THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

Vol. XIV. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, March 14, 1864. New Series.---No. 15.

Marine Insurance Company
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
Incorporated 14th April, 1863.

PRESIDENT:
WILLIAM HEARD, Esquire.
DIRECTORS:
HON. DANL. DAVIES, | HON. JAS. C. POPE,
HON. W. W. LORD, | HON. GEO. BEER,
JAMES DUNCAN, Esq. | HENRY HASZARD, Esq
SECRETARY:
DANIEL J. ROBERTS.

☞ Risks taken daily at the Offices in Water-street.
May 4.

F. P. NORTON,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.
GEORGETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

Queen Insurance Company
OF LIVERPOOL.
FIRE AND LIFE!

THE Subscriber, having been appointed agent for the above first class Insurance Company, is prepared to take risks on all descriptions of property.
J. S. CARVELL.
Charlottetown, Feb. 10. tf

[Extracts from Newspapers.]

On reference to a return made to Parliament, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 7th June, 1861, it will be seen that the increase of Duty for the year, paid by the "QUEEN," was £2567, being upwards of £1000 more than paid by any other office ever yet established in this City.

[From Gore's General Advertiser, Oct. 24, 1861.]

"Indeed, we believe that we are perfectly justified in saying that no other Company, within the same period, ever attained so large an income in either the Fire or Life Departments as the Queen Insurance Company. In making this statement, we make no exception even in favor of our older local companies, namely, the Liverpool and London, the Royal, and the Lancashire Insurance Companies."

[From the Civil Service Gazette, Nov. 2, 1861.]

"Among these important institutions stands eminent for its solidity, as well as for its success, "the Queen Insurance Company," which last week held its annual meeting of proprietors in Liverpool. A reference to the ample report in another page will fully satisfy every reader of the signal progress made by this association since its foundation. Such success is, indeed, rarely attained; and it attests at once the excellence of its management, and the public confidence in its constitution."

[From the Liverpool Mercury, Nov. 2, 1861.]

"It must be gratifying to the public generally, and especially to the proprietors, to find that its income during the past three years has increased at the rate of £20,000 per annum. We believe that no other Company, within the same short period, ever attained so large an increase either in the Fire or Life Department. This speaks highly for the activity and zeal of the management, while the promptness with which all the claims, arising out of the late disastrous fire in London were met, testifies to their financial ability and the care and prudence which marked the investment of these funds."

The Liverpool and London
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Agent for the above first class English Fire Insurance Company begs to call the attention of the public to the advantages offered by this Company, in respect to the security to the assured, and promptness to pay losses, which, without disparaging other Companies, may be safely asserted to be superior to those afforded by any other Company in the Island. The Liverpool and London F. & L. Insurance Company has been in successful operation since 1836, with agencies all over the world, and has paid in losses about two millions and a quarter sterling. Its subscribed capital is £2,000,000 sterling, and its invested funds alone amount to £1,312,000 stg.; and the fire premiums for 1861 amount to £360,130 19s 9d; and in addition to this very large capital, the Company, having been established before the recent Limited Liability Act, the individual fortunes of each of the shareholders, comprising some of the wealthiest merchants in Liverpool and London, are liable for the losses, should the whole of the capital be swept away. In this respect it differs, it is believed, from any other Company established here.

And lastly, the Agent being appointed by Power of Attorney directly from England, is authorised to draw Bills the moment a loss occurs, and without referring to the Home Company, to the extent of one thousand pounds sterling.

With these superior advantages, the Company is not disposed (though it might be well justified) to ask a higher rate of premium than other English Companies, which do not present the same advantageous features, and the Agent has been advised that an uniform rate has been agreed upon by the Directors of this Company and the "Queen's," and that the Agents here should, in this respect, "act in concert."
W. A. JOHNSTONE,
Agent of the Liverpool and London
Nov. 10, 1862 Fire Insurance Company

Dr. W. G. Sutherland,

IN returning thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed since commencing business, trusts that the same may still be continued towards him. He wishes further to state his present large stock of DRUGS and CHEMICALS, choice Perfumery, Toilet Articles, &c. &c. The best description of every thing connected with the trade, selected in LONDON from the best establishments by those competent of doing justice to the business. The Dispensary Department will be under his own immediate superintendence.

Dr. Sutherland begs also to observe that he trusts the fact of having practised in Scotland several years, and nearly twenty years of extensive colonial practice in every branch of his profession, combined with unremitting assiduity and personal attendance, will not fail to obtain confidence and ensure satisfaction. ☞ Advice to the poor gratis.
Queen-street, Ch'town, P. E. Island, December 7, 1863.

JOHN & ROBERT SCOTT,
Coach & Sleigh Builders,
Kent Street,

INFORM the inhabitants of Charlottetown and the Country generally, that they have now on hand a number of new and second-hand Carriages, open and covered, of different styles, which will be sold cheap for prompt payment.
☞ All orders punctually attended to.
April 14, 1862.

ROSE & McINTYRE,
General Commission Merchants,
88 Cedar-street - - - New York.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION to Sales of OATS and other PRODUCE, and purchase of Merchandize for the British American markets.
Refer to—A. N. Brown, Esqr., 185 Greenwich-street, New York; Messrs. Elliot & Co., 16 Lemoine-street, Montreal; Hon. P. Walker, Charlottetown, P. E. Island Clement McIntyre.
June 15, 1863.

W. A. JOHNSTONE,
Late of Halifax, N. S.
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
Notary Public, &c. &c.
☞ Office — Mrs McDonald's, next door to Mrs Forsyth's, north side of Queen Square.
Charlottetown, October 21, 1863.

North American Hotel,
Kent-street, Charlottetown.

THIS HOTEL, formerly known as the "GLOBE HOTEL," is the largest in the City, and centrally situated; it is now opened for the reception of permanent and transient Boarders. The subscriber trusts, by strict attention to the wants and comfort of his friends and the public generally, to merit a share of public patronage.
☞ The Best of Liquors always on hand. Good Stabling for any number of horses, with a careful hostler in attendance.
JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.
Ch. Town, P. E. I., Nov. 23, 1863. 1y

TOBACCO! TOBACCO!
IN STOCK and FOR SALE—
20 kegs Cavendish TOBACCO,
20 small boxes Extra Do
30 Do Honey Dew Do
J. S. CARVELL.
Char'town, Dec. 28, 1863. tf

STEAMER FROM ST. JOHN. N. B.
To Halifax and Charlottetown.
Fine chance for early Spring Goods!

THE P. E. ISLAND STEAM NAVIGATION CO'S POWERFUL STEAMSHIP "PRINCESS OF WALES," 1000 tons burthen, E. Evans, Commander, will leave ST. JOHN, N. B. for HALIFAX and CHARLOTTETOWN, on or about 15th April. For FREIGHT or PASSAGE apply in St. John, N. B. to Thomas Hanford; Halifax, to Thomas Bolton; Charlottetown, to John Ings.
Charlottetown, Feb. 22, 1864. 4i

Tombstones, Tombstones,
Marble Mantle-Pieces, &c.
(Kent Street, next door to Dr. Johnson's.)

MARBLE WORK of all kinds executed by the Subscriber, with neatness and dispatch, and of the very best material.
☞ MILLSTONES made to order.
Parties requiring any of the above articles are respectfully requested to call and examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ TERMS LIBERAL. ☜
JOHN CAIRNS.
Kent Street, Charlottetown, Feb. 29, 1864. RW 4ins

Note.—I beg to inform the Public generally that I have employed no Agent to solicit orders on my account; therefore can afford to sell cheap. My material and workmanship are scattered over the Island, and I leave it to a discerning public to udge of their merits for themselves. J. C.

Furniture Warerooms.

GEORGE DOUGLASS,
Manufacturer and Importer of Furnitur and Upholstery Goods,

RESPECTFULLY solicits the attention of such as are in want of FURNITURE to call at his New and Spacious Ware-rooms, on the corner of Kent Street and King's Square, directly opposite the Store of Beer & Sons, and examine as good and complete an ASSORTMENT OF FURNITURE, comprising many new and beautiful designs, as can be found in this City.

His long experience in the business with facilities for prosecuting the same to advantage, combined with moderate expenses, enables him to sell his GOODS at much less per cent than any other Furniture store in this Island. Every article required for Housekeeping supplied at this Establishment.

A few of those celebrated Clothes Wringers, a most convenient article in a good Housekeeper's Laundry.

N. B.—One Superior Rosewood, 7 octavo PIANO FORTE, London make.
GEORGE DOUGLASS.
Corner of Kent Street and King's Square.
Charlottetown, Nov. 30, 1863

NOTICE.
Marine Insurance Company of Prince Edward Island.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS in this Company will be held at the Offices in Water Street, on THURSDAY, the 17th day of MARCH, 1864, at 10 o'clock, a. m.
By Order of the Board of Directors,
DANIEL J. ROBERTS, Sec'y.
Charlottetown, Feb. 22nd. 1864.

Tea, Sugar, Holland Gin,
Tobacco, Molasses, &c.

TO be sold by Auction, on SATURDAY, the 19th inst., at 11 o'clock, in front of the Subscriber's ROOM, Queen Square:—
12 puns. choice P. R. MOLASSES,
4 hhds. BRIGHT SUGAR,
8 bbls Do Do
18 chests CONGO TEA, (warranted good),
6 boxes Cavendish TOBACCO,
6 " Woodstock PIPES, 14 boxes RAISINS,
24 bbls. BREAD, 50 bbls. FLOUR,
12 " assorted Crackers, in Soda, Oyster, Water,
40 " CORN MEAL, 18 Coils CORDAGE,
10 " Paraline Pitch, 20 kegs No. 1 White Lead,
3 hhds HOLLAND GIN,
5 pun. DEMERARA SPIRITS,
2 casks Kerosene Oil, 10 boxes Crackers,
10 cases SHERRY WINE, (1 dozen each)
5 " PORT Do Do
10 doz. Painted PAILS, 10 doz. CORN BROOMS,
5 boxes Ground COFFEE, 6 boxes CANDLES,
10 " STARCH, 3 boxes SUGAR,
And a few articles of HARDWARE.
WILLIAM DODD.
March 7, 1864. isl Auctioneer.

UNION BANK
OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

IN accordance with a resolution passed at the General Meeting of the Stockholders of the above Bank, held at the Colonial Building, Charlottetown, on the 11th instant, a call is hereby made of 35 per cent on the Subscribed Stock, which amount the Stockholders are hereby requested to pay into the hands of the Chairman of the Board of Directors, at his office, in Charlottetown, on or before Tuesday the 22nd March next.
CHARLES PALMER, Chairman.
Dated 22nd February, 1864.

AT a Meeting of the above Directors, held on Monday, the 15th February, instant, it was Resolved, That inasmuch as the Stock has not all been taken up, and some of the Subscribers have expressed a wish to be permitted to pay up a larger proportion of their Subscribed Stock than 35 per cent, therefore that any Stockholder paying in a larger per centage shall be entitled to participate in the profits of the Bank in proportion to the amount of Stock so paid in.
CHARLES PALMER, Chairman.
22nd February, 1864.

Rum! Rum!!
A FEW PUNCHEONS of superior old DEMERARA RUM for sale by
GEORGE COLES.
Also at his Brewery, Whiskey, Gin and Ale.
February 15, 1864.

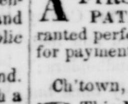
BISCUIT.
10 BARRELS FRESH BISCUIT, in Butter, Water, Soda and Wine.
February 8, 1864. 1m NEIL RANKIN.

SUGAR! SUGAR!
THE Subscriber offers for SALE—
10 Hhds. SUGAR,
J. S. CARVELL.
Charlottetown, Dec 28, 1863. tf

SLEIGHS! SLEIGHS!
JUST RECEIVED and for Sale by the Subscriber—
6 AMERICAN SLEIGHS.
J. S. CARVELL.
Charlottetown, Dec. 28, 1863. tf

SHIP BUILDERS.
2 SUPERIOR SPARS, upwards of 60 feet long, for sale by
NEIL RANKIN.
February 8, 1864. 1m

SCHOONER FOR SALE.



THE "CHERUB," 43 Tons Register, well found in Sails, Rigging, Chains and Anchors. Terms liberal, apply at the store of
JAMES PURDIE.
Feb. 15, 1864. tf

FOR SALE.
A FIRST RATE ONE HORSE NEW PATENT THRESHING MACHINE, warranted perfect, will be sold cheap, and time given for payment, if purchased soon. Enquire of
THEOPHILUS DESBRISAY.
Ch'town, Feb. 8, 1864.
☞ This Machine would be found a great advantage to a Club of three or four Farmers, for private use, and to have straw fresh whenever wanted.

DENTISTRY.
DR. STRICKLAND, having returned to the Island, will resume the practice of DENTISTRY. Office—Great George street, three doors from the water. Office hours from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
December 7th, 1863.

PRINCE STREET
BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE,
(Near the Temperance Hall.)

JOHN S. BREMNER
HAS constantly for sale, at the lowest prices, a general assortment of
Books and Stationery,
Including all the SCHOOL BOOKS in general use, together with a great variety of new and standard works. Pocket and Pen Knives, Work Boxes, &c. Also—Bibles and Testaments, Commentaries, Prayer Books, Church Service, Wesley's Hymns, Psalm Books, &c, in various sizes and styles of Binding.
English and American BOOKS and PERIODICALS imported to order, and supplied on favourable terms.

A LARGE VARIETY OF
NEW AND POPULAR MUSIC.
PRIZE EXHIBITION (1862)
SCHOOL ROOM MAPS.
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
☞ All kinds of JOB PRINTING and BOOK-BINDING executed with neatness and on moderate terms.
Charlottetown, Jan'y 25, 1864. 6w

MOLASSES! MOLASSES!
THE subscriber has IN STORE and for sale on liberal terms—
50 hhds Muscovado Molasses,
50 tierces Cienfugos Do
30 barrels Do Do
J. S. CARVELL.
Ch'town, Dec. 28, 1863. tf

Valuable Leasehold Farm
NEAR THE CITY.

TO be sold by PRIVATE CONTRACT the Leasehold Interest in
100 Acres of LAND,
at One shilling per acre rent, lease 999 years, fronting on the Royalty Road, near to Wright's Mill, 60 acres of which are cleared and in a high state of cultivation; the remainder is covered with Longers and fencing stuff. There is on the Premises a very excellent DWELLING HOUSE, 32 × 24 feet, containing Nine Rooms, all well finished, with a good Cellar and Dairy, 7 feet deep, with a stone wall; BARN, 42 × 28 feet, with a horse and cattle Stable underneath, supported by a stone wall of 8 feet; a good Well of Water close to the House. 24 Tons of Hay was cut off the place last year, besides other green crops, and the greater part of the Land has been manured with Lime quite lately. As the owner is about to make an alteration in his business, the Terms of this Property to a good purchaser will be made easy—for which and any other information, please apply to the Subscriber, at his Office, Queen Square.
WILLIAM DODD.
March 7, 1864. Isl

PASTURE LOT FOR SALE.

TO be sold by PRIVATE SALE, that beautifully situated PASTURE LOT, No. 42, in the Royalty of Charlottetown, having a front of Six chains on the Western side of the Mount Edward Road, and extending back by parallel lines Twenty chains to the property of G. W. Deblois, Esquire, and directly fronting the residence of the Honourable Colonial Secretary. It will be sold together or in Acre lots to suit intending purchasers. Should the above not be sold by Private Sale before the 2d day of MAY NEXT, it will then be offered by Public Auction on the premises.
A Plan of the Property can be seen at the Office of the Hon. Dr. Young, or at the Office of
WILLIAM FORGAN.
May 7, 1864. rw mon & pro

SALE OF
Valuable Freehold Property.

TO be Sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Colonial Building, in Charlottetown, on the Fourth day of MARCH next (1864), at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, dated the Tenth day of December, 1860, and made between the Honorable William Forgan, of the Royalty of Charlottetown, and Susan Kemys, his wife, of the one part, and Daniel Hodgson, of Charlottetown, aforesaid, of the other part, and by said Daniel Hodgson assigned to me,—All those Tracts, Pieces or Parcels of Land, being Pasture Lots Numbers Ninteen (19), Twenty-six (26), Thirty-four (34), and Forty-two (42), in the Royalty of Charlottetown, aforesaid, as the same are delineated and laid down on a certain Map or Plan of the said Royalty made and now kept in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds and Keeper of Plans for the said Island, reference being thereunto had will more fully and at large appear.
For further particulars and terms of Sale, &c., apply to the Subscriber or his Solicitor.
Dated at Charlottetown this 31st August, A. D. 1863.
WILLIAM H. HOBKIRK.
Joseph Hensley, Solicitor.

THE above Sale is POSTONPED until WEDNESDAY, the 15th day of June next, A.D. 1864, at the same place, and at twelve o'clock, noon. Dated the 29th February, A.D. 1864.
WILLIAM H. HOBKIRK.
Joseph Hensley, Solicitor.

The Great Land Commission a failure!
Procure free land while you can.

THE Subscriber has THREE FARMS on Lot 15, which he offers to sell on reasonable terms. There is a portion of each of those Farms cleared and under cultivation; they front on the shore, where abundance of sea manure can be had. A Building Lot or two in Charlottetown or Summerside would be taken as a payment. For further particulars apply to the Hon. W. W. Lord, Charlottetown; Mr. P. Brown, Summerside, or to
N. J. BROWN.
Brown's Mart, Egmont Bay, Feby. 29th, 1864.

ROYALTY LOTS.
TO LET, for such term of years as may be agreed on, and either in whole or in part, that BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED FARM, belonging to the Subscriber, fronting on the Mount Edward Road, and lying about a mile from Charlottetown. It contains about 70 acres, 40 of which are improved and in a high state of cultivation. On the premises are two large barns.
For terms, &c., apply to
JOHN LONGWORTH.
Charlottetown, Oct. 26, 1863.

Valuable Freehold Property
FOR SALE.

WILL be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION on the premises, on the 17th day of MARCH NEXT, at 1 o'clock, FIVE PASTURE LOTS, Nos. 20, 21, 22, 63 and 64, all of which are in a high state of cultivation, situated in Princetown Royalty. There is a good DWELLING HOUSE on the premises. The above property being near the School House, Church, and Public Wharf, would make a first rate stand for a merchant or mechanic.
Terms made known on day of sale; any further information can be obtained of the Subscriber on the premises.
WILLIAM H. McKAY
Princetown Royalty, Feb. 8th, 1864.

Ex Annie Elizabeth & Laurel.
THE Subscriber has received, ex the above Vessels from New York and Boston—
200 bbls Bakers' FLOUR,
200 do Choice Family do
250 do superfine do
30 do Pastry do
50 boxes Mould CANDLES.
50 dozen Brooms,
50 do Buckets,
35 boxes SOAP.
☞ For sale on liberal terms.
J. S. CARVELL.
Ch'town, Dec. 28, 1863. tf

GOLD! GOLD!
THE Subscriber offers for sale, at his shop, Great George-street, a splendid lot o Gold Ear Rings, Broches, Links, Lockets, Pencils Finger Rings, Pins, Studs, Keys, Chains.
Also—Some nice Watches, consisting of—

Horizontal, four holes jewelled, in silver cases,	£3 10 0
Ladies size, do do	3 10 0
In Hunting Cases,	4 10 0
Levers, Thirteen Jewels,	6 0 0

A. PURCHASE. Watchmaker.
Ch. Town, Nov. 30, 1863. Sicardon's Corner.

LITERATURE.

THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Oh, call not this a vale of tears,
A world of gloom and sorrow;
One half the grief that o'er us comes
From self we often borrow.
The earth is beautiful and good:
How long will man mistake it?
The folly is within ourselves—
The world is what we make it.

Did we but strive to make the best
Of troubles that befal us,
Instead of meeting cares half-way,
They would not so appal us.
Earth has a spell for loving hearts—
Why should we seek to break it?
Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns—
The world is what we make it.

If truth and love and gentle words
We took the pains to nourish,
The seeds of discontent would die,
And peace and concord flourish.
Oh, has not each some kindly thought?
Then let's at once awake it;
Believing that, for good or ill,
The world is what we make it.

THE WRATH OF MISTRESS GWYNNE.

Every family has its own romance. Every house of decent respectability and antiquity has its own ghost. Families possessing neither romance nor ghost rest their claims to respect on the achievements of some mysterious hero, who by battle, by duel, or by rapine, has won renown; or, better still, of some heroine slain by a harsh husband, drowned in an ancestral moat, or immortalized by the fame of her beauty. Those who can boast neither thrilling history, nor hero, whether natural or spiritual, can scarcely be called families at all. They are merely a zoological congeries of uninteresting individuals, and have no right to intrude themselves on public notice.

It has lately been my fortune to have been staying in the country-house of a family eminently deserving of the name. Their annals are rich in incident, and the lives of all their kith and kin would make up a (by no means contemptible) history of England. In three rooms in their old dwelling guests are never lodged; for in each of these three rooms a white lady, or a black knight, or some other incomprehensible inhabitant is sure to molest a stranger. Their portrait gallery is as rich in character as in art. The Gwynnes have always prided themselves on their pictures, and I cannot but think that painters must have rejoiced over the opportunity of depicting the grim lords and beautiful ladies of their house. It is not my intention to give a list of this pedigree of paintings, for from the tawny pannel of Mabuse which represents the black-bearded Gwynne who fought for the Tudor at Bosworth, down to the pink and white ivory of Cosway whereon simpers the high-girdled Gwynne who captivated the Regent, that list would be very long. I shall confine my tale to one picture and its subject. That one pictue chained down my attention the moment I saw it. I was glad to learn by my subsequent inquiries that the remarkable face that seemed to live on its surface belonged to one of the most noteworthy of the family, and one who had her own story. That story may seem very tame in comparison with the melodramatic horrors of much family romance, but such as it is, I heard it with interest. Whether I can repeat it with interest I am too modest to predict.

The story belongs to no dark ages of Smithfield fires or of bloody battles, for the picture is by Reynolds, and professes to represent the grandmother of the present Squire of Gwynne. She appears to be about thirty years old. She is standing, and seems of a stature greater than that of the mass of her sex. Her head is turned over her shoulder, and her face looks the spectator full in his own. The attitude is that of a graceful and high-bred gentlewoman, as is the attitude of all Reynolds' ladies. Nor is there anything more than Reynolds' customary success in the foliage of the background, and the arrangement of the grey drapery of the dress. It is the face alone wich is remarkable. The forehead is high, and the brows are much more strongly marked, and much darker, than those which are usually found with brown hair. They are arched, and too nearly meet for mere beauty. The eyes are of that dark grey which flashes with the fiercest of all fire when it is roused. The expression of the mouth is a strange mixture of passion, of tenderness, and of resolution. The lips are firmly compressed, but they are too full for meanness, and too wavy for malice. The chin is prominent and large. The whole face beams with intelligence and life. I looked at it at one moment and said within myself, that woman must have been fearful in a rage. I looked at it again and said, that woman must have been one whose love was worth risking much to win. Two lustrous and unfathomable eyes haunted me wherever I went, and the recollection of them haunts me still.

In the days when King George III. was still a blooming young prince, not yet engaged in that romantic love affair with the well-educated Charlotte of Mecklenburg, which the biographer of the four monarchs of his name so amusingly describes, the family of the Gwynnes, after growing less and less numerous for several generations, came to be represented by two brothers. The elder ruled, as his ancestors ruled before him, in the ancestral manor. The younger adopted the traditionary career of the cadets, of his house, and served in the army. Both married very suitable helpmates. The soldier lived long enough to speed the last sigh of his wife, and welcome the first smile of his son, and was then killed by a fall from his horse. The Squire's lady presented him with an heir, and five years afterwards with a daughter, and then died. The widower was left in his home to train and teach his own children, and the child of his dead brother.

The Squire was haughty and passionate, but withal a just man. He clung to his opinions with all the tenacity of an Englishman, and above all, of an English Tory. He hated a Whig, and he hated a Frenchman. With these exceptions, it might be said that he loved his neighbour. He was condescendingly affable to my Lord Marquess of the adjoining acres, as it became a Gwynne to be to a man who dated his rank not even from the comparatively ancient period of Hastings, but merely from the more recent invasion of Torbay. He was very friendly to the Vicar, and loved the toast of "Church and King." He was equitable in his dealings with his tenants, and "ne'er forgot the poor." He swore at his grooms, but none of them left him. He was as fond of his nephew as of his own son and daughter, and children have rarely had a fonder father.

So matters went on quietly at Gwynne, till grey hairs began to grow on the head of the Squire (though it is almost an anachronism to talk of grey hairs in days of powder), and down to sprout on the cheeks of his boys. His own son Horace went to Christ church, and was then sent to Paris. The young Squire was committed to the care of a great lady who had known the Squire at St. James's. It was hoped that under the auspices of Madame la Duchesse de Hautenbas Mr. Horace Gwynne would receive that mysterious coat of French polish which could only be administered at the court of Maria Theresa's beautiful daughter. For a time the Squire had nothing to complain of. The Duchess wrote that the young Englishman had the true air. He had been noticed at the Trianon. He had made a success. Mr. Horace himself thought Paris a charming place. He had performed in a private play as a Milord Anglais, in which a Royal Personage had appeared as a Grisette Francais. He was very well seen. Nevertheless this was not altogether pleasant to the Squire. He had the notions of a Roman on the subject of the stage, and would never have acknowledged the celebrated comedian of his name as a kinswoman, even if she had honestly raised herself to fame by her acting, and not by—by other means. He did not like the idea of his boy's capering before an audience of grinning Frenchmen, though a Queen had capered at his side. Indeed, was it well for the Queen so to occupy her most Christian Majesty's leisure? All this was not quite satisfactory. But worse news followed. Mr. Horace was seen no more at the little Trianon. Madame de Hautenbas was compelled to ignore him. He had imbibed the strangest ideas, and was associating with the most unnoticeable people. He openly professed sympathy with the third estate. Less openly he became sceptical as to the advantages of monarchy, and, so far from preserving the principles of the paternal toast in a strange land, he was suspected of being acquainted with men who thought as little of Church as of King. At last a letter arrived from him in which he avowed himself an Atheist. It was a bitter trial to the Squire, but he did not flinch from his duty. He forbade the name of his son to be mentioned in his hearing. The estates of Gwynne would descend to the male heir, only in default of direct testamentary disposition on the part of the head of the house. The Squire could leave the property away from his unworthy son if he so willed. No Gwynne had made a will for many generations. Whether the Squire had broken the custom no one knew.

The Squire had lost his heir, but he was not childless. He had still his nephew to ride with him to cover, and discuss the stirring history of the times over his not immoderate cups. And Harry Gwynne was a bold and merry lad, frank and out spoken, modest and true, and in all respects such as might comfort a fatherly old uncle's heart. Harry and his uncle were great friends, but not such friends as were the Squire and his daughter.

Mistress Elizabeth Gwynne, at nineteen years of age, was said to have been particularly beautiful. I have described the features of the woman, and from them may be guessed the loveliness of the girl. She was very beautiful and very clever; but her temper was high and passionate. The visitor, who should see her unruffled and serene, might deem it impossible for so gentle a being to transcend the ordinary limits of the anger of her sex. But on the comparatively rare occasions, when her passion mastered her, her paroxysms of rage were fearful. Few cared to encounter her, and none to offer opposition. The presence of her father was the only influence which stilled her wrath. When her father approached, her love conquered her anger, and she was speedily calmed.

This untameable damsel Harry Gwynne had worshipped with an untiring constancy, ever since he had been old enough to hold any opinions at all. He was a year or two older than his mistress, but from the days since they both wore frocks, she had been, in an imperial sense, the mistress, and he the slave. He had played with her, and ridden with her, and quarrelled with her, and obeyed her. He had broken in a mare for her; he had planted an Italian garden for her; he had acted in all things as one whose existence was ordained for her convenience. All this she had received as her due. She admitted to herself, if ever she thought about the matter, that she was disposed to play the meek maiden, waiting modestly for the kerchief of the sultan. She used her slave's services with magnificent indifference, and rewarded him sometimes with a smile, and sometimes with a fit of rage.

When no more letters came from Paris, and the Squire began to act as though he had no son, Mistress Bessie evidently deemed herself of increased importance. She had never pretended any love for the disinherited Horace. His airs and graces annoyed her. He could say prettier things than Harry, and danced a minuet better than—hardly, at least, better than Harry, for that rustic gentleman could not dance at all. But he had once craned at a hedge; and, on the whole, his sister did not regret his loss. She began to esteem herself the heiress of Gwynne. Papa would do something for Harry, of course, independently of the fortune left by Harry's mother; but she would be the great lady.

The Squire said not a word of his intentions, but the greater the gulf between him and his son, the tighter appeared the bond that united him to his nephew: and the fonder he grew of his nephew the oftener did his daughter wax wrath with her cousin, and indeed with every one else. She was but twenty years old, but she was a notorious termagent; and the old housekeeper at the manor surmised that she would be the last of her branch of the house, for no one would woo so wild a bride—no one, that is, but Master Harry, and she seemed daily less inclined to stoop to the faithful cousin. Unless some terrible lesson should tame her, she would live a cheerless life.

The oftener this wilful lady was told to be a good child, the more pertinaciously she asserted her independence. Poor Harry still worshipped, but he received more frowns than smiles for his pains. One day when he was more than ordinarily definite and demonstrative in his professions of attachment, his mistress stamped her little foot and vowed she hated him — that her father gave too much love to the nephew and too little to his child, and that so far from having any intention of surrendering her heart, she regarded her suitor as the chief bar to her earthly happiness. Of course this was not true. Of course she loved every hair on the head of her yellow-pated cousin. But the statements of young ladies are as mysterious as the despatches of diplomatists. They use language to conceal their thoughts, though happily their art is not always skilful enough to conceal itself. But whether it was or was not true, it made Harry very miserable. He was in a dilemma. If he was cold to his uncle, his uncle looked pained. If he was not cold to his uncle, he was accused of winning away a father's love from the personage whom, more than any other, he desired to encircle with all love. On the whole, the household was a stormy one; but now and then a patch of blue sky smiled through the clouds. Bessie forgot her grievances, and spent a merry day with her old playfellow. These intervals were, however, sorrowfully rare.

And now the Squire fell ill. The career of his son had afflicted him more than had been supposed. He was struck with paralysis, and lost the use of his lower limbs. Stretched in his bed or on a couch, he was dependent on others for his necessities and for his pleasures. Harry and his cousin vied with one another in unwearied attention, but a state of things which ought to have healed all breaches seemed to widen the gulf between them. When the Squire called for Harry to read him the *Gazette*, or to write a letter to the bailiff, the fair Bessie sulked over her harpsichord. And if, perchance, the Squire said, "Bessie, will you write as I dictate?" or, "Bessie, I am going to be lifted into the coach, and to be driven to Minchester," it was, "Papa, won't Harry do it better?" or, "Papa, Harry knows all about the crops, and will be a more amusing companion."

These observations were, unlike some others of the young lady's, perfectly true; and the Squire was gradually and unconsciously beginning to act upon them. His great affliction made it hard for him to bear with the caprices of his daughter, and day after day he became less able to endure Harry out of his sight. He was growing prematurely old and prematurely peevish, and his exactions taxed all the patience of his dutiful nephew.

Miss Bessie's temper, too, grew worse instead of better. Once she had even flown into a passion before her crippled father, and had not been calmed by his appealing look. She remembered the day when she was all in all to her parent, and now she was as nothing. Nor were there wanting those evil influences of gossip and flattery which are never wanting in a court or in a large household. There were voices which whispered, "Madam, look out for the estate, the Squire's health is fast failing. Will you like to leave the manor, or live in it as Master Harry's guest? For to Master Harry the Squire will assuredly leave it."

At this Mistress Elizabeth Gwynne quite forgot that she desired nothing better than to stay at Gwynne all her life, with this treacherous Harry, as his wife, and forgot also her firm faith that his wishes entirely agreed with her own. She only remembered that she was the daughter of the elder branch; that there was a suspicion that she was to be disinherited; that—that—indeed she was not very clear what. But enough had been said to rouse all her rage, and from that day the notion of a will never failed to raise the devil at her heart.

She and her cousin dined daily in her father's own study. It was the only occasion on which the three were long together. On a certain day, in the course of the meal, the Squire looked across the table contrived to fasten to his couch, and said:

"Harry, lad, has Griffiths gone to Minchester?"

"He went at ten o'clock, sir. He rode Brown Hanover. He wanted to have Strawberry, but I know she isn't up to his——"

"Papa, what have you sent Griffiths to Minchester for? You know I was going to ride over this afternoon."

"Something that Griffiths could do better than you, my Bessie."

There was a significant look in the invalid's eyes.

"Harry, what did he go for? Oh! very well. If you won't tell me! pray keep your secret!"

And she cooked her spleen. It was not, indeed, a very merry meal.

"Hannah, do you know why Griffiths has gone to Minchester?"

"Griffiths, ma'am? Minchester, ma'am? I think I heard him say he was going to take a letter to Mr. Deeds."

Now Deeds was the family lawyer. The plot was out. The Squire was going to make a will in Harry's favour. The despised daughter of the house sat brooding in her room, and her face grew very dark. The groom brought round her mare, but she said she had changed her mind. She would not ride that day.

Late in the afternoon she saw Mr. Deeds and a clerk drive up the avenue in a chaise. She heard them ushered into her father's bed-room. The Squire had felt weaker than usual, and had retired to his room immediately after his mid-day meal. The noise of the footsteps on the marble, and the shutting of the doors, was as oil on fire. Elizabeth Gwynne was all but in the last stage of passion. She chafed and fumed in her own room till suspense became unbearable. She rang a hand-bell that summoned a maid, and sent a message.

"Tell some of the people to ask Mr. Harry if he will speak with me immediately.

Presently the girl returned.

"Mr. Harry was busy with the Squire, and could not come."

Had it come to this? Was she, the once-loved daughter, to remain silent in her room, while her natural father was signing away her patrimony to her cousin? Had not she a right to be with her father? He was doing something important, or he would not have sent for Deeds. It was her plain duty to be with him.

"He shall not do it!—he shall not do it!" she muttered between her teeth, and in a violent paroxysm of passion, stalked along the corridor to her father's rooms. As she crossed the hall she met Deeds and his acolyte, conducted by a lackey, on their way to their chaise. The old lawyer bowed low.

"Hypocrite!" she hissed, and passed on.

She flung open her father's door. When all motion had become irksome to him, he had taken up his quarters in what was called the state bed-room, on the ground floor. Queen Anne had passed a night at Gwynne, and the room had been sumptuously furnished for her. On the lofty bed, rich with curious needlework, and canopied by dingy plumes, lay the old chief of his clan, helpless and wan. A fire burned loweringly on the cunning smith's work that lay at the bottom of the huge fire-place, and threw a changeful light on the high-backed chairs, the black cabinets, the heavy hangings, and the painted ceiling of the great gloomy room. At the side of the bed stood a table littered with pens and writing materials. An extinguished taper still poisoned the air. At the foot of the bed stood Harry, holding in his hand a clean, new, parchment document, folded, tied and sealed.

All her fears were then realised. She was the despised and disinherited dependent. There lay the father who had abandoned her. There stood the scheming villain who had ousted her from her own. Her cousin stood still for an instant, startled by her sudden appearance, and awed by the white passion of her face. She strode to where he stood, snatched the packet from his hand, and flung it into the glowing coals. Ere her cousin had recovered from the shock, she had trust the vellum deep into the great fire. He started forward to rescue his charge before it was consumed, but she stood with outstretched arm before the grate, and shrieked in a voice hoarse with rage,—"Robber! robber! robber! Would you rob me of my birthright? You have stolen my father's love! Would you steal my inheritance, too? Stand back, sir; you shall not touch it! My father never meant to do it. He does not know what you have made him do—he always loved me—he never would——" She looked up at her father as she spoke; and Harry, who had stood dumb beneath her torrent of abuse, and down whose cheeks two hot tears of gentle pity for her, and utter anguish for himself, were slowly trickling,—Harry looked round at the squire, too. He was sitting up in his bed; his arms were stretched out, and his hands were clasping and unclasping themselves in the air, while his lips mumbled in vain, and his eyes seemed to burn to speak. So he sat for a minute, his children rushing to his side and seizing his hands. It seemed as though his brow would crack in agony of desire to speak. For a moment the eyes shone with a brighter lustre in the flickering flame of the burning packet, his mouth made a convulsive effort to form a word, and he fell heavily back on his pillow, dead.

There was an awful silence for a space, and then Elizabeth burst forth in a wail of sorrow and remorse. She had killed her father. She had better die to join him.

"Kill me, kill me, Harry!" she shrieked. But the utter desolation of grief that was expressed in her cousin's face silenced her own sobs. Kneeling down by the side of the bed she hid her head in her hands, and was still.

Then came doctors and domestics. "Another stroke!"—"Poor Squire; and only five-and-forty."—"And how did Miss Gwynne get to her father's room?"—"Did he know her before he died?"

All these things were said as she was borne in a dull stupor to her room. Harry alone knew the truth. He saw her laid on her bed and in custody of her women, and then retired to his own grief and the many duties he had to perform.

In the morning the old housekeeper came to him and brought tidings of her lady. Elizabeth had slept a little in the night, and was calm now. She wished to see her cousin. She received him with great gentleness, and as one who had had her life-lesson. She trusted her grief would be sufficient punishment. She could not insult her cousin in his own home with her presence, after what had occurred. Immediately after the funeral she should leave Gwynne. Mrs. Griffiths had promised to go with her. She had enough to maintain her in decent respectability from what her mother had left her for pocket-money. She should not require much, for she should not live long.

"And, Harry," she added, "when you hear that I am dead, will you let me be buried with papa in our own churchyard?" She looked him tearfully in the face.

"O Bessie, Bessie!" he broke out; "you go away!—you leave Gwynne! It is I that must go! It is yours—it is all yours! The will left it all to you. O Bessie! How could you—how could you——?" But he stopped in the middle of his reproach. "Bessie, I come to bid you good-bye. You would not have me stay? It is better for us to part."

I cannot chronicle the precise words in which Miss Gwynne, as soon as she was satisfied that she was mistress, and not guest, invited her cousin to stay. But he did stay. It was perhaps undignified in him; he had surely had warning. But he did stay. He stayed some half century longer; and there is no record in the family of his wife having ever flown in a rage with her lord.

When Mr. Deeds had driven over from Minchester, he had brought over the draught of a will, unsigned, leaving the whole estate to Elizabeth. So he had been ordered; but he strongly deprecated the notion of the Squire's disinheriting his son for what he termed the errors of youth. He had some stormy discussions with his client, and at last left the house, leaving the will yet unsigned, and declaring that, if Mr. Gwynne was determined, some other lawyer must do his work. The Squire immediately signed the will that was afterwards burned, and Harry's was the only evidence that could secure the property to his cousin.

Before, however, any difficulty could arise as to the succession, news arrived at Gwynne that Horace had been killed in a duel. He had married a French lady who bore him no children, and who, at his death, came to reside in London, and was said to have made a great impression at Carlton House.

After seeing the picture, and hearing the story, I was shown the state bed-room. There stood still the broidered bed, with Queen Anne's lillies and lions, and the brazen dogs on which the will had mouldered. I was strangely interested, I own, in Mistress Elizabeth Gwynne.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Benefits of Exercise.—Exercise is health producing, because it works off and out of the system its waste, dead and effete matters; these are all converted into a liquid form, called by some "humors," which have exit from the body through the "pores" of the skin, in shape of perspiration, which all have seen, and which all know is the result of exercise, when the body is in a state of health. Thus it is that persons who do not perspire, who have a dry skin, are either feverish or chilly, and are never well, and never can be as long as that condition exists.—So exercise, by working out of the system its waste decayed and useless matters, keeps the human machine "free;" otherwise it would soon clog up, and the wheels of life would stop forever. Exercise improves the health, because every step a man takes tends to impart motion to the bowels; a proper amount of exercise keeps them acting once in every twenty-four hours; if they have not motion enough there is constipation, which brings on very fatal diseases; hence, exercise, especially that of walking, wards off innumerable diseases, when it is kept up to an extent equal to inducing one action of the bowels daily. Exercise is healthful, because the more we exercise the faster we breathe. If we breathe faster, we take that much more air into the lungs; but it is the air we breathe that purifies the blood, and the more air we take in, the more perfectly is that process performed, the purer the blood is, the better the health must be. Hence, when a person's lungs are impaired, he does not take enough air for the want of the system; that being the case, the air he does breathe should be the purest possible, which is out door air. Hence, the more a consumptive stays in the house, the more certain and speedy is his death.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Epicurean Dishes.—Ants are eaten in many countries. In Brazil the largest species are prepared with sauce of resin. In Africa they stew them with butter. In the East Indies they are caught in pits, carefully roasted like coffee, and eaten by mouthfuls afterwards. Mr. Smeathman says:—"I have eaten them several times dressed in this way, and think them delicate, nourishing and wholesome. They are something sweeter, though not so fat and clogging as the caterpillar, the maggot, or the palmtree snout beetle, which is served up at all the luxurious tables of the West Indian epicures, particularly the French, as the greatest dainty of the western world." A curry of ants' eggs is a very costly luxury in Siam; and in Mexico the people have, from time immemorial eaten the eggs of a water insect which prevails in the lagunes of that city. The Ceylonese, ungrateful wretches, eat the bees after robbing them of their honey. The African bushmen eat all the caterpillars they find. A bushman would be a valuable acquisition for a market gardener's cabbage field. The Australians are notorious as maggot eaters; and the Chinese who waste nothing, eat the crysalis of the silk-worm after they have wound the silk from its cocoon. It is said that the North American Indians used to eat locusts. The African bushmen and the savages of New Caledonia are very fond of spiders roasted. This singular taste is not unknown even in Europe. Beaumur tells of a young lady who, when walking in the garden, used to eat all the spiders she could catch. Lalande, the French astronomer, was equally fond of them; and a German, immortalized by Rosel, used to spread them on bread instead of butter.—*The International Magazine.*

"No one would take you to be what you are," said an old fashioned gentleman, the other day to a dandy, who had more hair than brains: "Why?" was immediately asked—"Because they can't see your ears.