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[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE]

BY DAVIS & CREWS.

ABBEVILLE, S. C. THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 10, 1859.

VOL. XV. NO. 42.

## CRIME ITS OWN AVENGER.

We recently published a letter in which Harlow Case, the defuncting Collector of Sandusky, Ohio, announced the decease of the unhappy woman who had accompanied his flight, and implored the forgiveness of her husband. Under the title we have given above, a missionary correspondent of the Boston Watchman and Reflector, written from Ceylon, describes an interview with the guilty pair, which took place shortly before death hurried away the mother, and the child whom she had made the companion of her wanderings. The writer describes so feelingly and truthfully the self-inflicted misery of Case and his partner in guilt, that we reproduce his narrative:

One forenoon we left the little seaport town where I was sojourning, and rode a short distance into the interior of the gorgeous island. Most glorious were the surroundings on every hand. With a profusion of quite undreamed of by the inhabitants a colder climate, nature had showered most exquisite floral gifts everywhere. Trees loaded with sweet-smelling flowers, their intense colors vying with the foliage of richest green, from out of which they smiled; tall cactus plants, with crimson, gold-shaped blossoms; lilies, gorgeous in the queenly unfolding of form and color—everything rich, lavish, wonderful, met our eyes, feasted to fullness with this tropical luxuriance.

"That is my house," said my new friend, pointing to a low-roofed cottage, surrounded by a white verandah, from whose clinging vines sweet odors were flung upon the soft atmosphere—but from the moment the words were uttered his sociability departed.

Within the cottage enclosure were walks, hoppers and fountains. Chaste statuary was dispersed over the grounds with most charming effect. The house seemed almost a fairy structure, rising in the midst of flowers and foliage. And the man who sat beside me, whose smile mounted no higher than his lips—the dreamy, far-looker, discontent in his eye—growing every moment more perceptible—was the owner of this Eden-like home.

We were met on the threshold by a lovely child of eleven summers. Her hair hung in curls. Her eyes particularly lustrous, yet mournful in beauty, and on the young brow I seemed to see a something—a shadow of sadness—an unchild-like quiet, as she greeted my new friend.

Dressed in pure white, she glided in before us, and to her was left the duty of entertaining me; while Mr. C., exclaiming himself in the remark, that sickness necessarily called him away, for a half hour or so, left the room.

Is your mother very unwell? I asked of the little girl, who, with those shadow-filled eyes of hers, was regarding me gently, but attentively.

Yes, sir; mama has been sick a long time, replied she, dropping her eyes, while her lips trembled.

Did you come from America? she asked timidly, after a long silence.

Yes, my dear. Do you know anything of that country? I returned, growing more and more pleased with her expressive face.

Only that mamma came from there, and I think, she added, hesitatingly, "that I did. Mr. C. will never let me talk about it."

Are you then not the little daughter of Mr. C.? I asked somewhat astonished.

I am my mother's daughter, answered the child, with a grave dignity in one so young—and a minute after she arose and quietly left the room.

I sat watching her white robes flitting through the long shady walk opposite my window, and knew that the child brooded over some dark sorrow, for her eyes were filled with tears.

Why was it, I questioned myself, that that painful thought took possession of me as I sat there! It seemed as if I were sojourning in an enchanted spot, and that some horror was suddenly to break upon me.

At my side, nearly covering a beautiful table of letter-wood, were several costly gift books. I took them up carefully, for I have a reverence for books—and turning to the fly-leaf of a splendidly bound copy of Shakespeare, read—

I could only think of the evil they had done—not what they might suffer through the tortures of remorse. It was some time before the minor came into the room where I sat with the child, determined to meet him once more before I left the house.

O! how guilty! how heart-stricken his appearance! Remorse sat on his forehead—looked out from his eyes—spoke when he was silent.

Will you come to dinner? he asked. I hesitated. Should I partake of his hospitality; the hospitality of one of those fiends in human shape, whose step take hold on hell? I knew his guilt—why delay to declare it? Why not at once in burning words, unbind him for his villainy, and flee as from a pestilence his sin-cursed house? The man noticed my hesitation.

He could not, of course, interpret its cause. As he repeated his request, the look of distress upon his face excited a feeling of pity, which, for the moment, slightly disarmed my resentment, and, under the influence of this feeling, almost unconsciously I passed into the dining room.

"I am sorry little Nelly's mamma"—(I was glad he did not use the sacred name of wife)—"is not able to sit down with us," he said. "It is many months since we have had her presence at our meals. She is suffering from the effects of slow fever, induced by the climate," he added, gravely, as he motioned me a seat before him.

The table glittered with silver plate. Obedient servants brought on the most costly viands, delicacies such as I had never seen before.

But the skeleton sat at the feast! I could not talk, save in monosyllables. My host ate hastily—almost carelessly—waiting upon me with many abrupt starts and apologies.

Wine came. He drank freely. Soon he sent the little girl and servants from the room, and seemed striving to nerve himself to conversation.

"You are from—city, I believe?" he said nervously.

I answered an affirmative.

"Did you ever know a gentleman there by the name of—H. E. F.—?"

"I know him, sir," I said sternly, looking the man steadily in the face, "and I know him also as a ruined, heart-broken man."

With an ejaculation of anguish, he put his handkerchief to his eyes. It would have seemed hypocritical, but the suffering on his face was unmistakable.

"Perhaps you have suspected, then?" he began in a quivering voice.

Not calmly, but with the words of an avenger, I told him what I had seen, and thought and felt.

"Sir," said he, in tones which I shall never forget, "If I have sinned, God in Heaven knows I have suffered; and if in His benevolence he has cursed me, that curse is fearfully fulfilled! Poor Mary is dying—has been dying for months—and I have known it. It has been for me to see the falling step—the dimming eye; it is for me, now, to see the terrible struggles for her nearly worn out frame; it is for me to listen to her language of remorse, that sometimes almost drives me mad. Yes, mad—mad—mad," he said, in frenzy, rising and crossing the floor with long, hasty strides. Then burying his face in his hands, he exclaimed, "Too late—too late—too late—I have repented!" There was a long pause, and he continued more calmly, "No human means can now restore my poor companion. Her moral sensibilities become more and more acute as she fails in strength, so that she reproaches herself constantly.

A weary, mournful sigh broke from his lips, as if his heart would break.

"O! if he knew it!" he exclaimed, "if he knew how bitter a penalty she is paying for the outrage she has committed upon him—he would pity her—and if it could be, forgive."

"Will you see her, sir?" I shrank from the very thought.

"She has asked for you, sir; do not deny her request. Hearing that you came from America, she entreated me to bring you to her. I promised that I would."

I told her that it was not my intention to return at present.

"Oh, then, who will take my little child back to her father?" she cried, the tears falling. "I am dying, and she must go back to him! It is the only reparation I can make—and little enough, oh, little enough, for the bitter wrong I have done them."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she added a moment after, checking her sobs; "I hoped you might tell him that his image is before me, from morning till night, as I know he must have looked when the first shock came. Oh, sir—tell him my story—warn, Oh, warn everybody. Tell him I have suffered through the long, long hours, these many weary years; ah, God only knows how deeply."

"Mary, you must control your feelings," said my host gently.

"Let me talk while I may," was the answer. "Let me say that since the day I left my home I have not seen a single hour of happiness. It was always to come—always just ahead—and here is what has come—the grave is opening and I must go to judgment. O, how bitterly have I paid for my sin. Forgive me—O, my God, forgive."

It was a solemn hour, that which I spent by that dying penitent. Prayer she listened to—she did not seem to join—or if she did—she gave no outward sign. Remorse had worn away all her beauty, even more than illness. She looked to the future with a despairing kind of hope, and felt feeble faith.

Remember, the misguided woman of Ceylon lies beneath the stately branches of the palm tree. Her sweet child never met her father in her native land. She sleeps under the troubled waters of the great wide sea. Where the betrayer wanders I cannot tell, but wherever it is, there is no peace for him. How often rings that hollow voice in my ear—"tell him my story!" Warn, O warn everybody.

THOUGHT ON MARRIAGE.  
BY E. R. M.

There is more truth than poetry in the following, which we find in an exchange:

In how many instances, at the present day, is marriage merely a union of hands—the affections not being ever taken into consideration. The question on the one side, "Is she handsome? has she money?" On the other, "Can he support me in style? shall I be able to make an appearance?" How much better would it be to ask—Has the woman a heart capable of pure affection? will she be willing to share with me in adversity as well as prosperity? Will she forsake all others and cleave only unto me through weal and woe?

And woman, yes woman—she whose very nature ought to stimulate her to higher and holier motives for taking upon herself the marriage relation—is too often only anxious as to the length of her husband's purse, and the amount of his bank stock. The heart—the mind—the intellect—yes, everything, really worth marrying for, being nonexistent.

But oh, the misery which too often follows such marriages. The husband, when it is too late, laments his blindness and folly. The wife is made to realize that riches take to themselves wings and fly away; and then comes the consciousness of a want of sympathy and congeniality of feelings. Each are thrown back upon themselves, for not a chord in the breast of one vibrates in unison with the other. Let the young beware how they enter the marriage state from such motives, lest they awake too late from the delusion. Consult the judgment, and hesitate when that says "beware." Let the property be in rather than with the companion.

Oh, the loneliness of an unwedded heart. The hands may be united, but to feel that in heart you are separated, must be misery indeed. True, the routine of duties might be regularly performed, and with that exactness which would exclude the possibility of a complaint; but with the knowledge that it was not prompted by love—that it is not the spontaneous expression of a heart all your own—life may be endured, it can hardly be enjoyed. Many alas, too many, can testify to the truth from practical experience. Let their experience prove a warning to others against the shoals and quicksands of this uncertain sea.

Examine the heart, not the purse; the soul, the mind, not the tuncement; it dwells in. Consent judgment, not fancy. Let pure, heart-felt affection be the incentive to marriage. To think of being obliged to associate for life with one who has not a feeling in sympathy with you, and who is moreover in sentiment, taste and feeling, directly opposed to you—how revolting the thought. Then, let love, not ambition, lead you to form those ties that ought but death can honorably sever.

A gentleman said of a lady that he wished he could manage without servants, as they were more pliable than profit.

"Why not have a dumb waiter?" suggested a friend.

"Oh, no; I have tried them—they don't answer."

## NAVIGATING THE AIR.

The startling advances in the various departments of scientific investigation with in recent years, seem somewhat to prepare us for still more startling achievements. The mind becomes added in seriously contemplating the results of the past, and yet still higher aims and bolder efforts are made and put forward, to eclipse the wonders already accomplished. We have grown cautious in expressing a doubt as to the result of the most seemingly improbable efforts that may attract the attention of the public. Many of the decided inventions or suggestions of a few years past have been conducted onward to completion.

The latest and boldest explorer into the mazes of difficult achievements, is Prof. Steiner, of Ohio. The *Xenia News* announces that he is about to make a practical application of the results of his experience, in travelling through the air; and he proposes to construct a balloon, or air ship, in which he can cross the Atlantic in sixty hours. The bottom of the air ship is to be of thin sheet copper, three hundred feet long, and eighty feet in diameter at the centre, and tapering toward each extremity. "Beneath this balloon is to be suspended, by wire cables, a platform of the same conical shape, with the balloon itself—and on the centre part of this platform is to be placed the machinery and the cabin for passengers. The surface measure of the air ship will be one hundred and fifty-one thousand four hundred and twenty five square feet, and its total weight thirty-seven and a half tons. It will contain two million eight hundred and ninety-four thousand four hundred and sixty cubic feet of gas, which will support in the air a weight of eighty six and a half tons. The platform, cabin, machinery, &c., are estimated at eighteen tons, leaving power enough to elevate twenty-one tons of passengers, freight and ballast."

We infer, from the statements published, that this air ship is to be worked by paddles, propelled by a steam power, and Prof. Steiner thinks he can travel at the rate of forty miles an hour with head winds, and one hundred miles an hour with favorable winds; and that he can construct one of his air-vessels for forty thousand dollars. It is also suggested that Congress should aid him in his efforts to complete his air-ship.

The *New York Troy Times*, of the 14th inst., gives the name of another aspirant for the honors of air-navigation. It is Mr. John La Mountain. He has made arrangements for the construction of a balloon in Boston, in which he hopes to cross the Atlantic the approaching summer. The balloon is to be made of silk, and the funds necessary to complete the undertaking have been secured. Mr. Wise, the old aeronaut, it is stated, approves of Mr. La Mountain's plan, and both will co-operate in bringing it to a successful completion.

We may be excused for expressing wonder at the apparent temerity of these men who propose to navigate the air by air-ships or balloons. It is no great novelty to ascend into the air in a balloon—that has been demonstrated in the view of thousands. But it will not only be a novelty, but a great scientific achievement, when it can be shown that the air can be navigated—that the same skill can be employed in conducting a balloon through a stormy atmosphere that is usually employed on a stormy main.

Mr. La Mountain, if successful, will make several long trips over this country, before he attempts to cross the Atlantic.

We can all well afford to wait, and see the result of these schemes of air navigation, before we either express doubt or confidence in such undertakings.—*Augusta Constitutionalist*.

Pleasant Words.—1. They don't cost much. They come bubbling up in a good natured heart, like the freely gushing waters of a fountain. It is as easy to speak them as it is to breathe. They come forth as naturally and easily from the lips of kindness, as the rays from the sun. There is no pains taking about the matter. These kind words leap forth of themselves, and delight to fly away in every direction on their errands of love.

2. They make the man happier that uses them. They react upon him. Hot words make the user's wrath hotter. So loving words make love glow the warmer in the bosom. They are fuel to the sacred flame. Loving words help to make a more and more loving heart. Kind words make kindness more and more the law of the soul.

3. Kind and pleasant words touch other people's hearts and make them kind. They fall like flakes of fire on the cold and selfish hearts of others—not to scorch, but to melt—not to irritate, but to subdue and shame people's coldness and unkindness of them. Under such words grim visages relax, their toy out-faces are dissolved, and the soul that had been frozen to the core, gets thawed through; and he who had the gloomy December on his visage, is not long getting a genial June in the place of it.

## A SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

My text for this morning is according to the Rev. Dr. Watts:

"It is the mind that makes the man."

My Hearers: Of all created animals. Man alone is furnished with a mind—all powerful; therefore every other creature stands in fear of, and is subjected unto him. How very strange it is that this power should be instinctively recognized by the brute creation? What is mind? Why, brethren it is merely the faculty of reflecting on the past and future, and drawing inferences from the present. A dog lives only in the present—and makes no use of even that; man inhabits the present, past and future. A dog has an intuitive memory, without reflection. The things of yesterday appear to him as the things of today; and he recognizes them without any actual knowledge of ever having seen them before. So, as a dog has no mind he never broods over past misfortunes, nor speculates upon what is to come; but contents himself with whatever bone the present affords—meat or no meat.

Now, my brethren, man is the connecting link between the material and immaterial world; or of nature, from the worm up to the great infinity. Standing as he does, upon the very edge of the divine and human—the same as a field of white corn planted in close proximity to one of yellow will produce one of mottled oats. In his peculiar position, one side of him, I may say, is illumined by the light of immortality, while the other is darkened by the dull shadows of earth. Seeing, my brethren, that he is situated upon the boundary line that divides the moral from the angelic sphere—and that he has a mind curious to explore the mysteries of the latter—it is not to be wondered at that he should sometimes fancy himself holding direct intercourse with those near neighbors of his—the Spirits. Not at all; though I, for one, believe that we can never have anything more than a twilit view of the other world till the sun of immortality shall rise and make all as clear as a whistle.

My friends: while mind makes the man, it also breeds myriads of petty troubles and cares to its everlasting annoyance. Nothing is ever molested by these ideal insects but the mind; but, as flies gather around meat that begins to rot, so the mind that tends to the taints of despondency attracts swarms of troubles; and if kept well pickled in a brine of fortitude, faith and hope, it is perfectly free from their attacks.

If you consider cares as obtruding visitors, the best way to get rid of them is to give them the cold shower—freeze them out with congealing indifference. If you nurse and pet them when they're small and young, they will soon grow big, bold and saucy, and eventually become troublesome customers to deal with. The mind makes a true man only when it makes one capable of being its master. Put that in your pipes and smoke it, my worthy friends.

A low, groveling mind, dear brethren, instead of making a man, turns out nothing but a fellow; and generally a scabby *hombre* at the best—a muck worm in society, but the aspiring mind sometimes manufactures a man who, if the size of his feet were only in proportion to that of his intellect, would leave behind him tracks in the sand of time as big as those made by a giant traveling upon a pair of snow rackets.

It grieves my better portion, my brethren, to perceive that mere brutish strength is so often admired, as constituting an important element in the making up of a man, as well as of a horse. Who was considered the greater man, little David or the powerful Sampson? You know that there has lately been a great fight at the East—not an intellectual contest between two mighty minds, that might well interest and benefit the whole enlightened world—but a sort of dog-fight between two unfinished specimens of humanity, with more muscle than mind—more "science" than soul. Well, my brethren, you know, too, that all the editors of newspapers, far and wide, have been seemingly greatly interested in this heathenish battle. They have given it publicity throughout Christendom. They have dished it up in every variety of style to suit the palates of their patrons.

And where do you think they will go when they die? Verily, they will be felled off in some dark corner of perdition, and left to fight among themselves to their hearts content; and there will be big "whaling," and greater gasping of teeth than when General Wolf entered the Pomfret's den at Putnam, Connecticut! I would not, for the world, feed your carnivorous propensities by telling you how, as the great fight, the combatants stripped themselves half naked, shook hands with each other and then pitched in, as if fighting for the crown of eternal righteousness—how the eyes of their backers, and holders of the vessels containing the essence of encouragement and spiritual comfort, and of the multitude generally glistened with anxiety—how, on the first round, Pluck planted a plumper upon Spunk's bread basket, which toppled him from his pins, and left him lying doubled up and squirming like a

caterpillar with the green apple colic—how another sockdologer on his potato trap again razed his tabernacle to the ground—how Pluck then got a tap on his frontpiece, which nearly closed his day-book—how he returned the compliment by giving Spunk a wipe across the sneezer, that started the point—how, on the seventh round, they both seemed to have had the day of the month knocked out of them—how they gave each other Jessie till they both became oblivious—how a little of "tired nature's sweet restorer" from the bottle brought them to their vitriol—how at the eleventh round, they presented some very bad looking meat, and, finally, how, after they had fought, fit and punned one another into call's foot jelly, they were scraped up and carried triumphantly from the field in a slop cart. No, brethren, all the money I have lost on the result of this shameful man-mauling entertainment would not induce me to furnish food for a morbid appetite by giving one solitary particular. So mote it be.—*San Francisco Golden Era*.

"I WILL TRY."  
A STORY FOR BOYS.

There is a society in London known as the Society of Arts. Its object is the encouragement of talent in the various departments of art. Prizes are awarded by the society, sometimes to painters for their pictures, and sometimes to lumber-artisans for improvements in weaving, or in the manufacture of bonnets, lace, or artificial flowers.

More than half a century ago, a little fellow, named William Ross, not twelve years of age, was talking with his mother about an exhibition of painting at the society's rooms. William was very fond of paintings, and could himself draw and color with remarkable skill. "Look you, William," said his mother: "I saw some painting in the exhibition which did not seem to me to be half as good as yours."

"Do you really think so, mother?" asked he.

"I am sure of it," she replied. "I saw some paintings inferior, both in color and drawing, to some that are hanging in your little chamber."

William knew that his mother was no flatterer, and he said, "I have a mind to ask permission to hang one or two of my paintings on the walls at the next exhibition."

"Why not try for one of the prizes?" asked his mother.

"O! mother, dear, do you think I should stand any chance of success?"

"Nothing venture, nothing have," said his mother; "you can but try."

"And I will try, mother, dear," said William.

"I have a historical subject in my head, out of which I think I can make a picture."

"What is it, William?"

"The death of Wat Tyler. You have heard of him; he led a mob in the time of Richard the Second. Having behaved in a very insolent manner to the king at Smithfield, Tyler was struck down by Walworth, Mayor of London, and then dispatched by the king's attendants."

"It is a bold subject, William, but I will say nothing to deter you from trying it."

"If I fail, mother, where will be the harm? I can try again."

"To be sure you can, William? So you will not be disappointed, should you not succeed in winning the silver palette offered by the society for the best historical painting."

Without more ado, little William went to work. He first acquainted himself with the various costumes of the year 1381; he learned how the king and noblemen used to dress, and what sort of clothes were worn by the poor people and laborers, to which class Wat Tyler belonged. He also learned what sort of weapons were carried in those days.

After having given some time to the study of these things, he acquainted himself thoroughly with the historical incidents attending the death of the bold rioter. He grouped in imagination, the persons who were present at the scene—the king and his attendants Walworth, the mayor, Wat Tyler himself, and in the background some of his ruffianly companions.

## A NUISANCE.

We can scarcely think of a greater annoyance, to the newspaper publisher and readers of the day, than that class of writers known as "newspaper poets." A continued sluice of turbid nonsense and muddied vagabondism is continually pouring from the press, in rhyme. We have "poets" ad nauseam—if Smith gets married, a jingling epithalamium is done up in doggerel—if Grubb's baby dies, the defunct is poetically metamorphosed into an angel—Has young Jenkins had that part of his corporeity, where anatomists suppose the heart to lie, touched by Cupid's missiles, he forthwith pours out his dolorous whinnings, in a series of lines, in which love rhymes with dove and heart with dart—Has Laura Matilda become smitten with the incipient goatee of young Stubbins, the fact is delicately insinuated in verse, done on embossed note paper. These poetic fledglings are never at a loss for a subject—their art can dignify anything—a house, a tree, a tom cat or mangy puppy—in fact, ideas, with them, are trifles, as well as meter—all that is necessary is that the "doe" rhymes—breeze must jingle with trees, sky with I, true with you and son with me.

These moon struck rhymers are usually forlorn spinners, dolorous benedicts, softened young men or love-sick school girls; generally, incapable of penning a dozen lines, without "murdering the King's English"—frequently, unable to make themselves intelligible in prose—sometimes innocent of giving birth to an original idea as an oyster—they madly essay the most difficult of all kinds of composition and sometimes, in order to eke out a wretched verse, in hope of winning a little local praise from the ignorant, they stoop to the meanness of laying superstitious hands on the property of others. There are more plagiarisms committed by this class of writers, than by all others, perhaps.

Occasionally, we find persons of a higher order of mind damning themselves by perpetrating miserable stuff, which it would be a libel to call poetry, when they might amuse and instruct and win reputation, were they content to clothe their ideas in plain prose. They have no proper conception of meter or rhyme—everybody sees this but themselves. Point out their errors, and they will talk about "poetical license," and mentally set you down among those who have not the taste, the sense and soul to appreciate the divine art.

In the matter of this nuisance, Editors are not blameless. They cultivate, most successfully this crop of acadidical rhymers Laura Matilda's daddy is powerful and he wins the old fool's heart, if he may be said to possess that mythical article, by dignifying his daughters' toddle with a place in the paper, prefaced by such flubs as "gorgeous," "ethereal," "sublime" &c. Young Muggins is a particular friend of the Editor—he dines him and lends him occasional "Vs." Of course the verses of this "gifted correspondent" are published, and Muggins is puffed until the noodle believes him self a second Byron. Rather than offend a friend by telling him plainly that he never did and never could write a verse worth publishing, he regularly disgusts his thousands of readers by inserting silly rhymes to the exclusion of more solid matter.

The conductors of the press might rid themselves and their readers of this harvest of scribbles, by putting their man script in the stove, or, more effectually still, by publishing with a just and honest criticism. Draw the veil that rhyme throws over their nonsense, by printing it as prose in Laura Matilda's case—analyze and dissect Muggins's poem, until you lay bare even to his distorted perception, the fact that he is a wunny. The management of one or two cases in this way, would drive back the army of rhymers, and give an open field to true genius. It should be done. We scarcely know of a greater service which the press could confer upon the friends of literature and the reading world at large. If it has not the courage to do this, it may at least, by suppression, save from many sore trials, the feelings and taste of intelligent readers.—*Aberdeen (Miss.) Conservator*.

Gen. Scott Victimized.—The Picayenne tells the following.—As the procession had finished the display proposed for the Eighth, and the carriage containing the veteran General drove up in front of the St. Charles Hotel, the crowd filled the street and greeted him with loud shouts.

As the General descended from the carriage with his overcoat hanging on his arm, a well dressed gentleman stepped up to him, and with the politeness that would have graced a drawing room, said "General, permit me to take your coat." Unconsciously the General handed him the garment, and, following his escort, entered the hotel; but the gentleman with the coat failed to appear. He and the coat had disappeared. Some think that his admiration for the old veteran tempted him to keep the garment as a souvenir of the meeting and a memento of the fame of the great captain.

Pitch upon that course of life which is the most useful, and custom will render it the most agreeable.