

## WOMEN OF INTELLECT.

MADAME DE STAËL.



MADAME DE STAËL was born and lived during a period when the literary career was not recognised so distinctly open to women as it is in the present century. Her works were, no doubt, hailed and read with

appreciation, but there was probably a feeling that in adopting a literary career she was seeking to overstep the legitimate sphere of a woman's influence, which, together with her love of political intrigue and the dangers and persecutions which this entailed, combined to prevent her from reaping the full satisfaction that she would otherwise have derived from her undoubted celebrity.

Anne Louise Germaine Necker, born in 1766, was the daughter of the celebrated financier who strove in vain to stem the tide of the French Revolution, whose enlightened views were too advanced to be acceptable to the King and the corrupt privileged classes, yet whose timidity prevented him from boldly casting in his lot with that of the best leaders of the popular party. A native of Geneva, and sent to Paris at the early age of fifteen, he rose from the post of clerk to that of partner in Kellusson's bank. He was appointed Resident of the Genevese Republic at the French Court, and the Duc de Choiseul subsequently made him administrator of the French East India Company, in which capacity he managed to accumulate a considerable fortune. To his essay, written in 1773, and entitled "Eloge de Colbert," the Academy prize was awarded; he also attracted public attention by his writings on the corn laws, and having established his reputation as a financial administrator, he was appointed Director-General of the finances in 1777.

Necker had married Mademoiselle Curchod, the daughter of a Genevese Minister, a lady remarkable for her beauty and her accomplishments, the tendency of whose intellect, however, was heavier and more profoundly learned than that of her witty and vivacious daughter. This daughter was an only child, and Madame Necker, who had an exalted standard of education, and who was probably encouraged in the pursuance of the high-pressure system by the precocity which the child displayed, accustomed her from an early age to the society of grown-up people, to drawing-room conversation, and to an atmosphere of political discussion. Madame de Staël was bred up to publicity from her cradle, and this early training, combined with an active restless intellect to produce that habit of mind from which she never wholly set herself free, and which made her shrink from a secluded life as a peculiarly terrible doom.

But the undue strain upon imperfectly developed powers produced its inevitable result, and by the time she reached the age of fourteen it was necessary to send this precocious child into the country for rest and change. Even under these circumstances the bias of her intellect asserted itself, for we are told that she and her friend, Mademoiselle Huber, spent their time in writing plays and poetry, which they themselves recited, dressed in the character of muses! This, however,

was probably all in the way of amusement, since Madame Necker, after her daughter's collapse in health, ceased to take any interest whatever in the progress of her education. A clever woman and a good woman, I yet gather that Madame Necker was essentially *dull*. She would have moulded her daughter, according to her own notions, into a pedant, but when these notions were thwarted, she could not perceive that the girl possessed any genius. Wit she probably could not understand, and therefore failed to appreciate, and her frequent answer to those who sought to gratify her by praising Mademoiselle Necker's powers of conversation and repartee was, "All that is nothing—nothing to what I intended to make her!"

The result of the little encouragement or notice which she received from her mother was to bring Madame de Staël into closer companionship with her father. Necker's affection for his only child was intense, and as the girl grew up to womanhood he watched the development of her genius with pleasure and with pride. He superintended her education, exercised her intellect, corrected her errors and affections; she, on her part, strove to cultivate her powers from a praiseworthy desire to fit herself to be his companion, and thus to afford him some relaxation from the daily cares of public responsibility. The mutual love and sympathy thus early established continued unchanged till the day of his death. Many years after, at a time when the words were an epitaph, she wrote: "I owe no gratitude on earth but to God and my father; the remainder of my days has passed in contentment; he alone poured his blessing over them." And however much posterity may dissent from her estimate of Necker as a statesman, the devotion which prompted her unequalled eulogy of his abilities shows at least that in Madame de Staël, restless, vain, cynical though she was, cold though she may have been in some of the relationships of life, the teachings of her heart were yet not wholly subservient to those of her head.

In 1781 Necker published in his "Compte Rendu," addressed to the King, a statement of the finances past and present, which occasioned no little excitement, and which was virulently attacked by Maurepas. Necker demanded a seat in the Cabinet as a sign from the king of his support and favour, and on this being refused, he resigned the office of Director-General, and retired to Coppet, near Geneva, an estate which he had recently bought.

An account of the different financial administrations which succeeded one another during the period that elapsed between Necker's first resignation and his second acceptance of office would belong rather to the history of the nation than to the sketch of the life of an individual. For the next six years, while the French Revolution was inevitably tending towards its consummation—a consummation which neither Calonne nor Loménie de Brienne, nor Necker himself could by any management of financial affairs, have possibly prevented—Madame de Staël in the comparative seclusion of Coppet, was training and testing her literary talents, was winning applause from those with whom she associated, and was acquiring confidence in herself.

Life at Coppet, as compared with that in Paris, was no doubt dull; but, as compared with the life that many English girls are accustomed to lead between the ages of fifteen and twenty, it must have been full of excitement and variety. The house of a distinguished exile was not likely to be wanting in guests, and long before she flashed upon fashionable Parisian society, Madame de Staël had found a public in her father's friends. In accordance with a social custom of the day, she was en-

couraged to read out in company the tales, poems, and plays with which her imagination teemed. No doubt a good deal of flattery was bestowed upon her as an eminent man's daughter; no doubt much indulgence was extended towards the productions of a lovely and agreeable young lady; probably her earlier writings possessed but slight intrinsic merit; nevertheless they must to a certain extent have been interesting as the work of a young intellect and as giving promise of the fine fruit that was to follow. Anyhow, these early public readings and the applause with which they were received gave her confidence and taught her to believe in her own genius.

In 1786 her marriage with the Baron de Staël-Holstein, Swedish Ambassador at the French Court, placed her once more in the midst of that brilliant society which by her wit and conversation she was peculiarly fitted to adorn, and the exclusion from which in after years was one of her bitterest trials. Upon her marriage, and in her new capacity as ambassadress, she was presented at Court, and shortly after made her literary *début* by the publication of her "Letters on the Writings of Rousseau." Courted as a conversationalist, applauded as an author, with the prestige of a high social position and the reputation of a wit and an improvisatrice, it must have seemed to her then as if the ideal existence of which she had probably dreamed when at Coppet was destined indeed to be hers. But Madame de Staël began her brilliant career at the critical moment when an old order of things was about to be swept away to make room for a new. Her place in society and the places of such as her were speedily to be included among the infringements of the "rights of man"; and, for all her wit and all her talent, she was as powerless to preserve her *salon* as Marie Antoinette, with all her beauty and all her courage, was powerless to save her husband's sovereignty.

In 1788 Necker was recalled to the Ministry, and not long after, the convocation of the States-General being loudly demanded by the people, the King, by the advice of his Minister, was induced to make this concession to popular claims. The event was fixed for May 5th, 1789. Madame de Staël, who shared her father's liberal views, hailed the assembling of the States-General as a first step in the right direction. Long afterwards she wrote: "I shall never forget the hour that I saw the twelve hundred deputies of France pass in procession to church to hear mass the day before the opening of the Assembly. It was a very imposing sight, and very new to the French." She admitted that she "gave herself up to the liveliest hope on seeing national representatives for the first time in France." But Madame de Staël, whose lessons in liberalism had been taught her by her father, looked to the establishment of a constitution framed on the English model as the remedy for all the evils of which the people complained. Necker trusted, by the introduction of such a measure, to avert impending calamities, but Necker, though his daughter naturally failed to perceive this, was really too weak to guide the temper of the times, and he fell between his loyalty to the King and his desire to serve the suffering people. His half measures alienated the one without conciliating the other, and, after the insurrection of the 14th July, his popularity gradually waned, till, in 1790, he received his final dismissal, and retired once more to Coppet.

(To be continued.)

and vex and weary their brains as well," said good-natured Ella, who had already a sort of liking for her pretty little companion.

With a great effort Ruby kept back the angry words which were fast rising to her lips in answer to Miss Nancy; she took down one of the books, and was soon for awhile far away from her surroundings.

Yes, she was far away from all about her while she read. Yet that night when all the house was still, and she was alone in the silence of her own room, a great sense of desolation came over the orphan, and tears fell thick and fast on her pillow. Then, as if brought by an angel watching somewhere near, the sweet words, "Our Father which art in heaven," rose to her lips, and she repeated them over and over till she fell asleep, and dreamt that she was with her mother, and that she heard her say,—

"I told them to call you, Ruby, because I would have you so shine before men that one day you may be a jewel in the crown of the dear Lord above."

(To be continued.)



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MADAME DE STAËL, who was present at Court when, on the 5th October, 1789, the famished and furious mob marched on Versailles, remained in Paris after her father's banishment. The state of society was not favourable to litera-

ture, and she appears at this time to have exchanged authorship for political intrigue. It was she who, by her own account, succeeded in getting Monsieur de Narbonne nominated Minister of War, and with whom she seems to have laid some plan for the secret escape of the Royal family. In March, 1792, however, Dumouriez succeeded Narbonne, and Roland being appointed Minister of the Interior, the Girondists and the Republican party came into power.

In her "Considerations sur la Révolution Française," Madame de Staël gives an interesting account of the dangers to which she was exposed while remaining in Paris after the memorable 10th August, 1792. She contrived to conceal some of her friends within her own house, and it was by personally pleading with Manuel, one of the members of the Commune, that she saved the lives of Jancourt and of

Lally-Tolendal; but not even her position as Swedish Ambassadress could secure her from a domiciliary visit, and on the 2nd September she resolved to leave Paris. This, however, she did not accomplish without many delays and considerable risk; and she must indeed have been a woman of no common courage who for three hours could front the fury of the mob, and for half a day wait in the chamber of the Commune, uncertain whether the permission to quit Paris would be granted her or not.

Fortune in this instance favoured her, and with all her attachment to the French capital we can hardly doubt that on this occasion at least Madame de Staël turned her back on Paris with a sense, if not of pleasure, at any rate of relief. Had she lingered, she had, as a member of the Court circle, as the daughter of an unsuccessful Minister, as a political intriguer, too many titles to popular condemnation to have escaped a fate which awaited so many others less prominent than herself.

It was at this time that she paid her first visit to England, which, though it lasted only a few months, was yet long enough to impress upon her mind those phases of English life and those traits of English character that she afterwards so faithfully reproduced in "Corinne." The impression left upon our minds after reading that work is that Madame de Staël must have found our national temperament uncongenial to her own. Anyhow, she did not linger long among us, but hastened to rejoin her parents in her old home at Coppet. Here it was that her mother died; here also that she wrote and published, in 1794, at the age of 28, her "Reflections on Peace," a work which Charles James Fox deemed worthy of quotation in public.

In 1794 the Reign of Terror closed with the fall and the death of Robespierre, and in the following year, Sweden having acknowledged the French Republic, the Swedish Ambassador and Madame de Staël returned to Paris. Here she once more opened her *salon*, once more plunged into literary and political pursuits. She intrigued for the recall of her friends; she had a hand in the appointment of Talleyrand to the department of foreign affairs, though which way her political sympathies really tended it is not always easy to make out from her writings. "I certainly would not have counselled," she says, "the establishment of a Republic in France; but when it once existed, I was not of opinion that it ought to be overturned. Republican government, considered abstractedly and without reference to the great state, merits the respect it has ever inspired" — and she deprecates all approval of the fatal step of the 18th Fructidor, by which the Republic in introducing a military Government paved the way for a military despotism. She probably still clung to her father's ideal of a constitutional monarchy framed on the English model.

In 1798, when Bonaparte declared his intention of attacking Switzerland, with a view to reducing it to the condition of a French province, Madame de Staël left Paris, in order to share with her father any danger that he might incur. But, though she condemned the attack as unjust and tyrannical, she does not appear to have treated it as a national question in which she was personally interested. She was essentially a Frenchwoman, and not a Swiss, and such she always considered herself to be. When the conquest had been effected, Switzerland being now part of France, Necker could no longer logically come under law as an emigrant; she therefore returned to Paris to get his name erased from the list of such, in which undertaking she was successful. She was present in the French capital on the 18th Brumaire, 1798, when Bonaparte was proclaimed First Consul.

From the beginning of his elevation to power Bonaparte looked upon Madame de Staël with distrust and disfavour. He was the last man on earth to brook any interference or opposition on the part of a woman, and from the moment when Madame de Staël dared to support and to shelter Benjamin Constant, who had boldly declared himself against the elevation of the First Consul, he commenced against her that long series of petty persecutions which continued, in a greater or lesser degree, until his career culminated at Waterloo. She had countenanced the First Consul's open enemies; she had recently published a book, in which no mention was made of the First Consul's exploits. The second offence, to a man of Bonaparte's inordinate egotism, was even worse than the first, and he had it in his power to make Madame de Staël suffer in the manner she would feel most acutely. He ordered her to leave Paris.

Her exile in this first instance, however, was not final. At an interview which took place in Switzerland between Bonaparte and Necker, the former agreed to permit Madame de Staël to reside again in Paris. Shortly after this she lost her husband. Very little mention is made of Monsieur de Staël in her writings, but the marriage was evidently not a particularly happy one. At one time, indeed, a separation took place; a reconciliation, however, was afterwards effected, and she was with him during his last illness.

In 1802 she published her first novel, "Delphine." This story, which created a considerable sensation at a period when the novel had hardly won for itself a high and honourable place in literature, is tedious, in spite of much beautiful writing, and would not find many readers in the present day. It was denounced by some critics as immoral. A very lofty tone is not to be found in any of Madame de Staël's writings. Like many an author since she mistakes sentiment for principle, and does not always see clearly where good degenerates into evil; but there is in "Delphine" not much that could be stamped as positively pernicious. The heroine is supposed to be drawn from the author herself, and the false friend is Talleyrand, in the guise of a woman.

About this time Necker published his "Last Views on Finance and Politics," a work which, exposing as it did Bonaparte's designs on the throne, tended greatly to increase both his dislike and his fear of Madame de Staël, and, as usual in his dealings with her, he showed a mean and an unmanly spirit. Since Madame de Staël had conveyed to her father such false impressions of France and its government, she should not be allowed to reside in Paris; and in 1803, on her journey thither from Coppet, where she had been spending the summer with Necker, she was stopped, and ordered to return. Disgusted and depressed, she sought to find in travel a relief from the tedium and monotony of exile. Accompanied by another illustrious exile, her friend Benjamin Constant, she visited Germany, to study its people, their ways, and their works, in the intention of writing a book on German life and literature.

From this journey she returned to face the bitterest sorrow of her life. The beautiful and pathetic friendship between her and her father was suddenly severed. In 1804 Necker died at Coppet, and she had not even the consolation of attending his last moments. How intense was her affection for him, how complete her belief in him, how strong the influence which he exercised over her, may be judged from the following words. Writing of him twelve years later, she says, "The recollection which I have retained of his talents and virtues serves me as a point of comparison to appreciate the worth of other men; and though I have traversed all Europe, a genius

of the same style, a moral principle of the same vigour, has never come within my way. . . . I have even now more confidence in the least of his words than I should have in any individual alive, however, superior that individual might be. Everything that Monsieur Necker has said is firm in me as a rock. . . . The identity of my being consists in the attachment which I bear to his memory. I have loved those whom I love no more; I have esteemed those whom I esteem no more; the waves of life have carried all away except this mighty shade whom I see upon the summit of yonder mountain pointing out to me with its finger the life to come."

After her father's death, Madame de Staël resumed her travels. In 1805 she paid a visit to Italy, which was followed by the publication in 1806 of "Corinne," perhaps the one amongst all her works which will longest be associated with her reputation as an author. I do not say that "Corinne" is a book which the modern lover of fiction could read through from end to end. The story is somewhat fantastic and much too long, and great catastrophes are made to hinge upon phases of feeling which strike us as being inadequate to produce the effects they do. The merit of the book, however, does not lie in plot and incident so much as in the beauty of the writing, the subtle delineation of character, and the masterly descriptions of places and people both in Italy and in England. Short as was her stay in England, Madame de Staël seems to have grasped certain of our leading national characteristics, and her picture of English home-life (making due allowance for the progress of seventy years) strikes us even now as accurate and familiar. But the main interest of the work lies in the vivid descriptions of Rome, with all its treasures of art and antiquity. Altogether, "Corinne" is a beautiful book, and will repay reading to those who can appreciate something beyond a mere story.

"Corinne" was followed in 1810 by "L'Allemagne," a work which roused afresh the mean antagonism of Napoleon. Madame de Staël had submitted the manuscript to the censor, had made such alterations as he required, and had come no further than Blois (which was at the prescribed distance of forty leagues from Paris) to superintend the publication of the book. Yet, because, being merely a work on German literature, it contained no mention of Napoleon and his wars, he seized the first edition, ordered her to give up the manuscript, and to quit France within three days. The Minister Savary asked why she had made no mention of the Emperor and his victories, and on being told that such mention would be out of place in a work on literature, he replied: "Do you think that we have carried on a war with Germany for eighteen years, for so well-known an author to

omit all mention of us? The book shall be destroyed, and it would be well if the writer were sent to Vincennes." Madame de Staël must by this time have known perfectly well the conditions on which any work of hers would be tolerated, and there is something almost sublime in the way in which she persistently refused to purchase the permission to publish by flattery of the man whose rule she detested.

Returned once more to Coppet, and subjected to a renewed system of petty persecution, Madame de Staël seems to have given up all hopes of publishing, hardly daring even to write. The Genevese Prefect, being judged too favourably disposed towards her, was re-

Madame de Staël was at this time married again—to a young officer, named Rocca, who had been badly wounded in the Spanish wars. Though she was twenty years older than himself, being upwards of forty at the time, and had never been remarkable for beauty, he nevertheless was so deeply fascinated by her brilliant conversation and the power of her intellect, that his own words, "I shall love her so much that she will marry me," eventually proved true. It is, however, a curious evidence of the weaker side of Madame de Staël's nature that the marriage was never acknowledged during her life. What were her precise reasons for maintaining a mystery on the subject it is not easy to explain. Perhaps a

dislike to changing her name had something to do with it, for she is known to have said, "Mon nom est à l'Europe"; probably a sensitiveness as to ridicule on the score of disparity influenced her to a certain degree. No doubt, too, she had her fears for the safety of Monsieur Rocca and for that of their infant child.

Constant chafing against her captivity at Coppet, together with a perpetual dread lest her friends should suffer at the hands of her enemy, resulted at length in a nervous illness. "There is a physical pleasure," she wrote, "in resisting unjust power," and she resolved to compass her escape. After due reflection and a careful study of her route, she succeeded in reaching Russia by Germany and the Tyrol. From Russia she went to Sweden, where "L'Allemagne" was published, and from Sweden she proceeded to England. This had always been the country which she intended to reach, but so widespread was Napoleon's power that it was only by the above-mentioned circuitous route that she could hope to carry out her design without running the risk of arrest. In England she remained until Louis XVIII. was seated on the throne of his fathers, when she deemed it safe to return to her native country.

With the escape of Napoleon from Elba she

once more fled to Coppet. The position of Napoleon, however, neither in France nor in Europe, was precisely what it once had been, and he was disposed now to conciliate those whom he had previously persecuted. He invited Madame de Staël to return to Paris and to assist him in framing a constitution. Her answer was very characteristic: "Il s'est passé, pendant douze années, et de moi et d'une constitution, et il n'aime ni l'une ni l'autre."

After the occupation of Paris by the Allies, an event which to her proud national spirit was peculiarly painful, she continued to reside there until her death, which took place in 1817. Her declining years were cheered by the presence of her daughter, whose marriage with the Duc de Broglie had given her great pleasure, and her stormy eventful career closed in comparative calm and comfort. She was



MADAME DE STAËL.

moved, and another sent in his place; her children were forbidden to enter France; she was not permitted to visit Savoy for the benefit of her youngest son's health; Wilhelm Schlegel, who had come to live at Coppet as tutor to her children, was ordered to quit the château; Monsieur de Montmorency was exiled for visiting her; and her great friend, Madame Recamier, incurred the same penalty for spending a few hours in her company. Cut off, not only from that brilliant society which she rightly felt to be her natural sphere, but even from those friends to whom she was most deeply attached, the unhappiness of her cruel position was heightened by the conscientious scruple which forbade her to encourage her friends in their visits, knowing, as she did, the risk they ran and the price that they would probably have to pay.

but fifty-one years of age when she died, and Monsieur Rocca, whose health had long been declining, survived her only a few months.

Her last work which she lived to see given to the world was her "Dix Années d'Exil," and her "Considérations sur la Révolution Française," a work which is valuable as coming from the pen of a living observer of those troubled times, was published after her death by her son-in-law, the Duc de Broglie.

HARRIETT CHILDE PEMBERTON.

## COOKERY FOR INVALIDS.



I REMEMBER once hearing of an old gentleman who went to visit at a house where there were three young ladies in the family. While he was there the cook was taken ill, and it was thought advisable for her to have a little gruel. It turned out, however, that there was no one who could make it. The young ladies looked at each other with blank countenances. The housemaid prudently withdrew from the kitchen, and busied herself with brushes and brooms, but the gruel was not to be had, and the sick woman was obliged to put up with a cup of tea in its stead. The feelings of the old gentleman on the occasion are more easily imagined than described. He never forget the occurrence. As long as he lived those unfortunate girls were associated in his mind with ignorance concerning gruel. When, after a time one of them married, he regarded her husband with feelings of the deepest and most heartfelt pity.

The recovery of a patient very often largely depends upon the food which he takes, and as his power of taking food is affected very considerably by the way in which it is served and cooked, it is well worth while trying to learn how an invalid's food should be prepared.

Cookery for invalids is usually very plain and simple. All rich, highly spiced, and fatty foods are entirely out of the question, and small delicate dishes, light foods, and cooling or nourishing drinks are needed more than anything else. Variety, too, is a great thing in invalid cookery. We all enjoy frequent change of food, and would grow weary of a dish that was set before us day after day. How much more is this likely to be the case with invalids, whose appetite at the best is poor, and who have been rendered fastidious and fanciful through disease. The skill of a cook is shown quite as much in the readiness with which she can provide pleasant little surprises as in the delicacy of the food prepared.

Take, for example, the food which is perhaps more valuable and more frequently prepared for invalids than any other—beef-tea. When

first supplied in cases of weakness beef-tea is usually taken with great relish. It seems to give strength and to supply just what is wanted, and a patient will look for it and enjoy it heartily. In a very short time, however, the appetite for it will fail, and the very name of beef-tea appears to excite loathing. In cases of this kind a nurse who is a clever cook will introduce a change of flavour; present the beef-tea under another form, and avoid the name altogether.

A very agreeable variety may be made by using half beef and half mutton or veal in making the tea, or by stewing an inch or two of celery, or even an onion and one or two cloves with the beef. The addition of a little sago also, or crushed tapioca, and a small quantity of cream to the beef-tea will alter its taste, whilst the addition will increase rather than diminish the nourishing wholesome qualities of the tea. When making this, soak a tablespoonful of sago or tapioca in a little cold water for an hour. This will take away the earthy taste. Strain it and put it into a saucepan with a gill of fresh water and boil gently till tender. Add a pint of good beef-tea, hot; simmer this with the sago for a minute or two, then add a quarter of a pint of cream. Stir thoroughly, and serve. If liked, an egg or a couple of eggs may be added to the beef-tea as well as the cream. The eggs must be broken into a basin, and the specks must be carefully removed. The hot tea, with the cream or without it, should now be poured on gradually, *off the fire*, and stirred well that the eggs may be thoroughly broken up and separated. Beef-tea may also be used in savoury custard such as is sometimes made for putting into clear soup. For this, take the yolks of two eggs and the white of one, beat them well, put with them a quarter of a pint of strong beef-tea, and season with a little salt. Butter a small jar or basin, and pour in the custard. Tie some paper, slightly buttered, over the top, and set the basin in a saucepan containing boiling water which will reach half way up the basin, but which must on no account touch the edge of the paper. Set the saucepan by the side of the fire, and simmer very gently till the custard is set. It will take about twenty minutes. If the water is allowed to boil fast round the basin the custard inside will be full of holes, instead of being smooth and even. This custard may be served hot or cold.

Sometimes invalids who have a great distaste for ordinary beef-tea served hot, will enjoy it served cold, or offered as a jelly. Now, the best beef-tea, made from juicy meat, such as the roll of the blade-bone, and which has not been allowed to reach the boiling point, will not jelly when cold; but beef-tea made by thoroughly stewing the shin of beef will jelly. Beef-tea jellies because of the gelatine which it contains. Gelatine is the least valuable part of butcher's meat, and it is obtained chiefly from bone and gristle. I do not recommend, therefore, that beef-tea should be made into a jelly because it will be more nourishing, but because it may prove more appetising. I have known invalids enjoy jelly beef-tea who turned away with loathing from liquid beef-tea.

Jelly (I do not mean now beef-tea jelly, but calf's-foot jelly, and isinglass or gelatine jelly) has fallen very much in the estimation of doctors and nurses of late years. I can remember that when I was a girl calf's-foot jelly was the one article of nourishment that was supplied before all others in cases of weakness. If any member of a family was taken ill the cousins and the aunts, but especially the aunts, used to come round at once with superlative moulds of jelly, as furnishing undoubted proof of sympathy and affection. We children used to regard it as one of the compensations attending indispo-

sition that we were allowed to have an unlimited supply of the same.

Of course calf's-foot jelly is a very different thing to gelatine jelly, but it is possible to estimate even calf's-foot jelly too highly. Jelly is very good when mixed with other substances, which are nourishing, but, taken alone, it serves too often to satisfy the appetite without doing much good. Gelatine jelly made from the gelatine sold in packets is of no use. Hear what Miss Nightingale says about it: "Jelly is an article of diet in great favour with nurses and friends of the sick. Even if it could be eaten solid it would not nourish; but it is simply folly to take one-eighth of an ounce of gelatine, and make it into a certain bulk by dissolving it in water, and then to give it to the sick, as if the mere bulk represented nourishment. It is now known that jelly does not nourish—that it has a tendency to produce diarrhoea; and to trust to it to repair the waste of a diseased constitution is simply to starve the sick under the guise of feeding them. If one hundred spoonfuls of jelly were given in the course of the day, you would have given one spoonful of gelatine, which spoonful has no nutritive power whatever."

We must return, however, to our beef-tea, for I want to write a word or two about the best way of making it. I said a little while ago that the roll of the blade-bone of beef was the best part that could be chosen for making beef-tea. I must not forget to add that the butcher should be asked to supply freshly-killed meat, because that will be more full of gravy than well-kept beef. To make good beef-tea, take one pound of meat, trim away all fat and skin, cut the lean into very small pieces; place these in a jar, pour over them one pint of cold water, and cover the jar closely; leave the meat to soak for one hour, stirring and pressing it now and then to draw out the juice. At the end of this time put the jar, still closely covered, into a saucepan with boiling water, which will come half way up, but which cannot touch the paper, if paper has been tied over as a cover. Keep the water boiling round the jar for two or even three hours, then pour the tea from the meat, add a little salt, and it is ready for use. Put it in a cool place till wanted and warm a little as required, but do not keep the tea hot till wanted or it will spoil.

Mutton-tea or veal-tea may be made exactly in the same way as beef-tea.

Perhaps girls feel inclined to say, Why should we not put the beef at once into the saucepan, and never mind the trouble of putting it into a jar first? Because by taking this extra trouble we make the beef-tea more digestible. People who are in a weakly condition need to have food that can be very easily digested. If the tea were to reach the boiling point, 212 deg., for even a second, the albumen contained in it would harden, and the tea would not be nearly so wholesome. Therefore we give great care to keep the tea from boiling, and we know that if we thus place it in a jar set in a saucepan of boiling water it never will boil, even if it remains on the fire all day, and so we are safe on that point. All we have to do is to keep putting more water into the saucepan, for fear it should boil away and leave the pan dry, for if this mischance should occur our beef-tea would be burnt.

Perhaps some economical person feels inclined to ask, "Could we not make more beef tea by putting in a quart instead of a pint of water?" Of course, you could put in a gallon of water if you liked, but, after all, it would only be so much more water, and it is the beef-juice that does good, not the water. If I wanted very strong beef-tea for very weak people I should put less water even than this; and in cases of exhaustion, when the patient could take very little food at a time, no water at all should be