

The Lancaster Intelligencer

VOL. LXIII.

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 18, 1862.

NO. 10.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

Published weekly, at No. 8 North Duke Street, by Geo. Sanderson.

THE GAME OF FORFEITS.

By Mrs. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. Advertisements—One square (10 lines) will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for each additional insertion. Those of greater length, at proportionate rates.

THE COUNTRY PRINTER.

BY PHILIP PRINCE. CIRCA, 1790.

Beside a stream that never yet ran dry,
There stands a town, nor high advance'd in fame,
The few its buildings raised to please the eye,
Still this proud title it may fairly claim:
A town (the first requisite) is a place
A mill, a blacksmith's shop, a place of prayer,
Nay, more—a little market-house is seen,
And from books where beef was never hung,
Nor pork, nor butter, nor any country ware,
A pig's head, or sausage link, or bullock's tongue;
Look upon you, you who seek the vacant bench,
No butcher's cart is to be seen;
Great aims were his who first contriv'd this town;
A market he would have, but huddled now,
Sighting, was to see his fabric would 'ring down,
But only saw, as might be seen the sow;
And hence, by way of jest, it may be said,
That best of towns, there never best had.

Above the inn he reared his bustling door,
A printing office fits his bustling door,
Where busy Tyne old journals do explore,
For news that never leaves the village road,
Who year from year (so credit is his word)
Is author, presman, devil—and what not.
Fame says, he is an odd and curious wight,
And to do him wrong, is to do him right,
In sense nor very dull nor very bright.
Yet shows some marks of humor in his face:
One who can put his pen to work so fast,
Or plume the parson with the mackled sheaf.
Three times a week, by nimble giddings drop,
A stage arrives; but secretly do steal,
Unless the driver has a heavy load,
Has made some business for the blacksmith's shop,
Then comes the printer's harvest-time of news,
Welcome alike from country or from town.
Each passenger he marks with curious glance,
And if his gaze be mark'd of courteous glance,
That certain he will soon be made to dance.
Hoping, from thence, some paragraph to find,
Some odd adventure, something new and rare,
To set the town agog, or make it stare.

III.
All is not truth (as said that traveler late)
So much the better for this man of news;
For when the country who know him well,
Will, if his paper has, in his eyes,
Earl-roses and battles, shipwrecks, myriads slain,
Or tales of true, or false, or both, to him;
But if that melody they say nothing new,
Then many a lazy, longing, loiterer,
To watch the wazy post-boy travelling through,
No horse, nor wazy, nor any country ware,
With letters, said in leather prison pent,
And well, you press, half a packet sent.
Nor Argus, with fifty pair of honest Tyne,
Explore each packet, of alluring size,
Prepar'd to catch them with a nimble grip,
Did not the printer, at the hour of ease,
That village Tyne shall only leave his share.
Ask you what matter fills his various page?
A mere straggling, as it were, of news,
What'er is done on madam Fanny's stage,
Or the knowledge of his townsmen brings;
And of what whistles down in Buzzard's bay,
Some miracles he makes, and some he steals;
Half nature's works are plants in his eyes;
Moths, very much, in woad, and in green;
New Hampshire apples grown to pumpkin size,
Franklin's atom as large as country wine,
And ladies, boasting men—three lovely twins,
He, births and deaths, with cold indifference views.
A paragraph from him is all they claim;
And hence the name of "the village news."
See the fair record, among the news,
All that was good minutely brought to light,
All that was ill—could come from vulgar gait.

IV.
Those who art plac'd in one's own favor's spot,
Where spirit ascends, and slips from eye to limbo,
Discharge their freight—despite not thou the lot,
Of humble Tyne, who here has found his prime.
At ease and press has labor'd many a day,
But now, in years, is verging to decay.
He, in his time, the patriot of his town,
With great and good, and good and great side,
Did what he could to put his town down,
Glipp'd his beard, and twitch'd his sacred hide,
Minn'd his faith, and his good nature's side,
Reid young whigs, and twink'd the old one's nose.
Poised by his pipe, at church or court-house mood,
Did depths of words, and spindling rattle ran,
Now by a priest, and now a guilding rattle ran,
With clubs and spurs to ward the rights of man;
Lead from the spurs, and led by the spurs,
Marching away, to fight Burgundy or Horne.
Where are they now?—the village asks with grief,
What were their toils, their conquests, or their
Perhaps they, near some state-house, beg relief,
Perhaps they sleep on Saratoga's plain,
Doon'd not to live, their country to reproach,
For seven years' pay transferred to mamma's coach.
Ye guardians of your country and her laws!
Since to the pen and press so much we owe,
Still bid these favor friends to press on now,
And thus the pure source, streams unsullied now,
From a new order grown on reason's plan,
And from the fere barbarians into—
Child of the earth, of rude materials fram'd,
Man, always found a tyrant or a slave,
Fond to be honor'd, valued, rich, or fam'd,
Rovers of earth, and subjugates the wate:
Depos and kings this restless race may share,
But know'st thou only makes them worth your care.

The Boston Post says that many years ago, the Speaker of the Vermont Legislature, an elegant man and given to gallantry, facetiously opposed a woman's rights bill. The "strong-minded lady" who was engineering the measure, folded up a flannel petticoat in a paper and sent it to the Speaker by the page, proposing to enjoy his discomfiture from her seat in the gallery. When the garment was unfolded on the desk there was a sensation. Raising smiling complacently, the speaker spoke: "Gentlemen, I have received many flattering attentions from the fair sex, but never before so pleasing a compliment as this. It is indeed a beautiful gift. And what enhances the delicacy of the donation, the name of the fair donor is concealed. Ah—the cunning—she knew that I would recognize the petticoat!"

By Mrs. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN.
"Superfine, and the last?"
"I do, the owner, upon her honor and conscience, to say nothing that she does not mean for the space of three weeks next following this evening; and as a pledge for the fulfilment of her promise, I will retain the pawn myself."
"Very well," and the last? "I do, the owner, upon her honor and conscience, to say nothing that she does not mean for the space of three weeks next following this evening; and as a pledge for the fulfilment of her promise, I will retain the pawn myself."
"Very well," and the last? "I do, the owner, upon her honor and conscience, to say nothing that she does not mean for the space of three weeks next following this evening; and as a pledge for the fulfilment of her promise, I will retain the pawn myself."
"Very well," and the last? "I do, the owner, upon her honor and conscience, to say nothing that she does not mean for the space of three weeks next following this evening; and as a pledge for the fulfilment of her promise, I will retain the pawn myself."

As on the morning after the party, Fanny looked on her room, with the precious lock and key, and she had a dim consciousness, which if it had been explicitly translated, would have read something after this fashion: "If that girl is alive, I want to know her. We might be as dear as sisters to each other. She is so truthful, so yielding—stronger, but more passionate, more wayward." But Fanny was little given to moralizing. So, after a moment's pensiveness, she said to herself:
"I wonder if this is Paul Ashley's fancy? Who knows but he may have been in love some time? I'll find out. I'll tease him. How I do dislike that man's conceit of himself! But for that—I'll confess to-day what I never did before, even to myself—I might find him endurable. Heigh-ho! how it will bore me someday to say what I mean to him! It is such sport to flay the face of all his whims from mere good-nature."

Two days afterwards she met Mr. Ashley. I am not sure but they both looked embarrassed at the meeting, but Paul was the first to regain his composure.
"Good morning, Miss Fanny," he exclaimed. "Can hardly say I'm happy to see you, since one naturally does not like to encounter one's tyrant. Still I trust you are well, and find your character improving under penance."
"Really?" she replied. "I should think it were you who were doomed to truth telling. I confess it would be delightful to assure you that the meeting was equally a bore to me; but truth compels me to say otherwise. I'm really almost—for the first time in my life—glad to see you. I've been longing for an opportunity of testing my power over you."

Paul smiled faintly. The assumption would have been true, enough if there had been no trace of reality about it. As it was, it irked him.
"I am yours to command," he replied, with a mock, deferential bow. "But first let me remind you that, as I understand the spirit of your obligation, you are not at liberty to indulge your whimsicality at my expense. Your request must be a sincere one."
"Whimsicality is a part of my nature," she replied; "and I may be as sincere as the indulgence of a whim as anything else."

After that, Fanny did not like to ask about the portrait, as she had intended.—It would have seemed to betray too deep an interest in Mr. Ashley's confidential matters. Paul had penetration enough to see that she was checkmated; and suddenly it occurred to him that her power would be after all, not very arbitrary, since it was bounded upon all sides by her pledge of truthfulness and her own maidenly sense of propriety.
"Really," he said, in a rallying tone, "you do not sustain your part with the spirit I anticipated, Miss Fanny. I shall begin to think you intend to make your own a sinecure."

"From this time forward I replied, quickly.—"You are the champion of the absent, the weak, the evil-tongued. Keep ever a spare lance, sir knight, for the defence of these, and devise excuse for them, and use your eloquence to maintain their cause. Remember it is not the unfortunate, but the weak and the erring, whom you are to uphold—and that not with scornful tolerance, but humble, earnest zeal."
"I am shut out from my own arrow," exclaimed Paul, after a moment's pause.
"Really, Miss Fanny, you improve under my tuition."
"You may be blinded by your own vanity," said Paul, "Teachers often are."
"You provoke me to ask if that is your honest opinion, or simply put forth as a suggestion?"
"No. I have been heedless; a little self-entire, will doubtless do me good."
"Do you see?" broke out Fanny, at last, in the old vein; "how very stupid all this is making you? I wish we might go back to the old way and talk nonsense instead of making fair confessions of ourselves, and weighing every word in the balance. A true philosophy, and welcome a little downright gossip. Have you heard how shamefully Phil Monjjoy has behaved in breaking his engagement with Ellen Vance, and put me with that man can do so devoid of honor and principle?"
Paul hesitated a moment before replying.
"Philip has been unfortunately educated," he said, at length. "He has never had any stronger motive than the love of money and his own ease instilled into his mind. It is strange how much education has to do in making or marring the beauty of our characters."
Fanny looked up with a pleased smile. This leniency and generosity were so much more genial than Paul's usual arrogance and cynicism.
"It is true," she said. "But I pity Ellen. She is such a weak confiding creature, it will have a bad effect upon her character, I'm afraid."

"Possibly not. It may rouse some dormant qualities, and make a stronger and better woman of her. I hope so at least."
The last was said with a sigh, which Fanny did not quite understand. After a short pause, during which the thoughts of both had been busy, Paul said:
"I am determined to be even with you. Since you have put me to the test, though I believe it was unconsciously, let me retaliate. I am going to ask you a question, to which, a week ago, I should not have expected a truthful answer."
"A very vile insinuation."
"Not in the least. You would have evaded me, but with such pretty jokes and mock bantering, and I should have ceased the play of wit just as wise as I commenced it. But now I have hope of a better result."

"Well, then?"
"I will not ask you how a certain miniature came into your possession; you might not like to tell me. But I am very desirous to know how much of its history you are aware of."
Fanny hesitated. It was a strong temptation. She replied at length—
"Quite as much, I presume, as you would wish me to know."
"Paul bit his lip and nodded very pale."
"Your answer is sufficiently indefinite. I am to understand that you do not wish me to know anything about it?"
Again Fanny hesitated. She wanted to make him feel that he was in her power.
"For the present, yes," she replied.
"You may be aware that it is very painful for me to be held in such suspense."
"I should judge that it might be."
"I thought we were getting friends, Fanny."
"No reply."
"How did it seem to you?"
"I had hardly thought about it."
"I am sorry to think you intentionally cruel."
"I don't think I am. You assumed the right to be my judge, and award me sentence upon unexpected points. If I return the compliment you ought not to complain."
"You are giving me the benefit of a new sensation."
They were parting. Fanny uttered her hand and said—
"I would like to bespeak a trifler to all ill feeling for the present. At the end of the three weeks I promise to satisfy you; that is, if you succeed in redeeming the picture."

She smiled at the close of the sentence in a friendly, playful way, and replied—
"I see you are still bent on playing the tyrant."
Society was excessively amused at the metamorphoses in the characters of Paul and Fanny. It was as good as a play, they declared, to see Paul lowering his pride so gracefully, and defending with such chivalric zeal those whom a week ago he would have spoken of with scorn and impatience.
"Really," she replied, "I should think it were you who were doomed to truth telling. I confess it would be delightful to assure you that the meeting was equally a bore to me; but truth compels me to say otherwise. I'm really almost—for the first time in my life—glad to see you. I've been longing for an opportunity of testing my power over you."

Paul smiled faintly. The assumption would have been true, enough if there had been no trace of reality about it. As it was, it irked him.
"I am yours to command," he replied, with a mock, deferential bow. "But first let me remind you that, as I understand the spirit of your obligation, you are not at liberty to indulge your whimsicality at my expense. Your request must be a sincere one."
"Whimsicality is a part of my nature," she replied; "and I may be as sincere as the indulgence of a whim as anything else."

After that, Fanny did not like to ask about the portrait, as she had intended.—It would have seemed to betray too deep an interest in Mr. Ashley's confidential matters. Paul had penetration enough to see that she was checkmated; and suddenly it occurred to him that her power would be after all, not very arbitrary, since it was bounded upon all sides by her pledge of truthfulness and her own maidenly sense of propriety.
"Really," he said, in a rallying tone, "you do not sustain your part with the spirit I anticipated, Miss Fanny. I shall begin to think you intend to make your own a sinecure."
"From this time forward I replied, quickly.—"You are the champion of the absent, the weak, the evil-tongued. Keep ever a spare lance, sir knight, for the defence of these, and devise excuse for them, and use your eloquence to maintain their cause. Remember it is not the unfortunate, but the weak and the erring, whom you are to uphold—and that not with scornful tolerance, but humble, earnest zeal."
"I am shut out from my own arrow," exclaimed Paul, after a moment's pause.
"Really, Miss Fanny, you improve under my tuition."
"You may be blinded by your own vanity," said Paul, "Teachers often are."
"You provoke me to ask if that is your honest opinion, or simply put forth as a suggestion?"
"No. I have been heedless; a little self-entire, will doubtless do me good."
"Do you see?" broke out Fanny, at last, in the old vein; "how very stupid all this is making you? I wish we might go back to the old way and talk nonsense instead of making fair confessions of ourselves, and weighing every word in the balance. A true philosophy, and welcome a little downright gossip. Have you heard how shamefully Phil Monjjoy has behaved in breaking his engagement with Ellen Vance, and put me with that man can do so devoid of honor and principle?"
Paul hesitated a moment before replying.
"Philip has been unfortunately educated," he said, at length. "He has never had any stronger motive than the love of money and his own ease instilled into his mind. It is strange how much education has to do in making or marring the beauty of our characters."
Fanny looked up with a pleased smile. This leniency and generosity were so much more genial than Paul's usual arrogance and cynicism.
"It is true," she said. "But I pity Ellen. She is such a weak confiding creature, it will have a bad effect upon her character, I'm afraid."

"Possibly not. It may rouse some dormant qualities, and make a stronger and better woman of her. I hope so at least."
The last was said with a sigh, which Fanny did not quite understand. After a short pause, during which the thoughts of both had been busy, Paul said:
"I am determined to be even with you. Since you have put me to the test, though I believe it was unconsciously, let me retaliate. I am going to ask you a question, to which, a week ago, I should not have expected a truthful answer."
"A very vile insinuation."
"Not in the least. You would have evaded me, but with such pretty jokes and mock bantering, and I should have ceased the play of wit just as wise as I commenced it. But now I have hope of a better result."

"Well, then?"
"I will not ask you how a certain miniature came into your possession; you might not like to tell me. But I am very desirous to know how much of its history you are aware of."
Fanny hesitated. It was a strong temptation. She replied at length—
"Quite as much, I presume, as you would wish me to know."
"Paul bit his lip and nodded very pale."
"Your answer is sufficiently indefinite. I am to understand that you do not wish me to know anything about it?"
Again Fanny hesitated. She wanted to make him feel that he was in her power.
"For the present, yes," she replied.
"You may be aware that it is very painful for me to be held in such suspense."
"I should judge that it might be."
"I thought we were getting friends, Fanny."
"No reply."
"How did it seem to you?"
"I had hardly thought about it."
"I am sorry to think you intentionally cruel."
"I don't think I am. You assumed the right to be my judge, and award me sentence upon unexpected points. If I return the compliment you ought not to complain."
"You are giving me the benefit of a new sensation."
They were parting. Fanny uttered her hand and said—
"I would like to bespeak a trifler to all ill feeling for the present. At the end of the three weeks I promise to satisfy you; that is, if you succeed in redeeming the picture."

She smiled at the close of the sentence in a friendly, playful way, and replied—
"I see you are still bent on playing the tyrant."
Society was excessively amused at the metamorphoses in the characters of Paul and Fanny. It was as good as a play, they declared, to see Paul lowering his pride so gracefully, and defending with such chivalric zeal those whom a week ago he would have spoken of with scorn and impatience.
"Really," she replied, "I should think it were you who were doomed to truth telling. I confess it would be delightful to assure you that the meeting was equally a bore to me; but truth compels me to say otherwise. I'm really almost—for the first time in my life—glad to see you. I've been longing for an opportunity of testing my power over you."

Paul smiled faintly. The assumption would have been true, enough if there had been no trace of reality about it. As it was, it irked him.
"I am yours to command," he replied, with a mock, deferential bow. "But first let me remind you that, as I understand the spirit of your obligation, you are not at liberty to indulge your whimsicality at my expense. Your request must be a sincere one."
"Whimsicality is a part of my nature," she replied; "and I may be as sincere as the indulgence of a whim as anything else."

"I wonder if this is Paul Ashley's fancy? Who knows but he may have been in love some time? I'll find out. I'll tease him. How I do dislike that man's conceit of himself! But for that—I'll confess to-day what I never did before, even to myself—I might find him endurable. Heigh-ho! how it will bore me someday to say what I mean to him! It is such sport to flay the face of all his whims from mere good-nature."
Two days afterwards she met Mr. Ashley. I am not sure but they both looked embarrassed at the meeting, but Paul was the first to regain his composure.
"Good morning, Miss Fanny," he exclaimed. "Can hardly say I'm happy to see you, since one naturally does not like to encounter one's tyrant. Still I trust you are well, and find your character improving under penance."
"Really?" she replied. "I should think it were you who were doomed to truth telling. I confess it would be delightful to assure you that the meeting was equally a bore to me; but truth compels me to say otherwise. I'm really almost—for the first time in my life—glad to see you. I've been longing for an opportunity of testing my power over you."

Paul smiled faintly. The assumption would have been true, enough if there had been no trace of reality about it. As it was, it irked him.
"I am yours to command," he replied, with a mock, deferential bow. "But first let me remind you that, as I understand the spirit of your obligation, you are not at liberty to indulge your whimsicality at my expense. Your request must be a sincere one."
"Whimsicality is a part of my nature," she replied; "and I may be as sincere as the indulgence of a whim as anything else."

After that, Fanny did not like to ask about the portrait, as she had intended.—It would have seemed to betray too deep an interest in Mr. Ashley's confidential matters. Paul had penetration enough to see that she was checkmated; and suddenly it occurred to him that her power would be after all, not very arbitrary, since it was bounded upon all sides by her pledge of truthfulness and her own maidenly sense of propriety.
"Really," he said, in a rallying tone, "you do not sustain your part with the spirit I anticipated, Miss Fanny. I shall begin to think you intend to make your own a sinecure."
"From this time forward I replied, quickly.—"You are the champion of the absent, the weak, the evil-tongued. Keep ever a spare lance, sir knight, for the defence of these, and devise excuse for them, and use your eloquence to maintain their cause. Remember it is not the unfortunate, but the weak and the erring, whom you are to uphold—and that not with scornful tolerance, but humble, earnest zeal."
"I am shut out from my own arrow," exclaimed Paul, after a moment's pause.
"Really, Miss Fanny, you improve under my tuition."
"You may be blinded by your own vanity," said Paul, "Teachers often are."
"You provoke me to ask if that is your honest opinion, or simply put forth as a suggestion?"
"No. I have been heedless; a little self-entire, will doubtless do me good."
"Do you see?" broke out Fanny, at last, in the old vein; "how very stupid all this is making you? I wish we might go back to the old way and talk nonsense instead of making fair confessions of ourselves, and weighing every word in the balance. A true philosophy, and welcome a little downright gossip. Have you heard how shamefully Phil Monjjoy has behaved in breaking his engagement with Ellen Vance, and put me with that man can do so devoid of honor and principle?"
Paul hesitated a moment before replying.
"Philip has been unfortunately educated," he said, at length. "He has never had any stronger motive than the love of money and his own ease instilled into his mind. It is strange how much education has to do in making or marring the beauty of our characters."
Fanny looked up with a pleased smile. This leniency and generosity were so much more genial than Paul's usual arrogance and cynicism.
"It is true," she said. "But I pity Ellen. She is such a weak confiding creature, it will have a bad effect upon her character, I'm afraid."

"Possibly not. It may rouse some dormant qualities, and make a stronger and better woman of her. I hope so at least."
The last was said with a sigh, which Fanny did not quite understand. After a short pause, during which the thoughts of both had been busy, Paul said:
"I am determined to be even with you. Since you have put me to the test, though I believe it was unconsciously, let me retaliate. I am going to ask you a question, to which, a week ago, I should not have expected a truthful answer."
"A very vile insinuation."
"Not in the least. You would have evaded me, but with such pretty jokes and mock bantering, and I should have ceased the play of wit just as wise as I commenced it. But now I have hope of a better result."

"Well, then?"
"I will not ask you how a certain miniature came into your possession; you might not like to tell me. But I am very desirous to know how much of its history you are aware of."
Fanny hesitated. It was a strong temptation. She replied at length—
"Quite as much, I presume, as you would wish me to know."
"Paul bit his lip and nodded very pale."
"Your answer is sufficiently indefinite. I am to understand that you do not wish me to know anything about it?"
Again Fanny hesitated. She wanted to make him feel that he was in her power.
"For the present, yes," she replied.
"You may be aware that it is very painful for me to be held in such suspense."
"I should judge that it might be."
"I thought we were getting friends, Fanny."
"No reply."
"How did it seem to you?"
"I had hardly thought about it."
"I am sorry to think you intentionally cruel."
"I don't think I am. You assumed the right to be my judge, and award me sentence upon unexpected points. If I return the compliment you ought not to complain."
"You are giving me the benefit of a new sensation."
They were parting. Fanny uttered her hand and said—
"I would like to bespeak a trifler to all ill feeling for the present. At the end of the three weeks I promise to satisfy you; that is, if you succeed in redeeming the picture."

She smiled at the close of the sentence in a friendly, playful way, and replied—
"I see you are still bent on playing the tyrant."
Society was excessively amused at the metamorphoses in the characters of Paul and Fanny. It was as good as a play, they declared, to see Paul lowering his pride so gracefully, and defending with such chivalric zeal those whom a week ago he would have spoken of with scorn and impatience.
"Really," she replied, "I should think it were you who were doomed to truth telling. I confess it would be delightful to assure you that the meeting was equally a bore to me; but truth compels me to say otherwise. I'm really almost—for the first time in my life—glad to see you. I've been longing for an opportunity of testing my power over you."

Paul smiled faintly. The assumption would have been true, enough if there had been no trace of reality about it. As it was, it irked him.
"I am yours to command," he replied, with a mock, deferential bow. "But first let me remind you that, as I understand the spirit of your obligation, you are not at liberty to indulge your whimsicality at my expense. Your request must be a sincere one."
"Whimsicality is a part of my nature," she replied; "and I may be as sincere as the indulgence of a whim as anything else."

After that, Fanny did not like to ask about the portrait, as she had intended.—It would have seemed to betray too deep an interest in Mr. Ashley's confidential matters. Paul had penetration enough to see that she was checkmated; and suddenly it occurred to him that her power would be after all, not very arbitrary, since it was bounded upon all sides by her pledge of truthfulness and her own maidenly sense of propriety.
"Really," he said, in a rallying tone, "you do not sustain your part with the spirit I anticipated, Miss Fanny. I shall begin to think you intend to make your own a sinecure."
"From this time forward I replied, quickly.—"You are the champion of the absent, the weak, the evil-tongued. Keep ever a spare lance, sir knight, for the defence of these, and devise excuse for them, and use your eloquence to maintain their cause. Remember it is not the unfortunate, but the weak and the erring, whom you are to uphold—and that not with scornful tolerance, but humble, earnest zeal."
"I am shut out from my own arrow," exclaimed Paul, after a moment's pause.
"Really, Miss Fanny, you improve under my tuition."
"You may be blinded by your own vanity," said Paul, "Teachers often are."
"You provoke me to ask if that is your honest opinion, or simply put forth as a suggestion?"
"No. I have been heedless; a little self-entire, will doubtless do me good."
"Do you see?" broke out Fanny, at last, in the old vein; "how very stupid all this is making you? I wish we might go back to the old way and talk nonsense instead of making fair confessions of ourselves, and weighing every word in the balance. A true philosophy, and welcome a little downright gossip. Have you heard how shamefully Phil Monjjoy has behaved in breaking his engagement with Ellen Vance, and put me with that man can do so devoid of honor and principle?"
Paul hesitated a moment before replying.
"Philip has been unfortunately educated," he said, at length. "He has never had any stronger motive than the love of money and his own ease instilled into his mind. It is strange how much education has to do in making or marring the beauty of our characters."
Fanny looked up with a pleased smile. This leniency and generosity were so much more genial than Paul's usual arrogance and cynicism.
"It is true," she said. "But I pity Ellen. She is such a weak confiding creature, it will have a bad effect upon her character, I'm afraid."

"Well, then?"
"I will not ask you how a certain miniature came into your possession; you might not like to tell me. But I am very desirous to know how much of its history you are aware of."
Fanny hesitated. It was a strong temptation. She replied at length—
"Quite as much, I presume, as you would wish me to know."
"Paul bit his lip and nodded very pale."
"Your answer is sufficiently indefinite. I am to understand that you do not wish me to know anything about it?"
Again Fanny hesitated. She wanted to make him feel that he was in her power.
"For the present, yes," she replied.
"You may be aware that it is very painful for me to be held in such suspense."
"I should judge that it might be."
"I thought we were getting friends, Fanny."
"No reply."
"How did it seem to you?"
"I had hardly thought about it."
"I am sorry to think you intentionally cruel."
"I don't think I am. You assumed the right to be my judge, and award me sentence upon unexpected points. If I return the compliment you ought not to complain."
"You are giving me the benefit of a new sensation."
They were parting. Fanny uttered her hand and said—
"I would like to bespeak a trifler to all ill feeling for the present. At the end of the three weeks I promise to satisfy you; that is, if you succeed in redeeming the picture."

She smiled at the close of the sentence in a friendly, playful way, and replied—
"I see you are still bent on playing the tyrant."
Society was excessively amused at the metamorphoses in the characters of Paul and Fanny. It was as good as a play, they declared, to see Paul lowering his pride so gracefully, and defending with such chivalric zeal those whom a week ago he would have spoken of with scorn and impatience.
"Really," she replied, "I should think it were you who were doomed to truth telling. I confess it would be delightful to assure you that the meeting was equally a bore to me; but truth compels me to say otherwise. I'm really almost—for the first time in my life—glad to see you. I've been longing for an opportunity of testing my power over you."

Paul smiled faintly. The assumption would have been true, enough if there had been no trace of reality about it. As it was, it irked him.
"I am yours to command," he replied, with a mock, deferential bow. "But first let me remind you that, as I understand the spirit of your obligation, you are not at liberty to indulge your whimsicality at my expense. Your request must be a sincere one."
"Whimsicality is a part of my nature," she replied; "and I may be as sincere as the indulgence of a whim as anything else."

After that, Fanny did not like to ask about the portrait, as she had intended.—It would have seemed to betray too deep an interest in Mr. Ashley's confidential matters. Paul had penetration enough to see that she was checkmated; and suddenly it occurred to him that her power would be after all, not very arbitrary, since it was bounded upon all sides by her pledge of truthfulness and her own maidenly sense of propriety.
"Really," he said, in a rallying tone, "you do not sustain your part with the spirit I anticipated, Miss Fanny. I shall begin to think you intend to make your own a sinecure."
"From this time forward I replied, quickly.—"You are the champion of the absent, the weak, the evil-tongued. Keep ever a spare lance, sir knight, for the defence of these, and devise excuse for them, and use your eloquence to maintain their cause. Remember it is not the unfortunate, but the weak and the erring, whom you are to uphold—and that not with scornful tolerance, but humble, earnest zeal."
"I am shut out from my own arrow," exclaimed Paul, after a moment's pause.
"Really, Miss Fanny, you improve under my tuition."
"You may be blinded by your own vanity," said Paul, "Teachers often are."
"You provoke me to ask if that is your honest opinion, or simply put forth as a suggestion?"
"No. I have been heedless; a little self-entire, will doubtless do me good."
"Do you see?" broke out Fanny, at last, in the old vein; "how very stupid all this is making you? I wish we might go back to the old way and talk nonsense instead of making fair confessions of ourselves, and weighing every word in the balance. A true philosophy, and welcome a little downright gossip. Have you heard how shamefully Phil Monjjoy has behaved in breaking his engagement with Ellen Vance, and put me with that man can do so devoid of honor and principle?"
Paul hesitated a moment before replying.
"Philip has been unfortunately educated," he said, at length. "He has never had any stronger motive than the love of money and his own ease instilled into his mind. It is strange how much education has to do in making or marring the beauty of our characters."
Fanny looked up with a pleased smile. This leniency and generosity were so much more genial than Paul's usual arrogance and cynicism.
"It is true," she said. "But I pity Ellen. She is such a weak confiding creature, it will have a bad effect upon her character, I'm afraid."

"Possibly not. It may rouse some dormant qualities, and make a stronger and better woman of her. I hope so at least."
The last was said with a sigh, which Fanny did not quite understand. After a short pause, during which the thoughts of both had been busy, Paul said:
"I am determined to be even with you. Since you have put me to the test, though I believe it was unconsciously, let me retaliate. I am going to ask you a question, to which, a week ago, I should not have expected a truthful answer."
"A very vile insinuation."
"Not in the least. You would have evaded me, but with such pretty jokes and mock bantering, and I should have ceased the play of wit just as wise as I commenced it. But now I have hope of a better result."

"Well, then?"
"I will not ask you how a certain miniature came into your possession; you might not like to tell me. But I am very desirous to know how much of its history you are aware of."
Fanny hesitated. It was a strong temptation. She replied at length—
"Quite as much, I presume, as you would wish me to know."
"Paul bit his lip and nodded very pale."
"Your answer is sufficiently indefinite. I am to understand that you do not wish me to know anything about it?"
Again Fanny hesitated. She wanted to make him feel that he was in her power.
"For the present, yes," she replied.
"You may be aware that it is very painful for me to be held in such suspense."
"I should judge that it might be."
"I thought we were getting friends, Fanny."
"No reply."
"How did it seem to you?"
"I had hardly thought about it."
"I am sorry to think you intentionally cruel."
"I don't think I am. You assumed the right to be my judge, and award me sentence upon unexpected points. If I return the compliment you ought not to complain."
"You are giving me the benefit of a new sensation."
They were parting. Fanny uttered her hand and said—
"I would like to bespeak a trifler to all ill feeling for the present. At the end of the three weeks I promise to satisfy you; that is, if you succeed in redeeming the picture."

She smiled at the close of the sentence in a friendly, playful way, and replied—
"I see you are still bent on playing the tyrant."
Society was excessively amused at the metamorphoses in the characters of Paul and Fanny. It was as good as a play, they declared, to see Paul lowering his pride so gracefully, and defending with such chivalric zeal those whom a week ago he would have spoken of with scorn and impatience.
"Really," she replied, "I should think it were you who were doomed to truth telling. I confess it would be delightful to assure you that the meeting was equally a bore to me; but truth compels me to say otherwise. I'm really almost—for the first time in my life—glad to see you. I've been longing for an opportunity of testing my power over you."

Paul smiled faintly. The assumption would have been true, enough if there had been no trace of reality about it. As it was, it irked him.
"I am yours to command," he replied, with a mock, deferential bow. "But first let me remind you that, as I understand the spirit of your obligation, you are not at liberty to indulge your whimsicality at my expense. Your request must be a sincere one."
"Whimsicality is a part of my nature," she replied; "and I may be as sincere as the indulgence of a whim as anything else."

"I wonder if this is Paul Ashley's fancy? Who knows but he may have been in love some time? I'll find out. I'll tease him. How I do dislike that man's conceit of himself! But for that—I'll confess to-day what I never did before, even to myself—I might find him endurable. Heigh-ho! how it will bore me someday to say what I mean to him! It is such sport to flay the face of all his whims from mere good-nature."
Two days afterwards she met Mr. Ashley. I am not sure but they both looked embarrassed at the meeting, but Paul was the first to regain his composure.
"Good morning, Miss Fanny," he exclaimed. "Can hardly say I'm happy to see you, since one naturally does not like to encounter one's tyrant. Still I trust you are well, and find your character improving under penance."
"Really?" she replied. "I should think it were you who were doomed to truth telling. I confess it would be delightful to assure you that the meeting was equally a bore to me; but truth compels me to say otherwise. I'm really almost—for the first time in my life—glad to see you. I've been longing for an opportunity of testing my power over you."

Paul smiled faintly. The assumption would have been true, enough if there had been no trace of reality about it. As it was, it irked him.
"I am yours to command," he replied, with a mock, deferential bow. "But first let me remind you that, as I understand the spirit of your obligation, you are not at liberty to indulge your whimsicality at my expense. Your request must be a sincere one."
"Whimsicality is a part of my nature," she replied; "and I may be as sincere as the indulgence of a whim as anything else."

After that, Fanny did not like to ask about the portrait, as she had intended.—It would have seemed to betray too deep an interest in Mr. Ashley's confidential matters. Paul had penetration enough to see that she was checkmated; and suddenly it occurred to him that her power would be after all, not very arbitrary, since it was bounded upon all sides by her pledge of truthfulness and her own maidenly sense of propriety.
"Really," he said, in a rallying tone, "you do not sustain your part with the spirit I anticipated, Miss Fanny. I shall begin to think you intend to make your own a sinecure."
"From this time forward I replied, quickly.—"You are the champion of the absent, the weak, the evil-tongued. Keep ever a spare lance, sir knight, for the defence of these, and devise excuse for them, and use your eloquence to maintain their cause. Remember it is not the unfortunate, but the weak and the erring, whom you are to uphold—and that not with scornful tolerance, but humble, earnest zeal."
"I am shut out from my own arrow," exclaimed Paul, after a moment's pause.
"Really, Miss Fanny, you improve under my tuition."
"You may be blinded by your own vanity," said Paul, "Teachers often are."
"You provoke me to ask if that is your honest opinion, or simply put forth as a suggestion?"
"No. I have been heedless; a little self-entire, will doubtless do me good."<