

other day I found some very unwholesome-looking cakes between his pillows. In the same ward, a girl in typhoid fever had about a pound of grapes and five or six oranges left with her by injudicious friends. No one who has not worked in the wards can have the least idea of the difficulties caused by smuggled food. The rule is hung up in a conspicuous place; to enforce it is another matter.

Another difficulty which must distress a conscientious nurse arises from the extreme liberality of the patients and their friends in offering presents, chiefly money. People of that class seem unable to understand the simple statement, "It is against the rule." I daresay this is often a temptation to a nurse who is really poor, and has a great deal to do with her salary. The giver looks quite amazed when convinced that one is serious in refusing. "Then you really won't take it?"

"Really, no; but thank you for the kind intention."

It is a painful thing to have thus to hurt the feelings of those who mean well, but it had often to be done in the wards. One day a poor young man bringing in a sick wife offered me sixpence with the words, "Be kind to her." I hope before she left he was convinced that a bribe was not necessary to bespeak our attention.

The patients as a general rule behave very well to one another while in hospital. Sometimes their forbearance was put rather severely to the test at St. Bartholomew's, where there are no private wards, when cases were brought in which required perfect quietness. Screens were drawn round the bed in these instances, and a carpet laid down the middle of the ward. I have sometimes been surprised to see how the patients, even giddy boys, would try to keep still day after day. The convalescents, too, were generally ready to help those who were still confined to bed, or were just beginning to get about. Sometimes their zeal to be of use was too ardent, and had to be checked. I have only very rarely overheard any wrangling or disputing among either men or women, and all seemed ready to make allowance for one another. I recollect saying to a girl, who had been kept awake by a fellow patient, that I was sorry to hear the ward had been so disturbed last night. "Ah," she replied, "if she kept me awake, then perhaps I might keep her awake another time. We mustn't be hard on each other; we all do it in turn."

I have sometimes wondered whether the pains that were taken to keep them and their surroundings clean while in the wards had any effect upon the patients after their return to their own homes. From what I have seen of some who came back as out patients, I am not inclined to be sanguine about it, but I do say that during my time at St. Bartholomew's I only met one person who objected to submit to the hospital regulations as to cleanliness, even when these involved cutting the hair close to the head.

"We have done nothing for this child but keep her clean," said a visiting surgeon of the eye wards on discharging one of his patients. He might have added that we had fed her well, for, indeed, the poor little thing had seemed half-starved, as well as nearly blind, when she was brought in. "Poverty, hunger, and dirt" are active agents in filling the wards; and as to the results of intemperance one comes across, perhaps the less said about them the better. A good many of our patients had taken the pledge, and we were always glad to hear them say so. It certainly was no hardship at St. Bartholomew's, where there was always plenty of excellent milk for those who drank no beer.

As to the state of education among the people with whom we came in contact, it was quite a common thing, on offering a book to a

patient, that he or she was not able to read, or could only read a little. "Ah, nurse, I wouldn't be as low as I am if I could read," said a poor girl to me. It was rather surprising to find cases of this ignorance among the young in these enlightened days. One middle-aged patient I had in a man's ward did not know the clock.

Some young men we had of a better class were highly educated, and had read some very learned books, which they were able to quote and discuss, expressing themselves clearly and well. Many of these seemed to me to hold very free opinions upon the subject of religion. On asking one of them, an Irishman, whether he was a Roman Catholic, I got for answer, "Indeed I'm nothing." This man used to attend the church afterwards.

In the religious instructions of the patients their teachers had a great deal to contend with, between ignorance on the one hand and intellectual pride on the other. There is a resident chaplain, or "hospitalier," and an assistant, who devote their whole time to the work. The hospital is itself a parish, the church of St. Bartholomew-the-Less standing in the grounds. Each of these clergymen gives a lecture once a week in each ward, and during some part of the same day goes round the beds for private visitation. There are not many Roman Catholic patients, but they have a chaplain appointed, who is most regular in his visits, also a lady reader. The flower mission ladies came round once a fortnight to all, patients and nurses alike. The late Vicar told me that, on admitting them, he had asked them to limit themselves to flowers and texts, and they carried out his directions to the letter. One of the almoners used to come round the wards very often to talk to the people. He always carried a bag full of Testaments, which he distributed to new comers, and few patients left the hospital without one. He was very liberal, but his gifts were always bestowed through the sister, and on her recommendation, as he never encouraged beggary.

All patients who were able were required by the rules to attend the church on Sundays, unless contrary to their religious principles. There was generally a very fair muster; but I often thought it a pity that a more comfortable place was not set apart for their accommodation. There are pews for doctors, sisters, nurses, and other officials. There was also a daily morning service in the church, but it was held at an hour when few nurses could attend. We used to send a patient or two from our ward. Prayers are read in the wards morning and evening, a form being hung up behind each bed. No chance religious visiting or tract-distributing is allowed. The chaplains are expected to examine every religious book proposed to be circulated in the wards.

If hospital work is to be efficiently performed, hospital workers must be provided with proper comforts. I believe the days are now past when a nurse was given board wages, and supposed to cook and eat her food in the ward in any chance interval of leisure; or, when the night nurse had no comfortable arrangements made for rest during the day-time. When these and similar abuses prevailed one cannot wonder at nurses as a class being given to drink and being otherwise untrustworthy. Regular and comfortable meals are absolutely necessary for those engaged about the sick. Of course a richly endowed London hospital can offer higher pecuniary inducements than an institution dependent upon voluntary contributions. Still the salary given at St. Bartholomew's, from £20 to £24 a year, does not seem at all too large for the class of women one would like to see in the wards.

I hope that in this short sketch I have con-

veyed the idea that there is nothing poetical, nothing sentimental, in hospital life. Any woman who enters upon it with her head full of romantic notions will find them rudely dispelled in a very short time. The calling of a nurse involves plenty of hard uphill work and drudgery, and many disappointments, too. Still, there is a great deal of solid satisfaction to be derived from it. Unless a woman has a real liking for the work, good health, good spirits, and an even temper, she had better not undertake it. There are many other qualifications desirable, but lacking these, a nurse is not likely to succeed.

And lastly, is there not the highest motive of all? Though, if we are true to our Christian profession, we find work to do for God in every position to which it shall please Him to call us, yet it does seem as if the wards of a hospital were specially consecrated to Him who "went about healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people." And the humblest attendant on the suffering poor can in the hour of deepest depression and apparent failure take comfort and courage from the Master's words:—"I was sick and ye visited me.—Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

## FRENCH COOKERY CONTRASTED WITH ENGLISH.



ANY people fall into the error of speaking and acting as if the saying, "Paris c'est la France," were really fact. In like manner, I have heard those who have spent months in France, staying the whole time in the best hotels, dilate on French cookery,

and speak of the way the French live. I would have my readers remember that the cooking and living in hotels differ as much from the providing in private families as a dinner at a table d'hôte in England does from the ordinary home dinner. Again, many who travel in France go to hotels or pensions (boarding houses), frequented almost exclusively by English, and the proprietors of such have an annoying way of suiting their dishes, as they think, to their customers. The result of this is that they are neither good English nor good French. I was much amused a few weeks ago to see written on a menu (bill of fare) "English mint sauce;" but my amusement was turned into disgust when I had taken some and discovered that it was warm gravy with chopped mint in it—no vinegar! It would be difficult to imagine anything more flat. However, it is not always the case that our English dishes are spoilt, for what the chef (the name by which head cooks are always called in France) called "English pancakes" were certainly delicious little compounds, as far superior to our pancakes as the mint sauce was inferior.

Here let me give a word of advice to my young readers who wish to learn French cooking: do not attempt to improve or alter recipes, at all events until you have carefully tried them, and found that the results are not satisfactory. I was looking through some papers the other day, and found what pur-

ported to be instructions for preparing a "French soup." The distinctive character of the particular soup should be some cut chervil, which ought to be thrown in at the moment of serving. The translator had omitted the chervil, under the impression, no doubt, that the taste for it being rather an acquired one than otherwise, most people would object to it; but, obviously, it was no longer a "French soup." This is such a common error in Anglo-French cooking, that I must again emphatically advise you to follow with accuracy the directions given, and not your own ideas, remembering that in France cooking was an art long before English people thought of doing much more than boil or bake. Before we had schools of cookery, the French had instituted an order of merit for good cooks. It is called the "Cordon Bleu."

Contrasting English and French cooking, I think the latter has many advantages where ladies wish to superintend their own cooking. Perhaps the greatest of these is that it does not require as much time to be spent in the kitchen; not that the viands take less time to cook, but the difference in the appliances and the arrangements for a French dinner; also, the proper management of that all important adjunct, the pot-au-feu, or, as we call it, the stock-pot. Then it is more economical—that is to say, that if we lived as the French live, we should spend less money in housekeeping, and put equally good dinners on table, for there is not any waste in a well managed French house. The French as a nation are careful and frugal. I have frequently seen a French labourer seated by the roadside eating his dinner—a mixture of broth and vegetables with bread in it—with a spoon out of a bowl, this being the entire meal of a man who did not consider himself very poor. I think most English girls would be astonished if they knew how many things are eaten in France that we should never use, and, not only is it that they are eaten, but delicate little dishes are made of them. I will name a few of these presently, but, before I do so, I must ask you to visit a French kitchen with me.

The flat to which it belongs is tenanted by a lady of good position; it is the smallest of the six rooms which the flat comprises, and only measures eight feet by twelve feet. One young servant is kept, and a cook comes every afternoon about five o'clock to prepare the dinner, and before leaving she will look to her stock-pot for the morrow, and also arrange for the déjeuner (which in France is sometimes at ten, and sometimes at twelve o'clock), and which the young servant, with perhaps a little help from her mistress, will be able to serve. It will be difficult for most of my readers to realise what can be accomplished in this little kitchen, on one side of which is the stove, in a corner the place for washing up; and let me tell you I have seen the whole of the things from a dinner washed without the washer wetting her hands—the dishes and plates being cleaned with a little mop, the saucepans with a brush. There is not much furniture—a table, much smaller than our kitchen-tables, for French cooks seem to work more compactly, and use fewer basins, &c. The stew-pans, chiefly copper, and other things are all hung up round the kitchen, and are nearly all bright and easily to hand. There are also sieves of different sizes. These are much more used than in England, delicate cookery requiring things to be more strained and sifted.

On the stove are two things—the soup pot, which is here of earthenware, and is called a Marmite, and the Bain Marie. I must explain, for the benefit of those who have never seen one, that a Bain Marie pan is a sort of tray, about six inches deep, generally made of copper, and having from three to a dozen various sized saucepans, all of which are bright, fitting

into it. When in use, the Bain Marie pan is filled half full of water, and the saucepans stood in the water, which is kept boiling. Having put the saucepans in, the cook has no more trouble, excepting the adding of more boiling water as that in it evaporates. The contents of the saucepans in the water will not burn, nor will they waste nearly as much as if they were on the stove. Our cooks make an imitation Bain Marie when they stand a jug in a saucepan of water to make custards. On one side of the stove is a place for charcoal or embers, and a gridiron. A fire of this kind gives off a clear heat, and is soon lighted; it is much easier to broil over than a coal fire, and much cleaner.

For frying, there are pans of three sorts—a straight-edged, shallow one, called a sautoir, a frying-pan such as we use, called a poêle, used for omelets, &c., and the frying-pan or poêle à frire, a large, deep saucepan with two handles, and which has a long handled wire saucepan that fits into it. In this, Beignets (fritters), small fish, potatoes, or pastry is fried. The cook will place the articles to be fried in the wire basket, and then place the basket in the pan of boiling fat, which she will have ready. There are also some brown jars with covers and handles; these are used for stewing in, and as they do not get as quickly from a simmer to a boil, are preferable to saucepans for many things. In this kitchen they use one of these earthenware pots, which is white inside, for boiling the milk for the morning coffee. In England, the cook puts the milk in a saucepan and boils it up quickly; if it has to wait a little, she puts it well back for fear it should burn. When it is wanted, she pours it into a jug, the thick scum remaining in the saucepan. She sends up a poor, thin fluid, tasting like milk and water, and scarcely showing when added to the coffee. If sufficient milk is added the coffee seems poor.

In France, the milk for the Café-au-Lait is boiled in a deep, small, round pan. Before putting the milk in, it should be wetted with cold water, to prevent its burning; then the milk, instead of being boiled up in a hurry, should be simmered for half an hour at least. When it is poured out, it will be about as thick as single cream, and you will have an important element of good French "Café-au-Lait."

While I am writing of milk, I will tell you how to make a cup of chocolate in the French way. I think some of my readers will like to try it.

Take an inch wide stick of chocolate (Menier, I prefer), place it whole in a saucepan just large enough to let it lie flat, only cover it with water, then put it on the fire to dissolve. Shake the saucepan now and then to help it, but do not use a spoon or try to hurry it, or you will have a sediment at the bottom of your cup, which there should not be if the chocolate is properly made. When the whole stick is dissolved, add half a pint of cold milk, and boil for twenty minutes, stirring all the time, and you will then have a cup of delicious chocolate.

Before entering on the subject of cooking the viands, I want my readers to consider what the French cook, and how limited the number of our aliments are when compared with theirs. I have myself eaten in Brittany, and found very good when well cooked, conger eel and dog-fish. I do not think the latter is ever eaten in England, nor are escargots, a sort of large sea snail. Doubtless most of my young readers would be disgusted at the idea of eating a snail, and forget how many English eat periwinkles. I do not know how the latter taste, but they certainly look less tempting than escargots do when they are served as they are in France, with the shells filled up with green forcemeat.

I have also seen mussels (moules in French) cooked in seven or eight different ways. In

many Paris restaurants they are served for the déjeuner, sometimes in a tureen, with a great deal of sauce; and are not to be despised. There are many other denizens of the river and the sea that are good when well dressed, but which we never put on table here. Vegetables are eaten in much larger quantities than in England. Paris itself is much better supplied than London, there being many more market gardens round it. In the Paris markets vegetables are frequently sold prepared for use; for instance, you can buy carrots ready shred for your Julienne soup, potatoes ready washed, beans cut—all a saving of time, and a great help to those who do their own cooking.

The salad is a great feature in all French housekeeping; it is made with almost anything. The poor man will pick dandelion and lambs-lettuce, and make a salad of them, if he has nothing else. A lettuce seems to us always to be the necessary base of a salad, whereas almost any cold vegetables, such as young potatoes, French beans, haricot beans, broad beans, or peas make very good salads. Fresh tomatoes and Barbe de Capucin (a sort of endive that is tied up to bleach and covered over, as the growers do celery here). Barbe de Capucin is a winter salad, and is so useful, I wonder it is not oftener grown in England. Lettuce and endive, which we only use uncooked, make extra vegetables in France, as they are stewed in various ways. Leeks and sorrel (oseille) are also much eaten.

Perhaps the greatest difference in the two nations of which I am writing is in the consumption of animal food. I suppose it arises partly from our not taking sufficient trouble over the preparation of our food, that we are certainly the most dainty of European nations. We exclude so much from our tables as not "good enough" to serve, which, when we are abroad, most of us enjoy in happy ignorance. I wonder what you would say if, after eating some very good soup, you were told that it was made from calves' lungs, or, as we call them in England after the animal is killed, calves' lights! Among the things that I have seen served at French tables, and which, if eaten in England, I fancy would only be found on the tables of the very poor, are ox livers, hearts, and brains, sheeps' brains. (these are frequently dressed and called sweet-breads on the menus; so frequently, that I rarely take sweetbread in France for fear of finding brains only, which are very much inferior), sheeps' tails and hearts, lambs' ears, heads, and tails, pigs' ears and brains, turkey pinions. Cocks-combs are considered a great delicacy. I daresay my readers have often seen them preserved in bottles in French shops here. I do not myself think there is any taste in them, and class them with the dishes of peacocks' brains that were served long ago. Their merit was their scarcity. The head of the peacock is singularly small compared to the body. Many small birds are eaten, but I sincerely hope we shall not take to eating thrushes and blackbirds! I only regret that larks are eaten, and fear that if our other little songsters were brought to market as ruthlessly as larks are, our woods and gardens would soon be as void of song as are many parts of France.

Having taken a cursory glance at edibles generally, I will now briefly notice some of the various ways of preparing them.

In France, in the house of the rich or the cottage of the poor, soup is considered the base of a good repast. The houses are very rare where it is not served every day. The soups are not as strong as ours—the proportion of water in them is certainly greater. The pot-au-feu, or soup-pot, the contents of which serve as simple soup, or as the base of almost all soups and gravies, is of great importance. Into it is put meat, bones, all kinds of vege-

tables, a bouquet garni (sweet-herbs, parsley, and a bay-leaf tied together), bits of bread, a lump of sugar, &c. There is one thing in the management of this pot that must not be forgotten; it is absolutely necessary that it should be kept well skimmed—it must be remembered that if what rises to the top is allowed to remain there, it will soon disappear again, and will make the whole of the contents of the stock-pot thick and muddy-looking, and give double the trouble to clear it that it would have given to keep it clear.

What you have taken from the top of the stock you will find is chiefly fat, and is not to be wasted, but treated thus: Put the skimming into a saucepan with a pint of water and any bits of cooked fat or remains of dripping (in fact, take the opportunity for a clearance), boil all together, stir occasionally, and when beads appear on the top, stand the saucepan on one side a few minutes; then strain the fat through a tammy into a jar in which you have placed two bay-leaves, to perfume the fat and keep it sweet; put aside for frying in.

While on the subject of fat, I would call your attention to the different kinds used for frying in. In England we use butter, lard, or dripping. In France lard is not much used, but dripping, prepared according to the directions just given, is a great deal used. In Brittany, Normandy, and pasture countries butter is much used, also oil made from the field poppy; but in the southern parts oil—not only olive oil, which is the only oil we ever use (to the best of our knowledge), but also beech nut and beech fruit. These are both very good oils. Fish cooking is very different. Of course one frequently sees plain fried or broiled fish in France; but those are only two ways out of many. Mushrooms are frequently used with fish, as also different vinegars.

The vinegars made with tarragon, chervil, &c., are a feature in French cooking; they are most useful in gravies and sauces. I would recommend readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, if they have not done so already, to get some seed and grow chervil in pots; it is very pretty, something like a fern, and the leaves are very nice, and give a pretty appearance when cut into clear gravy soup.

Vegetables are always cooked in France. I do not think we can really call our way of putting them in a saucepan of water, and throwing into the waste butt half the goodness of them, "cooking vegetables." Where there is a pig tub it would be as appropriate to call it making soup for the pigs. My readers have, I daresay, heard of the old woman who had some tea given her for the first time. She poured water on it, as she was told. When she thought it had stood long enough she threw away the water, and was much disappointed to find the leaves were not to her taste. Well, I think we do almost as foolishly as the old woman.

I think spinach is the only vegetable we cook in its own juice. The French cook many vegetables without water, and when they use any, it is only just enough to cook them. Some contain sufficient moisture, some are cooked in a little butter or stock, so that if you were going to cook a few peas in France you would not need to put a big saucepan of water on, but a little pan and a lump of butter, and a lump of sugar would produce a far more satisfactory dish. French people call our mint with peas an abomination. Sugar is a great deal used in all vegetable cookery.

We next come to meats. In proportion as vegetables are more eaten in France, is less meat eaten; the dishes are lighter. Small dishes are, as I have already said, made of all sorts of things, including, in addition to those I have already given, everything that we eat. Then gravies and sauces are much more important things. Five and twenty years ago there was good reason for their being so, as

the meat was so inferior to English; but that has improved and is still improving. When I speak of sauces, be it understood that I do not mean sauces in the sense of Harvey's or Worcester, or other bought sauces which are quite English, and never used in French cookery, but sauces made to be served with certain dishes.

Caramel is used a great deal in meat gravies. So much has been written about its use in several papers lately, and it has been so praised, that I may as well tell you how to make it. It is best to keep a little saucepan for the purpose (choose one that is not lined), as it spoils it sometimes. Take half a pound of white sugar, put about a tablespoonful of water to it, put over the fire, and stir. When the sugar has taken a dark brown (it must not be allowed to get black) colour, add half a pint of hot water, stir well, take from the fire, when cool bottle for use. There is another kind of caramel which doubtless all my readers know very well, being a very nice sweet.

Caramel really means the point to which sugar is boiled. There are different names for the different degrees to which it is boiled. Caramel is the last point at which it is good; if you try to boil beyond you will have a cinder!

There is a great difference in French and English puddings and tarts. I do not think they make many things as good as an English fruit tart; their entremets (as the sweets served as our puddings are, are called) are generally sweeter, richer, and less wholesome than our English puddings. A tart made as we make one is never seen on a French table; their tarts are made open, with a firm sort of crust, and are filled with grapes, cherries, apples, or any other fruit stewed in syrup. I think we eat puddings more than French people do; light cakes and light pastry, in which the French excel, so often take the place of our puddings.

Egg cookery generally is very good in France.

I wish before I close these few words to give you two menus, one for a déjeuner, the other for a dinner, and I will select dishes that I think any of my young readers could cook with the assistance of the recipes that will accompany the menus. I must preface the menus by saying that, in addition to the meal to be served, there are always for déjeuner and dinner small dishes on table called hors-d'œuvre. Narrow little dishes are used for these. Butter, radishes, olives, gherkins, sardines, anchovies, caviare, and many other things are used as hors-d'œuvre. These dishes are partaken of between the courses.

#### Menu de Déjeuner:

Cœufs à la Polignac.  
Morue à la Lyonnaise.  
Miroton de Bœuf.

Choux fleurs en Salade.—Dessert.

Cœufs à la Polignac.—Butter some dariole moulds (such as are used for cup puddings); cover the bottom of each mould with finely chopped parsley, break a fresh egg into each, add a little salt; then stand the moulds in a stewpan in which there is a little boiling water (not enough to boil over into the eggs), cook five minutes, serve turned out of the moulds on to a hot dish, or buttered toast.

Morue à la Lyonnaise.—Put some slices of cod in hot water, boil five minutes, then drain, take out the bones and flake the cod. Chop four small onions, fry them in butter with a bay leaf; when nearly done add the cod, and fry together gently for ten minutes to brown the fish. Serve with pepper, salt, and chopped parsley over the top. Finish by squeezing the juice of a lemon over it. Take out the bay-leaf.

Miroton de Bœuf.—Chop two onions, put

them in a stewpan with a bit of butter, put over the fire for five minutes, shake the pan now and then, then dredge in two tablespoonfuls of flour; moisten with half a pint of stock and a teaspoonful of white wine, add a little salt, half a bay-leaf, and a pinch of pepper; boil ten minutes. Meanwhile cut some nice thin slices of cold beef, put them into the stewpan, simmer gently twenty minutes; take out the bay-leaf; finish with a few drops of vinegar, and serve.

Choux fleurs en Salade.—Divide a cauliflower into small pieces, boil until tender. The stalks and green parts should be put into the saucepan first, as they take longer to boil; when done, drain well, cut the stalks into pieces about an inch long, put in a salad bowl with the rest of the cauliflower; season with pepper, salt, oil, vinegar, and mustard; serve cold, or fry for two minutes, and serve hot.

Remark that the three last recipes are suited for recooking cold things, which is generally convenient for luncheon.

#### Menu de Dîner:

Soupe purée de Navets.

Soles au four.

Epinards au jus.

Poulet au Blanc.

Soufflé aux Pommes.—Dessert.

Soupe purée de Navets.—Take two pounds of peeled turnips, cut into little squares, place in a stewpan with two ounces of butter, stir them over a quick fire, add some salt and a good spoonful of flour, then add two quarts of stock (or rather less hot water), simmer gently one hour and a-half, pass the whole through a sieve, put back in the stewpan, season, stir, boil up, and serve. If made with water, add a little flour and butter, and half a pint of milk or cream, before serving.

Soles au four.—Egg and bread-crumbs two soles, dip them in some oiled butter, place them side by side on a flat dish with the remains of the oiled butter, put them in the oven, baste them every now and then with the butter, and bake about twenty minutes; serve with cut lemon.

Epinards au jus.—Take one pound of spinach, cook in a saucepan, with one tablespoonful of water; when tender, chop fine. Make two ounces of butter hot in a stewpan, put in the chopped spinach, and stir over the fire until it begins to dry; then season it, add a spoonful of flour, and moisten gradually with about a quarter of a pint of good gravy; finish with a small piece of butter. Serve with toasts fried in butter put round.

Poulet au Blanc.—Fasten a slice of bacon over the breast of a fowl, put into a stewpan with a pint of white stock or water (warm), mix one ounce of butter and a spoonful of flour together, and add with a bouquet garni and some button mushrooms. Simmer gently twenty-five minutes, or longer if the fowl is large, turning the fowl over now and then. Skim, strain the sauce, put the fowl on a dish with the mushrooms round it, and stir the sauce into a saucepan in which you have the yolks of two eggs beaten; let it thicken, not boil. Pour over the fowl, and serve.

Soufflé aux Pommes.—Chop eight apples, put them in a stewpan with a tablespoonful of cold water, half a pound of white sugar and a bit of lemon-peel, boil to a marmalade, stirring all the time. Beat lightly, with a little pounded sugar, the whites of six eggs, take out the lemon-peel, add the apple to the eggs, put into a buttered soufflé-dish, smooth the top with the blade of a knife, bake twenty-five minutes, and serve very hot. The whole of this dinner can be cooked in two hours.

MARY POOCK.

