

# THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

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## Selected Poetry.

### The Footsteps of Decay.

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break—  
Arouse its senses and awake,  
To see how soon  
Life in its glories glides away,  
And the stern footsteps of decay  
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,  
Down which our flowing minutes glide  
Away so fast,  
Let us the present hour employ,  
And deem not future dream a joy  
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—  
No happier lot we hope to find  
To-morrow than to-day.  
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,  
Like those the present shall delight—  
Let them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,  
That into one engulfing sea  
Are doomed to fall—  
The sea of death, whose waves roll on  
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,  
And swallow all.

Altho' the river's torrid tide,  
Altho' the humble rivulets glide  
To that sad sea;  
Death levels poverty and pride,  
And rich and poor seek side by side  
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;  
Life is the running of the race,  
And death the goal;  
There all our glittering toys are brought—  
The path leads, of all unthought,  
To founts of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth  
Are all these glittering toys of earth  
That lure us here!  
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;  
Alas! before it bids us wake,  
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of earth can blight,  
The cheeks' pure glow of red and white  
Has passed away,  
Youth smiles, and all was heavenly fair—  
Age came and laid his finger there,  
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurred decay,  
The step that roved so light and gay,  
The heart's rattle tone?  
The strength is gone, the step is slow,  
And joy grows wearisome and wo,  
When age comes on.

## CENTRE-POLE BILL.

BY F. BRET HART.

It drizzled unmistakably that night—not in straightforward rain, but in sneaking gusts that glanced down the neck and up the sleeve. I pulled on my coat and splashed out to the gate, to see if it were fast against wandering cattle. The lights in the house gleamed dimly through the mist, as if the wet had reached them, too. Even old Don, who followed me gingerly out from the porch, shook his shaggy coat, and sniffed in disgust at the weather. Satisfied that all was right, I was about returning to shelter, when from around the corner of the fence came the sound of horses' feet, and a heavy wagon sneaking and grunting up the incline. A low, prolonged growl from the dog greeted the coming team, and I waited for a moment to see who could be traveling at such a time, and in such a sorry storm. There soon came abreast of the gate a huge wagon, drawn by six mules, which I could barely see through the fog. Attracted by the fire in my pipe, which I had succeeded in keeping alight, and the increased growling of the dog, it stopped, and after the brake rattled down, a hoarse voice called out:

"Whoa, there, June! I say, stranger, how far is it to town?"

"To Los Angeles? Ten miles."

"That's a pretty outlook for me. Ten miles! Is this a tavern?"

"No."

"Ten miles to town! Waal, stranger, I guess I'll stake out here to-night. Them animals is too heat to do that. Where's your water?"

"It's all around you to-night; but you can turn your mules into the corral, and bring your blankets before the fire. It's too wet to stay out here."

"Waal, I've seen wets nights nor this, and I'm eenmost water-proof; but since you're pressin' I'll turn out these critters and jine you in a shake. Git up, here, you old cantankerous gument-nule! That ar' Black Boss is the ornarest animal I ever see."

It required but little time to unlitch his team, and I opened the

gate, and in the fagged creature came—gaunt and worn, with moth-eaten tails, dripping with wet, and generally cast down, as mules are when their kicking days are past. Though there was a prospect for them of fodder and corn, not the ghost of a trot appeared, but they meandered slowly into the yard, where our own horses crowded together under the shed and gazed inhospitably at the new-comers.

"Have you had any supper?" I inquired of the teamster, as he came into the house with his blankets.

"Waal, now you mention it, I rather think not, and I do feel a heap hungry."

I managed to get him a cold bite and a glass of toddy, and as he whipped out his short, black pipe, and moved up to the fire, he began to thaw mentally, as I saw from the gladness in his eye, and physically, as the steam from his clothes attested. I was alone that night, and glad to have company. I had a good view of my guest now; a short, thick-set man, with a shock of a beard, bronzed face, where it could be seen, and sharp, gray eyes. A soldier's coat, much too large for him, was his upper garment, the only apparent additional vesture being a pair of immense boots.

"I like that liquor o' yours," he said, after a time; "it ketches as it goes down. How long mont you have lived here?"

"Only a year," I answered.

Between the wreaths of curling smoke he scanned me closely, and again inquired—

"Where mont ye hail from?"

"A great distance f on here—from Maine."

"From Maine! You don't say so! I'm from them parts myself. It seems kind o' good to meet a fellow-nationer in a furrin land. How's all the folks down in Maine?"

"About as usual, I fancy. But how did you get out here?"

"I've made a long trip of it, you bet. If you don't want to turn in, I'll tell you all about it. It kind o' drops the tailboard out of a feller's feelings to strike a man from the same deestrick."

Assuring him that I should enjoy his confidence and his story—having mixed "another stiff" 'un to take out that last patch of cold"—he related as follows:

"The first of it was, me and the old man had a scrimmage—not a fightin' one, mind you, for I wouldn't have hurt a hair of the old man's head for gold; but I was pesky tired of farmin' and plowin' and hog-killin' and such like, and was a bound for to go to sea. It's curious, a fellow never knows the right side of his melon till it's too late; but that's the way with all on us; and knockin' about in the world just pulls the husks off the cob, and shows ye what's what. Howsomdever, seem' as how I was hankerin' to go away, and as 'Melias Pritchard had married that city elap, and as the old man said I shouldn't go, I was more determined than ever. There was a circus coming along to our town, and me and the other boys was kinder handy—helpin' water the horses and doin' chores for the men—and we got into the show. It was the first time I ever see a circus, and the beautiful woman on a calico horse, was too much for me, partly after I was let in to the Livin' Skeleton and the Fat Lady. So I made up my mind to run off with this show, and I marches up to the boss and asked him if he would take me. 'What can you do?' says he. 'Anything,' says I; 'mostly drive.' 'Well,' says he, 'I want a boy to drive the wagon with the centre-pole, and I'll try you.' And I left the old horse and all ten years ago, and I've never seen 'em since."

The thinking man paused a moment, and then proceeded:

"It was Dan Castello's Circus—and you know it was a good show—but it was hard lines for me, and the beautiful woman didn't look so beautiful every time I see her afterward, and we roughed it all the while, and I shouldn't have stuck to it, if we hadn't been travelin' with it. I thought if I went fur enough I might get to California, where the gold was growin'. How about that gold?"

A grim, peculiar smile flitted across a quarter-section of his face, and ending in a sneer, lost itself in his shaggy beard.

"I did leave the business for a while, and was some years in Canada and Wisconsin, but I always hanker'd after the show, and come back to it. There was three of us chums; and, very singlar, we was all named Bill, and they gave us names to know us apart. I was Centre-pole Bill, 'cause I drove that wagon; there was Canvas

Bill, as drove that wagon; and Stubby Bill, as was a general hand. We traveled and traveled, until we got to Mound City, in Iowa; and there Stubby was knifed for something of other in a row, and died. He and I didn't go cahoots so much as Canvas and me, but we missed him for all 'o that. We see some lubby life off and on, we did; and if I was a youngster I'd rather set up in any profession but a circus driver; but a man can't always have his 'drathers. Leastwise, if he could, perhaps he would be no better off.

"We got to Iowa, as I was saying, and the boss was mighty teary one night. He had a striv-e-ye, and was hot when he got drunk; and he give us a particular diltirly, which no man hankers fur if he don't deserve it, which we didn't; and that night Canvas comes to me, and says he, 'Centre-pole, I hain't a goin' to sling this cart any more.' And I says to him, 'Why?' 'No man,' says he, 'can drive over me with sharp-corked horses.' Which I knew then he meant to leave the show, and was bound to jine him any way. And he says to me, 'There's an old pard of mine here, and he says as how there's a Gurnment train going to start from Omaha next week, and we can get a job there to go out to the Injun country.' 'Well, Canvas,' says I, kinder slowly like, 'if you goes, I goes.' 'All right,' says he, 'I couldn't help wishin' I was somers else than the Injun country for I had heard them critters was lightning to fight, and ate up all the dead ones. It is all well enough to stay at home and talk about it; but when it comes to goin', it's a horse of another color."

"You teamsters have a strange, wanderin' life. How do you manage to live so?"

"Most fellers as comes out here to work or drive, has run away from the East for robbery or murders. And they can't stay in no one place; it haints them all the time, and they must keep goin'. But I never did no such thing. Have you ever been in the Injun country?"

"Never in my life; but I have often wished to."

"You had better stow that, and keep out of it. It is temptin' Providence and many red devils to go there. But as I was saying, we squared up with the boss—which there wasn't much coming to us, as there always is, for we was just like sailors, and never had a dollar in the damage box—and it don't take much drinkin' and dancing and poker to clean a feller out. But we got away from there, and got to Omaha the best we could—there wasn't any rail-roads in them days—and Canvas and me wasn't long in hiring out ter drive; for some of them Gurnment sojers—particly them as has dirty uniforms—has a buggered smart eye to pick out a feller as knows his biz, and they see at once as how Canvas and me saved hosses up to the handle—which it was true, though I say it, for Canvas and me had saved hosses ever since we was knee high to a snipe—and some of them drivers didn't know no more about hosses than a dog does the price of hymn books."

"What made you and Canvas such friends?"

"Waal, you see, we had paddled together, and was made to go in double harness. Don't you know that Nature makes everythin' in pairs! And some men gets married—which I never could sence that city elap carried off 'Melias, and which is reaky, anyhow, because one or the other is bound to kick over the pole or bust the breechin'; but there's some as gets to pards, and there's a better nor man and wife. And old Canvas, he onst saved my life when I was attacked by a euchre-slinger in Chicago, which I sometimes think he didn't ought ter, as I hain't been wuth much to no body."

"But there's always something for a man to do, if he only knows it," I said.

"And the teamster drained his glass, and answered:

"You're right, there, but it is lueky if anybody can find it out, if he onst gets down like you ain't a getting tired, are ye? I'll go through the rest like the Ten Commandments through a Sunday school."

"By no means; it interests me very much."

"Waal, we started on our trip, and was bound for Arizona; twenty-eight wagons, four ambulances, and two companies of cavalry—a right smart line of us. It ain't very interestin', going over the Plains; nothing but sage brush and jackass rabbits, and deer, and such vermin. And the deserts

where we had to drag along, land-deep, in the sand, water forty miles apart, and no grass nor timber—in some of them nights I used to wish to get home again. But Canvas and me was going to get gold, and go back fish and see the old folks—but which I can never be. Canvas and me done the best we could. We didn't see many injuns just along; onst in a while a few would hang around behind us, or we would see one or two skurrying up a canon. After we got well away from the settlements, they tried to stampede the cattle; but we was prepared for them, and they didn't get but a few. It wasn't pleasant for a man to be thinking of Injuns all the time, and many a night as I've been on guard I thought I see a big one under every bush. My old mother used to read in the Scripture about 'roarin' lions' and 'seekin' to devour,' but that book don't say nothing about 'fellers, which is very singular, if it makes for to show us how to go. Perhaps the fellers as wrote it never was in Arizona, and I often thought as how God left that country out of his day-book, as being 'no account'—leastwise, perhaps that was the place where the devil it squatted when he was jerked out o' the garden, as gran'father used to tell on.

"I guess I'll lie up a little; it runs rather heavy to-night," said he, as he filled himself another glass, and continued:

"We camped out one night at the jaw of a canon, me ourself, and Canvas and me was on guard together, in the early watch. We used to meet at the end of a walk, and stop a bit and talk. But we had a good look out all the while. It was very dark, and every one was asleep. Bye and bye, Canvas, says he, 'Centre, I'm going up to the spring to get a drink.' The spring was about a hundred yards up the gulch, among the bushes. 'Well,' says I, 'don't be long, and if you see anything, yell.' And off he went, whistlin' softly like to himself, and I stepped away again. He was gone a long time—longer than he had any ought to, and though I hadn't heard any noise, I was kind o' nervous, as we never knowed how many Injuns might be doggin' us. At last, I couldn't stand it no longer, and I put for the wagons, and waked up Jim Bruce, which was outside, and Bill West, and I says to 'em as how Canvas had been gone too long, and would they go along o' me to look arter him; which they did, bein' good fellers, and never hard to do a go-d turn, particly for me and Canvas, which had often helped them shoe their team when the blacksmith was sick; and we went up to the spring together. You couldn't see a wink, and we desent take a light for them thieves to shoot us by. There was a big cottonwood growin' just inside of it, and we ran agin' this, and hit something sittin' like, leavin' against the trunk. 'Canvas,' says I, 'Canvas, my boy, is that you?' And he never made me no reply, but kept as quiet as a skull on a tombstone. 'Jini Bruce,' says I, 'just scratch for a lantern; there's somethin' wrong.' I felt of the body, and there was a wet, sticky stream upon it. 'Canvas,' says I, 'what is the matter?' and I so word. Jim soon fetched a light, and there was Canvas, stone dead, pinned to the tree by seven arrows. And the thieves had cut off his hands and put them in his pockets, and cut off his ears and fastened them on his forehead."

"Oh! what a venetual glitter shone in the eyes of the speaker!"

"Young man, they say when a woman loses her first young un, it breaks her, and as how a lion robbed of her cubs is crazy; but may you never feel as I did when I saw Canvas—him as had been my pard; had shot by the same fire, and drank out of the same dipper, and shared his last terbacker with me—when I saw old Canvas, cut up like a sheep, and dead forever from me. Ten thousand devils was tuggin' in my heart, and I sank, with a yell, down by his dead side."

The emotion of the stranger almost overpowered him, as he recalled these agony days of the past.

"They told me afterward that my yell roused the camp and they came rushing out to the spring; but I didn't know it then. I was stunned like, and never knew what happened. When morning came, they buried Canvas near where he died. They didn't leave no mound to draw the Injuns; but on that ground I knelt and cried, I don't look as if I could cry, but I did then. 'Canvas,' says I, 'old pard, you're gone! You was thirty-four years old. So help me God, I'll kill an Injun for every year of yours, till I wipe out the score!"

They took me away, and for four weeks I was laid in a fever, which might have made me pass in my cheeks; but I didn't for I couldn't die until I'd kept my word with Canvas. 'Young man,' he continued, after a pause, 'I left that train at Tucson; and since that time I've been roamin'. I have come in this trip to get a little money, and I'm goin' back. Dye's see fills me with grief. I pulled out from his belt a huge, broad knife, with a wide handle, and handed it to me. In the wood I saw thirteen holes as if bored with gunlets.

"I guess that's all right; every one is a 'Pacho.' It's my account book, and every Tom-a-kiddin' goes a hole. I've got a good many more to make 'fore I do as I said to Canvas; but I'm goin' back, and p'haps I may meet Canvas some day. I'll keep my word, which the preacher says is the right way."

"What room there was here for a homily on human vengeance! But I could not give it."

"Well, you've kindly heard my story, and you're from Maine; thank ye for both. I'm going to Tucson."

"And with this rough good-night, he rolled himself in his blankets, and the regular breathings soon showed him to be asleep. I had but first slumbers until early morning, when the teamster roused me to take his leave, and he disappeared."

Nearly a year after my connection with the mines took me to Tucson; and while I was there, a scouting party came in with a badly wounded man who was with them—not a soldier, but one who was always eager for an Indian fight—and further than this, nothing was known of him.

"Out of curiosity, I went in with the surgeon to see him; and there lay Centre-pole Bill. He recognized no one, but kept in a deep stupor, bleeding from internal wounds that could not be stanch'd."

"He was an awful fighter," said the Doctor, "and he has done nothing but follow the scouts."

"Doctor," said I, "I know that man." And as he watched, I told his story.

We sat there several hours, and at last the struggle came. The dying man raising himself on the pallet, looked fixedly at the ceiling, and in a hoarse voice, said:

"There's a show—a Canvas—and he fell back, dead."

I looked, afterward, in his belt, and found two knives, and in each of the handles there were seven-teen holes. These keepsakes of the man I begged, and have them to this day.—*Overland Monthly.*

**Legend of the Cherokee Rose.**

The "Cherokee Rose"—that beautiful flower, with which every Georgian is familiar—bath to it a legend which not very many of our younger readers, we opine, have met with in their readings. It is thus told:

"An Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, but fell so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the flames. And as he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior, the daughter of the latter, a young dark-faced maid, was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chief, and wishing to save his life, urged him to escape; but he would not do so unless she would flee with him. She consented. Yet before they had gone far, impelled by soft regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So, retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's tent, and preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminoles. And from that day this beautiful flower has always been known by the name of the Cherokee rose."

The legend is as beautiful as the rose itself.

At the recent railway accident in England, the dead and wounded were plundered indiscriminately. The tempting display of rings, watches, &c., overcame all humanity, and even policemen lent the wreckers their aid in despoiling the crows.

Is a friend in need is a friend indeed, comend to us a baker.

Who is the largest man? The lover; he is a man of tremendous sigs.

**The Gambler's Fate.**

Among the innumerable anecdotes related of the ruin of persons at play, there is one worth relating, which refers to a Mr. Porter, an English gentleman, who in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in Northumberland, the whole of which he lost at hazard in twelve nights.

According to the story of this madman—for we call him nothing else—when he had just completed the loss of his last acre at a gambling-house in London, and was proceeding down stairs to throw himself into his carriage to be carried to his home in town, he resolved to have one throw more to try to revive his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on.

Nerved for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person whom he had been playing with, should give him one chance of recovery, or fight with him. His proposition was this: That his carriage and horses, the trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town-house, plate and furniture—in short, all he had left in the world except the clothes on his back, should be valued in a lamp at a certain price, and be thrown for at a single dash. No person should prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw and lost; then conducting the winner to the door, he told his coachman that there was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets, without a house or home, or any other creditable means of support.

Thus beggared, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as a helper at a livery stable. In this miserable condition, and with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessities. He expended five in purchasing decent apparel. With the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming house, and increased them to fifty. He then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, sat down with former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds.

Returning the next night, he lost it all, was once more penniless, and after subsisting many years in abject penury, died a ragged beggar at a penny lodging-house in St. Giles.

**An Extraordinary Theory.**

A distinguished Swedish chemist, Dr. Grusselbach, a professor of the University of Upsal, has come to the conclusion that those Egyptian mummies, which are found in the ancient tombs on the Nile, in a complete state—that is to say, without having been deprived of their brains and entrails, like most mummies—are not embalmed at all, but "are really the bodies of individuals whose life has been momentarily suspended with the intention of restoring them at some future time, only the secret of preservation was lost."

Prof. Grusselbach adduces many proofs in support of his idea—among others, his experiments during the last ten years, which he says, have always proved successful. He took a snake and treated it in such a manner as to benumb it, as though it had been carved in marble, and it was so brittle that, had he allowed it to fall it would have broken into fragments. In this state he kept it for several years, and then restored it to life by sprinkling it with a stimulating fluid, the composition of which is secret. For fifteen years the snake has been undergoing an existence composed of successive deaths and resurrections, apparently without sustaining harm.

The professor is reported to have sent a petition to government, requesting that a criminal who has been condemned to death may be given to him to be treated in the same manner as the snake, promising to restore him to life again in two years. It is understood that the man undergoing this experiment is to be pardoned. Of course, if the man can be kept in a state of suspended animation for two years, he may be kept for two thousand years, and, if the professor succeeds, we may lay up a few specimens of contemporaries for exhibition in the thirty-ninth century.—*Appleton's Journal.*

The counsels of the good cannot be wicked, nor the seduction of the benefited injure us without our free consent. Our wisdom and folly are our own, and we must reap their fruits here and hereafter.

To bring forward the bad actions of others to excuse our own, is like hashing ourselves in mud.

Why is a man who spoils his children like another who builds castles in the air? Because he indulges in fancy to much.

**NEWSPAPER DECISION.**—At the recent term of our District Court, a suit was determined at the suit of the Greenville News, involving a question of some interest to publishers of newspapers and their subscribers. The defendant had prepaid his subscription to the News for six months, after the expiration of which time, without any express renewal of the subscription, the publishers continued to send the paper and the subscriber to receive it.

When the bill was presented the subscriber refused to pay it on the ground that having subscribed and paid for a definite time, and not having authorized a continuance, it was the duty of the publisher to discontinue the paper at the end of the term. The plaintiffs contended that upon the facts there was an implied contract to pay for the paper at the rates previously agreed upon, and that it was the duty of the subscriber to refuse to receive the paper, if he did not intend to pay for it.

The verdict of the court was for the plaintiffs, thus affirming the correctness of the News. We understand that the case will not be appealed to the Supreme Court by the defendant, and the decision of the District Court therefore stands for law.—*Brenham Banner.*

**A GREEDY SHOP-KEEPER SOLD.**—A sailor from one of the lake fleet vessels recently went into a shop in Milwaukee, and purchased goods to the amount of fifty cents. Throwing down a bill, he said: "There is a two dollar bill—give me the change." A glance showed the store-keeper that the bill was a "V," and hastily sweeping it into the drawer, he gave back the change. After Jack was gone, the man went to the drawer, and found that the bill was a "V," to be sure, but was a little the worst counterfeit ever seen. Indignant at the treatment, Jack was found by the store-keeper and threatened, but Jack was ready, and showed by a comrade that he received but a dollar and a half in change, so he could not have given the man the bill. After a little talk, the matter was allowed to drop by the store-keeper, who has probably learned something he did know before.

**PERSONS ALLOWED TO VOTE.**—An Act to provide for the General Elections, and the manner of conducting the same," approved March 1st, 1870, provides:

"Sec. 2.—Every male citizen of the United States, of the age of twenty-one years, and upward, not laboring under the disabilities named in the Constitution, without distinction of race or color or former condition, who shall have been a resident of the State for one year, and in the county in which he offers to vote, for sixty days next preceding any general election, shall be entitled to vote: Provided, that no person, while kept in any almshouse or asylum, or of unsound mind or confined in any public prison, shall be allowed to vote."

The present war must add largely to the already gigantic debt of France. As soon as war was declared the Minister of Finance asked for a supplemental credit of 500,000,000 francs, and this is likely to be but a small part of what will be needed. The debt of Prussia is very small—much the smallest of any of the great powers of Europe.

A census taker recently stumbled upon a young couple near Lima, Ohio, with a family of seven children. The father is not quite twenty-eight, and the mother said "she had not reached her twenty-fourth year." They had had nine years of wedded bliss.

What is the greatest want of the age? Want of funds.

An actor ought to be a happy man; his work is to play.

MYTHOLOGICAL FESTIVITY.—Hercules going to dine with his club.

Why do thieves lead a comfortable life? Because they take things so easy.

Why is a large carpet like the late Rebellion? Because it took a lot of tax to put down.

A MYSTERIOUS stranger who does not know his Maker—the Cardiff Giant.

ASURD.—To ask a man who has tumbled into the water if he feels moist.

To bring forward the bad actions of others to excuse our own, is like hashing ourselves in mud.

Why is a man who spoils his children like another who builds castles in the air? Because he indulges in fancy to much.