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## TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1846.

### Abolition Petitions—Mr. Wilmot's Vote.

The "Susquehanna Register," has disposed of Mr. Wilmot's vote on what is pleased to term the "gag-rule,"—very cavalierly. We presume the rule referred to, (for we have not seen it given at length, in any of the proceedings of the present session of Congress)—is the same, or similar to the resolution first introduced by Mr. Atherton in 1838—which provides "that every Memorial etc. touching or relating to slavery, should, on presentation thereof, without any further action thereon, be laid on the table, without being referred, printed or debated." This was adopted by Congress, and remained for a time, a standing rule of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Wilmot voted to resist this rule; and for this, he has been attacked by the "Register," and the "Bradford Argus." The former thinks his dereliction so plain, that it needs no argument to prove it. The "Bradford Argus," is necessary in the argument. The "Bradford Argus," is to treat of the subject hereafter, whenever it has space for the purpose.

We have said, we endorsed this vote of Mr. Wilmot; and profess to hold it as high esteem, the Constitutional restriction in regard to the freedom of speech and of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, (we quote the words of the sacred instrument itself) and petition the Government for a redress of grievances—as either the "Argus," or the "Register." It is this "right of petition," which the abolitionists deem infringed by the rule in question.

Let us take up the subject fairly, and in the first place, define our terms. The right of petition, is the right to apply to the Legislature, and necessarily implies an adverse right to deny—refuse, or reject. It is not, strictly speaking, a right to demand; for that involves the existence of power or authority on one side, and subordination of free-will on the other. The right of petition, as contra-distinguished, implies perfect equality in the two parties, in the exercise of volition. So far—all is clear and conclusive.

It is equally plain, that every individual in the community may write, print, or publish in any form or language he chooses—so long as it is within the pale of decency and propriety—a petition to Congress, or any other body of men—and also has a right to procure others to sign it if he can. Nor is it any less the right of any individual to whom such petition shall be offered, to ascertain its purport and ultimate object, by reading it himself, or relying upon the explanation of others. He may then sign it if he incline so to do—or, if he repudiates its principles and its purposes—has a right to refuse to sign it, or even, to read, discuss, or debate it, whether publicly, or privately. This, surely, can neither be doubted, nor denied.

Now, we should like to understand how electing an individual to Congress, is to make an abolitionist of him. Is he not a freeman still, and is he less a moral agent than before?

We put a case, by way of illustration: Suppose Mr. H. (an abolitionist) had called on Mr. Wilmot previous to his being returned for Congress, and said to him—Mr. Wilmot, here is a petition to Congress demanding the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia; I wish you would examine and sign it. "No sir," replies Mr. Wilmot, "my mind is made up on that subject; I think I understand the whole question, and I will neither read nor sign your petition. The passage of such an enactment by Congress, as you desire, would be a virtual infraction of the compact between the general Government, and the states of Virginia and Maryland. The most insane and fanatical abolitionist, could never suppose, that those states would have ceded a portion of their territory to the Union, if they had dreamed Congress would assume the power to abolish Slavery; against the will of the people of the territory thus ceded. Nor did the General Government, in adopting the District of Columbia, as the site of the Capital—ever contemplate interfering with the existing rights of the citizens within its limits, to their slaves. In short—I think Mr. H., in this petition, you are seeking the redress of no grievance of your own;—and you not only are meddling with what does not concern you—but in my apprehension, are disregarding the solemnly pledged faith of our fathers, in regard to the rights of the South on the subject of slavery. I therefore, will neither trouble myself to read your petition—much less, sign it."

Who, having any pretension to reason, will doubt Mr. Wilmot's right thus to have met this subject, so presented to him. How—again we ask—his free-will be destroyed by his official station? Has he not the same rights now in regard to an insane abolitionist petition, that he had before his election; or as the people he represents? If he has—so has the House of Representatives, collectively. If the people have a right in their individual capacity, to read or discuss the subject of abolition, or any other item—so have their Representatives, in the same right—unless there be some indefinable requisite somewhere, which obliges a Member of Congress (as has been pleasantly remarked) "to open his mouth like the Baalam's ass, whenever an abolition ghost shall present itself in the public hall of the nation! Right glad are we, that Mr. Wilmot, seems to appreciate his constituents better than to believe, they ever sent him to Washington for any such purpose.

A word or two more, and we leave the subject at this time. We are aware that many pure and well-meaning men, are, without due reflection, carried away by this plausible project of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia. We have instilled our belief, that this object was not open to Northern interference; that Congress, under the Constitution, has no control over the subject, so long as Maryland and Virginia remain slave-holding states. But whatever rights may be claimed for Congress in the District of Columbia—it surely has no greater power, than a local Legislature would have—if the circumstances were changed. No lover of the Union, no friend to justice—we may say—no honest man, would deny that it would be improper and oppressive for Congress to assume powers, which such a Legislature would not exercise; and to act on this subject against the will and wishes of the people of that District. If our national Representatives were to do this—it would present a fine specimen of American liberty and justice. When they are convinced that the will of the community, for which they legislate—the community of which they are

constituted the sole protectors—craves abolition, then it will be time enough, for the interference of Northern fanaticism. It is not our business, to interfere with the will of the people of that District.

We deny that the Northern states are responsible, morally, or politically, for the existence of Slavery within the borders of the Union. They never had, and we presume, never will have, any control over the subject, except within their own boundaries. If a curse—they will not be blasted by it. The Southern states insist, that they have been taxed for the sole benefit of Northern labor; and all know that the exports which pass through our hands from the South, are the very life-blood of that commerce, which has prospered our merchants, and peopled our cities. And is it generous,—is it just, in the North, still farther to interfere in the domestic relations of the South! The sacred charter of our national existence, has placed a legal barrier between us and them, on the subject of slavery;—shall we pass it, or allow a few morbid and restless spirits amongst us, to disturb those harmonious relations—so necessary to the preservation of our glorious Union, and the perpetuity of republican freedom!

We have seen it somewhere well argued, that there may exist in this country, what may be termed treason, without overt crime. It is screened from any penalty, in our lenient code; yet still it is in the eye of truth and justice, and before Heaven, the vilest treason. To evade an obligation, in as high a breach of morality, if not of law, as its positive violation. Then, the contest waged by Northern fanatics against the institutions of the Southern members of this Union—argued in such a form as to endanger their very existence as communities—must be regarded as a crime of the most heinous and guilty character. He is as palpably a traitor, who strikes at the life and honor of his country, under the cloak of piety, and shielded by a legal quibble—as the bolder desperado, who arms himself against her, in open day, and before all the world!

We look upon the abolition of Slavery by Congress, in the District of Columbia, as a measure fraught with the certain and immediate dissolution of the Union. The South has again, and again, in the most solemn language, avowed her determination in this respect. This determination, if we are to believe her ablest statesmen, is not the result of angry resentment—but springs from a calm conviction of the sternest necessity. If the Union is dissolved, the District of Columbia, would of course revert to Maryland and Virginia, from whom it was originally derived; and unless those states had abolished slavery, any act of Congress to that effect, would become a nullity. The abolitionists would find, though they had succeeded in blasting one of the fairest fabrics of Government the world ever saw—they yet had not accomplished the freedom of a single slave! We say then, with Mr. Wilmot, Mr. Ingersoll, and others who voted with them on this subject—let their petitions be laid on the tables of Congress, without being read, referred, printed, or debated!

### Making Steers Handy.

When the snow covers the ground the young steers may be taken in hand. We prefer calves that have been early used to the yoke. Calves should be halter-broken and handled, to make them docile, if they are not put in the yoke. When steers are wild it is a good practice to drive the pair into a close stable and yoke them there. Take care and fasten the first one tight when you put the yoke on. Don't let him run and frighten himself and his companion. Bring both together gently, and let them have a little time to become used to the yoke.

Most people who undertake to break young cattle are deficient in patience. This virtue should have its "perfect work" in training cattle, as well as in church. Not much whipping will be necessary if you take time, and let the young animals know what you want.

Steers in the yoke should be taught to move backwards as well as forwards. This should be very particularly attended to, unless you wish to see your oxen back a cart with their heads to the ground, and the bows stopping breath. They should always hold their heads high to run back a loaded cart; and they will do it if they are properly taught. This brings the yoke to bear against the back of the head, and the horns; and the throat is not compressed by the bows. A light empty cart, or a light pair of wheels, should be first used to run back, and this should be on sloping ground, where the wheels will run easy. Say, back! distinctly, and hold your whip before the cattle, but don't strike them on the head. If you do, they will be at once behind their noses to the ground, and you will find it difficult to raise them. In urging them back touch their fore legs gently with the whip. Be not in a hurry, and you will gradually urge them back.

Make both the night and the off ox keep their bodies close to the cart tongue, and you need not be a great while in teaching your cattle to run back a loaded cart. This often saves much labor.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

**POISONING—THE REMEDY.**—Almost every newspaper gives some remedy to be used immediately after poison has been taken into the stomach. Oil is highly recommended; and we can add one cure in favor of its efficacy: "Some one who subscribes himself 'A Physician,' says that large draughts of warm water persevered in, until free vomiting: this we have no doubt is an excellent remedy.

But we have used strong vinegar in two or three cases with the very best effect. One a female, had swallowed two ounces of laudanum, was seized with violent spasms and lockjaw; her jaws were prised apart with an iron spoon, and half a pint of strong vinegar was poured into her mouth with a table spoon. The first impression produced a violent cough, and strangling, though we persevered, and ultimately brought on free vomiting and saved our patient. Another case of a stout man, treated very much in the same way and with the like happy result. We are compelled to act according to circumstances, and are frequently so situated that we can get but very few remedies. In all cases, whatever will puke the quickest should be given, and persisted in until it does puke, remembering always that it is more difficult to excite vomiting when the stomach is replete with poison, than when it is in health or laboring under ordinary sickness.—*Tenn. Agriculturist.*

### (For the Bradford Reporter.) A Fragment.

A vision moves before my mind, composed of various images. The full round moon between the parted clouds displays her orb bathing the land and sea in silvery light. A robe of snowy whiteness wraps the earth, and the bright stars, at intervals, among the sluggish clouds, like diamonds set to grace the diadem of Night, shoot forth their rays of frosty brilliancy. The town lies wrapped in slumber, save where voices and infancy their signs keep. The noise of rattling wheels has died away, and the capacious streets where thronged the busy multitudes, are hushed. Life's feverish pulse beats low, and care-worn men from labor repelled, are buried in forgetfulness, or borne away on wings of airy fancy to the land of dreams. How beautiful the moon's pale beams reflected from innumerable roofs! Spread with their covering of snow! How soft the landscape and the distant hills and woods repose amid the stillness of the night!

Alone I sit within my window's niche and gaze—and while I gaze, the distant hills, the landscape and the town reposing in the moon's pure beams, and all things palpable to sense, recede and vanish from my sight. Then through before my mental eye the forms of other years, of moonlight shadows seen on other hills—the distant and the past. Of nights more calm and beautiful, of hours that felt their power attuned by Nature's hand to solemn sympathy with her great soul. Each long-lost face that shed the light of love on early days, and faded in the midst of life's untraveled journey, comes with smile Of holy beaming sympathy, to cheer My loneliness, and give me strength to bear The unknown ills that compass me around—But chiefly patience, and the power to endure Neglect and weariness and dull delay.

A Father comes with silvery locks and brow Of earnest thought, where time and care have ploughed Full many furrows, and he bends to bless His son. A Mother's pleasing smile rewards Her boy. The loved, the fair, in joyous bands Come thronging up, and people Fancy's halls With beings rescued from the voiceless Past. No more I muse alone—the loved ones who In by-gone days have given life its charm, By sweet converse and intermingling souls, Are here in spiritual presence. None Whom Thou hast given me, my weary way To solace, have I lost, but all come back And hold communion with me in this hour. My early friend who reverently gazed With me upon the heavenly host with zeal Unlike my own, that idly spent its force In mute astonishment and awe, before Your bright array—whose genius, eagle-eyed, Pierced those unfathomable depths, and held Converse with every individual star—Now comes, with countenance calm and serene As you blue vault of heaven, and tells of strife And earthly passion, now forever o'er.

Dear, injured shade! thou lookest down from that Far height, oblivious of the petty ills Of poverty and scorn and sordid men, Whose aviced grudge from hoarded thousands to Supply the little needs, and made thy life One joyless strife of lofty intellect With low wants. Science, thine adored, who called Thee, son, as thou didst call her mother, weeps Thine early death. So must it ever be—And they who lavish on ungrateful men A mine of intellectual wealth, coining Their life-blood into precious gems to enrich Mankind, meet in return the world's neglect; While the dull fool with just enough of mind To feed on filthy lore, gains a loud Applause.—It is thine unalterable law, Whose bitterest, sorest force was felt by thee. Thou 't' passed away; thy spirit melted with Those shining orbs, thou lovest to contemplate While here on earth, thy toil and sufferings Remembered faintly as a dream. Little Thou reck'st what swelling nabob in the world, Before the flood bore away, and scintilled. To glut his own voracious greed of gain, The means which frugal Nature had designed For sustenance to thousands—and as futile career What grasping man by studied artifice And lower cunning than thine own, managed To cheat thee of the share that Nature meant For thy own wants. Time, Change & Death have spread Oblivion's mantle and made all things even.

**A CHEERFUL BREAKFAST.**—A son of Erin at Schenectady, N. Y., heard the breakfast bell ring on board of a canal boat just starting for Buffalo. The fragrance of viands induced him to go on board. "Sure, captain dear," said he, "an' whar'll ye as a poor man for travelling on yer elegant swan of a boat?" "Only a cent and a-half a mile and found," replied the captain. "An' is it the vittles you mean to find, sure?" "Yes—and if you're going along, go down to breakfast." Pat didn't want to be told the second time, but having descended into the cabin and made a hearty meal, he came again on deck and requested that the boat might be stopped. "What do you want to stop for?" inquired the captain. "How far have we just come?" asked Pat. "Only a little over a mile." Pat thereupon handed the captain two cents, and coolly told him that he believed he would not go any farther with him, as Judy would wait her breakfast, not knowing that he had breakfasted out. The joke was so good that the captain took the cents, ordered the boat to be stopped, helped Pat ashore, and told him that should he ever have occasion to travel that way again he should be most happy to carry him.

**GALLED HORSE.**—If your horse is troubled with a sore or galled back, rub white lead softened with olive oil on the injured part till it is fairly coated. Some recommend a solution of vitriol in water, but the former remedy is preferable, and is on the whole, more certain to effect a cure.

### Fanny M'Dermot.—A Tale of Sorrow.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

[CONTINUED.]

I two years glided away. Fanny's beauty, instead of passing with her childhood, had become so brilliant, that it could not be unobserved. She shunned the street where the vultures that are abroad for prey, seeing she was young, and unprotected, had more than once beset her. A mine had long been worked under her feet. The dreary companionship of the petulant old woman became every day more wearisome to her; still, she was gentle and patient, and for many a heavy month, endured resolutely a life that grew sadder and sadder, as she contrasted it with the world of beauty, indulgence and love that had been painted to her excited imagination. For the last six months, her aunt had been paralyzed, moving from her bed to her chair with difficulty, supported by Fanny; whose slight figure tottered under the superincumbent weight of the massive old woman. Her faculties had decayed one after another; still the paramount affection of her being remained; the fast-flickering of daylight on the darkened night. She fancied herself still capable of earning their daily sustenance; and hour after hour she would move the only arm she could move, as if she were sewing, and at evening give the same garment, on which she had thus cheated herself, for months, to Fanny, and falter out, "take it to Ray's, dear; and bring the pay." Fanny favored the illusion, took away the garment and always brought the pay.

The O'Rourke's were still tenants of a room below, and since the old woman's illness, Fanny had often accepted the kind offers of their services. Ellen went on her errands, and Pat brought up her wood and water, and whenever she had occasion to go out (and such occasions recently came often, and lasted long) Mrs. O'Rourke would bring her baby to tend in the old lady's room. Though Fanny, without any visible means of subsistence, was supplied with every comfort she could desire for her aunt or herself. Mrs. O'Rourke, from stupidity or humanity, or a marvelous want of curiosity, asked no questions.

On some points, she certainly was not blind. One day Mrs. Hyatt, after an ill turn, had fallen asleep. Mrs. O'Rourke was sitting by her, and Fanny appeared deeply engaged in reading. Ellen O'Rourke looked at the volume, and exclaimed—

"Why, your book, Fanny, is bottom side up." Fanny burst into tears, and flung the book from her.

"God help the child, what is it," said Mrs. O'Rourke, "take the baby down stairs, I am added to Ellen, and stay by it still, I come. Now Fanny, darling, speak out, what vexes you? The mother that bore you is not more tender to you, than Biddy O'Rourke, and have not I seen your eyes this three months always unquiet-like, and red too, and your cheek getting paler and paler?" Fanny buried her face in the bed-clothes. "Ah, honey, dear, don't fret so; it is not to vex you, I'm speaking; the words have been burning on my tongue six or seven weeks, but the old lady jealously us; and though I am old enough to be your mother, or grandmother for that, you looked as sweet and innocent-like, I was afraid to speak my thought."

"Who dares to say I am not innocent?" said Fanny, raising her head, and flinging back her curls from her burning cheeks and glowing eyes.

"Not I, darling—not I; it's the deceiver, that's the guilty one, and not the poor child that's deceived. Now, open your heart to me; the tongue shall rot out of me before I tell a word you speak."

"I have no word to speak," said Fanny, in a changed and faltering voice, and the bed trembled with the ague that shook her. At this moment, Mrs. Hyatt threw her arm out of bed, opened her eyes, and for the first time in many years, looked about her intelligently, and spoke distinctly, "Fanny."

Fanny sprang to her side, and Mrs. O'Rourke instinctively moved round to the head of the bed, where she could not be seen.

"knock; the door was not locked—she opened it—a lamp was burning on the table, and a letter, the water wet, yet lying by it."

"Ellen," she called, "Ellen came in. Who is this letter for, Ellen?"

"Why for you, mother, and Fanny's writing."

"Read it, Ellen; she knows I cannot read, and if there is e'er a secret in it, keep it as if it were your own."

"Ellen read—'Mrs. O'Rourke, you have been a kind friend to me; and I thank you, and give you in token of my gratitude, all that I have in the room. My clothes please give to Ellen; and the purse with the two dollars, in the corner of the drawer, to Pat, with many thanks from me.'

"Ever your grateful friend."

"The dear darling! But faith, Ellen, that's not the whole of it; see if there's never a little something of a secret shored in betwixt the other words."

"No'er a syllable, mother."

"No'er a what, child? I was a secret I asked for."

"You've got the whole, mother, every word. Sure it's not of myself I'm thinking, but the time may come, when she'll wish for as good a friend as I am. God help her, and guide her poor child!"

It was some time before Ellen clearly apprehended that Fanny was gone from their, probably forever, and it was some time longer before these generous creatures could bear to consider themselves in any way gainers by her departure. They turned the key of Fanny's door, and went to their own room—Ellen to brood over what seemed to her an insoluble mystery, and her mother, to guess and fear.

Fifteen months had now passed away since Fanny had looked out from her joyless home, in Hopton street, to an existence bright with promised love and pleasure. She had seen

"The distant gaze of Eden gleam, And did not dream it was a dream."

Our readers must not follow her to an isolated house, in the upper part of the city. There she had two apartments, furnished with more finery than elegance, or even neatness. The rose-colored curtains were faded, the gilded furniture tarnished; and from the vases of faded artificial flowers, Fanny's sickening thoughts had of late often turned to the white jessamine and rose, that, types of her purity then, once blossomed in her aunt Sara's window.

Fanny was not the first tenant of these apartments, which, with others in the same house, were kept furnished and supplied by a certain Mrs. Tilden, who herself occupied the basement rooms. Fanny, now by courtesy, bearing the name of Mrs. Stafford, was but little more than seventeen, just on the threshold of life. That fountain of love which has power to make the wilderness blossom, to fill the desert places of life with flowers and fruits, had been poisoned, and there was no more health in it. The eye, which should have been just opening to the loveliest visions of youth, was dim, and heavily bent, while tear after tear, after tear, dropped from it, on a sleeping infant, some five months on its pilgrimage, between the cradle and the grave. The beautiful form of Fanny's features remained, but the life of beauty was gone, her once brilliant cheek was pale, and her whole figure shrunken. Health, self-respect, cheerfulness even, hope, the angel of life, were driven away for ever; and memory, so bright and blessed to goodness, bore but a bitter chalice to poor Fanny's lips. She sat statue-like, till she started at a footstep approaching the door, and a slovenly servant-girl entered in a pert and noisy manner, that expressed the absence of all deference, and took from a handkerchief, in which it was wrapped a letter, addressed to—Nugent Stafford, and said—

"I've been to the Astor House, and the American, and the City Hotel, and all them boarding-houses down town; and there's no such person there and no where else I expect."

"What do you mean, Caroline?"

"Oh nothing, only as hangs out false colors must expect others to do the same by it. I suppose then, no more a Mr. Stafford than a Mrs. Stafford."

"Hush, my baby," cried Fanny to the child, who opening her eyes on the distressed countenance of her mother, was crying as even such young children will from the instinct of sympathy.

"The poor hangs in the closet," she replied, with a steady voice, "take it and go." Caroline took it, and half she was deliberately folding it, she said; while she was half impatiently, "It's worth while giving for nothing in this world, for it's a kind of a consolation place." Why, it always comes to this sooner or later. Your fine gentlemen, like variety, 'You'll be as handsome as ever again, if you'll leave off sighing and crying."

ing up the child, walked, half distracted, up and down the room, attempting to smile, and play to it, and the poor little thing cried and scolded alternately.

The following are some extracts from the hapless letter which was lying on the table.

"Oh, Nugent, Stafford, am I never, never to see you again? It's two months—it seems two years, and yet when you were last here, spoke those cruel, insulting words I thought it would be better never to see you again than to see you so. But come once more, and tell me I deserved them from you."

"Remember, I was thirteen years old—an innocent, loving child—loving; but with little to love, when you first stole my heart. Did you then mean—God knows—you know—I don't did you plot it then, to steal away my innocence, when I should be no longer a child? You say you never promised to marry me, and that I knew what was before me. No, you never said one word of marrying me, but did you not swear to love me, and cherish me, so long as you lived? Did you not say that I did not love you half as well as you loved me, and again and again approach me with it. Were you not angry—so angry as to frighten me, because I would not desert my dear, good, old faithful man; to go with you? And how have I loved you, when she'll wish for as good a friend as I am. God help her, and guide her poor child!"

There was much more in the letter than we have cited, but it was all of the same tenor, and all showed plainly, and though betrayed and deserted, poor Fanny was not corrupted, bold and hardened; nor had been, that his man creature who could have cast the first stone at her.

For some months after Stafford took her under her protection, (the protection the wolf affords the lamb,) he was passionately devoted to her. He made her his world, and made it bright with such excess of light, that she was dazzled, and her moral sense was overpowered. There was no true coloring of proportion to her perception; she was like one who, having imprudently gazed the sun, sees every object for a time in false and fantastic coloring. But these halos faded by degrees to blackness, and as Fanny retreated from the bewilderment of passion, the light became shadow—dark, immoveable shadow. She lost her gaiety, and no twilight of cheerfulness succeeded to it. The birth of her child recalled her to herself—the innocent creature was God's minister to her soul—her pure love for it, made impure love hateful to her. She became serious, and then sad, and very weary of life to Stafford. He was accustomed to calling forth the blandishments of art. Fanny had no art. Her beauty was an accident, independent of herself. The pure, unappreciated treasure of her immortal love, she gave him; and for this there is no exchange but faithful love; so her draft fell on an empty treasury. Passion consumes, sensuality rusts out the divine quality of love. Fanny's character was simple and true—elemental. She had little versatility, and nothing of the variety that comes from cultivation and observation of the world. What could she know of the world, whose brief time in it had been passed between her school and Dame Hyatt's rooms in Hopton street?

Stafford was extremely well read in certain departments of romantic literature. He had a standing order, with a Paris publisher for such books as George Sand, Paul de Kock, and all their tribe produce. But this was a terra incognita to Fanny. Her reading was confined to the Bible, and the treatise left at her aunt's door. He delighted in those titles which have come down from the holy mount of inspiration; and sacrificed no innumerable gods. Every beyond that of his own's, and when Stafford brought her Bible, and Don Juan, she understood but little of them, and what she understood, she

Stafford loved music. It was to him natural language and finest embodiment of passion, and poor Fanny had an ear for it. He gave her beyond a song for her baby. He gave her the most exquisite music; she listened to it with the right of them, and would make merry by his diabolical laugh and scold. He took a special time at it.

The natural dissimilarity and opposition between them came soon to be a matter of altercation. He was ready to cast her out, and she had already as a burden from her, and when Stafford brought her Bible, and Don Juan, she understood but little of them, and what she understood, she