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## LITERATURE.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Graham's Magazine for August.

#### THE KING'S GRATITUDE.

A TALE OF KING CHARLES II. AND HIS COURT.

By Henry William Herbert.

#### CHAPTER V.

The Chevalier de Grammont; the King's Ex-courtier.

It was some five or six days after the occurrence near the Italian house, a space during which Rosamond had been more seriously annoyed than ever by the importunities of the court, and the scarcely equivocal allusions of Charles to what he was pleased to call her penchant for the illustrious Frenchman, that a gay group of courtiers had, at an early hour of the morning, accompanied the king and his train of spaniels into St. James's Park, where he amused himself, as was his wont, feeding his tame water-fowl in the Canal, playing with his dogs, and chatting in his easy unkingly manner, which rendered him so popular, despite all his ill-governed, with such promenaders or chance-passengers as he chanced to know by sight.

Among the party, who accompanied him rather as equal associates than as subjects, were De Grammont, Sir George Etherege, the accomplished Backhurst, afterward Duke of Dorset, and wild William Crofts, groom of the stole; with all of whom, making no distinction of rank, he gossiped and jested in his loose, idle way, and allowed them to pass their jokes on him in return.

In the course of their wild and licentious talk, De Grammont alluded jestingly but with a visibly earnest intention, to the want of progress which he made with the beautiful Bellarmyne, adding pointedly, 'if your majesty were half as energetic a wooer for others as you are for yourself, and came as briskly to the point, she would not remain long so pertubably en garde.'

The king laughed, not less, perhaps, at the effrontery of the count's *jeu des mots* on his own kinswoman's dishonour, than on the coolness with which he seemed to rely on his good offices in a matter so dishonouring; and replied—'Faith! when I do such things by proxy, I use my good friend Chiffinch; you had better apply to him, count, and if he do not bring the affair to a prosperous event, by my honour, I see nothing for it but your must carry her off *à la force*, as Rochester would have done fair Mistress Mallet. I dare say, you have many another *petite maison* besides the Italian House.'

'But I have heard say, your majesty was very angry with Rochester; I could not survive my king's anger.'

'Rochester failed, chevalier, and the lady was neither pacified nor placable. I never heard the name of De Grammont coupled with the word failure.'

'Not at Brusat, sire, nor Lansquenot, nor yet at Onabre,' replied Etherege; with a mock reverence to De Grammont; 'but fame is more mendacious even than her own ill-report goes, if fortune be as kind to the chevalier in the affairs of Venus, as has shown herself in those of Mars and Pluto. Crofts, here, has told us some funny tales about his devotion to Mademoiselle St. Germain.'

'Odds fish!' exclaimed the king, breaking off abruptly, and looking earnestly towards the bird-cage walk from which direction two persons were advancing—one was an old gentleman of seventy years of age or upwards, dressed in a suit of plain brown velvet, with a gold chain about his neck, and a gold-headed crutch in his hand, in lieu of the sword at his side, without which gentlemen then rarely went abroad; the other a youth of a military department, in half military attire, whom Charles, with his usual quickness, recognised at once as his time-ly assistant in the lane near Chelsea—

'Odds fish! whom have we here? That should be our worthy friend of the city, good Master Nicholas Bellarmyne; but who is the stout gallant on whose arm he leans?—a likely looking lad, with an arm and leg that might have won favor in bluff King Harry's sight, who loved, they say, to look upon the thews and sinews of a man! Who his he? Do any of you know gentlemen? Then faith! I must en ask myself.'

Then, as the old merchant and his son were passing by, as was the etiquette, at a respectable distance, merely uncovering as they went their way, he called after them in his ordinary blunt manner. 'Why, how now, Master Nicholas Bellarmyne, are we out of favor with our good friends of the city, that one of their best men gives us the go-by so cavalierly?'

Thus summoned, the persons who had provoked the royal attention drew near, the father keeping his head erect, though uncovered, and looking his majesty full in the face, with an eye as clear and calm as his own; but his son drooping his brow a little, and having his eyes down-cast, as if he were either bashful or reluctant, and falling back a pace or two as they approached the presence.

'Not so, your majesty,' replied the merchant, seeing that the king waited a reply, 'you are, as ever, our very good lord, and gracious master, and we desire but to know wherein we may please your grace, in order to do so. But, seeing that you were private, we did not dare intrude until commanded.'

'One would think, Master Bellarmyne,' replied the king, laughing, 'that you had attained the years to know that there is no intrusion, now-a-days, possible by men with money-bags like yours, if fame operate them not, especially on kings and courtiers, who, however much of gold they may bear on their backs, carry none, on a point of honor, in their purses. But who is this gentleman with you? I have not, I think, seen his face at court, yet I remember something of the trick of it. Who is he, that I know him, but cannot call a name to him?'

'My son, your majesty. Armytage Bellarmyne; he has returned but of late from Germany, where and in the Low Countries he has had the honour to serve the king and emperor in twelve successive campaigns.'

'Twelve campaigns!' replied the king. 'He must have begun betimes. And did he win that medal there, which he wears on his breast? And wherefore hath he not been presented to us, his lawful native sovereign, for whom, I presume, his sword will be drawn hereafter?'

'Whenever need shall be, your grace. But you have indulged us so long with the blessings of peace that England had no need of it; and youth is rash, as your majesty knows, and perilous, and will have its vent in mischief somewhere. Touching his presentment, he tarried only for the arrival of my lord of Craven, to whom he had the good fortune to be known abroad, and who was gracious to promise that he would stand his sponsor to your majesty.'

'Ha! Craven!' said the king; 'gallant and loyal Craven! Well, we will accept Craven absent, as his sponsor, and elect you, sir, present, as his proxy. Present him to us. We would know where we have seen his face before.'

'Armytage, on hearing these words, exceeding gracious as they were, advanced uncovered; and, as his father named him, knelt gracefully on one knee, and kissed the hand which was extended to him with a smile, thinking, as he did so, with how much less ceremony he had grasped it only a few nights previously. Then, rising to his feet, he stood, respectfully, but perfectly unembarrassed, before Charles who, with twinkling eye and suppressed smile, pursued the subject, determined evidently to try his new ally's spirit and discretion.

'How is it, sir,' he said, 'that your face is so familiar to me? It is not your likeness to your father, for you are not like him. I have seen yourself before—where have we met?'

'So please your majesty,' replied Armytage, himself unable to refrain from smiling, 'once, many years since, I had the honor to see you ride through the streets of Breda; and, I believe, your majesty's eye might have fallen on my feature. But I had thought it too small a matter to rest in your memory.'

'More things rest in my memory,' said the king, significantly, 'than men think for. It must have been in Breda, then. Well, sir, you see, I have not forgotten; and you shall see I will not forget you. I hear you have served, sir—where and under whom? And where did you win that medal which you wear? I see it is imperial.'

'I have served, sire,' replied the young man, modestly both in the Low Countries and in Transylvania; besides one campaign in Denmark. I have fought under Turenne and Montecuculi, and had the good fortune to be at the forcing of the Prince of Condé's lines at Arras, at the defeat of Rogotsky's Transylvanians before Craoow, at the relief of Copenhagen. It was before Craoow, where I served as the general's aide-de-camp that I had the honor to receive this decoration.'

'You have, indeed, been fortunate, sir,' answered the king, graciously. 'Whether to have fought under such heroes as Turenne and Montecuculi, or against such heroes as Condé and Gustavus Adolphus, were enough to satisfy the most ambitious of glory. And what purpose you to do now, sir?'

'To lay my sword at your majesty's feet, if it can serve you. I should have

done so earlier, could I have quitted the emperor's service with honor, before peace was declared. If not, and these rumors of war between the empire and the Turks prove true, I may have your license, sire, to take a turn against the Ottoman's under my old commander.'

'No, no, sir. For the present, you have had fighting enough, methinks, without getting your ears cut off by some Janizary, and sent up in salt to the Sublime Porte. We will try to find something for you to do here in England. Meantime, her majesty holds court to-morrow night, we shall command your attendance, desiring to know how our English ladies compare with the fair Austrians, and the Polish beauties of whom we have heard wonders.'

And a slight bow indicating that the interview was finished, Armytage and his father retired with due reverence, the latter marvelling much to what they could owe so unusual a reception from the king.

As they withdrew, Charles sauntered away towards the palace, playing with his dogs; and, reverting to the matter uppermost in his mind, asked De Grammont carelessly, 'Well, chevalier, what think you of your new found subject?'

'A bold youth!' answered De Grammont, shortly—for he had observed the community of names between the young imperialist and his chamber, and forebode no good from his arrival. Moreover, he foresaw a rival favorite near the throne, and his vanity could brook *nil simile aut secundum*.

'Odds fish!' cried the king hastily, 'a brave one, rather, and a modest, and a discreet! I should like to see one of you, gentlemen, who—' he checked himself rather abruptly, and added with a low bow to De Grammont, 'but I forget that I speak to the comrades and sharer of the great Condé's glory at Lens, Norlinguen, and Fribourg, and of the no less great Turenne's, at the forcing of those same lines at Arras.'

The chevalier could but bow low to the gracefully turned compliment of the king, though he half suspected some later meaning in the king's reticence. He remained, however, silent, and something discomposed during the remainder of the promenade.

The king was also, contrary to his wont, absorbed in thought, grave and taciturn.

'What's a foot, now, Backhurst? whispered Etherege to his friend, as they lagged a step or two behind the party. And who is the new Captain Bellarmyne?'

'Some one,' replied Backhurst, profanely, 'whom either the good Lord, or the foul fiend, has sent to spoil the Frenchman's game with the other Bellarmyne.'

'The good Lord, then,' replied Etherege, laughing, 'the good Lord, for a rogue! The foul fiend would have helped the Frenchman. I don't like this selling, or swamping, of English ladies' honors—not being over nice myself or squeamish.'

'Nor I—an English king being salesman,' said Backhurst. 'Yet these were two of the most licentious gallants of that unscrupulous time; but there are things so foul as must needs make the most corrupt gorge rise against them, if the heart thrill to any latent sense of honor.'

The queen's court, on the following night, was more superb than usual; more decked with flowers of female loveliness, than usual, it could not be; for probably no such assemblage of beauty and grace—alas! that modesty and virtue may not be added—was ever brought together.

There was the superb Barbara of Castelmains, radiant in almost incomparable beauty, but dressed, or undressed rather, to a degree calculated to excite disgust, rather than any warmer feeling, and brazen with more than cynical effrontery; yet the poor, broken spirited queen smiled on her, and exchanged compliments with her, in the face of all the sneering court.

Here was Frances Stuart, for whose love it was rumoured that Charles would fain have been divorced from Catharine of Braganza, 'the greatest beauty,' as quaint old Pepy's says, 'I did ever see in all my life, with her cocked hat and red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent tails.'

There was the fair and languid Middleton, with her soft, insipid smile, and love-lorn look askance. There was the beautiful and virtuous Miss Hamilton, with her commanding form, and swan-like neck, her open, smooth, white forehead, and her round arms, the loveliest in the world. There was little Miss Jennings, with her complexion the fairest and brightest that was ever seen; her abundant flaxen hair, her exquisite mouth, with that *nez retroussé* and that animated, arch expression, that redeemed her

from the charge of insidiously—reproach of blonde beauties; Miss Bagot, with her regular, calm features, her 'brown complexion of that sort so unusual in England, and the continual blush which she had ever on her cheek, without having anything to blush for; Miss Temple, with her fine teeth and languishing eyes, wreathed smile, and lively air; and, though he last, the most lovely, the best, the purest of them all innocent Rosamond Bellarmyne, with her clear blue eyes revealing every sentiment of her frank and candid soul, her cheek pale from annoyance and agitation, yet sweeter from the purity of the very pallor, and her rich brown hair flowing, as it were, in mingled masses of chestnut silk and gold, over her marble shoulders.

That night the king did not tease her nor did his face once wear that malicious smile, or his lip once syllable the Court De Grammont's name. On the contrary, his countenance was grave, and his voice, calm and kind, when he told her that he had found her a new cousin whom he would present to her this evening. And when she started, and blushed crimson, and looked fluttered and frightened, he answered her look by a reassuring smile, and said, 'A very honorable one, Mistress Rosamond.'

No man in England knew the family histories of all his subjects better than Charles, long as he had resided in a foreign land; nor was the name of Bellarmyne so common of occurrence but that so soon as he knew the name of the emperor's young soldier, he knew also his relationship of the queen's maid-of-honor. To-day he had thought—not a common thing for Charles to do—he had thought of all that those Bellarmynes, of old race, had done and suffered for his unlucky House, and, as he thought, his conscience smote him—for he had a conscience, at times, when any thing pierced deep enough to wake it into life—and he paused and repented.

He did present Captain Bellarmyne to Rosamond after he had presented him, with much distinction to the queen, and took care that he should be her partner; which then implied association not for a single dance, but for the whole ball, and baquets that followed it; and once or twice during the evening, as he went round among his guests, joking and drinking with them like any thing rather than a king, he found time to say a passing word or two good-naturedly, and winked most unroyally at Armytage, and clinked his glass with Rosamond, as he drank to her 'with his eyes.'

Grammont was furious. Finding himself balked of Rosamond, he had attached himself to Miss Hamilton, to whom he was very attentive, and whom he afterwards married—being brought back from Calais for that purpose by dislike to her brother's pistols—but he was abstracted and rude and tore her enamelled fan to pieces in his fretful mood; and when Miss Jennings quizzed him of his discomposure, he answered her so sneeringly and shortly, that the saucy gipsy turned her back full in his face, and did not speak to him again for a month.

Once he attacked the king, bantering, but evidently sore.

'Odds fish! chevalier,' Charles answered, testily, 'win her yourself, and wear her. If you can't win her yourself, send Chiffinch, or your man Termes, who lost your fine coat in the quicksand at Calais. But for your reputation's sake, chevalier, don't lip to them at Paris what dirty work you asked a king to do for you!'

'Or did for a king,' said Etherege, in a low voice, as he chanced to stand near him.

'Sir!' cried De Grammont, turning on him furiously.

'Sir,' replied Etherege, quietly. 'I call you so, because it is the English for Chevalier—and, with a low bow, he turned his back, and walking away asked some one to present him to Captain Bellarmyne.'

So incensed was De Grammont, now, that he lost all command of himself; and though he felt it was impossible to quarrel in the very banquetting-hall of the palace, he still could not refrain, when the ball was ended, and his self constituted rival was looking for his hat and cloak in the ante chamber, from walking up and addressing him in a manner anywhere haughty and unbecoming, but surpassingly so in a royal apartment.

'Captain Bellarmyne, I believe?'

'At your service, Chevalier De Grammont.'

'Will you permit me, then, to inquire the meaning of your attentions to Mistress Rosamond Bellarmyne?'

'Certainly, count, to enquire any thing you please; and, being myself the lady's poor cousin, on learning your superior pretensions, I shall gladly answer you.'

'Then, sir, I have another question;'

De Grammont began fiercely, when Bellarmyne, as calmly interrupted him, 'Which I shall also gladly answer, sir, anywhere but within the precincts of my sovereign's palace.'

'Good-night, count de Grammont!' said a deep voice behind them. Both turned; it was the king, with a mien of unwonted dignity, if severity were not the better word. The proud Frenchman could but bow and retire.

The face of Charles relaxed, as he asked 'Where did you learn to be so discreet, so young, Captain Bellarmyne?'

'Under General Montecuculi, sire. He made me once stand on guard, all steel from my teeth to my toes, from the rise to the set of a July sun, for saluting my superior officer when he wished to be incognito.'

'He did very right, sir,' answered Charles, laughing; 'and he seems to have made you a pretty good soldier. Now if you will wait on Major-general Craven, at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, he will be very glad to see Major Bellarmyne of the Coldstream Guards. Pleasant dreams to you, major.'

### THE MODEL HUSBAND.

The model husband loves his wife as well after as before marriage. Her slightest wish is his law. He never smokes cigars, and abominates the very name of a club. He esteems it the happiest day of his life when Betsey, or whatever her name is consented to become his; and whenever that interesting anniversary comes round, he is overpowered by a throng of pleasant memories, which generally results in a present to Betsey, aforesaid.

He allows his wife to run up bills with impunity. Never hints that she might be less extravagant. On the contrary, when the milliner's bills comes in, he runs over the numerous items with a thrill of delight, and pays it with an ecstasy of joy. He never feels jealous if his wife chooses to flirt with Lieut. Puddle, who has 'such a magnificent moustache,' or Major B., who 'dances so divinely.'

He does not discourage his wife's frequenting balls and places of amusement. On the contrary, he often volunteers to stay at home and take care of the baby, that she may go. He thinks woman the decided superior of man in every respect, and is a stout advocate of 'Woman's Rights.'

He invites all his wife's relations to come and stay at his house as long as they please, and never suggests, after a visit of two months, that a change of air would be beneficial to their health. When his wife's mother tells him what a treasure he has in 'her dear child,' he never thinks of doubting her word.

He never grumbles if his shirts are discovered to be minus a button, or his stockings plus a hole. He frequently takes the opportunity during his wife's absence, to gather his children about him and expatiate on the virtues of their dear mamma, and tells them how much they owe her. If Mary Jane inquires how much she owes her mother aforesaid, pulling her ears, he is very much shocked, and commands Mary Jane to go to bed directly.

Such is the Model Husband. There are not many such, I am afraid, and those few are as often styled 'Henpecked.'

### A SNAKE STORY.

'I reckon this 'ere country of yours is pretty considerable productive, stranger—isn't it?' said a down-caster, who had just arrived in one of the new Mississippi settlements, to a person whom he met, one of the regular meat-eaters breed.

'There's not such another country between this and the state of Bancome, in North Carolina, replied the Mississippi settler.

'Raise a good deal of coting, eh?'

'Lots of it.'

'All-fired quantities of game in this section, is 'pose?'

'Considerable of a sprinkling, 'specially snakes.'

'What sorter snakes?'

'Rattle-snakes and copper-heads.'

'Oh! git out! du tell—I want to know if they're so almighty thick?'

'Rather. Dad and I went out this morning snake-hunting—killed only a cord and a quarter—but then it was a bad snake morning, and you must make some allowances.'

'Oh! I'll make any 'lowances, and tracts out of the settlement at the same time. But, say, jest 'tween ourselves—if it had raly been a good morning, how many cords of snakes du you 'magine you'd-a-killed?'

'Five is about an average.'

'Five! You don't say so?'

'Yes I do, though.'

'Which is my shortest way out of this