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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 II.

Mistress Rosamond Bellarmyne; a Maid of Honor of the Queen's.

It would have been a difficult thing, even in England, that land of female loveliness to find a brighter specimen of youthful beauty than was presented by Rosamond Bellarmyne, when she returned to her home, then in her sixteenth year, after witnessing the joyful procession of the 29th of May, which terminated in the installation of the son in that palace of Whitehall from which his far worthier father had gone forth to die.

She was a perfect type, in a word, of the most purely English type of insular beauty. A trifle, perhaps, and but a trifle above the middle height of women, her shape was exquisitely formed, so fully yet so delicately developed that it never occurred to the spectator to ask himself whether she was taller or shorter, plumper or slenderer, than the average of her sex. Her complexion was that of her native isle, pure as the drifted snow, yet with a rich under-tone of warm peach showing itself, like the light with an alabaster lamp, in an equable and genial glow, not fitfully or in electric flashes. Her large, well opened eyes were of the darkest shade of blue, yet full of the quietest and most mirthful light; so that, when her lips smiled, her eyes anticipated them, and appeared to overflow their dark lashes with silent laughter. Features are not describable; nor could any description give even a faint idea of the varied expression of her rich beauty or of the exceeding fascination of her smile. Yet it was in her expression more especially that lay the charm of Rosamond Bellarmyne; and those who knew her the best asserted that her expression figured forth, and that not darkly, the character of her mind and genius.

When she arrived in England and took possession with her father of the old abbey, one thing at least was evident to all beholders, that neither a life spent abroad, for she could scarcely hush her native tongue when she left the land of her birth nor six years of convent discipline, had availed anything to denationalize her, whether in outward show or inward spirit.

She was from top to toe an English girl—English no less in her faults and failings than in her solid and sterling excellence. Frank and fearless, truthful and free spoken, she would at times push the brave qualities hard on toward the verge beyond which they cease to be virtuous. Conscious of no wrong thought, and confident of her own strong will and pure intent, she gave perhaps too little heed to the opinions of others, even when such might have been worth consulting. Nor, speaking as she was wont to do constantly on the first rightful impulse, did it fail to occur frequently that she spoke thoughts aloud which better had been left unspoken. And doing things unadvisedly, or against advice, for she would listen to none whom she did not both love and respect, she often did what she repented.

Such was the heiress of the broken fortunes of Bellarmyne, when the restoration of the king to his own, restored her father, with many another storm and battle beaten cavalier, to the possession of his old impoverished demesnes, and in the two years which ensued, previous to the marriage of Charles with the Infanta, little occurred to alter, however the lapse of time might tend to mature her person and her mind.

Entirely deprived of female society of her own rank, and indeed of intercourse with her own sex beyond a staid, demure personage who had been her mother's chamber-woman, and a gay French girl from Provence, she had learned no conventional lessons of etiquette, much less of coarseness or worldly prudence, among the sequestered hills and dales of the West Riding of Yorkshire in which Bellarmyne abbey was situated. But on the contrary had become more and more the child of nature, high souled intelligent, affectionate docile to gentle spiritings, and easily amenable to reason, but quick of impulse, firm of purpose and utterly ungovernable by mere formulas and maxims.

It is not strange, that Sir Reginald, deprived of the means of maintaining his station, and associating with his own equals in his county—a deprivation to which his habits of endurance in the field, and with the foreigners, might in some

sort have inured himself—should have been liable to deep solicitude, nay! even to dark despondency, when he looked upon this creature, endowed with every thing that should fit her to grace the world, condemned to absolute seclusion, or, desperate alternative, the worse than rude society of the Ghylls.

A lady of the highest, and most delicate culture, of the most refined tastes and accomplishments, who, in so much as she had mingled yet in the great world, had been familiar with the first personages of the first European court, that of the magnificent Louis XIV., what could she have in common with the yeoman farmers of the fells and dales, or with such simple-hearted untaught hoydens as their wives or sisters? What could he do for her, himself living—what should become of her, what, in his season, he should have passed away and perished, like the leaves of his oak trees in November? Such thoughts, far more than the gloom of gathering years, more than the twilight of his waning fortunes, more than the imminence of pressing poverty, had darkened the heart of the failing but yet unbroken veteran.

It was, therefore, with feelings near akin to delight, that, within a few months after the marriage of the king to Katharine of Portugal, the baronet received a grand and wordy epistle from a remote kinswoman, the widow of a noble earl, his schoolboy friend, fellow Oxonian fellow soldier through the fierce conflicts of the civil war, dead by his side on the bloody field of Naseby, who had never wholly forgotten her own distant cousin, or the next friend of her lost lord.

This estimable lady, who, unhappily gifted with a son too well adapted to the court, and too well liked by the facile king had never descended to the frivolities of the restored monarchy, but resided afar off in her jointure house, in Cornwall, possessed yet some influence, both of herself and through her son the favorite, within the precincts of Whitehall.

The time had not yet arrived when to possess such influence was in itself almost a brand of infamy.

Cognizant of the extremity to which were reduced the fortunes of Bellarmyne and expecting, with all the English world that the marriage of the monarch would establish decorum in the court of England, the countess of Throcmorton had exerted her influence, and that successfully, in procuring for the beautiful Rosamond, an appointment as one of the Queen's maids of honor; securing to her, in addition to a small salary and apartments in the palace, an introduction into the first society of the realm, and an establishment on the most unquestionable footing, as it should seem, both of property and honor.

Still it may be thought that the lady doubted, though it did not so strike the sturdy old loyalist Sir Reginald, who would as soon have thought of doubting the moral integrity of the king as of disputing his divine right to the crown—for her letter was long, verbose, involved, and not altogether so unquestioning or hilarious in its tone as was the response of the old cavalier.

Since it had pleased heaven, it ran, that in lieu of a son to the house of Bellarmyne whom it would have been an easy matter to help to advancement in aid of his own honorable efforts, to give her cousin a weak girl only, who so far from helping to restore the fortunes of the house, could not even be expected to help, in any considerable degree, herself—and whereas she, the countess, feared and was sore grieved to think that Sir Reginald could scarce have the means—without even looking forward to advancing her young cousin Rosamond, or settling her, in due season in marriage in her proper station—where-withal to bring up the child conformably to her degree, it might not be amiss to bestow her for a time in the servitude of her most gracious majesty, who was esteemed to be a most gentle and kind hearted lady, and withal, of the true church.

And, thereafter, the various privileges, immunities and advantages of the position being duly and appreciatively recorded, many sage points of advice were intermingled; many hints as to the dangers, the temptations, the insidias to honor and virtue incidental to court life were not obscurely added; the principal reliance of the countess appeared to rest on the character, not merely for sagesse in the French meaning of the term, but for candor, stability and persistency which she had learned, by what means it was not stated, that Rosamond possessed, and not on any safeguards she must expect to find in her new situation.

She advised her cousin Reginald to weigh the matter well within himself, and to consult with Mistress Rosamond, concealing from her nothing of the frivolities and baseness and wickedness of the court, and of her own special abilities to

perils and temptations, before accepting the offer.

Nor did he perceive anything, in the prospective of circumstances and the reasonable chances of life, as eligible, or even less eligible, so it were honorable and secure, did she counsel him to be in haste to accept the offer.

For the rest, should he judge it for the best to do so, she prayed humbly and hopefully that it should turn out for the best hereafter; and so, with kind recollections to pretty Mistress Rosamond—who, she heard, was in truth pretty Mistress Rosamond—and begging her to wear the carcanet, inclosed herewith, in memory of her loving kinswoman and god mother, she remained ever, until death, his dutiful and regardful cousin, and friend not forgetful of the past.

GUENOLEN THROCMORTON.

But save the news itself, all was thrown away on the stout Yorkshire baronet. The promotion was to his honest, trustful soul, as honorable as it was in a worldly view acceptable—less an advantage than a distinction. An advancement, in short, so splendid, as far to exceed his wildest wishes.

Educated from his childhood to a belief in the divine right of kings, and in the impossibility of a son of the royal martyr doing wrong, as entire as his faith in the infallibility of his church, he would have regarded it no less treason to doubt the one, than sacrilege to question the other.

Accepting, therefore, joyously all that there was acceptable in the tidings, and pshawing, in his secret heart, at the cautions which he regarded as old womanish scruples, he wrote gracefully and with a full heart to his kinswoman, at her Cornish manor with the unpronounceable name; and proudly communicating to Rosamond the news of her glorious promotion, set about making such preparations as the narrowness of his means permitted for sending, or conducting rather, his daughter to her future abode under the shelter of the wing of England's royalty.

Many of the herd of Bellarmyne cattle were driven to Ripon markets, many of the ancestral relics of Bellarmyne came lumbering to the earth with all their leafy honors, destined thereafter to ride, under England's red-cross flag, the briny waves, scarce saltier than the tears shed by their saltwater owner, as he saw their own places vacant, and the green park dismantled of its noblest ornaments.

Even by dint of these sacrifices, little of splendor was effected in the outfit of the queen's young maiden-of-honor, and when the aged baronet, presented, himself at court by his old colonel the noble Duke of Ormond, had delivered up his fair child to the royal circle and left her as a member of the household, under the care, nominal care, of the mother-of-the-maids, and the real guardianship of her own delicacy and virtue, he returned alone to the ancient abbey, which was now more solitary, sadder, stiller, than ever before, to pass his own days alone, increasing poverty, increasing infirmities, increasing vigor and elasticity whereby to endure them.

His out-door enjoyments were now limited to an occasional day's coursing in the park, with his still choicely nurtured grayhounds, which he followed on a stout gentle hackney—falconry and the chase had become enterprises of too much pith and moment for the war-worn cavalier—while his frolic relaxations were limited to the study of his two books, the Bible and William Shakspear, with an occasional game of chess and a cool tankard with the vicar, and—greatest delight of all—the perusal of a letter from Rosamond, when three or four times a year the tardy and irregular post brought down the stirring news of the loud and licentious city of the quiet hills and pastoral dales of Yorkshire.

These letters for some time, until about a year had passed, were all bright and sparkling. Everything seemed to wear the *couleur de rose véritable*, his majesty's wit, his majesty's courtesy and frank-kindness; the affectionate and graces of the pretty, interesting, foreign queen, the loveliness of the maids-of-honor the *belle Jennings*, and the *belle Hamilton*, and the lovely Miss Stewart, and the merry, witty, gipsy Miss Pierce; and the graces and accomplishment of unrivaled courtiers of the day, the admirable De Grammont and the unapproached Anthony Hamilton, and Sedley and Etherage, and the gallant Buckhurst, and the princely Buckingham—these were the subjects of her first epistles, and their burthen, that all, and every one, were so good-natured and so kind to her, little Rosamond Bellarmyne, that she felt herself there, in that splendid court of Whitehall, or in those merry-makings under the superb elms of

Hampton court, or in those rantipole junketings at Tonbridge Wells, or in those grand hunting matches at Newmarket, or races on Epsom Downs, every bit as much at home, every bit as safe, and almost—but no, not quite—as happy as she used to be with her birds and flowers, her pigeons and her pheasants, and her ponies, and her poor pensioners, at dear old Bellarmyne.

And the old man rejoiced and exulted as he read them; and formed strange fancies and high hopes, hardly admitted even to himself, as he coned them over in his own mind, and then rehearsed, in the intervals of their peaceful chess, to his good old friend Dr. Fairfax, how his little girl had been chosen to fill such a place, in such a masque or revel; and how the Young Marquis of Ossory, or this or that more illustrious courtier, had sought her hand in some figure dance, which had been performed with such good fortune as to elicit royal approbation—and above all how the same little girl's head was entirely proof against all the flatteries and 'frivolities of the great world; and how her heart was still in the right place, honest and true and frank and candid; and how, in a word, the admired and toasted, and already famous belle, Mistress Rosamond Bellarmyne, the Queen's maid of honor, was still the same, the very same good little Rosamond, who had been the life of the old abbey, and with whose departure so much of that life had departed.

By and bye, however, the letters were changed, though the writer still seemed to be unchanged—what was said, was beyond doubt, said truly; but much appeared to be left unsaid. There were no more praises of the maids-of-honor, no more eulogies of kings and courtiers; but much pity for the queen.

At length, came mention of annoyances almost of insults, by a person not named—perchance too high to be named. It was evident to Sir Reginald, not usually too acute, that she was unhappy, ill at ease. Sometimes he fancied that she felt herself in danger, but he never dreamed that she concealed half her grievances from her knowledge of his inability to aid her, and fear of his hot temper and violent resentments.

After a protracted silence, came a wild, sad, anxious letter, containing a dark tale darkly told, of imminent peril from the same unnamed person; of timely rescue by a young gentleman, likewise nameless—rather than a letter, it was an earnest imploring cry, to be removed from that accursed place ere it should be too late. And, therewith, the old man's eyes were opened, and all his dreams vanished. He would have set forth that day, that hour, to fetch her home at all risks; but his infirmity, rendered more acute by the excitement of his mind, forbade locomotion.

So he sat in his old hall alone, as we have seen him, and chafed and fretted himself almost into madness, from consciousness of his own impotence to assist the jewel of his own heart, and by fears for her safety, worse almost than the worst reality.

One wise measure he took promptly. He wrote at length, inclosing his child's innocent appeal, to their good kinswoman of Throcmorton, praying her aid and counsel in this their extremity. Rosamond he advised of what he had done; commended her courage; praised her; endeavored, but how mournfully, to cheer her; and promised, as soon as his distemper would permit, to be with her in person.

A second measure, wiser yet, he took some days later; for it cost his pride many a pang, and to do it at all was a great self-conquest. He wrote to Nicholas Bellarmyne, in the city, stating the whole case—asking nothing. That done—he could no more—he waited, in darkness, for the dawn.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

SALMON FISHING,

ON THE NIPISIGUIT, NEW BRUNSWICK.

ON my arrival at Bathurst, I was informed that the two Acadians who had built my camp, according to a letter that preceded me, had been much annoyed by a person named William Gillmore, who pretended to possess the exclusive privilege of fishing at the Falls, where he had a camp. I learned further, that when he discovered my men building a new camp, he threatened to shoot them, whereupon they had him arrested and put in prison. I arrived at Bathurst the day after he had been liberated on bail. He was represented to me as a desperate man, and I was told to look out for my life when I visited the Falls. I was, of course, provoked and troubled at all this; but when further informed that Gillmore was the best angler who had ever fished in the Nipisiguit; that he made a capital fly; that he was a native of Dublin; came of a good family, and had once been in affluence; had received a

thorough education was a schoolmaster, teaching only in the winter, however, and fishing at the Falls all summer; my feelings were entirely changed, and I at once felt a peculiar interest in his welfare. I immediately visited his camp, and found him lying on a bed of spruce boughs and rags. I mentioned my name, and spoke kindly to him. He gave me the whole history of his troubles with the Frenchmen; stated that he was intoxicated at the time, and that he only intended to frighten them, and thereby prevented them from illegally spearing salmon by torch light. He spoke of his imprisonment, for even two days, in the humiliating manner, and added that if the court which was to try him should send him to jail again, he could never come out alive. I found him the mere wreck of a large and handsome man, and noticed with anxiety that he was constantly pressing his left side with his hand, and conversed with difficulty. In spite of this, he spoke to me in the kindest manner, using the very best language; and when I told him I would intercede with the authorities in Bathurst to have him released from bail, and would assist him in other particulars, his eyes brightened to an unnatural brilliancy, and he said he had six dozen flies, and though they were all the property he possessed in the world, I should have them all; and that in a day or two he expected to be quite well, and would introduce me to all the best pools in the river, and devote himself exclusively to my interest. I complied with my promise to interfere in his behalf; and having succeeded, went up to his cabin to give him the good news; but, on opening his door, I found him dead. He lay upon the ground, on a bed of rags, and a half-famished, sickly little girl, with an angelic countenance, was the sole watcher beside his corpse. She was the daughter of a poor but kind-hearted neighbour, who had gone to Bathurst to obtain a coffin for the dead angler and schoolmaster. And this worthy man informed me that among the very last words which the departed man had uttered in his ear were these: "Don't forget to give my flies to the stranger, for he is my friend, and tell him to remember the 'dat rock'." The spot alluded to was the salute already mentioned, and it ought hereafter to be known as Gillmore's Cast. At the expense and by the hands of strangers was the dead angler buried. On visiting his camp (which is built of logs and bark, and stands on the most picturesque spot at the Falls) the day after his burial, I found the rude fire-place black and comfortless, and on the ground, carelessly lying, a small bag of meal, a pair of wading boots, a rude fishing rod, and a bag of tackle, two or three rags spread on spruce boughs for a bed, a tin cup and pan, and a common jug half filled with molasses. And this was the death-place of one who was borne to a handsome inheritance, had a superior intellect, and died in the most abject poverty. The last place he taught school was on Heron Island in the Bay of Chaleur, and his income therefrom had been twenty-five pounds currency per annum, which was paid to him by the government of the province. And now in his own forest sanctuary, lies the unmarked grave of the poor angler, and the stream that he so fondly loved will murmur his requiem for evermore.

From the Papineau Falls to the head of the tide, a distance of four miles, the Nipisiguit is quite rapid, and affords a great number of good salmon casts. The chances for sport at the Rough waters are quite as good as any on the river. But the best sport is only to be had by employing a birch canoe and two men, Frenchmen or Indians. Although these canoes are exceedingly light and frail, the men who manage them are expert, and with their poles will hold a canoe perfectly still, even at the head or middle of the swiftest schutes. Excellent opportunities are thus afforded for dropping us fully into exactly the proper places; and as you have thus the pleasure of seeing many fish that you do not capture, have an extensive range, take the largest fish, and generally in the greatest numbers, than those who fish from the shore, the interest and excitement of canoe fishing are peculiarly agreeable. Although generally resorted to by those who have been disappointed in finding the best pools in the Falls preoccupied, the greatest number of salmon caught in the Nipisiguit in one day by one person, were taken last summer between the Rough waters and the Papineau Falls. The men expect to receive one dollar per day each for their services, and when the labor they have to perform is remember, and the accidental fact that the most unucky angler can count upon at least a brace of fish in the morning, the terms cannot be deemed extravagant. The truth is, that he from the States who visits the Nipisiguit