

the side of the stove, put in a small piece of butter, then throw in fine breadcrumbs until about the consistency of bread sauce, stirring all the time; boil for five minutes, continuing to stir, then draw from the fire; add two ounces of butter, the yolks of three eggs, two or three tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan, a little salt, and a pinch of sugar and nutmeg. Beat the whites of three eggs to a firm froth, stir them into the other ingredients. Butter some small china or paper cases, put the mixture in; do not quite fill the cases. Bake for about fifteen minutes in a moderate oven.

Cheese Ramekins.—Boil one-third of a pint of water, add a few grains of salt, and one ounce of butter, then stir in gradually as much flour as the butter and water will absorb; put over the fire, and continue stirring until the paste leaves the bottom of the stewpan as you stir, then put it in a fresh stewpan, stir into it three eggs (yolks and whites), two ounces of butter, two ounces of grated Parmesan, a pinch of white sugar, and a pinch of pepper; place in small pieces on a baking sheet, put a little chopped Gruyère on each, or sprinkle with Parmesan. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven, and serve heaped on a serviette.

Ramequins de Dijon.—Put in a stewpan a quarter of a pint of water, a pinch of salt, the same of pepper, half a teaspoonful of pounded loaf sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter; boil together for a minute, then draw from the fire, and stir in by degrees five ounces of flour, so as to make a nice smooth paste (if the flour is very dry it takes a little less); stir a few

minutes over the fire, then put the paste in a clean saucepan, and mix with it rather more than three ounces of chopped Gruyère cheese; add three or four eggs (yolks and whites), stir over the fire for a half minute, then with a spoon take up pieces of the paste the size of a small egg, put them in balls on a baking sheet, egg them over, put a strip of Gruyère on the top of each; bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes, and serve immediately.

Cheese Tartlets.—With the remains of light pastry fill eighteen small tartlet tins, prick the paste with a fork in the centres, half fill them with flour, bake, empty the flour out again. Put a tablespoonful of flour in an earthen stewpan with four tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan, moisten with one-third of a pint of milk or cream, add a little salt, pounded white sugar, nutmeg, and two ounces of butter; stir over the fire until the butter is melted, then take from the stove. A quarter of an hour after add the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth. Fill the tartlets, bake fifteen minutes, and serve immediately.

Beignets de Semoule au Parmesan.—Boil one pint of milk with one ounce of butter, throw in by degrees three ounces of semolina and half an ounce of potato flour; cook at the side of the stove for twenty-five minutes, add a pinch of salt, a little pounded sugar, and nutmeg; draw from the fire, and add the yolks of three eggs that have been beaten and mixed with a tablespoonful of cold water; cook for five minutes, stirring all the time, then take from the fire and add two or three tablespo-

fuls of grated Parmesan, turn on to a buttered dish, and leave to get cold. When quite cold, cut in rounds with a paste-cutter, roll the beignets in grated Parmesan, then dip in egg and breadcrumb them; throw into boiling fat, and fry gold colour.

Rissoles.—Take any remains of paste (feuilletage or brisée), roll it out thin, cut some rounds about three inches across, put on the centre a forcemeat made of any kind of meat or poultry, with or without mushrooms, or use a salpicon; double one side of the paste over so as to make half rounds, pinch the edges together sufficiently to keep the meat in, put in a frying-basket, then in sufficient boiling fat to cover them; when a pale brown, drain and serve. Before being fried they are sometimes dipped in egg and breadcrumb or rolled in broken vermicelli. Rissoles are also filled with any mixtures used for bouchées or croquettes, but it must not be too moist for this purpose. Fried parsley is put with rissoles to send to table. These and so many other small dishes depend for success so much on the way they are fried, that I must remind my readers that fat when it bubbles is not nearly hot enough to fry things that require "hot" fat; when it throws off a blue smoke it is ready for croquettes, rissoles, beignets, and all things of like kind. It is also to be remembered that the process is really boiling in fat, not a little fat in a frying-pan, or the bottom of the stewpan just covered with fat, but sufficient to entirely cover the articles to be cooked.

(To be concluded.)

THE THREE CITIZEN BRIDES OF AUGSBURG.

THE ancient city of Augsburg in Bavaria was, at an early period in the Middle Ages, celebrated for its commercial activity and the wealth of its merchant princes. Its advantageous position on one of the then great highways of trade, midway between the harbours of Italy and the great commercial cities of Upper Germany, made it a staple place for the exchange of the productions of the Levant and the manufactures of the North; and its citizens, enriched by commerce, adorned their city with stately churches and colleges, and established guilds whose wealth was often forthcoming to replenish the exhausted exchequer of the empire.

Augsburg was frequently the residence of the Emperors Maximilian and Charles V.; the session of the Germanic Diet was often held there, and some of the most distinguished of the burghers were raised to the ranks of the lower nobility.

Such frequent opportunities of intercourse with the highest and noblest of the land would be gradually productive of more polished social manners, whilst the wealth which they possessed would enable the citizens to cultivate the refining pursuits of music, poetry, and song.

The beauty of the daughters of Augsburg was as celebrated as the substantial advantages of their dowry; and not a few of the younger members of the nobility sought by such alliances to rehabilitate their fortunes.

Of the daughters of Augsburg there were three whose marriage with husbands of imperial or royal blood has kept their names in remembrance, and of their fortunes and subsequent career the following is a short account.

The first was Clara von Detten, who became the wife of Frederick the Victorious, Elector Palatine of the Rhine. From this marriage, in the fifth generation, was descended Frederick V. It will be remembered that he married Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England. On the occasion of the religious troubles which convulsed Bohemia at the beginning of the seventeenth century, Frederick

was elected king, chiefly by the Protestants of that country.

His reign was of short duration; after two years he was defeated by Ferdinand I., Emperor of Germany, at the battle of the White Mountain, near Prague, in 1620, and driven not only from his kingdom, but also out of his electorate. The ambition of his wife was the chief cause of his misfortunes. On his election his consort persuaded him, contrary to his own better judgment, to accept the proffered dignity. The fair castle of Heidelberg, which he had beautified with hanging gardens for her sake, and which looks down from its rocky height into the lovely vale of the Neckar, had lost its attraction for her when a higher title was within her reach. "I would rather," said she, "eat bread at a King's table than feast at the banquets of an Elector."

The daughter of this unfortunate pair was Sophia, the wife of Ernest of Hanover, and to her son George I. passed the succession to the crown of England.

The second bride was Philippina Welsch, accounted the most beautiful woman of her time. She was the daughter of Franz Welsch, citizen and merchant of Augsburg. Whilst attending one of the Diets of the Empire held at Augsburg in 1547, Ferdinand of the Tyrol, son of the Emperor Ferdinand I., lost his heart to the fair maiden, and the next year made her his wife. Ferdinand and Philippina took up their abode in the ancient Castle of Innsbruck; it became her favourite residence, and was presented to her by her husband in 1564.

Few places in Europe can vie for beauty of situation with the city of Innsbruck. It lies in the angle formed by the rivers Inn and Sill, in the midst of a green and fertile valley, round which rise in towering majesty the snowy peaks of the Tyrolean Alps, whose summits hang over the peaceful vale below.

The married life of Ferdinand and Philip-

pina was one of almost unsullied happiness. There was, however, one sorrow in their cup. The alliance which his son had formed was looked upon by the proud Emperor as a degrading one, and for twelve years he refused to see or acknowledge his son's wife. At the end of that time, however, she succeeded in gaining admission to his presence, and throwing herself at his feet, her tears, her beauty, and her manifold virtues moved the stern heart of the father, and he raised her from her lowly position, and saluted her as his daughter.

Philippina died in 1580, and is buried in the Franciscan church at Innsbruck, where her tomb, surmounted by a recumbent figure, is still to be seen.

The third of the citizen brides of Augsburg was Agnes Bernhauer, whose beauty attracted the notice and gained the heart of Prince Adalbert, son of Ernest, Duke of Bavaria. They were privately married, for the bridegroom well knew that his haughty father would never give his consent to the match.

The story of the secret marriage soon reached the ears of the Duke. Enraged at what he considered a degrading connection, he refused his son admission to a tournament, accounting him one of sullied blood, and unworthy to enter the lists with knights of gentle birth. Adalbert then openly acknowledged his wife, and defied his father.

Tragic were the circumstances which soon followed. On a temporary absence of her husband, Agnes was seized by order of the Duke, and soon after condemned to death on a false accusation. She was taken to Strauburg on the Danube, bound hand and foot, hurled living from the bridge, and perished in the waters below.

This judicial murder took place in 1436. Her body was recovered, and in one of the side chapels in the graveyard of St. Peter's church in that town is still visited the last resting-place of this innocent and unfortunate woman.