

# THE EXAMINER.

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euphrates.

Vol. XIV. Charlotteville, Prince Edward Island, Monday, October 17, 1864. New Series.—No. 46.

### A FINE CHANCE FOR SPECULATORS AND ENTERPRISING MEN.

THE UNDERSIGNED has been instructed by the owners to offer FOR SALE, or RENT, several VALUABLE FREEHOLD and LEASEHOLD PROPERTIES and FARMS in BELFAST and other parts of the Island, in good cultivation, well wooded, and possessing other advantages; and for which good and valid titles and immediate possession are given.

ALSO—FOUR LOTS, being the residue of thirteen Building Lots (the other nine having been the present season) in that most advantageous mercantile situation known as SUMMER HILL, adjoining MONTAGUE BRIDGE, ten miles from Georgetown, where close on to 150,000 bushels of produce are annually shipped, and nearly all paid for in cash. Americans and other speculators purchase here, and ship for Great Britain, the United States, &c. A number of Stores, Wharves, a Meeting House, Post Office, and Temperance Society have been established on the site, and a double Wharf and pier for Lumber, with a large quantity of all kinds of Lumber can be had in trade at low rates. SUMMER HILL property is the only Freehold Property for sale in the place, which renders it most desirable for all classes of artisans, now so much wanted in this growing town. A STORE, and Dwelling in the capable of holding 25,000 bushels of produce, with a double Wharf and pier for Lumber, will be sold cheap or leased on reasonable terms.

Plans, particulars, or any other information can be obtained by calling at the office of Messrs. Ball & Son, Land Surveyors, Charlotteville. Reference can also be had from W. Sanderson, F.P. Notion, Thomas Amner, Georgetown; Jas. Brodyrick, Campbelltown; Lot 4: F. W. Hughes, Esq., Charlotteville; and to the undersigned at Orwell, who is also Agent for the sale of Messrs. MANNING'S MOWING MACHINES, the celebrated YARMOUTH COOKING STOVE, and also for the Falling Mills of Messrs. Bourke, Mill View, the Hon. Jas. McLaren, New Perth, Finlay W. McDonald, Pictou; where Cloth is received and returned with dispatch.

RICHARD J. CLARKE.

Orwell Store, August 15, 1864.

### CARD!

1864.

### NEW GOODS

JUST ARRIVED AT THE LONDON HOUSE.

H. HAZARD

BEGS to announce the ARRIVAL of his SPRING and SUMMER STOCK of BRITISH DRY GOODS, Hardware, &c., &c., in all the varieties of the LATEST STYLES in Fashion, and Material suitable for the season, having been carefully selected and purchased on favorable terms, will be sold CHEAP FOR PROMPT PAYMENT.

Upper Queen Street, Charlotteville, May 30, 1864.

### CARD.

CHARLES L. HAWBOLT, Commission-Merchant and Auctioneer, No. 259 HOLLIS STREET HALIFAX, N.S.

RESPECTFULLY announces to his acquaintances and others in P. E. Island, that he has commenced business as above, and is prepared to receive consignments to dispose of by Auction or otherwise. He is of opinion, from his long acquaintance with the trade of P. E. Island, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, that he will be able to do justice to those who patronize him.

REFERENCES: James Purdie, Esq., Charlotteville; James Mulholland, Esq., Summerside; Donald Morrison, Esq., New London.

September 28, 1864.

### WILLIAM H. BREMNER, Printer and Bookbinder, KENT STREET.

(Two doors west of Stewart's Hotel.)

CHARLOTTETOWN - P. E. ISLAND

Books can be left for binding at Mr. Joseph Bertram's, Summerside.

Charlotteville, Sept. 19, 1864. all p. 6 in

### STUBBS HOTEL,

(Opposite the Custom House.)

146 Prince William Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

JAMES MCINTOSH, PROPRIETOR.

August 29, 1864.

C. L. STRICKLAND, Surgeon & Mechanical Dentist.

DECAYED Teeth filled and restored to their natural shape and usefulness with GOLD and PLATINA.

Teeth inserted with Gold, Silver and Vulcanite, the Vulcanite, although a new thing here, has been used long enough elsewhere to prove it to be one of the most valuable improvements ever made in MECHANICAL DENTISTRY.

Many persons who cannot wear Gold and Silver in the mouth can wear the Vulcanite with ease and comfort.

The acids of the month have no galvanic action upon it whatever.

It is free from all taste or smell.

It being one continuous piece, there is no possible chance for the lodgement of food or the secretions of the mouth.

It is kept clean with much less trouble than Gold or Silver.

It possesses more strength than a base of Gold or Silver and is at the same time much lighter.

In case of great absorption of the gums, the checks being thereby caused to sink hollow and unnatural, this base can be built out so as to give the checks their former fullness in appearance.

The expense of the Vulcanite being much less than Gold is placed within the reach of those of more limited means.

Chloroform used in extracting.

Charlotteville, July 15, 1864.

### WHITE BEANS!

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale by the Barrel or Bushel—

5 bbls Canadian WHITE BEANS.

N. RANKIN.

September 12, 1864.

### FOR SALE.

THE subscriber's WAREHOUSE, in CHARLOTTETOWN, 2000 Bushels Liverpool Salt, 50 Sacks Butter Salt, 20 Tons 1 & 2 Iron, 3 Tons Navy Gunpowder.

JAMES C. POPE.

June 13, 1864.

### NOTICE TO FARMERS.

MANN'S CELEBRATED MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES, which save immense labour and money, have just arrived in the Steamer "Commerce". The subscriber expects that all agents and others wanting them will send their orders forthwith, as the supply is limited. Farmers who desire to preserve the life and health of their young hinds, especially their females, who are so severely tried by the old mode of cutting grass crops, and who also desire to economize their money, will do well to secure one of the above named MACHINES as a present.

RICHARD J. CLARKE.

July 11, 1864.

### Ex P. Y. Soap.

JUST RECEIVED, a few boxes of the above superior SOAP, so highly approved of by families who have hitherto purchased and used it.

N. RANKIN.

August 8, 1864.

### WATER.

WANTED, for the Steamer "Princess WATER." Satisfactory testimonials required. Apply forthwith to F. W. HALEN, Secretary.

Steamboat Office, Water-st., Sept. 28, 1864.

### Hides! Hides! Hides!

The highest market price will be paid for OX and COW HIDES and CALF SKINS, at Dodd's Brick Store, Power Street.

DODD & ROGERS.

Sept. 19, 1864.

### Union Bank of P. E. Island.

I WILL take the Bills of the above Bank at the face, for Flour, and other merchandise, at market rates, and receive them for accounts.

THOMAS HANFORD.

July 11, 1864.

### STRAY PIG.

A stray pig, about 12 months old, white and black, has been claimed and all expenses paid before TUESDAY, the 18th day of October, at the old mill, at the hour of 11 o'clock, to be sold at public auction, according to law.

DANIEL COLLINS.

North River Dock Road, October 19, 1864.

### Marine Insurance Company

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Incorporated 14th April, 1863.

PRESIDENT: WILLIAM HEARD, Esquire.

DIRECTORS: HON. DANIEL DAVIES, HON. JOS. HENSLEY, HON. W. W. LORR, HON. GEO. BEZAK, HON. JAMES DUNCAN, Esq., HENRY HAZARD, Esq.

DANIEL J. ROBERTS

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

### Life Assurance Company of Glasgow.

ESTABLISHED IN 1838.

Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

GOVERNOR: The Right Honourable The Earl of Glasgow.

Subscribed Capital, £600,000  
Accumulated Funds, 450,000  
Annual Revenue, 35,000  
Subsisting Assurances, 2,500,000

HENRY DUNLOP, Esq., Chairman.  
W. F. BURMAYRE, Esq., Manager.

Distinctive Features in the Company's Business System—

Annual Division of Profits, Policy-Holders Participate in Profits from First Year of Entry, Bonus Assurance at the Smallest Outlay, Seven Years' Half Credit Assurance, Exemptions—Foreign Travel and Foreign Residence.

Rates of Assurance, and all other information, may be learned from the Agent for this Island, at GEORGETOWN, W. S. SANDERSON.

Georgetown, June 27, 1864.

### 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 distinguishing 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 amount to £1,312,000 sterling; and the fire premium for 1864 amount to £236,150 15s. 6d., 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 the same advantage, are secured 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, and not by proxy, this the moment a loss occurs, and without referring to the Home Company, to the extent of one thousand pounds sterling.

With a more superior advantage, the Company is not disposed to think it might be well justified to ask a higher rate of premium than other English Companies, which do not present the same advantages, and the Agent has been advised that a uniform rate has been agreed upon by the Directors of this Company, and the same advantage that the Agents here should, in this respect, "act in concert."

W. A. JOHNSTON, Agent of the Liverpool and London Insurance Company, Nov. 10, 1862.

### Queen Insurance Company OF LIVERPOOL.

FIRE AND LIFE!

Capital - - - £1,000,000 Sterling.

THE Subscriber, having been appointed Agent for the above first class insurance Company, is prepared to take orders for policies of property.

J. S. CARVELL, Charlotteville, Feb. 10.

[EXTRACTS FROM NEWSPAPERS.]

On reference to a return made to Parliament, and selected by the House of Commons on the 21st of June, 1861, it will be seen that the increase of Duty for the year, paid by the "QUEEN," was £2567, being upwards of £2100 more than paid by any other office ever yet returned 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 as either the Fire or Life Departments of 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 the most important institutions since instituted for the benefit of the public, is the Queen Insurance Company, which has well held its position, and has, in fact, become a synonym for the word 'insurance' in another sense, and is well satisfied every reader of the signal progress made by this Company, and the fact that its 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 is with pleasure that we have to announce, and especially to the proprietors, to find that its income during the past three years has increased at the rate of £200,000 per annum. The Queen Insurance Company, within the same short period, ever attained so large an increase either in the Fire or Life Departments. This speaks highly of 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 settled, attests to the financial ability and the care and prudence which marked the investment of these funds."

### CITY TANNERY.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber will pay, at the Office of the CITY TANNERY,

Four-pence Half-penny

per pound, CASH, for any quantity of OX and COW HIDES, and market prices for SHEEP SKINS, as quoted in LOW'S Weekly Equine, are requested to make payment before the FIRST OF NOVEMBER NEXT, as legal proceedings will be taken, without further notice, to recover any amounts remaining unpaid after that date.

By order of the Administrator,

WM. CUNDALL.

October 3, 1864. wlyly 4ms

### Wanted Notice!

ALL parties indebted to the Estate of the late GEO. F. C. LOWE, Esquire, of the Office of the Receiver, are requested to make payment before the FIRST OF NOVEMBER NEXT, as legal proceedings will be taken, without further notice, to recover any amounts remaining unpaid after that date.

By order of the Administrator,

WM. CUNDALL.

October 3, 1864. wlyly 4ms

### Judson's Worm Tea!

THRESHING MACHINE CASTINGS.

BEER

August 4, 1864.

### LITERATURE.

#### THE FIRE FIEND—A NIGHTMARE.

BY EDGER ALLAN POE.

The following poem I considered incomplete, and threw it aside in disgust. Some months afterwards, finding it amongst his papers, he sent it in a letter to a friend, labelled facetiously "To be read by firelight at midnight, after thirty drops of laudanum!"

In the deepest death of midnight, while the sad and solemn swell  
Still was floating, faintly echoed from the forest  
Faintly, faintly floating o'er the sable waves of air  
That we see through the midnight rattle, chafed  
And billowy with the tolling—  
In my chamber I lay dreaming by the fire-light's  
And my dreams were dreams foreshadowed on a  
Heart foredoomed to care.

As the last long lingering echo of the midnight's  
mystic chime,  
Lifting there, the sable billows to the thither shore  
Leaving on the starless silence not a token nor a  
trace—  
For a quick sigh departed from my couch in  
fear I started—  
Started to my feet in terror, for my dream's phantom  
Painted in the first fire a frightful, fiendish, flaming  
face!

On the red hearth's radiant centre, from a blazing  
knob of oak,  
Seemed to glide and grin this phantom, when in  
for his smoke  
And my slumberous eve's training, as I staggered  
to the floor—  
Still in that vision fixed, turned my gaze  
toward the glowing  
Hearth, and there O God! I saw it! and from out  
its flaming jaw  
Spat a scorching, hissing, bubbling, gurgling  
stream of gore!

Speechless struck with stony silence, frozen to the  
floor I stood.  
Till methought my brain was hissing with that  
horrid  
Till I felt my life-stream ebbing, ebbing from those  
lambent lips—  
Till the demon seemed to name me; then a wonder-  
ous  
And my brow grew cold and dewy, with a death-  
damp  
And I lay on my pillow in apparent  
ecstasy.

Then, as in Death's seeming shadow, in the icy fall  
of  
I lay, struck, came a hoarse and hideous murmur  
for his  
Came a murmur like the murmur of assassin in  
their  
Muttering, "Higher! higher! higher! I am Dem-  
on  
I am Arch-Fiend of the Fire, and each blazing roof  
my  
And my scorching increase in the blood and tents my  
victims prey."

"How I revel on the prairie! how I roam among  
the  
How I laugh when from the village over the snow  
in the  
And I hear the shrieks of terror, with a life in every  
breath!  
How I scream with lambent laughter, as I hurt  
higher,  
Down the high abyss of fire, until higher, higher,  
higher  
Leap the high pyrites of my altar in their merry  
dance  
"I am Monarch of the Fire: I am vassal King of  
World-  
enriching, with the shadow of its doom  
upon my  
With the  
I command the Infernal Fire! Higher, higher,  
Leap  
Hugging universal nature in their hideous  
embrace."

When a somber silence about me in a solemn shroud,  
And I slumbered like an infant in the "cradle of  
the  
Till the  
Shimmered, the russet arches where the  
light  
Like a roiling army, struggling through the serried  
ranks  
Thro' my ivy-fretted casement filtered in a tremu-  
lous  
From the tall and stately Linden where a robin  
swelled his  
Querulous, quaker-hooded robin, calling quaintly  
my  
Then I started up, unbidden, from my slumber,  
startled  
With the memory of that fire-demon in my central  
fire,  
On my eye's interior mirror, like the shadow of a  
face!

Ah! the fiendish fire had smouldered to a white  
and  
And no knot of oak was flaming as it flamed upon  
my  
And around its very centre, where the demon face  
Forked shadows seem'd to linger, pointing as with  
spectral  
To a Balaam's golden, on a table carved and  
old—  
And I bowed, and said, "All power is of God, of  
God alone!"

### A BLOW TO "THE PROFESSION."

The blow alluded to was dealt by our friend John Blankman, of Blank Hall, in the county of Blank, Esquire, son and heir of John Blankman, late of the same place, Esquire, deceased; and 'the profession' was represented by Horatio Twaddle, of the firm of Twaddle and Twist, a solicitor of the High Court of Chancery, &c. &c. (for which see 'Law List'), carrying on a snug practice in the town of Blank, and for many years the legal adviser of the Blankman family.

The departed Blankman was in that high description of repute which is most readily represented by saying that he was known in the neighbourhood as 'the Squire,' and it is not surprising that when the news got out about the village that the Squire lay sick to death at the Hall, it furnished topic for much glib comment. The doctor's gig was seen to drive through the avenue more frequently, day by day, and day by day his visits grew longer, until one night the horse and gig were sent round to the stable, and the man of physic was to remain till morning.

Mr. John had been telegraphed for from London, where he was making arrangements to engage his somewhat restless and active mind in mercantile pursuits, and when he arrived he was owner of 'all that message or tenement known as Blank Hall.'

The mourning at the Hall was not prolonged. John Blankman had not been necessary to the existence of his father any more than his father was indispensable to his. He had hunted with him, and watched him get drunk afterwards; he had talked country politics with him, and they had generally differed. Beyond this there had been little community and less sympathy. It is for the companions of our minds, for the intimates of our hearts, the sharers of our sympathies, that we mourn, not for our mere physical associates. And so it fell out that, as soon as a decent time had elapsed, the 'new Squire' sought that interview with 'the profession' (as represented by Mr. Twaddle) which ultimately induced him to inflict the 'blow' to which attention was in the first place directed.

'Good morning, Mr. Twaddle. How's Twist? Oh! there you are, Twist. How'd ye do? I want just to have a little talk

with Mr. Twaddle—family matters—so—perhaps—Ah! thank you; and Mr. Twist was bowed out into the clerk's office just to air his curiosity.

'Not Mr. Twaddle. I am aware that you enjoyed my late father's confidence to a considerable extent, and I am of course desirous that you should continue on my behalf those good offices which—'

'My dear sir,' interrupted Mr. Twaddle, taking Mr. John's hand with great display of feeling, 'I have so long been connected with the Blankman estates, that I shall feel, apart from mere business considerations, a deep interest in assisting you in your views. I am sure your late lamented father would have been pleased to know that you were thus endorsing the good opinion which I believe, in fact, I know, he entertained of myself and—' added the lawyer at a judicious conversational distance—'and partner.'

'I am quite aware of the estimation in which you were held,' rejoined Mr. John Blankman.

'A friendship, sir, having for its basis mutual and unshaken respects.' And he might have added, 'a few pretty heavy bills of costs.' But he did not.

'Well,' said Blankman, 'my time is rather short, for I am going to London by express, so I will at once say what I have to say. In the first place, my mother and sister would like to remain at the Hall; and, therefore, I don't intend to sell the property.'

Mr. Twaddle elevated his eyebrows, and trusted not.

'But I am going into business in London, and therefore want to raise as much money as I can get, after paying off the mortgages which already exist.'

Mr. Twaddle's eyebrows plainly said that the last named course was by far the most preferable.

'And therefore I wish to know exactly in what condition the title is at present. I think you have all the deeds.'

Mr. Twaddle had. In the last mortgage transaction he had acted for both parties. The money, in fact, was found by his London agents, Messrs. Fiddle and Fiddle, of Lincoln's Inn. And, by-the-way, the late lamented had not paid the last bill of costs. Amount? Oh! trilling; under two hundred pounds. Oh! not pressing. By no means. We will carry it on to the next transaction. No doubt Fiddle and Fiddle would oblige the present owner; but you see, the title would have to be gone into again. Yes. You see, between ourselves, F. and F. advanced more on the strength of T. and T.'s acting in the matter than anything. The sum was small, and—Oh! yes, there was a deed, of course; but in raising full value, you see, it would be different. The title is intricate—been dealt with by mortgage before late lamented purchased, and of course a good many deeds. Oh! little good enough, no doubt.

'By George!' said Blankman, at last, 'what a devil of a nuisance these titles are! A fellow can never feel that his property is his own. Whenever he wants to do anything with it everybody seems to look suspiciously at him, and begins to think that he stole it. Confound it!'

Twaddle smiled, and suggested that 'Nothing could be more complete or more equitable than the law relating to real property. Ah!'

'By-the-way,' resumed Blankman, without appearing to notice the lawyer's remark, 'what is this new method of registering titles we have heard so much about? Would it suit our case at all?'

'We have heard so little about it, I suppose you mean. Land Transfer Act—dead letter. One of the most fallacious ideas, my dear young friend, that was ever propagated. No, no; we are not quite so far gone as that, I hope—not quite, I hope.'

'But I thought that when a title was once registered at the Land Registry Office it was good against the world. That surely must be a benefit.'

'In the first place, my good sir, I am not sure that the office is not closed, as a failure; and, in the next place, you've got to get your title registered; and I should say there are precious few titles that would ever stand the strict ordeal of the registration system; indeed I should.'

'What! do you mean to say you don't think my title could stand any and every investigation?'

'I personally, should say that your title is a good one; but it is quite impossible to tell what hole might be picked in it by two or three sharp conveyancers; and suppose, just for the sake of argument, that your title was rejected by the office, where would you find a purchaser afterwards? It would be blazed in about less than no time that (Blankman's title had a flaw in it, and where would you be then?'

'Dear me, what the amazed client, 'I had no idea whatever that publicity is given to proceedings.'

'Bless you, my dear sir,' continued the lawyer, raising himself slightly on his toes and coming down sharply on his heels, in an authoritative way, 'you can't imagine the absurdities of the system. We will even suppose your title registered. How pleasant would be for Tom, Dick, and Harry to go searching the register to see what mortgages Blankman has got on his estate; and to have it advertised in all the papers. And then the expense—take the survey alone—which is peremptory. Two or three surveyors (you know what surveyors are) at five guineas a day and expenses, and half-a-dozen assistants, spending a fortnight at the Hall; in fact, supposing, as I said before, that the office was in existence, that your title was unimpeachable, and that you had the patience of Job, I really think there would yet be insuperable obstacles to your availing yourself of the—shall we say—benefit of the Land Transfer Act.'

'Yes, indeed; if things are as you say, I don't see much light in that quarter. But I must be off.'

'Well, one word before you go,' insinuated Mr. Twaddle. 'Shall we write Fiddle and Fiddle about the further advance? What do you say?'

'I really don't know what to say. Well, I—come—well, suppose you wait till I—come—Good morning. Good morning, Twist.' And off he went. And no more was heard of the system.

'I wish we could lend him the money ourselves; shut the door and let's talk about it.'

'What the result of the talk was we don't care one rap. We have now to do with the morrow of St. Michael, the day of grace, and we find the lawyers setting out for their drive over to Blank Hall to a right merry mood. We find them arrived. We find Mr. Twaddle with courtly manner leading old Mrs. Blankman in to dinner. We find Mr. Twist (as advised by Twaddle the Deep) pitching it uncommonly strong into Miss Blankman. We find our friend John Blankman, hospitable and talkative—more so than his wont. But all good things have an end, and dinners, unfortunately, are no exception to the rule. The ladies were more gallantly and more regrettably bowed

out of a dining-room than were Mrs. and Miss Blankman by Messrs. Twaddle and Twist, and never did guests more willingly at their host's request, draw their chairs up to his end of the table than did those gentlemen obey the summons of friend Blankman. For they felt that something was coming. They anticipated a burst of confidence. They expected a revelation—and they were just disappointed.

'I want to tell you,' said John Blankman, when they had replenished their glasses; 'I want to tell you two gentlemen what I have been about since I last had the pleasure of seeing you. I think it due to Mr. Twaddle especially, as I gave him a promise which I wish to show him convincingly that I have not broken.'

Mr. Twaddle bowed and smiled, and was just about to speak, but his host quietly resumed:

'Any remarks you have to make I will ask you to postpone until I have completed what I have to say, because I want to get it over. You may remember that I had some talk with you about the Land Registry Act, when you were good enough to give me what information you possessed with regard to it. When I went to London, I went in the first instance to see an old chum of mine, who, like myself, is an inquiring turn of mind, and I mentioned incidentally that I had begun to experience some of the inconveniences of being a land proprietor. My friend immediately asked me why I didn't 'Register,' and pressed to be thoroughly up to the matter of Registration. You will also remember, Mr. Twaddle, that you had your doubts whether an office for this purpose existed. I am happy to be able to relieve those doubts, and to tell you that such an office does exist, and a very fine office it is. It may still be in your memory that you stated that those ubiquitous personages, Tom, Dick and Harry, might inspect the Registers. You were mistaken. No one but a person having a proper authority is permitted to do so. Having satisfied my mind on these points, I proceeded to make inquiries as to the mode of registering, and I was favoured by the frankest and fullest information on this subject; in fact, instead of having obstacles thrown in my way, the way seemed to be gradually opened to me, and I began to feel that I was competent to understand my own affairs. By-the-way, you also intimated that if my title was rejected, every one would say "Blankman's title is a bad one." You had been grossly misinformed, as I take pleasure in telling you, that until a title is approved the application has no publicity whatever. But to proceed. I found it was necessary to have an abstract of my deeds, and the deeds themselves; but judge of my surprise and satisfaction when I was told that I need not employ a solicitor, but could, if I pleased, carry the thing through myself. Here was a delightful occupation. I borrowed an abstract from your friends, Fiddle and Fiddle, and asked you for the deeds. You had a lion on them, and very properly declined to part with them. I went to my uncle James of the Out-and-Out Insurance Company, and told him what I proposed doing, and of the difficulties in the way. I entered into an agreement with the company, and they advanced the money to pay off the mortgages. Then there was the little matter of your account, which was got rid of. I carried my title in, it was approved, the survey was made (by-the-way you were wickily deceived on this head, it was done by the Title Office at a ridiculously small charge), the few notices were all served by myself, with an additional notice of my own to my tenants and others not to mention the matter to you, as I intended it as a little surprise.

The usual advertisements were inserted once in the Times, and once in the county paper, both of which I would recommend you to read in future; and within about four months from the date of my application I became the happy possessor of my 'Land Certificate.'

At this point, without appearing to notice the rubicund condition and siccous breathing of Twaddle, and the sickly smile of Twist, Blankman drew from his breast pocket a sheet of parchment of foolscap size, on half a side of which were inscribed the mystic words which declared him to be the owner of his own.

'This,' said he, triumphantly, 'is the document which stands me instead of the hundred skins of parchment I left in your office, and which you may, if you fancy it, keep on the top of your stove. This is what I call "Concentrated Essence of Title," and next week I shall deposit it with the "Out-and-Out," and get whatever I may require in the way of money so far as the value goes. And as for the expense, the whole thing, from beginning to end, has not cost one half what I paid you for the cost of the last mortgage. One word more; I am so pleased with the whole affair that I feel inclined to have a bowl of punch—what do you say?'

Mr. Twaddle really begged to be excused. Not to-night. He congratulated Mr. Blankman, and regretted he had been so very much misinformed on the subject; it was late; they would go home.

And home they went.

'Well,' squeaked little Twist, on the way, 'I'm glad there are not many such fools in the world.'

'Tush, man,' returned his partner, 'he's no fool; and we must be thankful that there are still plenty of fools left.'

When they looked at the deeds the next morning they all bore the legend, 'Title Registered.'

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.—A farmer living near (London), some few mornings ago, perceived two goats creating an awful havoc in his cabbage garden. The marauders in question were attached to each other with a rope, and when apparently luxuriating on curly heads, &c., their banqueting was disturbed by the owner, who, with the aid of a long stick, caused them to retreat. Instead of taking the gate, however, they made for the fence, tugging it down; when, terrified to relate, they found themselves one at each side of a colt's back and being strangled. Away dashed the frightened horse; the more the goats kicked and plunged the faster went he, until he came to a quarry, when over went the three, falling a considerable distance and coming to smash. All three were found dead, and on that legal proceeding will be the result. The question arises, who was in the fault? One man had his cabbage garden injured, and the perpetrators thereof were hung, inducing a loss to their owner, and a good young horse came to grief; for which his master seeks compensation.

'Registering!' Twist turned pale.

All the way up to town John Blankman was ruminating gloomily enough about the grip which it seemed to him the firm of Twaddle and Twist had had of him and his property. He was a fellow of a driving and impatient temper, and he chafed under it.

'At all events,' thought he, 'I will go and consult my old chum Brickman, and hear what he says.'

What passed between the two chums is not to be related here; but it is certain that when the landowner passed through the town of Blank, that day week on his way to the Hall, he looked in at his lawyer's, and had the 'coolness,' as Mr. Twist afterwards said, to ask if they would be good enough to let him take away his deeds, as he wanted to look through them.

'What! thunder and earthquakes! take away the family deeds from the office of Twaddle and Twist? Get your property into your own hands? Not if I know it; at least, not without a struggle!' This was what Mr. Twaddle looked. What he said was more polite.

'Well, really, Mr. Blankman, for my own part, I should be delighted to meet your views in any way I could; but you see, unfortunately, while those small sums are due to my London agents, I should hardly be justified, acting as I do, for both parties, you see, in letting the deeds go out of my custody. You can inspect them here, if you please.'

'Well, no; I never thought of those confounded charges. Pray don't think I have any intention of employing any other legal adviser, Mr. Twaddle. I assure you I simply don't think of doing such a thing. I should have a fancy to have my deeds in my own custody for a short time.'

Mr. Twaddle felt relieved, but still he said his double duty placed him in an awkward position; so it ended in Blankman's going away without the hundred skins of parchment which proved that he had a right to what was his own. Once more he went up to town, ruminating but determined. This time he thought of consulting his uncle James, a director of the Out-and-Out Insurance Company, and with him he was in conversation every day for nearly a week; at the end of which time Messrs. Fiddle and Fiddle wrote down to their clients, Messrs. Twaddle and Twist, that the Out-and-Out Insurance Company were going to pay off the mortgages, and requesting that the deeds might be sent up without any delay.

Twaddle tried very hard to smile when he handed the letter to Twist, and Twist's joke about Blankman going to his 'uncle' rather all, was ghastly to a degree; but Twaddle was soon himself again, and sat down and stabbed off a letter in a most vigorous manner to Blankman, to the effect that there was a little account, some two hundred pounds odd, which had much better be arranged before the deeds were sent up. 'To save any further bother.' So, once more, Uncle James was consulted, and once more the London agents wrote their clients that the deeds were to be sent up, and, on their delivery, a check for all costs would be given. So, by the mail-train, up came the skins of parchment, and by the return post, down went a check to Messrs. Twaddle and Twist.

'I'd rather have given twice the sum and kept the deeds,' thought Twaddle as he looked it in the eye. 'But, however, I gave up his word, and we should always act for him, and he can't very well get on without some legal assistance.'

'We might have a fancy, perhaps, to know what Blankman was up to during the four months which followed and brought Michaelmas close upon his heels, and perhaps we may learn by-and-by from the worthy himself, for it came to pass that on Michaelmas eve he drove up to the door of Messrs. Twaddle and Twist, with a large bundle in the gig, which he deposited straightway in the sanctum of the senior partner.

'How'd ye do, Twaddle? Twist, how are you?—no, come in, nothing private.'

'Dear me,' said both the partners at once, 'this is an unexpected pleasure; why, we haven't seen you so long we thought you were never coming down to Blank again—looking so well.'

'Yes, thank you, I am very well, and have come down to spend Michaelmas-day at the old place, and have a pop at the birds. By the way, I have brought back those deeds of mine.'

'Ah, indeed,' said Mr. Twaddle, with a flash of satisfaction in his eye; 'where, William, put these deeds of Mr. Blankman's away carefully in the safe. Are they scheduled?'

'Oh, yes, they are all there, I believe, said Blankman carelessly; 'just stick them anywhere.'

'Anywhere! nay, nay, Mr. John, deeds are deeds. Fire, my dear sir—thieves, my dear sir—remember, remember. Put them in the safe, William.'

'By the way, Mr. Twaddle, if you're not better engaged, suppose you take a bit of dinner up at the Hall to-morrow; I want to talk to you, and perhaps Twist wouldn't mind joining us. Only my mother and sister, and I, and a family affair.'

Mr. Twaddle was delighted, he was sure; and as for Twist—well, at all events they were to come, and previous satisfaction and joyularity both were about it.

'And now,' said Blankman, 'I must be off. I've got a good five miles to drive, and they are waiting dinner for me at the Hall.' So off he went.

'What did I tell you,' said the deep Twaddle—the sagacious Twaddle—the deep Twaddle, 'what did I tell you? I didn't I always say that he couldn't get on without us. Pshaw, my dear sir, I know as well when those deeds left this office that we should see them back here again, as I know that what he wants to talk about to-morrow is a proposal for a mortgage. I wish we could lend him the money ourselves; shut the door and let's talk about it.'

'What the result of the talk was we don't care one rap. We have now to do with the morrow of St. Michael, the day of grace, and we find the lawyers setting out for their drive over to Blank Hall to a right merry mood. We find them arrived. We find Mr. Twaddle with courtly manner leading old Mrs. Blankman in to dinner. We find Mr. Twist (as advised by Twaddle the Deep) pitching it uncommonly strong into Miss Blankman. We find our friend John Blankman, hospitable and talkative—more so than his wont. But all good things have an end, and dinners, unfortunately, are no exception to the rule. The ladies were more gallantly and more regrettably bowed

out of a dining-room than were Mrs. and Miss Blankman by Messrs. Twaddle and Twist, and never did guests more willingly at their host's request, draw their chairs up to his end of the table than did those gentlemen obey the summons of friend Blankman. For they felt that something was coming. They anticipated a burst of confidence. They expected a revelation—and they were just disappointed.

'I want to tell you,' said John Blankman, when they had replenished their glasses; 'I want to tell you two gentlemen what I have been about since I last had the pleasure of seeing you. I think it due to Mr. Twaddle especially, as I gave him a promise which I wish to show him convincingly that I have not broken.'

Mr. Twaddle bowed and smiled, and was just about to speak, but his host quietly resumed:

'Any remarks you have to make I will ask you to postpone until I have completed what I have to say, because I want to get it over. You may remember that I had some talk with you about the Land Registry Act, when you were good enough to give me what information you possessed with regard to it. When I went to London, I went in the first instance to see an old chum of mine, who, like myself, is an inquiring turn of mind, and I mentioned incidentally that I had begun to experience some of the inconveniences of being a land proprietor. My friend immediately asked me why I didn't 'Register,' and pressed to be thoroughly up to the matter of Registration. You will also remember, Mr. Twaddle, that you had your doubts whether an office for this purpose existed. I am happy to be able to relieve those doubts, and to tell you that such an office does exist, and a very fine office it is. It may still be in your memory that you stated that those ubiquitous personages, Tom, Dick and Harry, might inspect the Registers. You were mistaken. No one but a person having a proper authority is permitted to do so. Having satisfied my mind on these points, I proceeded to make inquiries as to the mode of registering, and I was favoured by the frankest and fullest information on this subject; in fact, instead of having obstacles thrown in my way, the way seemed to be gradually opened to me, and I began to feel that I was competent to understand my own affairs. By-the-way, you also intimated that if my title was rejected, every one would say "Blankman's title is a bad one." You had been grossly misinformed, as I take pleasure in telling you, that until a title is approved the application has no publicity whatever. But to proceed. I found it was necessary to have an abstract of my deeds, and the deeds themselves; but judge of my surprise and satisfaction when I was told that I need not employ a solicitor, but could, if I pleased, carry the thing through myself. Here was a delightful occupation. I borrowed an abstract from your friends, Fiddle and Fiddle, and asked you for the deeds. You had a lion on them, and very properly declined to part with them. I went to my uncle James of the Out-and-Out Insurance Company, and told him what I proposed doing, and of the difficulties in the way. I entered into an agreement with the company, and they advanced the money to pay off the mortgages. Then there was the little matter of your account, which was got rid of. I carried my title in, it was approved, the survey was made (by-the-way you were wickily deceived on this head, it was done by the Title Office at a ridiculously small charge), the few notices were all served by myself, with an additional notice of my own to my tenants and others not to mention the matter to you, as I intended it as a little surprise.

The usual advertisements were inserted once in the Times, and once in the county paper, both of which I would recommend you to read in future; and within about four months from the date of my application I became the happy possessor of my 'Land Certificate.'

At this point, without appearing to notice the rubicund condition and siccous breathing of Twaddle, and the sickly smile of Twist, Blankman drew from his breast pocket a sheet of parchment of foolscap size, on half a side of which were inscribed the mystic words which declared him to be the owner of his own.

'This,' said he, triumphantly, 'is the document which stands me instead of the hundred skins of parchment I left in your office, and which you may, if you fancy it, keep on the top of your stove. This is what I call "Concentrated Essence of Title," and next week I shall deposit it with the "Out-and-Out," and get whatever I may require in the way of money so far as the value goes. And as for the expense, the whole thing,