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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 VI.

Blackheath; An Attempt and a Failure.

THREE days succeeding the queen's mask flew away, to Rosamond, on wings of the swiftest, perhaps the pleasantest three days she had ever known. The court, meanwhile, was full of rumours, the least definite and the most singular imaginable! The sudden and incomprehensible advancement of a young, unknown soldier; representing no interest, urged forward by no favourite, seemingly without recommendation, beyond a foreign order of merit, to a grade in the favorite regiment of the service which great lords coveted, would have been in itself a nine days' wonder. But to this were added the retirement of Rochester from court, no one knew whither, no one pretended to conjecture on what cause—the quasi disgrace of the Chevalier de Grammont; who, though he was still constant in attendance on the royal person, still sulked and held himself aloof, while no one, Charles the least of all, appeared to notice his ill humor, or to regret his withdrawal, who a little while before had been the *magnus Apollo* of Whitehall—the preferment of Major Bellarmyne not only to his military grade, but to something nearly approaching to familiarity with the easy monarch, who distinguished him on every occasion, constantly required his presence, selected him as the companion of his private walks, and would, it was evident, have promoted him to the questionable honor of favoritism, had not Arnytage shown himself utterly intractable and repugnant, as unfitted alike by temper and principle for the envied but unenviable post—and last, not least, the reticence of the king, who, usually so garrulous and free of access, held perfect silence, and was entirely unapproachable on this subject, demeaning himself in all other respects as if nothing had occurred out of the ordinary course, and appearing even gay and more light-hearted than his wont.

The least of these events would have sufficed, even in busier circles, where luxury and leisure are less prolific of idle surmises and flippant scandal, to set the drones a buzzing, and the whole hive humming angrily, if not yet stinging. Dire, therefore, in Whitehall, was the confusion of tongues; wonderful in Spring Garden the ruin of characters. Yet, for all this, seeing that Major Bellarmyne was, not doubtfully, the rising man of the day, and in favor both with the king's and the queen's circles, it is wonderful how soon all the handsomest women of the court discovered a thousand manly charms and graces in his person, a thousand attractions in his air and conversation, of which no one had ever before suspected him; and now all the men reported him a person of parts no less shining than solid, a fellow of infinite wit, in short the most desirable of companions, although a week before, they would have passed him in the Mall with a contemptuous wonder who that tall fellow might be, or a sneer at the soldier of fortune.

Nor is it much more easy of explanation how Rosamond, who had for months been left almost all alone, in the midst of an unsympathising crowd, to endure persecutions which she could not avoid, now that she was connected, both by similarity of name and by the intimacy which the king undoubtedly fostered between them, with the new hero of the minute, became the object of so much friendly regard and attention, that it would have been impossible, had he attempted it, for the count to renew the intimacies which had rendered her past life almost insupportable.

Neither Rosamond, however, nor her newly acquired friend and cousin—of whose existence she had never even heard a week since—attached much importance or paid much regard to the fickle favors of the courtier crowd. To both of them it was a new phase of existence—to her, who had never known one of her own blood, except her father, too far removed from herself in years to be more than a tenderly loved and dutifully revered parent, it was a new delight to find a kinsman on whose strength she might repose, in whose honor, she might confide, in whose conversation she might find, something long sought but undiscovered, truth blended with wit, sincerity undivorced from the lighter graces, to whom she could disclose much which it had

sorely galled her to conceal, almost as if he had been a dear elder brother.

And for him whose life had been spent, for the most part, in the tented field, in the actual shock of the heavy fight, or in the dull monotony of the camp, who had mingled but little in female society, and that little only ceremoniously according to the formal routine of the continental courts, now to find himself thrown, as if naturally, into close and intimate association with one so beautiful, so frank, so charming in her innocence and artless graces, one whom nothing should lead him to regard as a stranger, but rather to protect and cherish as his nearest of kin on earth, except those of the elder generation, it possessed a pleasure greater far than the mere fascination of novelty.

All those who have travelled or sojourned long abroad, know well what a void they have felt about the heart on returning to the old home and finding that for them it was no longer home—that they are gone, all gone, those old familiar faces; that the old friends are dead; the young friends dispersed, estranged, occupied with new friends, new ties, new pleasures, new associations; that, in quitting the land of the stranger, they had in truth broken off the later, though without recovering the older, bonds of companionship.

Particularly had this been the case with Arnytage Bellarmyne. He had left England when little more than a mere boy; his mother he had never known; brothers, sisters, kinsmen and kinswomen he had none. Sir Reginald and his daughter, who were, though his nearest relatives, but distant cousins, had been in exile from a time beyond the date of his earliest memory; in truth, he remembered not ever to have heard of them at home.

But he had heard much, pitied much, sympathised much abroad; for he had learned there, on all sides, of the doings and the sufferings of the elder branch of his house, of the unflinching loyalty and faith, of the extreme poverty and unbending integrity of the old cavalier, and something of the beauty and high qualities of his daughter.

Having left home, known to no relations and to few friends beyond mere school companions, the weariness, the void, the sense of strangeness, he experienced, finding himself, not figuratively, but indeed, a stranger in the land of his birth, were so overpowering that he had indeed meditated returning—as he had informed the king he wished to do—to take arms under his old commander, who was in hourly expectation of being called into the field against the redoubtable forces of the Turk, who was then held in awe by the strongest powers in continental Europe.

Here, then were two young persons thrown together into that most perfect and confidential of all solicitudes, the solicitude of a crowd; because it is solitude without having the air of being such, and, as being liable to slight interruptions, which do in truth interrupt it, awakens no sense of strangeness, no idea of alarm, or suspicion of impropriety.

Far otherwise, indeed, for it seemed to be agreed by common consent of all around them that they were to be partners, companions on all occasions together—and who, that has ever been so placed, knows not how strongly that operates in facilitating, almost in creating, intimacy.

Inclined from the first to be pleased, to like each the other, every moment drew them nearer and nearer together—topics of mutual interest were not wanting; for the young soldier never wearied of listening to his ardent companion's descriptions of the old ivy mantled abbey, gray and neglected among its unshorn woods, and fern encumbered chase, a world too wide for its shrunken demesnes—and the deep sympathy he evinced for the aged, honorable veteran, sitting alone, in his old age, in the grand gloom of his ancestral halls, brooding over the ruins of his dilapidated fortunes, with no child, no dear friend, no veteran companion, to fill his cup, or smooth his pillow, or soften the downward path of his declining years, with nothing to look forward to on earth but a deserted death-bed, and the care of menials, would alone have bound Rosamond to him with chains of steel, had there been nothing else to draw them together.

But she, too, like Desdemona, would seriously incline her ear to what he had to relate of foreign climes and customs, and to the chances and romances, the gleams of chivalry and touches of sweet mercy, which are the redeeming tints in the black hue of battle-histories, the one touch of nature, which indeed makes the whole world kin.

And from liking, they imperceptibly glided on into loving, without being led at all to examine into the nature of their feelings, without suspecting or inquiring

how things went with them, until Arnytage awoke and found that he had been dreaming how pleasant it would be, and how excellent a use of his father's hoarded stores, and ponderous money-bags, to redeem the sequestered acres and restore the antique glories of Bellarmyne Abbey; and to cheer the sad and solitary days of old Sir Reginald by giving him a stout and soldierly son's arm whereon to prop his tottering steps—and then, by an easy transition, to fancy how delightful it would be to see Rosamond presiding as the household deity, serene in youthful beauty the cherished daughter, adored wife, and charming mother.

And Rosamond too, began to count the minutes when Arnytage was absent, and to look wistfully for his tall figure in the crowded ball, or banquet-hall; and to thrill and blush and tremble when she saw him coming; and to wonder why she was such a little fool to shake and quiver like an aspen leaf, at his approach, when she was glad to have him come.

And the good-natured king chuckled and laughed within himself, perfectly content and delighted at the success of his plans. He knew how the elder branch of the Bellarmynes had lost all in his own and his father's cause; and now that he had begun to think about it at all, he both thought and felt strongly. If he could, easily, have redressed their grievances, he had done so eagerly; but, in truth, he had not the power to redress them by any means. The sequestered lands had been sold to innocent third parties, and these were secured by amnesty at the restoration. There were no means of indemnifying the impoverished and ruined cavaliers; the court was needy, thriftless, improvident, indebted, and, between his ladies, and his favorites, and his pleasures, the king was for the most part penniless.

But he had conceived this plan of rewarding his staunch old veteran, and of building up his broken fortunes by means of the vast wealth of the London merchant, making, at the same time, two very charming young persons happy, bringing together a dissevered family connection, reinstating a fine old hereditary estate, a fine old hereditary name—in a word, if not of doing a good action, at least of bringing about a good result. To effect this he was willing—yes! he was even willing to take some personal trouble. It was rather amusing, by the way! than the reverse. He had made up his mind, if he could bring it about, to create a new peerage, in which Sir Reginald should be first baron, with remainder to the citizen's son, if that might facilitate matters—and, as he saw all things in progress as he would have them, he began to wax proud and happy in self-approbation, and to fancy himself a sort of *Deus ex machina*, descending to solve a knot indissoluble by the efforts of his faithful subjects.

It occurs, not so seldom as we are apt to imagine however, that some sudden incident or occurrence—accidents, perhaps, in the true sense of the word, are not—will often either produce or mature and expedite results which the most skilful management and wisest counsel would have failed to bring to so facilitous a termination. Times will occur when all things appear to keep in one, consentient current, accidentally, as it were, tending, yet with a purpose so evident a direction so manifest, that it is impossible to doubt the interposition of an unknown, over-ruling will, to one desired or dreaded event, one favorable or disastrous end; and so it fell out in this instance.

A grand stag-hunt was to be held, in honor of some foreign prince, of one of the small German states, who happened to be on a visit at Whitehall; and all the court circle were ordered to attend on an appointed day, the court itself adjourning for the time to Windsor castle, and those who were not so fortunate as to be of the royal party taking up their quarters, wherever they might find them, in the town of Windsor, or the adjacent villages at Datchet, Egham, Staines, and Kingston upon Thames, all of which were crowded with gay guests and splendid retinues of horses, livery servants, and followers of all kinds.

Major Bellarmyne was one of the fortunate few who were ordered to attend at the castle; and on the eve of his departure, received his appointment as chief equerry to his majesty, which of course relieved him from duty with his regiment.

The day appointed for the hunt—a rare occurrence for fête days—dawned auspiciously, warm, soft and slightly overclouded, precisely such a day as huntsmen love, and lady equestrians do not hate, as there was neither sun enough to offend their fair complexion, nor wind to disturb their plumes, or ruffle their flowing draperies.

At an early hour the heath was alive with gay and animated groups; large tents

were pitched on a rising ground, with the royal banner floating above them, in which a superb collation was to be served at noon; while the bands of the Life-guards and Oxford Blues, then as now the magnificent household troops of the British sovereign, made the wild echoes ring with the symphonies of their brazen instruments. Deer, which had been taken in toils in Windsor forest, were on the ground in carts, to be released and coursed by the fleet and superb English greyhounds, a breed of dog which had already been brought to a high degree of perfection by Lord Oxford and others; and the wide, open, undulating stretches of the heath being excellently appropriate to the sport, and the day is very light propitious, great sport was anticipated. Nor did the result deceive the expectation. Course succeeded course, proving alike the speed and strength of the noble redder, and the unrivalled ardor, courage and condition of the gallant greyhounds.

Communications.

CONSECRATION OF CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

Sir,

The Catholic-minded portion of the Church of England, in the Northern Counties would be very glad, I am sure, if you will at once transfer to your columns, the entire authentic account of the Consecration of the Cathedral, which has been lately published in the Head-Quarters Newspaper.

In the next number of that paper there will be inserted, it is said, an architectural description of this Church (unrivalled in the British Provinces of North America) and a list of the offerings (some of which are quite princely) that has been presented to it, from time to time, for the more decent celebration of Divine Service therein.

The appearance in your journal of that account also, will be equally gratifying to all those persons in these parts, who have humbly assisted their indefatigable Bishop in the accomplishment of his good great work.

FAITH.

Wednesday last (August 31st) being the day appointed for the consecration of Christ Church Cathedral, newly erected in this city, was the occasion of a large assembly of Bishops, Clergy, and Laity from the United States, Nova Scotia, and all parts of this Diocese, who felt an interest in this great and glorious work.

The morning bore a somewhat threatening aspect, but happily about 9 o'clock the sky began to clear, and nothing transpired to cast a gloom over the proceedings of this long desired and ever to be remembered day. We are sure that those of our readers who were privileged to witness and take part in these proceedings will not be unwilling to be reminded of them, and to others who were hindered from being present, it may become compensation to receive a slight and necessarily brief sketch of what took place on this occasion.

At 10 o'clock the Bishops of Quebec and Toronto, Bishop Southgate, Rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston, and our own revered Diocesan were met at the Province Hall by 60 of the Clergy vested in surplices, several members of the Bench and Bar in their robes, Officers of the 76th Regiment, the Worshipful the Mayor, and other distinguished inhabitants of the City and neighbourhood, who formed in procession, and, attended by little boys bearing banners, on which were depicted the arms of the North American Colonial Seas and other appropriate and ecclesiastical devices, advanced towards the new building.

On reaching the Cathedral Green, the Clergy commenced chanting the 121st Psalm, and on approaching the great Western Doors they filed off, allowing the Bishops to pass through and take the foremost place in the procession, which then moved slowly to the Nave, chanting the 24th Psalm to the 5th Gregorian tone. At the 7th verse the choir took up the solemn strain, and the full peal of the noble organ burst forth as an accompaniment to the Gloria Patri. It was an impressive and overpowering scene, and the heart of many a brother and sister in the Lord was sensibly and deeply affected when the venerable Prelates, and Doctors, and Presbyters thus joined with one voice in the triumphant melody of the Church's ancient song.

It may be mentioned here that the doors of the Cathedral were thrown open half an hour before the arrival of the procession for the admission of the wives and

daughters, and the aged and infirm members of the Church, these having been thus cared for, and those who formed the procession provided with seats, the doors were opened to all, and while the gentlemen who had kindly undertaken the trying office were engaged in finding accommodations for the congregation, as far as it was possible to do so, a suitable voluntary performed on the Organ. The building was soon filled in every part, and it was remarked by many, to the honor of the vast concourse of people there assembled, that they had never witnessed more quiet, orderly, and devout conduct in the House of God.

The Bishop of the Diocese then commenced the Consecration service from the Throne in the Choir, and the sentence of Consecration having been pronounced by Rev. F. Coster, Rector of Carleton, St. John, Morning Prayer was read by Rev. Richard Podmore, Curate of St. Anne's Chapel. The first lesson was read by Rev. Dr. Haight, Professor in the Theological Seminary of New York, the second lesson by Rev. W. Q. Ketchum, Curate of the Parish. The exhortation was read by the Venerable George Coster, Archdeacon and Rector of Fredericton, and the anthem, by Dr. G. Elvey, Organist of St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor, commencing with the words 'Open ye the gates,' (Isaiah xxvi, 2.) was skilfully sung by the Bishop's Choir, consisting chiefly of volunteers residing in the City, who were on this occasion assisted by the Carleton Choir, and some members of the Choir of Trinity and St. Paul's Churches, St. John. The litany was read by Rev. Dr. Edson of Lowell, Mass., and then followed a hymn sweetly sung by 30 children of both sexes, who came forward, from the south transept into the Choir for that purpose, and touching and beautiful it was to hear the praises of the adorable Trinity rising for the first time within those now hallowed walls from the lips of the youthful members of Christ's Holy Church.

The communion service was now commenced by the Bishop of the Diocese. The epistle being read by the Bishop of Toronto, and the Gospel by the Bishop of Quebec. The sermon was preached by Bishop Southgate from Psalm 122, verses 8 and 9. As this and the other admirable discourses delivered during the Consecration week are shortly to be published, we will only say of this sermon that it was an able and eloquent address, expressive of the deep joy felt by the members of the American church in this event as an earnest of the wider extension of Catholic unity.

After the sermon, the alms of the Clergy, collected by a Deacon, and those of the people by the Church-warden and others, were by the Bishop humbly presented on the Altar. They amounted to upwards of £250, the largest collection made, it is believed, at any one time in British North America. The Holy Communion was then administered by the Bishop, assisted by Presbyters, to a large number of communicants, who retired from this first service in their new Cathedral, we may firmly trust, with feelings of devout thankfulness to Almighty God for putting into the heart of their spiritual Father to build this beautiful Church for His glory and their good, and with humble prayer that His blessing and presence in the place where He has now recorded His name, may indeed be among them and remain with them forever.

At half-past six o'clock the Cathedral was again filled with worshippers, when Evening Prayer was offered up with the accustomed musical services.—The Anthem, composed by Dr. Boyce, was taken from Job xxvii, commencing with the words 'where shall wisdom be found?' The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Quebec, formerly Rector of this Parish from 1st Chronicles xxiii, 1, and contained a masterly defence of the principle of devotion the best of God's gifts in nature and art to the decoration of His House, and the solemn celebration of the divine offices. After the sermon, Handel's Hallelujah Chorus was sung by the Choir, most affectively accompanied on the new instrument by U. S. Haxter Esq., Organist of Trinity Church, Boston, and formerly of Hereford and Salisbury Cathedrals, to whose kind co-operation and valuable services the members of the Church in this City are much indebted. A collection was then made amounting to £14, and after the congregation had dispersed, the Bishop addressed the Choir in a few affectionate and encouraging words acknowledging their attention to their duties and the efficient manner in which they had been discharged.

On Thursday, Morning Prayer was read, and the anthem selected was by Dr. Blow, to the words 'I beheld, and lo, a great multitude,' (Rev. vii, 9.) Morning Prayer being ended, the Bishop, seated