of Winchester, proceeded in a Latin sermon to eulogise the late Queen, and to indulge in slightly-veiled comparisons and inferences disadvantageous to Elizabeth, she was highly incensed. She ordered him to be put under arrest; he threatened her with excommunication; but there the matter ended, for she was not naturally a persecutor.

It is said that on the first Christmas Day after her succession, Elizabeth, with her train, quitted her closet after the reading of the gospel before the celebration of mass, which she thus repudiated. Her next step was the proclamation that from the following New Year's Day, 1559, the Epistle and Gospel were to be read in English in all churches throughout the land. The last was, with reason, a most welcome and popular measure where Protestants were concerned. "The first morsel of prayer and Scripture in the English tongue was most sweetly swallowed."

At the same time Elizabeth's reforms in religion were moderate and gradual. Her own convictions were hazy and vague, to say the least. She was offended by any violent excess—such as the tearing down of the crucifixes in the streets and the hustling of priests into the kennel—into which the mob were apt to fall. She wished to retain crucifixes in the churches, and strongly upheld the celibacy of the priests. She was content, in the beginning, with the re-establishment of the Royal supremacy in Church as in State, the setting aside of Mary's decrees where religion was concerned, and the revival, in another form, of the Act of Uniformity requiring a modified harmony of worship in public.

On the 12th of January, Elizabeth paid her second visit to the Tower, in anticipation of her coronation. She went on this occasion by water, sailing from Westminster in her barge, escorted by a magnificent fleet of barges, including those of the Mayor and the different guilds. She did not land at Traitors' Gate on this occasion, but at the private stairs reserved for the Sovereign on Tower Wharf. The 15th of January had been appointed for her coronation, the stars in their courses having declared it a highly fortunate day for the ceremony, according to the mathematician and astrologer, Dr. John Dee—Elizabeth's old ally during the last months of her stay at Woodstock, when he was a resident of Oxford. Dr. Dee was now the occupant of a house at Mortlake, and was at the height of his fame—full of business in drawing up the horoscopes of the principal nobility and adventurous sailors and soldiers of the day.

On the afternoon of Saturday the 14th, Elizabeth started from the Tower to make the grandest of all her grand processions through the city to Westminster. The scene was one of unparalleled rejoicing; the pageants were a succession of triumphs; the people were half mad with joy; the dark days of the late reign, with its persecutions at home and losses abroad, were ended, and in a fair way to be forgotten, though one of their disastrous consequences was the poverty of the Royal exchequer. Mary had been raising money from Flemish money-lenders at an enormous interest. The last bonds, lying in her death-chamber waiting for her signature, were used by her women to "cere her corpse." Had not Cecil sent out the princely merchant, Gresham, to appease these importunate creditors, and obtain better terms from them, Elizabeth's ill-filled purse would have been still emptier. But what she lacked of means to contribute to the great shows she made up by the exceeding graciousness and cordial animation of her demeanour. Never was Queen more enthusiastic in responding to the passionate loyalty of her subjects. Sitting in her crimson velvet-lined coach, she had smiles, waving of her hands, frank words for rich and poor alike. Again and again she made her coach be stopped, that she might the better see, hear, and answer the ingenious allegories and grandiloquent addresses got up for her delectation. There was a great rose pageant mocking the wintry season at the end of Gracechurch Street. Gentle, beautiful Elizabeth of York sat in the centre of a white rose, while her cautious, long-faced partner, Henry VII., the son of the venerable Margaret, was the heart of a great red rose. On another storey of the pageant their son, bluff King Hal, emerged from a red and white rose, and by his side—represented there for the first time since her execution—was Anne Boleyn. On the third and upper storey was Elizabeth, in solitary majesty, surrounded, like all the others, with garlands of red and white roses.

When "Time and Truth" was played in Cheapside, "Time," exclaimed the Queen, of the old man with the scythe and hour-glass, "Time has brought me here!" The figure of Truth held a Bible, which was let down by a string into the coach. The Queen caught it, kissed it, clasped it to her bosom, and promised to read it diligently. At the upper end of "Chepe," with its gorgeous banners and rich tapestries, the Recorder of London, in the name of the Lord Mayor, offered for Her Majesty's acceptance a crimson satin purse, curiously wrought, holding a thousand gold marks. This the Queen took between her hands, thanking the givers, assuring them that she would not only spend every coin she possessed, she would shed every drop of her blood, if need were, for her people; and pledging herself to be as good to them as ever queen was. Neither did she neglect smaller gifts. She received nosegays and flowers from the poorest. A woman gave the Queen a sprig of rosemary in Fleet Street, and Elizabeth was still seen to retain it at Westminster. When verses were sung in her honour at Temple Bar she requested the people to say "Amen,"as she did, at the end of each verse. When they wished her prosperity she thanked them and wished them the same. She twisted every omen, good and bad, to fit in with her exultant humour. When one old man turned aside his face and wept, she cried, "I warrant it is for joy." When another proclaimed that he remembered "old King Harry," she laughed with pleasure, as if the association with her father was the pleasantest and most propitious that could arise.

At her coronation, on the 15th of January, 1559, only one bishop, Oglethorpe of Carlisle, officiated. There was no Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Catholic bishops stood as much aloof as they dared. Little wonder that the ceremony was less impressive and more shorn of splendour than it had been wont to be. It was conducted according to the Roman Catholic form, though it was installing a Protestant Queen on the throne, and it was the third coronation which had taken place within the last twelve years. Elizabeth herself, with the rampant critical faculty and the levity which was present with her even at the most solemn moments, remarked to her maids of the anointing oil that it was "grease, and smelt ill."

Her coronation robes consisted of a train and mantle of cloth of gold, furred with ermine. She was girded with a sword before the crown was put on her head and the sceptre in her hand. She made the usual offerings, including her crown, robes, and regalia, and reappeared for the banquet in Westminster Hall dressed in violet velvet, and wearing the crown of state while she dined. Her champion rode up the hall and flung down his gauntlet. Miss Strickland quotes the Queen's title, which Sir Edward Dymoloe was there to defend; and it was sufficiently curious and open to question. It was "That of the most high and mighty Princess and dread Sovereign Lady, Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queen of England, France, Ireland, defender of the true, ancient, and Catholic faith, most worthy Empress from the Orcade Isles to the mountains of the Pyrénee."

(To be continued.)

IMPROMPTU COOKERY.

HOUSEKEEPERS are always prepared for a certain amount of worry, but I think everyone will agree with me, that one of the most perplexing things that can happen to an inexperienced mistress of a house is when her husband brings home unexpectedly one or two of his friends to take pot-luck. Sometimes warning is given in the shape of a telegram, but more often, either through thoughtlessness or other reasons, the news comes upon the poor young wife quite unawares, and she is at her wits' end what to do. Husbands always expect as a matter of course that dinners can be provided for any number at a moment's notice, and I am afraid their temper is not improved by the dinner being kept waiting, or should the fare be scanty.

In some cases it is perfectly easy to send round to the fishmonger for some fish, or to the butcher for a few extra cutlets; but there are circumstances when the difficulty cannot be obviated in this manner, and then one must have resort to one's own ingenuity, and the skill of the cook. The simplest way is to increase the number of courses, besides which it produces a much better effect than merely adding to the quantity of food already destined for the *tête-à-tête* dinner. Matters are greatly facilitated if the store cupboard is well filled; and there are certain stores, about which I am going to speak, which should always be kept in the house; but in the choice of these the housekeeper must use her discretion and common-sense.

However, there is one thing which is nearly always within reach, or easily obtained, and that is, the egg. No end of nice dishes can be made with the help of eggs alone in a very short time, the first one that suggests itself being the omelet, which is known to nearly everyone, but I am sorry to say very seldom made as it should be. It is really very simple if only a little care and trouble are spent on it, and it is a very favourite dish with men; moreover, it can be used either as a savory, an entrée, or a sweet.

The best way to make a *Plain Omelet* is to take five or six eggs and beat them up slightly in a basin with a little pepper and salt and some finely chopped parsley and chives, or even chopped shalot if the onion flavour is approved of. Then melt two or three ounces of butter in an omelet pan and

pour in the mixture, which must be stirred lightly with a spoon till it begins to set; then leave off stirring, shake it a little, and fold the omelet in halves. Leave it to brown for half a minute, and then turn it out, under-side upwards, on to a dish.

All omelets are done in the same way, and take very little time to make.

Some grated Gruyère or Parmesan cheese added to the beaten eggs instead of the herbs, and also sprinkled on the omelet at the time of serving, changes it into a *Cheese Omelet*.

Substitute *Kidneys* if they can be quickly procured, and you will have a very nice entrée; they should be cut up into very thin slices, and fried in a little butter till they are quite hot, and then the beaten eggs should be added, and finished in the usual manner.

For a *Sweet Omelet*, instead of pepper and salt add two dessertspoonfuls of sugar to the eggs, which in this case can be beaten up to a froth. Proceed as usual, but lay some apricot jam or any other preserve in the centre of the omelet just before folding it up, and sprinkle well with sugar. These are only intended to serve as examples, for there are numerous other varieties of omelets which may be produced, but an intelligent cook will soon find them out for herself.

Stuffed Eggs, or what they call in French *Œufs Farcies*, make a very good savory. The eggs are first boiled hard, then cut in halves lengthwise, and the yolks removed, which latter are pounded in a mortar, and afterwards passed through a hair sieve and added to the same weight of butter and half the weight of crumb of bread moistened with a little milk and also passed through a sieve. When these are all thoroughly mixed together, some chopped parsley and chervil, pepper and salt, and a little grated nutmeg, are added, with the yolk of an egg, and each half egg is filled with this mixture; they are then put in the oven to get warm, and are served on fried sippets of bread cut with a fluted cutter.

Œufs au Gratin are very quickly made; the eggs simply have to be boiled hard, cut in slices, and arranged on a well-buttered dish, previously rubbed with a shalot. They are sprinked with Parmesan cheese, pepper and salt to taste, and lastly a few breadcrumbs, and the dish is put in the oven to get thoroughly hot, and the top is slightly browned with a salamander.

Macaroni should always be kept in the house; it is a great pity it is not appreciated more that it is in England, for besides making a very good garniture, not only in soup but for many kinds of meat, such as fillet of beef, hashed mutton, etc., it can be served by itself cooked in many different ways.

The simplest method of cooking macaroni is to boil about half a pound in plenty of fast-boiling salted water, taking care not to do it too much; and then, after having drained it, put it in a saucepan in which two ounces of butter have been melted; then add gradually four tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese and a little pepper and salt; toss it well with two spoons like you would a salad, and directly it begins to get stringy, serve.

Macaroni au Gratin is cooked in the same way, and then placed on a dish with plenty of butter, and sprinkled well with grated Parmesan cheese and breadcrumbs; it is then put in the oven to get thoroughly hot, and served directly the top becomes a light golden colour; or if the oven is too slow, it is better to brown the top with a salamander, otherwise the macaroni will be too dry.

One other variety, which is very much liked, is *Macaroni à la Napolitaine*, made in the following manner:—Boil three-quarters of a pound in plenty of boiling salted water; when it is cooked—which it should be in about twenty minutes—put it in a colander to drain, and in the meantime melt four ounces of butter in a large saucepan and add to it a sixpenny bottle of French tomato conserve, two tablespoonfuls of good stock, and pepper and salt to taste. When it has all boiled up add the macaroni gradually, and at the last two or three spoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese; mix well with a large wooden spoon, and serve very hot.

Small things must really be the housekeeper's main dependence for these repasts, which have to be altered at a moment's notice. For instance, supposing there was going to be a slice of fish for dinner, it would go much farther made into *Croquettes* than if it were served whole. The best way to make them is to mince whatever fish there is—salmon, turbot, or cod do very well; then melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour and a gill of milk; stir till it thickens, and then add pepper and salt, a little grated nutmeg, then the fish, and lastly, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with the squeeze of a lemon. The fish can now be made into balls or whatever shape desired, dipped into egg, rolled in breadcrumbs, and fried in boiling fat till they are of a light brown colour. Croquettes are generally served on a napkin, with a garnish of fried parsley.

Another way is to serve the fish *au gratin*. It is cooked in the same way, only left in pieces instead of being minced; and instead of being made into balls, it is put into scollop shells, with a small quantity of grated Parmesan cheese and breadcrumbs sprinkled on the top, and then put in the oven for ten minutes to get brown.

One often has remains of meat or poultry in the house which are, perhaps, too insignificant to send up for the late dinner; but they can be treated in the same way as the fish.

To make *Meat Croquettes*, you proceed in exactly the same way, only substituting stock for the milk, and adding some powdered sweet herbs and a little chopped parsley. If preferred, instead of making the mince into balls, it can be served surrounded by a wall of mashed potatoes, or with poached eggs.

Vegetables which, in the ordinary course of events, would be served with the meat, can be served separately dressed as a second vegetable in various manners. It is a great pity that this custom is not more practised at English tables. Frenchmen look upon the vegetable at the end of the dinner in the same way as children look upon their pudding, and no dinner is considered complete without it.

To my mind *Tomatoes* are a vegetable which should always be eaten alone, and if tinned vegetables are approved of, I should advise all housekeepers to keep a small supply of them in her store cupboard. They are excellent stuffed in the following way:—Cut the tomatoes in halves and put the pips and some of the pulp into a saucepan with a little butter, and let it boil. Then put into a basin two ounces of breadcrumbs, the lean part of a rasher of bacon chopped up finely, a little chopped parsley, the tiniest bit of shalot, some pepper and salt if necessary. Strain the tomato pulp, etc., into this mixture; stir it all well together and stuff the tomatoes with it; put a small piece of butter on each half tomato, and bake them in the oven for about twenty minutes on a tin previously buttered and rubbed with a shalot.

Tomatoes can also be eaten raw as a *salad*. They only require to be cut in slices, the pips removed, and laid in a dish, previously rubbed with a shalot, with three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one of tarragon vinegar, a little pepper and salt, and some chopped onions or chives.

Anchovies and *Sardines* should always be near at hand, as they come in very useful both for *hors d'œuvres* and savories. The sardines may be served on fried *croûtons* of bread, either plain or else pounded with butter; but I like to see them handed round in the tin just as they are before the soup, with slices of bread and butter, which should be brown if possible.

Anchovies are filleted and served very hot on fried *croûtons*, previously spread with anchovy butter. These will serve as examples, and although they are only trifles, they help to lengthen the dinner, which is the great thing.

With the sweets there is a little more scope, on account of their coming at the end of the dinner. The *Fritter* suggests itself to me as one of the things most quickly made.

There are several kinds. First of all *Beignets Soufflés*, which are made as follows:—Put half a pint of water, one ounce of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter in a saucepan; let it boil, then take it off the fire and add gradually half a pound of sifted flour; well work with a wooden spoon; put it back on the fire again, and stir till the mixture is quite dry and stiff; then take it off the fire again, let it stand for a few minutes, add any flavouring desired, and add, one by one, two eggs, or three if the paste is too stiff. When it is quite smooth prepare some boiling lard, and drop in the mixture in pieces the size of a walnut, and fry a light golden colour. Make an incision in each beignet and insert a small quantity of jam; pile them on a dish and sprinkle them with sugar.

To make *Petits Choux* lay the same mixture in small pieces on a tin; brush each with white of egg beaten up with a little sifted sugar, and bake for twenty minutes.

For *Fruit Fritters* make a batter by mixing three ounces of flour with about a gill of milk, then adding the yolks of two eggs, and at the last the whisked whites. Dip the pieces of fruit into it, and fry them in boiling fat. Apples can nearly always be had for these, and tinned pineapple, peaches, etc., are also excellent for this purpose. Bananas make excellent fritters, but unfortunately they have to be soaked first for an hour in brandy.

One other easily-made sweet I must just describe, and that is *French Pancakes*. It is very simple:—Beat up two ounces of butter to a cream, and add the same weight of flour and castor sugar. When it begins to get stiff add two eggs and half a pint of milk, a few drops at a time, and keep on stirring all the while. Butter some saucers and fill them with the mixture; bake in a slow oven. When done, turn them out and arrange them one on the top of the other, with jam spread in between.

The choice of any of these dishes depends, of course, entirely upon what time there is to prepare them in and what other courses there are for dinner; but these few ideas may, perhaps, be welcome to the perplexed housewife, and the recipes are so simple that any ordinary cook will be able to carry them out the first time quite successfully.

EVE.