

Lorraine, and can we receive a king here without showing him the fairest thing we possess?

'Pardon me, madame; I do not understand you,' said Louise.

'What! do you not know that the young king was to pass here on his way to be crowned at Warsaw; that he is arrived, but will depart to-morrow; and that the Duc Charles wishes to give a festival to-night in his honour, and to show him all that is most worthy of notice at court?'

'I think, madame, that I may dispense with this honour.'

'No, no,' replied the comtesse; 'your father commands you to dress yourself immediately, and to follow me.'

This imperious command was obeyed. Louise retired, and soon appeared in a court dress, simple but elegant, which showed to perfection her noble and graceful figure. Without ornament, she appeared most lovely. As soon as the young prince saw her, he stood mute with admiration. None of the young beauties with which Catherine de Medicis loved to surround her son, had given him the least idea of a creature so perfectly lovely. Too much struck to do more than politely greet her, Henri placed himself by his sister, the Duchesse Claude, and overwhelmed her with questions about her beautiful cousin. The duchesse answered that Louise was as good as she was lovely; citing, as a proof of her gentleness, her constant submission to the unkindness of her stepmother. Henri uttered some words of indignation, and treated the Comte de Vaudemont and his wife with marked coldness.

The king's journey was precisely fixed; and to retard it a day, or to alter a stage, was to expose it to numberless inconveniences. In spite of the representations of his attendants, Henri determined to stay one day at Nancy. 'He wished,' he said, 'to spend a little more time with his sister; and then it was so sad to quit *la belle France*, even to gain a crown!'

Hunting, feasting, and dancing, occupied the second day. Never had the prince appeared to more advantage: his grace, his elegance, his noble countenance, charmed every one. All thought it unfortunate that a prince so winning and agreeable should leave France to reign in Poland; and Louise felt the same. The departure of the young king left her to her accustomed sadness. The jealousy of her stepmother, excited by the brilliant success of the princess, invented all sorts of stratagems to ruin her in the estimation of the Comte de Vaudemont. Unjustly treated by her father, persecuted by her stepmother, the courage of Louise grew fainter and fainter, and she resolved to enter a cloister.

The death of Charles IX. called the young king of Poland to the throne of France. The whole nation rejoiced at this event; for the remembrance of the victories of Jarnac and Montcontour, gained by Henri at the age of eighteen, proved his valour; his generosity was well known; and a brave and generous king is so beloved in France!

Louise alone was indifferent to this intelligence. What to her was the elevation of a prince whom she had seen but once, and who doubtless had entirely forgotten her? She dared not demand protection against her enemy, for this enemy was the wife of her father.

One morning, while still sleeping, the Princess Louise was roused by the opening of her door. It was the Comtesse de Vaudemont. Louise doubted not but that she came to reproach her, and excused herself for not having waited on her morning toilet.

'It is I who ought attend yours, Madame la Princesse,' replied the comtesse with deference, 'and to ask pardon for not having shown you proper respect. You are queen of France: you are promised to the king in marriage: I hasten to tell you the news. But you are good and generous. Oh then, forget my errors, and refuse not to my children, your brothers, your august protection—for their sakes, pardon their mother!'

The princess believed herself still dreaming—surprise took away her utterance. She, the daughter of a younger branch of the house of Lorraine, to pretend to an alliance with the greatest king in Europe! It could not but be a delusion, or a stratagem to try her pride. She was about to speak, and to declare that she was not to be duped by this address, when her cousin, the Duc de Lorraine, entered with her father, to inform her of the king's demand, and to prepare her to receive the homage paid to her by the Marquis du Guastre, in the name of his illustrious master.

It was no dream. Henri III., charmed by the beauty of the Princess Louise, and still more by her noble character, preferred her to the loftiest alliances in Europe.

Scarcely recovered from her astonishment, the princess prepared

to receive those of the court of Lorraine whose rank permitted them to pay their congratulations. Then she was conducted to mass as queen of France. As she entered the chapel, her eyes fell on the Comtesse de Vaudemont, who was weeping.

'Embrace me,' cried Louise. 'It is said that, when on a throne, one forgets one's friends; as for me, I will only forget my enemies.'

At these words of pardon the comtesse fell on her knees before the young princess; and all the people cried aloud, '*Long live our good Queen!*'—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE SCIENCE OF GOOD AND BAD BUTTER.

Good butter is made of sweet cream, with perfect neatness; is of a high colour, perfectly sweet, free from buttermilk, and possesses a fine grass flavour.

Tolerable butter, differs from this only in not having a *fine flavour*. It is devoid of all unpleasant taste, but has not a high relish.

Whatever is less than this is bad butter; the catalogue is long, and the descending scale is marked with more varieties than one may imagine.

Variety 1. *Buttermilk butter*.—This has not been well worked, and has the taste of fresh buttermilk. It is not very disagreeable to such as love fresh buttermilk; but as it is a flavour not expected in good butter, it is usually disagreeable.

Variety 2. *Strong butter*.—This is one step farther along, and the buttermilk is changing and beginning to assert its right to predominate over the butteraceous flavour; yet it may be eaten with some pleasure if done rapidly, accompanied with very good bread.

Variety 3. *Frowy or frowsy butter*.—This is a second degree of strength attained by the buttermilk. It has become pungent, and too disagreeable for any but absent-minded eaters.

Variety 4. *Rancid butter*.—This is the putrescent stago. No description will convey, to those who have not tasted it, an idea of its unearthly flavour; while those who have, will hardly thank us for stirring up such awful remembrances by any description.

Variety 5. *Bitter butter*.—Bitterness is, for the most part, incident to winter-butter. When one has but little cream and is long in collecting enough for the churn, he will be very apt to have bitter butter.

Variety 6. *Musty butter*.—In summer, especially in damp, unventilated cellars, cream will gather mould. Whenever this appears, the pigs should be set to churn it. But instead, if but just touched, it is quickly churned; or, if much moulded, it is slightly skimmed, as if the flavour of mould, which has struck through the whole mass, could be removed by taking off the coloured portion! The peculiar taste arising from this affection of the milk, blessed be the man who need to be told it!

Variety 7. *Sourmilk butter*.—This is made from milk which has been allowed to sour, the milk and cream being churned up together. The flavour is that of greasy sour milk.

Variety 8. *Vinegar-butter*.—There are some who imagine that all milk should be soured before it is fit to churn. When, in cool weather, it delays to change, they expedite the matter by some acid—usually vinegar. The butter strongly retains the flavour thereof.

Variety 9. *Cheesy butter*.—Cream comes quicker by being heated. If sour cream be heated it is very apt to separate and deposit a *whey*: if this be strained into the churn with the cream, the butter will have a strong cheesy flavour.

Variety 10. *Granulated butter*.—When, in winter, sweet cream is over-heated, preparatory to churning, it produces butter full of *grains*, as if there were meal in it.

Variety 11. In this we will comprise the two opposite kinds—*too salt*, and *unsalted butter*. We have seen butter exposed for sale with such masses of salt in it that one is tempted to believe that it was put in as a make-weight. When the salt is coarse, the operation of eating this butter affords those who have good teeth a pleasing variety of grinding.

Variety 12. *Lard butter*.—When lard is cheap and abundant, and butter rather dear, it is thought profitable to combine the two.

Variety 13. *Mixed butter*.—When the shrewd housewife has several separate churning of butter on hand, some of which would hardly be able to go alone, she puts them together, and those who buy, find out that "*Union is strength!*" Such but-