

Bedford



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BY DAVID OVER.

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Poetry.



SPEAK TO THAT YOUNG MAN.

BY R. JOHNSON.

Speak to that youth! thy timely warning
May save him many years of pain;
Though he appears all counsel scornning,
One gentle word may him restrain.

Check that young man, but do it mildly,
Nor pass him by with cool neglect;
For though he seems to rush on wildly,
Thy voice may wake his self respect.

Speak kindly, sister, he's thy brother,
Thy love round love's fetters where he'd roam,
Thy voice and smile, so like none other,
May win the wayward to his home.

Frown not, but smile where'er you meet him,
For sorrow's cloud may dim his day,
Sweet words of kindness, when you greet him,
May cheer him on life's gloomy way.

Stop that young man; thy friendship proffer,
Let confidence his feet restrain;
Should he, in haste, reject thy offer,
Forsake him not, but try again.

Speak to that youth with prospects blighted,
And soul debased by hoarded store;
Thou, parent, at the cause; he's slighted,
And shouldst thou turn him from thy door?

Speak to that boy, ere slith has given
His giant power to chain the soul,
Or fashion Polly's ear has driven,
Beyond the power of self-control.

Teach him respect for good behavior,
Show him how vice engenders strife,
And, most of all, make the world's Saviour,
A pattern for his future life.

Move on, keep trying, never falter,
Do good every way you can,
For, though you may not wholly alter,
You may improve the state of man.

THE BIBLE.

Sitting alone in my study, I fell into a train of reflections on the preservation of the Bible and its influence on the history of man. Here before me lies an unpretending little book—What a volume of thought does it suggest!—It is by many centuries the oldest book in the world. More than three thousand years ago the first word of it was written in the desert of Arabia; more than seventeen hundred, the last word was written on the rocky side of Parnassus. It has been read by more people than all other books in the world put together. More of it is remembered by men than all the books that were ever written. It treats of questions of the highest moment to all men, and proposes to reveal that for which the wisest of all ages have sought in vain—the secret of true happiness. These very letters that pass under my eye are the same as those traced by the finger of God on the tablets of Mount Sinai. The language in which the New Testament was written is the same in which Solon, Plato and Demosthenes wrote and spoke.

This book has survived the revolutions and changes of three thousand years. It has seen Nineveh, Babylon, Memphis, Thebes, Tyro, Sidon, Carthage, Rome, Athens, and a thousand other cities, rise, flourish and fall. It has lived amid wars the most bloody, amid desolations the most complete, amid tyrannies the most grinding, amid darkness the most profound, amid superstitions the most degrading, amid idolatry the most repulsive, amid blasphemy the most heaven-daring, and has been against all these the great witness of God. This book has outlived all the efforts made to shake the faith of man in its revelations and to banish it from the world. Celsus, Porphyry, Julian and a host of others, fiercely attacked it in the first ages of the Church, but it still lived; Hume, Hobbes, Voltaire, Paine, and many others of the rabble rout of infidelity, in modern times, but it still lives, while its enemies sleep in dishonored graves.

This book has laid hold of all classes.—The warrior has carried it next his heart in the storm of battle, and often has the bullet aimed at his life buried itself in the leaves of his Bible. It has been laid upon the throne of the monarch as his safest guide book in the administration of justice. It has been exalted by the priest in the cathedral, amid solemn chants and penitential confessions of sin. It has been sought by the world-sick for its healing balm; by the hermit in his cell for its consolations; by the poor man for its promise of more than earthly riches; by the homeless wanderer for its promises of a "home in heaven;" by the guilty for its assurance of pardon; by the living for its guiding principles of truth; by the dying for its passport into the "heavenly places."

This book has been given to the world in all its babbling tongues. In more than two hundred languages and dialects it is read by a sinful race. It has long been unshaken from the high altars of grey old temples, and sent out to all the tribes, nations, and people of

the world, and yet it cannot be supplied fast enough, though a Bible is printed every minute in the day.

This book has marched at the head of civilization in all ages. It went with the Jews into Palestine; it invaded Greece, Rome, and all the States of the ancient world under the preaching of the first heralds of the truth.—Its principles have been at the base of all revolutions that have pushed forward the human race. It was so in Germany, England, France and Scotland, and in our own country.

The Pilgrims fled to American wilds that they might enjoy the blessings of Bible truth and Bible teachings unobscured and unoppressed by the laws of tyrants. It was devoutly recognized as a book especially needful for a people struggling for freedom by the fathers of our Republic. In the darkest and stormiest hour of the Revolution, when money could hardly be found to pay the starving, naked, and bleeding soldiers of liberty, Congress in 1777 appointed a committee to confer with a printer, with the view of striking off thirty thousand Bibles at the expense of the Congress; but it being difficult to obtain paper and type, the Committee of Commerce were ordered to import twenty thousand from Holland, Scotland and elsewhere. They gave as the reason that its use is so universal and its importance so great.

In 1780 Congress appointed a committee to attend to printing an edition of the Bible in Philadelphia, and voted that they highly approved the pious and laudable undertaking as subservient to the interests of religion, and recommended this edition of the Bible to the people of the United States. In eight successive years Congress voted and kept sixteen national feasts and thanksgivings. On the committee which reported these bills were such men as General Livingston, of New York; R. H. Lee, of Virginia; Roger Sherman, of Connecticut; Elias Boudinot, and James Madison. Some of these signed the Declaration of Independence, and most of them were engaged in procuring the Constitution, and knew its true spirit.

Thus was the Bible honored by these apostles of freedom. When these children, who enjoy the fruits of their labors, shall cease to cherish it as the palladium of civil and religious liberty, that moment will the nation begin its downward march to ruin.

From the N. Y. Times.

The Right of Secession.

The Southern Disunionist journals are laying great stress on their assumed right to secede. They are very fond of asserting that this is only a partnership of States from which any one member may secede at will.

They forget apparently that this very question was raised and decided before the adoption of the Constitution. New York was unwilling to accept that instrument and join the Union which it created, unless she could terminate her connection with it at pleasure. Her proposal was to join it for five or six years, with the right to withdraw if she desired. Alexander Hamilton was inclined to favor the compromise, and wrote to Madison in regard to it from Poughkeepsie, July, 1788, in these terms:

"You will understand that the only qualification will be the reservation of a right to secede in case our amendments have not been decided upon in one of the modes pointed out by the Constitution, within a certain number of years, perhaps five or seven. If this can, in the first instance, be admitted as a ratification, I do not fear further consequences. Congress will, I presume, recommend certain amendments, to render the structure of the Government more secure. This will satisfy the more considerate and honest opposers of the Constitution, and with the aid of them will break up the party."

Yours affectionately,

A. HAMILTON.

And here is Madison's reply:
NEW YORK, Sunday evening.

MY DEAR SIR:—Yours of yesterday is this instant at hand, and I have but a few minutes to answer it. I am sorry that your situation obliges you to listen to propositions of the nature you describe. My opinion is that a reservation of a right to withdraw, if amendments are not decided on the form of the Constitution within a certain time, is a conditional ratification; that it does not make New York a member of the new Union, and consequently that she should not be received on that plan. Compacts must be reciprocal; this principle would not in such case be preserved. The Constitution requires an *adoption in toto and forever*. It has been so adopted by the other States. An adoption for a limited time would be as defective as an adoption of some of the articles only. In short, any condition whatever must vitiate the ratification. What the new Congress, by virtue of the power to admit new States, may be able and disposed to do in such a case, I do not inquire, and I suppose that is not the material point at present. I have not a moment to add more than my fervent wishes for your success and happiness. The idea of reserving the right to withdraw was started at Richmond, and considered as a conditional ratification, which was itself abandoned—worse than rejection.

Yours, &c.,

JAMES MADISON.

New York finally abandoned her claim, and adopted the Constitution *in toto*, and FOREVER. And so did all the other States. No one of them has any right to secede,—or to withdraw from the obligations and responsibilities of the Union. In the language of Judge Spencer Roane, President of the Electoral College of Virginia in 1808, "it is treason to secede."

Anecdote of the late Col. Preston.

Many of our readers remember the stately presence, the dignified bearing and imposing manner of Col. W. C. Preston, of South Carolina. It was when all these qualities were in their prime, and Preston represented his State in the Senate of the United States, that business or pleasure called him to the West, and to take passage down the Mississippi river. In those "flush times" the steamers swarmed with hoosiers, greenhorns and gamblers, the latter politely designated "sporting gentlemen," the term "blackleg" or "gambler" entailing on a speaker a pistol shot or a wipe from a bowie knife.

The boat was on the eve of departure, and our Senator, standing on the deck, and holding a small mahogany box, was observing with great interest and pleasure the busy scene on the wharf, when an individual, luxuriating in a rather ornate style of dress, approached him, and in subdued tones demanded:

"I say, old fellow, when are you going to commence?"

"Commence what, sir?" asked the astonished Senator.

"Pshaw! none of that gammon with me!—The fact is, a few of us boys on board want a little fun, and we won't pile it up too strong for you; so come and open at once."

"Really, sir," said Preston, "I am totally at a loss to guess your meaning; open what?"

"Open what? Why, the bank, of course.—Maybe you think our pile isn't large enough to make it an object. But we're not so poor as all that, anyhow."

The Senator meditated gloomily, but all was dark to him; he was plunged in a sea of doubt and he had never met any problem, not even a political one, so hard to solve.

"Perhaps," broke in his pertinacious friend again, after considerable pause, "perhaps you will say directly that you are not a sporting man!"

"I certainly am nothing of the kind, sir," rejoined Preston, rather angrily, "and I can't imagine what put the idea into your head."

"Not a sporting man! Whew! I never heard of such a piece of impudence! Well, if you're not a sporting man, will you please, to tell me why you carry the tools about with you?" he pointed to the mahogany box which he still carried.

A light broke on Preston's mind. "The mahogany box!" he cried. "Ah, yes! ha, ha! Very natural mistake, indeed, my good sir, very natural indeed. Well, I will show you the contents." And laughing heartily, he opened the box in question, which was, in fact, his dressing case, and displayed the usual parade of brushes, combs, razors, soap, etc., which usually fill that article of traveling equipment.

Our friend looked at the case, then at Preston again. Then he heaved a long sigh, and then he pondered.

"Well," he broke out at length, "I did take you to be a sporting gentleman—I did, but now I see you are a barber, and if I'd known it, hang me if I'd spoke to you! and so saying, he vanished."

Fancy the feelings of our honorable Senator as he assumed these various characters in the eyes of an anxious stranger.

The Little Quakeress who was Desperately in Love.

An amusing matrimonial story is told of the olden time in New England. It so fell out that two young people became very much smitten with each other as young people do. The young woman's father was a wealthy Quaker—the young man was respectable.—The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dare not disobey openly. She "mat him by moonlight," when she pretended never to see him, and she pined and wasted away. She was really in love—a state of sighs and tears, which woman often reach in imagination than reality. Still the father remained inexorable.

Time passed on, and the rose on Mary's damask cheek passed off. She led no concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on that damask cheek, however, but when the father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower, and loved his daughter dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a widow's pride would have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, stubborn on such matters, and when the father saw that his daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by braughting out—

"Mary, rather than mope to death, thee had better marry as soon as thee chooses, and whom thee pleases."

And then what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain of the change, or until her father had time to alter his mind again? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat, plain bonnet on her head and walked directly to the house of her intended, as the street would carry her. She walked into the house without knocking—for knocking was not then fashionable—and she found the family just sitting down to dinner.

Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected and so unusual an apparition as the heiress in the widow's cottage, but she heeded it not. John looked up inquiringly.—She walked directly up to him and took both his hands into hers.

"John," said she, "father says I may have thee."

And John got directly up from the dinner table, and went to the parson's. In just twenty-five minutes they were man and wife.

We once knew a fellow who fancied he was a jackass. The beauty of it was, he wasn't much mistaken.

Talleyrand and Arnold.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre on foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the reign of terror, stripped of every wreck of property, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land to earn his daily bread by labor.

Is there an American stopping at your house, he asked the landlord of the hotel, is any going across the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in America.

The landlord hesitated a moment and then replied:

"There is a gentleman upstairs, but it is more than I can tell whether he is from America or England."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who, in his life, was bishop, prince and minister—ascended the stairs, a miserable suppliant stood before the stranger's door, knocked and was admitted.

In a far corner of the dimly lighted room, sat a man of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed upon his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows, upon Talleyrand's face, with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in outline, the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous even with the years of fifty, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that he was a fugitive—and the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, solicited his kind feelings and offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer and an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World without friend or shelter. Give me then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to your friends? A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman arose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated to the door of the next chamber, his eyes still looking from beneath his darkened brow.

"I am the only man of the new world who can raise his hand to God and say: I have not a friend—not one—in all America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated into the next room—your name!

My name, he replied, with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in the convulsive expression, my name is Benedict Arnold.

He was gone. Talleyrand sank into the chair, gasping the words:

"Arnold the traitor!"

Thus he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the murderer's mark upon his brow.

How Sal "disgraced the Family."

A traveler in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a lone, log hut on the prairies, near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house. It was a wretched affair, with an empty packing box for a table, while two or three old chairs and disabled stools graced the reception room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of dirty tinware and a broken self article or two. The woman was crying in one corner, and the man, with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool, with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrowful-looking head supported by the palm of his hands. Not a word greeted the interloper.

"Well," he said, "you seem to be in an awful trouble here, what's up?"

"Oh, you are almost crazed, neighbor," said the woman; "and we ain't got no patience to see folks now."

"That's all right," said the visitor, not much taken aback by his polite rebuff; "but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble?"

"Well, we're lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and left us," said the man, in tones of despair. "Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival.

"Well, we can't say, stranger, as how she's so far lost as to be induced, but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.

"Yes, neighbor—and not as I should say it, as is her mother—but there warn't a potter gal in the West than our Sal. She's gone and brought ruin on us and on her own head, now, followed the stricken mother."

"Who has she gone with?" asked the visitor.

"Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kehoe, a capital shoemaker, who, although he has got but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living. Then, look! what a home and what a life she has deserted; she was here surrounded by all the luxury in the country," said the father.

"Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink or wear, now?" groaned the old woman.

"And who is the feller that has taken her into such misery?"

"Why, she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, as lives in the village, and the devil only knows how they are to air a living!"

A Commercial View of Secession.

We may as well have a word about secession as about any other improbability, so long as people make it a topic of talk. Without touching the political aspects of the case in this financial column, three or four plain matters, which, in a business point of view, will be likely to interfere somewhat seriously with the South Carolina frolic.

1. If South Carolina has a right to secede, any other State has a similar right, or any number of other States. Suppose, then, that of the present Thirty-Three in the Union, thirty-two should secede, leaving only one in the Republic. To whom would the creditors of the Government look to for the payment of the National Debt? And if that single State, for instance, were New Jersey, how much money would the creditors be likely ever to get?

2. If South Carolina secedes, she annulls the right of the National Government to send its mail bags through her postoffices. What will business men say to this, who wish to hasten occasionally to their Southern customers, by friendly reminders through the mail; that certain notes for last spring's goods are falling due?

3. If South Carolina secedes she will cease to pay her custom-house duties. But if one State may claim this exemption every other may. What then becomes of the national revenue? The Government will end, and trade will end with it.

4. If South Carolina has a right to secede, she has a right to secede at one time as well as at another. So has any other State. Suppose, then, the Federal Government were to pay \$150,000,000 for Cuba, and were to admit the Island as a State. The new State would have a right like South Carolina to secede at any time, and might secede the very next day after she was paid for, and thus shut the Government, by a gambler's trick, out of \$150,000,000.

5. If South Carolina secedes, she carries with her the public works which stand upon her own soil. Now, what if, when the Pacific Railroad shall be built—covering the whole country unaccounted sums of money—the States through whose borders it will run were to secede and carry out of the Union, as the handsome prize of their secession, the whole line of the railroad, thus robbing the rest of the nation of that which they gave to build it?

No; South Carolina has no right to secede. She will amuse herself awhile by waving Palmetto flags, and by wearing disunion cockades, but she has not forgotten that Gen. Jackson once sent Winfield Scott to fire a gun from Fort Moultrie, and that a single cannon ball stopped the Secession. We think the present Secession will not need even a blank cartridge to kill it.—N. Y. Independent.

THE HEART.

Few people hold close communion with their own hearts. It is a terrible thing to question it continually—severely—and feel the truth of its replies, wrung out fraction by fraction till the questioner sees himself revealed and humbled at the revelation. There is far more of profound and far reaching knowledge than most men are willing to perceive in the exclamation of the Hebrew poet—"The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." And yet men need not be thus desecrated. It is because they dare not learn the truth—they fear to know themselves. I share in this fear.—Once or twice I have torn the mask away, and looked on the nakedness of the heart, but I shut my eyes and tried to cheat myself into the belief that there was no devil there. I will confess it now. It is not a difficult matter to know more of our neighbor than ourself for we do not fear to study him. We read him in an open book, and though we cannot pry closely into every page, we can peruse the table of contents and learn more than he would be willing to tell. I thank God for the restraining influence which he throws around men, for his moutions without and within to keep and cherish the spirit of good in the human heart, that it may not wholly die. But for these, how soon would the light of the inner temple go out in darkness, and a midnight of despair and horror wrap the soul.

FOR THE BOYS.—How do you like arithmetic? said Mr. Phelps to John Perkins, as he came home from school with his slate under his arm. "Not very well." How do you get along with it? "Well enough. Sam Breece does my sums for me." Why don't you get him to eat your dinner for you? "I couldn't live without eating. I should not grow any if I didn't eat." Your mind won't grow any if you don't use it. It would be just as reasonable for you to get Sam to eat your dinner for you, as to ask him to do your studying for you."

A few days since a stranger called on Mr. Lincoln, from Missouri, professing to be his cousin. Probably having been posted by some bogus campaign "Life," he tried to call to the remembrance of the President, elect the fact that he (the cousin) was "present at his wedding in Springfield, Ky." But I was married in Springfield," said Old Abe. Since then that cousin may be put in the list of "not heard from."

Trusting to luck is trusting to time, and time is the most unreliable of all things with its fruits.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry; and the water of life, faith.

Our wants expand with our means of gratifying them, but seldom contract with those means.

Be true to yourself, and you will command the respect of others.

My wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jooseo old fellow, at the same time casting a very mischievous glance at her.

"Before rising in the morning she says: 'Oh, dear, I must get up, but I don't want to.' After breakfast she adds, 'Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to,' and she goes to bed, saying, 'There, I've been fussing all day, and haven't done anything.'"

The Future Lady of the White House.

Mrs. Lincoln is, perforce, a personage to whom just now the liveliest interest attaches. That she will adorn and grace even the exalted position to which she bids fair to succeed, none who have had the fortune to see her can doubt. She is yet apparently upon the advantageous side of forty, a face upon which dignity and sweetness are blended, and an air of cultivation and refinement to which familiarity with the courtly drawing-room of London or the aristocratic saloons of Paris, would hardly lend an added grace. She is admirably calculated to preside over our republican court. If one were permitted to describe her personal appearance as to meet half way the respectful curiosity which is generally felt upon the subject, the description would be that she is slightly above the medium stature, with brown eyes, clearly cut features, delicate, mobile, expressive; rather distinguished in appearance than beautiful, conveying to the mind generally an impression of self possession, staidness and elegance. I distrust my own opinion upon subjects of the kind, but I concur in the belief prevalent hereabouts, that she will make as admirable a leader of the stately dames and lovely demiselles of the national capital as the most fastidious social martinet could desire.—Correspondence of the N. Y. World.

AN AWFUL Muddle.—A correspondent of the Columbus (S. C.) Times gives the following melancholy illustration of the uncertainty of the types. A young gentleman by the name of Conkey having been united by the holy bonds of wedlock, sent the marriage notice, with a verse of his own composition, to the printer for publication, as follows:

"MARRIED.—At Gosham, July 23, A. Conkey, Esq., Attorney at Law, to Miss Euphemia Wiggins, both of Gosham.

"Love is the union of two hearts
That beats in softest melody;
Time, with its ravages imparts
No higher rision to its ecstasy."

Mr. Conkey looked with much anxiety for the issue of the Gosham Sentinel, in order to see his name in print. The compositor into whose charge the notice was placed happened to be on a spree at the time, and made some wonderful blunders in setting it up—thus:

"MARRIED.—At Gosham, July 23, A. Conkey, Esq., Eternally at Law, to Mr. Euphemia Wiggins, both of Gosham.

"Love is an union of two hearts
That beats in softest melody;
Time, with its ravages imparts
No better feed to an extra dray."

Phanoeey Mr. Alexander Conkey's phelox!

LET THE CHILDREN SLEEP.—We earnestly advise that all who think a great deal, who have to work hard, to take all the sleep they can get without medical means. We caution parents, particularly, not to allow their children to be waked up of mornings—let nature wake them up, she will not do it prematurely; but have a care that they go to bed at an early hour; let it be early, until it is found that they wake up themselves in full time to dress for breakfast. Being waked up early, and allowed to engage in difficult or any studies late, and just before retiring, has given many a beautiful and promising child the brain fever, or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain. Let parents make every possible effort to have their children go to sleep in a pleasant humor. Never scold or give lectures, or in any way wound a child's feelings as it goes to bed.

Let us banish business and every worldly care at bedtime, and let sleep come to a mind at peace with God and all the world.

It turns out that the reported disturbances in Kansas were entirely unfounded, or at least grossly exaggerated. Capt. Montgomery committed no offence against the Government, neither injured the lives or property of any pro-slavery man. The stories were set afloat by designing Locofoco pro-slavery tricksters, who had some object to accomplish thereby.—Such stories are so utterly base that none but Locofocos could be guilty of perpetrating them.

HON. GEO. MIFFLIN DALLAS.—"Yield away the Constitution and the Union, and where are we? Prittered into fragments, and not able to claim one portion of the past as peculiarly our own! Our Union is not a blessing; it is a political necessity. We cannot exist without. Our liberties could not endure the incessant conflicts of civil and counterminous strife, our independence would be an unreal mockery, our very memories would turn to bitterness."

—Mr. Dallas in defence of the Constitution.

A few days since a stranger called on Mr. Lincoln, from Missouri, professing to be his cousin. Probably having been posted by some bogus campaign "Life," he tried to call to the remembrance of the President, elect the fact that he (the cousin) was "present at his wedding in Lexington, Ky." But I was married in Springfield," said Old Abe. Since then that cousin may be put in the list of "not heard from."

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