

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DREAMS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE RESTORED UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR, THE KEE AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1853.

VOL. I—NO. 2.

TERMS:
The DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL is published every Friday morning, in Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., at \$1.50 per annum, if paid in advance, if not \$2 will be charged.
ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates, viz:—
1 square 3 insertions \$2.00
Every subsequent insertion 1.00
2 square 1 month 2.00
" " " " 3.00
" " " " 4.00
" " " " 5.00
" " " " 6.00
" " " " 7.00
" " " " 8.00
" " " " 9.00
" " " " 10.00
Business Cards with 1 copy of the Democrat & Sentinel per year 5.00
Letters must be paid to secure attention.

Select Poetry.

Dr. A. Hart has issued a volume of Poems by T. B. HARRIS, Esq. It is a neat book, and some of the poems are beautiful—instance the following.

INER

Down behind the linden village, fringed around with
hazy trees,
Lies the holy secret dreaming half asleep and half
awake,
One who breathes the sweet quiet for the happy quiet's
sake,
Dozing, murmuring in his vision, by the heaven-ma-
nured lake.

And within a dell, where shadows through the bright-
est days
Like the silver swimming gossamer by breezes scur-
ried
Fall a shining sheet of water that runs down the lake-
side
As if the brain by beauty lulled, a pleasant
thought may glide.

When the sinking sun of August, glowing deep in
the decline,
Sheds his arrows long and golden through the maple
and the pine,
And the sunset gleams fall glowing from the side to
the side,
While the catbird in the hazel gives an incessantly
wailing.

And the little squirrel chattered, peering round the
linden's pole,
And a robin like a meteor, gleamed along the
grove,
These I walked beside for long and long, and
loved to see,
Lila the scene around my eyes, like the sunshine
through my eye.

And her hair that pressed the leaves, a pleasant
cool
And they dropped the sweet buds of mist with
honey-
dew's sweet smell—
Then I saw her eyes and with love's sweet
glance
Till her hair was like evening, held the dew beneath
her shade.

There I saw her love ballads such as lower soft
voices
Till she sighed and grieved, as only mild and loving
mother's
And to me her tears she stooped to gleam the
con-
fession from her eyes.

As of old sweet birds were pleading 'mid the
oriental
flowers,
Down we walked beside the linden—gently deep in
the
glow,
You I hold for all my passion! With a smile
and
glance,
Turning her eyes with look, and she only made
reply:
"How deep within the water glows the happy
even-
ing sky!"

Then I asked her if she loved me, and our hands
met
in each,
And the falling night's ripples seemed to flow up
the
bank,
While she slowly with a hand would the water
bring
to the bank.

"Love, like the sky, has wings; my love is
not
yet to speak."

Then I gazed the love of her—like I was her
glance
And our pulses ran together, as our footsteps on
the
ground,
We have vowed to love each other in the golden
even-
ing light,
When our names from earth have vanished, like the
writing
from the sand!

Tales and Sketches.

From Dickens' Household Words.

THE BROTHERS.

OR, A REFERENCE TO CHARACTER.

Five years ago, my brother William and myself started as wholesale merchants in Honey-
suckle lane, City, with limited warehouses, and
small trade. My wife, with limited capital, had
some commercial prospects, but more than the prospect
from our little collected coming house, we
should indeed have had small encouragement. I
remember discussing with my brother, during
the first week of our career, the style of our
domestic establishment, and the extent of our
personal expenditures. We mutually agreed, in
order to draw as much capital into our business
as possible, to dispense with the services of a
cook upon the premises; and, both of us being
about the same height and build, that our best
clothes and our best hats should suffice for
both. In this our last used frequently to
slip rather suddenly over William's eyes, while
nodding to a friend in the street, and that fit
of the coat on him was slightly baggy; but he
was not cheerful.

The first year of our little business went on
placidly enough. We felt our way gradually,
and found that in business, as in other things,
discretion is the better part of valor. We be-
came known at the end of the second year amongst
the trade; and, before the end of our third year,
we actually possessed two real carts, and I
strided to say how many hats and coats; besides
being acknowledged throughout the length of
Honey-suckle lane, as rising and safe young
men.

I think it was about this time that we started
a small house and a light cart—just the patient,
meek horse that would not object to go in a
gig on Sunday, if requested to do so. But with the
increase of our business came a growth of
vigorous cars and carriages, that seemed to spring
up like mushrooms. One first grand cause, with

the gooseberries, about June. William took it
philosophically. A few bad debts, a customer or
two in the Gazette; but, on striking our periodical
balances, we became quite reconciled to the
frowns of Fortune.

Gooseberries had gone out. Apples were in.—
It was in one of the busiest months of autumn
that we were favored with an extensive order—
considering our then status—from a stylish
gentleman, verging on the flashy, but still within
the bounds of apparent respectability. We were,
of course, glad to do business. The terms were
agreed on; one month's credit, and no discount.
The affair seemed all but settled, when William
hinted that, perhaps our new friend, being a
perfect stranger, would not object to give us a
reference. Certainly not—quite proper—not the
least objection—over endless apologies for not
having been the first to suggest it. The reference
was given, and we started, well satisfied with each
other. The reference was a man who had pub-
lished and put out for several periods of our
goods, so that the newly-ordered articles were
sent to the neighborhood of Kensington with a
letter that we had perhaps been a little too
straight-laced and particular in the transaction.
A perfect gentleman really.

When the month's credit had expired, and our
customer called to settle the account with a bag
of bright-shining sovereigns, I did feel that we
had been over nice. But when—pleasantly
puzzled person that he was—he chattered about
the weather, the hard times, and the crops, throwing
in here and there a little flattery of our liberal
and punctual mode of doing business, and the
excellence of our goods, I suffered the remorse of
the basest intrigue. After our patron had finished
a few more pleasant remarks about the expansion
of the Colonial trade and the tightness of the
money market, he turned to business again, and
delighted us with a commission for twelve
amount of the previous transaction. The goods
were put in hand forthwith—delivery having
been promised within a day or two—and our
customer became quite exhilarated with the
warmth and bountifulness of that creature's
order.

I can hardly remember how I first occurred
to the fact that the pang of conscience for our
fraught suspicions had time to subside, the
lighted across my mind that our customer
spelled too many rings in his fingers, and that
they emanated from him too strong and stale an
odor of bad tobacco for him to be a thorough
man of business. My thoughts arose at length to
grave doubt. This I mentioned, as a matter
of course, to William, who, though not quite
dunking with me, agreed that a little caution
would be well employed, the amount of the order
was a serious consideration to us.

We were, indeed, in the police of the
commercial world; and, being utterly at a loss how
to proceed, I stepped over the way to a sturdy
Manchester warehouseman, and begged his
advice how to proceed with prudent security. Our
neighbor at once offered a good partying
company by telling me that I ought to send our
firm subscribers to Perry's Bankrupt and Insolvent
Registry office, where we should be certain to
obtain the fullest and most valuable information
regarding all suspected or improper characters.

I took down the address; and, without
pausing to tell William my mission, made my
way directly to King's Arms Buildings, Change
 Alley. I had been through the Alley hundreds
of times; yet had never caught sight of this office.
Even now that I went in search of it, in broad
mid-day, it was as much my neighbor to find it.
Turning slowly round that corner of the
passage, which is graced by dozens of gaudy
frames enclosing pictures of enormous
magnitudes, with peacocks, fish ponds, and a
holy grandeur of a six-barred gate, on a
flourish of a London bridge (which I in my
early days believed were the actual
representations of the many fine properties
advertised for sale at Garraway's close by,) I
found myself ascending a wide, dark and dingy
staircase.

The strange old edifice abounded in lofty
ornate ceilings, carved vases, and heavy
creaking doors. Once it had been a City
Hotel; and when I turned in through the wide
folding doors and looked about me, I saw the
remains of a fine building, in a corner and
half ruin. How changed since then! The
fire-ruined orchestra was piled up with dusty
records of insolvency; the files and files were
replaced by files of the London Gazette and
reports of police cases. The sounds of
muffled tread were exchanged for a word or
two murmured through that enormous
old room from one of the few clerks, as
though they proceeded from a distant or
another's tombstone. The whole place
appeared gloomy and mysterious. An
exclusive waded off all visitors from the
interior.—From one end to the other
nothing was visible but books—solid, gut-
tured, hard-bound books.—They looked
like the condemned marks in Dante's
Inferno, holding me take evening; or
winked at me, as if to lure me on to
knavery, from miles of shelves. They
beckoned to me hideously from
across of tables. Puncturing up their
parliament fronts, or turning upon me
their forbidden backs, I felt myself
tempted and menaced by turns; and
surrounded by lost characters and
dead reputations, I fancied I had
got into a Chamber of Commercial
Rovers, or an Old Bailey with all its
sentences ruthlessly docketed, and
ready to be put in force at a
minute's notice by the Recorder
himself, who stood beside me,
calmly waiting to exercise
judgment.

And his clerks, how solemnly they went
about their work!—steadily, suspiciously—
as if they expected to find runaway
bankrupts hidden between the
leaves of the ledgers. How they kept
moving about from one solid book to
another, now making a scratch of a
mark in some page;

them entering a note in a memorandum
book.—And I watched them until I began to
think that they might be unhappy
mortals, placed in this
Basilisk Street Penitentiary, to
expiate certain
offenses against the commercial
code, by the
temptation of ponderous
leads of debt which they
were unable to bear. Then I
wondered whether the
Syllabic Books could have
been anything like those they
were showing at; for, if they
were, I didn't wonder at the
Roman king not liking the
look of them.

In the midst of these
reflections I was startled by
a mild voice as my side
regarding to the
pleasures. An elderly, plain-
looking man, who
before me and in black, with
washed but not
close to his chin. A single
phoney curling in that
hair was the person I
wanted; and I was
right. He was the
principal of the establish-
ment, the Recorder. My
errand was soon told, and
readily apprehended; for,
when I hinted that I
thought the affair I had
come about would be
more difficult and
embarrassing, he
smiled, and assured me
that he had done dozens of
business for me complicated
than mine, about
daily, and his registry was
first opened long
ago.

Had he been so long
engaged in that
business? Yes, he
commenced his
office so long since as
the year one thousand
eight hundred and ten,
when business was
conducted to a
certain extent. It is
now and when there was
not nearly the same
need for protection to
the honest trader
against un-
duly and reckless
dealers; for that was
the object of his
institution.

Leading me inside the
reeling and within the
long range of tables and
desks, he assured me
that so perfect were all
the arrangements
connected with his
business, that not a
single bankruptcy,
insolvency, or
composition with
creditors, occurred;
not a single
commercial fraud
had been committed,
nor one isolated case
of stealing since one
thousand eight hundred
and ten, which was
not to be found
daily recorded and
indexed with all
particulars in his
book.

Very those records
of insolvency and
I pointed to a vast
collection of ponderous
volumes spread along
two or four massive
tables. One of these
three-thirty-five
large volumes, of a
thousand pages each,
formed simply the
index to Mr. Perry's
general sets of books.
To give you some
idea of the extent and
system of his business,
he flung open one of
these massive volumes.
It revealed, and
cracked, and
adorned, as if it had
been a bankrupt
taken in execution.
Such an array of
names and names
and names as were
disgested within I
have before witnessed.
The Post office
Directory is a
child's spelling book
beside these
prodigious alphabets.
Page after page
contains nothing
but the names of
William Brown and
George Green, and
for the Smiths, I
thought the man
must have turned
upwards of five
hundred John Smiths
more than three
hundred William
Smiths, a list of
George Smiths, to
say nothing of
Alfred Smiths,
Benjamin Smiths,
Charles Smiths,
Edward Smiths,
Francis Smiths,
Henry Smiths,
and names of
more Smiths, whose
Christian names
were initiated by
every other letter
in the alphabet.
Then came the
Smiths, with a
difference (a good
many of them
dresses) such as
Smiths, Smiths,
and Smiths. I
felt quite
bewildered amidst
all this crowd of
names, and was
at once impressed
with the wonderful
power of the
one man by the
aid of his
enormous books.

He need not have
told me that these
names were never
removed from their
tables; for not
only was there no
room on any shelf
to receive them,
but I could see
no machinery by
which such masses
of title and paper
could be lifted
up any distance
as to the clerks
attempting to
shift any of them,
that was simply
absurd. I could
but wonder what
would become of
them in the event
of a fire, and
began to reckon
how many of
Hickok's largest
volumes would
have been required
to remove them
at two tons to
the load.

In the strange
contentment of the
moment, I entirely
forgot the business
which brought me
to his office; and,
absorbed in the
bewildering
ledgers, gazettes,
and police reports,
I followed my
informant to another
part of the room.
He passed before a
deep, well-filled
casson pointed out
to me a number of
the London Gazette,
beginning with the
first number he
issued on the first
day of the Great
Plague. Further on
were perfect sets
of all his Post
Office, London
and Provincial
Directories that
had ever been
published. Every
copy in the United
Kingdom that
publishes a
periodical list of
its inhabitants
was there
represented, as
well as many of
the continental
capitals. On several
tables at the
remote end of
the room, beyond
the abandoned old
rehearsal, were
ranged books
more numerous
than any I had
yet seen—substantive
monographs. They
were old newspapers
strongly bound,
and used as
day-books of a
peculiar description,
for a particular
purpose. On the
right hand side
of each of the
high shelves of
these volumes was
pasted, day by
day, every police
case involving a
fraud or a
treason, or a
mal-practice
connected in any
way with trade.
The immense
collection I there
saw was a proof
of the enormous
extent of current
swindling, even
in these days of
vigilant police.

To satisfy my
curiosity, Mr. Perry
pointed out, on
the face of each of
these cases, a
number, which
indicated the
volume and folio
where every one
of these were
pointed up into
his criminal ledger
with as much
regularity as a
banker's cash book.
And here he
begged me to
observe that,
although it
formed his duty
to obtain and
classify information
throughout the
country, regarding
trading and
other defaulters
for the purpose
of protecting the
interests of
commerce; yet a
very large
number of those
who came under
his notice were
persons of
irreproachable
character. It was
his chief
object to classify
all bankrupts
and insolvents;
and, by keeping
a record of the
honest and
dishonest

bankrupt, to put the
fair dealer on his
guard against the
one, and when in
his power, to
betray and
maintain the
character of the
other.

I was anxious to
see and understand
how all this could
be accomplished
with such a mass
of crude materials,
and with the
certainty of which
he spoke. Mr. Perry
explained. Opening
one of the many
volumes before me—
number one
hundred and thirty-
seven, only—I
then saw
regiments of
columns of names
ruled from
one side to the
other. These
columns were a
complete key to
each person's
name and name
—the name and
number at different
times; the various
years in which he
had become
bankrupt or
insolvent; the
amount of dividend,
if any, and
if all of each
dividend had been
paid; the class
of certificate
granted, if any; the
particulars of any
fraud with which
he may have been
connected, referred
to by a
number of
directions to the
exact page in the
Criminal Ledger,
and thence to the
Police Case Book,
with any
further names by
which he may
have been known.

He had that day,
he said, put a
trafficker on his
guard against a
rebellious character,
who had
thrice made
very un-
successful
appearances in
the Court of
Bankruptcy; having
paid—somewhere
at the provinces—
but one dividend
of tenpence in
the pound; and
who had, at
Colchester, seven
years ago, made
away with his
creditors' property,
and appropriated
the proceeds to
his own
lawful purposes.
The man was
now at Glasgow
at his old tricks;
but Mr. Perry's
faithful records
warned his
Scottish subscriber
of the character
of his customer
in time to
save him a
heavy loss.

This reminded me
of my own
office, and with
out further delay,
I put my
guide, comfortable
and found all the
particulars; the
name, address,
and address
of business,
amount of
order, name and
address of
reference, and
some other
items of
intelligence
respecting our
debtor and
fugitive
partner. Away
went the
Recorder like a
very
lightning car
after a mouse:
scratching and
burrowing and
tumbling, and
ticking of
endless
indexes, ledgers,
day-books,
gazettes,
Criminal
Ledgers, and
Police Books.
These
searches were
made with
such a bright
ray of
speculation, that
in a few
minutes my
attention was
directed to the
whole history
of my customer
drawn up in
one long line
of words,
letters and
figures, and
stretching
quite across
two pages of
volume
number one
hundred and
thirty-seven.

It was
evidently a
bad case. The
real name
of "the party"
was pointed out;
he had given
one of his
favorite
aliases. He had
been, according
to Mr. Perry's
descriptive
ledger, a clerk in
the Post Office,
was discharged
for dishonesty
which could
not be legally
proved, had
been in the
Gazette in
one thousand
eight hundred
and forty-
two, and again
in one thousand
eight hundred
and forty-
eight, his
entire estate
and effects
sold to pay
off his
creditors
exactly nothing
in the pound.
He had been
insolvent twice
before that time,
and his
second how to
the Commissioners
for the Relief
of Insolvent
Debtors on the
very day
before he
was obliged
to visit his
first creditor.
He had been
according to
the Police Book,
connected in a
dozen of
swindling
transactions,
chiefly
concerned
under the
head of
obtaining
money or
goods
under false
pretences; but
had always
proved himself
"too many"
for the
swindlers, for
the police, and
for the
magistry. I
thankfully
informant
sincerely
and
congratulated
myself on
our fortunate
escape. "Let
why," I
asked, "did
he pay for
the first
time?"—
"Ah, a
lure; a
bait; a
sprat to
catch a
whale."

I
dignose
enrolled our
firm amongst
the subscribers
to the
institution, and
found our
names
running
over
fewer than
twelve
thousand
others,
bankers,
merchants,
solicitors,
traders,
agents,
contractors
of public
companies,
and
strange to
say, clergymen!
What could
clergymen
want Mr. Perry
to do for
them? I
felt
puzzled,
and
wondered
if they
were
ever
troubled
with
insolvent
churchwardens,
bankrupt
vestry clerks,
or
fraudulent
sermons. He
explained that
clergymen,
of all other
classes,
needed the
most
advice
and
protection
in money-
matters. They
were so
ordinarily
mild, so
little
acquainted
with the
most
ordinary
business
transactions,
they
were
leading
clergymen
always
found them
the most
and
readiest
of their
dupes.

Only a
week or two
ago a currier
from the
vicinity of
the metropolis
had sought
Mr. Perry's
assistance
in what was
by no means
an
uncommon
case. The
currier had
received
sixty or
seventy
pounds for
some
immediate
purpose,
answered one
of the many
tempting
advancements
in the
newspaper,
wherein the
public are
informed that
loans of money
to any amount
will be granted
on the
slightest
possible
security. He
had an
interview
with the
very
liberal
advertiser,
at what
appeared to
be an
office
in a quiet
street. The
most minute
inquiries
were made
in regard to
the
clergymen's
references,
great
caution
having been
expressed by
the
capitalist; and,
when all the
promoted
scruples
were
quieted,
the
borrower
was told that
seventy
pounds was
much too
insignificant
a sum for
people of
the
currier's
rank, and
that if the
borrower
would
make it
two
hundred, or
over one
hundred,
or even one
hundred and
fifty, the
transaction
might be
effected. The
clergymen
hesitated;
but at length
yielded, and
placed his
name to a
bill at short
date for
one hundred
and fifty
pounds. He
could of
course
pay the
amount when
it suited
him. The
financier
left his
victim to
bring
the money;
but, in the
course of
ten minutes,
returned with
a very long
rod; and,
pointing to
a sheet of
paper in his
hand quite
bathed in
ink, told him
with many
expressions
of regret, that
he had
accidentally
spaced his
book-stand
document, and
would leave
to trouble
him to sign
a fresh
paper. The
clergymen
made no
objection.
The ink
paper was
burned
before him,
and another
bill for a
hundred and
fifty pounds
was signed.
Again the
capitalist
left the
borrower
anxiously
waiting for
the money;
but neither
man nor
money was
forthcoming.

At the date of
anxiety, the
disappointed
currier was
called upon
to meet two
bills amounting
to the sum
of three
hundred
pounds.—
Claiming to
be the
Bankrupt
Register
Office, the
currier sought
the advice of
Mr. Perry;
who, without
any difficulty
traced out
the swindler
and his
confederates'—
complete
identification
gave him
their history,
and sent him
to a
respectable
solicitor; who,
by dint of
threats of
exposure,
succeeded in
obtaining
peaceable
possession of
the bills. This
Mr. Perry
assured me
was only
one out of
innumerable
cases of a
similar
character.

Before taking
my leave of
this
Register-
General's
office, I
learned that
as subscribers
to his
establishment
we were
entitled to
receive every
Friday a copy
of a paper
printed for
circulation
amongst his
clients, and
called the
Bankrupt and
Insolvent
Gazette; a
periodical
which has
now attained
its twenty-
third year.—
In it are
chronicled not
only every
event of the
past week
connected
with
bankruptcy
and
insolvency,
but every
meeting or
official
occurrence
happening
during the
week
ending in
every part
of the United
Kingdom.

I joined my
brother full of
the news I
had gathered,
and we both
congratulated
ourselves on
the narrow
escape we
had had. Our
customer
did not
inquire for
his goods;
and we
learned
shortly
afterwards
that he
had left
his premises
rather
suddenly,
forgetting to
settle many
heavy
accounts,
and
altogether
omitting to
mention a
single
creditor
where he
might
be found.

On other
occasions we
have
examined
copies of
King's Arms
Buildings,
and always
with
satisfactory
results. Some-
times
anonymous
yet
became of
new
customers
were
legally
disputed
by Mr. Perry.
Gentlemen
have sent us
orders
soon after
we knew
they had
undergone
bankruptcy,
but our
Register
General was
able to
give us,
notwithstanding,
a good
amount of
them. They
had paid
insolvent
dividends
promptly
and
honorably,
receiving
from the
court
first-class
certificates.

We never
think of
entering upon
any new
business
without a
walk up to
the great
old-fashioned
concrete
room, and
a gossip with
the points of
the place.
We could
not conduct
our
business
in safety,
relying on
a constantly
in, without
his aid. This
respectful
and
useful
person
has
become to
us what he
is to half
trading
London, and
a good
part of the
provinces—a
daily
necessary
of
commerce.

Recollections of Isaac T. Hopper.

Upon one
occasion, Friend
Hopper went
into the
Court of
Chancery,
and kept his
hat on,
according to
Quaker
custom. While
he was
listening to
the pleading,
he noticed
that a
person
who sat
near the
Chancellor
flashed
his eyes
upon him
with a very
strong
expression.
This
attracted
the
attention
of lawyers
and
spectators,
who also
began to
look at
him. Presently
an officer
tripped
him on the
shoulder,
and said—
"your hat, sir."
"What's
the matter
with my
hat?" he
inquired.

"This is
off," rejoined
the officer.
"You are
in the
Chancellor's
Court of
Chancery."
"That
will
do me
no harm,
I reserve
for his
Majesty's
Court," he
replied.
"Perhaps
it is
my
fault
that
you
noticed
me?"

The officer
seemed
embarrassed,
but said
no more;
and when
the
Hopper
had
strayed
as
long
as he
liked
inclined,
he
quietly
withdrew.

On the
day, when
he was
walking
with a
hopper
in Dublin,
they
passed
the
Lord
Ligonier's
casson.
He
expressed
a
wish
to
see
the
Council
Chamber,
but was
informed
that it
was
not
open
to
strangers.
"I have
a mind
to
go
in,"
said
he
to
his
companion.
"Will
that
go
with
me?"

"No,
indeed," he
replied;
"and I
would
advise
you
not to
go."
He
marched
in,
however,
with his
broad
beaver
on,
and
found
the
Lord
Ligonier
surrounded
by a
number
of
gentlemen.
"I am
an
American,"
said
he.
"I have
heard
a
great
deal
about
the
Lord
Ligonier's
casson,
and
if
it
will
give
me
of
honor,
I should
like
very
much
to
see
it."

His
lordship
seemed
surprised
by
this
uncommon
introduction,
but he
studied,
and
said
to
his
servant,
"Show
this
American
whatever
he
wishes
to
see."

where he
saw
pictures,
statues,
ancient
armor,
antique
costs,
and
many
other
curious
articles.—
As
parting
the
inside
of
the
mansion
was
extremely
poor,
and
gave
him
much
interesting
information
of a
variety
of
topics.
When
he
rejoined
his
companion,
who
had
agreed
to
wait
for
him
at
some
appointed
place,
he
was
met
with
the
inquiry—
"Well,
what
luck?"
"O,
the
best
luck
in
the
world," he
replied.
"I was
treated
with
great
politeness."
"Well,
certainly," Mr.
Hopper,
you
are
an
extraordinary
man,"
rejoined
the
lawyer.
"I
wouldn't
have
ventured
to
try
such
an
experiment."
"Not
venturer."
At
the
expiration
of
four
months,
having
completed
the
business
which
rendered
his
presence
in
Dublin
necessary,
he
made
a
short
visit
to
England,
on
his
way
home.
There
also
his
hat
was
objected
to
on
several
occasions.
While
in
Bristol,
he
was
asked
permission
to
look
at
the
interior
of
the
Cathedral.
He
had
been
looking
about
some
little
time,
when
a
rough-
looking
man
said
to
him
in
a
very
early
tone.
"Take
off
your
hat, sir."
He
replied
very
courteously,
"I have
asked
permission
to
enter
here
to
gratify
my
curiosity
as
a
stranger.
I hope
it is
no
offense."
"Take
off
your
hat," rejoined
the
rough
man.
"If
you
don't,
I'll
take
it
off
for
you."
Friend
Hopper
looked
at
his
hat,
looked
him
full
in
the
face,
and
answered
very
calmly.
"If
that
does
not
satisfy
you,
I will
leave
it
at
your
service.
I judge
at
I shall
have
seen
of
it
this
afternoon.
I judge
at
I shall
leave
it
at
your
service."
The
rough
man
No. 25
Lower
Queen's
Street,
Bristol.

ignited was about
a mile from the
Cathedral.—
The man
stared at
him, as if
puzzled to
decide
whether he
was
talking
to an
insane
person
or not.
When
the
impatient
Quaker
had
seen
all
but
satisfied
to
be
deliberately
walked
away.

At
Wilmington
he
paid
the
customary
fee
of
an
affidavit
of
guaranty
simplicity.
"What
does
that
mean?
I must
take
off
my
coat?"
"Your
coat?"
rejoined
the
man,
smiling—
"No,
indeed,<