msa_sc6053_1_1-0049 copyright Maryland State Archives

State Rights Advocate.

Published in Centreville, Queen Ann's County, Maryland, ebery Tuesday Morning, and Deboted to Local and Eeneral Intelligence, Literature, Agriculture, Politics, Adbertising, &c.

BY THOMAS J KEATING. EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL—EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGES TO NONE. $1.50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 4. CENTREVILLE, MD.—TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1860. NO. 5.

The State-Rights' Adbocate,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,
In Centreville, Queen Ann's Co., Md.
BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

Subscription.

$1.50 per annum, in advance; or $2.00 if paid during the year. No subscription or yearly advertisement discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements.

Twelve lines or less inserted three times for one dollar—twenty five cents for each subsequent insertion. A fraction of a square, when it exceeds a half, counted as a whole square. The number of insertions must always be marked upon advertisements, otherwise they will be inserted till ordered out, and charged accordingly. A very liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.

☞*No deviation from the above rates*

Special Notices.

No papers will be given to any one except subscribers or advertisers. Single papers five cents.

All advertisements of public sales must be paid for on the day of sale.

No certificate of publication will be given unless the advertising cost is paid.

All communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rate of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent, insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines, will be charged at the rate of fifty cents square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged for at the usual advertising rates, and persons handing them in will be held responsible

Yearly Advertisers.

CENTREVILLE MERCHANTS.

JOHN M'KENNEY. WILLIAM M'KENNEY.
McKENNEY & CO., *Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c.*, Corner Store, Brick Building.

WILLIAM F. PARROTT, *Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c.*, No. 3 Brick Building.

THOMAS HUGHEY, *Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceris, Wares, &c.*, Two Doors from Corner, Frame Building.

W. J. HOPPER. J. W. WILMER.
HOPPER & WILMER, *Druggists*,

JAMES A. DICKSON, *Druggist;* Store lately occupied by Wm T. Dunbracco—opposite the Brick Buildiugs.

WM. H. DYOTT, *Dealer in Ready Made Clothes, Groceries, &c.*—opposite the Brick Hotel.

L. MASTBAUM, *Dealer in Ready-Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c.*, South Side of the Court House Green.

CENTREVILLE MECHANICS.

WILLIAM STINSON, *Carriage and Harness Maker*. South West End of Commerce Street.

ROBERT A. REAMY, *Carriage and Harness Maker*, North West End of Commerce Street.

JOSEPH A. HALE, *Brick Layer*. Orders to be left with R. C. Baynard or at either of the printing offices.

LAMBERT T. COBURN. *Fashionable Tailor*—Shop on Main Street, opposite the Court House.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W I GIBSON, *General Agent & Collector*, Centreville, Md.

JOHN PALMER, Jr., General Agent and Collector. Office North of the Court House.

SAMUEL A. RICHARDSON, (successor to John W. Tarman.) *Wheelwright and Blacksmith*, at Ruthsburg, Queen Ann's co. Md.

J. T. TWILLEY, *Surgeon Dentist;* Office adjoining the Drug Store.

THOMAS B. QUIGLEY, *Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery*, office adjoining frame Hotel

JOHN F. POSTON, *Brick Hotel Centreville Md.*

BALTIMORE ADVERTISERS.

G. T. KENLY W. B. TILGHMAN,
KENLEY & TILGHMAN, *Commission Merchants*, No. 18 Bowley's Wharf.

T. A. BRYAN. EDWARD BRYAN.
BRYAN & BRO. *Manufacturers of Bryan's Agricultural Mud Lifter*; Corner of Foront and Plowman Streets.

THOMAS W. HOPPER, *Wholesale and Retail Grocer*; Corner of Green and Saratoga Streets.

ZTARMAN *General Commission Merchant and Grocer*, No. 5 Cheap Side between Lumbard and Water Streets.

WILLIAM S. JUSTIS, *Watch Maker and Jeweler*, Corner of Pratt and Commerce Streets.

WILLIAM B. LARMOUR, *Watch Maker and Jeweler*, No. 10 Light Street

WM. EMERSON NICHOLSON, *Commission Merchant*, No. 1, Bowley's Wharf.

C. S. MALTBY, *Dealer in shell Lime*; Baltimore, Md.

Poetical.

THE POOR.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

God keep the homeless poor
Who wander through the land,
Seeking the alms the rich man gives
Oft with a grudging hand:
Remember lonely hearts,
And send down a ray
Of hope and love, the dim foretaste
Of heaven's eternal day!

The pale-faced, weary poor!
That man is richly blest,
Who takes meek hearted Charity
To be his bosom guest;
And to his fellows ever lends
A pity broad and free;
That gives, as liberal as the streams
Give to the hungry sea.

God keep the friendless poor.
And, rich man, let thy gold
Go forth to clothe the naked ones
Who tremble in the cold!
And unto heaven thy deeds shall knit
A strong, unfailing cord—
For "he that giveth to the poor
But lendeth to the Lord"

Choice Story.

A MOST EXCITING DRAMA.

My story's professional, and in the law we hear and come across queer things. I give you warning, however I had nothing to do in this question; but my agents in London a highly respectable firm—were engaged in the enquiry. It was all in the papers some years ago but I dare say you have forgotten it.—And, after all, a story twice told may pass on a winter's night.

I'll make it short. It's a drama in three acts—there's blood in it, but don't be alarmed, I beg.

Act the First, then. I was fond of the play when I was a young man, articled in London. The scene opens in a dentist's room in the West End of London. Mr. Filey was a fashionable dentist, with an exceedingly, what is called, gentlemanly appearance. You might have taken him for a baronet, and so might I. A carriage drove up to the house, and a lady carefully attired—West End costume, and some of those women do look very captivating! I haven't been in London now for four years, notwithstanding the railways; and when I do it's never to the West End. But, well—a lady, I said. She enquired for Mr. Filey. That gentleman made his bow.

"Mr. Filey," she said, "I have come to you on a sad case." She sighed.—Of course Mr. Filey was full of sympathy—in his aspect at all events.

"Yes" she said, "it's very sad. You are great in teeth, Mr. Filey do you remember me years ago?"

Mr. Filey begged to be excused for his forgetfulness, attributing it to his extended practice.

"Ah!" I was then younger. Mr. Filey. I am now, my card will have shown you lady Spriggs."

Mr. Filey bowed to the title.

"I have a nephew, Mr. Filey; the heir to a vast property. He has but one defect; his teeth! Oh! the trouble those teeth have given me! His timidity is such that he will never now approach a dentist's shop—I mean house—and we are at our wit's end what to do with him. Do you think that I could so manage as to remove one or two of his—I think you call them grinders—without his being aware of it?"

The proposition was rather startling, but Mr. Filey was an old hand, and an able one.

He said, he had no doubt that, if he had the young gentleman there he would extract the teeth and he should hardly know anything of it—so delicate and sudden would be the manipulation—till it was over.

"That will do" said the lady. "You will eternally oblige his family, Mr. Filey, and deeply shall I feel indebted to you, believe me. I will take the liberty of paying you in advance, if you please, May I know what it will be?"

She drew forth her purse, and paid the sum Mr. Filey thought proper to demand.

Arrangements were then made that the young gentleman should call on the morrow, at two o'clock P. M., precisely.—Every device not to alarm his sensitiveness in the matter of his teeth was promised by Mr. Filey, he was forwarned that the young gentleman was eccentric, and dressed not quite in the fashion—in fact, commonly; so that unless you knew it, you would not presume him to be heir to a vast estate.

The scene closes on Mr. Filey bowing to the lady in her carriage.

Act the Second, displays a jeweler's shop. West End—Messrs. Spitchcock & Co. A lady alights from her carriage and enters. A diadem set with diamonds fixes her eye. Her taste is pleased by a beautiful bracelet, and a pair of ruby earrings which suit her complexion, she thinks. She is assured that they suit her admirably. She hands her card—Lady Spriggs; at present residing at Mr. Filey's.

"You know Mr. Filey, the dentist?"

"Very well, indeed," she is told, "and Sir Sampson also by name."

She then desires them to make out their bill, and tell her the amount of the purchases. Four hundred and odd pounds the bill amounted to. And the shopman wasn't astonished! But what a country that is, where woman can lavish money on gimcracks—as I tell my wife. However, the lady said she would be infinitely obliged to them, if, within half an hour—that was, precisely, not a moment later—they would pack up the things, and despatch them and the bill, by one of their young men, to Mr. Filey's, where Sir Sampson her husband, would write out a cheque, and liquidate the debt. Some woman's rigmarole, I suppose. However, the request was speedily assented to. She departed, and the scene closes with her being bowed into her carriage a second time. May the Lord have mercy on simpletons!

Well gentlemen, Act the Third. I contend that they are perfect acts, though they have but a scene-a-piece.

A young man with parcel calls at two o'clock precisely that afternoon at Mr. Filey's, and asked to see Sir Sampson Spriggs.

"Her ladyship is within," says the page.

The young man says she will do.—He is ushered into a room where he sees the lady.

Do you smell a rat, gentlemen!

Well, the lady affably took the parcel from the young man, and said:

"I will take it to show my husband who is up stairs. He will be with you in five minutes, and hand you the cheque. You will excuse me? I must first satisfy him of the necessity I have for these articles.

Of course the poor fellow thought that all was fair and straightforward. Ha! ha! He said, he would be happy to wait. Ha! ha! He took a chair. Ha! ha! ha! You'll excuse my laughing? though it is really too bad to laugh. Well, he waited. The minute hands of the clock went round. He waited on. Before he had time to feel uncomfortable in his mind, the door opened, and a gentleman walked in who bowed to him, and made his mind quite easy.

"I brought the things," said the young man, "and am waiting—"

"To see me," said Mr. Filey, admiring the stratagem of the lady immediately—"To see me. Yes I'm aware. A beautiful day to-day, sir? Rather sultry may I offer you a glass of wine?"

Of course the young man didn't object. Ha! ha! You know how they used to prepare victims for the sacrifice. Ha! ha!

Well they talked. Mr. Filey said:

"Pray take a chair, may I ask you!" and the young fellow, warmed by his wine was quite agreeable to anything.

"Will you open your mouth, may I ask?" said Mr. Filey.

"What for?" says the young fellow, amazed.

"Oh, nothing!" says Mr. Filey, "I merely wished to inspect. The confor mation of your tongue struck me as peculiar. Not that it effects your speech, sir. Not at all. But pray allow me.

The poor young fellow opened his mouth. Ha, ha. He opened his mouth and gasped.

"Now draw back your tongue," said Mr. Filey.

No doubt the young fellow thought him a very eccentric baronet, but he complied.

In a minute one of his grinders was seized—caught in a vice, wrenched, twisted, pulled. Heaven spare us all the horrible agony! I can't laugh any more. The grinder came out at last, in the midst of stifled screams, and, I'm afraid, curses. It came out and the young man was guilty of an assault on the dexterous operator. Mr. Filey went down.

"Where's the lady? Where's Sir Sampson Spriggs?" roars the young man, with his hand on his mouth.

"My dear sir," says Mr. Filey, "you really—you may be excentric; but when one is doing a good sir—doing you a service—"

"Service!" spluttered the wretched young fellow. "Service to pull out a tooth when I didn't ask you!"

"Ask me, sir!" says Mr. Filey.—"When I tell you it has been arranged by your estimable aunt, Lady Spriggs, and that it was paid for yesterday—

"Paid for yesterday!" bawls the victim starting back.

"This tooth, sir, was paid for yesterday," says Mr. Filey, impressively.

"Lady Spriggs—my aunt!" exclaimed the confounded youth.

"Come, sir," says Mr. Filey; "I think whatever your objection to part with it, you owe me an apology. I will not say in due form; I expected caprice.—But really such violence!"

The young man deliberately asked for Sir Sampson Spriggs, or the parcel of jewels which he brought half an hour ago from the shop of Messrs. Spitchcock & Co., whose servant he distinctly proclaimed himself to be.

"Bless me!" cried Mr. Filey, "is there some mistake! Have I really—on my honor, I—"

If you will go up to Sir Sampson Spriggs, and get that parcel of jewelry immediately—" said the young man.

Mr. Filey started.

"I won't prosecute you," the young man added washing his mouth out with water.

"You are not a nephew of Sir Sampson?" said Mr. Filey."

"Don't laugh at a chap, after what you've done to him," growled the young man.

"There's a mistake," said Mr. Filey. "Sir Sampson is not here. It was an innocent stratagem—"

"Innocent!" sneers the young man.

"To get you to submit to the operation—Lady Spriggs—

"Will you ring for her or not?" cries the no longer unsuspicious youth.

The bell was rung. The ready page informed them that Lady Spriggs had left the house shortly after her brief interview with the young man. By degrees the consumate confidence of Mr. Filey in her ladyship was melted and dispersed He accompanied the young man to Messrs Spitchcock's, relates his share in the adventure, and, made let us hope something like due reparation to the poor victim of the cleverest piece of rascality I know of.

Miscellaneous.

"Seven up" for a Wife.

In the State of Tennessee there is a certain village, boasting of a tavern, three stores, and four groceries, where, from morning till night and from night till dawn, a person entering the town may find in the stores and groceries aforesaid, one or more groups of persons playing cards. Gambling there is reduced to a science, the history of the four kings is thoroughly studied and from the school-boy to the gray headed veteran, from the miss in her teens to the mother of a large family, they are initiated into the mysteries of high, low, jack, game right and left bowers—the honors and the odd trick. One of the best players in the village was Major Smith, the tavern keeper, or, as he expressed it, the proprietor of the hotel; a widower, who like

"Jethra Judge in Israel,
Had a daughter passing fair."

Fanny, the daughter, was one of the prettiest girls in Tennessee, and therefore one of the prettiest in the world; for we here digress in order to lay down as *ipse dixit*, that Tennessee women in point of beauty, are matchless. The sweetheart of Fanny was a young farmer, residing in the neighborhood, whom we shall designate by the name of Bob,

It happened that one day before harvest, the young man was detained in the village and found him as usual at the hotel seated between the Major and his daughter, After a desultory conversation between the two gentlemen on the state of the weather, the prospects of the approaching harvest, and such important stables of conversation, the Major asked Robert how his wheat crop promised to yeld. In reply he was told that the young farmer expected to make at least one hundred bushels. The Major appeared to study, for a moment, then abruptly proposed a game of old sledge, or "seven up," the stakes to be his daughter Fanny against the crop of wheat.—This, of course, the young man indignantly refused, because he could not bear the idea that the hand of her he loved should be made the subject of a bet, or that he should win a wife by gambling for her; and perhaps because he knew the old man was "hard to beat," and there was a strong probability of his losing both wheat and wife.

It was not until the Major, with his usual obstinacy, had sworn that unless he he won her he should never have her, that the young man was forced reluctantly to consent to play.

The table was produced, the candles lit, the cards produced and the players took their seats, with Miss Fanny between them, to watch the progress of the game. The cards were regularly shuffled and cut, and it fell the Major's lot to deal.—The first hand was played, and Robert made gift to his opponent's high, low, game. Robert then dealt, and the Major begged; it was given, and the Major again made three to his opponent's one.

"Six to two," said Fanny, with a sigh,

The Major, as he delt the cards, winked knowingly and said:

"I'm good for the wheat, Master Bob."

The old man turned up a trump—It was a spade. Fanny glanced at her father's hand—her heart sank; he held the three, eight spot and the king! She then looked at Robert's hand and lo! he had the ace, queen, deuce and jack or knave. She whispered to Robert to beg he did so.

"Take it." said the Major.

Robert led his deuce, which the Major took with his three spot, and followed playing the king. Robert put his queen on it. The Major supposing it was the young man's last trump, leaned over the table and tapping the last trick with his finger said:

"That's as good as wheat."

"Is it?" asked Robert, as he displayed to the astonished Major the ace and jack yet in his hands.

"High low, jack, gift and the game," shouted Robert.

"Out!" ejaculated Fanny.

"Good as wheat," added Robert, as he flung his arms around her neck and kissed her.

In due time they were married, and ever after that, when anything occured of a pfeasing nature to the happy couple they would express their emphatic approbation of it by the phrase, Good as "wheat."

Wasn't Used to It.

When little blue eyed Jenny Alton became, one sunny morning, the wife of Sydney Russell, half the girls in Glennville envied her the handsome, merry husband she had won. Jenny was a sweet, winsome creature, with wavy golden hair, blue eyes, and a rosy little mouth, gentle in heart and manner.

Three months after their marriage she bid adieu to her old home and many friends, to find, in the far West, some spot hallowed by the name of home.

Jenny soon found her idol's feet were clay. Nothing was in any way right, or at least he wasn't used to such things.—If Jenny's hair or toilet in any way was not as smooth as if just taken from a bandbox, my lord and master was certain to remind her that he had never been used to such things at home. She played and sung charmingly in the days of their courtship, but now he so longed to hear his sister. They were so superior to her in that respect. He could get nothing fit to eat, everything was overdone or under-done, seasoned too much or too little—in short, not at all as he had been used to having it.

A plain-colored dress was sure to call out the remark that he wasn't used to seeing the Quaker dress; one with bright colors, that he did wish her taste was different—she looked "horribly" in such a flaming garb.

Such books as she read he couldn't be induced to touch, according to his story, but the fact is he generally managed in some way to find out what they contained. As for her writing home so often, that was all foolishness; he wasn't used to seeing such things from his sisters, but was deaf when his wife said: "Of course not, for they lived scarce five miles from their father's." And then their baby, he was positive she didn't half care for it, for he had stayed at sister Smith's, and her babies never cried. He wondered why she wanted to name him Frank; it was silly to care if it was her brother's name, especially as he wasn't used to it.

He tossed the precious letter from her mother in her lap, saying: "Here's some more nonsense from the old woman;" and when, as a short visit from her father drew to a close, the tears sprung up into her eyes, he wasn't accustomed to see tears shed for such old daddies.

At home everything was neat as wax, but nothing was ever in order at his own home. He did wish Mrs. Russell would remember he wasn't used to such disorderly housekeeping.

And so the years went by, and our rosy-cheeked Jenny grew pale and care-worn, for the poor little wife could do nothing right, try as she would, and had she said "She wasn't used to it," she might have told the truth. but Jenny was possessed of a spirit lowly and of long suffering, and so, for six weary years, she brightened the home of her fault-finding husband, and then laid down to her dreamless slumber under the green sward.

A year after, the poor man took to his home a gay, dashing, black-eyed widow, and thenceforth both he and his two little motherless children met with much they "wasn't used to."

There came a time in after years when he looked back with tear-dimmed eyes to the brief time spent with his lost Jenney, as the brightest of his life. But the grave will not give back the dear ones to our arms, nor wishing sweep away forever our unkind words.

The Last Drink.

Dan Jones has a wife, an amiable. accomplished, and beautiful lady who loves him, devotedly, but she finds too many bricks in his hat. One night he came home tight, and was very much astonished but rather frightened, to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled when he came in. That also she does. "You stayed out so late," she aid, "that I feared you had been taken sick."

"Hic—ain't sick, wife; b-but don't you think I'm a little tight."

"A very little, perhaps my dear, but that is nothing—you have so many friends as you say, you must join them in a glass once in a while."

"Wife, you're too good—the truth is I am drunk."

"O, no indeed. my dear—I'm sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you.—Now suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a night cap my dear?"

"You are too kind, my dear, by half, I know I'm d-drunk."

"O, no, only a julep too much, love, that's all. Well take a glass of ale at any rate; it cannot hurt you, dear; I want one myself before I retire."

The lady hastened to open a bottle and, as she placed two tumblers before her on the side board, she put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glass with the foaming ale, she handed that one with a most bewitching smile to her husband. Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She had never before been so kind to him when he was drunk.—He looked at the glass, raised it to his lips—then hesitated.

"Dear, won't you taste mine to make it sweeter," said he.

"Certainly, love;" replied the lady taking a mouthful, which she was very careful not to swallow.

Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic and all, down the throat of the satisfied husband. After spitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire.

She fixed a foot tub of water before an easy chair, for which the husband was curious to know the reason. A few minutes later, the gulp and splurge from the throat of the husband gave the answer.

The brick was gone when he rose from the easy chair, and he never after carried one home to his wife.

I'LL TELL PA WHEN HE COMES HOME.—A friend of ours, who had taken pride for serveral years in cultivating a a full crop of hair on his face, was called away from home on business some time since. While absent, an inexperienced barber spoiled his whiskers in trimming them, which so chagrined him that he directed the barber to make a clean job of it by shaving whiskers and moustache both off. The barber obeyed, and our friend's face was as smooth and delicate as when in his teens. He returned home in the night. Next morning his little girl did not recognize him on waking up. Looking over his mother, and seeing, as she supposed a stranger in the bed. she remarked in her childish simplicity, "Misster, get out of here; *I'll tell my pa on you when he comes home!*"

An Incident of the Revolution.

A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* gives the following account of the destruction of tea in the year 1774, by the inhabitants of the county of Cumberland in thethen colony of New Jersey:

The Cohansey creek is a navigable stream of some size, running through the country of Cumberland, and emptying into Delaware Bay. In the autumn of 1774, the quiet inhabitants along the banks of the creek were startled by the appearnce of a British brig, called the Greyhound, which, sailing about four miles up the stream, stopped at the village of Greenwhich, being the first land from its mouth. She was laden with a cargo of tea, sent out by the East India Tea Company, under the impression doubtless that the *conservative* feelings and priciples of the people of New Jersey, and withal their chracteristic and deferential regard for the wishes and tastes of their mothers, wives and daughters, would induce them to submit quietly to a *small* tax, that the ladies might regale upon their favorite beverage. The result showed that the temper of our people was as little understood then by the East India Tea Company as it is now by the politicians. The cargo was deposited in a store-house near the landing, which building is still standing. and then belonging to John Sheppard, a highly respectable member of the Societety of Friends, and whose lineal descendants still own the property. On the evening of Thursday, November 22, 1774, a company of about forty young Whigs, disguised as Indians, entered the store-house, took possession of the whole cargo, conveyed the chests from the cellar, into an adjoining field, and, piling them together, burnt them to ashes in one general conflagration. Thus much for the act. The names of the most prominent actors have been preserved, and as the late Col. Robert Johnson, in his small compilation of the History of Salem country. justly observest "they deserve to be handed down to the latest posterity." They were Dr. Ebnezer Elmer, father of the Hon. Lucius Q. C. Elmer, of Bridgeton; Richard Howell, afterwards a Major in the Revolutionary army, and Governor of New Jersey; David and Stephen Pearson, Silas Whitecar, Timothy Elmer, Rev. Andrew Hunter, Rev. Philip Fithian, Alexander Moore, jr., Clarence Parvin, John and Jas. Hunter, Lewis Howell, Henry Stacke, James Ewing. father of the late Chief Justice of New Jersy, Dr Thos. Ewing, father of Dr. Wm. B. Ewing, of Greenwhich, Josiah Seeley, and Joel Fihtian, Esqrs.—The descendants of most of these young patriots still reside in the county of Cumberland.

Certain facts emboldened the owners of the tea to institute suits at law to recover damages for the loss of their property, and during the vacation preceding the April term of the Supreme Court in 1775, Capt. Allen, John Duffield, Stacy Hepburn and others, issued writs against several of the Whighs, but either for the lack of resident friends to enter security, or from the unmistakable evidence of public setiment against them, or from the subsequent overthrow of the Colonial Government, no futher steps were ever taken, and the civil suits died for want of porsecution.

☞A rapid and emphatic recital of the following is said to be an infallible cure for lisping:—"Hobbs meets Snobbs. and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs: Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs' fobs. That's, says Nobbs, the worst for Hobb's jobs and Snobb's sobs.

☞Propose continually to yourself new objects. It is only by constantly enriching your mind that you can prevent its growing poor. Sloth benumbs and enervates it; regular work excites and strengthens it—and work is always in our power.

☞It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

☞Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty: it is a blessing that must be earned, before it can be enjoyed.

☞Accustom yourself to some employment for every hour you can prudently snatch from business.