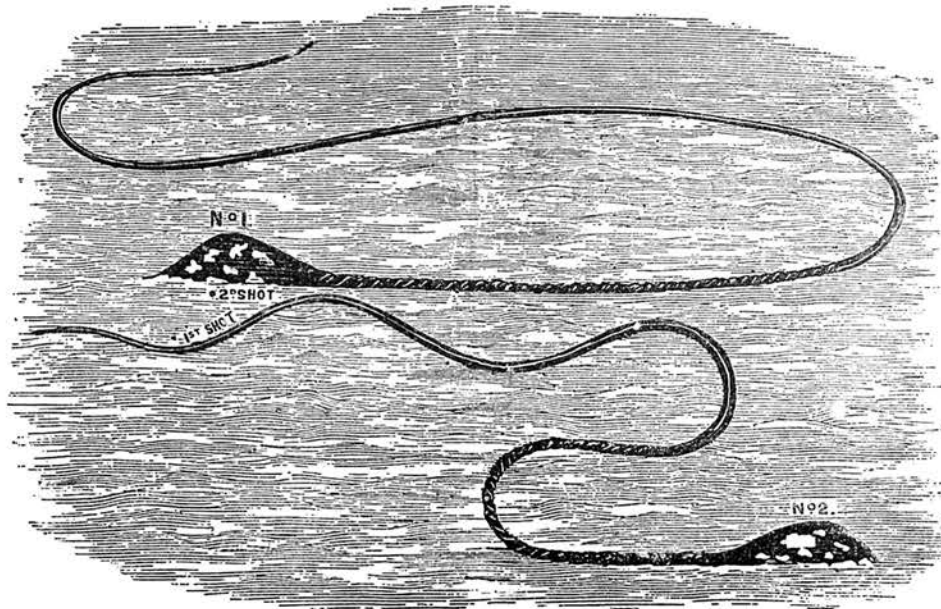


SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM THE “PRINCESS.”

Mr. Fairbridge.) It was lying in the position shown in the accompanying sketch, No. 1. I borrowed a rifle from Mr. Hall (the father-in-law of the lighthouse-keeper), and fired at the animal. The ball fell short in front of it by about four yards, as shown in the sketch. The animal did not move, and I then fired a second shot, the ball striking about 1ft. or 1½ft. from it. The serpent then, apparently startled, moved from its position, and straightened himself out, and went under water, evidently getting out of the way. He was invisible about

calm. Besides Dr. Biccard, the animal was seen by seven other persons.

One of our illustrations is of the great American sea-serpent, a young one of which was actually caught and dissected by members of the Linnæan Society of Boston (some of the parts being here shown). In consequence of the reports of a great sea-serpent having been frequently seen during the month of August, 1817, in the harbour of Gloucester, Mass., and at a short distance at sea, the Linnæan Society appointed a committee to collect evidence with regard to the



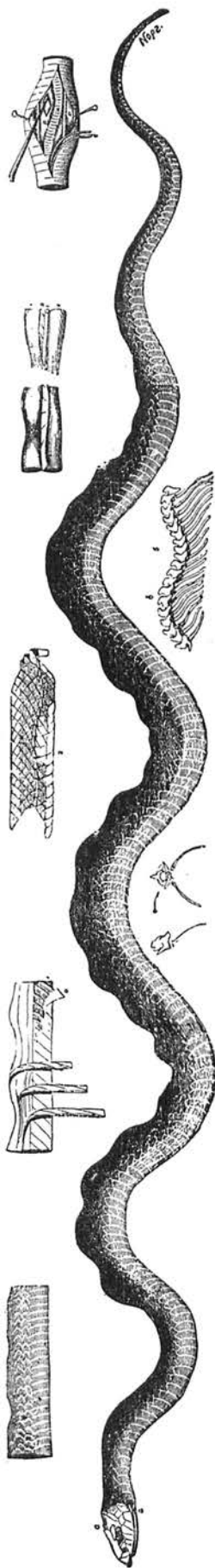
SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY DR. BICCARD, OF CAPE TOWN.

ten minutes, at the expiration of which interval he reappeared at about 200yds. distance, and, I should say, about 40yds. farther off. He then came right on towards the place where I first saw him; but before arriving there, my son, who had joined me, fired at the animal. Unluckily the discharge broke the nipple of the rifle, and I was thus prevented from further firing. Upon reaching the place which he first occupied, the serpent formed himself into the position delineated in sketch No. 2, and then stood right into the bay, and soon afterwards we lost sight of him altogether.”

Dr. Biccard goes on to say that the animal was about 200ft. in length, but its thickness he could not tell, only the upper part of its body being visible; the head could be seen but indistinctly. He considered the protuberance to be the upper part of the head, but he could not discover the eyes. The body was of a dull, dark colour, except the head, which was maculated with white spots. The water at the time was very

existence and appearance of such an animal. In due course a report appeared, and if that alone was not convincing, the receipt by the Society a month later of an actual sea-serpent left the matter beyond dispute. It was of remarkable appearance, was decided by the Society to be the young of the great sea-serpent, and was named *Scolioplus Atlanticus*. It was killed on the sea-shore at no great distance from Cape Ann. The next cut is from an engraving of it in a pamphlet relating to the sea-serpent published by the Society.

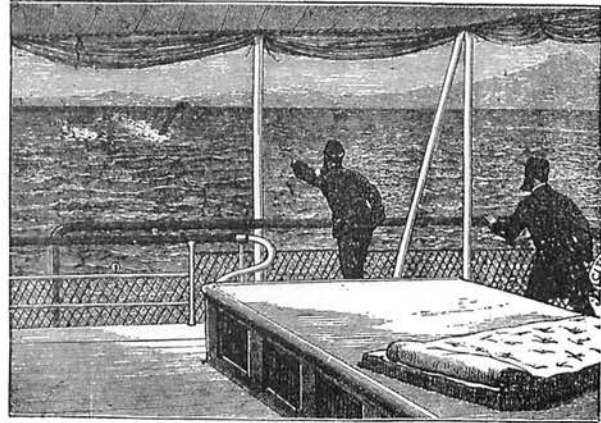
In its issue of April 19th, 1879, the *Graphic* gave an illustration of a sea-serpent seen by its correspondent, Major H. W. J. Senior, of the Bengal Staff Corps, from a sketch by that gentleman, together with a description of the monster, as it appeared to him from the poop deck of the steamship *City of Baltimore*, in latitude 12° 28' N., longitude 43° 52' E. Major Senior first saw the creature about three-quarters of a mile distant, “darting rapidly out of the water and splashing in



SEA-SERPENT CAUGHT BY THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY, 1817.

again, with a noise distinctly audible," and rapidly approaching the ship. It arrived within 500 yards before turning its course and finally disappearing. It moved so rapidly that it was impossible to fix it with the telescope, so that Major Senior is doubtful whether it had scales or not, but as well as could be ascertained by the unaided eye it had none. "The head and neck," says Major Senior, "about two feet in diameter, rose out of the water to a height of about twenty or thirty feet, and the monster opened its jaws wide as it rose, and closed them again as it lowered its head and darted forward for a dive, reappearing almost immediately some hundred yards ahead. The body was not visible at all, and must have been some depth under water, as the disturbance on the surface was too slight to attract notice, although occasionally a splash was seen at some distance behind the head. The shape of the head was not unlike pictures of the dragon I have often seen, with a bulldog appearance of the forehead and eye-brow. When the

monster had drawn its head sufficiently out of the water, it let itself drop, as it were, like a huge log of wood, prior to darting forward under the water." Major Senior's statement was countersigned by Dr. Hall, the ship's surgeon, and Miss Greenfield, a passenger, both of whom saw the creature.

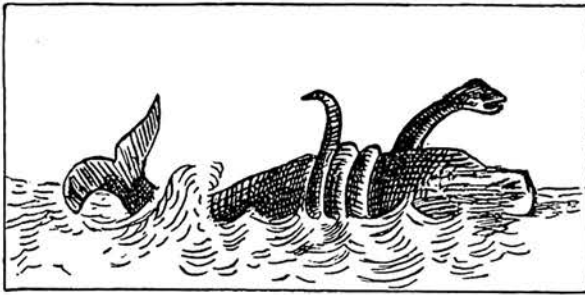


SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM THE SS. "CITY OF BALTIMORE."

One of the most extraordinary accounts of the sea-serpent was that given by Captain Drevar, of the barque *Pauline*, and declared before a magistrate by himself and his crew. Much ridicule was cast upon the story by certain journalists, who felt it necessary to be funny on the occasion, and Captain Drevar bitterly resented the doubts cast upon his veracity and capabilities for observation. It is difficult to dismiss the story as not proven, except upon the assumption that Captain Drevar and his crew agreed to tell a great lie for no earthly reason, and without the slightest inducement. This is the narrative, shortened in places, for considerations of space:—

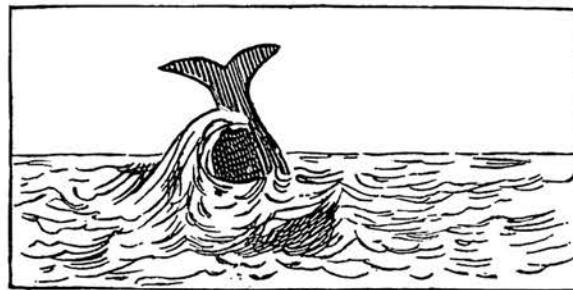
"Barque *Pauline*.—July 8th, 1875; lat. 5° 13' S., long. 35° W.; Cape Roque, north-east corner of Brazil, distant twenty miles at 11 a.m.

"The weather fine and clear, the wind and sea moderate. Observed some black spots on the water and a whitish pillar, about 35ft. high, above them. At first I took it all to be breakers, as the sea was splashing up fountain-like about them, and the pillar, a pinnacle rock bleached with the sun; but the pillar fell with a splash and a similar one rose. They rose and fell alternately in quick succession, and good glasses showed me it was a monster sea-serpent coiled twice round a large sperm whale. The head and tail parts, each about 30ft. long, were acting as levers, twisting itself and victim around with great velocity. They sank out of sight about every two minutes, coming to the surface still revolving, and the struggles of the whale and two other



SEA-SERPENT ATTACKING WHALE. SEEN BY CAPTAIN DREVAR IN 1875.

whales that were near, frantic with excitement, made the sea in this vicinity like a boiling caldron, and a loud and confused noise was distinctly heard. This strange occurrence lasted some fifteen minutes, and finished with the tail portion of the whale being elevated straight in the air, then waving backwards and forwards and lashing the water furiously in the last death struggle, when the whole body disappeared from our view, going down head foremost towards the bottom, where, no doubt, it was gorged at the serpent's leisure Then two of the largest sperm whales that I have ever seen moved slowly thence towards the vessel, their bodies more than usually elevated out of the water, and not spouting or making the least noise, but seeming quite paralyzed with fear; indeed, a cold shiver went through my own frame on beholding the last agonizing struggle of the poor whale that had seemed as helpless in the coils of the vicious monster as a small bird in the talons of a hawk. Allowing for two coils round the whale, I think the serpent was about 160ft. or 170ft. long and 7ft. or 8ft. in girth. It was in colour much like a conger eel, and the head, from the mouth being always open, appeared the largest part of the body. . . . I wrote thus far, little thinking I should ever see the serpent again. But at 7 a.m., July 13th, in the same latitude, and some eighty miles east of San Roque, I was astonished to see the same or a similar monster. It was throwing its head and about 40ft. of its body in a horizontal position out of the water, as it passed onwards by the stern of our vessel. . . . I was startled by the cry of 'There it is again,' and, a short distance to leeward, elevated some 60ft. in the air, was the



SEA-SERPENT ATTACKING WHALE—THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

great leviathan, grimly looking towards the vessel. . . . This statement is strictly true, and the occurrence was witnessed by my officers, half the crew, and myself, and we are ready at any time to testify on oath that it is so, and that we are not in the least mistaken. . . . A vessel, about three years ago, was dragged over by some sea-monster in the Indian Ocean.

"GEORGE DREVAR,
"Master of the *Pauline*."

Upon seeing doubts cast upon his account in certain newspapers, Captain Drevar appeared before Mr. Raffles, stipendiary magistrate at the Dale Street Police Court, Liverpool, accompanied by some of his officers and crew, and made the following declaration:—

"We, the undersigned, captain, officers, and crew of the barque *Pauline*, of London, do solemnly and sincerely declare that on July 8th, 1875, in latitude 5° 13' S., longitude 35° W., we observed three large sperm whales, and one of them was gripped round the body with two turns of what appeared to be a large serpent. The head and tail appeared to have a length beyond the coils of about 30ft., and its girth 8ft. or 9ft. The serpent whirled its victim round and round for about fifteen minutes, and then suddenly dragged the whole to the bottom, head first.

"GEORGE DREVAR,
Master.

"HORATIO THOMP-
SON.

"HENDERSON LAN-
DELLO.

"OWEN BAKER.

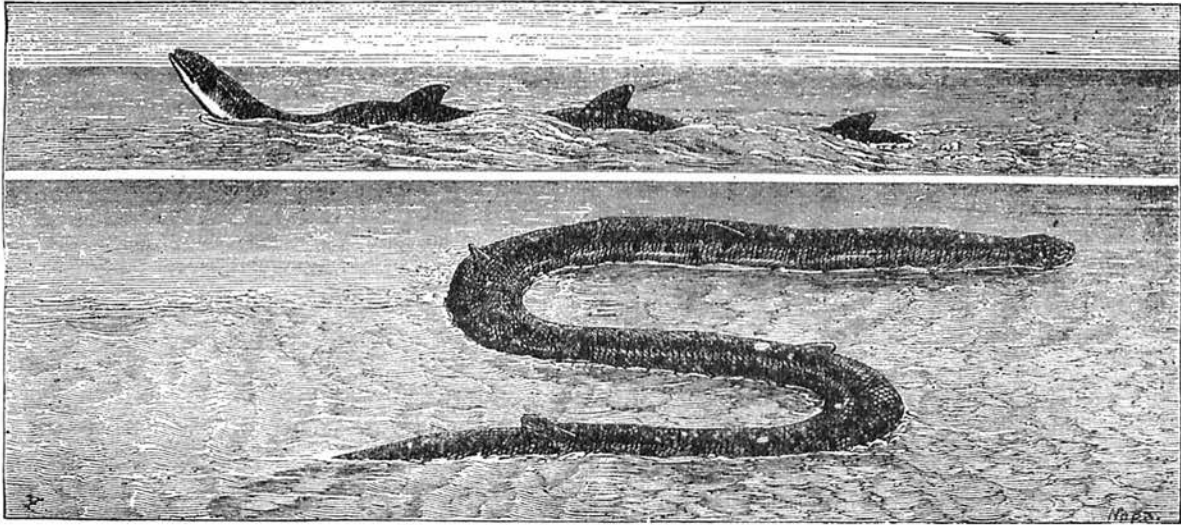
"WILLIAM LEWAN."

There were also two other declarations, relating to the sub-

sequent appearance, and the declaration was again made at a Liverpool police-court.

Captain Hassel, of the barque *St. Olaf*, from Newport to Galveston, Texas, testifies to having seen, two days before arrival at the latter port, on May 13th, 1872, a large sea-serpent lying upon the surface of the water. Such part of the creature as was visible seemed about 70ft. long, and had four fins along the back. It was about 6ft. in diameter, and it was of a greenish-yellow colour, with brownish spots over the upper part. One of the mates made a sketch of the animal.

In June, 1877, the officers and crew of the Royal yacht *Osborne* encountered a sea-monster off the coast of Sicily. Lieutenant



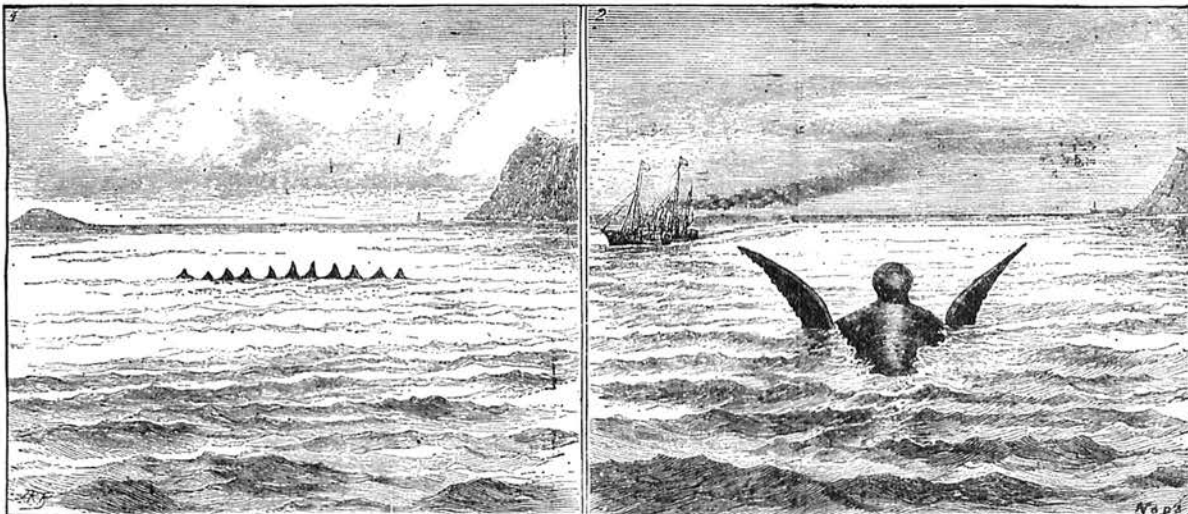
SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY CAPTAIN HASSEL.

Haynes describes it thus: "My attention was first called by seeing a long row of fins appearing above the surface of the water at a distance of about 200yds. from the ship, and away on our beam. They were of irregular heights and extending about 30ft. or 40ft. in line (the former number is the length I gave, the latter the other officers). In a few seconds they disappeared, giving place to the forepart of the monster. By this time it had passed astern, swimming in an opposite direction to that we were steering, and as we were passing through the water at ten and a half knots I could only get a view of it 'end on,' as shown in the sketch. The head was bullet-shaped, and quite 6ft. thick, the neck narrow, and its head was occasionally thrown back out of the water, remaining there for a few seconds at a time. It was very broad across the back or shoulders, about 15ft. or 20ft., and the flappers appeared to have a semi-revolving motion, which seemed to paddle the monster

along. They were about 15ft. in length. From the top of the head to the part of the body where it became immersed, I should consider 50ft., and that seemed about one-third of the whole length. All this part was smooth, resembling a seal. I cannot account for the fins, unless they were on the back below where it was immersed."

But we have still more recent witnesses to the fact of the existence of a sea-monster than the above. Captain R. J. Cringle, of the steamship *Umfuli*, one of the ten vessels of the Natal Line, belonging to Messrs. Bullard, King, and Company, less than two years ago commanded the following to be written in his ship's log:—

"Ss. *Umfuli*, Monday, Dec. 4th, 1893, 5.30 p.m., lat. 23deg. N., long. 18deg. W. —Sighted and passed, about 500yds. from ship, a monster fish of serpentine shape, about 80ft. long, with shining skin, and short fins, about 20ft. apart, on the back; in



1. ROW OF FINS AS FIRST SEEN.

2. HEAD AND FLAPPERS.

SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM H.M.V. "OSBORNE."

circumference, about the dimensions of a full-sized whale."

The position indicated, as will be seen by reference to a map, is off the coast of Africa, a little south of the Canary Islands, and, broadly speaking, between Cape Bojador and Cape Blanco. When questioned more narrowly about the monster he had seen, Captain Cringle said he had never set eyes upon anything of the kind before, nor had any of the sailors on board the *Umfuli*. People had laughed at him for what they called his credulity, and said that both he and his crew and the passengers on board had been deceived; but he was quite certain his eyes did not deceive him. The sea was like a mirror at the time, with not a cat's-paw nor a ruffle upon it; "and this thing," he added, "whatever it was, was in sight for over half an hour. In fact, we did not lose sight of it until darkness came on."

Questioned as to how far the creature was away when they first saw it, Captain Cringle said, "When we first saw it I estimated that it would be about 400yds. away. It was rushing through the water at great speed, and was throwing water from its breast as a vessel throws water from her bows. I saw full 15ft. of its head and neck on three several occasions. They appeared and disappeared three times. The body was all the time visible."

Asked what the body looked like, Captain Cringle said he could liken it to nothing so well as to a hundred-ton gun partly submerged. It showed three distinct humps or swellings above the waves. Taking a pencil, he made a rough sketch of what he saw. (This was afterwards filled out by our artist, and is given in our illustration.) "The base,

or body," said he, "from which the neck sprang was much thicker than the neck itself, and I should not, therefore, call it a serpent. Had it been breezy enough to ruffle the water, or hazy, I should have had some doubt about the creature; but the sea being so perfectly smooth, I had not the slightest doubt in my mind as to its being a sea-monster. I turned the ship round to get closer to it, and got much nearer than we were at first; but the sun was then setting and the light gone, so that to have run the ship nearer to the coast would have been folly."

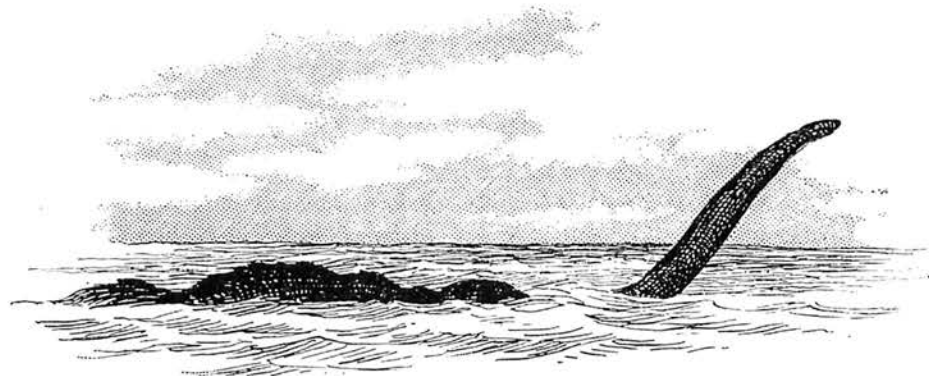
In reply to a question as to whether the creature seemed scaled, Captain Cringle said that so far as he could judge it was not. It appeared to have a smooth skin, and to

be of a dark brown colour. They were at one time so near to it that one of the passengers, a Mr. Kennealy, a gentleman of some scientific attainments, said he could hear the creature hiss, but the first officer said, "No, that is the rushing of the water from his bows." The scientific gentleman had a camera on board, but he was so excited that he never thought of it. A little less excitement, and Mr. Kennealy might have immortalized himself.

It will be seen from the photograph of the *Umfuli's* log that the chief officer, who has the keeping of it, had a look at the monster through his glass, and describes it as having an enormous mouth, with great rows of teeth.



CAPTAIN R. J. CRINGLE.
From a Photograph by W. F. Greene.



SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY CAPTAIN CRINGLE.

Log of the S.S. Umfuli from London towards Natal

H.	K.	F.	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEE-WAY.	Deviation.	REMARKS.
1	10	5	S by W 1/4 W	S by W			Monday Dec 4 th 1893 A.M.
2	10	5	"	"			2. Light wind forecast
3	10	5	"	"			
4	10	5	"	"			4. do — do
5	10	5	"	"			
6	10	5	"	"			Hands employed cleaning paintwork
7	10	5	"	"			varnishing gun work & painting Foredeck
8	10	5	"	"			Carpenter filling Engine Room stove
9	10	5	"	"			
10	10	5	"	"			12. Calm & clear.
11	10	5	"	"			
12	10	5	"	"			Pumps, wells, carefully attended

Course	Dist.	Dif. Lat.	Dep.	Lat. by Acct.	Lat. by Obs.	Dif. Long	Long. by Acct.	Long. by Obs.
South	25.5'	32			22° 38' 54" N	nil.		17.26.00 W
				Barometer. 30.20	Sympiesometer.	Thermometer. 78°	Aneroid.	

1	10	5	"	Calm			Jan	
2	10	5	"	"			2. Calm & smooth sea	
3	10	5	"	"				
4	10	5	"	"			4. Same weather. Ph 43	
5	10	5	"	"				
6	10	5	"	"			5.30 Sighted and passed about 500 yds	
7	10	5	"	"			from ship a monster fish of the Serpenter	
8	10	5	"	"			shape, about 80 ft long with slimy skin	
9	10	5	"	"			and short fins at about 20 feet apart on	
10	10	5	"	"			the back and in air about the size of a	
11	10	5	"	"			full sized whale, I distinctly saw the fishes	
12	10	5	"	"			mouth open & shut with my glasses. The	
just appeared to me about 100 ft long with large teeth. In shape it was just like a Conger Eel, I have seen two of them on Cape Cod.								
							C. J. F. Pirell	Mate

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF PAGE OF CAPTAIN CRINGLE'S LOG, WITH ENTRY REGARDING SEA-SERPENT.

Captain Cringle, however, who does not appear to have seen the creature's mouth open, said nothing about it.

In concluding his account of what he saw on that notable 4th of December, Captain Cringle said, "I have been so ridiculed about the thing that I have many times wished that anybody else had seen that sea-monster rather than me. I have been told that it was a string of porpoises, that it was an island of seaweed, and I do not know what besides. But if an island of seaweed can travel at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, or if a string of porpoises can stand 15ft. out of the water, then I give in, and confess myself deceived. Such, however, could not be."

Three months before Captain Cringle turned the *Umfuli* round in order to get a nearer sight of his sea-monster, Dr. Farquhar Matheson, of London, had a still closer view of a similar creature. Dr. Matheson is a

trained observer, and one of the men least likely to be the subject of an illusion. What he saw he described shortly afterwards to several gentlemen. They laughed at him at first, because it is so usual to laugh at sea-serpent stories; but they afterwards confessed that they thought there must be something in what he described, as he was not a person likely to be deceived. The ridicule to which he was subjected, however, made him decide to say very little about the matter. He gave the writer a succinct account of the monster he saw, which was made a note of at the time; but, as he declined to have his name go forth in connection with it, no use was made of the narrative. Having now, however, given his consent for his name to be mentioned, his interesting experience is here for the first time put on record.

The occurrence took place in September,

1893, while Dr. Matheson was spending some time at his home in the north-west of Scotland. He was at the time enjoying a sail with his wife on Loch Alsh, which separates the Island of Skye from the mainland. "It was a beautiful day," said Dr. Matheson, "clear as possible, the sun shining brightly, and without clouds. The time was between one and two. Our sail was up and we were going gaily along, when suddenly I saw something rise out of the Loch in front of us—a long, straight, neck-like thing as tall as my mast. I could not think what it was at first. I fancied it might be something on land, and directed my wife's attention to it. I said, 'Do you see that?' She said she did, and asked what it could be, and was rather scared. It was then 200yds. away and was moving towards us. Then it began to draw its neck down, and I saw clearly that it was a large sea-monster—of the saurian type, I should think. It was brown in colour, shining, and with a sort of ruffle at the junction of the head and neck. I can think of nothing to which to compare it so well as the head and neck of the giraffe, only the neck was much longer, and the head was not set upon the neck like that of a giraffe; that is, it was not so much at right-angles to it as a continuation of it in the same line. It moved its head from side to side, and I saw the reflection of the light from its wet skin."

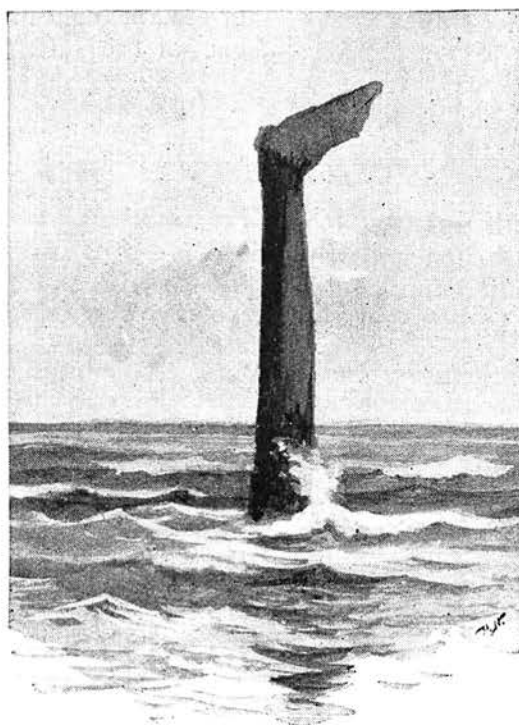
Asked if the creature appeared to have scales, Dr. Matheson said he should judge not. It showed a perfectly smooth surface. He went on to say that it was in sight about two minutes and then disappeared. Then it rose again three different times, at intervals of two or three minutes. It stood perpendicularly out of the water, and

seemed to look round. "When it appeared the second time," said Dr. Matheson, "it was going from us, and was travelling at a great rate. It was going in the direction of the northern outlet of the Loch, and we were sailing in its wake; I was interested, and followed it. From its first to its last appearance we travelled a mile, and the last time we saw it it was about a mile away."

As to the body of the monster, Dr. Matheson said, "I saw no body—only a ripple of the water where the line of the body should be. I should judge, however, that there must have been a large base of body to support such a neck. It was not a sea-serpent, but a much larger and more substantial beast—something of the nature of a gigantic lizard, I should think. An eel could not lift up its body like that, nor could a snake."

As to the possibility of his being the subject of an optical illusion, Dr. Matheson said, "That is a common theory. But what I saw precludes all possibility of such an explanation. In the case of an optical illusion, what the eye sees becomes attenuated, and thus gradually disappears. But in the case of the creature I saw, it slowly descended into the water; it reappeared the same way, gradually ascending. I saw it move its head from side

to side, and I noticed the glistening of the light on its smooth, wet skin." The doctor added, "In the evening at dinner I described to some gentlemen who were present, Sir James Farrar amongst the number, what I had seen. As I said, they laughed at the story at first, and suggested various ways in which I might have been deceived; but when I showed them that none of their theories would fit the case, they admitted that the sea-serpent, or sea monster, could not be altogether a myth."



SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY DR. MATHESON.

RECIPES FOR OCTOBER.

OCTOBER brings us apples; we hardly wish for anything better than an apple in October. But it also brings us pears of many kinds; nuts too—cobnuts, walnuts, and chestnuts galore. Some young people fancy that all these good things are in readiness for Hallow e'en frolics, but older heads know that October's wealth must be stored in preparation for wintry days that will surely follow soon.

French people grow more pears in their gardens than we English think of doing, partly because it is their habit to eat more fruit in its natural state, while we prefer ours to be cooked. I remember our old French garden of years ago; there were more pears than apples there, and pears of such varied shapes and flavours, as made it quite a marvel to our English friends. I remember that it was our custom to bake all the pears that would submit to being cooked; we had a deep glazed earthenware pan with a lid; this we filled twice a week and it was sent to the baker to be put in his oven when bread-baking was finished, there to stay until he fired his oven for the next day's bread. He brought that pan back with him on his round the next day, and the contents of it were invariably done to perfection. We could never bake the pears half as well in our own oven at home. Doubtless the charcoal firing had something to do with it.

Baked pears and cream! What a delight. Try it, you who know not how good all those hard, unripe things can become by proper slow cooking.

We sometimes added a stick of cinnamon or one or two cloves to our jar of pears, but no sugar is ever needed, only water enough to well cover them.

By way of a variation, when "company" was expected, we used to make a more elegant dish of our pears, by removing the rind and the cores, slicing them rather thickly and adding a few lumps of sugar, then pouring on enough common claret to cover them, and stewing them in our own oven for quite two hours. This was a toothsome dish when eaten with small moulds of custard, turned out and smothered in cream. Or the same dish of pears might appear at dinner with a mould of blancmange or ground rice.

Our time for making *Apple Jelly* comes when the apples have attained a rich red colour, but while they are still young and full of juice. It is not possible to make jelly from old or kept apples. After wiping each apple place it in a deep gallon jar, but do not peel, cut or quarter it. Pour in enough water to half fill the jar and replace the lid tightly. Let the jar stand in the corner of a slow oven for some five or six hours, then strain, first through a coarse sieve, when a light pressure may be put on the fruit, then strain a second time through a suspended jelly bag. Measure the juice thus obtained, and to every pint allow a pound of the best cane sugar. Put the juice on to boil and lay the sugar out on trays that it may heat in the oven.

When the juice boils fast throw in the sugar, and at the same time one or two pieces of rase ginger. When the sugar has dissolved begin to stir the liquid and continue stirring for twenty minutes exactly. Lift out the ginger and pour the liquid at once into small glass jars that have been made thoroughly hot so that they shall not crack.

If carefully made in this fashion, the jelly will be found to be solid after twenty-four hours. Keep in a dry but even temperature.

Blackberry Jelly would be made very similarly to the above, giving plenty of time

for the juice to "run" from the fruit in the first instance.

Quince Jelly the same, only more water must be allowed to quinces, as they are naturally a dry fruit. A few tart apples are a great addition to quince marmalade or jelly. The colour of quince jelly is so good that it becomes valuable for decorative purposes, if not as a dessert. Many people do not care for the peculiar flavour of the fruit, but its brilliant colour is universally admired.

An Apple Salad is delicious with roast pork or goose, only for this purpose the apples must be very ripe and rather juicy. Pare them, remove the cores and pips, and slice them very thinly into a salad bowl. Sprinkle with a little salt, a spoonful of castor sugar, a pinch of cayenne pepper, then pour on one dessertspoonful of chili vinegar, and two or three of finest Lucca oil. Toss very lightly, and do not let it have to wait long before serving, as the colour spoils readily.

Apple Beignets; the genuinely true fritter. Choose large firm apples; remove the cores without breaking them, then pare the rind off. Make a batter with the whisked whites of two eggs, a teaspoonful of castor sugar, two large tablespoonfuls of flour and enough salad oil to make a batter of the consistency of thick cream. Dip each round of apple into this, then drop at once into a saucepan containing boiling lard; let them boil until crisp and brown; drain and sprinkle liberally with sugar.

Apples en Croustades.—Pare, core and slice a couple of pounds of good cooking apples, stew them until they can be beaten to a froth with a fork. Do this, then sweeten sufficiently with sugar, add a pinch of spice and a little butter.

Cut some rounds from a stale roll about an inch thick. Scoop out a part of the middle but leave a thin bottom. Fry these croustades in lard until they are a pale brown; fill them with the frothed apple and pile on the top the whisked whites of one or two eggs, with sugar to sweeten. Allow one croustade to each person.

Apple Fool.—Pare, core and stew (without water) several tart apples. Sweeten well and beat the pulp until perfectly light. When cold whisk it with an equal quantity of thick custard or sweetened cream, and pour into a glass dish. Serve with sponge rusks.

Friar's Omelette.—Make a pulp of several cooked apples, sweeten it with sugar, and when cold add to it two well-beaten eggs. Butter a shallow tart-dish, strew it thickly with bread-crumbs, pour in the apple pulp and cover with more crumbs to the depth of an inch. Pour a little dissolved butter over the top, and bake in the oven for upwards of an hour. When cool turn it out on to a dish and sift sugar over.

Here is a hint that is worth noting with regard to apples, and that is, when baking apples in the oven, after scooping out a little at the top, to make an incision with a sharp knife all round, through the skin. Place a morsel of butter in the hollow at the top of each apple and a clove, if the flavour is liked. When baked the apples will have risen up, appearing twice as large as at first, while the cutting of the skin prevents the inside from boiling out.

Cheese is prime in October; witness the old custom of holding cheese fairs; it is excellent food too.

One of our American contemporaries has it that if we would be healthy we ought to eat cheese at least once a day. Many people hold to the idea that cheese will digest everything but itself, but that, it is hardly needful to say, is a fallacy. Ripe cheese is about one of the most nutritive and easily digested of all our foods. Where it is thought to be indigestible, however, a corrective would be found in adding as much bicarbonate of potash as would lie on a sixpence to a fair-sized cheese pudding, or sprinkle the potash between bread and butter and eating this with the cheese. The insufficiency of potash salt is the reason why some cheeses are difficult of digestion.

Grated Cheese is much liked by many who are prejudiced against eating it in the ordinary way. All dry pieces should be kept for grating.

Grated cheese should accompany potato soup, then it becomes true Potage Parmentier.

Roast Goose with its time-honoured accompaniment of apple sauce is a favourite dish at this time. Geese are indeed more wholesome faring now than later in the year; they have not had time to grow so fat and oily. A goose requires to be very thoroughly cooked, and as it browns quickly it should be well protected with stout papers until within half-an-hour of serving it, when these may be removed and the skin allowed to brown.

A stuffing of cooked and finely minced onions with sage is greatly improved by having half its bulk of mashed potatoes added; let it be highly seasoned also.

The apple sauce should be very little sweetened, not at all unless the apples are very tart.

At one of our well-known military schools for boys, where roast pork and apple sauce is the regular Sunday dish in winter, the sauce—ostensibly an accompaniment—is thought to be far too great a delicacy to be relegated to such a secondary place. Instead, the sauce tureens are left untouched until the meat has been consumed, then it is passed round as a separate course to the great delight of the appreciative diners.

Ginger Bread Nuts.—Rub half-a-pound of fresh butter into a pound and a half of flour, add nearly an ounce of ground ginger and sprinkle a very little cayenne pepper in. Warm a pound of treacle and half a pound of brown sugar together, then work in with the flour. Roll out to a thin paste and cut into biscuits with a sharp tin cutter. Bake on a buttered tin in a moderately quick oven for about twenty-five minutes.

Cocoanut Drops.—Rub four ounces of butter with an equal quantity of desiccated cocoanut, then add the whisked whites of four eggs. Beat all well together, then sift in sufficient cornflour to make a light paste, and work in half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in lemon juice. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to a buttered tin and bake very quickly.

Sugar Cakes.—Rub with the fingers half a pound of fresh butter into a pound of flour, with the grated rind of half a lemon, also half-a-pound of castor sugar. Mix with yolks of three eggs only, no other moisture. Roll out very thinly, using castor sugar with which to sprinkle the board instead of flour. Cut with a sharp cutter and bake in a moderate oven to a very pale brown.

These are delicious for afternoon tea.

The Champion Orange - Peeler.

Photos. specially taken by George Newnes, Ltd.

By A. B. HENN.



R. BIRCH is a ship's cook by profession, but, let it be said, he is rather more than that: he is to all intents and purposes an accomplished *chef*, as his numerous medals and diplomas

will show. More than that, again, he is an inventor. Mr. Birch is one of those extraordinary all-round men it is one's ill-luck to meet with but seldom. He is the one man we would wish to have as a companion on a desert island of the Pacific. He has the wonderful gift of making something out of what might well be called nothing at all, or the very next door to it.

He has manufactured with his own hands a set of kitchen utensils out of an ordinary hundredweight of coconuts. From an egg-separator to the most useful of soup-ladles, the shells were speedily transformed into useful and business-like utensils. Now, for a man who can make an up-to-date egg-separator out of the most common of cocoa-nut shells in less than ten minutes, it is not too much to expect something still more wonderful and startling.

It so happens that at times the most careful and industrious of ships' cooks will find time lie heavy on his hands; whenever such has been the case Mr. Birch contrived to fill in his odd moments in his endeavour to

perfect himself in one of the various hobbies which he has made his own.

When a man happens to travel in the company of some thousands of cases of oranges his mind will naturally dwell for a considerable part of the journey upon the luscious fruit and its possibilities.

Our champion happened to travel once in such companionship, and he then and there decided to form a closer acquaintance with his fellow-travellers, and the photographs which illustrate this article will serve to show the fruits (no pun intended) of his endeavour.

No Christmas dinner is considered complete without its *addenda* of oranges. It may therefore not prove uninteresting to show how the peel of this popular dainty may be used as a means of ornament and, let us add, amusement.

Though much time and patience are required to attain the perfection of our champion, it is nevertheless possible to acquire the art of ornamental orange-peel-

ing in a few self-taught lessons. The photos. here reproduced of oranges peeled by Mr. Birch in our presence will give sufficient aid to a beginner should he care to devote his attention to the art for a few hours only. The well-sharpened blade of a penknife is all that is required. The oranges, of course, are a *sine qua non*.



MR. BIRCH, THE CHAMPION ORANGE-PEELER.
From a Photo.

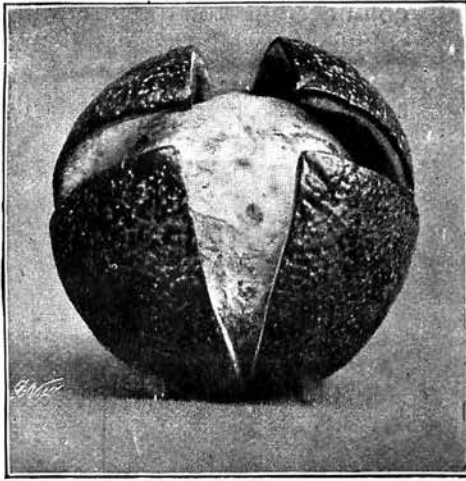


FIG. 1.

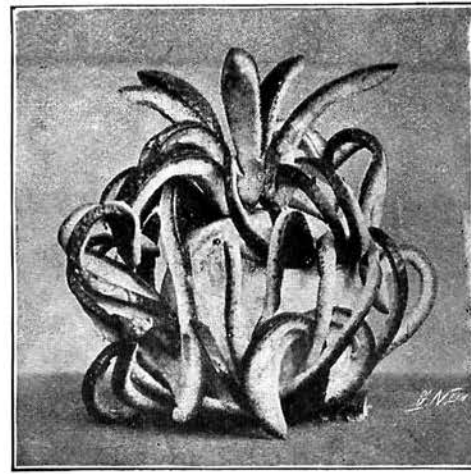


FIG. 4.

Look at Fig. 1, which illustrates the first cut. We see that the initial stage consists in making four slits at right angles from the top, but not quite to the bottom, of the peel. The nail of the thumb is then inserted

goodly strip of peel such as is shown in Fig. 3—in the second stage on the right, and in the third stage on the left of the fruit. Figs. 4 and 5 show different ways of cutting or carving; but Fig. 6 will show how to use



FIG. 2.



FIG. 5.

beneath the peel in order to separate it from the body of the fruit.

Fig. 2 shows how thin slices or strips are cut from the sides of the four main sections, or leaves. These four leaves must then be cut again from top to bottom, and from bottom to top alternately, but never quite to the end, so as to form one continuous strip of smaller leaves, that with gentle pulling will lengthen into a

the original cutting of Fig. 3 in the ornamental building up of Figs. 7 and 8.

Here we shall have to give away "a trick of the trade," if we may call it so.

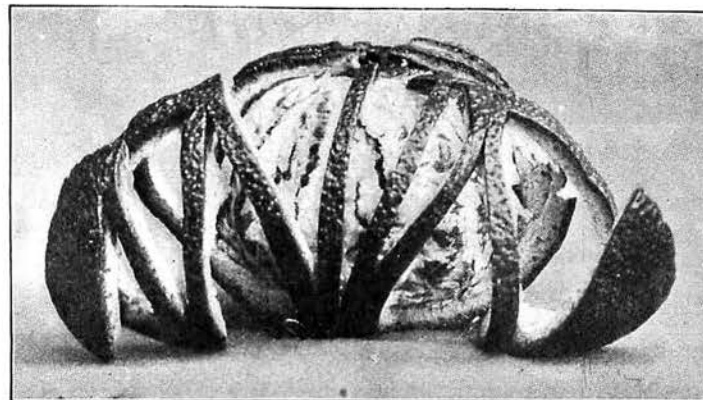


FIG. 3.

In order to mount the orange-peel artistically, small bits of wood the size of large Swedish matches, pointed at each end, will be found useful. Also longer bits of wood, such as are shown in the centre of Fig. 6, with tiny bits of wire upon

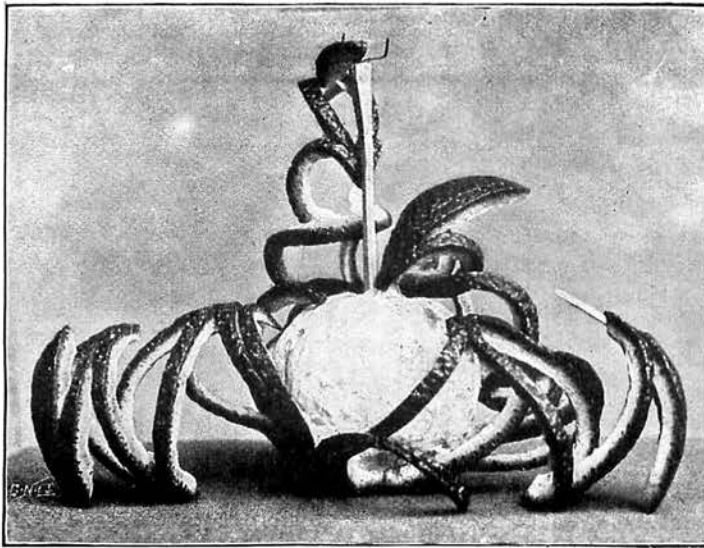


FIG. 6.

which the ends of the peel strips may be firmly fixed, will come in with advantage. Fig. 7 shows how an orange suitably peeled, carved, and trussed can be placed on an ordinary wine-glass, which glass has been

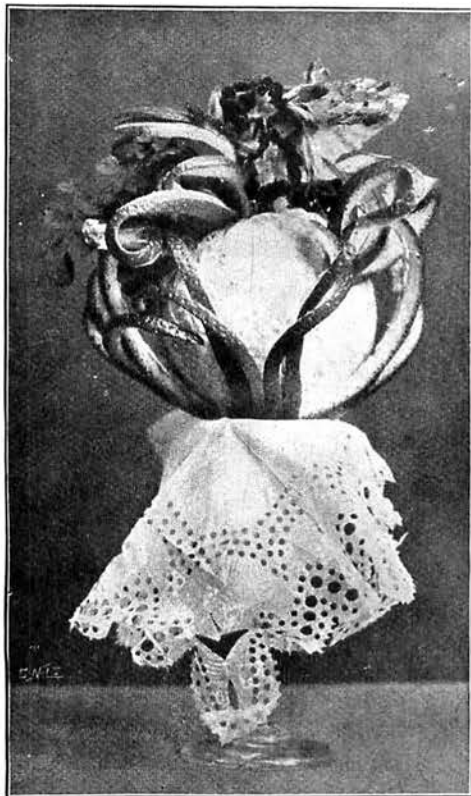


FIG. 7.

previously ornamented with a small square of white or coloured paper cut in any suitable design. In Fig. 8 we find an orange also carved and trussed, but ornamented in a more elaborate shape.

It is difficult to show in a photograph the charming effect of such table decoration,

owing, of course, to the loss of colour; but our picture will show sufficiently well what can be made of carved oranges with a little skill and a handful of greens and flowers,



FIG. 8.

such as are easily found in every well-appointed household.

Fig. 9 is what must be called a piece of fancy carving. We call it carving, for it can hardly be called peeling, though, perhaps, the difference is insignificant. It is intended to represent a Japanese house-boat, with folding doors, and very pretty do these

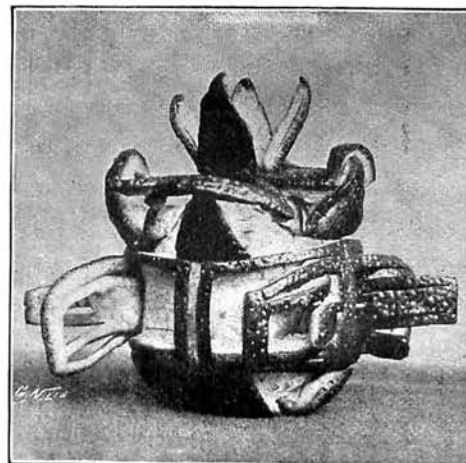


FIG. 9.

doors look, for they can be opened and closed at will, and give room for considerable amusement.

Fig. 10 is one that represents a great deal of skill, coupled with no little amount of patriotism. Mr. Birch's enthusiasm for the Crown is exemplified here in a striking manner. He has endeavoured to represent in orange-peel the symbol of our power and greatness.

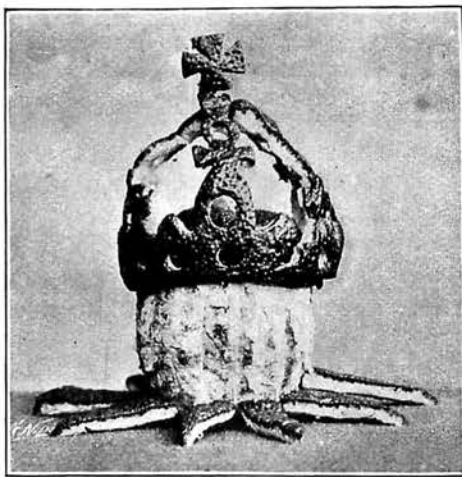


FIG. 10.

fashioned. There is no limit to these designs. A favourite form of amusement suggests itself. There are, for instance, endless possibilities in trying to carve your partner's features in the peel of an orange. Try it.

In the course of conversation Mr. Birch suggested the erection of an elaborate table-centre decoration by means of one hundred carved oranges.



FIG. 11.

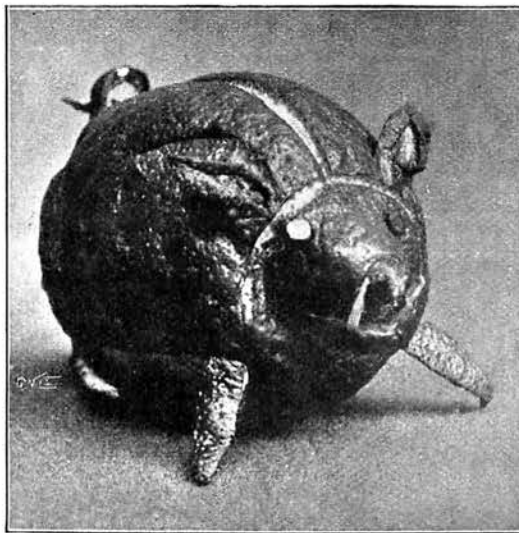


FIG. 12.

Considering the frailty of the material, we venture to suggest that he has met with no small amount of success.

There is a comic side to orange-peeling, and, though Mr. Birch mostly inclines to the artistic, there is nothing to prevent our digressing a little from his methods, and to suggest a somewhat novel kind of entertainment for after-dinner amusement.

Fig. 11 is an illustration in point. In less than two minutes this clever representation of Mr. What-you-may-call - him has been

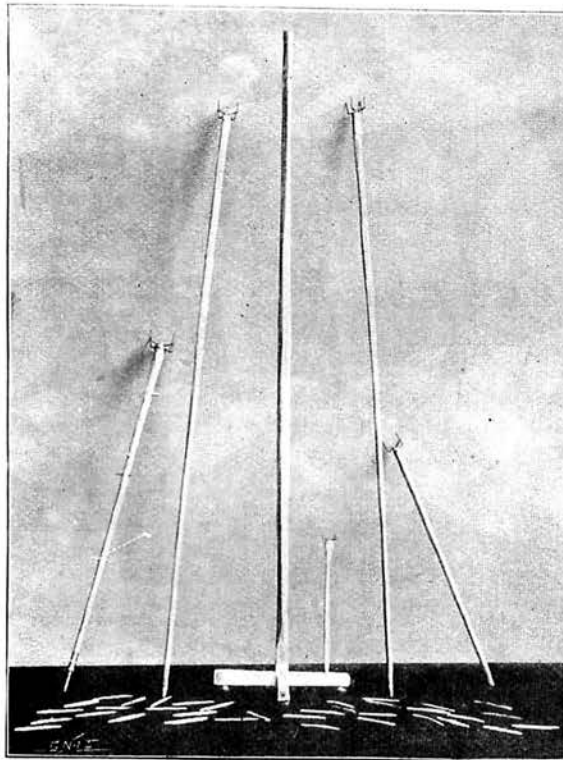


FIG. 13.

We challenged him to perform the feat, and forthwith ordered one hundred of the finest fruit extant.

Upon the receipt of these Mr. Birch set to work on the extraordinary structure which is illustrated in its various stages by the pictures that follow. In the construction of such an elaborate "set piece," as we may be permitted to call it, several accessories are of course necessary.

Those shown in Fig. 13 are of the simplest. They are the accessories that were used in the construction of the centre-piece

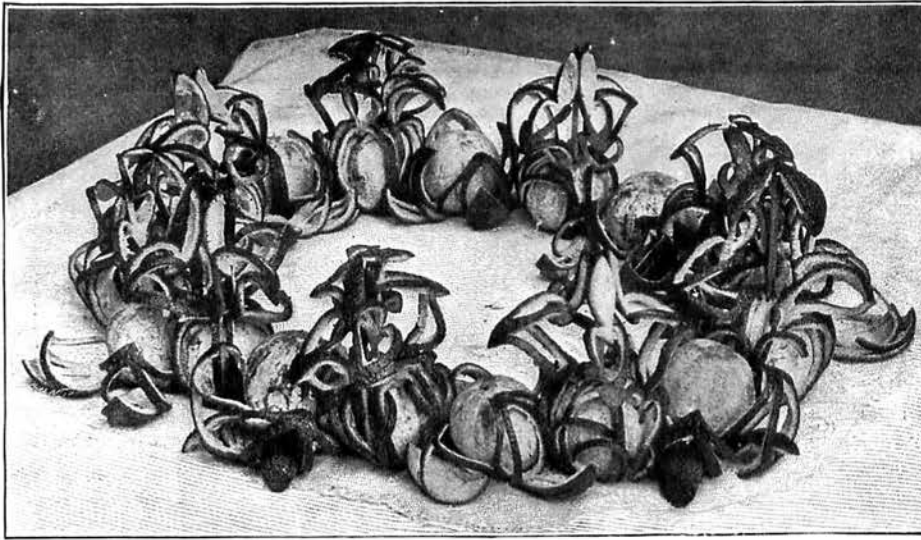


FIG. 14.

under notice. They consist in the first place of a base made of wood in the shape of a cross, with one long piece of wood fixed in the centre thereof and projecting vertically upwards.

Four pieces of wood, similarly shaped, are fixed into the ends of the arms of the cross in such a manner as to remain rigid in an upright position. The shorter pieces are fixed at suitable intervals, according to the form of design that is intended.

It must be understood, of course, that this staging is but an elementary one. If wire were used there is no end to the designs that might be produced. These may be left to the ingenuity of our readers.

In Fig. 14 we find what we will call the table-centre orange pyramid in its first stage. The oranges have all been carved in one and the same design. In the first row they are placed side by side in an oval, and form the base of the pyramid. It is not necessary to place the "foundation" or "staging" in the middle of the structure until at a later stage.

In some places you will see that bits of refractory peel have fallen back as though neglected, but on

close inspection of subsequent stages you will find that they have been put right, and this is part of the careful finishing touches that must be given as reasonable advance is made.

Look at Fig. 15. Here we have a number of rows added to the first, and our pyramid is already assuming respectable proportions. The centre support has been

firmly fixed into its base, and forms, as it were, the main-mast of the whole concern.

It must not be forgotten that, as the process of piling up goes on, the various supports must be tied together by means of tape, wire, or even strong thread, whichever, in fact, is most handy, in order to give the whole struc-

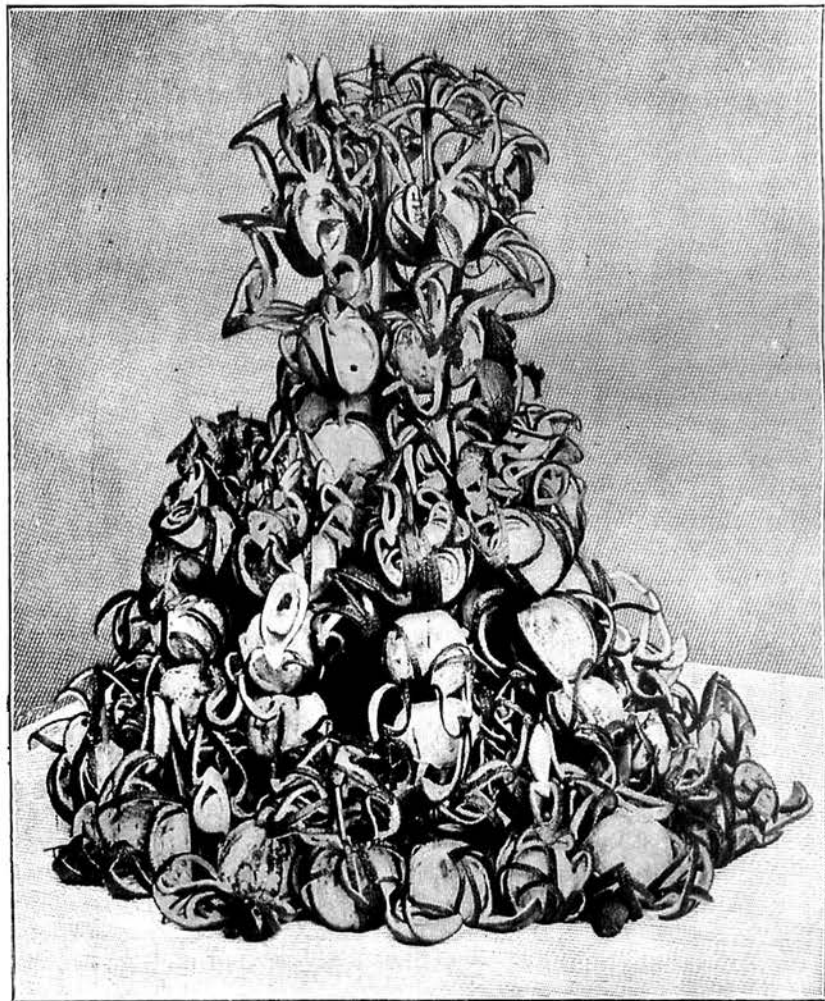


FIG. 15.

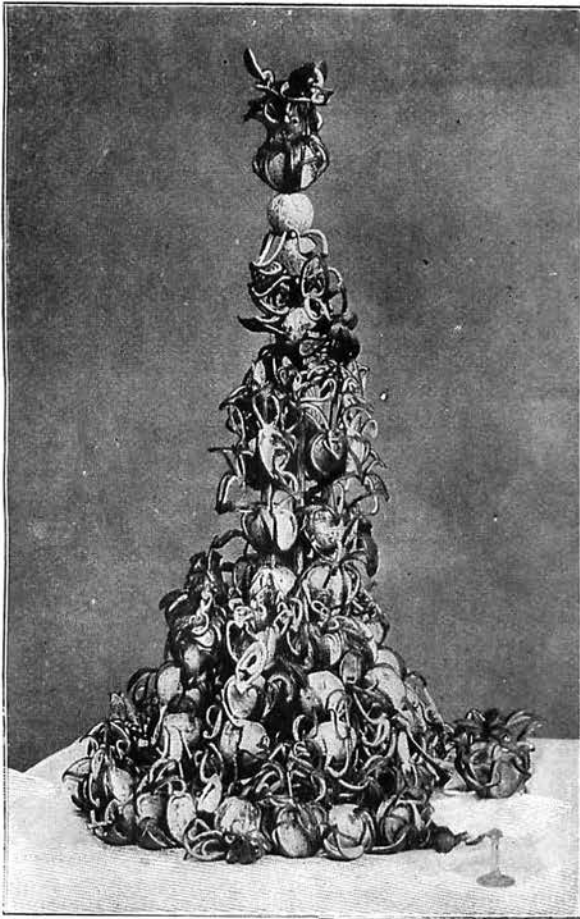


FIG. 16.

ture its required stability. If a wire frame were first constructed in much the same manner as those used for ornamental lamp-shades, the result would be more secure and, no doubt, more artistic also; but failing that, a wooden structure, such as the one indicated, will meet any ordinary case, and has on its side the advantage of simplicity, not to speak of economy.

Fig. 16 shows the pyramid practically completed, without, of course, its additional ornaments of ferns and flowers. The orange which forms the "mast-head," so to speak, must be carefully and

elaborately carved and "trussed." It is necessary that it should be firm in its setting, for should it vacillate there is danger of the whole structure collapsing owing to top-heaviness. Additional oranges, carved, trussed, and decorated, may with advantage be placed at the four corners or around the pyramid, such, in fact, as are shown placed upright on the wine-glasses in the picture.

In Fig. 17 we have a pretty view of the table-centre complete. About one hundred artistically peeled oranges are here shown, forming as pretty a centre-piece as has ever been devised. Streams of smilax trail down its sides, and maidenhair ferns peep out here and there; as also do little bunches of flowers to add the necessary colour. In fact, the whole structure reflects much credit on its originator, and suggests endless scope for the ingenuity of our readers.

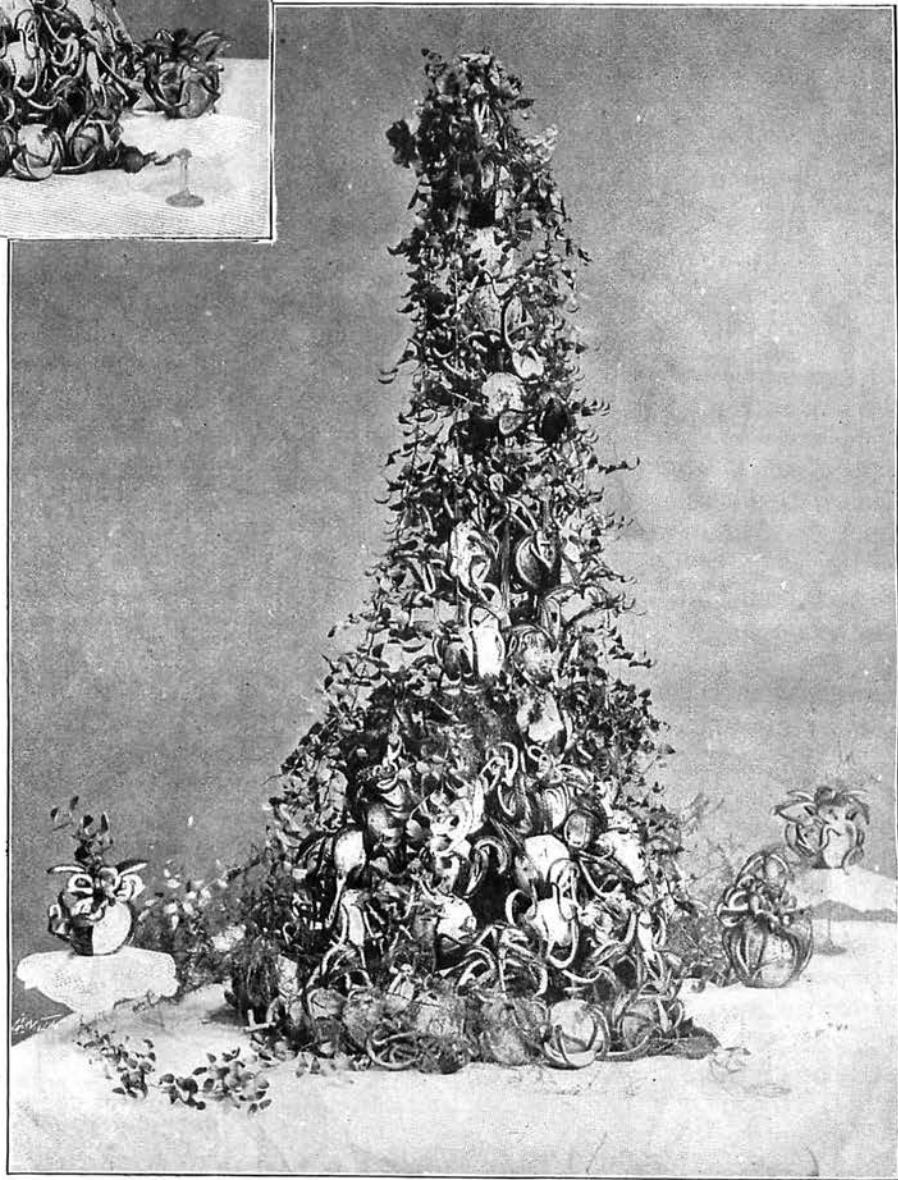


FIG. 17.

AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

TENTH PAPER.

WELL, girls, I'm a'most through with my last winter and spring's visit to the Capitol. If I go there next winter I reckon I'll write an' tell you all about the fashionable doin's. An' it runs in my mind pretty strong that our Nat 'll be a-gittin' married some time next season. I couldn't help seein' how much he thought o' her, an' I reckon the best of 'em all would take Nat for the askin'. Leastways, I think they might be glad to git him; and I know Miss Rankin likes him very much, though she ain't like some widders I've seen, a-flirtin' an' tryin' to act like a young girl all the time. If she was, I know Nat wouldn't like her. He never could bear a flirt sence he was a very young man, an' that Arethuse Simpkins down to Petersburg jilted him. Poor boy! he thought then that he never would be happy ag'in. But, laws a massy! gracious me! if he'd a married her, where do you think he'd a been now? Don't know? Well, I can tell you. Just out in the field a-hoin' an' a-plowin', in his unbleached shirtsleeves, an' coarse butternut pants, an' stogy shoes, all covered with mud. Then at home would 'a been a coarse, slattern of a woman, an' four or five dirty tow-headed children, with no books or flowers or any nice, tasteful things around. When a man marries so young he don't know his own mind, and then, if his wife ain't what he expected she was, he gives up a tryin' to be anything. Why, it just wouldn't 'a been our Nat at all as he is now. No, after that trouble (as he thought it was then, and for which he thanks the Lord now), he drooped a little while, an' then after a good talk with me one day, he straightened up an' went to work, an' after a while went to college with what he'd made an' what 'Slah could do to help him; for we wasn't as rich then as we are now. An' so he graduated, an' see where he is now! An' when de *does* marry, you may be sure he won't lower himself, after all the experience he's had! An' that's a great comfort to me. I always knowed that Nat was as smart as anybody's son, no matter whose. But—if he'd 'a married that Arethuse, nobody'd ever 'a heard of him!

Well, we only had a few more days to stay, an' so we was out in the carriage every day. Our next drive was to Soldiers' Home, the loveliest place, all full o' fine drives, miles on miles; an' the cunnin'est fittle lakes, with willer trees growin' around 'em; an' patches o' woods, with little branches and bridges; an' clumps an' old roots, turned up, an' the honey-suckles a-runnin' all over 'em; an' the finest trees, in the Corcoran part o' the grounds, brought from foreign countries, an' costin'

mints o' money. In one wild nook o' woods there's a thicket of underbrush, an' a spring o' cold water, with a great chestnut tree nigh it, where Nat and his friends went for a picnic last year; an' up on the hill in another grove o' trees is a pretty little church. Then there's summer-houses, an' all kinds o' pretty seats in out-o'-the-way lookin' places; an' there's the old soldiers—here, there, an' everywhere, a lookin' as happy an' bright as possible—all dressed in the old army blue. Some was at work about the flowers, an' some o' the weakest an' oldest settin' around in the nice seats a-sunnin' themselves, an' enjoyin' the trees an' flowers. An', speakin' o' flowers, you never seen such lovely ones. An' so many o' 'em, too, while every walk is kept just as clean as our kitchen floor of a Saturday night; an' every border's trimmed an' kept in apple-pie order.

Nat says I just ought to see Soldiers' Home in October, when the woods is a-changin' color; that it's perfectly grand. He knows how I love the autumn woods. We looked through the houses at the Home: one's where Mr. an' Miss Lincoln used to pass their summers—when everybody that *was* anybody wasn't obleeged to go to a fashionable waterin'-place. Then we went up into the tower, where I seen the finest view in the world, a'most; leastways, it appeared so to me. On the north was the beautiful hills an' valleys, all rich in farms an' fine old houses; on the east was the same, with a part o' the city an' Kendall Green, with the Deaf and Dumb Asylum near it; southeast was the grand old Capitol, the Eastern Branch an' the Anacosty hills; an' away off, miles and miles, south and southwest was Alexandry, an' Fort Washin'ton, an' Arlington, an' the wide river shinin' like a smooth sea, with the great city between, an' the lovely grounds at our feet. Oh, it's wonderful! an' I do hope you'll all git to see it some day. It minded me o' the Arcady that Nat read to me about once; or the Beulah land; or the new heaven an' new earth in the Revelations; for it seemed to take in the heavens an' the earth both, an' everything was perfect. The sun was a-gittin' low in the west, an' the whole sky was one blaze o' light, with clouds o' purple, an' red an' gold; an' there was a kind o' haze in the air that made the distant town look like the enchanted city in little Arthur's fairy book. Oh, I think if Paradise is any brighter or lovelier than that scene was that day I don't know how we'll ever be able to bear the sight! The western part o' the city, and the heights o' Georgetown was very beautiful too; so there was no end to the beauty o' the view.

We stopped an' talked to several o' the old soldiers, and found they was all proud o' their home, as they have a good right to be. General Scott's the one that set it a-goin', an' each soldier in the reg'lar army has to give a little

mite every year, an' that keeps it up. One o' the old fellers we talked to was in the war of 1812. He's very old, of course. Several was wounded in Mexico in 1848—an' one poor man that wasn't old at all, an' looked in pretty good health, went around in a little wagon that he worked with his hands, and when we asked him what was the matter, said he had his feet both froze off when he was a-soldierin' in the Northwest. He was in the reg'lar army, of course, an' was stationed at one of our forts. How sorry I was for him, an' yet how glad that he had such a nice place provided for him. A-plenty of everything comfortable, with a beautiful home to live in; an' plenty o' books, with the sunniest or shadiest places to wheel himself into to read. It might be worse, though it's bad enough, dear knows, when a man's lost both his feet.

It was late when we got home to dinner. Next day we drove out the same road to the old Rock Creek Church. It's a fine old place, all the trees bein' left a-growin' as God made 'em; an' grand trees they are, too. All through the graveyard they let 'em stand; an' it's pleasant to think o' the dead a-lyin' there, with the birds singin' above 'em all the spring and summer, an' the leaves a-fallin' over 'em in the autumn like a coverlet—leaves of red an' gold an' brown, all mingled together above their sleepin' forms, as they did once above the lost Babes in the Wood. One o' the trees just in front o' the church is the finest old oak I ever seen. There ain't one like it in our whole valley, from one end to the other. An' if there's one thing in the world that minds me of a strong, brave man, it's a great oak tree; an' this one looks as old as Methusalem, with its gnarly old arms a-reachin' out, like they grewed there on purpose to protect the church. Under the tree an' all over the front yard it's one great bed o' myrtle a foot deep, with its blossoms a-peepin' up from the glossy green bed, like a thousand bright blue eyes.

The church is built o' bricks brought from England, some dark an' some light, an' it's a hundred year old. It's always been attended by the old families in the country around; an' considerin' the war an' all its changes, it's wonderful how many o' these have kept their old homes.

In the church-yard here there's a good show o' fine old family tombstones; but we noticed partic'larly a small, square stone, ready to put up, an' marked with the name o' General Ketcham, the man that was supposed to be pizoned by Miss Wharton in Baltimore. Nat had sent me all the papers at the time o' the trial, an' I'd read the whole thing through, so I felt very strange a-standin' over his grave. An' I thought that, very likely, the whole truth of this thing would never be found out till the great day that will open out the se-

crets of all hearts. The ginerals wife died first, an' is buried by his side.

From there we drove out to Fort Stevens, where there was busy times durin' the war. Now it's levelled down on the top, an' a handsome little 'Piscopal church, of rough gray stone, built there. It shows for miles around. Away off, in every direction from this fort, the old country houses may be seen, many of 'em very grand old places. "Bleak House," Mr. Shepherd's country place, stands on a hill, an' is seen for miles around, lookin' bleak enough in the distance, but very nice when you reach it. It's named after the house in one o' Dickens's books; maybe you remember. It's the one with Lady Dedlock, an' Jarndice an' Jarndice, an' little Miss Flite, in it. Then we come home across Rock Creek, a lovely little stream, as pretty as our own river, only it lacks the mountains; an' then through the pretty little village o' Mount Pleasant, an' back to the hotel. I'd like to tell you more about Rock Creek, an' Pierce's Mill, an' Mount Pleasant, an' other places we drove to next day. But I reckon I won't have time. I'll only say about this creek that it runs on, dashin' over rocks, an' through wild woods, around by Georgetown, an' then into the Potomac; an' that some o' the levellest places may be found everywhere along the stream. Painters go out every summer to make pleters from these little spots, an' some of 'em's very fine.

I'd been so long at the hotel that I'd got to feelin' pretty much at home there; an' when I went to bid my friends good-by, I really hated to go. But I knowed the folks at home was a-gittin' tired o' doin' without me, an' the spring was come, an' I began to pine for my dear old home, an' for 'Siah, an' I longed to see the young chickens an' ducks, an' the lambs an' calves, an' the old mountains, as well as the children an' neighbors.

So one mornin' early we started for home, Nat an' me. The last sight o' the Capitol from the Long Bridge made me choke a'most, thinkin' I might never see it agin. But that, an' Arlington, an' the dear old river, was soon gone, an' on I went home, clickity-clack, clickity-clack, thumpity-bump, thumpity-bump, an' the nearer home I got, the more nervous I growed, for fear 'Siah might be dead, or Annie, or the baby, or somebody else. But at last we reached the station, an' there, sure enough, was our own old rusty carriage (an' how rusty it did look, to be sure!), an' 'Siah himself a-waitin' for me. I was powerful glad to see him, but couldn't help a-noticin' how rough he looked, and how careless he was dressed. I asked him why he didn't fix up more, an' he says, "Highty-tighty, Hitty! ain't I good enough for you an' Nat in my work-a-day clothes? I reckon you'd better go back to Washin'ton, hadn't you?" But his eyes twinkled when he said it, for he seen plain

enough how glad I was to see him. An' when we got to the old house again, an' Pete an' Annie run out with the baby, an' Mose an' Kitty, an' you, girls, an' even old Towser, you'd better believe I was glad! But, my! how squatty the house looked! an' how low our rooms was! an' how rough the walls seemed! an' how coarse my new rag carpet, that I was so proud of before I went away! But all this come right in a few days, an' I felt as if I never could git tired o' lookin' at the mountains. They never had seemed so grand-like to me before. An', though I knowed it was a long an' rough road to git out from among 'em, I appeared, somehow, to have more room, more breathin' space, than I'd had all winter. I never rested till I'd been to the sugar tree grove by the river, an' to the big iron spring an' the little sulphur one, an' all the nice places I'd been used to all my life. I never knowed how much I cared for 'em before. An' right here I'll say that I do think it's a good thing for everybody to go away from home once in a while. They'll never know how dear it is till they do. Here I'd been more'n thirty year on this farm, an' never away more'n three days at a time in my life. An' when I did go, it took two days out of the three to go over the mountain an' back, so it was only one day's visit after all, an' me a great sight too tired to enjoy that a mite. This time I'd been gone—let me see—December, Jenooary, Febooary, March, April, an' a good part o' May—almost six months! Well, nobody but Nat ever could a-kept me that long from home. Still, I enjoyed it all; but I enjoyed comin' home as much as any of it. Annie had kept the house in prime order (so much for teachin' her right when she was a girl), an' I didn't have any worry at all, like most women do that's been away so long. An' I declare that the second afternoon, as I was a-settin' all alone in my room (for Nat was gone to see some o' the neighbor boys, an' all the others was at work), when a great pile o' clouds riz over the mountain, an' then rolled up an' spread out above us, with the sun a-gleamin' through the rifts; an' when the rain come down, soft-like, and thin, at the first, makin' the mountain look like it wore a gauze veil over its dear old face, but fairly pourin' down after a while, hidin' it altogether; an' when it broke away, an' all was lit up agin in the evenin' sunlight, an' the fogs rose up from the clefts of the mountains, an' chased each other like huge flyin' swans up the river, then I felt a'most like shoutin' with joy that I was once more in my mountain home! Oh, girls! it don't make no difference about bein' old, if the good God leaves us our eyes. We can always find somethin' to make us happy in this world, providin' we have a cheerful spirit an' a hopeful disposition, which I thank Him for to-day. An' I never knowed how much I

really had to enjoy in this quiet valley in the mountains till I'd been away from it so long. An' there's no danger in life of me ever spendin' the *summers* away from my dear old home.

MAN is a sort of tree which we are too apt to judge of by the bark.

SUPPOSED CHARMS AGAINST EVIL. — Amongst other charms against evil may be named that of our ancestors, who, when eating eggs, were careful to break the shells, lest the witches should use them to their disadvantage. We do the same for a similar reason; it is accounted unlucky to leave them whole. They avoided cutting their nails on Friday, because bad luck would follow; but we have improved upon their practice, and lay down the whole theory as follows:—

“Cut your nails on Monday, cut them for news;
Cut them on Tuesday, a new pair of shoes;
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for health;
Cut them on Thursday, cut them for wealth;
Cut them on Friday, cut them for woe;
Cut them on Saturday, a journey you'll go;
Cut them on Sunday, you'll cut them for evil,
For all the next week you'll be ruled by the devil.”

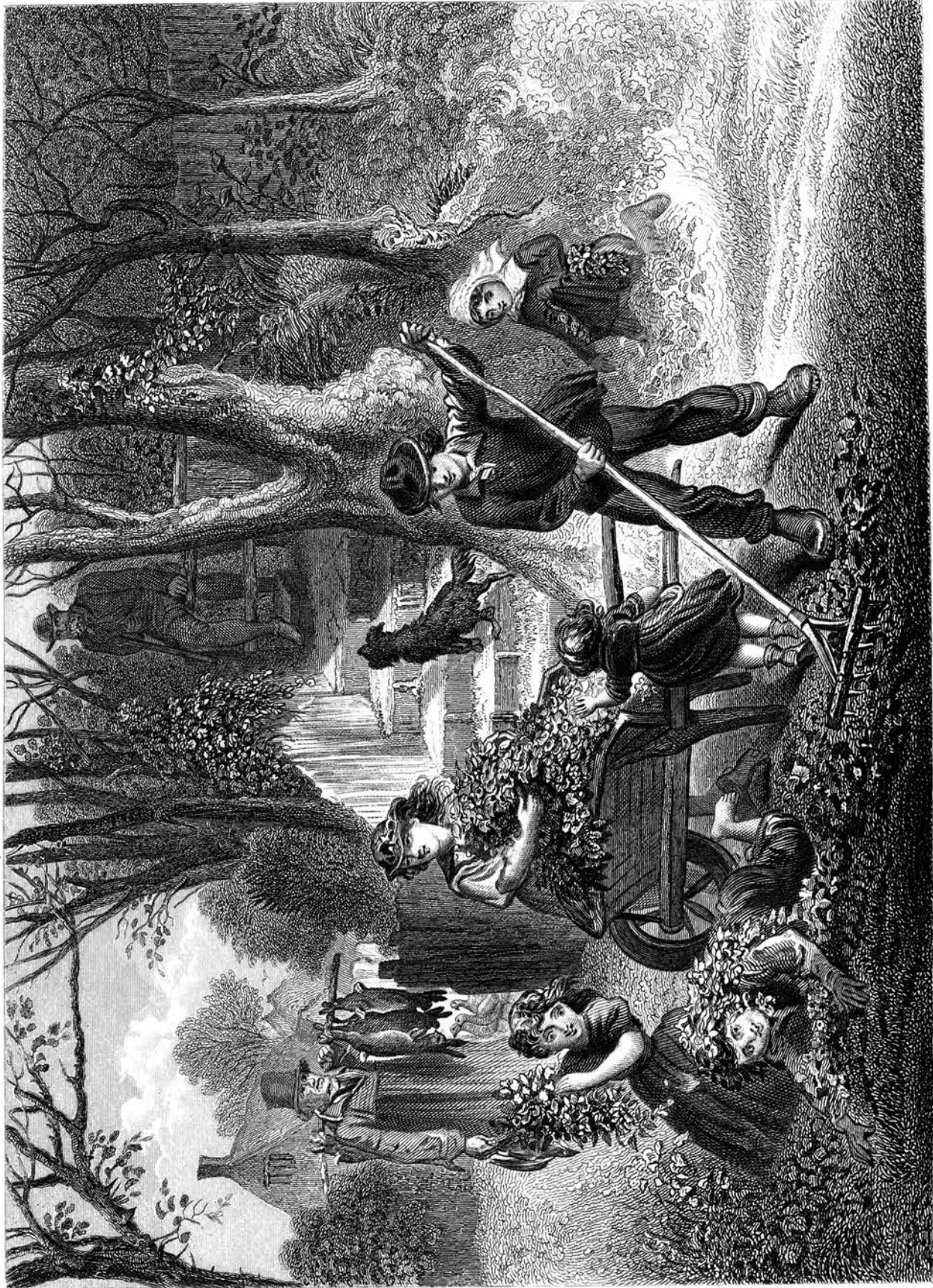
Most grandmothers will exclaim “God bless you!” when they hear a child sneeze, and they sum up the philosophy of the subject with the following lines, which used to delight the writer in days of his childhood:—

“Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, for something better;
Sneeze on a Friday, you sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart to-morrow;
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,
The devil will have you the whole of the week;”

These lines may be taken either as charms or spells to produce the effect predicted, or as omens of warnings of the results to follow. In most parts of Lancashire it is customary for children to repeat the following invocation every evening on going to bed, after saying the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed:—

“Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on;
There are four corners to my bed,
And four angels overspread,
Two at the feet, two at the head.
If any ill thing me betide,
Beneath your wings my body hide,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on. Amen.”





Godcy's, 1873

A RURAL SCENE IN AUTUMN.

THE WHITE LADY OF THE BERLIN CASTLE.

BY KARL BLIND.



THREE days before the German Emperor recently fell sick, a sentinel declared that he had seen, exactly at midnight, the "White Lady," or Ancestress, pass down the corridors of the Royal Palace. Hence a great deal of awe among superstitious people; for the *Weisse Frau*, or *Ahn-Frau*, of the House of Hohenzollern is reckoned to be a harbinger of death whenever she thus walks through the Castle at the ghostly hour.

Few people have, probably, very clear ideas about the mythic connection of this spectral apparition. Yet the gruesome tale has its root in a creed once common to the forefathers of Englishmen, Germans, and Scandi-

navians—a creed whose divine figures have, in course of time, been changed into hobgoblins and spukes. This is a fact well known to, and well worked out by, specialists in matters of mythology and folk-lore. All the greater is the pity that among the masses the results of these researches are utterly ignored. And so it now and then happens that some soldier, fresh from the country, and rather green, suddenly mistakes, in his frightened fancy at night, a belated cook in his or her white apron for the terrible Ancestress. Even among some better-educated people, especially among women, the strange superstition is difficult to eradicate. So great is the hold that these ancient forms of faith have on the public mind, until the light is spread by a scientific explanation.

To put the Berlin story at once into its proper connection, it may first be mentioned that the White Lady is by no means peculiar to the Prussian House, but that similar wraiths are from olden times reported to haunt various princely palaces, as well as noblemen's castles, all over Germany. Only a few years since, the *Weisse Frau* was said to have appeared in the Hofburg at Vienna. There was much excitement, lest some sudden case of death, or some terrible event, should happen in the Imperial and Royal House of

Habsburg. Inquiries were diligently set on foot; but nothing came of them.

From early youth I remember that in south-western Germany the White Lady was spoken of, in words of affright, as playing a similar part in the ruling house of the Grand-Duchy of Baden. Any one conversant with the pedigree of that royal family will easily understand why there should be a White Lady also in the case of the House of Zähringen. The fact is, in its pedigree there figures a semi-mythic ancestor (Berchtold), whose name at once suggests that of the heathen goddess (Berchta) of whom I shall presently have to speak as the prototype of all the ghostly and castle-haunting Ancestresses. From boyhood I furthermore recollect some amusing stories as to the doings of this White Lady. Once she was personated by a wily schemer at Court, for the purpose of attaining certain political objects, through working upon the poorly cultivated minds of some "exalted personages." Upon this notable occasion, the Woman in White was bodily "collared" at Karlsruhe, when it was found that she was a *man!* This made the ghostly survival look extremely ridiculous, and even punishable at law.

Turning away from such meaner aspects of the legend, the question arises as to how a supernatural lady, clad in white, comes to be a herald of death in so many royal and noble families of Germany. The answer is not far to seek. It is clearly contained in the pre-Christian faith of our forefathers, of which there are even now the most remarkable remnants in the folk-lore, the popular beliefs, and the castle traditions of our country, as well as of other Teutonic nations.

Almost in every case, very few excepted, in which a White Lady is mentioned, she is called Bertha. This noteworthy fact at once points to the great German goddess, Perahta, Perchta, or Berchta (in modern German, Bertha), whose very name means Shining Light, as typified by the white colour. She is the same as the northern Goddess of Love, Freyja (in German Freia, Freia-Holda, or simply Holda), who was equally represented in *white* garments. In a great many tales still current in German folk-lore, she appears, not only as clad in white, her white head-gear and robe being moreover covered with a white veil which falls from her golden hair; but also as of snow-white body—a perfect Woman in White.

Now this Bertha or Freia-Holda, besides being a Teutonic Venus, was also a Goddess of Domestic Virtue, and at the same time a Mother of Life, in whose beautiful gardens the Unborn dwell. As usual with Mothers of Life in mythology, she is, moreover, a Mistress of Death. In the heathen Norse creed we find one-half of the departed assigned to Freyr, for her palace Folkwang, whilst the remnant of the dead went up to Walhall, to be with Odin; or to Thrudheim, where the God of Thunder resided; or to

Alfheim, which was the heavenly palace of Freyr, the God of Peace, Love, and Fertility, and brother of Freyja; or to Gefion, who received those that died unmarried. Thus we see in Freyja a white-robed deity in her double quality of a progenitress or ancestress, and of a ruler of the dead. The transition to a similar phantom, haunting castles, is easy.

Actually, Bertha, or Freia, being a Mother of Life, was fabled, in heathen German antiquity, to be the supernatural ancestress of noble and royal families. In Norse myth she bears, of course, as such, the name of Frigg; the original deity in question having, in Scandinavia, branched off into two figures: Freyja (the Love-Goddess and consort of Odur), and Frigg (the consort of Odin); whilst in Germany, Freia-Fricka has remained one and the same. Kingly races, it need not be said, have grown out of aristocratic ones. For the sake of better impressing and governing the crowd, they always appear, in the dawn of history, as being of heavenly descent. Anglo-Saxon, Norwegian, Danish, German princely families trace their origin to "Woden, whom we call Oden." So the Norse Royal Genealogy (Langfedgatal) has it. This Woden or Oden, it is true, if we look closely at the Icelandic "Heims-Kringla" record, is a semi-historical army leader who, from his kingdom near the Black Sea where he was said to have had a fortress called Asgard, went forth through Gardariki (Russia) and Saxony (Germany) for the conquest of Scandinavia. But the image of this semi-mythic, semi-historical Odin is somewhat confused in the northern tale with the god of the same name.

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt of a great many "Berthas" occurring in the ancestral legends of Teutonic ruling families. Almost invariably these progenitresses are of a mythic character. Bertha was said to have been the name of the mother of "Charlemagne," as the French call him, though the Frankish emperor, Karl the Great, was a full-blooded Teuton, careful of his German speech, and usually dressed in his national Frankish garb. The Bertha who is alleged to have been his mother, belongs not, however, to history, but to the circle of myths of pre-Christian times.

A stag (so the tale runs) led Pipin, the father of Karl the Great, to a forest glade where Bertha had found an asylum, after her would-be murderers had regarded her as dead. In an old French record she is curtly and most ungallantly described as *Berthe as grand piès*—that is, Bertha the large-footed. The expression corresponds with the old German *Berlith mit dem fuoze*—i.e., "Bertha with the foot." This large foot of the legendary elder-mother of the House of the Carolingians, or Kerlings, was represented in sculptures of old French (Frankish) and Burgundian churches as a swan's foot—or rather as a goose-foot! The queen in question is therefore called *Reine aux piès d'oison*; clearly not a human being, but a fairy-form belonging to mythology.

But why a goose-foot, or a swan's foot? Here, again, the explanation is to be found in the "grand

and weird creed," as Southey calls it, of our Teutonic forebears. In her earliest form, Freia-Holda-Bertha was figured as a Storm-Goddess, the wife of the Ruler of the Winds and the Clouds, by whom she is chased—even as the cloud is by the wind. Minor cloud-goddesses, or cloud-women, surround her; in some myths they are conceived as swans or mares. They are the swift-running, fast-sailing cloudlets, of somber or more silvery hue. Freia-Bertha herself was in this way at first regarded as a Walkyrian Swan-Virgin, or even as a downright Swan.

Later on, when the nature-myth changed into a more human-like representation of deities, nothing remained of the characteristics of the Swan-Virgin, or of the Swan, but the foot. Under a new deterioration of the tale, a goose-foot is substituted for the swan's foot. The goose-foot, again, is afterwards changed into a flat-foot, a large foot—nay, into a club-foot. And so, out of a white-robed Goddess, Freia-Bertha—an Elder-mother of All Life and a Mistress of Death, who originally was a Swan-Virgin—we get Berthas, ancestresses of kings, who are represented as swan-footed, goose-footed, flat-footed, ay, club-footed; as well as White Ladies who are harbingers of death in royal palaces.

It is a peculiarity of the tales referring to the divine circle among all nations, that certain heavenly figures show double qualities apparently opposed to each other. Apollo is a dispenser of bliss and fertility, as well as a far-hitting bringer of death. Under a southern sky, this twofold conception of a Sun-God can be easily understood. Hel,* the Norse Mistress of the Underworld, who hides the dead, is at the same time a secretly-working Mother of Life. This, again, explains itself from the fertilising character of the lower regions of the Earth or Underworld. In the Edda, Hel is half black and half of the colour of human flesh. Death and Life are combined in her. This, so to say, Darwinian, but also old Greek and old Hindoo, notion of the incessant changes wrought in all things, was thus symbolised by a divine figure among the Germanic nations. So also we meet with, in Frankonian and Swabian tales, a Hilda-Bertha, in whose name Darkness and Light, Death and Life, are united. The same quality pertains to Bertha, the Ancestress and the Messenger of Death.

In the legends of German castles, the White Woman, or Ancestress, sometimes carries a heavy, tapping walking-stick. Her ghostly approach is thus heard from afar. This characteristic, too, is explainable from an attribute of the goddess on whose type the spectral apparition in question had been moulded. As a representative, not only of amorousness but also of housewifely accomplishments, Perchta, or Bertha, was figured with a distaff. She is in this, as well as in some other respects, like the Trojan Athene, of whom we hear a great deal that is new and highly interesting, in the works of that indefatigable explorer, Dr. Schliemann, who, in addition to his previous matchless labours, has a few months ago made a fresh

* In English dialectic speech, "to *hela*" means, even now, to conceal, or to hide.

wonderful discovery of a vast pre-historic palace at Tiryns, in the Peloponnese.

The distaff of the former German goddess Perchta still plays its part in current folk-tales. About Twelfth-night—it was once believed, and it is believed even now in some dark nooks and corners where superstition lingers—a fairy, called Freia or Berchta, visits the households, looking after the industry of the maidens at the spinning-wheel. No wonder, “Bertha with the Distaff” is the name of that mythic mother of Karl the Great; her image having been evolved out of the ancient Teutonic creed rather than out of historical fact. In the usual course of the deterioration of tales, the distaff of Freia-Bertha, the White Goddess, has degenerated into a heavy staff carried by a spectral white woman.

It will thus be seen that the phantom whose apparition, in German castles, is said to portend the death of some member of the family, or some other tragic occurrence, is none else than the fabulous Ancestress of the heathen faith, who either calls back her descendants to the region she herself inhabits, or wishes to give them important warning. As usual in such legends, they become, after awhile, loaded with all kinds of extraneous historical matter. For instance, in the story of the lordly family of Neuhaus and Rosenberg, the Ancestress—whose name, of course, is Bertha—is said to have built the Castle of

Neuhaus in the fifteenth century; promising the workmen, if they got things all right, a festive treat, which is even now annually given to the poor, in her remembrance, on Maundy Thursday. This festive treat, however, consists exactly of the viands which once were sacred to the goddess Berchta, and which are still eaten, in some parts of Germany, at Twelfth-night, or Twelfth-day—which is there called *Berchtentag*, or Berchta’s Day!

In the same way we find at Oxford University, even now, a Boar’s Head Dinner, the origin of which is explained from an alleged adventure a student had with a wild boar in the forest of Shotover; whereas the Boar’s Head Dinner was in reality once a religious ceremonial feast among all Teutonic races—Anglo-Saxon, German, and Norse—in honour of Freyr (the brother of this very Freyja-Berchta), whose sacred animal was the golden-bristled, swift-running boar, representing the sun in his career over the sky.

If the scientific treatment of these tales—which under a cover of ghastliness have sometimes traits of considerable charm—were popularised and brought home to the understanding of the masses, superstitions would soon vanish and nocturnal scares become impossible. Nothing would then remain of them but the poetic enjoyment of their contents; and White Ladies at Berlin, Vienna, or in noblemen’s ancestral mansions, would cease to trouble a frightened fancy.



HOME MANAGEMENT MONTH BY MONTH.

OCTOBER.

“Then came the autumn, all in yellow clad
As though he joyed in his plenteous store.”

YES, the summer has gone once more and autumn is with us, and it behoves us to, in some measure, prepare for the winter which is almost at our doors, and preserve some of autumn’s “plenteous store.” So in this letter I will give you some hints on preserving autumn fruits in their raw state, and also some recipes for jams and jellies.

STORING APPLES, PEARS AND ONIONS.

In setting aside fruit or vegetables for storing, it is best to make two selections, first choosing all the perfectly sound and not over-ripe fruit, and discarding (for storing purposes) any which may be the least damaged, and then, from these choosing the larger fruits and putting them by themselves, and reserving the smaller fruits for earlier consumption.

Of course, in the case of apples and pears the fruit for eating should be kept separate from the fruit for cooking.

In storing apples, it is better if possible to put them in a dry loft or outhouse, they make a house smell very strongly if kept in one of the rooms.

The loft should be dry, and should have a good current of air through it.

Some rough shelves may be made, a few feet from the floor along the wall, composed of pieces of lath one or two inches apart. This allows a free passage of air. Over the laths put a thin covering of straw, being careful that the

straw is quite dry and fresh, otherwise it will give a musty taste to the fruit.

Many people store their fruit in hay, but I much prefer straw, as, being coarser, it allows a freer circulation of air, and also hay is liable to impart a slight taste to delicately flavoured fruit.

The apples should be laid on the straw, not touching one another, and they should be looked over from time to time, in order that any fruit which is over-ripe or rotten, may be removed.

Pears and quinces may be treated in exactly the same way, and I recommend that quinces should be kept quite separate from other fruit on account of their strong smell and flavour.

Onions should be tied by the stalks into long strings and hung in a dry place, or they may be hung up in nets (a piece of old garden netting answers the purpose very well).

Onions should not be placed on the floor, or in a dark place, the least moisture or lying in a damp dark place, where the air cannot penetrate, will either make them begin to sprout, or they will become soft and unfit for use.

They should be looked over occasionally, and those which show signs of sprouting or decay should be used first.

Onions are one of our most useful vegetables, and there are so many ways of utilising them that they repay any small amount of trouble we may take in storing them for use during the winter.

As October is a time when any apples, except those

which will keep through the winter, should be used up, and also as many fall to the ground and become bruised and unfit to store during the process of pickling them, I will give you a good recipe for apple chutney, and one also for apple jelly and apple jam.

Apples contain a large percentage of malic acid, and they are considered to be both purifying to the blood, and beneficial in many ways, therefore, preserves composed of apples are useful for those who are unable to take the fruit in its raw state. Here is a simple recipe for

APPLE JAM.

Three pounds of apples, two pounds and a quarter of sugar, a few cloves or a small piece of lemon rind to flavour according to taste.

This is the method: Wipe the apples clean (but do not peel them), and cut them into quarters. Put the apples, the sugar and the flavouring of lemon or cloves into an earthenware jar and cover the jar down closely. Then place the jar containing the apples into a saucepan of hot water over the fire. The water in the saucepan must only come three parts up the jar, and must be replenished with boiling water as it evaporates. When the apples are quite tender (which they should be in about three-quarters of an hour), rub them through a wire sieve to get rid of the peel and core, and also to render the pulp smooth. Then turn the apple pulp into a preserving-pan and boil it quickly for twenty minutes, stirring well during the cooking to prevent it from burning. Put the jam into dry warm jars, and cover down in the usual way.

N.B.—The reason I cook the apples without peeling them in making the jam, is that most of the mineral salts, both in fruit and vegetables, lie close to the skin and are lost if the fruit is peeled. Also by cooking the skin of the apples the jam attains a richer colour.

APPLE JELLY.

For this recipe it is necessary to select the most juicy fruit you can obtain. The close, dry, crisp apples which keep well into the winter are not suitable for converting into jelly. For the jelly, take ten pounds of juicy sweet apples, half a pint of cold water, loaf sugar, and six cloves.

This is the way to make it: Wipe the apples clean and cut them into slices. Place the sliced apples into an earthenware jar, pour the water over them, and cover the jar closely down. Now put the jar into a very moderate oven, and allow the apples to cook gently until they are reduced to a pulp. When the apples are quite tender, pour the pulp into a clean jelly bag, and strain the juice into a basin. To every pint of juice thus obtained, allow three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, which must be broken up but not powdered. Place the juice, the sugar, and the cloves in a preserving-pan and boil all together quickly, until it will jelly in a few moments if a spoonful is put on to a cold plate. A quarter of an hour to twenty minutes should be long enough. The jelly must be kept well skimmed the whole time, and it should be stirred occasionally to prevent it from burning. Remove the cloves and put the jelly into dry, warm glass jars. Allow the jelly to get cold and then cover the jars down.

N.B.—This jelly may be put into moulds and stored, and makes a most delicious dinner sweet, served with custard or whipped cream.

APPLE CHUTNEY (*a good home-made pickle*).

Five pounds of apples, one pound and a half of moist sugar, one pound of salt, half a pound of mustard seed, two quarts of vinegar, a quarter of a pound of ground ginger, half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one pound and a half of onions, one pound of raisins.

These are the ingredients we shall require for eight or nine pounds of chutney, and as with care it will keep for years, it may not be too large a quantity to make at a time, but if a smaller quantity is required, all the ingredients may be divided except the vinegar, but of that I should take rather more than half, on account of the quicker evaporation of liquid in cooking small quantities.

This is how we will proceed to make it:—Peel, core, and

cut up the apples; place the vinegar in an earthenware-lined saucepan; add the apples to the vinegar, and boil both together till the apples are quite tender. Bruise the mustard seed and put it in a small basin; pour sufficient cold vinegar over it to just cover it, and allow it to soak for half an hour. Chop the onions finely; stone and chop the raisins. When the apples are quite tender, add to them all the other ingredients and boil the whole for one hour. The mixture must be stirred frequently to prevent it from burning, which it is liable to do when the moisture has evaporated. Put the chutney away in glass jars or wide-mouthed bottles. Tie the jars down securely, and store the chutney in a dry place.

I was surprised last summer to learn how few people know anything about quinces, and how to preserve them. And fewer still seem to have any idea what a delicious preserve they make. So I determined to bring this rather neglected fruit before the notice of my readers in my letter for October, and am giving two recipes for preserving them which will be found most satisfactory. But before I give the recipes, I must give my readers one or two hints about quinces.

Never pick quinces either for storing or preserving when they are wet. Be careful that the fruit is not over-ripe. And lastly, in making any kind of preserve of quinces always cook the fruit first without any sugar, if you add sugar to the fruit when it is raw, the fruit will harden, and no amount of cooking afterwards will render it tender.

And with this preface on the best manner of picking and cooking the fruit, I will proceed to give you an excellent recipe for

QUINCE MARMALADE.

Take equal quantities of fruit and sugar; peel and core the quinces and cut them into thin slices across the fruit, thus forming rings. Place the fruit in an earthenware jar and allow to each three pounds of fruit three-quarters of a pint of cold water; pour the water over the fruit in the jar; cover the jar tightly over and place it in a moderate oven. Cook the contents in this manner until the fruit is quite tender, but not broken. Now make a syrup to the proportion of one quart of water to four pounds of sugar; add six cloves to the syrup, and boil it for a quarter of an hour, keeping it well skimmed as it boils. Now add the cooked quince to the syrup, and allow all to boil together for twenty minutes. Allow the marmalade thus made to cool a little, then place it in warm dry pots. The next day cover the pots down in the usual way and store in a dry place.

A friend of mine had some pears which were so hard and tasteless that every year they were left to rot on the tree as being worthless. It seemed a pity that they should be wasted, so I made some marmalade of them by this recipe, but as the pears were wanting in flavour, I added half an ounce of root ginger bruised, and the juice and rind of one lemon to every three pounds of fruit, and the result was most delicious, and now my friend uses up all her hard pears in this way.

Medlars make a most delicious preserve, but I think they are often wasted because people do not know how to preserve them, so I will close my letter by giving an old and well-tried recipe for

MEDLAR JELLY.

Wash the medlars till they are quite clean, then put them into a preserving pan and cover them with cold spring water. Place the preserving pan on the fire and allow the contents to cook until the medlars are reduced to a pulp; now place the pulp into a jelly bag and strain the juice into a clean basin. The jelly bag may be slightly squeezed if the juice takes long to drip. To every pint of juice thus obtained allow three-quarters of a pound of preserving sugar. Place the juice and sugar together into a preserving pan and allow the contents to boil quickly for about twenty minutes. The jelly must be kept well skimmed while it is being boiled. Try a teaspoonful of jelly on a cold plate at the end of twenty minutes' boiling, and if it becomes firm in a minute or two it is sufficiently cooked. Put the jelly into dry warm pots and cover down.

MARY SKENE.

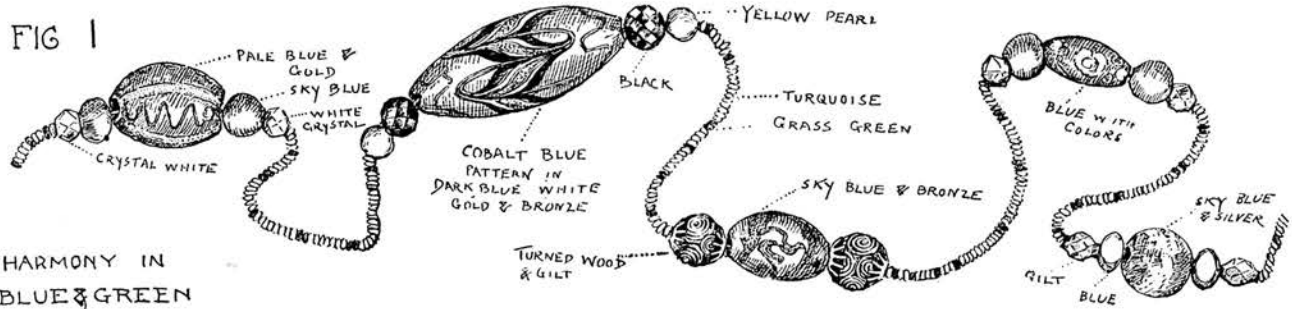
ARTISTIC BEAD-THREADING.

THE fashion that has arisen for bead-stringing has given girls possessed of taste an opportunity of obtaining, at a very small cost, one of the most beautiful objects of personal adornment within their reach—a necklace. Beads are (or may be) among the most fascinating of human productions, and, so far as æsthetic worth goes, run gems very close indeed. Beads are, in fact, artificial gems, and the love of beads may be looked upon as a primeval instinct, for the manufacture of beads takes us back a very long way in the world's history. A young fellow of my acquaintance, who volunteered for the

in the best Venetian beads gives the most brilliant and striking effects, the translucent glass enclosing the metal yielding lovely iridescent colours.

The sketches accompanying these notes will give the reader some idea of the makes and shapes of beads, but alas, the colour, which is their greatest charm, cannot even be hinted at. I have, however written in the colours, so that readers can gain an idea of the various colour-schemes, for it is here, in the combining of colours, that successful bead-stringing is shown. It is by no means easy out of a box of

FIG 1

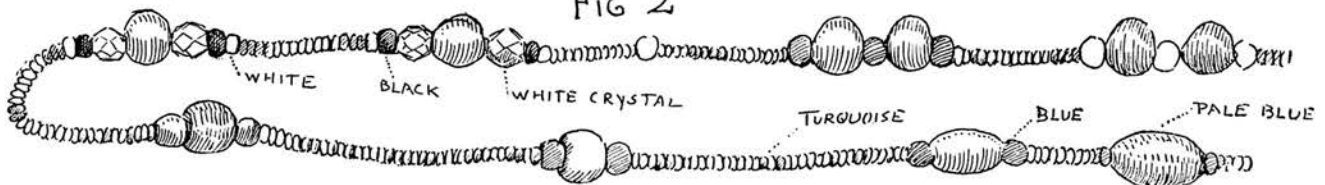


HARMONY IN BLUE & GREEN

war in South Africa, brought back with him some articles made of beads strung by the Basuto women from whom he purchased them. He tells me that bead-threading is one of the chief amusements of their leisure hours; that they use no needle, yet produce most ornate and complicated effects, showing great executive skill and considerable taste in combining and arranging the various colours. As it may interest my readers to get an idea of these Basuto bead ornaments, I have sketched portions of three necklets. The beads used are the ordinary common glass ones, mostly opaque, which children are fond of threading. Had these

miscellaneous beads to arrange an effective and harmonious necklace. Of course, a girl about to thread a necklace, and who had to buy the beads expressly for the purpose, would naturally select her beads on some well-considered plan, *i.e.*, she would have some colour-scheme in her mind and choose her beads accordingly. I shall direct the reader's attention to the question of colour-schemes in the notes accompanying each illustration, but I may say as a generalisation that a certain tone of colour should predominate in strung beads. We can have a blue, white, yellow, golden brown or other scheme, and yet introduce contrasting colours sparingly so

FIG 2



HARMONY IN TURQUOISE

Basuto women the very beautiful Venetian beads to use, which are obtainable in London, they would doubtless produce some striking and original effects.

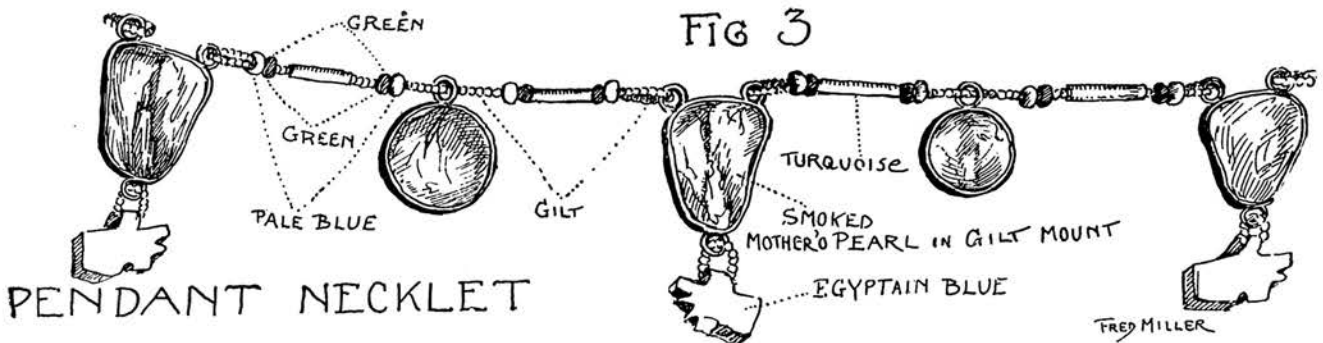
Their bead-work, as may be estimated from the sketches, are often elaborate arrangements and show considerable ingenuity in the way they link them together.

In obtaining the best results with beads two things are indispensable—pretty beads and a pretty taste. As regards the beads, there is an enormous selection to choose from at any shop where beads are a speciality. The colours are most varied and gem-like, and the use of gold and silver foil

as not to upset the harmony; but the general effect of the necklace must produce a oneness, *i.e.*, golden brown, blue, etc., and not a mere jumble of opposing colours.

An important point to be observed in bead-threading is the spacing of the principle beads, for the best effects, it seems to me, produced are those in which large beads, or at all events more important beads, occur at regular intervals. It is customary to produce the effect by repetition, *i.e.*, beads of the same shape, size and colour recurring at regular intervals, as in Fig. 5, but a very good effect can be secured by stringing beads of various shapes, provided the spaces

FIG 3



PENDANT NECKLET

Fig. 5 was strung by Miss Pocock, who has gained some distinction for this work. The blues, turquoise and green, with the small gilt beads as a filling, yield a most harmonious result, and evince a very nice taste and discrimination on the part of the threader. Personally I am particularly fond of all shades of blue and turquoise in beads, and the latter in this necklet are imitations of ancient Egyptian beads. The green beads are between *terre verte* and cobalt green. The beads varied very much in tint and gave the chain a very beautiful appearance.

This variation in the tint of beads yields a far more beautiful result than if the beads were uniform in tint. In this scheme every tone of blue could be seen, and yet, viewed as a whole, one only saw a beautiful harmony in blues.

Fig. 6 shows how a triple necklace could be arranged. The inner chain might be composed of round beads, the middle of oval, with small round ones at intervals, and the outside of square and oblong ones, but the chains should be in harmony as to colour, *i.e.*, all of them should be affiliated in tone, and not one blue, one yellow, and one some other colour.

Many girls will find old beads lying by in drawers. Those boxwood beads in Fig. 1 are some very old ones, yet they come in well. Shells and pieces of coral can be introduced into a scheme with excellent effect.

FRED MILLER.

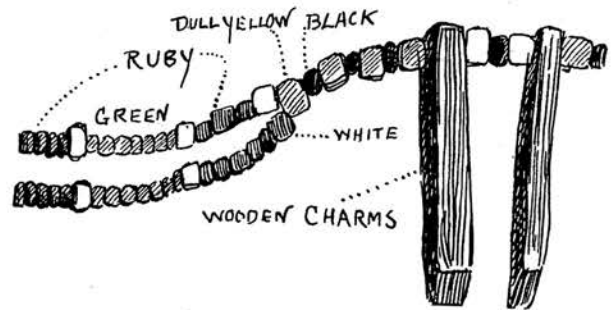
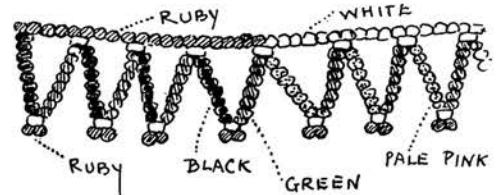


TRIPLE NECKLACE

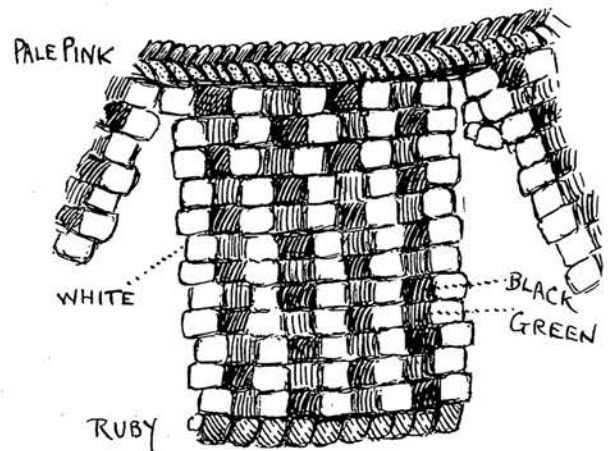
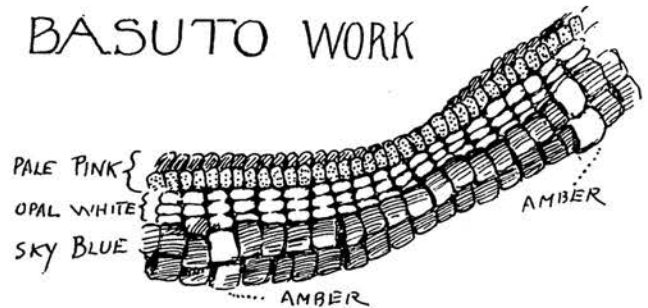
FIG 7



BASUTO WORK



BASUTO WORK





TRUE TO BROTHER SPEAR.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I.

I CAN'T decide why Brother Spear
Was never joined to me:
It wasn't because the good old Dear
Hadn't every chance to be;
If Poetry remarked one time
That Womanhood is true,
It's more than probable that I'm
The one it had in view;
For, search the city low and high,
And no one will you hear
To say or hint but what that I
Was true to Brother Spear.

II.

I mothered all his daughters when
Their mother's life cut short,
Although they didn't—now or then—
So much as thank me for't;
I laughed—though scorched with inside rage—
And said I didn't care,
When his young son, of spank'ble age,
Removed my surplus hair;
I called and called and called there; why
He ne'er was in seemed queer:
The house-maid even owned that I
Was true to Brother Spear.

III.

I hired a sitting in the church
Near him, but cornerwise,
So his emotions I could search
With my devoted eyes;
And when the sermon used to play
On love, divine and free,
I nodded him, as if to say,
"He's hitting you and me!"
He went and took another pew—
Of "thousand tongues" in fear;
But what sin was it to be true
To good old Brother Spear?

IV.

Poor man! I recollect he spoke,
One large prayer-meeting night,
And told how smallish we all look
In Heaven's majestic sight:
He said, Not worthy he had been—
By conscience e'er abhorred—
To be a door-keeper within
The temple of the Lord;

And that his place for evermore,
Undoubtedly and clear,
Was mainly back *behind* the door—
Poor humble Brother Spear!



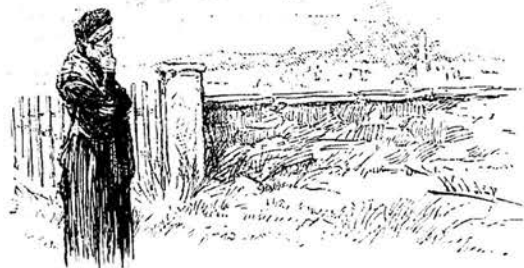
V.

And then *I* rose, and made a speech,
Brimful of soul-distress,
And told them how words could not reach
My own unworthiness;
How orphanage I tried to soothe,
And cheerless widowerhood;
But in the Lord's great house, in truth,
I too felt far from good,
And that my trembling heart and mind
Compelled it to appear
That my place henceforth was behind
The door, with Brother Spear.



VI.

Poor man! he ne'er again, they say,
Was heard to strongly speak;
He took down ill that very day,
And died within a week.
But one prayer oft they heard him give—
That when his days were o'er,
I still upon this earth might live
A thousand years or more.
As his betrothed I figure now,
And shed the frequent tear;
And all his relatives will vow
I'm true to Brother Spear.





CATS AND KITTENS ; OR, "IN DEFENCE OF THE CAT."

By J. E. PANTON.

Illustrated by LOUIS WAIN.



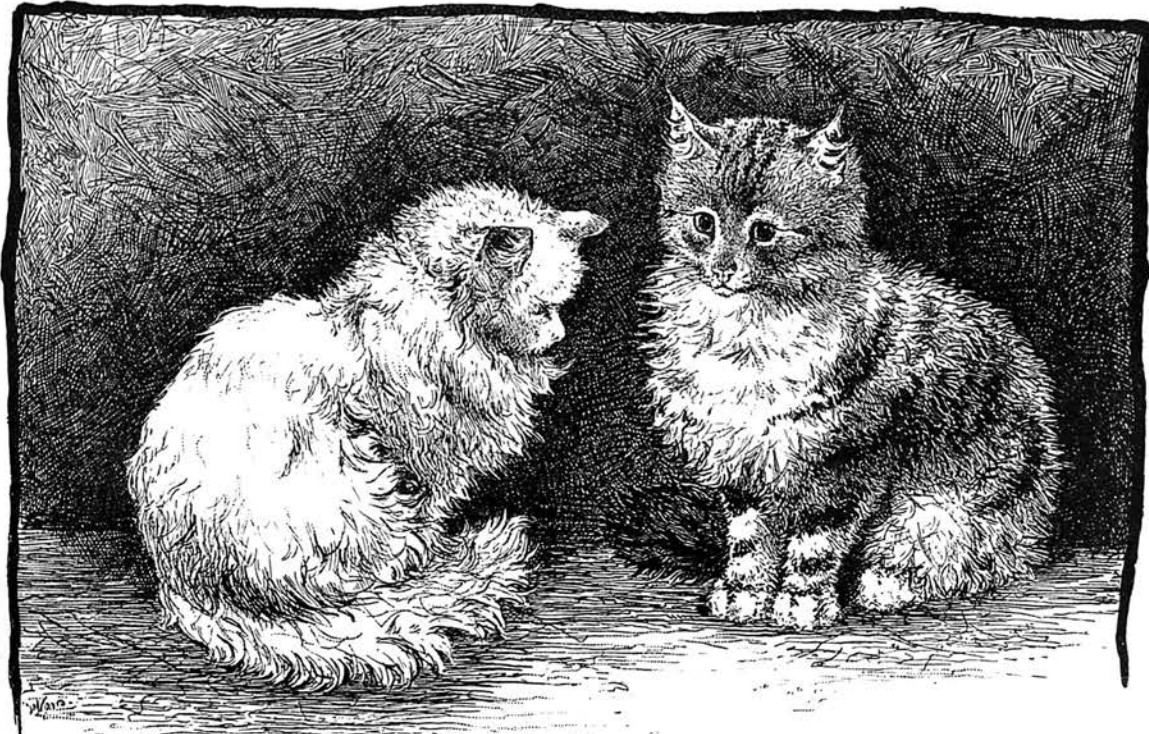
It is impossible to believe that those who so ruthlessly condemn the "harmless, necessary cat," and as ruthlessly demand its extirpation, or at least its taxation, can have ever studied the fascinating animal, or have even attempted to treat her with the kindly respect and warm affection that are the sole means of developing those valuable characteristics which make a cat a real companion, and which are never formed at all in the unfortunate specimen of the race who all too often spends an uneventful life of catching uncongenial mice in an equally uncongenial London kitchen.

It has been stated over and over again that a cat is not for one moment to be compared to the more intelligent, affectionate, and reasoning dog; that she (it is always she—please to remember that) is a time-server, has no real love for anything save her own comfort; that she is utterly selfish, never answers to her name, and that above all she is most uninteresting and stupid; and that except for mousing purposes she had better be extinct at once, for she is entirely untrustworthy, and as useless to the world at large as she is disturbing and destructive to gardens; and to the nocturnal rest of any who may be unhappy enough to have to sleep near a colony of cats who meet beneath the light of the moon, and discuss—not always in the very sweetest voices possible—the matters of state in cat-land, and make love, fight, argue, and no doubt obstruct the course of business, in the present parliamentary fashion prevalent among beings of higher organization than poor Puss is supposed to possess.

But again we venture to state that all this long catalogue of *cons* can be replied to emphatically by as equally a long list of *pros*, and that those cats who are selfish, uninteresting, and unaffectionate, come of a long line of misunderstood ancestors, whose wrongs rankle in their hearts, and have caused their descendants to cease to cultivate virtues which were never comprehended, and which were allowed to languish and die out, under the cold breezes of unappreciation; while we can point triumphantly to a score of examples on the other side, which will, we trust, prove conclusively, that a cat who is properly treated, spoken to kindly, called by its own name, and has its senses cultivated by an appreciative owner, not only becomes in every whit as companionable as a dog, but in her turn bears progeny that are in advance of their parents, and bid fair in time to develop qualities that have been denied the race for generations.

In the first place, who ever expected a dog to come at call, if the mere word "dog"—even softened to "doggie"—represented its patronymic? Why, the veriest cur in the kingdom would resent the rudeness, and would refuse to follow any one who denied him his orthodox cognomen; and yet stately Angora, beautiful Chinchilla, aristocratic Persian, noble Siamese, common or garden tabby and tortoiseshell alike, are all expected to know immediately that she and she alone is required when any member of the family calls "Puss," and is called idiotic if she merely pricks her ears and stretches herself again to sleep, refusing to believe that she only can be meant by such a

universal title. And on the other hand, who ever talks to the cat as the dog is invariably talked to by his master? Is he not consulted on the subject of his walks, taught to know his way about, to understand friends from foes, encouraged to show his feelings, and be, in fact, a happy, natural creature? while Puss is left curled up in her chair or on the rug, and though stroked and sometimes kissed is never really spoken to or consulted, or taught in any way to use her faculties, or to spend her life in anything save sleep, and an occasional stalk after a mouse, or a harmless bird; which she is as often as not punished for killing, regardless of the fact that she has only followed out entirely the instincts born in her, and which have been neither softened nor subdued by a course of education; such as teaching a setter or a pointer



PERSIAN AND LONG-HAIRED ENGLISH TABBY KITTENS.

to bring the game unharmed in his mouth to his master; and that causes him to subdue his inborn destructive faculties, and makes him simply obedient and quite trustworthy even during this most tempting opportunity of doing as he likes.

It is obvious that the present lowly state of the domestic cat is the outcome of the fact that the race has become so numerous as to be no longer valuable; for in the bygone ages not only were they appreciated properly in Egypt, where, as all the world knows, temples were erected to their honour and they were treated with reverence and affection, but in the time of one of the old Princes of Wales, who died in 948, says the nameless author of *Recreation in Natural History*, which is dedicated to "the ingenious YOUTH desirous of obtaining knowledge on the most important subjects," cats were of considerable value: the price of a kitten before it could see was fixed at a penny; till proof could be given of its having caught a mouse, at twopence; after which it was rated at fourpence—a very considerable sum in days when money was so scarce; while, as a farther proof of the estimation in which cats were then held, the author goes on to relate that a law was made by the same prince, who rejoiced in the name of Hoel Dha, or Howel the Good, which declared that if any one should steal or kill the cat which guarded the prince's granary the offender was to forfeit either a milch-ewe, her fleece, and lamb; or as much corn as, when poured on the cat, suspended by the tail, the head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the extreme tip of its tail: though whether this punishment was inflicted on the stealer of the prince's cat alone, the historian does not think it necessary to state.

The Mohammedans were equally attached to the cat; obviously because of their

Prophet's great love for the animal ; who, as is well known, preferred to cut off the sleeve of his robe to disturbing the sleep of his pet, which had curled herself up comfortably on that voluminous portion of his attire ; and in the time of the Prophet, cats were allowed to enter the mosques and were caressed there as Mohammed's favourite animal ; while the dog that should dare to appear there would pollute the place with his presence, and would be punished with instant death. But as time went on, and cats increased and multiplied, they appear to have gone out of favour, except in the minds of old maids and venerable bachelors, who have always been fond of them, and have, no doubt, had more time than the generality of folks, to study their amiable characteristics and learn what delightful companions they can be when properly treated and really understood ; and who thoroughly appreciate the soft, warm, purring creatures who are never dirty, never rough, and who are always willing to be stroked and petted in the soothing manner, that in some mysterious way is transmitted from the stroked to the stroker ;



SHORT-HAIRED BLACK AND WHITE KITTEN "PETER."

and which has often in my own case resulted in bringing rest to an over-worked brain, and sleep to eyelids that had resolutely refused to close before, when Sam, our large black Manx cat, jumped up on the bed, and began his usual process of pressing down the clothes into a comfortable space for himself—a reminiscence, by the way, of the days when his far-distant ancestor, the tiger, used to pad down the high-growing grass in the jungle in order to make himself a lair which should at once be secretive and comfortable—prior to placing himself near enough to be stroked in the even and regular manner which pleases him best, and which as invariably sends us both to sleep in an equally speedy manner.

But we began this article especially that we might write about kittens, and at present have not said one word about these darlings, blessed with whose presence no house can possibly be dull, no one can be without material for constant and hearty laughter, and the veriest cat-hater—the individual who from lack of training in his or her youth, declares he or she cannot live in the house with a cat, and who "shoos" them remorselessly the moment they appear on the scene—has been known to declare that, given a kitten which would always remain in the kitten-stage, the antipathy would no longer exist, and affection instead of detestation would be given to the delightful little creatures.

Who, for example, could resist the fascinations of the two charming aristocratic kittens in the first sketch before us? The white Persian puss is looking half-asleep, and the long-haired English tabby (which species has the most perfect of all faces, surrounded by a soft fluffy gray ruff) is pretending not to see his companion ; but in a moment the soft paw will be extended, the white paw will stretch out to give an inquiring or tentative pat, and in a second the two kittens will be scampering hither and thither, up and down the curtains, in and out of the chairs ; one will hang on the seat, and tap the tail of the one on the floor, and finally they will both indulge in a regular game of hide-and-peek, copying the graceful movements, and often enough the absolute tactics, of a couple of children employed in the same game ; until the spectator, exhausted with laughter and anxious for peace, catches up the miscreants, and either soothes them to sleep, or turns them bodily out of the room to resume their antics on the stairs, where presently they may be heard tearing up and down, and making as much noise as a small regiment of soldiers.

The white Persian is rather a risky subject, as a rule, for one to give one's affections

to. She is delicate, highly organized, and requires immense and constant care, and is not, in our opinion, capable of so much culture as the less aristocratic long-haired tabby. She is given to softer living and has few ambitions, and being quite content with a warm corner by a fire, does not discriminate as finely between old and new friends as does a kitten whose pedigree is shorter and whose intellect is quicker and more capable of being cultivated. Out of the several Persian kittens we have possessed none have ever really grown up, or lived more than a couple of years; we have kept them daintily and warmly, we have watched them carefully, and had what servants call "the best of advice" for them, but they have never rewarded our care by living to a respectable old age; and we have therefore come to the conclusion that we shall not attempt to keep them any more; for no sooner have we become attached to them than they develop some complaint, and either dwindle away to a small, miserable heap of



TORTOISESHELL, SIAMESE, AND RED TABBY KITTENS.

dingy fur, or die quite suddenly in the most heart-breaking manner. The long-haired English kittens are, in our opinion, quite as pretty, and certainly live much longer; their only faults being that they are virulent poachers and night disturbers—two faults which must be legislated for very young, for, if cats are properly brought up, they never wander about at night, but come home with a regularity, at exactly the same time, that is really astonishing: one old cat, for example, a regular short-haired tabby, which we possess, and which is the fourth of his generation we have brought up—his great-great-grandmother having been given to us by "Idstone" of the *Field*—always presenting himself at one of our windows just before ten o'clock every night, when he jumps in, makes his way to the kitchen, and at once curls himself up on his own chair, where he sleeps most comfortably until the maids open the down stairs windows, when out he jumps and takes his "constitutional" until he knows it is breakfast-time, when he comes in at once, and demands with a curious open mouth (for he is absolutely dumb, and has never mewed in his life) his ordinary saucer of milk. Now Max began by being a regular chicken-slayer and night-wanderer, but being punished severely and managed judiciously has overcome both faults; and no doubt all evilly-disposed cats can be managed in the same way if only trouble is taken with them in the matter in very early youth. Of course among cats there are not the numerous differences in breed and race that there are among dogs, and we have no such contrasts as, for example, exist between the St. Bernard and the toy-terrier. Yet that there are great

differences no one can deny ; the face of Peter, the short-haired, black and white kitten on page 35 , being entirely different from either of the fluffy pets in the first sketch. He is square, and sturdier, has far more character, even if he possesses less refinement and beauty, and could be taught far more than either of the lovely ladies whose fur seems to absorb so much of their time and intellect, and who would be likely to grow up far more selfish members of society than such as Peter, whose appearance is not so perfect, but whose qualities would be appreciated by any real cat-lover a thousand times more than the mere good looks of the couple of beauties, who would, we feel convinced, utterly refuse to have anything to say to him. And yet it was just such a sturdy cat as this of whom we must stop to tell an anecdote which is absolutely true, and which happened to one of our oldest friends. She was going home through the snow one wretched December night, when she discovered she was being followed by

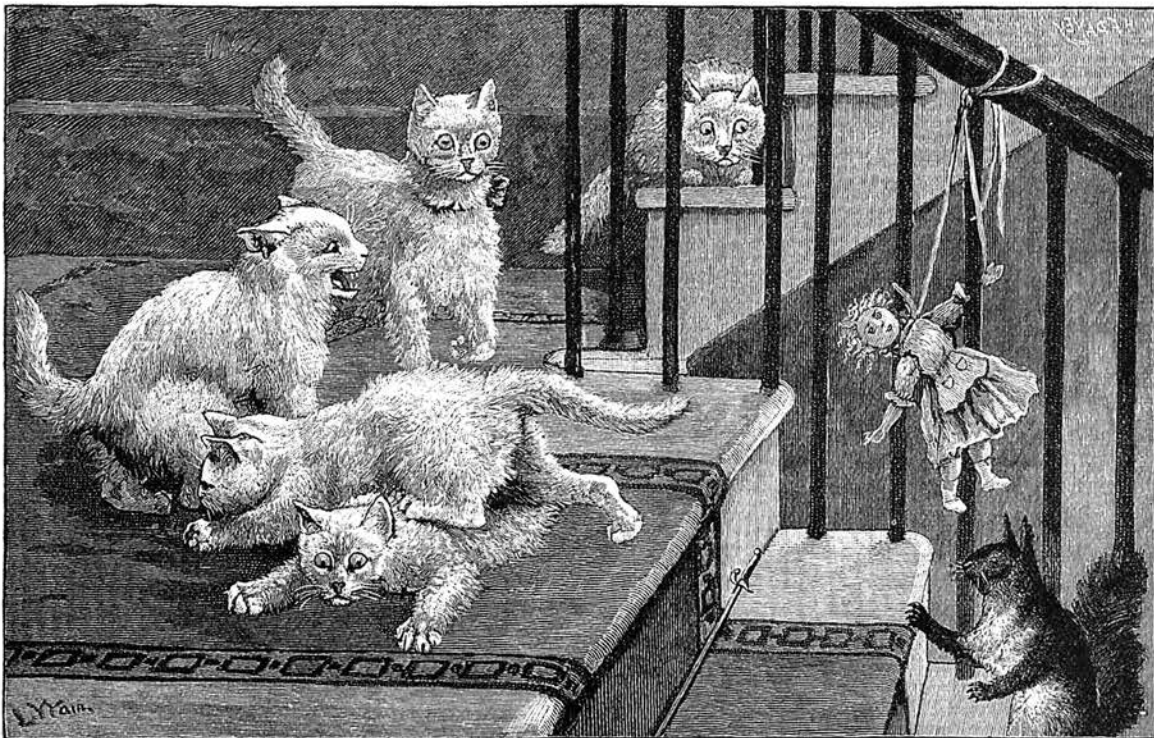


CHINCHILLA LONG-HAIRED KITTEN.

the most miserable little mewling cat she had ever seen. She carried it home, fed it, made much of it by her fire, and was rewarded for her trouble by seeing him develop into a square-shouldered, broad-browed, black-and-white, short-haired kitten. She kept it for a fortnight, and one day was told the creature had disappeared. She was in despair, and was on the point of offering a reward, when her maid came rushing up to tell her that Frisk had returned in company with a very beautiful gray Chinchilla kitten, which was wearing proudly a broad riband with his name and address on it, worked in gold thread. With a sinking heart Miss S. looked at the two cats and read the address : the new cat looked too polished, too beautiful altogether, to steal, and yet the square where evidently she lived was a good four-mile drive away. Both cats seemed absolutely content, absolutely happy ; Frisk purred as never before. Honesty had a severe struggle, but at last it conquered ; and putting both cats into a large, soft basket, Miss S. drove off, and discovered that Frisk had absolutely fetched the Chinchilla cat all the way to Miss S.'s house. "The fact is," said the owner, "Frisk, as you call it, is the kitchen cat, and we never take any notice of him, and we never encourage Pearl to do so either. I think he must have been happier and made much more of with you than he was with us, and he must have returned to fetch Pearl. We don't care for him, and you may keep him if you like," and Miss S. departed, taking Frisk with her, who lived to a great age, highly appreciated by all who knew him, albeit he made one more attempt to fetch Pearl, and being discovered with her, was punished severely and kept in a dark closet for twenty-four hours, until Miss S. could send to fetch him. He never went after her again, though he seemed at first to pine for her. She forgot him almost as soon as his back was turned ; in fact, her own mistress thought she never forgave him the long wet walk through the streets, finally landing her in a house in a far less aristocratic neighbourhood than her own, and in a far less comfortably-furnished abode than the one she had left. Frisk looked despairingly at her when Miss S. took him in her arms to carry him off, but Pearl was idly biting or smelling at a fuchsia, and bore his departure with great calm !

That cats are cruel is a fact we have perpetually dinned into our ears ; they may be, but we maintain stoutly, not more cruel than the dog who chases a hare despite its screams, the hound which runs the fox to earth, or the tiger which slays its thousands. Nature herself is cruel, so is all connected with Nature ; and a cat's cruelty is, after all, very mild, and is really caused more by her love of play than from her delight in pain. Sam, one of our cats, will chase bees, butterflies, and moths, the whole of the summer months, and we have never seen him destroy a single specimen of either insect. He will spring feet into the air after a bee, and will strike it with his paw and bring it down unflinchingly among the grass ; he will stand over it for a moment, give it a pat, and once more knock it down, should it respond to his gentle hint by flying up ; but he will then leave it alone and pass on elsewhere, continuing the amusement

untiringly for as long as there are any creatures to play with, the greatest amusement being found in the great cockchafers, whose buzzing seems to be taken for a challenge to him; and it is most entertaining to watch the weird, tailless, Manx creature springing three or four feet into the air in the dusk after the cockchafers, never resting until he has caught one or more of them, releasing them unhurt once he has fairly captured them. But there is no cruelty here, Sam merely wishes to play, just as the three kittens in the sketch wish to play with the tortoise, who does not understand them, and is no doubt wretched—as wretched as a miserable toad the shrieks from which once roused us from our work, and we rushed out, thinking murder was being committed, to discover that Sam was playing in the conservatory with a toad, which did not enter into the spirit of the game at all, and which was yelling with fright; for



WHITE SHORT-HAIRED KITTENS.

every time it hopped Sam put a black paw on its back, it would then scream, and Sam would remove his paw, only to repeat the same amusement at the next hop: there was no attempt to harm the toad, and evidently the cat's sole ambition was to see it hop, and he took the only steps he knew of to obtain the desired movement.

The Siamese cat is not often seen in an English household, as it too is remarkably delicate, and can hardly ever face a winter. It is of a particularly beautiful soft brown colour, and has black markings singularly like those of a pug. Its fur is shorter and less silky, but makes up in colour what it lacks in any other attraction. Its temper is not quite to be depended on, and though we have never ourselves had any specimens in our care, all our informants agree in confessing that almost any other cat is pleasanter and safer to live with. But we must own to hankering after a specimen, as we have been often and solemnly warned against Manx cats, while our own experience teaches us that it is by far the most affectionate and intelligent of all the cat tribe; far more teachable and in every respect far more like the dog in its habits and in its capabilities of becoming a real companion. Sam came to us in a hamper by carrier, when he was only about six weeks old, and he certainly was the very funniest creature we had ever seen: his hind-quarters were and are considerably higher than the front legs, he was quite black, though, as in all young cats, the stripes of the tiger were visible in an intense light, and the soft black patch which did duty for a tail was so absurd that he was saluted with a chorus of laughter, which annoyed him intensely, and caused him to retire under a chair, where he remained until forced to emerge from his retreat by the pangs of hunger. He was never a rollicking, idle kitten like the majority of small cats, and has always taken life soberly; he never ran after an empty

reel—he *could* not run after his tail, poor dear!—and his only relaxation consisted in chasing bees, toads, and other creatures, as related before; but he is the only cat of whom we ever heard that nearly pined to death the only time he was ever left alone with the servants, when all the family were away together; the only cat who knows when you are ill, and spends his days on your bed trying his best to comfort you; who knows his name like a dog, and comes running when called, and who is capable of keeping three big dogs in such constant awe—an awe that custom never stales—that they slink away appalled before him, and no more dare eat before him, or share his milk, than they dare steal or poach or bite, or commit any of the ungentlemanly sins so often ascribed to the canine race. When we go away to stay, Sam and Max go too: they never attempt to stray, they never attempt to get lost, they walk solemnly all over the house, then over the garden, and finally each selects a permanent chair, and, to do them both justice, their selection generally speaks volumes for their love of comfort. They have had three complete moves in their time, and have never even in the most uncomfortable moments of those moves given us the least anxiety about their welfare; and we never boarded them out, save once, when Sam ruthlessly turned out the cat of the house, and refused to allow him to enter his own domicile all the time he was there—a course of conduct which resulted in our being obliged to keep him ourselves, in all and every muddle, for he really caused acute misery by his conduct to the small mistress of the banished cat, who could not understand a stranger being cherished and her own pet being relegated to the stable entirely.

Sometimes cats are decidedly cruel. We had one, Wrinkleface by name, who deliberately and actually and with her own paws beat her first kittens to death. She was very young, and she could not understand why she must remain in a basket away from her adored mistress. She kept leaving the squealing little creatures, and at last we shut her up with her family in the tool-house, where later on she was discovered by us with three dead kittens in the basket, and actually banging the head of number four against the wall until the poor little creature was quite dead. The others had been trampled on, and we shall never forget the fiendish way in which she looked first at the corpses and then at us, finally leaping out of the tool-house and coming indoors as if nothing had happened. For months we never petted her or spoke to her, and the lesson went home; she became an admirable mother, although she was not always lucky, for a white terrier, whose ears she had boxed more than once, watched her out into the garden (we saw him do this ourselves), and then, rushing hurriedly down stairs at the top of his speed, he went and killed every one of that litter while the mother was out in the garden; and yet people talk of the noble animal the dog, and have nothing but abuse for the cat. Still there never was, we maintain, a clearer case of a meaner revenge than this! Cats are constitutionally brave, yet are undoubtedly timid: they will keep great dogs at bay, but an unknown object will terrify them almost to death; their fur begins to rise, their backs are arched, their claws come out, they make an admirable show of defence, but at last terror is too much for them, and with a howl of despair they rush wildly up a tree should they be out of doors, or career madly to some place of safety indoors, should they be suddenly confronted with any animal with which they have never made acquaintance before; while perhaps their most curious trait is the utterly inhospitable manner in which they receive a strange member of their own race, for nothing will induce the cat denizens of a household to be even moderately civil to any new cat or kitten which may be introduced to them without a stand-up fight—a fight that only too often continues for weeks, and sometimes, indeed, it is months before the latest arrival becomes really a member of the family, free as are all the rest of its privileges and emoluments.

We were once the proud and happy possessor of thirteen cats, all of which had been born on the place, and were all progeny of a venerable Tom called Tim, and of Wrinkleface mentioned before, and it was a most curious study to see how Tim kept his numerous family in order. We had in those days a very large garden, and as the dogs roamed freely therein, Tim and his family had a habit of taking the air on the branches of a large fir we always used to call the “cat-tree,” and a more strange sight surely was never seen in any other garden than the dark wide branches each forming a resting-place for a white, black, gray, or Chinchilla kitten, while Tim lay solemnly out on the top branch of all, and woe betide the son or daughter that aspired to share that elevated spot! a box on the ears soon reduced him or her to order, and never while Tim lived did he allow any other cat to climb above him or share his perch: he

was head of the family indeed, and ruled the whole twelve, Wrinkleface included, with a paw of iron. A curious survival of some far-back ancestor used often to be found among these special cat-friends of ours, for, while both Wrinkleface and Tim had not the smallest evidence of blue blood in their appearance, one kitten in each family would be an almost perfect specimen of the long-haired English tabby, and once we had a quite beautiful French-gray, or Chinchilla-coloured cat—but only once. This cat used to beg like a dog, learned to open the door, first by jumping up at it and striking the handle until it turned, and then by standing on an adjacent table and stretching out its paw from that to the handle; he would ask to be taken for a walk, and would



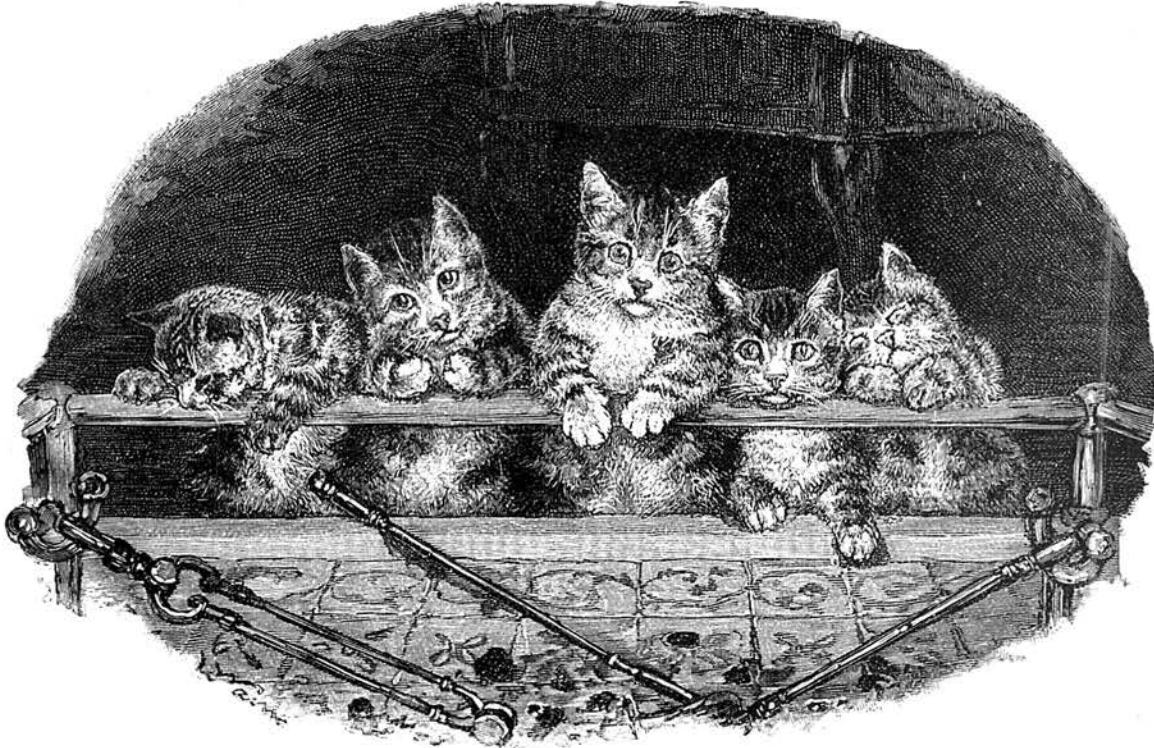
THEIR MORNING MEAL.

solemnly pace up and down the long garden walk, following his mistress as steadily as possible, and stopping every now and then to scent the white pinks or violets of which the garden was full in spring and summer—and, in fact, was the cleverest animal we ever saw, and our one regret is that, overdone with our thirteen, we gave him away, and had no real opportunity either of developing or watching talents which were so far above the average; but he never forgot us, and the moment he heard our voices in his mistress's house, he used to come rushing up to us, and purr round us, talking to us in a manner that was as pathetic as it was undoubtedly clever, and out of the common.

A winter's absence from our home dispersed our family of thirteen, and although they were left on board wages, and amply fed by the usual hands, they resented our absence, found homes for themselves with our neighbours, and when we returned prior to giving up the old home for good, we found that Tim had fallen a victim to his fondness for ambitious heights, and had broken his neck among the machinery of a neighbouring brewery, and that only Wrinkleface and one kitten were left to us out of all that goodly tribe. It was a severe blow; still, as we were emigrating to a much smaller garden, perhaps it was as well that our family was diminished for us; we should never have had the heart to do this ourselves.

We have found quite common cats produce one or two beautiful kittens in a litter among four or five quite hideous brothers and sisters, and when we moved to our present abode we experienced a very curious example of this. We found in the stables one of the plainest and hungriest cats it has ever been our misfortune to see; we did

not like or want her, but we cannot be unkind to any creature, and in consequence we fed and entertained her, and to our astonishment our own cats were quite civil to her. When she had been our property for some time, we were led to believe that she had taken advantage of our hospitality and had foisted a family upon us; but nowhere could the family be found, and we were beginning to think we had suspected her wrongfully, when one morning on the front door-step we found, apparently alone and unattended, the most beautiful red-and-white long-haired kitten, of quite six weeks old, that we had ever seen. We brought it in, fed it, made much of it, welcomed the beauty in every way, and wondered to whom it belonged; made all inquiries without any result, and after two days we named it, and introduced it properly to the rest of



ENGLISH SHORT-HAIRED TABBIES.

the family; and then on the third morning we were astonished to find a second kitten, equally beautiful, equally long-haired, but this time owned and obviously chaperoned by the stable cat, who as obviously had introduced number one tentatively, and to see what we should do, and then produced number two, believing, by the reception given to number one, that we should not resent her family as much as she feared we should do. But the matter did not end here, for although the stable cat now stayed indoors, and seemed quite happy with her beautiful children, we were attracted by the sound of mewing to an arbour covered thickly with twigs, and there among the twigs, and just like birds in a nest, we discovered two more kittens, but these were just as ugly as their mother, and had evidently been forgotten by her in her pride and joy at our reception of the beauties; or could she have subtly argued to herself that she would introduce the lovely sisters first, and then would have brought forward the others? However, her plot was frustrated, for we could not bear three editions of the stable cat, and reluctantly gave orders which resulted in the death of the plain members of the family.

If space allowed, we could tell endless anecdotes of Thomas, the white cat who lived to the honoured age of twenty-two, who went to bed every night of his life in a basket with a couple of blankets, and who would not sleep in them if they were the least soiled or dirty, who would literally scream with rage if his mistress went up stairs without first putting him to bed like a child, and who finally, when he found he was dying, dragged his poor old limbs quite a mile away to the stable of a friend to save his mistress the anguish of watching his last moments; of Peter, who plays games with her owners, and who can take a piece of bread in her paw from the centre of a napkin-ring without moving the ring, and who, despite her name, has constant families of

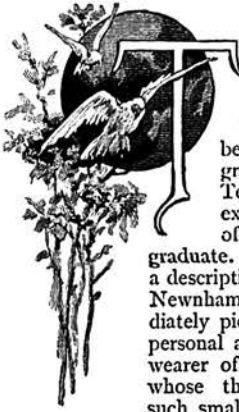
kittens, at which nothing will induce her to look ; of a family of four cats which have been taught by their little mistress each to wait their turn to be fed, as she sits at her table eating her bread and milk, and calling to them one after the other to claim their share ; and, finally, of our much-beloved Sam, of whom we have spoken before, but of whom pages might be written did we dwell at length on his curious cunning, his patient insistence on having his own way and securing his own comfort, his really passionate attachment to his mistress and to one or two favoured friends to whom he goes without a demur, curling himself up on their laps as a matter of right, his as passionate dislike to other people, and his detestation of anything like “company”—in fact, his entire resemblance to a crusty old bachelor, who is civility itself when no one interferes with his special arrangements, and who adores one or two old cronies, but is miserable enough should he be upset or put out of his routine.

We could quote anecdotes of other cats, notably of one, who, like Schwartz, attempted to commit suicide by throwing itself repeatedly head foremost from a high shelf on a stone floor, and although it did not accomplish its end, bruised itself so much that it had to be killed ; of another cat, who was put into a sack and thrown into the river to be drowned, and which, having found a hole in the sack, swam home, and presented itself a dripping ghost before the eyes of its outraged and frightfully alarmed master ; of another cat at the Wareham Mills, which used to sit and fish for the eels which were always to be found there, and which brought them out and ate them in the cleverest way possible ; but we fear we have already transgressed the space at our disposal ; however, we trust we have said enough to prove our case, and to enlist sympathy in the cause of this most misunderstood creature : if we have not, a glance at the trio of fascinating tabbies gazing into the fire must surely do the rest, for who could resist the inquiring eyes of the middle darling, or the sweet, sleepy fat ball of gray fur which is already giving way to the attacks of slumber, and is falling against his next-door neighbour, in a manner that will result in a moment in an agonized squall of reproach, and the probable administration of a “good pat” from the small outstretched paw ?.



THOUGHTS ON THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

By A MAN.



HERE are all sorts of legends in Cambridge about Girton and Newnham girls. The beautiful ideal girl-graduate depicted by Tennyson does not exist in the imagination of the ordinary under-graduate. If you ask him for a description of a Girtonite or Newnhamite, he will immediately picture a lady whose personal attractions are *nil*, a wearer of spectacles, a being whose thoughts soar above such small details as fashion

or harmony of colour in dress. This is doubtless a libel on lady students, and if they chose to retort upon us, they might just as well take their type of the average undergraduate from the ranks of the typical smug; the gentleman who dresses worse than his gyp, who has been known at rare intervals to brush his hair and indulge in a clean collar; the man whose life consists of chapels, lectures, reading, and bed, with an interval of one hour for the Trumpington walk, and a few odd moments for meals.

It would be just as fair to judge "Varsity men" from such specimens as these, as it would be to judge Girton or Newnham by their exceptions.

I must say personally that my only experience at Cambridge of a Girtonite was not altogether happy. I make no claim to be in any sense a learned man, only an ordinary specimen of the great majority, the *oi πολλοι* of Cambridge, those whose ambition is limited to obtaining in their three years an ordinary degree and as much social life as possible. One evening at an "At Home," or Perpendicular, I was introduced to a lady who hailed from Girton. The trivialities of ordinary conversation were not sufficient for her mighty intellect, however, and in a moment I was appalled with the question, "Are you mathematical?" I replied as best I could, and shortly afterwards turned the tables by introducing the subjects of music and art, of which I possess some slight smattering. Doubtless I met with one of the exceptions, and it would be wrong to form an opinion from such slight data, and so I willingly believe what others have told me—that just as our finest specimens of English manhood are to be met with at our universities, so there also are to be found our finest specimens of English girlhood.

My thoughts on woman's education, however, have nothing whatever to do with Girton or Newnham. All women cannot avail themselves of such a great privilege as a university course, and it is quite possible to fulfil the best ideals of womanhood and of education away from either Oxford or Cambridge. It is my purpose rather to send to the GIRL'S OWN PAPER what I believe are not my own thoughts and opinions alone, but the thoughts and opinions of many Englishmen upon a much-vexed question.

What is the ideal of an educated woman? Not a woman's ideal, but a man's ideal. Here I must confess myself to be old-fashioned, for the whole question depends upon what is woman's mission in this world.

I am old-fashioned because I believe that woman's true mission and man's true mission are one and the same. I am no believer in single blessedness; I believe there is no more miserable object in the world than a bachelor condemned for life to the tender mercies of a

landlady; and just as in an old bachelor you see vestiges of good qualities which have withered, and perceive an incomplete man—one whose life has been to a great extent a failure, so do you see often in ladies who have never married many lovely and beautiful qualities—qualities which would have brightened and made happy any home; and seeing this, feel a sense of sadness that such lives should have been warped and arrested in their development by the force of circumstances. Yes, reproach me as you may, no argument will ever shake my conviction that the true ideal of life for man and woman alike is marriage; not society marriages of convenience, not marriage for the sake of marriage, but marriage based upon a union of souls; the old-fashioned, much abused, love-match; when all the joy and happiness of life ceases to be centred in self, but is centred instead in another, apart from whom life ceases to be worth living.

Now what is the common complaint of educated men at this present day—I mean the educated man who is in a position to marry? Is it that he cannot find girls with money, or girls possessing beauty and refinement? Is it this? I know full well we men are called mercenary, and that we are believed to look for only one great charm in woman—money. I know full well that the world is becoming every day more mercenary and less romantic; that Cupid is fast losing his bow and arrow, and is arming himself instead with bags labelled *£ s. d.*; I know all this, but I still say the lament of all true, manly Englishmen is that the girl of the nineteenth century is shallow and insipid; and far from wishing to see women beautiful automatons, able to preside at our tables, and to do the honours of the house and credit to their dressmakers, we, as men, desire to see them thoroughly well educated; not *bookish*—something more than that, *educated*—able to give opinions on varied subjects, well read, well travelled, well refined, our mental equals in every respect.

Do I then consider woman's intellect inferior to man's?—that is to say, the average woman inferior mentally to the average man? By no means. I do not believe that any sensible man holds that there is any real inferiority, but there is a considerable difference. As well compare the physical development of a woman with that of a man, as compare her intellect with the masculine mind. That which is masculine is essentially masculine, and that which is feminine, is feminine. We look for muscular strength, breadth of shoulder, length of limb, hardness of the facial lines, and general angularity in man; we look for that which is graceful in woman; no hard lines, no masculine biceps, but smooth undulating curves. A manly man is just as much an object of beauty in nature as a womanly woman; but it is beauty regarded from an entirely different standpoint, and that which is lovely in man is very unlovely in woman. And the same physical differences prevail in the composition of the mind—no inferiority, but an essential difference.

Now what are the characteristics of the feminine mind? This is a very difficult question for a man to answer. It requires considerable experience and knowledge of character; I must therefore ask pardon if I err in my conclusions.

It has always struck me that women are not strictly logical: they do not possess that power of advancing step by step to a conclusion which men possess; but at the same time they have a power which is in advance of

logic, a power of forming a conclusion without proceeding through each stage; and the conclusion is generally an accurate one, although not arrived at by strictly logical steps. Women will form opinions, and correct opinions too, at a glance, which it takes men a long time to arrive at. I should say, therefore, that quickness in reasoning is feminine, as opposed to solidity and depth of reasoning in man. I think the Greek compared to the Roman intellect in some respects resembles the comparison between the female and male intellect. The Greek certainly was logical, and therefore I may appear to contradict myself; but his great qualities were quickness in reasoning, brilliancy rather than depth, versatility, adaptability, and, above all things, love of the beautiful. The Roman intellect was, on the other hand, practical and prosaic. It was the essentially masculine qualities of the Roman which led to Rome being the mistress of the world. It is to Greece, however, we owe all the refinement of antiquity, and a large portion of the refinement of the present.

Personally, I much prefer the Greek temperament. Vague longings after the ideal, an eye for beauty of form, a mind for beauty of thought, an ear for beauty of sound; are far to be preferred to the power of solving deep and abstruse problems. The artist is in reality a far greater man than the mere scholar; he is born, the other is made. The artistic temperament is one of the greatest of God's gifts, and is, to my mind, more often found in women than in men. We find many men without one spark of imagination or romance, but very few women. Almost every woman has some romance in her composition. Versatility is essentially part of woman's nature; concentration a part of man's nature. And here arises a strange paradox. A man who concentrates himself upon one subject, while naturally less versatile than a woman, at the same time does not lose his versatility by his concentration. Let a woman, however, once concentrate herself upon one particular thing, and she loses all her natural versatility, and becomes a creature of only one idea.

A man may be reading law, medicine, theology, mathematics, or any other subject, making one special subject the study of his life; but he will still take an interest in general matters, and be able to converse upon a score of other subjects; and oftentimes the more learned he is, the more will he delight in the most sensational of all sensational novels by way of relaxation. A learned, or rather *bookish*, lady, on the other hand, is essentially a creature who moves in a groove and is never able to get out of it. It does not matter what the subject is, the fact still remains. I have known even theological ladies, ladies whose greatest ambition would be to get up in a pulpit and preach, and my experience tells me they have only one topic, which they *must literally drag* in by the hair of the head on every occasion. I have one friend, for instance, whose great subject is the moral and social welfare of the London cabby. At first it is refreshing to know that the man who looks with disgust at anything less than double his legal fare is such a delightful character; but when you know him by heart he ceases to be refreshing, and when he is served up daily at every meal until your mental atmosphere reeks of him, and you begin to dream of him and to spend most of your nights in phantom growlers, he becomes, to put it mildly, a nuisance. It is the same with other subjects. The legal lady is always full of some interesting point of law, the medical lady of some interesting demonstra-

tion or operation; and if in a crowded room she can possibly button-hole you and discover you are really an M.B. Cantab., you may be sure of getting through the whole or greater part of "Quain's Anatomy" at express speed.

But I fancy I am wandering somewhat from my subject, and will, before proceeding further, sum up what I have said. Woman's ideal, I have said, is marriage; that is, the making the life of the man she loves as happy as it is possible to make it. I also hold the same ideal for a man, for all true love is unselfish and reciprocal. Woman's great natural gift is versatility; man's great complaint is that the women of the day are dull and insipid. What education, then, will serve to make women good wives and real companions for their husbands? It will be an education which develops the natural endowment, *versatility*; an education which aims rather at general culture than deep knowledge. The deeply-read specialist is not necessarily a cultured individual, for culture spreads itself over a very wide area. My ideal of an educated woman would not exclude classics, history, modern languages, music (if she be musical), art, some knowledge of mathematics, and even science. She should be, however, widely rather than deeply read.

The ladies of Girton and Newnham are only allowed to go in for an honours course, I believe. I cannot help thinking, however, that if the ordinary degree course were encouraged, and more ladies' colleges started, it would be better. The averagely well-educated English-woman should be at least educated up to that standard as a basis; and then, if there be any special subject which will cultivate the taste and increase the imagination, let it be studied. Harmony, counterpoint, all the higher branches of music for those who are musical; as much

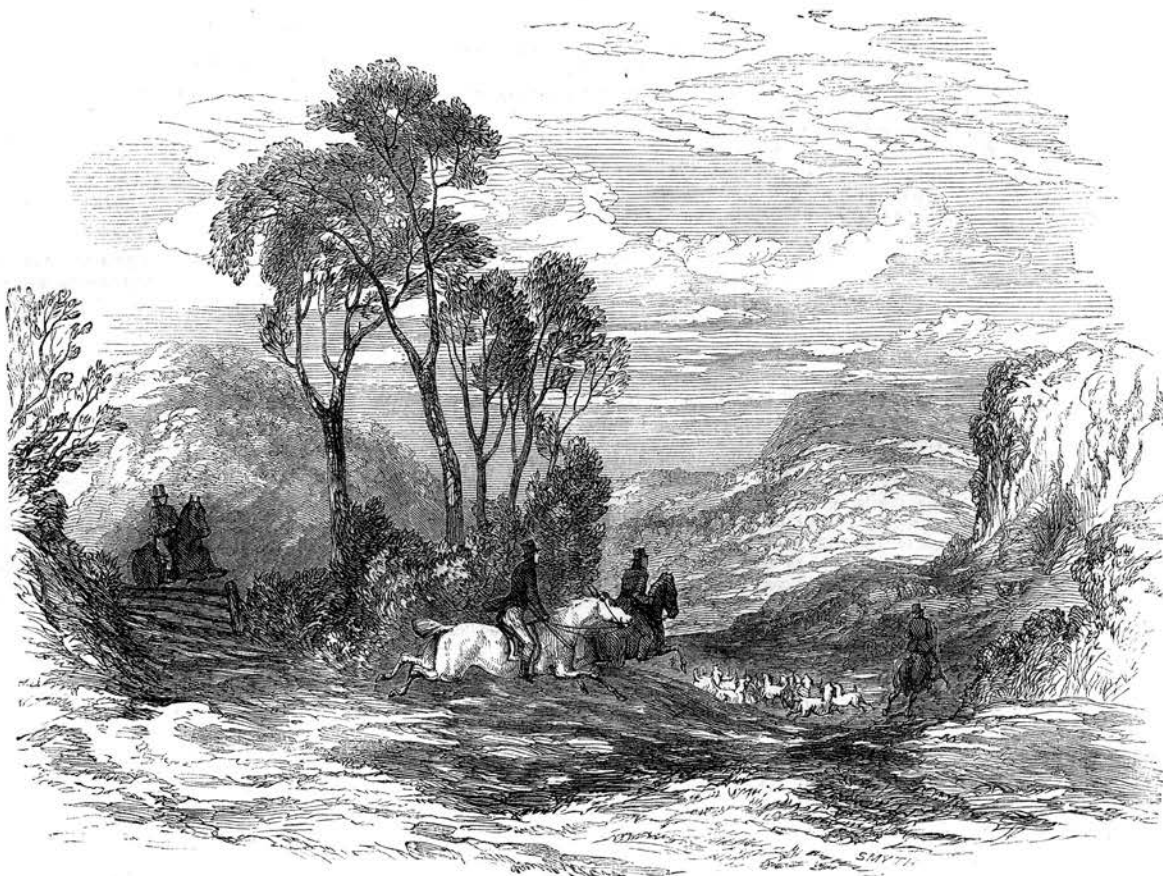
classics and history as you please; anything which will develop a taste for the beautiful or re-people a world long since dead; anything which will make our ancient ivy-clad ruins and stately cathedrals once more alive with the forms of those who long since have mouldered into dust; anything which will call up for us the spirit of the past; for while "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," "God repeats himself in many ways."

The subjects to be avoided, save in an elementary manner, are mathematics, and possibly science—certainly, however, the former. The subjects most to be encouraged are classics and history. These two widen and refine, while the tendency of mathematics for women is to make them narrow, and creatures of only one idea.

But what of those women who have to earn their living in the world; those who wish to be independent; to marry if they have the opportunity; but to be certain, if necessary, of earning their living? How are they to be educated? I would venture here to point out that women educated on the lines laid down are best able to educate their sisters on the same lines. It often happens that the women who would, if properly educated, make the very best of wives, by persisting in pushing the higher education craze to its limits, become creatures to be avoided by the average man; avoided not because of their culture, but because of their lack of culture; because they have become the creatures of an idea. At the same time there are exceptions. Some women are naturally masculine in their ideas, just as some men are feminine. Let such as these by all means immerse themselves in mathematics, science, or medicine; but may the day be long distant when any numbers of England's fair

daughters follow in their footsteps. It does not follow that all mathematical, medical, or scientific women are to be avoided. The type is, indeed, as a type; but there are exceptions to every rule, and some very charming and delightful exceptions too. Personally, I cannot associate the tenderness of true womanhood with the torture of frogs, in order to see the action of galvanism upon the nerves, or with many other things inseparable from a deep scientific or medical education. And these are not my own thoughts alone, but the thoughts of men who have themselves been in for science. Depend upon it, ladies, the judgment of the Cambridge undergraduate represents fairly the judgment of English manhood upon your sex; and if there is anything he hates and ridicules, it is a masculine, unwomanly woman. His idea of womanhood is a lofty one. He wants to find sympathy in his pursuits—true womanly sympathy; a help-mate, not a lady who understands differential and integral calculus, who will discourse learnedly and drearily upon one everlasting subject. Nor, on the other hand, a lady who will endanger his life and spoil his sport when after the birds, by blazing away haphazard with the light gun specially made for her, and who loves to join in sports and occupations suited to men alone. No; he seeks and admires neither of these types, but those women who are still true to the best traditions of their sex; those whose mission in life is to make homes happy and cheerful with their presence; those whose influence is a holy and pure one; those who will make him what in his inmost nature he wishes to be, though perhaps far removed from that ideal now—a chivalrous, high-minded Englishman; a man who shall leave this world better than he found it.

OCTOBER.



Illustrated London Almanack, 1851

SOME AUSTRIAN SWEETS.



It has been said by an authority, that throughout Austria the puddings have reached the summit of perfection; the same may be said of the sweets generally, many of which are of such a nature that they are as acceptable at one meal as another, and serve the purpose of a pudding or a cake. Cleanliness is a leading feature, and one reads again and again, in directions for the making of delicate dishes, that the hand should not be used where it can possibly be avoided. The use of porcelain utensils in the form of rolling-pins, pastry cutters and the like, has much to recommend it. Such articles are kept cleaner than when made of wood, while the material equals marble in its coolness.

Tyroler Zelten.—This is a dish that would be certain of a welcome, though very cheap, and there are many ways of sending it to table. It is first-rate with a simple sweet sauce, as a pudding; and, with butter, it may go in either hot or cold for tea. Those who bake at home would do well to try it, for any nice light yeast dough will form the foundation. Supposing a pound and a half of dough, take about half a pound of the following materials, mixed: raisins, currants, figs, and almonds, the latter in small quantity only; then season well with cinnamon, or any spice to taste, and add some grated lemon peel. All the fruits should be finely divided, and the mixing should be very thorough. This is sometimes baked as a cake, or it may be rolled and baked as a pudding. When done, a shiny surface is secured by a sprinkling of sugar, and the use of the salamander, for appearances are by no means forgotten in Austria, and many simple dishes are raised from the commonplace to the high class by care in the finishing touches.

Lemon Chandeau.—This sauce is so good with almost every sort of sweet that it deserves to become a standing dish in any household, and we need scarcely say that it is delicious with the above dish. The materials are a couple of good lemons, water, four eggs, and four ounces of sugar, and it is to the method rather than the cost that the success is due. Watch an Austrian cook peel those lemons, and you might almost read through the rind; certainly you will find it as yellow on the inner as the outer side, but only the rind of one will be put in the above sauce. The juice is carefully strained, for pips would spoil it; it is then left to blend with water, to make half-a-pint, in a covered vessel for some time. The yolks of eggs go next, and the whole is whisked over the fire, and carefully watched that it does not boil. Those who know how to make chocolate by the process termed "milling" will have no difficulty in making this sauce. This is ready for serving in the hot state, but as a cold sauce there is a further treat in store. The sauce is beaten until cool, then the whites of the eggs are put

in, and what a mass of sauce these materials make; but the eggs must be fresh, and let none cease beating the whites until they are stiff enough to bear the weight of a raw egg.

There seems, at first glance, nothing to warrant the excellence of a dish called *Dampfnudeln*, for the ingredients are homely enough for use in any kitchen; but when one considers the perfection of the flour of the country, and the care taken in sieving it, combined with the energy that is thrown into the kneading of the dough, one begins to understand the delicious lightness of these dainties. A pint of flour will make a good number; to it should be put a pinch of salt, and a dash of sugar, about an ounce; the less sugar, the lighter the dough; this fact is undeniable. An ounce of the freshest of dried yeast, if one may use such a term, is next added, with enough lukewarm milk to make a leaven; then a couple of ounces of butter and two eggs must be added, with as much more milk as is needed, and the whole left to rise, when, after the final kneading, the dough is cut into lumps, which emerge from the oven not unlike the penny sponge cakes with which we are all familiar, but so puffed up and so brown; and are not these perfections due mostly to the glowing heat of the oven, and the freedom from the *peeps* that a too-anxious English cook will often take during the baking process? We think so. When served with a sweet sauce, as they often are, and they are just as delicious with jam, the sugar may be left out altogether. The salamander, or its substitute, an old shovel, gives the last touch to these.

Here is a very peculiar pudding; only a sort of roly-poly made from apples. Are you tired of apple puddings as usually met with? If so, try this, and you will not shelve it afterwards. The foundation is a plain sheet of pastry, but mixed with lukewarm water instead of cold, and strewn with bread crumbs that have been fried in butter to a dainty crispness. The next layer is composed of apples in slices, raisins and currants, and the indispensable cinnamon—a spice much favoured by the Austrians. This is then rolled and baked, and served with dissolved butter poured over it generally, but we venture to recommend a nice sweet sauce, served apart, as the more enjoyable. Those who will take the trouble to fry a few more crumbs to sprinkle on the outside when the pudding is dished, will probably agree with us that the taste and appearance are improved; but this is an English innovation.

Next on our list comes a pudding that, judging from the materials, is only a batter pudding of the ordinary sort, except that there is a good proportion of eggs in it; but we will not pass it over, it is so good as to be more like a soufflé, but to eat it in perfection the flour of the country must be used for it, and a fire-proof china dish is required for the baking. A quarter of a pound of flour, half-a-pint of milk, an ounce of sugar, a saltspoonful of salt, and five eggs. These are the

materials ; it is the blending that does most to bring about perfection. After beating the flour and milk until as smooth as cream, the yolks of eggs are put in, with the sugar and salt, and the mixture left awhile. Then the whites are added in the same frothy condition above referred to, and there is art in the way in which they are mixed in ; a few strokes of the whisk only, *no beating*, to make them fall again ; and not a moment is lost in pouring this delicious batter into the dish, in which a couple of ounces of butter have been heated.

The sight of this makes one hungry, for it equals an omelette in appearance. It may be noted that no flavouring is mentioned in connection with this dish ; there are, however, many suitable ones. Amongst the most delicious are vanilla sugar, orange flower water, rose water, or any essence of good quality ; but it must be remembered that when a liquid of the nature of either of these waters is employed the milk should be proportionately reduced. We may be pardoned for reminding the reader that butter *is* butter in Austria ; no concoction that would be considered unfit for table would find a place in such a pudding as this, and the eggs would be really fresh.

A dish that will commend itself to the juvenile members of the family is an *Auflauf*, made from jam. This is nothing more or less than a meringue mixture, mixed with jam, of which apricot is favourite. For the whites of four eggs, the same number of tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and about the same, or a trifle less, of jam would be used. The mixing takes some time, a little of each being put in the bowl and whisked well. When all are used up the mass is piled on a dish, and a goodly pile it makes ; then baked, or we might say dried, in the oven, so slow is it, until a pale brown. It is eaten hot or cold ; in the latter form it is a good dish for a children's party, eaten of course in moderation.

Speaking of the children reminds us of a dainty *Snow Cake*. Butter, sugar, and flour, in equal weights, are wanted for this, and for twelve ounces of the mixture the whites of four eggs ; the best flavouring for it is grated lemon peel. The ordinary method of creaming the butter and sugar is followed, the flour is sifted in by slow degrees, and most carefully blended (you will not find an Austrian cook beating it), the eggs, beaten to a snowy pile, are put in with the same light touch, and when baked with care there are few more delicious cakes than this. Those who would like a novel pudding should try this hot, with the lemon sauce above ; the combination is first-rate, and in this case we advise that the sauce be poured over the cake, to soak it a little. A cake similar to the above is composed of equal parts of corn flour and wheat flour. Another owes its goodness to a mixture of potato flour and wheaten flour ; by the latter we refer to the fine flour of Austria.

Here is an old friend, with a very new face, in the shape of *Potato Pudding*. In some cases there may not be much in a name, but those who may try this will own that there is a good deal in method. But the

mixing ! We dare not venture to give this in the original, for who can give the hour demanded for the blending of the materials ? Well, we have found it so excellent when made in less than half the time that we make no apology for the deviation. The materials are a quarter of a pound of mashed potatoes, the same weight of sugar, and four whole eggs, with the yolks of four more for a first-class pudding ; but the four alone will bring about very good results if the potatoes be increased by an ounce, and a tablespoonful or two of milk be put in. The dryness of the potatoes is of primary importance, and if they are not sieved the pudding will be but a poor substitute for the original. The best way to make this is to whisk the ingredients until they resemble a thick custard, or thin batter. The flavouring is a matter for the individual, and so is the sauce ; a very good one is made from thin melted butter, with a nice jam or fruit jelly mixed in, or some fruit syrup is just as good. The mould should be thickly buttered, and coated with bread crumbs ; and the oven should be gentle.

A sweet famed through Austria is made from a mixture of chocolate, bread crumbs, sugar, eggs, almonds and spice. The peculiarity consists in the unpeeled condition of the almonds. We must say that, having tried this in both forms, we give the preference, both on the ground of flavour and digestion, to the peeled almonds of every-day life. A very nice sweet of this sort is to be had from four eggs, to two ounces each of the other materials ; but many will increase the sugar to four ounces, and the varieties of spices that are used are many. Cinnamon with nutmeg is a favourite, but we prefer the old combination of vanilla and almonds, which perhaps many have never tried, for one would hardly think that the result would be good ; but it is, in our opinion. This wants careful baking.

Cherry Cake must close our list, and it is an excellent illustration of a cake and pudding in one. About a pint of bread crumbs will form the basis of a good-sized one, and to them should be added half their weight of fine sugar, three eggs, the chopped peel of half a lemon, and a generous handful of ripe cherries, the darker and juicier the better. For this, half an hour's beating is demanded, and at the last the whites of two more eggs should go in. The custom of adding some of the eggs at the end, and with the whites separately whisked, is almost universal, and those who are inclined to begrudge the trouble, or think there is "nothing in it," a term we have often heard, should note the difference in size and lightness of a pudding so made, and one to which the eggs are added in the ordinary manner. This is baked in a buttered mould lined with bread crumbs, and served hot or cold, and with sauce or without. This principle, we may say in conclusion, may be carried out with other fruit as well as cherries. We have an idea that damsons would yield a delicious dish of this sort ; and we are sure that any fruit juice, boiled to a syrup with sugar, and served as sauce, will recommend itself.





BUSINESS HOURS IN LONDON STREETS.

THE lower we descend in the scale of commerce and traffic, the harder and more oppressive becomes the labour of those by whom business is carried on. When the great Baron Rothschild used to take his station at that pillar in the Royal Exchange, and transact his momentous bargains more by nods and signs than by articulate speech, he was seldom there for more than an hour or an hour and a half in the day; yet in that brief space of time it was nothing unusual for him to gain from fifty to a hundred thousand pounds. Our merchant princes spend but little time, comparatively, in their offices and warehouses, and derive their magnificent incomes without undergoing anything like bodily labour, being able to delegate all that to others. It is much the same with the prosperous banker: his hours are fixed, to be sure, but they are few and limited, and followed by certainly-recurring leisure. So with the wealthier class of dealers and traders in the money-making callings; they can and do shut up their shops and places of business early in the evening, and betake themselves to the enjoyments they most affect. It is different with the average trader, who pleads that he must make the most of his day in order to keep his credit good; and it is still more different with the struggling one, who must rise early and go to bed late, and eat the bread of carefulness, that he may make both ends meet, and have bread to eat at all.

It is in the traffic of the streets that the limitations as to time are the widest, and the struggle for bread is the fiercest. There are peripatetic traders of one class or other pursuing their occupation in the high-ways and byways of London for more than twenty hours out of the twenty-four; they are the earliest and the latest of all the traffickers of the metropolis: so early and so late, indeed, are some of them, that to many people it is a mystery what business they find to do. Let us glance at one or two of them.

The early breakfast-houses in London, thousands in number, though they open long before sunrise, are anticipated in their labours by the early breakfast-stalls erected in the streets. We have come upon these stalls at their first appearance less than three hours after midnight. They are among the oldest of the street institutions in London, and are doubtless a boon to a large class of early workers, who, rising long before dawn, are enabled by their means to break their fast with something solid and something hot at the price of a penny or threehalfpence; and they are no less welcome to the poor night-wanderer, who, not having twopence to pay for a bed, camps out, and hoards his one penny to pay for a breakfast. The breakfast used to consist of a thick hunch of bread, with dripping or salt butter, and a cup of saloop, which was a decoction of sassafras

chips, in place of salep (the dried and pounded tuber of *orchis mascula*), sweetened with coarse sugar. Since the fall in the price of tea, saloop is gone much out of fashion, though there are still a few of the old stagers who supply it to customers to whom use has made it pleasant. The salopians pitch their stalls in all weathers at all seasons of the year, and for the most part in spots where in daytime the traffic is densest: we have seen them in the Strand, in Holborn, on the bridges, and in the most frequented parts of the City. They vanish before the business hours, and that of necessity, for the crowd would crush them out of the way did they attempt to remain. An exception seems to be made in their favour in Covent Garden, where they do business under the piazzas to a later hour.

The milkman is known for an early bird, but he is not generally known for such an early bird as he really is. He has to turn out often before four in the morning, to get his horse in the cart and load his empty cans, that he may drive off to the railway-station and exchange them for full ones—most of the London milk now coming daily from the country, and being sent up by the earliest trains. Almost as early, the watercress hawkers betake themselves to Farringdon Market to buy their stock, and to cleanse and bundle it in preparation for hawking. About the same time the straggling hosts of costermongers begin to invade Covent Garden and Billingsgate. Few people who have not witnessed their matutinal gatherings have any conception of the numbers of these gentry. They not only inundate the district, but literally overflow in all directions, blocking up the channels of approach from every quarter, and presenting in their motley assemblage a spectacle as startling as it is significant.

Of the mass of traders of all descriptions who throng the thoroughfares during the ordinary business hours, we can say but little here. Their numbers, which have always been great, are constantly on the increase. With the growth of wealth around us there is, and always must be, a corresponding growth of poverty—and numbers are being constantly thrust into the streets to earn a living, who in times past were able to maintain themselves at home. This is one reason—perhaps the principal reason—why within the memory of the existing generation the traffic of the streets has assumed so many and such various phases. Time was when little if anything besides comestibles was sold in the street. Pies, gingerbread, cakes, nuts, fruits of all kinds when they were in season, fish just arrived from the sea, vegetables for the table—such used to be the stock of the street trader, supplemented in summer by flowers “all a-growing and a-blowing” in pots, and flowers in bouquets and posies gathered from the garden. We have changed all that now, and indeed have been long familiar with the change. At the present moment you can buy almost anything in the streets of London without troubling the shopkeeper—anything, that is, which is at all portable. The travelling stationer hawks his writing paper and envelopes; the printseller sets out a gallery of art in the concavity of an upturned umbrella; the cabinet-maker decks the dead-walls with his writing-desks, work-boxes, and letter-racks; the cutler sides up to you with his razors; the working optician claims attention to his eye-glasses and spectacles; the toy-maker displays his stock of toys on the kerb; walking-sticks, padlocks, dog-collars, carpenters’ tools, microscopes, mirrors, musical instruments, flat-irons, roasting-jacks, pots, paus, brushes, mops, glass, china, tin-ware, jewellery, statuary, paintings in oil—all these things, and a thousand things besides, walk the streets

of London on the backs of their producers and purveyors, all eagerly on the look-out for a market. The number of wandering commercials engaged in this multifarious traffic has never been even approximately ascertained, and probably is not ascertainable; they must amount to some tens of thousands, and seeing that the rents of shops are constantly growing dearer, while the flag-stones are free from both rent and taxes, there is little likelihood at present of their diminishing. We leave this heterogeneous cosmos of commerce to the reader's tender mercies, confessing, however, to a substratum of regard for them all, and commending them to his kindly consideration.

But now evening draws on, and the nomads whose business has special reference to the decline of day begin to make their appearance. Hark! that is the muffin-bell, followed by the voice of the muffin-man! Of all the "wandering voices" that charmed the ear of the poet, commend us to him. No *vox et preterea nihil* is his, but *vox* and muffins to boot, with other succulent dainties which muffins bring in their train. Listen to what he says—

"Come buy my nice muffins, and crumpets, and pikelets,
Come buy them of me!
You'll find them hot, and large, and good,
And they're all fresh baked for tea!"

He composed that beautiful lyric himself, without assistance from the poet-laureate or any one else; and if you feel disposed to criticise the muffin-man's muse, recollect, if you please, that whatever you may think of his metre, his muffins are irreproachable, and be sparing of your strictures. For our part, we never find fault with the "good man's poetry," as he calls it, choosing rather to confine our remarks to the burden of the song—the muffins themselves. Still there is one thing mysterious about the muffin-man, which has perplexed us any time these forty years, and which we could never satisfactorily get over—and it is this: why muffin-man? or muffin-boy, which is the same thing in the future tense? What have the women and the girls done, that they are rigidly shut out from the commerce in muffins? Who ever heard of a muffin-woman, or a muffin-girl? And if not, why not? as argumentative people put it. Is there any salique law that forbids the succession of the softer sex to the sovereignty of the muffin-basket? If so, give us the authority for it and set our minds at rest. For more years than make up an average generation have we looked for the muffin-woman, and have never found her, or even a trace of her. Nay, more; amid all the stir that has been made of late for woman's rights—notwithstanding all the women's conventions that have been held—the muffins have been kept carefully in the background, and usurping man (and boy) left in undisputed possession.

It is summer-time, and the sun is setting, his level beams piercing the hazy atmosphere and garbing the London chimney-pots in red shirts, till they look like an irregular squad of Garibaldians. About this time there is a branch of street trade carried on for an hour or two which always has a claim on our sympathies. Of the growing flowers in pots which left Covent Garden in the morning, many yet remain unsold. They have drooped and languished under the fierce mid-day sun, and their owners have been obliged to carry them to some sheltering shade, and quench their raging thirst, in order to restore their failing blossoms; and now they have revived again, they are brought forth in the cool of the evening to be sold for what they will fetch. Buy a few of them, my friend, for your bow-window or parlour flower-stand, and don't allow your knowledge of

the fact that their owners have no place wherein to stow them safely for the night lead you to drive too hard a bargain.

About the same time you may chance to fall in with the country lad who brings to London a dripping hamper of water-lilies in the bud. He never gathers them in flower, as, once blown, they will not long survive away from their native pools; but he plucks them by hundreds in the bud, and pulls them into full bloom as fast as they are wanted—converting the shiny, unsightly cone, into a glorious vision of beauty by a few touches of his fingers—or he will sell you a couple of the buds for a penny and leave you to open them yourself if you prefer it. You don't catch him in the full glare of sunshine, but either in some shady shelter or in the cool of the twilight hour.

At certain recurring seasons old ocean sends up her supplies of food to our shores, of the arrival of which the Londoner gets his first information from the cries that resound through the streets after dark. At one time it is sprats that are hoarsely vocal in the thoroughfare as the hour of supper draws near. It is a current notion that everybody sups off sprats once a year, though they might do worse; what may be nearer the truth is, that everybody has the opportunity of doing so when the sprat season comes round. At another time it is mackerel, and it is noteworthy that these fish are allowed to over-ride the fourth commandment, and the statute of Charles II enforcing its observance, and to be hawked and bawled for sale on the Sunday—a privilege, if it be a privilege, which our customs accord to no other fish that swims. Crabs and lobsters are often roving about the suburbs up to ten and eleven o'clock, but they only indulge in these rakish habits in hot weather; the truth being that they are in a hurry to be eaten while they are worth eating, which they assuredly will not be if they are relegated to the chances of the morrow.

One might suppose that when all the world had had their suppers, and the major half had gone to bed, there would at least be a cessation of the trade of hawking eatables in the street. By no means. It is not at all unusual for us to be roused out of our first sleep by a cry which may reach us while it is yet a quarter of a mile off, and is shot explosively from lungs of prodigious power, to the tune of "Hot! all hot! smoking hot!" As late as half an hour after midnight have we heard this cry in the far suburbs; it proceeds from the vendor of baked potatoes, who, carrying his wares on his head, and travelling at the quick march, literally hunts down his belated customers, sending forth his stentorian cry to herald his coming. Who and what are the unenviable class dependent upon him for a meal, we must leave to the conjectures of the reader.

Thus it is seen that the latest supper-time of the street nomad and his earliest breakfast-time are but a brief space apart: a little more, and we should have brought the serpent's tail round into his mouth, and made of the street traffic one complete circle. It is not so, however, we are thankful to say; there are two or three of the small hours still left in the morning when the busy spirit of traffic is lulled to quietness, and the echoes have rest in the interminable thoroughfares. We should like to extend the narrow margin of silence, and stretch it over a few more of the hours of darkness; and we cannot help longing at times, amidst the boastings of onward progress, for so much retrogression at least as shall give back to our homes the silence of the night, and to the labourer the hours of sleep for his needful refreshment and repose.

The Magic Shop.

BY H. G. WELLS.



HAD seen the Magic Shop from afar several times, I had passed it once or twice, a shop window of alluring little objects, magic balls, magic hens, wonderful cones, ventriloquist dolls, the material of the basket trick, packs of cards that *looked* all right, and all that sort of thing, but never had I thought of going in until one day, almost without warning, Gip hauled me by my finger right up to the window, and so conducted himself that there was nothing for it but to take him in. I had not thought the place was there, to tell the truth—a modest-sized frontage in Regent Street, between the picture shop and the place where the chicks run about just out of patent incubators—but there it was sure enough. I had fancied it was down nearer the Circus, or round the corner in Oxford Street, or even in Holborn; always over the way and a little inaccessible it had been, with something of the mirage in its position; but here it was now quite indisputably, and the fat end of Gip's pointing finger made a noise upon the glass.

"If I was rich," said Gip, dabbing a finger at the Disappearing Egg, "I'd buy myself that. And that"—which was The Crying Baby, Very Human—"and that," which was a mystery and called, so a neat card asserted, "Buy One and Astonish Your Friends."

"Anything," said Gip, "will disappear under one of those cones. I have read about it in a book.

"And there, dad, is the Vanishing Half-penny—only they've put it this way up so's we can't see how it's done."

Gip, dear boy, inherits his mother's breeding, and he did not propose to enter the shop or worry in any way; only, you know, quite unconsciously he lugged my finger doorward, and he made his interest clear.

"That," he said, and pointed to the Magic Bottle.

"If you had that?" I said; at which promising inquiry he looked up with a sudden radiance.

"I could show it to Jessie," he said, thoughtful as ever of others.

"It's less than a hundred days to your birthday, Gibbles," I said, and laid my hand on the door-handle.

Gip made no answer, but his grip tightened on my finger, and so we came into the shop.

It was no common shop this; it was a magic shop, and all the prancing precedence Gip would have taken in the matter of mere toys was wanting. He left the burthen of the conversation to me.

It was a little, narrow shop, not very well lit, and the door-bell pinged again with a plaintive note as we closed it behind us. For a moment or so we were alone and could glance about us. There was a tiger in *papier-maché* on the glass case that covered the low counter—a grave, kind-eyed tiger that waggled his head in a methodical manner; there were several crystal spheres, a china hand holding magic cards, a stock of magic fish-bowls in various sizes, and an immodest magic hat that shamelessly displayed its springs. On the floor were magic mirrors: one to draw you out long and thin, one to swell your head and vanish your legs, and one to make you short and fat like a draught; and while we were laughing at these the shopman, as I suppose, came in.

At any rate, there he was behind the counter—a curious, sallow, dark man, with one ear larger than the other and a chin like the toe-cap of a boot.

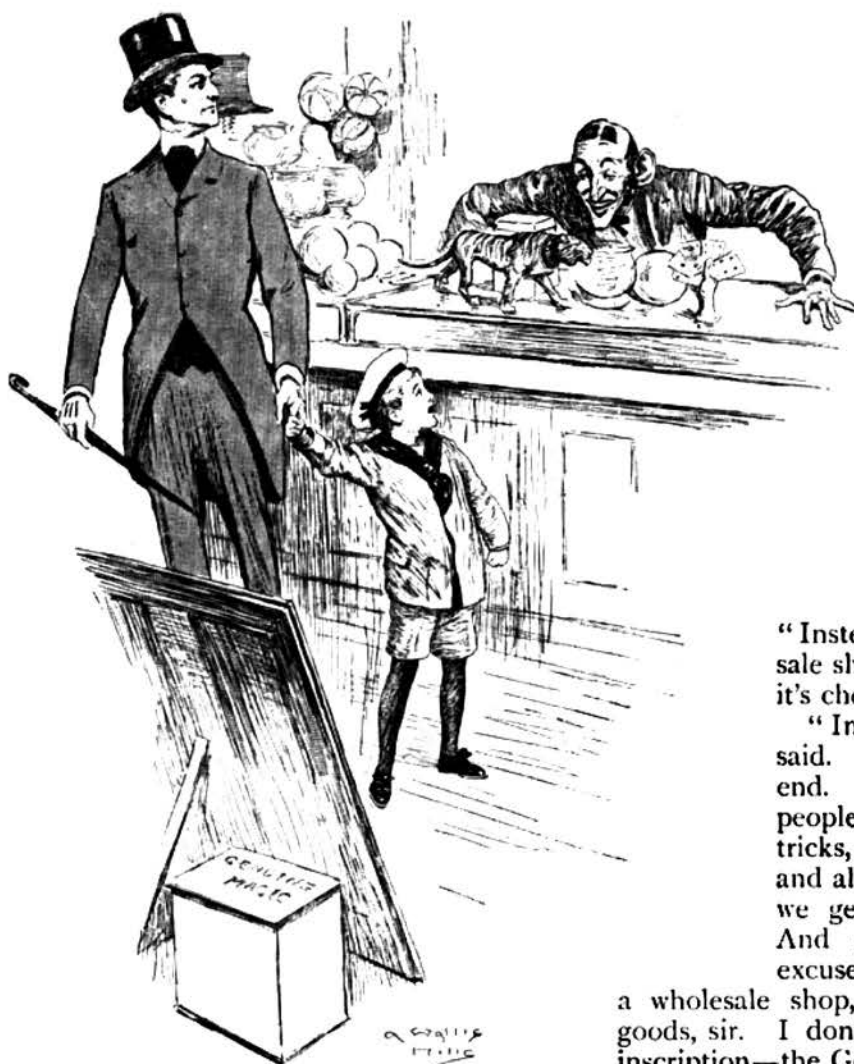
"What can we have the pleasure?" he said, spreading his long, magic fingers on the glass case; and so with a start we were aware of him.

"I want," I said, "to buy my little boy a few simple tricks."

"Legerdemain?" he asked. "Mechanical? Domestic?"

"Anything amusing," said I.

"Um!" said the shopman, and scratched his head for a moment as if thinking. Then, quite distinctly, he drew from his head a glass ball. "Something in this way?" he said, and held it out.



"WHAT CAN WE HAVE THE PLEASURE?" HE SAID."

The action was unexpected. I had seen the trick done at entertainments endless times before—it's part of the common stock of conjurers—but I had not expected it here. "That's good," I said, with a laugh.

"Isn't it?" said the shopman.

Gip stretched out his disengaged hand to take this object and found merely a blank palm.

"It's in your pocket," said the shopman, and there it was!

"How much will that be?" I asked.

"We make no charge for glass balls," said the shopman, politely. "We get them"—he picked one out of his elbow as he spoke—"free." He produced another from the back of his neck, and laid it beside its predecessor on the counter. Gip regarded his glass ball sagely, then directed a look of inquiry at the two on the counter, and finally brought his round-eyed scrutiny to the shopman, who smiled. "You may have those

too," said the shopman, "and, if you *don't* mind, one from my mouth. *So!*"

Gip counselled me mutely for a moment, and then in a profound silence put away the four balls, resumed my reassuring finger, and nerved himself for the next event.

"We get all our smaller tricks in that way," the shopman remarked.

I laughed in the manner of one who subscribes to a jest.

"Instead of going to the wholesale shop," I said. "Of course, it's cheaper."

"In a way," the shopman said. "Though we pay in the end. But not so heavily—as people suppose. . . . Our larger tricks, and our daily provisions and all the other things we want, we get out of that hat. . . . And you know, sir, if you'll excuse my saying it, there *isn't*

a wholesale shop, not for Genuine Magic goods, sir. I don't know if you noticed our inscription—the Genuine Magic shop." He drew a business-card from his cheek and handed it to me. "Genuine," he said, with his finger on the word, and added, "There is absolutely no deception, sir."

He seemed to be carrying out the joke pretty thoroughly, I thought.

He turned to Gip with a smile of remarkable affability. "You, you know, are the Right Sort of Boy."

I was surprised at his knowing that, because, in the interests of discipline, we keep it rather a secret even at home; but Gip received it in unflinching silence, keeping a steadfast eye on him.

"It's only the Right Sort of Boy gets through that doorway."

And, as if by way of illustration, there came a rattling at the door, and a squeaking little voice could be faintly heard. "Nyar! I warn 'a go in there, dadda, I WARN 'a go in there. Ny-a-a-ah!" and then the accents of a down-trodden parent, urging consolations and propitiations. "It's locked, Edward," he said.

"But it isn't," said I.

"It is, sir," said the shopman, "always—for that sort of child," and as he spoke we had a glimpse of the other youngster, a little, white face, pallid from sweet-eating and over-sapid food, and distorted by evil passions, a ruthless little egotist, pawing at the enchanted pane. "It's no good, sir," said the shopman, as I moved, with my natural helpfulness, doorward, and presently the spoilt child was carried off howling.

"How do you manage that?" I said, breathing a little more freely.

"Magic!" said the shopman, with a careless wave of the hand, and behold!



"THIS AMAZING PERSON PRODUCED THE ARTICLE IN THE CUSTOMARY CONJURER'S MANNER."

sparks of coloured fire flew out of his fingers and vanished into the shadows of the shop.

"You were saying," he said, addressing himself to Gip, "before you came in, that you would like one of our 'Buy One and Astonish your Friends' boxes?"

Gip after a gallant effort said "Yes."

"It's in your pocket."

And leaning over the counter—he really had an extraordinarily long body—this

amazing person produced the article in the customary conjurer's manner. "Paper," he said, and took a sheet out of the empty hat with the springs; "string," and behold his mouth was a string-box, from which he drew an unending thread, which when he had tied his parcel he bit off—and, it seemed to me, swallowed the ball of string. And then he lit a candle at the nose of one of the ventriloquist's dummies, stuck one of his fingers (which had become sealing-wax red) into the flame, and so sealed the parcel. "Then there was the Disappearing Egg," he remarked, and produced one from within my coat-breast and packed it, and also The Crying Baby, Very Human. I handed each parcel to Gip as it was ready, and he clasped them to his chest.

He said very little, but his eyes were eloquent; the clutch of his arms was eloquent. He was the playground of unspeakable emotions. These, you know, were *real* Magics.

Then, with a start, I discovered something moving about in my hat—something soft and jumpy. I whipped it off, and a ruffled pigeon—no doubt a confederate—dropped out and ran on the counter, and went, I fancy, into a cardboard box behind the *papier-maché* tiger.

"Tut, tut!" said the shopman, dexterously relieving me of my headdress; "careless bird, and—as I live—nesting!"

He shook my hat, and shook out into his extended hand two or three eggs, a large marble, a watch, about half-a-dozen of the inevitable glass balls, and then crumpled, crinkled paper, more and more and more, talking all the time of the way in which people neglect to brush their hats *inside* as well as out, politely, of course, but with a certain personal application. "All sorts of things accumulate, sir. . . . Not *you*, of course, in particular. . . . Nearly every customer. . . . Astonishing what they carry

about with them. . . ." The crumpled paper rose and billowed on the counter more and more and more, until he was nearly hidden from us, until he was altogether hidden, and still his voice went on and on. "We none of us know what the fair semblance of a human being may conceal. Are we all then no better than brushed exteriors, whited sepulchres—"

His voice stopped—exactly like when you hit a neighbour's gramophone with a well-aimed brick, that instant silence, and the rustle of the paper stopped, and everything was still. . . .

"Have you done with my hat?" I said, after an interval.

There was no answer.

I stared at Gip, and Gip stared at me, and there were our distortions in the magic mirrors, looking very rum, and grave, and quiet. . . .

"I think we'll go now," I said. "Will you tell me how much all this comes to? . . ."

"I say," I said, on a rather louder note, "I want the bill; and my hat, please."

It might have been a sniff from behind the paper pile. . . .

"Let's look behind the counter, Gip," I said. "He's making fun of us."

I led Gip round the head-wagging tiger, and what do you think there was behind the counter? No one at all! Only my hat on the floor, and a common conjurer's lop-eared white rabbit lost in meditation, and looking as stupid and crumpled as only a conjurer's rabbit can do. I resumed my hat, and the rabbit lolloped a lollop or so out of my way.

"Dadda!" said Gip, in a guilty whisper.

"What is it, Gip?" said I.

"I *do* like this shop, dadda."

"So should I," I said to myself, "if the counter wouldn't

suddenly extend itself to shut one off from the door." But I didn't call Gip's attention to that. "Pussy!" he said, with a hand out to the rabbit as it came lolloping past us; "Pussy, do Gip a Magic!" and his eyes followed it as it squeezed through a door I had certainly not remarked a moment before. Then this door opened wider, and the man with one ear larger than the other appeared again. He was smiling still, but his eye met mine with something between amusement and defiance. "You'd like to see our show-room, sir," he said, with an innocent suavity. Gip tugged my finger forward. I glanced at the counter and met the shopman's eye again. I was beginning to think the magic just a little too genuine. "We haven't *very* much time," I said. But somehow we were inside the show-room before I could finish that.

"All goods of the same quality," said the shopman, rubbing his flexible hands together, "and that is the Best. Nothing in the place that isn't genuine Magic, and warranted thoroughly rum. Excuse me, sir!"



"HE HELD A LITTLE, WRIGGLING RED DEMON BY THE TAIL."

I felt him pull at something that clung to my coat-sleeve, and then I saw he held a little, wriggling red demon by the tail—the little creature bit and fought and tried to get at his hand—and in a moment he tossed it carelessly behind a counter. No doubt the thing was only an image of twisted india-rubber, but for the moment——! And his gesture was exactly that of a man who handles some petty biting bit of vermin. I glanced at Gip, but Gip was looking at a magic rocking-horse. I was glad he hadn't seen the thing. "I say," I said, in an undertone, and indicating Gip and the red demon with my eyes, "you haven't many things like *that* about, have you?"

"None of ours! Probably brought it with you," said the shopman—also in an undertone, and with a more dazzling smile than ever. "Astonishing what people *will* carry about with them unawares!" And then to Gip, "Do you see anything you fancy here?"

There were many things that Gip fancied there.

He turned to this astonishing tradesman with mingled confidence and respect. "Is that a Magic Sword?" he said.

"A Magic Toy Sword. It neither bends, breaks, nor cuts the fingers. It renders the bearer invincible in battle against anyone under eighteen. Half a crown to seven and sixpence, according to size. These panoplies on cards are for juvenile knights-errant and very useful; shield of safety, sandals of swiftness, helmet of invisibility."

"Oh, daddy!" gasped Gip.

I tried to find out what they cost, but the shopman did not heed me. He had got Gip now; he had got him away from my finger; he had embarked upon the exposition of all his confounded stock, and nothing was going to stop him. Presently I saw with a qualm of distrust and something very like jealousy that Gip had hold of this person's finger as usually he has hold of mine. No doubt the fellow was interesting, I thought, and had an interestingly faked lot of stuff, really *good* faked stuff, still——

I wandered after them, saying very little, but keeping an eye on this prestidigital fellow. After all, Gip was enjoying it. And no doubt when the time came to go we should be able to go quite easily.

It was a long, rambling place, that show-room, a gallery broken up by stands and stalls and pillars, with archways leading off to other departments, in which the queerest-looking assistants loafed and stared at one, and with perplexing mirrors and curtains. So per-

plexing, indeed, were these that I was presently unable to make out the door by which we had come.

The shopman showed Gip magic trains that ran without steam or clockwork, just as you set the signals, and then some very, very valuable boxes of soldiers that all came alive directly you took off the lid and said——. I myself haven't a very quick ear and it was a tongue-twisting sound, but Gip—he has his mother's ear—got it in no time. "Bravo!" said the shopman, putting the men back into the box unceremoniously and handing it to Gip. "Now," said the shopman, and in a moment Gip had made them all alive again.

"You'll take that box?" asked the shopman.

"We'll take that box," said I, "unless you charge its full value. In which case it would need a Trust Magnate——"

"Dear heart! *No!*" and the shopman swept the little men back again, shut the lid, waved the box in the air, and there it was, in brown paper, tied up and—*with Gip's full name and address on the paper!*

The shopman laughed at my amazement.

"This is the genuine magic," he said. "The real thing."

"It's a little too genuine for my taste," I said again.

After that he fell to showing Gip tricks, odd tricks, and still odder the way they were done. He explained them, he turned them inside out, and there was the dear little chap nodding his busy bit of a head in the sagest manner.

I did not attend as well as I might. "Hey, presto!" said the Magic Shopman, and then would come the clear, small "Hey, presto!" of the boy. But I was distracted by other things. It was being borne in upon me just how tremendously rum this place was; it was, so to speak, inundated by a sense of rumness. There was something a little rum about the fixtures even, about the ceiling, about the floor, about the casually-distributed chairs. I had a queer feeling that whenever I wasn't looking at them straight they went askew, and moved about, and played a noiseless puss-in-the-corner behind my back. And the cornice had a serpentine design with masks—masks altogether too expressive for proper plaster.

Then abruptly my attention was caught by one of the odd-looking assistants. He was some way off and evidently unaware of my presence—I saw a sort of three-quarter length of him over a pile of toys and through an arch—and, you know, he was leaning against a

pillar in an idle sort of way doing the most horrid things with his features! The particular horrid thing he did was with his nose. He did it just as though he was idle and wanted to amuse himself. First of all it was a short, blobby nose, and then suddenly he shot it out like a telescope, and then out it flew and became thinner and thinner until it was like a long, red, flexible whip. Like a

And before I could do anything to prevent it the shopman had clapped the big drum over him.

I saw what was up directly. "Take that off," I cried, "this instant! You'll frighten the boy. Take it off!"

The shopman with the unequal ears did so without a word, and held the big cylinder towards me to show its emptiness. And the



"OUT IT FLEW AND BECAME THINNER AND THINNER."

thing in a nightmare it was! He flourished it about and flung it forth as a fly-fisher flings his line.

My instant thought was that Gip mustn't see him. I turned about and there was Gip quite preoccupied with the shopman, and thinking no evil. They were whispering together and looking at me. Gip was standing on a little stool, and the shopman was holding a sort of big drum in his hand.

"Hide and seek, dadda!" cried Gip, "You're He!"

little stool was vacant! In that instant my boy had utterly disappeared! . . .

You know, perhaps, that sinister something that comes like a hand out of the unseen and grips your heart about. You know it takes your common self away and leaves you tense and deliberate, neither

slow nor hasty, neither angry nor afraid. So it was with me.

I came up to this grinning shopman and kicked his stool aside.

"Stop this folly!" I said. "Where is my boy?"

"You see," he said, still displaying the drum's interior, "there is no deception—"

I put out my hand to grip him, and he eluded me by a dexterous movement. I snatched again, and he turned from me and pushed open a door to escape. "Stop!" I

said, and he laughed, receding. I leapt after him—into utter darkness.

Thud!

“Lor’ bless my ’eart! I didn’t see you coming, sir!”

I was in Regent Street, and I had collided with a decent-looking working man; and a yard away, perhaps, and looking a little perplexed with himself, was Gip. There was some sort of apology, and then Gip had turned and come to me with a bright little smile, as though for a moment he had missed me.

And he was carrying four parcels in his arm!

He secured immediate possession of my finger.

For the second I was rather at a loss. I stared round to see the door of the magic shop, and, behold, it was not there! There was no door, no shop, nothing, only the common pilaster between the shop where they sell pictures and the window with the chicks! . . .

I did the only thing possible in that mental tumult; I walked straight to the kerbstone and held up my umbrella for a cab.

“Ansoms,” said Gip, in a note of culminating exultation.

I helped him in, recalled my address with an effort, and got in also. Something unusual proclaimed itself in my tail-coat pocket, and I felt and discovered a glass ball. With a petulant expression I flung it into the street.

Gip said nothing.

For a space neither of us spoke.

“Dadda!” said Gip, at last, “that *was* a proper shop!”

I came round with that to the problem of just how the whole thing had seemed to him. He looked completely undamaged—so far, good; he was neither scared nor unhinged, he was simply tremendously satisfied with the afternoon’s entertainment, and there in his arms were the four parcels.

Confound it! what could be in them?

“Um!” I said. “Little boys can’t go to shops like that every day.”

He received this with his usual stoicism, and for a moment I was sorry I was his

father and not his mother, and so couldn’t suddenly there, *coram publico*, in our hansom, kiss him. After all, I thought, the thing wasn’t so very bad.

But it was only when we opened the parcels that I really began to be reassured. Three of them contained boxes of soldiers, quite ordinary lead soldiers, but of so good a quality as to make Gip altogether forget that originally these parcels had been Magic Tricks of the only genuine sort, and the fourth contained a kitten, a little living white kitten, in excellent health and appetite and temper.

I saw this unpacking with a sort of provisional relief. I hung about in the nursery for quite an unconscionable time. . . .

That happened six months ago. And now I am beginning to believe it is all right. The kitten has only the magic natural to all kittens, and the soldiers seem as steady a company as any colonel could desire. And Gip—?

The intelligent parent will understand that I have to go cautiously with Gip.

But I went so far as this one day. I said, “How would you like your soldiers to come alive, Gip, and march about by themselves?”

“Mine do,” said Gip. “I just have to say a word I know before I open the lid.”

“Then they march about alone?”

“Oh, *quite*, dadda. I shouldn’t like them if they didn’t do that.”

I displayed no unbecoming surprise, and since then I have taken occasion to drop in upon him once or twice, unannounced, when the soldiers were about, but so far I have never discovered them performing in anything like a magical manner. . . .

It’s so difficult to tell.

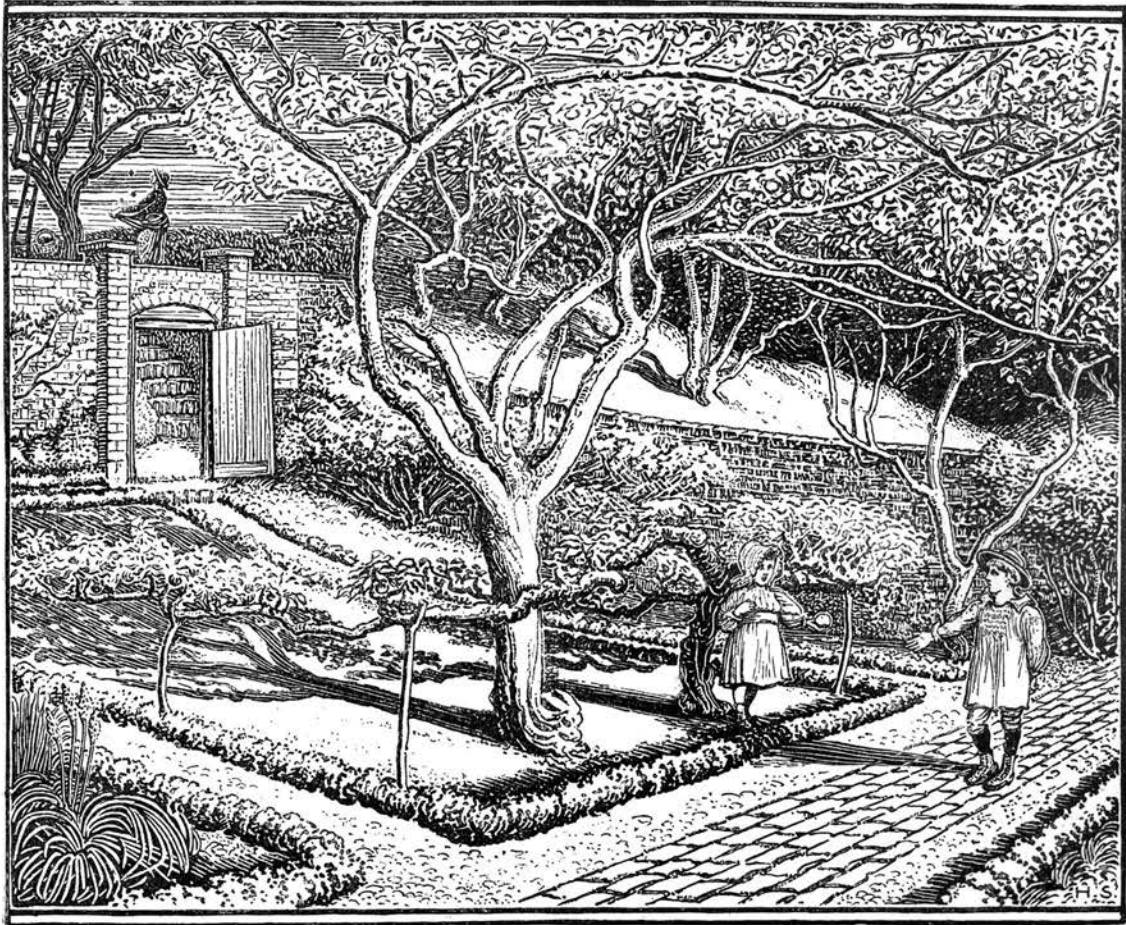
There’s also a question of finance. I have an incurable habit of paying bills. I have been up and down Regent Street several times, looking for that shop. I am inclined to think, indeed, that in that matter honour is satisfied, and that, since Gip’s name and address are known to them, I may very well leave it to these people, whoever they may be, to send in their bill in their own time.

The labours of THE XII-MONTHS
set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the



twelve month, into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself, twelve times in his life by twelve ages, and every age lasteth six yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh xxxvi And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.



OCTOBER

And then cometh OCTOBER: that all is into the foresaid house gathered both corne and also other manner fruits. And also the labourers soweth new seeds in the earth, for the year to come. And when he that soweth naught shall naught gather. And then in these other six yeares, a man shall take himself unto GOD for to doe penance and good works, and then the benefits the year after his death he may gather, and have spirit-



-tull profit, and then is man full in the term ~~ix~~ yeare.

= St Simon & Jude on you I intrude, by this paring I hold Without any delay & to tell me this day. . . to discover.

The first letter of my own true lover. (Oct 28)

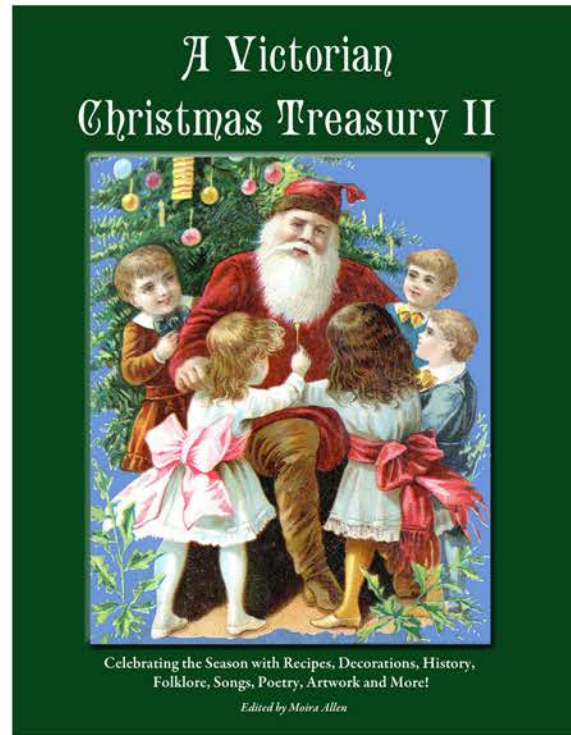
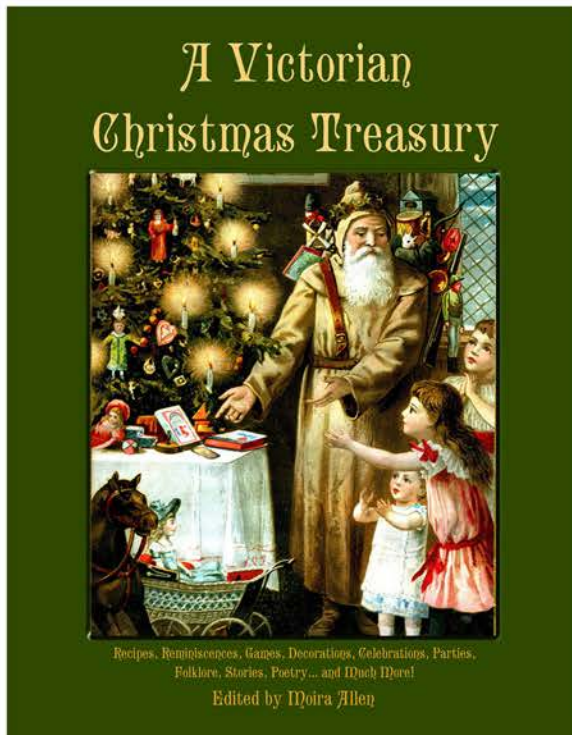
On the first of MARCH, the crows begin to search. . .

By the first of APRIL, they are sitting still. . .

By the first of MAY, they're a flown away. . .

Goupin' greedy back again, wth OCTOBER'S wind & rain.

We Wish You a Victorian Christmas...



A festive tree... sparkling baubles... the holly and the ivy... glowing candles and firelight... cards and greetings from those we love... So many of the things we love best about Christmas, from Jolly Old St. Nick to Ebenezer Scrooge, come to us from Victorian days!

Now you can bring an authentic Victorian touch to your holiday celebrations with *A Victorian Christmas Treasury* and *A Victorian Christmas Treasury II*. Discover mouth-watering recipes, unique ways to decorate your home, “new” Christmas carols, and delightful parlor games. Host the perfect Victorian holiday tea! Enjoy tales of holiday celebrations from the blizzards of the American prairie to the blistering sun of the Australian colonies. Plus, discover Christmas as depicted by the wonderful artists of the Victorian world - visions guaranteed to put you in the holiday spirit!

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