

# THE GLEANER:

AND NORTHUMBERLAND, KENT, GLOUCESTER AND RESTIGOUCHE  
COMMERCIAL AND AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

Old Series]

NEC ARANEARUM SANE TEXTUS IDEO MELIOR, QUIA EX SE FILA SIGNUNT, NEC MOSTER VILIOR QUIA EX ALIENIS LIBAMUS ET APRE.

[Comprised 13 Vols.

NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 27, 1853.

VOL. XII.

## LITERATURE.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Graham's Philadelphia Magazine for July.

### THE KING'S GRATITUDE.

A TALE OF KING CHARLES II. AND HIS COURT.

By Henry William Herbert.

#### CHAPTER III.

Captain Bellarmyne; a young Soldier of the Emperor's.

A beautiful autumnal day had drawn to its close some three weeks previous to the little incident which produced Rosamond's letter, and caused so much anxiety and suffering to the old cavalier; and she was sitting alone and despondent at the window of her apartment which looked over the gardens, in those days extending from the rear of the exquisite palace of Whitehall to the banks of the brimful silver river.

But she had no eyes for the shaven lawn, the tufted parterres, or the moon-lighted bosom of the argent Thames; no ears for the sounds of merriment and music which came, at times, swelling on the gentle air from the returning barges of pleasure parties and homebound revelers.

She thought of herself only, of her perplexities, her trials, her undefended situation, her offended virtue, her menaced honor.

For she had discovered in season, both the offense and the menace; and while resenting the one, and fortifying herself against the other, had learned that, in the path of virtue, she might hope for neither encouragement among her beautiful companions, the fair, frail maids of honor; nor for the chivalric defense of one noble heart among the corrupt, licentious courtiers. To the king, an appeal for support would have been worse than absurd—since his smiles, his encouragement, his good wishes, were all with the offender.

The queen, alas! could have given sympathy and tears only, had she chose to give these; but, short as was the space since her espousal, she had learned already the sad lesson that, to preserve even the outward semblance of her husband's respect, she must turn a consenting eye to his foibles, and interfere with no one of his unroyal pleasures.

It was, perhaps, wonderful that—beautiful and accomplished as was Rosamond Bellarmyne; and, moreover, from her very inexperience, free-spoken as she was free-hearted—she had not been singled out before in that profligate and ungracious court for dishonorable and degrading pursuit.

But it so happened that, when she arrived, the king himself had eyes or ears for none but *La belle Stewart*—who, by her meretricious half-connivances and half-denials, kept him sighing, and dangling as her knees longer than his constancy ever endured for any other, maid or matron: the Duke of York, for whose gross tastes the innocent and lively Rosamond would have lacked piquancy and vice, was in the chains of the ill-favored and brazen Sedley; and of the other courtiers none affected none, perhaps, dared—so much was there, even in her lightest and gayest moments, of the true dignity of virtue in her every word and gesture—to approach the young Maid of Honor with the suit of dishonour.

To accident, therefore, and in some lesser degree to her demeanor, she had owed thus far her escape from persecution.

But one had now come upon the scene—to whom to outrage dignity, as to ruin virtue, and pollute honor, was but an incentive, added to the gratification of his passions, and—what with him stood far higher than his passion—his extraordinary and indomitable vanity.

Master of all graces, all arts, all accomplishments, which conflate one sex and ruin the other, animated by no solitary spark of honor, courage, manhood, or integrity, though so skilled in polite and politic dissimulation as to make all the world believe him the very soul of honor, chivalry, and courageous courage, De Grammont had resolved to compass her destruction.

And what he had resolved in that sort, heretofore, had almost inevitably come to pass.

His own powers of seduction, should they prove for once insufficient, were now aided to the utmost by no less an auxiliary than Charles himself; who lately being deeply smitten with the charms of a young French coquette—to use no harsher term—a cousin, it was given out, of the consummate count himself, had bargained—shameful contract, but most characteristic of those shameful days—for the feeble Frenchman's favor with his known-

man by engaging to throw into his arms the beautiful Bellarmyne.

All this, of course, was a secret beyond the reach of Rosamond; yet she had already perceived much and dined more of the iniquities which were plotting against her.

The odious compliments, the resolutely pertinacious attentions, so marked as to banish all other courtiers from her side; his insolently graceful impertinencies—to be repulsed by no scorn, no coldness, no denials; to these he treated either as girlish caprices, or as English pruderies—had given way of late to an assumption of radiant triumph in her presence; to an affectation of being perfectly in her good graces; to a boastful and self-sufficient complacency; as if he were, indeed, the admitted, and successful lover—the gorgeous Jupiter of a submissive Semilla.

She heard, too, from the maids of honor, who rallied and complimented her on her victory—as if to be the betellan victim of that Hyperion's passions were a triumph—that he proclaimed, almost aloud, by the insinuation of adroit disclaimers and modest innuendoes, that to him at least the severe Bellarmyne had lowered her arms ineffectual.

By bribery of her maids, learning what could be her dress at each court festival, he appeared always wearing her colors; so that to every one not in his secret, it must appear a matter of concert between them.

By connivance of the king—who played this most unroyal game with all the zeal of an interested ally; and with an adroitness which proved that, if he made a less than indifferent monarch, he would have made an admirable Sir Paudarus—in every masque, quadrille, riding party, hunting season, or other court diversion, in which it was the custom of the day that the company should be paired, the famous cavalier had as his partner the unwilling and unhappy Rosamond, whom the rules of court etiquette, stringent as those of court purity were lax, prohibited from refusing this detested companion.

Thus all the world of Whitehall, from Charles himself to the least of his courtiers, either by connivance or from being themselves deceived, received it as an acknowledged fact that the *Beau Grammont* either stood already, or was in a fair way of standing, as he would with the *Belle Bellarmyne*.

And she, while she felt this and perceived no way of avoiding it, or of disengaging herself from the nets sensibly spreading their meshes around her, trembled, and wept and prayed, and feared even herself for herself should this miserable deceit continue, fatal as the enchantment of some evil genius.

Perhaps had things thus continued, had no overt violence been attempted, no outrage offered, had she been left to the influences of that evil society in which all the angels around her were fallen angels, rejoicing and luxuriating in their fall—lets to the imputation of being herself a victim of the same dark sin—left to doubt and distrust herself, and to despair of being virtuous alone in the midst of that carnival of vice—she had fallen.

But, for this time, it was not so ordered; and as it is often the case when the darkness of human calamity is deepest, that the dawn of happiness is nearest, so now events—of which she had not the smallest suspicion; over which she had no control,—were in progress, which effected changes as unexpected as important both in her present and future condition.

It was the close of a beautiful autumn day; the sun had sunk, as he rarely does in summer time in that humid climate of England, unclouded over the soft Richmond hills; and a tender, dusky twilight mellowed only by the young light of a crescent moon, was outspread over the city and its suburbs.

On this evening there was no court ceremonial; and dispensed from attendance on her royal mistress; and yet more odious attendance in the court circle, Rosamond Bellarmyne had just wept herself and her sorrows into temporary forgetfulness, when an affair fell out between Barns Elms and Battersea, which seemed to have no connection with her or her affairs, yet influenced the whole way of her after life.

The country in that direction was, in the days of which I write, although now so covered with streets and squares of thickly settled parishes as to be indistinguishable from the metropolis itself, truly the country; a suburban district, it is true, but in all its aspects rural; green fields and green groves, and a maze of green winding lanes, with here and there a country villa, here and there a country tavern and wine garden—frequented for the most part by the dissolute and wanton of both sexes, the scum of the neighbouring metropolis, though visited occasional-

ly by the *petit maîtres* and *petite maîtresses* of the court—often in disguise and always on errands no less secret and illicit than those of the ordinary inmates.

It was, in short, a district presenting all the worst features, beauty excepted—of both city and country; in addition to which its character was, not greatly improved by being the favourite resort of sea-faring men on a frolic, and of the crews—then, as now, a most unruly set—of the river craft and barges.

In the centre of this district, not far from the river bank, to which extended its overgrown garden and shrubberies, too luxuriant from neglect, there stood a pleasant Italian edifice; once the suburban residence of a foreign ambassador near the court of the first King James, but for some time past fallen into disuse and disrepair.

Within the few weeks preceding the date of my narrative, the minds of the country quidnuncs of the vicinity had been exercised by the repairs and decoration of the villa, the bringing thither in many wains overland, in many barges by river, much sumptuous furniture, mirrors and tapestries, carpets and couches, cabinets of marquetry and tables of rare carving, suitable only for the abodes of the great and noble.

On the morning of that beautiful autumnal day the exercised minds had been strained to their utmost tension by the arrival—in a grand *chatache*, drawn by superb Flanders mares, and escorted by a train of servants of both sexes—of a very young, and very lovely, though dark complexioned, foreign lady, without any visible protector and companion. And the excitement was relieved only by the announcement made by an English postilion—all the other servants being French—that the lady was Mademoiselle de la Grande, of almost royal blood in France; and that the Italian House, as it was called, had been purchased for her residence by her kinsman, the Chevalier de Grammont.

It was in one of the country hostilities mentioned above that this announcement was made; a pleasant rustic-looking place enough, at about half a mile's distance from the villa, and nearly twice as far from the main London road; lying on a lonely lane, secluded by thick, bowery hedges, and rendered almost dark at noon by the overhanging branches of the huge elms. This inn had a bowling-green, amaze, and a large garden in the rear, with pleasant apartments, both for day and night, opening upon them, for the use of visitors of the better class; while in front were a tap-room, an ordinary with shovel-boards, and a skittle-ground, for the accommodation of the neighbors and the city roisters, who mightily affected the Royal Oak—on Sundays more especially.

At the time when this announcement was made a young gentleman of good men was present, having entered the house casually as a stranger, dismounting from a good horse, and announcing his intention of tarrying there a day or two having some business with a sea-captain of Battersea.

He was a man of some twenty-eight or thirty years, finely and powerfully formed, with a very deep chest and muscular limbs. His present complexion was dark and sunburned; through the color of his chestnut hair and steel-grey eyes, as well as the fairness of his forehead—where it had been protected by his hat—showed that the blackness was the effect of exposure to the weather—not the work of nature. His carriage and air no less than a slight scar as of a squire on his forehead, indicated that he had seen service. His garb—rich, though of grave colors, and of foreign fashion—was half military and worn with a martial air; and he bore on his breast a small foreign order. His name, as he gave it to the curious bar-maid, proved as it were a true one, the rank and the station of the bearer—Captain Bellarmyne, from the Low Countries.

This gentleman appeared, indeed, to be something moved, if not surprised, by what he heard; but he said nothing, asked no questions, dined privately at noon in one of the garden-chambers, and after dinner took his cool tankard, in an arbor looking upon the cool, winding lane.

While he was sitting there a superb cavalier came powdering along the lane as hard as a splendid English hunter could carry him splendidly dressed in a grand peruke, a velvet coat, and high riding-boots: a man of great personal beauty and grace; both evidently made the most of, and set off to the utmost.

"In truth, it is himself!" muttered the young man. "It is De Grammont. Whom shall we see next?"

And therewith he raised himself erect, so that he came into full view of the passer-by; and lifting his plumed hat bowed cordially and slowly.

The cavalier looked puzzled—as if he recognized the face without recognizing the owner of it; looked annoyed at being recognized; half checked his horse—as if to stop and speak; then changing his mind, bowed slightly and galloped forward.

"He does not recollect me," said Captain Bellarmyne; "that is well, too. And now—whom shall we see next?"

It was late in the afternoon of that day before the captain saw any one; yet it was evident that he kept himself in the way to see what was to be seen.

But when the sun had set, and the moon was almost rising, two gentlemen rode up to the horse-trough before the door, accompanied by a single groom; and one of them asked how far it was to what was called the Italian house.

On receiving the reply they both dismounted; and giving their horses to the attendant desired him not to wait, as they would walk home in the pleasant moonlight, or tarry until morning.

That done, they called for a stoup of claret; and stood chatting while they drank it not far from Captain Bellarmyne who soon saw clearly enough who had come the next.

One of the two—the most remarkable in all respects—was middle-aged; something above the middle stature; dark complexioned, and harsh featured, with coarse black hair, partially redeemed only by a bright, intelligent smile; a quick vivacious eye; and an air of innate and unconcealable gentility, if not dignity, which shone like a diamond through the disguise—evident to Bellarmyne's eyes, at least—which he wore.

In a word, it was the king; and the captain knew him in his disguise, as he had known De Grammont in his splendor.

At a glance, any one would have pronounced him, as he was, more witty than wise; more good-natured than good principled; fitter to be a gay companion than a true friend; whether to himself or to others; fitter to be anything than a king and that a king of freemen.

His comrade Captain Bellarmyne knew likewise—know for what he was, the most worthless of men living then—perhaps of all men—without one redeeming trait of good by which to palliate the infamy in which he steeped his really transcendent talents—John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester the constant companion of the monarch: one of those worse faults lay in the selection of his inmates—for friends they were not.

They tarried but a minute, and then sauntered down the lane toward the villa, unobserved but not unobserved by others than the young soldier of the Low Countries.

A group of bystanders were collected, who had been playing at skittles when the gentlemen rode up; and one of these as they spoke to the groom about walking home in the pleasant moonlight, nudged his next neighbor with his elbow, and he cast a meaning glance at the third.

Bellarmyne, seeming to see nothing saw all, with his marking military eye.

One of these was—that common character in the dramas of those days—the *soldado*; a drawy ruffian, with a swashing exterior and a coward's heart within, in a stained plush doublet with tarnished lace a broad shoulder-belt and a long rapier, balanced by a great dagger: the second was another genius of the same order; but of yet lower class: the third and most dangerous of the party, was a seafaring man; smuggler, slaver, or pirate—any, or perhaps all—as time and occasion suited.

"Didst hear that, Ruffling Jim?" asked the latter, scarce in a whisper, of the *soldado*, as they strolled back to their interrupted game.

"Ay, Bully sailor. What'st made of it?"

"That there'll be pickings in the pleasant moon-light, if we look sharp, this evening."

"Mum's the word. Sure and steady. Three to two wins the game!"

"But not so surely three to three," muttered Bellarmyne, between his clinched teeth; "and you may meet that—and find it odds against you."

From the Illustrated Magazine of Art for July.  
**JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA.**

BY JOHN BAKER.

Donnacona withdrew, the courage of Cartier touched his heart; he forgave his breach of honour, and only thought of his noble determination, to die rather than surrender the frail Indian girl, nor was he insensible to the pitiable condition of his crew. The scourry was well known to the Indians, and with that instinct which was no mean substitute for scientific knowledge they had discovered an herb which was an infallible remedy for it. Donna-

cona's first thought was to restore the Frenchmen to health, in order, said he to himself, that if they are to be assailed, they may be able to defend themselves. Accordingly, on the following evening, the old chief visited Cartier a second time, and left with him a sufficient quantity of the herb to cure twice as many patients as were attacked.

Spring approached. The ice began to split and move. Huge flakes floated down the river with the ebb tide, and disappeared mysteriously. Though the flood was as impetuous and as regular as the ebb, it seldom restored what the latter had carried away. At length, to Cartier's indescribable joy, the ships were freed from their icy moorings, and floated once more.

On the evening of the 15th May (old style), all was bustle on board the *Grande Hermine*. Old sailors were busily engaged in splicing ropes and mending sails. Carpenters were hammering, and sawing, and fitting spars. One or two gentlemen were carefully examining a collection of rare plants and geological specimens which they had collected from the neighbouring shores. The cooks were inspecting the condition of the provisions, and the state of the water-casks. Jacques Cartier himself was in a feverish state of excitement, superintending everything in person, he seemed to possess the gift of ubiquity; his cheerful voice was heard in every corner of the ship, encouraging his men, and jesting merrily on the perils they had overcome.

"A few weeks more, *mes amis*," said he, "and we shall set our foot on *La Belle France*." Then suddenly changed his tone and manner, he accosted a young Frenchman, who was sharpening a sword on a grindstone, and sternly observed, "No bloodshed, Jules, recollect, I caution you."

A few hours before this dialogue, a strong party of Indian warriors, had left Stadacona in their war dress. Wakause was at their head, scarcely containing his exultation at the prospect of his revenge being gratified. As he issued from the village, he turned angrily round, and, waving his hatch above his head, muttered an Indian curse on his venerable chief, Donnacona, and his white friends. Good reason had he, in truth, for being dissatisfied. Not content with putting the Frenchmen on their guard, Donnacona had wrought vigorously to dissuade his countrymen from the enterprise; and so great was the regard paid to his wishes that many of Wakause's fellow-conspirators had relinquished their design. Unfortunately for Donnacona's human scheme, the emissaries sent by Wakause to the neighbouring villages had performed their task so efficiently, that large reinforcements amply compensated the defections at home. Least Donnacona's influence should throw any obstacle in the way of the attack, the party set out in their canoes from the village, it was resolved that the warriors should rendezvous at the falls on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, some eight miles from Stadacona, and thither Wakause and his friends were hastening, when the largest boat of *La Grande Hermine* began to move noiselessly towards the shore.

She was manned by twenty stout men. Marc Jalobert was in command, and, in case of accidents, Guillaume Le Breton was ready to take his place. Stout Francisque, the Provençal, took the helm, and the oars were manned by powerful seamen, in whose faces disease had left no perceptible mark. The whole party were armed with cutlasses, and a few arquebuses.

The first thing to be done was to discover the object of their search—their late comrade, Earnest de Mony. For this purpose, Marc Jalobert and a Parisian named Mattheu, who had served as Mony's valet, separated themselves from the party, and advanced cautiously towards the Indian fire. They scanned each figure in silence, but without success. All wore the Indian costume; to all appearance, there was no European among the number. Jalobert uttered an involuntary curse. At this moment, Donnacona ceased speaking, and a young man in a dress of a chief rose to stretch his hand to him, as if in gratitude for what he had said. Mattheu instantly exclaimed, "My Master!" The exclamation was heard by the Indians, and one or two sprang to their feet. Marc Jalobert and Mattheu instantly fell to the ground, and remained motionless for a few moments. The Indians, attributing the sound they had heard to the children who were in the neighborhood, resumed their debate. Cautiously creeping on all-fours to their companions, Jalobert and Mattheu hastily explained that they had discovered De Mony, and the former gave orders for the attack.

It was executed with promptitude. Two guns were discharged at a given