

THE GLEANER:

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

Old Series]

NEC ARANEARUM SANI TEXTUS HERO MELIOR, QUIA EX SE FILA GIGNUNT, NEC NOSTER VILIOR QUIA EX ALIENIS LIBAMUS UT APES.

[Comprised 13 Fols.

NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 13, 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 I.

Sir Reginald Bellarmyne, an old Soldier of the King's.

It was a fine sunny morning of September, 1663, that Sir Reginald Bellarmyne, sat by the wide hearth of the summer parlor, which he occupied when there were no guests, as was for the most part now the case, in the once hospitable cloisters of Bellarmyne Abbey.

A small round table at his elbow displayed the relics of a large hare-pastry—it would have been venison in the good days of old; and in lieu of stoups of Malvoisie and Bourdeaux wine, a solitary silver tankard thrust forward its capacious womb, mantling with stout English ale recently stirred with the sprig of Rosemary, then held to impart a sovereign relish to the substantial joint; nor did it appear from the inroads the good baronet had made on the contents of both, that his appetite had suffered seriously from the retrenchment of luxuries which he had, perhaps, once deemed necessaries to his rank and station. He was a man of sixty years or upward, who must at a former period of his life have been eminently handsome, and who still retained in his erect form, clear eye, and nobly cast features, many traces of the beauty for which he had once been celebrated, even in the courts of great and famous monarchs. He had, however, grown of latter years somewhat ponderous and corpulent; and his sinister leg wrapped in flannels, and bolstered up on an easy stool, gave painful evidence of that distemper which is held to visit upon the children the pleasant indulgences of their forefathers. Otherwise, Sir Reginald's appearance showed no token of those excesses which were unfortunately so much in vogue in those days, among the cavaliers and courtiers of the king, as to be regarded almost one of their characteristics. His eye was clear and calm, his complexion pale rather than flushed; and his frame, though somewhat unwieldy, was well knit, and still capable, when he was not laboring under the attacks of the ancestral enemy, of both effort and exertion.

His hair, which he still wore long and unpowdered, not having adopted the new fashioned abomination of the periwig, was, indeed, very gray; his brow was deeply wrinkled; and there was a singular expression, weary and wasted, yet intelligent and keen wital, and full of eager energy, pervading all the lines of his face, which seemed to tell a history of cares, and troubles, and anxieties—perhaps of almost mortal sorrows—encountered, resisted, combated inch by inch as a man should combat such things, if not vanquished by him.

He was dressed at all points as became a gentleman, in an age when the distinctive garb of the different classes was maintained in all strictness, and when scarcely an article of wearing apparel was common to the noble born, and to the next beneath him in station; but yet so dressed that it was evidently rather a matter of etiquette and self-respect than of convenience with him to maintain the outward show of his family. His doublet of uncut velvet was rather suited for the field-sports, or outdoor occupations, than for the full morning dress of a country gentleman of the day, yet it was evident from the ruffles at wrist and knee, from the neat russet-leather buskins, and the long rapier, with its ornamental shoulder-belt, that he wore it as his habitual and distinctive attire.

A slouched gray hat, with a drooping feather, and a dark-green roquelaure, lay neatly folded and brushed on a slab hard by, together with a crutch-headed cane, mounted with a fine red deer's antler, and a pair of fringed buckskin gloves, that would have reached well-nigh to the elbow of the wearer.

A noble deer grayhound, of the Scottish breed, and of the largest size, long of limb, long of muzzle, wire-haired, with deep, earnest hazel eyes, lay on the deer-skin which covered the hearth-stone, gazing into the face of his master with almost superhuman intelligence; while a couple of smaller dogs, fine curly-fleeced water-spaniels, dozed closer to the embers of the wooden fire, which the autumnal atmosphere, and the thick walls of the ancient abbey, rendered any thing rather than unpleasant. The parlor itself, in which he sat, showed like its master, something at least of privation, if not of absolute poverty; the old oak wainsco-

ting, indeed, was as brightly polished; the old high-backed chairs, and settles, with their quaint carvings and old tapestried cushions, were as free from any speck of mould; the antique suits of steel armour on the walls were as clear from rust; the modern implements of falconry or the chase, were in an accurate order and arrangement, as if a hundred zealous hands were daily employed in furnishing them. Still there was nothing gay, nothing lightsome, nothing new, nothing, in all the furniture, or decorations of the room, which did not wear a wan and faded aspect, as if they had been coeval at least with their aged possessor, and as if, like him, they had seen their better days.

Without, so far as could be seen from the large oriel window, the stone mullions of which were so much overrun with clustering ivy and woodbines, as to indicate some slackness on the gardener's part things did not, on the whole, wear a more promising or brighter aspect.—The fine elm avenue, which wound away for above a mile, in full view, a broad belt of massive verdure, had grown all out of shape and rule; the great boughs of many of the trees, sweeping so low as to render the road impassable to carriages, and difficult even to travellers on horseback. The lawn, immediately around the house, which had in its palmy days been so shorn and rolled, and decorated with deep clumps of evergreens, and marble urns and statues, was all grown up with coarse long grass, among which the hares and rabbits fed boldly as unscared by man; and the wild park beyond, with all its sunny fern-clad knolls, and rich sheltered hollows so closely pastured of old by the graceful herds of fallow deer, showed but a wide expanse of rank untended vegetation, stocked with no demizens more aristocratic than a flock of ragged-looking, black faced mountain-muttons, a score of little sharp-horned kyloe oxen, and two or three queer-visaged Shetland ponies, not much larger and much more ragged than the moorland sheep with which they kept company.

The fish ponds, one or two of which were visible among the trees, scarcely gleamed blue, unless in casual spots, under the bright sky of autumn, so thickly were they overspread with water grass and the green, slimy duck weed; the gravel road before the door was matted with weeds, as if no wheel-track had disturbed it for years.

All was a picture of neglect and desolation, yet beautiful with all, from the wildness and liberty of the unchecked vegetation, and the frequency of those unusual sounds, so seldom heard in the close vicinity of the abodes of men; the incessant cooings of the hoarse woodpigeons, the crow of the cock-pheasants from the very garden walks, the harsh half-barking bleat of the moorland sheep, and, most rarely heard of all, the deep booming of the bitterns from the stagnant morass, in which the fish ponds were fast degenerating.

It was not difficult, though sad it was, either to understand or explain. Sir Reginald Bellarmyne of Bellarmyne Abbey, a baronet and a Catholic, as long as there had been Catholics or Barons in England, loyalist and royalists, like all his fellows, had in his own person, and in that of his fathers before him, fought always on the wrong king's side, so far as fortune was concerned, whatever might be said of fidelity.

One ancestor had perished on Crookback Richard's side, at Bosworth; his grandson, and Sir Reginald's grandfather, had fallen under heavy censure of the man-hearted queen, Elizabeth, and escaped narrowly with life, for Scottish Mary's sake. The baronet's own father, most unjustly, as they ever averred, was mulcted thirty thousand pounds after the gunpowder affair of Fawkes, with which they denied all participation; and himself, as he most undisguisedly proclaimed, had fought for King Charles on every stricken field from Edgehill to Worcester fight; and when all was lost, had followed the fortunes of his son in foreign lands, and melted his last ounce of plate to support the needy parasites of the dis-crowned and exiled king.

Had been done on the Man of Blood, as they termed it. He interposed the claim of himself and his son, who was serving at the time under Lockhart, against the Spaniards at Dunkirk; thereby preventing the alienation of the property, which was sorely coveted by a Puritan Drysalter of the West Riding, from the old name of the feudal tenure.

No sequestration occurred, therefore, of the last demesnes of the House of Bellarmyne; and, at the Restoration, the old, battered, widowed Cavalier returned, with one daughter, who had been educated in a French convent—his only son, the promise of his race, had fallen, a boy of fifteen, fighting like a man by his side at Worcester—to all that now remained of the once broad possession; the old Abbey, a world too wide for the shrunken acres that now alone looked up to its time honored bellows.

The city cousin, the Bellarmyne of London, like an honest man and a good Christian as he was, though a heretic in the parlance of Rome—and a true gentleman, although he smacked a little of the Puritan—had ever remitted the rents of the Abbey to Sir Reginald, whom he constantly acknowledged, though he had never seen him, as the head of the house during the whole period of his exile; and on the restoration of King Charles II., to which, with others, of the eminent London merchants, he had largely contributed, made over to them, as a matter of right, and of course, and in no wise as a favor, the mansion and the remnant of the lands, somewhat neglected, indeed, and out of order, but neither dilapidated nor exhausted.

It is, perhaps to be regretted that, at this time, no personal meeting occurred between the kinsmen; for they were both men of high character, high minds, and correct feelings; but having had no intercourse, each had probably in some sort conceived of the other, something of the character ascribed to his political party. The Protestant merchant took it too much and, as it proved, wrongfully for granted, that the old Cavalier and inveterate swordsman, was more or less the rash, reckless, rakebilly, debauchee and rioter of his day and class; and contented with having done justice thought no more about the matter, nor troubled himself about his cousin, or his affairs.

The old soldier, more naturally after he had acknowledged frankly the honorable conduct of his unknown kinsman, and expressed his sense of obligation, shrunk from anything that could savor of intrusion, or a desire of establishing any sort of claim or clientage on his rich and powerful relation. It is probable that something might have added to this delicacy, in the shape of the Cavalier's distaste to the Puritan, the Romanist's aversion to the heretic, and, yet more, of the soldier's distrust and prejudice against the trader.

Still, none of these motives were very strong, for it was well known that Nicholas Bellarmyne of the city, though neutral throughout, and, at the commencement of the troubles, inclined more to the Parliament, had never joined the independents much less identified himself with the regicides. Sir Reginald, himself, moreover, though a Catholic, was such rather because he would not abjure the creed of his fathers than that he had anything in him of the persecutor; and he had seen so much, in the low countries, of the noble merchants of those days, when merchants were men of patriotism, intelligence, and honor, that he was unusually free from the prejudice of the noble against the trader caste.

Neither of the two, in fact, knew much of the circumstances or character of the other; and neither was, at this time, even aware that his distant kinsman was a father, though from his energy in the matter of the entail, Sir Reginald might suspect that the merchant had some farther representative.

On his diminished estates, then, which barely now gave returns sufficient to the maintenance of himself and his child, with a household the most limited, and on the narrowest scale compatible with his rank and name, Sir Reginald settled himself quietly; afar from the tumult, the dissipation, and the heartlessness of courts perceiving at once that he had nothing to expect from the gratitude or generosity, much less from the justice of the sovereign, whose seal and sign manual he held, as well as that of his unhappy father, for sums advanced as loans, the repayment of which would have more than redeemed all the recent losses of the Bellarmynes, and enabled them to resume their appropriate station in the country.

Had he been alone in the world, it is more than probable that Sir Reginald would have resigned himself contentedly to his diminished circumstances, and would have ultimately sunk, more or less graciously, and with more or less repining,

into the condition of the fox-hunting, ale-consuming squire of the day, something above the farmer, but far from equal to the country-gentlemen of England. The great nobles, who, in past reigns, up to the unfortunate days of the unhappy Stuarts, had been used to live on their own estates, in their almost viceregal castles, during ten months of the year, holding *cour pleniere* of the lesser gentry, and collecting around them the intelligence, the civilization, and the splendor of their several shires, no longer lived, like their forefathers, independent nobles on their own hereditary principalities.

During the troublous times, which had scarcely passed over, most of them wandering as exiles in foreign lands, France more especially, they had contracted the false and pernicious usage of abandoning their demesnes and rural residence to bailiffs and intendants; and wasting profligate, dishonorable useless lives about the precincts of the royal court, parasites of kings; loungers at the Exchange; gamblers at Tonbridge Wells, or Newmarket; friblers and coxcombs, almost as free from any manly vice, as from any grace or virtue.

At this time England had lost entirely that strong and living feature of her social and political character—her rural aristocracy, the greatest men of the land, living among, and with, their people, as if themselves of the people; and regarded rather by the throne in the light of allied or kindred princes, than as mere subjects, much less as mere flatterers and courtiers.

From the accession of King James, the First to the death of Queen Anne, England was virtually Frenchified—she had no longer a great nobility, but she had in lieu of it a little *noblesse* of the court clique, of favorites of the great men, of favorites of the bad woman of the day.

The lodgings of the metropolis were crowded with great lords, crouching and crawling, and doing unutterable basenesses at the feet of a minister, whose grandfathers, their grandfathers would have hung from their battlements!—the country was deserted to rude bores, drunken ignoramus squires, time-serving grotesque parsons, who thought it an advancement to marry the lady-of-the-monor's waiting-woman.

Coxcombs, prodigality, infidelity, insolvency, false refinement, and favoritism at court, had reflected themselves in grossness, ignorance, brutality, and want of all refinement in the country. In the reign of Charles II., there was scarce a gentleman in all England; and if there were one, he was something out of place, ridiculous, and absolute, without honor at court, or influence in the country. And such in sooth, was Sir Reginald Bellarmyne.

From the Illustrated Magazine of Art for July.

JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA.

BY JOHN BONNER.

AUTUMN was approaching as three small vessels rounded the cape which has since been named Point Levi, and came in sight of the bluff peak on which Quebec now stands. They were Frenchmen—a sturdy band of sailors, prepared to face the terrors of the climate, or the fury of the savages,—well disciplined, and having full faith in their commander, Jacques Cartier, whose flag floated from the mizen of La Grande Hermine. Some of them had undertaken the voyage from a reckless spirit of adventure; others, because the narrow-minded police of France interfered materially with their comfort at home; one or two more a vague hope of gain, and as many for disappointed love. There were several gentlemen of good old Breton blood among the number, eager to verify the marvellous stories which Cartier had told of his first voyage. On the deck of the Grande Hermine stood Raoul de Mornac, as brave a Breton as ever trod a plank. On him the grandeur of the scene was lost; he gazed listlessly at the bold peak of Stadacona, the gloomy forests of pine and fir stretching as far as the eye could reach, the mighty river rolling slowly between the cliffs, and the silver line traced down the precipice by the falls of Montmorenci. For, though the perils of the sea and the arduous nature of his duties had for a time diverted his thoughts from the past, the sight of land had recalled to his mind with a painful freshness, his native Brittany, the terrible image of a father's curse, and his broken-hearted Marie. She is no doubt by this time, thought he, another's bride. Beside him, a rough weather-beaten face, with receding forehead and protruding teeth, stood in bold contrast; a sad reprobate, in truth, was Jean Truchy, and well it was for him that Cartier waived his scruples to his forbidden physiognomy, and enrolled him among his crew. Lost in rapture at the

novelty and grandeur of the scene, Ernest de Mony, nephew of Cartier's protector, and a welcome guest at the court of Francis I., had forgotten everything he had sworn to remember, even the cross hung round his neck by his devout mother, and the diamond ring which the beautiful Duchesse de Livray had, with many a tear, placed on his finger as he tore himself from her arms. Here stood a reputed son of Louis XII., endowed with all the mildness and *faineantise* of his father; he was no willing sharer in the toils of the voyage, but high birth, even when tarnished by the bar of bastardy, often involves heavy penalties. On the deck of La Petite Hermine, two brothers, natives of Normandy, looked heavily over the side, seemingly engrossed in their thoughts. Ruin had overtaken the house; their father, the old Marquis d'Evreux, had poured all wealth into the royal coffers after the disaster at Pavia; and as not unfrequently happened in those days, prosperity effaced all recollections of the service in the royal mind, and the old man died a beggar, leaving his sons houseless with a great name. Nor did the Emerillon, bear less noble sailors among her crew. Her commander Guillaume le Breton, owned a pedigree, and descended, if he was to be believed, from the oldest house in the Province. The second in command was a Provencal, a man of immense bodily strength, imperturbable good temper, and a love for music which had frequently jeopardised the friendly relations existing between himself and the captain. Marc Jalobert, whom we ought to have mentioned before, commanded La Petite Hermine; he was, like Cartier, a mere sailor from St. Malo, but infinitely superior, in point of experience and judgment, to the nobles who served under his orders. The rest of the crew—amounting altogether to 110 men—were, as we said, a heterogeneous assemblage. Vice and depravity was stamped on as many faces as youthful ardour and enterprise. Men who had murdered their rivals, who had fled their creditors, who had held office as farmers of the revenue and tampered with the funds entrusted to their care, had emigrated themselves on board the vessels. One trait of character—and one only, perhaps—was common to all; and that was an unquestioning faith in religion. The most hardened criminal of the band had listened with devout awe to the pious prayer of the Bishop of Malo, as he implored the blessing of God and St. Mary on the daring mariners.

Such were the first Europeans who ascended the Saint Lawrence. Cartier, their leader, had already made one successful voyage to America, and carried home, from the territory bordering on the gulf, two of the natives, whom he called *Taignoguy* and *Domagaia*. Stimulated by his own ambition, and encouraged by the representations of these Indians, he had resolved to endeavour to penetrate the continent by sailing up the great river he had named St. Laurent; and through the support of Admiral Chabot and Charles de Mony, Seigneur of Meillerie, had succeeded in obtaining an armament of three vessels from the king. With these, well equipped and manned, he sailed from St. Malo on the 19th May, 1535, reached the coast of America about the close of July, and slowly ascended the stream. As soon as he reached the Saguenay River, he began to hold intercourse with the inhabitants through his native interpreters, and received on every side marks of goodwill and kindness. While he lay at anchor some twenty miles below Quebec, the Agouhanna, or chief of the country, named Donnacona, visited him with twelve canoes, and presented the travellers with fruit, fish, and bark. So high was the chief's consideration for Cartier, indeed, that on parting from his distinguished visitor, the French sailor was requested to suffer his arm to be kissed, in Indian fashion. This pleasantly occupied in a reciprocal interchange of civilities with the Indians, the expedition viltities by symptoms of the approach of winter before they had thought of preparing for their return. Some were terrified at the stories which were told of the rigour of the climate; others among whom the gentlemen were foremost, rather relished the idea of the new sensation of extreme cold; the Indians were loath to part with their new friends; and after mature deliberation, Cartier resolved on wintering in the harbour of Quebec. He drew his vessels as high up as the water would allow him, in the mouth of the small river now called St. Charles, and there his ships remained seven months and a half.

As soon as La Grande Hermine and her consort were safely moored, Cartier resolved to push on westward as far as the great village of Hochelaga. After some discussion, Guillaume le Breton persuaded Cartier to allow his vessel to accompany