

State Rights Advocate.

Published in Centreville, Queen Ann's County, Maryland, every Tuesday Morning, and Debated to Local and General Intelligence, Literature, Agriculture, Politics, Advertising, &c.

BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

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In Centreville, Queen Ann's Co., Md.
BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

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Weekly Advertisers.

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JOHN M'KENNEY, WILLIAM M'KENNEY,
M'KENNEY & 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 HUGHES, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c., Two Doors from Corner, Frame Building.

W. J. HOPPER, J. W. WILMER,
HOPPER & WILMER, Druggists, Corner Frame Building.

JAMES A. DICKSON, Druggist, Store lately occupied by Wm. T. Dunbar—opposite the Brick Buildings.

W. M. H. DYOTT, Dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Groceries, &c.—opposite the Brick Hotel.

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.

RICHARD W. LYNCH, (Successor to R. Edward Hamilton) Wheelwright and Blacksmith, South 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.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. CIBSON, 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 Rutsburg, Queen Ann's Co., Md.

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. RENLY, W. B. TILGHMAN,
KENLEY & TILGHMAN, Commission Merchants, No. 18 Bowley's Wharf.

T. BRYAN, EDWARD BRYAN,
BRYAN & BRO., Manufacturers of Dry Goods, Agricultural and Mill Litters, Corner of Front and Plowman Streets.

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

Z. TARMAN, General Commission Merchant and Grocer, No. 5 Cheap Side between Lombard 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.

W. M. EMERSON NICHOLSON, Commission Merchant, No. 1, Bowley's Wharf.

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

Poetical.

Written for the "Advocate."

Lines to Sallie.

'Tis winter on the dreary earth,
But summer in my heart;
For dreams of thee unto its depths
Their softest tints impart.
The rose of love is blushing there,
To worldly gaze unknown,
The sweetness of its early bloom
Is borne to thee alone.

'Tis winter on the dreary earth,
No more in music heard
Is borne upon the sighing breeze
The merry song of bird;
But, oh, with sweeter melody
Than song of bird can bring,
Love's glory makes this heart of mine
One bright eternal spring.

Choice Story.

THE MOSS ROSE.

BY PAUL SIGVOLK.

"What can such a little useless thing as I do in this great wide wonderful beautiful world?" thought a modest Moss-Rose that grew in a sheltered nook, in a fine garden, full of strange and costly flowers of almost every shape, size and color, in front of a rich man's summer cottage.

"The bee, yonder, works all the long, bright days, and fills her store-house with delicious food for her little ones, or for man. The little ant moves a load as big as himself, and never tires while daylight lasts. The birds are all busy, building, hatching, teaching, feeding—doing everything for the sake of making others happy. All these curious and beautiful flowers that I see blooming around me are useful. The gardener cuts their fine blossoms and buds, and the lovely women who walk these paths talk of them. How charming they looked upon their dinner table; how sweetly they crouched in their glossy brims, how they filled up the ball-room with delightful odors. Everything has something to do but me. I am idle. I am worthless. I wish I had never grown. I wish the gardener would cut me down and burn me up."

The Moss-Rose hung her head in great heaviness, and thought many more sad and gloomy thoughts. She did not suppose any of her thoughts would be known, or she would have been frightened at her boldness. Yet, she had spoken her thoughts aloud; and a little timid Violet, who sat quite in the hedge, not far off, sending up sweet perfume from her dainty throat, answered:

"Dear Rose, even you, small and feeble as you are, may gladden the heart of man with your beauty. Please don't be discontented, and spoil the pretty face God has given you. Do what you can. Enjoy this bright sunshine—this rich fresh morning air—this pleasant south wind—the songs of those happy birds—the lulling sounds of this sparkling, trickling fountain. Look up at the dappled clouds, and into the broad blue sky that they float in, and be happy. God will find a use for you in his own good time."

"Thank you, dear Violet," said the Moss-Rose, who had been gradually lifting her head, after earnestly looking down and listening to the gentle words of her cousin. "Thank you, a thousand times, for your kind, affectionate sisterly advice. I hope I shall profit by it. I am so glad you did not scold me, for then I should have lost my temper, I am afraid, and perhaps I might have spoken in anger. How wicked I must be to have been so near an angry feeling toward you, who are so good and gentle, and lovely to all. But it makes me cheerful to know that you love me. I shall try to be like you."

The Violet's leaves moistened with tears, for she was filled with feelings she could not tell in words—they were so mixed, and so many things came to her lips at once. So she was silent. And the Moss-Rose was happy again and put forth its ruddy leaves, and opened its rich treasures of fragrance to the kisses and caresses of the frolicsome summer air.

It would make my story too long to tell all about the place where the Moss-Rose and Violet bloomed. I must be content with a little.

Well, about an hour's ride from this great city of New York, by the railroad and then another hour in a carriage, (or horseback, which I like best) lies a lovely lake, called Rye Lake. It is almost

surrounded by hills and forests; and when it is calm, in a summer's day, and the snow-white clouds float in the air over it, and you can see them a way down in the still deep water, looking as if they hung there, it reminds every one who takes pleasure in thinking of such things, of the fairy-land we read so much of in German stories. On one side of this lake lies a sleeping hill side, that begins in a grove of very tall, dark-green hickory trees, and comes down in a gentle, wavy slope to the very edge of the lake.

On this spot stands the cottage of the rich man. He comes here in summer, to get away from the dusty streets of the hot city. He has laid out beautiful walks and groves and flower-beds here. He has buildings for his horses, and dogs, and chickens, and pigeons. He has fruit, and vines, and rare plants, of almost every kind. He spends a great deal of time reading; and his wife and children are very fond of him, and can scarcely let him leave them for a day without tears. He seems to be very happy. He used to play under these very trees, when he was a child, not older than myself. I often see tears roll down his cheeks, when he is alone, lying under these fine old trees. I fancy he is thinking of days past and gone, when he was a boy, and, perhaps, of his dear companions who have gone before him. I believe he is a good man; but I will not tell you who he is. I wonder if I shall be sad, at times, as he is, if I live to be so old and have so much to make me happy.

Dear me! I had almost forgotten I was telling a story.

Two or three days after the Moss-Rose and violet had their talk, a little daughter of the rich man was strolling down to the summer house, with a brisk little sky terrier, whom she called "Jack," gambolling, and running and leaping into the air beside her. The dog seemed to amuse her very much, for she was laughing almost too loudly for a little girl, and seemed to be thinking of nothing but her own fun.

Suddenly she stopped, and held up her hands in admiration.

"John! John!" she called out to the gardener, who was busy not far off, "what a lovely rose here is. Do come. Please put it in a pot, and let me carry it up to the house. Behave yourself, Jack—get away! Oh! how much poor Jenny will like this."

As the gardener put the flower in her hands, she told him to send the black boy Thomas up in a quarter of an hour, to go with her. She went toward the house, and met her mamma upon the steps of the porch.

"Oh! dear Edith. What a beautiful rose! I suppose that's for Jenny. How pleased she will be," said Edith's mamma.

"Yes, mamma," said Edith. "Will you please pack the basket, for Thomas will be here very soon to carry it?"

The lady smiled, and went into the cottage but soon returned again with a basket filled with something, covered with a napkin white as snow. Up came Thomas, and they set out—Thomas carried the basket, and Edith the rose.

After walking about half an hour, they stopped before a poor-looking, broken down, old house. Thomas set down the basket, and returned home. Edith took it up, and knocked at the door. A feeble voice cried "Come in." She walked into a little room, very neat and clean, but denoting poverty—only one chair and a table, and the window panes broken and stopped with rags. In one corner was a bed, and in it lay a young girl, not over fourteen years old, very thin and white, with great blue eyes and a long flaxen hair. She was very feeble but had a bright cheerful face.

As Edith entered, the young girl said, "Oh! how glad I am to see you. Mother has gone out washing, and I must be alone all day. But what a sweet, pretty rose! How kind of you to remember my birthday. How I shall like to watch it! It will cheer me up in my hours of loneliness."

After Edith had given the poor girl the basket, and she had thanked her for it, and they had chatted a while, Edith bade her good-by, and went home.

When she was gone, Jenny (for this was she) said:—"How ungrateful I am! A little while ago I was murmuring at my hard lot when all I was inquiring at. Then the Moss-Rose thought to herself, 'My time has come. This is my work—to cheer and soothe this poor, sick girl.'"

So the Moss-Rose put forth all her beauty and all her fragrance, and the girl was happy with the flower.

The next day Jenny talked a great deal with her mother about flowers. "Don't you think mamma," said she, "that when the flowers die in winter, and are covered in the ground, they are like ourselves when we die and are covered in the ground? When spring comes the flowers bloom again in beauty; and shall not we bloom again in far greater beauty after the resurrection, when we shall be perfect?"

"Yes, darling," said her mother "I often think of that. But don't talk any more now; you are too weak and tired."

Then the young girl fell into a sweet sleep. The next day Jenny was a great deal weaker. About sunset she opened her eyes and looked a long time at the Moss-Rose.

"Ah, mother!" said she, "you don't know how much pleasure this rose gives me! How I do love it! Its sweet fragrance is so delightful to me!"

The next morning when Edith came to inquire how Jenny was doing, her sobbing mother said:

"Dear Miss Edith—she died asleep last night; her last words were about the rose."

The Moss-Rose had done its work in making happy a poor dying girl! Now it blooms by her grave!

Miscellaneous.

How Louis Napoleon Wooded but did not Win.

It may be interesting, says the *Home Journal*, to re-publish the following conversation with Fenimore Cooper, in 1835, recorded at the time by Mr. Willis, then in Paris:

"I was calling upon Lafayette, one day (said Mr. Cooper) and was let in by his confidential servant, who, it struck me showed signs of having something to conceal. He said his master was at home, and, after a moment's hesitation, made way for me to go on, as usual, to his private room—but I saw there was some embarrassment. I walked in, and found the General alone. He received me with the same cordiality as ever, but inquired with some eagerness who let me in, and whether I met an old acquaintance going out. I told him that the servant had admitted me and that there was something peculiar in the man's manner, but as I had seen no one else knew nothing more."

"Ah," said the General, "that fellow put him in the side room—sit down, and I will tell you. Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was here two minutes ago."

"I expressed my surprise, of course, for this was in '33 when it was death for a Bonaparte to enter France."

"Yes," continued the General, "and he came with a proposition. He wishes to marry my granddaughter Clementine, unite the Republicans and Imperialists, and make himself Emperor and my granddaughter Empress?"

"And if it be not an indecent question," I said, "what was your answer, my dear General?"

"I told him," said Lafayette, "that my family had the American notion on that subject, and chose husbands for themselves—that there was the young lady—he might go court her, and if she liked him, I had no objection."

"Mr. Cooper did not tell us (for of course he did not know) how the Prince plied his wooing, nor why he failed—The fair Clementine, who thus, possibly, lost her chance of being an Empress, married M. de Beaumont, and now represents her rejected admirer as the French Ambassador at the Court of Austria. Shortly after this visit to Lafayette, Mr. Cooper was in London, and mentioned to the Princess (the widow of the elder brother of the President of France) this venture of Prince Louis into the den of the Orleansists. 'He is mad was the reply.'"

Corry and Patrick, the mason, were looking at a well-made wall, when the latter, admiring the workmanship, ejaculated, "Faith, an' that wall wasn't laid in this country?" "How could that be?" was the inquiry. "I mean," he rejoined, "that the man who built and laid that same wall was never in this country, for such work is only done in the old country."

Nine of the Alderman, of Louis have been confined in jail for contempt of court.

The First Baby.

In a novel, "The Glens," recently published, occurs the following striking picture of domestic felicity which crusty old bachelors will read with great interest:

If "the baby" was asleep, no one was allowed to speak except in a whisper, on pain of instant banishment, the piano was closed, the guitar was tabooed, boots were interdicted and the bell was muffled. If Mr. Vincent wished to enjoy a quiet cigar, he must go out of the house, lest the smoke might hurt "the baby"—and lest the street door might disturb its slumbers, he must make his exit by the garden gate. The doctor was scarcely ever out of the house; not because "the baby" was ill—for, indeed, it was most alarmingly healthy—but because she was afraid it might be taken with some dreadful disease, and no doctor near. If coal was to be placed in the grate, either Mr. Vincent must put it in; lump by lump, with his fingers, or Thomas must come in on tip-toe, leaving his boots below, lest the noise should disturb "the baby."

Mr. Vincent must lie in one posture until he was full of aches, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, he must not move or turn over for fear of "waking the baby." And yet surely he must not take a bed in another part of the house, because "the baby" might be attacked by the croup, or might cry to have some one walk up and down the floor with it in their arms, and then he would not be within call. In short, when "the baby" slept, the whole house was under a spell, whose enchantment consisted in a profound silence and unbroken stillness, and all were laid under their influence.

On the other hand, when "the baby" was awake, the household was equally subject to tyranny, which seemed to be a condition of its existence. If Mr. Vincent's watch chain attracted its attention, the watch must come from the pocket and be delivered over, at the imminent risk and frequent smashing of crystals and face. If "the baby" cried for the porcelain vases on the mantel, or the little Sevres card baskets on the table, they were immediately on the floor or in the crib beside it, and, soon afterwards, in many pieces. If it wanted papa's papers, either they must be forthwith given up, or both baby and mother would concur in raising a domestic storm. If any important paper, or anything else of peculiar value was missed, when inquiry was made for it, the chances were twenty to one that it had been given to "the baby"—and, on all such occasions, Mr. Vincent's chagrin or vexation was treated with merited indifference. If, as often happened, after obtaining everything within its mother's reach, and breaking up everything that could be broken, "the baby" still cried immoderately and annoyingly, it was quite as much as Mr. Vincent's life was worth to express the least vexation or impatience. He might be roused from a sound sleep, and forced to get up ten times in a night for something for "the baby"; and yet a murmur or a natural wish expressed to know the necessity for all these things, was high treason to the household sovereignty.

The lawful master of the premises had sunk, like a deposed monarch, to utter insignificance, and became the lowest servant of the young usurper. The mother was the grand vizier of the little sultans, and in her name ruled every one, herself included, with an iron rod. There was no law but the will and pleasure of the despot, and no appeal from her determinations. And this was the woman whom Abraham Glen had loved!

The Advantages of Poverty and Adversity.—You wear out your old clothes. You are not troubled with many visitors. You are exonerated from making calls. Bored do not bore you. Sponges cannot haunt your table. Inerant bands do not play opposite your window. You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No tradesman irritates you by asking, "Is there any other little article to-day, sir?" Begging letter-writers leave you alone. Imposters know it is useless to bleed you. You practice temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. You are saved many a deception—many a headache. And lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure, in a very short space of time, to discover the agreeable fact.

Four great historians, Macaulay, Hallam, Prescott and Irving died in 1859.

Boots.—The made of awl-works,

The Ladies of Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and New York.

"Burleigh," the correspondent of the Boston Journal, writing from Philadelphia, March 7th, says:

"In no one thing do Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, so much disagree as in the appearance of the ladies as they walk out on the daily promenade. Boston and Philadelphia are somewhat alike. The dresses of the ladies are rich but not showy. In Philadelphia the staid Quaker look abounds. The ladies are intellectual looking, but plain. They all have a pale, sallow look, as if raised in the shade; and as a body they are far from handsome. A pretty woman on the sidewalk of Chesnut street is a rare sight. But Baltimore is flooded with beautiful women. It may be in the climate—it may be from the style of dress—it may be because they—no matter what—but the ladies of Baltimore drift along Baltimore street in droves of beauty, while the decided show and often gaudy colors worn attract attention; and this is not in one or two instances, but dozens and dozens pass you all of one style of beauty, and the eye is dazzled by the numbers. But the ladies of New York are heterogeneous. The crowd that floats along Broadway is immense; but no two alike—no two dress alike. The rich, the poor, the belle, the domestic, the native, the foreign, the elegant, the homely—all mingle and blend the picture, so that one only sees a vast mass of moving creatures, having no distinct form or character. In dress the New York ladies overload themselves, and the ornaments seem cumbersome and not elegant. If they wear plumes they load themselves down like an ostrich. If they put on furs, they pile them up till they seem like porters carrying home goods. If they put on jewelry, they wear it as if their husbands manufactured the article, and it was needful for them to become a stand from which it is to be displayed. The same is seen in the dwellings, where the gaudiness of the steamboat and the tinsel of the circus seem to be the standard of taste adopted. The New York ladies could learn a lesson that would be of great service to them from the ladies of Boston or Baltimore."

Sweeter Far in Heaven.
It was evening. We were seated alone at the piano, breathing a song of beauty and joy; and as our fingers glided gently up the silver-keyed octaves, and the music, "soul of beauty," gushed forth responsive to our touch, it seemed that nowhere in this glad earth, could there be hearts beating heavily—so light was our own. The last echo had died away in the distance, and, turning from the instrument, our eyes rested upon the silvered locks and bending form of one whose countenance bespoke a pure and noble heart. We had never before met, but he whispered, softly, while a smile of beauty wreathed his colorless lips: "Young maiden, 'twill be sweeter far in Heaven."

Oh, how those few simple words changed the current of our thoughts; and when, in words of winning eloquence, he spoke of the comforts of our holy religion, and urged us to concentrate our life, our talents, our all, to the service of our Alaker, we thought no sacrifice too great, if, like him, we too, might see unfolding before our spirit's vision, the glories of the Celestial City.

Weeks fled, and that old man, wearied of earth; told his thin arms and went to sleep. They laid him to rest, away in the churchyard; but we knew that there was but the casket, that the spirit, no longer fettered, was basking in the sunlight of the Saviour's smile; and that his voice, no longer tremulous, mingled in the anthems of the "just made perfect." And when, at twilight hour, we breathe a song of "olden time," beautiful indeed, through the vista of the past comes the remembrance of those joy-inspiring words, "'Twill be sweeter far in Heaven!"

Men's lives should be like the days, more beautiful in the evening; or, like the season a glow with promise, and the autumn, rich with golden sheaves: where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

A New York paper says that "a very great business is done in neck-ties in that city." Certainly not half so great as there ought to be.

Four great historians, Macaulay, Hallam, Prescott and Irving died in 1859.

Boots.—The made of awl-works,

Southern Homespun.

We copy the following from a Columbia (S. C.) correspondence of the Savannah Republican:

"The example by a few of our citizens in wearing goods of home production has become fashionable, and our tailors are busy in making up suits of 'Gibbes' kerseys,' 'Salem, (N. C.) cassimers,' and similar styles. Many of the students have appeared in such suits, some nearly black, some of the lightest possible drab, and others—well, they are the genuine kersey color. I heard the other day from pretty good authority, that the Richard Light Dragons have ordered an entire new uniform from the Columbia Mills, owned by James G. Gibbes & Co. These Mills, on the Tallud River, about three miles from the city, are now doing a fine business, and turning out a good article of cloth, which is now in great demand. A few days since I saw three young ladies on Main street, dressed in homespun and without hoops—at least it appeared so to one not very well versed in the mysteries of 'our first families,' and seemed determined to set an example of independence. Since then I hear of several who intend doing likewise."

When Ladies Should be Looked At.—A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, thus enlightens the belles of the street concerning the male rights of men to look at their pretty faces:

"There are some very pretty, but unhappily very ill-bred women, who don't understand the laws of the road with regard to handsome faces. Nature and custom would no doubt agree in conceding to males the right of at least two distinct looks at every comely female countenance, without any infraction of the rules of courtesy, or the sentiment of respect. The first look is necessary to define the person of the individual one meets, so as to avoid her in passing—An unusual attraction discovered in a first glance is sufficient apology for a second—not a prolonged and impertinent stare, but an appreciating homage of the eyes, such as a stranger may inoffensively yield to a passing image. It is astonishing how morbidly sensitive some vulgar beauties are to the slightest demonstration of this kind. When a lady walks the streets she leaves her virtuous indignation countenance at home; she knows well enough that the street is a picture gallery, where pretty faces framed in pretty bonnets are meant to be seen and everybody has the right to see them."

WHAT AILED HIM.—The last number of the Knickerbocker has a good anecdote of a man who rarely failed to go to bed intoxicated and disturb his wife the whole night. Upon his being charged by a friend that he never went to bed sober, he indignantly denied the charge, and gave the incidents of one particular night in proof.

"Pretty soon after I got into bed my wife said, 'why husband, what is the matter with you? You act strangely.'"

"There's nothing the matter with me," said I, "nothing at all."

"I'm sure there is," said she, "you don't act natural at all. Shan't I get up and get something for you?"

"And she got up, lighted a candle and came to the bed-side to look at me, shading the light with her hand."

"I knew there was something strange about you, 'why, you are sober.'"

"Now, this is a fact and my wife will swear to it, so don't you slander me any more by saying that I haven't been to bed sober in six months, 'cause I have.'"

The Saddest Sight.—The attention of bachelors is invited to the following "wail" from Salisbury: "There are some sights in this world—a city sacked and burned—a London in the midst of a plague—a ship burning at sea—a family pining in starvation—a pair of honey smashed on the pavement, but the saddest sight to us of all is an old bachelor stolidly walking towards his end, his great duties undone, his shirt buttons off, his stockings out at the toes, and nobody to leave his money to. Were we such a man, the mild, reproving eye of a widow or maiden lady would drive us mad. But there is still hope. Uglier and older men than any of our friends have married beautiful wives, who trained them admirably, and spent their money elegantly."

Tasso replied to the proposition that he should take vengeance on a man who had injured him, "I do not wish to deprive him either of his goods, his honor, or his life." I only wish to deprive him of his ill will.