

# Hillsborough Recorder.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XXXVII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1886.

No. 1935.

## New Fall and Winter Goods.

THE subscribers are now receiving from New York an entire stock of New Goods, embracing a general variety of all kinds of goods usually kept in this market, consisting of  
**Prints, Alpaca, English and French Merinos, Shawls, Handkerchiefs and Bonnets,**  
**Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, Hardware, Glass and Queensware,**  
**HATS, CAPS,**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
**GROceries,**  
**READY-MADE CLOTHING,**  
and many other articles not necessary to mention, which have been bought in New York very low, and entirely for cash; all of which will be offered to cash buyers or punctual dealers at small profits.  
We say to one and all, come and see us—we will take great pleasure in showing our goods if we do not sell. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.  
**W. F. & T. J. STRAYHORN.**  
October 14. 10—

**CASH FOR WHEAT.**  
4,500 Bushels of GOOD, CLEAN, WHITE WHEAT WANTED.—We will furnish bags, and pay cash on receipt of the Wheat, at the highest market rates.  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON, Agents.**  
December 9. 18—

**SALT! SALT!! SALT!!!**  
125 SACKS SALT, Liverpool and Ground Alum, received and for sale by  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
December 9. 17—

**CHOICE CALF SKINS, Shoe Thread and Shoe Nails,**  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
December 9. 17—

**RAGS! RAGS!!! RAGS!!!**  
RAGS WANTED, by  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
December 9. 17—

**HORSES and BUGGIES for Sale.**  
2 GOOD farm HORSES for sale on favorable terms; also, 2 new BUGGIES, one Open, the other a Top Buggy. Apply soon to  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
November 28. 17—

**Fall and Winter Goods.**  
THE subscribers offer to their customers and the public a new supply of  
**"Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,"**  
purchased on the most desirable terms in the New York market. Believing as we did, that there would be an extra demand in the money market this Fall and Winter, and that every one should economize, we endeavored to buy principally a **Staple Stock**, from which the purchaser can get the worth of his money.  
We invite attention to our stock of—  
Men's and Women's Shoes,  
Negro Brogans,  
"Winter's" double-soled Brogans, best make,  
Korsets and Linings,  
White and Colored Flannels,  
Negro and Bed Blankets, a large stock,  
Moulin de Laines, new style,  
Solid and Plaid Merinos,  
Men's and Boy's West. assorted, together with a full stock of **GOOD FAMILY GROCERIES**, at the lowest prices.  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
October 21. 11—

**Ladies' Cloth Cloaks.**  
BLACK and Grey Cloth Cloaks, from George Bolton's celebrated Ladies' Cloak store, New York, just received by  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
October 21. 11—

**READY-MADE CLOTHING.**  
HAVING made this a distinct branch of trade, we devote particular attention to it, and keeping a large stock of all kinds of  
Over Coats,  
Business Coats,  
Black Frock Coats,  
Vests and Pants,  
we are enabled generally to fit and please those who favor us with a call. We shall keep our stock renewed from time to time. Call and examine it.  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
October 21. 11—

**CRINOLINE—Expressly for Skirts, Embroidered Skirts; also, Brass and Whalebone Hoops, and Elastic Belts,** by  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
September 16. 06—

**HOUSE PAPER—All grades; Window Shades very pretty.**  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
October 21. 11—

**TOW CLOTH!**  
TOW CLOTH WANTED, by  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
September 16. 06—

**India Rubber Goods.**  
RUBBER DRESSING COMBS,  
Rubber Fine Combs,  
Rubber Pocket Combs,  
Rubber Round Combs,  
Rubber Side Combs,  
Rubber Puff Combs,  
Rubber Hair Pins.  
Also, Bonnet Combs, a new and excellent article, at  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON'S.**  
July 15. 97—

**YEAST POWDERS.**  
Bull's Brand, best,  
Schmid's, best,  
Colonges, assorted, at  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON'S.**  
July 15. 97—

**LADIES' RETREAT.**  
MRS. BYRNES, FEMALE PHYSICIAN,  
168 Thompson, near Bleeker street, New York,  
ATTENDS females during their confinement, and treats all diseases peculiar to her sex. She has commodious rooms for the accommodation of her patients, and a patent apparatus to assist nature. A female pill, a safe and sure remedy for all obstructions, sent by mail with full directions on receipt of \$2. She has also a sure remedy for Piles, and a valuable invigorating cod-liver oil.  
January 6. 81—ly

## A Change in Business

THE DRUG STORE, formerly owned by Dr. JAS. F. GAIN, will hereafter be continued by J. C. WEBB & CO., who hope by strict attention to business, and moderate prices, to merit a liberal share of the public patronage.  
January 27. 24—

**DRUG STORE**  
J. C. WEBB & CO., will keep constantly on hand, a complete assortment of  
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils,  
Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Perfumery, Stationery,  
Grass and Garden Seeds, Aromatics,  
Vinegar, Pure Liquors, &c. &c.  
and all other articles in their line of business, and with the special design of keeping only *genuine* articles. They hope, by close attention and moderate prices, to merit and receive the patronage of the public.  
January 27. 24—

**Vinegar! Vinegar!**  
JUST RECEIVED AT THE DRUG STORE—  
ONE BARREL, BEST CIDER VINEGAR.  
**J. C. WEBB & CO.**  
January 27. 24—

**Just Received at the Drug Store.**  
2 DOZEN PAPERS CORN STARCH,  
12 dozen bottles Ink, assorted,  
1 dozen Bell Cologne, quarts and pints,  
1 dozen Helmholtz's Extract Buchu,  
1 gross Borden's Worm Candy,  
2 lbs. large Sponges,  
6 dozen Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative,  
3 dozen fine Salsal Oil,  
72 lbs. Durkee's Potash, for Soap,  
1 box Pearl Starch,  
1 dozen Bateheler's Hair Dye,  
4 dozen Bateman's Drops,  
1 dozen Maccassar Oil,  
1 dozen Mitchell's Eye Salve,  
6 gross Steel Pens, assorted.  
January 20. 23—

**TOBACCO AND CIGARS.**  
3 BOXES FINE CHEWING TOBACCO,  
2,000 Extra Fine Cigars, just received and for sale at the  
**DRUG STORE.**  
January 20. 23—

**BARRELS FOR SALE.**  
A LOT of Barrels and Iron-Bound Casks just received and for sale at the  
**DRUG STORE.**  
December 23. 20—

**Cheap Cooking Wines and Brandy.**  
MALAGA WINES,  
SWEET WINES,  
FRENCH BRANDY,  
for sale at the  
**DRUG STORE.**  
December 23. 20—

**For Coughs and Colds.**  
LEMON GUM DROPS,  
Vanilla Gum Drops,  
Orange Gum Drops,  
Rose Gum Drops,  
Also Compound Syrup Tolu,  
just received at the  
**DRUG STORE.**  
December 23. 20—

**FLAVORING EXTRACTS.**  
Orange, Lemon, Vanilla, Peach,  
Celery Parsley, &c.  
For sale at the  
**DRUG STORE.**  
December 23. 20—

**Pocket Knives.**  
A LOT of extra fine Pocket Knives, just received and for sale at the  
**DRUG STORE.**  
December 23. 20—

**GRASS SEEDS.**  
ORCHARD GRASS,  
Herds Grass,  
Lucerne,  
Clover,  
Timothy,  
Kentucky Blue Grass, just received and for sale at the  
**DRUG STORE.**  
December 16. 19—

**Notice to Smiths and Farmers.**  
THE subscriber, as the agent of the King's Mountain Iron Company, will supply all orders for a ton or upwards of iron at 6 cents per pound, cash. The money must invariably be paid on delivery, or the charge will be 7 cents; and in no case will I sell less than a ton for less than 7 cents.  
**P. B. RUFFIN.**  
Octo 14. 10—

**Fire and Life Insurance.**  
Is your Property insured?  
Is your Life insured?  
Is your Negro insured?  
If not, call upon the subscriber, who is Agent for the Greenborough Companies.  
**THOMAS WEBB.**  
January 6. 21—5w

**FOR SALE,**  
A LOT in the town of Graham, immediately in front of the Court House, on South Street, lying between the stores houses of M. Leas & Hanner and Al bright & Dixon. Terms to suit the purchaser.  
**THOMAS WEBB.**  
January 28. 23—

**HOUSE and LOT for Sale.**  
I offer for sale, on accommodating terms, that desirable House and Lot on Queen Street, now occupied by Mr. Washington.  
**THOMAS WEBB.**  
October 20. 61—

**A CARD.**  
D. ROBERTSON, DENTIST,  
HAVING located in Chapel Hill, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the town and surrounding country. He can produce satisfactory testimonials of his skill in the profession.  
His office is at Dr. Moore's. When requested, families will be waited on at their residence. Charges reasonable.  
Dr. R. will be in Hillsborough the fourth week of each month, also Superior Court weeks, and elsewhere (without extra charge) if requested.  
August 19. 02

**BURAL ECONOMY.**  
"May your rich soil,  
Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour  
O'er every land."  
From the Germantown Telegraph.  
**AN OLD FARMER'S EXPERIENCE.**  
Or, How to wake a poor Farm Rich, without much money expended.  
THE ACCUMULATION OF MANURE.  
If writers on agriculture would devise and lay down more feasible plans of operation, there would be rather more chance for their works to be beneficial to farmers. They direct us to put on manure by the ton, cori or load, as the case may be; to put it on in the spring, in the summer and the fall; to top-dress, and under-dress, and to always be ready to put on manure when the ground is plowed or to be plowed. Now, all this is very fine in theory, but practical farmers know very well that manure does not fall from the clouds like snow or rain; nor is it to be dug out of the earth in quantity and quality sufficient.  
Manure is composed mainly of vegetable and animal matter, that can only be procured in limited quantities. A large majority of farmers have land to work that is mostly below the middling quality, and have not or interest to pay every year, besides maintaining their families and stock, and ought to be improving the last at the same time. If our instructors would put us in a way to accomplish this, their works would be much more valuable. The thing has been done, and can be done again. As to buying manure, except lime and plaster, for the use of farmers, generally, except those living near some town or village, it is out of the question, as at present prices it will not bear its weight to be carted more than six or seven miles.  
It can be made on the farm with a small outlay of money, but it requires labor and persevering attention. When the yard is cleaned out to put on the wheat ground, spread a thin coating of straw over it, then haul in dirt, good mellow dirt, if to be had, but if not, get the best you can, and cover the yard four or five inches thick. Trim up the trees, and cut the brush and briars into the barnyard, as well as weeds and other vegetable matter, leaves, &c., that can be gathered up on the farm.  
When the pasture fails in the fall, put the cattle in the barn yard and there keep them till the pasture is fit to turn on again in the spring. If the winter should be a little open, so that dirt can be got, give the yard one or two more coatings; the straw not saved for litter, refuse of the fodder and cleanings of the stables, should be spread over the yard; let this accumulation lay until the first week in July, when it should be stirred, dirt and all, and put up in heaps or beds with steep sides. There should be nothing suffered to trample on these heaps, as it would in a measure prevent the fermenting process being properly carried on. These heaps should lay till about the middle of August, when it will be in a better state for the production of a crop of wheat, than ever it was before or will be again. The dirt thus put into the yard loses nothing in bulk, nor does it decrease the quantity or quality of the other manure; it only takes up the juices that would otherwise soak away and be lost—it is quite as strong as the other, and saving the labor of hauling in and out and spreading, it is so much clear gain. There may be a great quantity of good manure made at the hog pen, having an outlet or yard attached, and supplied frequently with vegetable matter, such as green weeds, leaves, good dirt, straw, scrapings of the alleys in the garden, litter gathered up about the lane, &c., all of which should be taken out of the pen and put in heaps, five or six weeks before it is carted to the field.  
There are other means by which manure can be made, but not so fast. Make a vat or cistern of boards, nearly water tight, and sink it so that the top will be nearly on a level with the surface of the ground, with a covering to keep out the rain, large enough to hold about five cart loads of dirt—placed near the kitchen door. Chip dirt, droppings from the hen roost, good mellow dirt, ashes, &c., may form the supply. Into this mass should be emptied all the soap-suds, urine of all kinds that can be procured, remnants of pickle, in fact all of the waste water from the kitchen, &c. After lying six or eight weeks, it should be taken out and put into heaps, and a fresh supply put into the cistern to be treated as before.  
When the manure in the yard is put up in heaps to ferment, there should be another yard enclosed, with the soil either plowed up, or other mould spread over it, for the cattle and sheep to lie on at nights, till the barn yard is cleaned out and prepared for them as above directed. This out-yard should be loosened up, and mellowed with the plow and harrow, two or three times, and when the cattle are taken off, should be shoveled up to remain till wanted for use. Excellent compost for corn may be obtained as above.  
In the foregoing I have endeavored to recommend plans whereby the greatest quantity of good manure may be made with the smallest outlay of money; yet labor will be required, and I think with proper industry and management it may be done without much additional force, or materially inter-

fering with the general business of the farm.  
The next article will be on the Formation of the Dung-Yard.  
**A PRACTICAL FARMER.**

**BACON AND GREENS.**  
I have lived long enough to be rarely mistaken, and bore my full share of life's changeable scenes, but my woes have been solaced by good greens and bacon, and my joys have been doubled by bacon and greens. What a thrill of remembrance e'en now they awaken, Of childhood's gay morning and youth's merry scenes.  
When one day we had greens and a plateful of bacon, And the next we had bacon and a plateful of greens. Ah! well I remember when sad and forsaken, Heart-wrung by the scorn of a miss in her teens, How I rush'd from her sight to my loved greens and bacon, And forgot my despair over bacon and greens.  
When the banks refused specie and credit was shaken, I shared in the wreck and was ruin'd in means; My friends all declared I had not "saved my bacon," But I lived—for I still had my bacon and greens.  
O! there's a charm in this dish, rightly taken, That from eastards and jellies an epicure weans; Steek your fork in the fat—wrap your greens round the bacon, And you'll vow there is nothing like bacon and greens.  
If some fairy a grant of three wishes would make one So worthless as I, and so laden with sin, I'd wish all the greens in the world—then the bacon— And then wish for a little more bacon and greens.  
**POSTSCRIPT.**  
I return to confess that for once I'm mistaken, As much as I've known of the world and its scenes, There's one thing that's equal to both greens and bacon, And that is a dish of good bacon and greens.

**A FRENCH WILL STORY.**  
"Is she dead, then?"  
"Yes, madam," replied a little gentleman in brown coat and short breeches.  
"And her will?"  
"Is going to be opened immediately here by her solicitor."  
"Shall we inherit anything?"  
"It must be supposed so; we have some."  
"Who is that miserably-dressed personage who intrudes herself here?"  
"O, she," said the little man, sneering—"she won't have much in the will; she is sister to the deceased."  
"What, that Anne who wedded in 1812 a man of nothing—an officer?"  
"Precisely so."  
"She must have no small amount of impudence to present herself here before a respectable family."  
"The more so, as sister Egerie, of noble birth, had never forgiven her that *mesalliance*."  
Anne moved at this time across the room in which the family of the deceased was assembled. She was pale; her fine eyes were filled with tears, and her face was furrowed by care with precious wrinkles.  
"What do you come here for?" said, with great haughtiness, Madame de Villebois, the lady who, a moment before, had been interrogating the little man who inherited with her.  
"Madam, the poor lady replied, with humility, "I do not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me; I come solely to see M. Dubois, my poor sister's solicitor, to inquire if she spoke of me in her last hour."  
"What! do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly observed Madame de Villebois; "the disgrace of a great house—you, who wedded a man of nothing, a soldier of Bonaparte's?"  
"Madam, my husband, although a child of the people, was a brave soldier, and what is better, an honest man," observed Anne.  
At this moment a venerable personage, the notary Dubois, made his appearance.  
"Cease," he said, "to reproach Anne with a union which her sister has forgiven her. Anne loved a generous, brave and good man, who had no other crime to reproach himself with than his poverty and the obscurity of his name. Nevertheless, had he lived, if his family had known him as I knew him, I, his old friend, Anne would be at this time happy and respected."  
"But why is this woman here?"  
"Because it is her place to be here," said the notary, gravely; "I, myself, requested her to attend here."  
M. Dubois then proceeded to open the will:  
"I, being in sound mind and heart, Egerie de Damferme, retired as a boarder in the convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, dictate the following wishes as the expression of my formal desire and principal clause of my testament.  
After my decease there will be found two hundred thousand francs in money at my notary's, besides jewelry, clothes, and furniture, as also a chateau worth two hundred thousand francs.  
In the convent where I have been residing there will only be found my book, "Heures de la Vierge," a holy volume, which remains as it was when I took it with me at the time of the emigration. I desire that these three objects be divided into three lots.  
The first lot, the two hundred thousand francs in money.  
The second lot, the chateau, furniture and jewels.

The third lot, my book, "Heures de la Vierge."  
I have pardoned my sister Anne the grief which she has caused to me, and I would have comforted her in her sorrows if I had known sooner of her return to France. I comprise her in my will.  
Madame de Villebois, my much-beloved cousin, shall have the first choice.  
M. Vetry, my brother-in-law, shall have the second choice.  
Anne will take the remaining lot."  
"Ah, ah!" said Vetry, "Sister Egerie was a good one; that is rather clever on her part!"  
"Anne will only have the Prayer-book!" exclaimed Madame de Villebois, laughing aloud. The notary interrupted her jocularities.  
"Madame," he said, "which lot do you choose?"  
"The two hundred thousand francs in money."  
"Have you quite made up your mind?"  
"Perfectly so."  
The man of law, addressing himself then to the good feeling of the lady, said, "Madame, you are rich, and Anne has nothing. Could you not leave her this lot, and take the book of prayers, which the eccentricity of the deceased has placed on a par with the other lots?"  
"You must be joking, M. Dubois!" exclaimed Madame de Villebois; "you must really be very dull not to see the intention of sister Egerie in all this. Our honored cousin foresaw full well that her book of prayers would fall to the lot of Anne, who had the last choice."  
"And what do you conclude from that?" inquired the notary.  
"I conclude that she meant to intimate to her sister that repentance and prayer were the only help that she had to expect in this world."  
As she finished these words, Madame de Villebois made a definite selection of the ready money for her share. Monsieur Vetry, as may be easily imagined, selected the chateau, furniture and jewels, as his lot.  
"Monsieur Vetry," says M. Dubois to that gentleman, "even suppose it had been the intention of the deceased to punish her sister, it would be noble on your part, millionaire as you are, to give up at least a portion of your share to Anne, who wants it so much."  
"Thanks for your kind advice, dear sir," replied Vetry; "the mansion is situated on the very confines of my woods, and suits me admirably; all the more so that it is ready furnished. As to the jewels of Sister Egerie, never to part with."  
"Since it is so," said the notary, "my poor Madame Anne, here is the prayer-book that remains to you."  
Anne, attended by her son, a handsome boy with blue eyes, took her sister's old Prayer-book, and making her son kiss it after her, said:  
"Hector, kiss this book which belonged to your poor aunt, who is dead, but who would have loved you well had she known you. When you have learned to read, you will pray to Heaven to make you wise and good as your father was, and happier than your unfortunate mother."  
The eyes of those who were present were filled with tears, notwithstanding their efforts to preserve an appearance of indifference.  
The child embraced the old book with boyish fervor, and opening it afterward—  
"O! mamma," he said, "what pretty pictures."  
"Indeed!" said the mother, happy in the gladness of her boy.  
"Yes, the good Virgin, in a red dress, holding the infant Jesus in her arm. But why, mamma, has silk paper been put upon the pictures?"  
"So that they might not be injured, my dear."  
"But, mamma, why are there ten silk papers to each engraving?"  
The mother looked, and uttering a sudden shriek, she fell into the arms of M. Dubois, the notary, who, addressing those present, said:  
"Leave her alone, it won't be much; people don't die of these shocks. As for you, little one," addressing Hector, "give me that prayer-book; you will tear the engravings."  
The inheritors withdrew, making various conjectures as to the cause of Anne's sudden illness, and the interest which the notary took in her. A month afterwards they met Anne and her son, exceedingly well, yet not extravagantly dressed, taking an airing in a two-horse chariot. This led them to make inquiries, and they ascertained that Madame Anne had recently purchased a hotel for one hundred and eighty thousand francs, and that she was giving a first-rate education to her son. The news came like a thunderbolt upon them. Madame de Villebois and M. de Vetry hastened to call upon the notary to ask for explanations. The good Dubois was working at his desk.  
"Perhaps we are disturbing you?" said the arrogant old lady.  
"No matter. I was in the act of settling a purchase in the State funds for Madame Anne."  
"What!" exclaimed Vetry, "after purchasing house and equipages, she has still money to invest?"  
"Undoubtedly so."  
"But where did the money come from?"  
"What! did you not see?"  
"When?"  
"When she shrieked upon seeing what the prayer-book contained which she inherited."  
"We observed nothing."  
"Oh! I thought that you saw it," said the sarcastic notary. "The prayer-book con-

tained sixty engravings, and each engraving was covered by ten notes of a thousand francs each.  
"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Vetry, thunderstruck.  
"If I had only known?" shouted Madame de Villebois.  
"You had the choice," added the notary, "and I myself urged you to take the prayer book, but you refused."  
"But who could have expected to find a fortune in a breviary?"  
The two baffled old egotists withdrew, their hearts swollen with passionate envy. Madame Anne is still in Paris. If you pass by the Rue Lafitte on a fine summer evening, you will see a charming picture on the first floor, illuminated by the pale reflection of a wax light.  
A lady who has joined the two hands of her son, a fair child of six years of age, in prayer before an old book of "Heures de la Vierge," and for which a case in gold has been made.  
"Pray for me, child," said the mother.  
"And for you else," inquired the child.  
"For your father, your dear father, who perished without knowing you, without being able to love you."  
"Must I pray to the saint, my patron?"  
"Yes, my little friend; but do not forget a saint who watches us from heaven, and who smiles upon us from above the clouds."  
"What is the name of that saint, mamma dear?"  
"The mother, then watering the fair child's head with her tears, answered:  
"Her name is—Sister Egerie."

From an English Paper.  
**O'CONNELL AND THE IRISH BANK CRISIS.**  
A correspondent, who has written for us the following sketch, says, "It may be useful knowledge for some establishments in the present monetary conjuncture." He further adds, the *ruse* was one of O'Connell's best hits, and of which he was very fond of boasting:  
A run was being made for gold by the peasantry of the surrounding counties; and crowds of clamorous frieze coats might be seen pushing and fighting at the doors of all the banks in L—. The — Bank, however,—which has since proved itself to be as solvent as any establishment in Ireland,—enjoyed at that time the best confidence, and was, of course, the more set upon. I had a few one pound notes, and though I believed they were very good, if people would only have faith in them, still, as I feared the panic itself might bring about the catastrophe it where, I thought it would only be prudent in me to save myself; so I mounted my bag and trotted with my bundle of notes into L—.

On arriving at the bank door, the Babel of mixed Irish and English was terrific. Men and men, and men and women tugged and struggled together for precedence, and I hear the exclamation, "There, you have torn the coat off my back, making as much fuss about your dirty thirty shilling note as if it were a pack of ten-pounders you had." "Oh me, oh me," shrieked a woman in a certain condition, who affected to faint, in the vain hope that they would let her nearer the door. "As you are satisfied, now that you have murdered the unborn babe, and me, its poor mother, just let me pass, for the love of St. Patrick—it's only a one pound note I have, and they won't be a jiffy serving me."  
"Arrah, ye'll be served," cried out a droll fellow on the verge of the crowd; "here's the Chancellor coming, and a bag of gold on his back."  
All looked in the direction the last speaker pointed to, and there, sure enough, I could see approaching the burly figure of O'Connell, who was one of the directors of the bank, and had just arrived from Dublin. He had not exactly a bag on his back, but he carried a parcel in his hand.  
"Let me pass, my good friends," said he, "and you shall be served." And he pushed shoulder foremost through the crowd, who made way for him, and gave three hearty cheers for "the Chancellor" as he passed.  
The Liberator, as he was called, might have been twenty minutes in the bank, when a hurrah was raised from those who stood nearest the bank door. "Didn't I tell you," cried a fellow, crushing his way out, and blowing with his breath to cool five hot sovereigns which he had held with difficulty in his hand: "Didn't I tell you the Chancellor would settle it? There they are at it hard and fast as tallow chandlers on a melting day, making sovereigns like winky, and they are shoveling them out upon the counter as hot as broiled prates from a pot," and he blew again upon the sovereigns, and he held them up again to be touched. Seeing and feeling was believing, and there, sure enough, was gold, warm, as if from the crucible.  
"Glory to you Ban," shouted out the crowd, who now really believed that the Chancellor was making sovereigns in the back parlor to meet the run. "What's the use of crushing—you can't break a bank when they are melting out money like that."  
My curiosity was at its height, so, with one tremendous effort, I gained admission, and there, sure enough, were the clerks lolling out hot sovereigns from copper scoops to the people, who, crowding to the counter, and who, snapping and blowing their fingers were picking up the coins as you might pick up roast chestnuts.  
They say the *ruse* was not a new one, and that O'Connell only revived it in the case of the — Bank; but it was not the less meritorious on that account. The clerks were really engaged in the back parlor heating the sovereigns on fire-shovels over a large fire; and rushing out, with red faces, and in a furious hurry, they threw them "hot, all hot," to the cashiers, who counted them out with