

Literature, &c.

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From Hogg's Instructor.

LOUISA OF LORRAINE.

It was on the 30th of April, 1523, at Nomen...

The Duchess immediately after her confinement became ill; and Louisa was not two years old when Madame de Champy, her governess, came weeping to conduct her to the bed of a dying mother.

The Count of Vaudemont tenderly loved his wife, and, in the excess of his grief, he remained a long time unable to bear the sight of a child whose birth had been the cause of such a terrible loss.

The best temper cannot be preserved from prejudices given by those whom we love.

The Count of Vaudemont having no son, naturally thought of a second marriage. It was soon known that he had sought the hand of Joan of Savoy, sister to the Duke of Nemours.

"What does a stepmother mean?" she inquired one day of Mademoiselle de Montvert. "A monster," she replied, "who causes the misery of families—a barbarous woman!"

"On me!" replied Louisa, with horror; "it is then a woman who beats children!"

"Too often," replied Mademoiselle de Montvert; then, fearing the prejudices she was giving rise to, she endeavored to weaken them, by adding, "that all stepmothers were not barbarous, that some were even very kind to the children of their husbands."

Two years passed, and nothing could triumph over the aversion which Louisa felt for her stepmother. This feeling, kept alive by the complaints of Madame de Champy, had become too strong to be subdued; and the countess, despairing that Louisa would ever love her, only saw her at the solemnities of the family.

At the age of seven years, the princess was seized with a violent small pox, which placed her life in the greatest danger.

her father day nor night, and fell into a fit of such despair, when the physicians declared that the princess was in the greatest danger, that she was carried fainting to her chamber, where ever and delirium kept her many days.

Mademoiselle de Montvert had fled the castle; the first appearance of the illness, she was so much alarmed for herself. Who then was to nurse the poor little princess? The illness had affected her eyes; for four days she could not open them; but recollection had returned, and she inquired for her kind friend; for so she called Madame de Champy.

"Because she is suffering herself," replied a soft voice, "and requires repose. But I am here to nurse you as tenderly as she does. Be not uneasy, and drink this; it is she who charges me to beg you to obey."

This request was uttered so imploringly, that, in spite of her repugnance, Louisa accepted the potion, which touched her lips.

"Who are you, then?" "A new governess, who is to act in the place of your other, till she is well."

"But you will not stay here as she did, all night?" "Yes, my child, I will stay day and night, so long as you require my care; and when you are stronger I will try to amuse you; and you will love me, will you not?"

"Oh, yes," replied Louisa, and she stretched out her hand to the person who was speaking to her. "I see it is my kind friend who sends you. You like children; you are not a stepmother?"

The hand which held Louisa's was withdrawn; and a long silence succeeded.

"What is your name?" inquired the patient. "Jane," was the answer.

"Well, Jane, do you know some fine stories like those Madame de Champy used to tell me, in which there were always knights of Lorraine, and hermits, and tournaments?" "Certainly, I know some very interesting ones, and which you will find will send you to sleep as well as hers."

In fact, in the first story, Louisa was asleep, and this salutary slumber triumphed over her fever. Two days afterwards, there was no anxiety for her life, but many fears for her face. The physicians declared she would be disfigured if she touched it, and proposed tying her arms to her counterpane.

Louisa wished to embrace her to show her gratitude, and Jane consented, which was not less courageous than to remain night and day with her eyes fixed upon her. The sick are capricious and wilful. Louisa, disliking the odour of the lotion with which her eyes were bathed, would not suffer it to be used any more.

"Since she is determined to be blind and disfigured, I can do nothing."

"Who is it I hear weeping?" inquired Louisa.

"It is I," said Jane. "How can I not be grieved in thinking that you will remain in this manner by your own fault?"

"Well, do not weep any more," said Louisa, in a softened voice; "and come and bathe my eyes. I will do everything that you wish; but do not weep."

Then Jane took the phial, and bathed her eyes several times, thanking Louisa for her docility.

"Oh," cried the child with joy, "nurse, I see clear!"

In fact her eyes had just opened, but the strong light of the day forced her to close them. Jane immediately hastened to the window, drew the thick damask curtains, and the obscurity of the room, though not complete, permitted the young princess to look around her.

"Jane, Jane," said she, "come that I may see you!" But Jane hid herself behind the curtains that were at the head of the bed.

"Where are you then? Ah! it is no longer night! How happy I am! You have cured my eyes. Come, that I may thank you. Are you not glad also?"

"Yes, I am happy," replied Jane, advancing to take the hand which Louisa extended to her, when she, struck by a sudden terror, exclaimed—"The countess!" and fell back on her pillow, almost fainting.

"No, I am thy mother," replied Jane, bathing with her tears the arms of Louisa. "See the pain you give me; and recover to the consolation of thy mother."

The accents of that soft voice recalled to the heart of Louisa how tenderly she had been nursed, and her alarm was dissipated. "You love me, then?" said she; and the embraces of her stepmother were her only answer. Henceforth intimacy was established between the noble nurse and her patient; and Louisa, repenting her unjust prejudices against the wife of her father, promised her all the care and obedience of a daughter. This promise, dictated by gratitude, was easily kept; for the countess of Vaudemont became from this moment the best of mothers to the young princess. We may judge of it by this event. Louisa of Lorraine became, as she grew up, strikingly beautiful, and her stepmother conducted her herself to the court of the Duke Charles, to be presented with the Duchess Claude, daughter of Henry II. and of Catherine de Medicis.

There Jane of Savoy applied herself to develop in her stepdaughter all those qualities which made her beloved in her childhood, and to teach her that politeness, and those graceful manners which the Duchess Claude had brought from the Court of France to the Court of Lorraine.

red, the princess soon lost; and her second stepmother was Catherine of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke L'Aumale—a proud, jealous woman, who was the enemy of Louisa on account of her beauty. Henceforth the existence of the princess became more disconsolate, as it had formerly been peaceful. Receiving every day some ill treatment on the part of her stepmother, she hoped to escape some moments from her, by obtaining from her father the permission to make every week the pilgrimage to St. Nicolas on foot.

History informs us that she performed it dressed as a peasant, accompanied by her maids of honour, a gentleman, and a footman of the household, dispensing in charity the twenty five crowns she received every month for her amusements. One evening she returned from her journey extremely fatigued, and though early, was about to retire to rest, when Catherine of Lorraine entered her apartment, saying in an ironical tone, "Madam, do you think you can be permitted to retire at this hour, and thus escape the admiration which awaits you? Are you not the star of the Court of Lorraine? and we cannot receive a king without presenting him with what we have most remarkable."

"Pardon me, madam; but I do not understand you," said Louisa.

"What! you do not guess that the young king passes by us on his way to be crowned at Warsaw; that he is here; that he leaves to-morrow; and that the Duke Charles proposes this evening to welcome him, and to present to him the beauties of the court?"

"It appears to me, madam, that my attendance might be dispensed with, as to that title."

"No, no," returned the countess, "your father desires you to dress immediately, and follow me to the castle."

Obliged to obey this imperious command, Louisa retired to her dressing room, and soon returned in a simple yet elegant court dress, which set off her noble and graceful shape. Without ornament she was charming; in full dress she drew every eye. As soon as the Duke of Avignon perceived her he remained some minutes in mute admiration; not one of young beauties whom Catherine de Medicis loved to gather round her had ever given him an idea of so ravishing a visage or so perfect a form. Too much moved to venture to address her, after bowing to her, Henry placed himself near his sister, the Duchess Claude, and overwhelmed her with questions respecting his beautiful cousin. The duchess replied that Louisa was as amiable as she was beautiful; and cited, as a proof of her mildness, her constant resignation amidst the ill-treatment of her stepmother. Henry could not restrain his indignation against the demon who could torment such an angel, and he was extremely cold to the Count of Vaudemont and his wife.

The itinerary of a king's journey is always fixed: to delay it a day, or to change it in any manner, destroys the order and occasions innumerable inconveniences. In spite of the representations of his courtiers, however, Henry would stay one day at Nancy. "In order," he said, "that he might be some minutes more near his sister, he caused this derangement; and then it was a pain to quit France, even to receive a crown."

The chase, the banquet, and the ball, filled this second day. The Duke had never appeared more amiable; he had so much elegance and grace, his noble features took so pleasing an expression when he desired to please. Every one thought that it was very unfortunate that such an agreeable prince should leave France to govern Poland, and Louisa thought like the rest. The departure of the Duke of Avignon brought back all the evil of her situation. The jealousy of her stepmother, increased by the brilliant success which the princess had just obtained, invented new stratagems to injure her in the mind of the Count de Vaudemont. Treated unjustly by her father, and persecuted by her mother, the courage of Louisa was exhausted, and she thought of retiring into a convent. The death of Charles IX. had just called to the throne of France the young king of Poland. This event caused great joy to the people and the nobles; for the remembrance of the victories of Jarnac and Montcontour, obtained when only eighteen, by Henry, proved his valor; his generosity was known; and in France a brave and generous king is always beloved.

Louisa alone did not rejoice at this event. Of what consequence to her was the elevation of a prince whom she had only seen once, and by whom she was doubtless forgotten? Could she implore his protection against her enemy? No. That enemy was the wife of her father; and it was her duty to show her respect and submission.

One morning, while still asleep, the Princess Louisa was aroused by the opening of her door. The Countess of Vaudemont entered. Louisa did not doubt that she came to scold her, and began to excuse her not being in attendance at her rising. "It is I, madam, who, should be in attendance at yours," replied the countess; "and excuse my neglect of what I owe to you. You are Queen of France. You are to marry the king; and I hasten to bring you the news. But, madam, you are generous and good. Forget the displeasure I may have caused you, and do not refuse your protection to my children—your brothers; and for their sake pardon their mother."

The princess thought she still dreamed, and astonishment prevented her answering. That she, the daughter of a younger branch of the House of Lorraine, should obtain the alliance of the greatest king in Europe! it could only be a feat to try her pride and ambition. She was going to show that she was not the dupe of this scheme, when the Duke of Lorraine, her cousin, and the Count of Vaudemont, her father, came to inform her of the king's de-

mand, and prepare her to receive the compliments which the Marquis de Gast had come to make in the name of his master.

It was not a dream. Henry III., enchanted by the beauty of the Princess Louisa, and still more so by the praises he heard of her noble character, preferred her alliance to that of the greatest houses in Europe.

Scarcely recovered from her astonishment, the princess prepared to receive the members of the court of Lorraine of sufficient rank to approach her; she was then conducted to mass as Queen of France. At the moment she entered the chapel, her eye fell on the countess of Vaudemont, and she saw she was weeping. Louisa embraced her, saying, "On the throne they say one forgets one's friends; I only wish to forget my enemies." At these words the Countess of Vaudemont fell at her feet, amidst acclamations of "Long live our good Queen!"

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

HE'S A KIND HEARTED FELLOW!

AY, so he is; and the world intuitively ratifies the decision. A more generous, frank, and guileless heart never beat within human bosom; nor is he all feeling to act without sense; nor all impulse to proceed without discrimination. He is not to be melted into sympathy by every idle story; and yet Hudson could no more resist the call of genuine distress, than could a snow flake the hear of a furnace. He is a right hearted man, who finds his own happiness in the happiness of others, and on whom nothing could inflict more positive misery than the knowledge that he was the cause of wrong to the meanest fellow creature.

This kindness of disposition is in truth an enviable gift: it is to society what sunshine is to cloudy weather, or what a green spot is to a barren desert. It knows no partiality, and has no object to serve. It flows as lavishly for the beggar's "God bless you," as for the rich man's friendship; and is as much at home amid childish prattle, as in the counsels of wisdom. Indeed, if we are to judge by their conduct, the young come in for a notable share of it, and seem to be peculiarly alive to its influences. They know at first sight your kind hearted fellow, and will pitch upon him with an aptitude more unerring than could have a Gall or a Lavater. They are shrewd physiognomists; these embryo humanities, or it may be that their little guileless souls are drawn by some natural affinity towards that which is poor and generous. Only let Hudson make an evening call, and half a dozen of these tiny boats are absolutely boisterous in their welcome. Here, a couple pinion his hands, a pair still more diminutive do their best to fetter his limbs, while the elder two have each a seat ready for his reception. There is no mistaking of this heart kindness among children; the man who owns it is sure to be load-star round which they gather, even though they never should have seen him before. There is something in his looks, and tones, and little acts of attention which they can keenly appreciate; nor are they to be deceived by the assumption of these by any other. They know their man too well ever to be found in fault; and while they will gradually sink out of the room to be freed from the presence of his cousin, it is absolutely imperative to issue an order of ejection to make them quit the chair-side of Hudson. They have always so many questions to put, so many wonders to show, that one is almost inclined to pity poor Hudson; and yet no man could be happier, answering, wondering, and amusing, with an equanimity that would baffle patience herself to surpass. Nor must his kindness be shown to themselves alone. It is only the other day that a young hopeful, scarcely four years old, came dragging into the parlour a large Newfoundland dog, shaggy and wet, against the dress of our friend; nor could he be persuaded to desist, but urged as his plea that "Blucher wanted to know Mr Hudson." And know him certainly Blucher did, for animals as well as children have an instinctive knowledge of kindness, and read our looks and interpret our tones with a precision still more unerring.

Hudson, kind hearted fellow, is also an amazing favourite with the other sex. The girl that opens the door would not do it half so readily for any other person. She knows his knock; the very sound of his footfall tells her that's Mr Hudson. His coat and hat are laid aside with unusual care; he is ushered in with a graceful confidence, and a tone of modest familiarity, that seems to say, "I know master is always happy to see you." Or if we are not at home, he is told that "Mistress and the children are just in the parlour;" or is greeted with, "Would you not wait a little, sir?" or with some such expression of humble regard, that never meets the ear of any save your kind hearted gentleman. The ladies also are all in raptures with him. When their health is proposed, he is invariably selected to reply: indeed, not a party or picnic could take place without him, any more than it could be summer without sunshine. He is an active assistant in all their schemes of charity and benevolence, as he is an abettor of their frolic and amusement. They associate a certain good luck with his name, and if the word Hudson only stand at the head of their subscription list, be it in behalf of a fancy fair or a blanket society, then they are assured all will go well. It has often puzzled us to understand how Hudson contrives to answer the thousand demands that are made upon his time; and yet in business he has never had a reverse, but prospers more than those who make twenty times more bustle. The fact is, that kindness of the heart is a mere centre of attraction in business as it is in social life; and his readiness ever to oblige is the very reason why people of sense refrain from exacting too much.