

# The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Vol. V.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1856.

No. 30.

## GLOBE HOTEL,

James W. Cairns, Proprietor,  
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Pleasantly situated, and every comfort afforded at moderate cost.  
Horses and vehicles, for hire, in connection with the establishment.  
September 3.

## JAMES MORRIS,

Commission Merchant, General Agent and  
Auctioneer.

QUEEN STREET,

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

## Card.

## STEWART & MABLEAN,

Ship Brokers and Commission Merchants,  
For the sale and purchase of American and Provincial Produce,  
and Dealers in Provisions, Fish, Oil, &c.

FERRY LANDING, WATER-ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.  
References: St. John, N. B., Messrs. R. RANKIN & Co.  
Oct. 8, 1855.

## HARRIS, BOWDITCH & Co.,

Commission Merchants,

RUSSIA WHARF, BOSTON.

Particular attention is given to consignments of Vessels and  
Produce from the British Provinces; and the purchase and  
shipment of all kinds of Merchandise, with a general Insurance  
Agency. September 10.

## American Hotel, St. Eleanor's, P. E. I.

ALLAN G. HOWATT, Proprietor.

THE above would take this opportunity of informing his  
numerous customers and friends, and the public in  
general, that he has fitted up his large and commodious house  
for the reception of permanent and transient boarders, and  
trusts by attention to their wants to merit a share of public  
patronage.

N. B.—Good stabling attached.  
He would likewise give notice to those indebted to him that  
unless their respective accounts are settled forthwith, expense  
will be incurred without further notice. Jan. 14.

Excellent Stand for business for Sale at  
Bodequo.

THE subscriber offers for sale the following excellent stand  
for business, situated opposite Hooper's Corner, Bodequo.  
There is a piece of ground, with a front on the road of five  
chains, and two chains deep. There is a new Dwelling House  
upon it, a story and a half high; it has five comfortable rooms  
on the first floor, besides a commodious Kitchen and Dairy; the  
second floor may be laid off in four convenient bed-rooms. A  
Store adjoins the Dwelling House, measuring 29 x 50, and is  
well fitted up for business. Another small Dwelling House  
adjoins the Store, which will be sold with the other property.  
The Land will be divided into building lots, and sold separately,  
if so required; or sold all in one block, with the buildings  
thereon.

The situation of this property, being in the midst of a  
flourishing and beautiful settlement, and within a very short  
distance of the rapidly thriving sea-port settlement of Summers-  
side, renders it a very desirable location for the establishment  
of a Mercantile Business, or a Boarding House. Part of the  
purchase money may remain on mortgage. Further informa-  
tion respecting terms and other particulars may be obtained  
on application being made to the subscriber at Charlottetown.  
JOHN HARPER.

Charlottetown, January 14, 1856.

Dwelling House and Land near Charlot-  
teton for Sale.

FOR SALE, the newly built and commodious Dwelling  
House in Charlottetown, Royalty, late the residence of the Hon.  
Charles Hensley, together with eighteen acres of land adjoining. The  
Dwelling House contains—Dining Room, Drawing Room and Study; two  
Kitchens, with Store-rooms, &c.; and Nine Bed-rooms. There is also  
Stables, Coach-house, Root-house, Pump, &c., on the premises. The distance  
from Charlottetown is rather less than one mile.

Also, to let from year to year, or for a term of years, as agreed upon,  
Several Pasture Lots in Charlottetown, near the above Dwelling  
House.

For Terms of Sale and Lease apply to the subscriber at the Attorney  
General's Office, Colonial Building, Charlottetown.  
JOSEPH HENSLEY.

## Freehold for Sale.

THAT well known Freehold, of 55 acres, "EGLANTINE  
POINT," Portau Bay, formerly owned by EDWARD ANSEL, is  
now offered for sale, of which a good and valid title can be given. For  
further particulars apply to  
W. B. DEAN,  
Registered book 24, page 573. July 23.



"Alliance Life and Fire Insurance Company" of  
LONDON  
ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT  
1824.

Capital, Five Millions Sterling.

CHARLES YOUNG,

April 14. Agent for P. E. Island.

## Notice.

THE penalty prescribed by law shall be rigidly enforced in  
the future against all persons who deposit snow or any  
other obstructive nuisance on the City Wharfs, or on the ice  
made over the docks adjacent thereto.

The subscriber caused to be removed from off the said  
Wharfs on the close of the navigation five empty casks, as also  
a wheelbarrow. The owners can have them by paying expenses.  
CORNELIUS LITTLE, Wharfinger.

January 14, 1856.

Regular Trader and first Spring Ship for  
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

NEW Clipper Ship "MAJESTIC," M. WALSH,  
Commander,—500 tons, A. I. iron keel and  
metalled,—has superior accommodations for Cabin  
and Steerage Passengers, and is in every respect a  
first rate conveyance for fine Goods,—has proved herself a fast  
sailer on her first voyage,—will be despatched from Liverpool  
on the 1st of April, 1856. For particulars please apply to  
Messrs. D. CANNON, SON & Co., 52 South Castle Street, Liver-  
pool; or the owner  
W. W. LORD,  
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.  
Nov. 5, 1855.

## Literature.

### ASLEEP.

An hour before, she spoke of things,  
That memory to the dying brings,  
And kiss'd me all the while;  
Then, after some sweet parting words,  
She seem'd among her flowers and birds,  
Until she fell asleep.

'Twas summer then, 'tis autumn now,  
The crimson leaves fall off the bough,  
And strew the gravel sweep,  
I wander down the garden walk,  
And muse on all the happy talk  
We had beneath the limes;  
And, resting on the garden seat,  
Her old Newfoundland at my feet,  
I think of other times:

Of golden eyes when she and I  
Sat watching here the flashing sky,  
The sunset and the sky;  
Or heard the children in the lanes,  
Following home the harvest wains,  
And shouting in their glee.

But when the daylight dies away,  
And ships grow dusky in the bay,  
These recollections cease;  
And in the stillness of the night,  
Bright thoughts that end in dreams so bright,  
Communicate their peace.

I wake and see the morning star,  
And hear the breakers on the bar,  
The voices on the shore;  
And then, with tears, I long to be  
Across a Chin unsounded sea,  
With her for evermore.

—Household Words.

(From Blackwood's Magazine for December, 1855.)

## Courtship under Difficulties.

A HUMOROUS HISTORY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FERDINAND STOLLE.

When I left the university of Jena, I went to live with an  
uncle—who, since the death of my parents, had supplied their  
place to me—at a pleasant country-house within an easy dis-  
tance of his manufactory. Uncle Reinhold was much attached  
to me, and although he had not objected to my prolonging my  
university life rather beyond the usual age, when I finally  
quitted Jena he strongly urged me to turn my attention to  
industrial pursuits, holding out to me the prospect of becoming  
his partner, and ultimately sole proprietor of his profitable  
business. Accordingly, for upwards of a year I applied my-  
self to master the mysteries of looms and shuttles, correspond-  
ence and accounts, although these were much less to my taste  
than the tranquil life I had led at Jena, studying little law,  
but diving deep into our noble German classics, and storing  
my mind from the works of the best prose-writers and poets.  
Before the year was half out, I fell deeply in love, but this I  
dared not tell my uncle. Minnie was the sweetest fairy that  
ever tripped over a lawn without doubling a daisy; her hair  
was of the richest auburn, her eyes were of the deepest blue,  
her mouth was a rosebud, and with my hands I could span  
her waist, but—alas! that terrible but—she lacked one thing  
which my uncle set above all the graces ever combined in a  
goddess. Her mother, the widow of a poor clergyman, lived  
upon a scanty pension, and Minnie was dowless. So we  
kept our love a profound secret, and trusted to time and the  
chance of accidents. Both young, we could afford to wait,  
and, confident in each other's affection, the possibility of  
another union never entered the head of either of us.

My uncle frequently spoke to me of matrimony. He ad-  
vocated my early marriage—perhaps a little from selfish  
motives, for he joyously anticipated the charm a young and  
graceful woman would bring into his dwelling, and the delight he  
should have in dandling a grand-nephew on his knee. Warm-  
hearted and generous, he yet in everything was completely the  
man of business, and he looked upon it as a settled matter,  
that, although I had very little fortune of my own, my ex-  
pectations from him should ensure me a rich wife. This idea  
seemed so rooted in his mind, that it sometimes occasioned me  
uneasiness. I foresaw some anger and much opposition when  
the day should come, and come it must, that I should confess  
to him my love for sweet penniless Minnie.

One morning, in the usual bundle of letters came one which  
seemed to give my uncle unusual satisfaction. I supposed it  
to contain a large and profitable order, for those were the  
letters over which he generally rubbed his hands, twinkled  
his eyes, and gave other unmistakable marks of contentment.  
To my surprise, instead of tossing it over to me, with an  
exulting "There my boy!" he carefully folded it up and put  
it into the breast-pocket of his coat. All that day he was in  
a state of peculiar exhilaration. At dinner he said little,  
but something agreeable evidently occupied his mind. At last,  
when, at evening, he had established himself in his easy-chair  
at the open window, his meerschaum in his mouth, a flask of  
golden Rhenish at his elbow, a lovely landscape and gorgeous  
sunset before him, the mystery was revealed. The letter was  
from his old friend, Counsellor Frager, who lived on his  
pleasant domain of Wiesenthal, about a day and a half's drive  
from us. The counsellor, whom I had twice seen at my uncle's  
since my return from college, was a wealthy widower with  
three marriageable daughters, whom I had not seen. My  
uncle, it appeared, had lately been in correspondence with him  
respecting the propriety of bringing about a union between me  
and one of the young ladies, who were reputed handsome;  
and that morning's letter contained the counsellor's full ac-  
quiescence in the scheme, and an invitation for me to pass a  
few days at Wiesenthal. In vain did I raise obstacles, and  
declare my conviction that none of the Misses Frager would  
suit me. Uncle Reinhold had the ready reply that I could not  
tell that until I had seen them. After making all possible ob-  
jections, I felt that to persist longer might excite suspicions of  
a prior attachment. And, after all, it was but a week's ab-  
sence, and no unpleasant escape from the monotony of the  
counting-house. All that I was required to do was, to go and  
see the damsels, who, I was assured would not carry me off  
and marry me by force. But when I told Minnie of my approach-  
ing departure, I thought she would have broken her heart.  
Her confidence in me was great, but the circumstances were  
certainly trying. She could not endure my being thus driven  
into temptation. She had heard of the counsellor's daughters  
as very handsome and very rich. She doubted not my truth,  
but she had forebodings of evil, and implored me not to leave  
her. I had promised my uncle to go, however, and I could not  
retract my word. It took a great many vows, and not a few  
kisses, to console the little timid loving girl, and even then  
she was but half consoled.

Before my departure I had another grave interview with my  
uncle. "You will not regret your journey, Frank," he said.  
"The girls are pretty, witty and well read. Not guess, such  
as one finds in our Kircheng and other country villages. You  
must rub up your learning, I can tell you. And the chief  
thing is, that each of them will have her thirty thousand  
dollars. Bring me home such a golden niece as that, and I

take you into partnership. A few years more, and I retire  
altogether, and you are a made man. My old friend the  
counsellor warmly desires the alliance. Not all wooers find  
their path so smooth. I ran myself nearly off my legs after  
my dear departed wife. The old people were against it, and  
would not listen to me. Luck lies before you, my boy; seize  
it with both hands."

"All very well," thought I, as I got into the gig and drove  
off; "but my hands are bound, and my heart too. What is  
money compared to Minnie? One lock of her lovely hair  
would make the old counsellor's money-bags kick the beam?  
And even if she were not in the way, I hate these mercenary  
unions got up by third parties, where everything is for the  
purse, and nothing for the heart. To pleasure my uncle,  
however, I can very well manage to get through a few days at  
Wiesenthal, and see the counsellor's graces on their best  
behaviour. I owe much more than that to my kind kinsman  
and second father. I will look at the ladies, but there is no  
fear of my marrying one of them. Poor dear Minnie! But  
if the Frager girls are such beauties, besides being fortunes,  
what on earth is the reason that none of them have yet got  
married? I should not wonder if the glitter of their thirty  
thousand dollars had somewhat blinded my worthy uncle.  
It would not surprise me if one of them squinted, and another  
had red hair. But there is no harm in going to see."

Thus communing with myself, I rolled pleasantly along the  
level road, in the warm autumn sun, through mile after mile  
of dew-spangled orchard. These were my romantic days, and  
nothing would have pleased me better than to have met with  
an adventure or two by the way. These were denied me; but,  
upon the other hand, an abundance awaited me at the place  
of my destination.

It was between nine and ten in the forenoon when I reached  
the neighbourhood of the rich counsellor's fine domain. The  
morning was so fine, the country so beautiful, that I determined  
to leave my gig at a roadside inn, about a quarter of an hour's  
drive from Wiesenthal, and to proceed thither on foot. Per-  
haps, also, if truth be told, I was not sorry to stop at the inn  
to get rid of the dust of the highway, and arrange my dress a  
little. I had certainly no desire to please any one of the  
three Misses Frager, but that was not a reason for appearing  
to disadvantage before them. The disorder of my toilet re-  
paired, I set out on my walk, and soon came in sight of the  
counsellor's villa. A small birch wood lay before me, through  
which I had to pass, and then I should be in the garden, which  
stretched up to the house. As I proceeded I looked about me  
on all sides, thinking I might by chance desire one of the  
three graces from which it was my uncle's will, but not my  
intention, that I should select a wife. The only woman I saw  
were two peasants toiling in a field. I was about to enter the  
wood, when at some two hundred paces from me, the slender  
figure of a woman, attired in a fantastical costume, between  
a riding-habit and a hunting-coat, and bearing a double-  
barrelled gun in her hand, stepped out from among the foliage.  
Leaning upon her weapon, she seemed enjoying the charming  
landscape.

"If that be one of Frager's daughters," thought I to my-  
self, "Uncle Reinhold was not so far wrong. A fine girl she  
seems."

Not wishing to disturb the graceful apparition in her con-  
templation of the scenery, I walked on as if I had not per-  
ceived her. "I had taken but a few steps when a female voice,  
melodious but powerful, shouted "Halt!" That cannot be  
addressed to me, thought I to myself, and walked on. Then  
came a sound like the cocking of a gun, and the next instant  
a bullet whistled, as it seemed to me, close over my head. The  
hint sufficed, and I halted at once.

"The woman must be crazy," thought I, as I gazed at the  
reckless amazon, who walked slowly towards me. I had  
leisure to observe her, and to admire her remarkable beauty.  
Her graceful figure was set off to advantage by the close-  
fitting habit, and her blooming countenance by a profusion of  
fair curls. I thought to myself, what a pity it was that so lovely  
a form should be that of a mad woman. When she arrived  
within twenty paces of me—

"Why did you not halt?" she asked, in commanding tones,  
"when I ordered you?"

I really knew not what to reply to the imperious beauty; so I  
varied the subject.

"If I did not mistake," I said, "I heard a bullet whistle  
rather near me."

"Are you afraid of bullets?"

"Well—there may be cases."

"For shame! a man should never be afraid, least of all of a  
lady. You thought I should hurt you. Do you take me for  
an assassin, or for a bad shot?"

"Neither, upon my word."

"There is a fine apple hanging over your head. Lay it on  
your palm, stretch out your arm, and I will shoot it off. Will  
you bet that I don't?"

"I am not fond of such bets."

"Afraid again?"

"Every man has his moments of weakness."

"Poltroon!" scornfully exclaimed this demon in petticoats,  
raised her gun, and levelled it at my head.

"For God's sake!" I cried, but before the words were out  
of my mouth came the flash and report. I thought I should  
have fallen to the ground. To a dead certainty the monster  
had hit my hat.

"Take off your hat," said she. I mechanically obeyed.  
There was a hole close to the crown. I shuddered from head  
to foot.

"Where are you going to?" said the terrible marksman.  
Not to anger her, I replied, as courteously as possible—

"To Wiesenthal; to Counsellor Frager's."

"Beware of his daughters," said the female fiend, with a  
laugh that reminded me of the wild huntsman. And she dis-  
appeared long in so dangerous a neighbourhood. The lady might  
take a fancy to load again. I made the best of my way  
towards the house, wondering as I strode along, whether  
Wiesenthal was a Turkish province, or whether we were back  
again in the middle ages, when people shot at peaceable  
passengers for pure pastime. What could this semi-assassin  
be! Was she a goblin, a wood demon, whose occupation was  
to frighten men, or real flesh and blood? If the latter, where  
had she acquired this preternatural dexterity with the gun,  
and the abominable habit of firing at travellers? Handsome  
she undoubtedly was, but when the devil disguises himself, he  
does not assume the ugliest form. And my thoughts reverted  
to my pretty gentle Minnie, a less imposing beauty, but a far  
safer companion than the lunatic William Tell, whose warning  
against the counsellor's daughters also recurred to my mind.  
I would not allow myself to suppose that the sharpshooter was  
one of Frager's daughters; but if she was, and her sisters re-  
sembled her, there was no danger of my falling in love with  
one of them. I should as soon have thought of becoming  
enamoured of a Zouave. I looked cautiously around me as I  
hurried through the wood, every moment expecting to see the  
terrible double-barrel peering through the bushes. Uncas  
in the forests of the Hudson, with Pawnees upon his trail,  
could not have reconnoitred more carefully. At last I emerged  
from the trees, and breathed more freely as I entered the gar-  
den. My wish had been for adventures, and I was punished  
by its fulfilment. Romanes and danger were certainly com-  
bined in the one I had just met with.

The worthy counsellor gave me a hearty reception, and  
made me welcome to Wiesenthal. I must be hungry, he said,  
after my drive, and calling a servant, he bade him bring re-  
freshment. Cold game and a bottle of Steinberger were soon  
on the table, and truly I wanted something to revive me after  
my recent peril. My friendly host pledged me in a bumper,  
and lamented the absence of his daughters, whom he was  
most desirous to introduce to me. He hoped they would be

back to dinner. I ventured a conjecture that they were on a  
visit somewhere. Not a bit of it, was the reply; each one of  
them had gone her own way, and on her own business.  
Business! thought I to myself, what business can these young  
ladies possibly have? And I fervently trusted it was not that  
of waylaying travellers, and shooting at hats with heads in  
them.

"Though I cannot show you my family," quoth the coun-  
sellor, when I had done eating, "if you will come with me  
into the next room, I will make you acquainted with their  
portraits."

I followed Mr. Frager. Beaming out of their golden frames  
were three of the handsomest female faces man's eyes ever  
rested upon. But my admiration was converted into some-  
thing like terror, when I recognised in one of the portraits  
the redoubtable guerrilla who, one short hour before, had sent  
a bullet within six inches of my head.

"This blonde," said Frager, playing the showman, "is my  
eldest girl, Louisa, a terrible madcap and hair-brained puss,  
who should have been a boy. I always call her my Nimrod,  
for she is passionately fond of hunting, and rides and shoots to  
perfection. I owe that I am not partial to such tastes in young  
ladies, but youth and high spirits must be allowed their way,  
and as the girl is a real angel in every other respect, and has  
the best heart in the world, I tolerate her cavalier customs."

"As regards the young lady's shooting," I replied, "I have  
had some experience of it myself this morning. She sent a  
bullet through my hat as I walked up to the house." And I  
related my adventure. The counsellor tried to look indignant,  
but his frown melted into a smile.

"Just like the gipsy," he said. "But you had nothing to  
fear. Her hand is steady and her aim sure."

"I will take the liberty to remark that I do not think such  
masculine accomplishments particularly becoming in a young  
lady."

"Certainly not, certainly not," replied the fond father.  
"You are quite right, and I preach to her every day. But it  
goes in at one ear and out at the other. And if I get seriously  
angry, she throws her arms round my neck, and vows she will  
be a better girl, and leaves me no rest till I forgive and kiss  
her. Then off she goes, and good resolutions are all forgotten.  
I confess my weakness; I have not the heart to thwart the  
child."

The next portrait was that of the second daughter, Emily  
by name. It was that of one of the handsomest brunettes I ever  
saw—a lofty commanding style of beauty, but the features  
were an unmistakable expression of masculine earnestness and  
decision. I stood lost in admiration before the beautiful  
countenance. The counsellor noted, with evident satisfaction,  
the effect it produced upon me.

"That is my Diefenbach," he said.

"Your Diefenbach?" I repeated, wondering what on earth  
the name of the renowned surgeon had to do there.

"The same," replied Frager, smiling. "Emily is the  
cleverest surgeon in the whole neighbourhood. She is just  
now down at the village, helping the doctor to amputate the  
hand of a gamekeeper who has had an accident with his gun."

"A fine profession," I remarked, not knowing what to  
say; and I turned, with somewhat altered feelings from the  
portrait of the fair Esculapius. The third portrait was no less  
charming than the other two. Rich masses of brown hair  
shaded a countenance whose features were more delicate and  
its expression softer than in that of either of the other sisters.  
"Let us hope," I thought to myself, "that this one has no  
such extraordinary and unwomanly tastes as Nimrod and  
Diefenbach. She looks milder and more feminine."

"That is my Oken," said Frager.

"What? The naturalist?"

"The same. This, my youngest daughter, was baptised  
by the name of Ernestine, but I always call her my Oken.  
No professor knows more of zoology, ornithology, ichthyology,  
etymology, and a few other hard-named sciences. She is  
passionately fond of the study of nature, notwithstanding the  
occasional disagreeables connected with it."

"Disagreeables?"

"Certainly. From her wanderings over hill and dale,  
through thicket and forest, the girl brings home so much  
vermin that I have repeatedly been quite angry with her.  
Snakes and lizards, frogs and toads, are continually crawling,  
writhing and jumping about the house. She is particularly  
attached to spiders, of which she has a splendid collection.  
If you could procure her an American tarantula, which is the  
object of her most ardent desires, you would at once attain a  
high place in her esteem. You should see Oken's boudoir,"  
concluded the happy father; "you would never think you  
were in a lady's apartment, but in a museum of natural history."

"My dear sir," I exclaimed, now completely astonished,  
"how is it that your amiable daughters have become addicted  
to such extraordinary and unfeminine pursuits?"

"The cause is soon told, my dear Mr. Frank," replied  
Frager; "they had the misfortune to lose their mother very  
young. My occupation rendered it impossible for me to attend  
to their education, and I thought I had done all that was  
necessary when I entrusted the girls to a tutor highly re-  
commended to me, but who brought them up like boys. Their  
only companion was their brother Bernard, since unhappily  
drowned when studying medicine at the university. From  
him the sisters learned and inherited their various passions—  
Louisa her riding and shooting, Emily her surgery, and  
Ernestine her natural history. I live in hopes that when they  
are well married they will be weaned from their strange  
fancies; housekeeping will not leave them much time for  
shooting and operating, or for collecting frogs and snakes. I  
feel that I ought to have been stricter with the girls, but the  
harm is done now, and I can but hope in the future."

I was far from displeased at the counsellor's revelations.  
The peculiarities of the three beautiful sisters justified op-  
position to my uncle's wishes. He could not expect me to  
take to wife a Nimrod, a Diefenbach, or an Oken. The thing  
was absurd. No amount of gold and beauty could atone for  
such unwomanly eccentricities. At the same time, I was  
curious to see the two younger sisters. They must be very  
beautiful. I was less anxious for another meeting with Miss  
Nimrod. The whistle of her bullets still resounded in my  
ears. The female Frieschutzte was capable of shooting the  
cigar from my mouth, or the rose from my button-hole. I am  
not fond of such practical jokes.

We had hardly returned into the breakfast room when there  
was barking of dogs without, and Louisa dashed into the court  
on a snow-white palfrey. Nothing could be more graceful  
and charming than this slender daring amazon in her well-  
fitting habit. She sprang lightly from the saddle, and hurried  
into the house. From the window the counsellor watched her  
with ill-concealed pride and satisfaction. The door flew open,  
Louisa entered in, and, without taking the slightest notice of  
me, threw her arms round her father's neck.

"Mad girl!" cried Frager, with a most ineffectual attempt  
at severity of tone, "do you not see there is a guest in the  
room, a worthy friend of mine?"

Rearing her elegant form to its full height, the wayward  
beauty, glowing with recent exercise, measured me with a  
glance that spoke anything but friendly welcome. A sarcastic  
smile played about her beautiful mouth, which Diana might  
have envied.

"If I do not mistake," said she coldly, "I have already  
made the gentleman's acquaintance."

"I had the honour," replied I, with a bow, "to serve you  
as a target."

"I wish you had behaved better, Louisa," said the coun-  
sellor, with some displeasure; "you are really incorrigible."

"So he has blabbed already," said the damsel scornfully.

"Only think, papa," she added, turning to Frager, "the  
young man was frightened, and thought I would kill him!"