or sinistime of general codes we will be presidently before the control of the co

NEW SERIES.

TERMS:

THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL, is published every Thursday morning, in Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa;, at \$1 50 per annum, IV PAID IN ADVANCE, if not \$2 will be charged.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously in

serted at the following rates, viz:

1 square 3 insertions, Every subsequent insertion, 1 square 3 months, 1 " 6 "

"col'n 1 year, Business Cards with one copy of the

Belert Woeley.

THE OLD, OLD HOME.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES.

When I long for sainted memories,
Like angel troops they come,
If I fold my arms to ponder
On the old, old home.
The heart has many passages
Through which pure feelings roam,
But its middle aisle is sacred,
To thoughts of old, old home.

Where infancy was sheltered,
Like a rosebud, from the blast;
Where boyhood's brief elysium,

In joyousness was past.
To that sweet spot forever,
As to some hallowed dome,
Life's pilgrim bends his vision,
'Tis his old, old home.

A father sat (how proudly!)

By that dear hearthstone's ray,
And told his chrildren storica

Of his early manhood's day;

And one soft eye was beaming,— From child to child 'twould roam; Thus a mother counts her treasures. In the old, old home.

The birth-day gifts and festivals,
The blended vesper hymn,
(Some dear ones who where swelling it
Are with the Scraphim.)
The fond "good nights" at bed time, How quiet sleep would come, And fold us altogether In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowrets, But time and change in concert, Have blown the wreath apart.

But sainted, sainted memories, Like angels, ever come. If I fold my arms and ponder On the old, old home.

RELIGION-WHAT IS IT

BY BISHOP HERBER.

Is it to go to church to-day, To look devout and seem to pray, And ere to-morrow's sun goes down Be dealing slander through the town?

Does every sanctimonious face Denote the certain rei m of grace? Does not a phiz that scowls at sin Oft sell hypocrisy within?

Is it to make our daily walk And of our own good deeds to talk, Yet often practice secret crime, And thus misspend our precious time!

Is it for sect or creed to fight. To call our zeal the rule of right, When what we wish is at the best, To see our church excel the rest ?

Is it to wear the Christian's dress, And love to all mankind profess, And treat with scorn the humble poor, And bar against them every door?

Oh, no! religion means not this, Its fruit more sweet and fairer is-Its precept this; to others de As you would have them do to you.

It grieves to hear an ill report, And scorns with human woes to sport; Of others' deeds it speaks no i'l, Rut tells of good and keeps it still.

And does religion this impart?
Then may its influence fell my heart;
Oh! haste that blissful joyful day,
When all the earth may own its sway.

THE STATE TREASURER ARRESTED !- A GOOD JOKE. The Reading (Pa.) Gazette of the

JOKE. The Reading (Pa.) Gazette of the 10th inst., says:

"On Monday morning last, an affair occurred in the railroad cars, while stopping at Pottstown, which is entirely too good to be lost. It appears that a short time since, a person who lodged there over night had carried away with him a valuable gold watch, the property of another On the morning above named, as the passenger train was passing through the town, a person answering the description of the culprit, was discovered sitting in one of the cars by that indefatigable officer, M. B. Missimer. He theremon imsitting in one of the cars by that indefatigable officer, M. B. Missimer. He thereupon immediately arrested him. He was taken to one of the hotels, where a search was about being instituted, when one happening to drop in, recognized in the supposed thief our newly chosen State Treasurer, Mr. Slifer! It is needless to say that the officer was profuse in explanations and apologies, which Mr. S. took in good part, and consented to consider the the arrest a "good joke," although too practical and personal to bear a repetition. tical and personal to bear a repetition.

EBENSBURG, MARCH 1, 1855.

Select Cule.

THE INCONVENIENCE OF PRIDE

TARREPORTE MANTHALL

BY THOMAS HOOD.

There are several objections to one-horse vehicles. With two wheels, they are dangerous; with four, generally eruel inventions, tasking one animal with the labor of two.—And, in either case, should your horse think proper to die on the road, you have no survivor to drag your carriage through the rest of the stage; or to be sent off galloping with the coachman on his back for a coadjutor.

That was precisely alies Norman's dilemma, it is a precisely a spite against his proprietor. I should believe the one in question chose to vent his animosity by breathing his last just at the spot where it would cause most annoyance and inconvenience.

It was just at this moment that I came up with my gig, and knowing something of the lady's character, I halted, in expectation of a scene. Leaving my own bay, I proceeded to assist Humphrey, the coachman, in extricating his horse; but the nag of royal line was

"Plantyginit be dead." The lady acquiesced with the smallest nod ever made.

"I've took off the collar, and the bit out, and got un out o' harness entirely; but he be as unanimate as his own shoes;" and the informant looked earnestly at the lady to observe urged my proposal again with some warmth; the effect of the communication. But she never moved a muscle; and honest Humphrey was just shutting the coach door, to go and finish the laying out of the corpse, when he was recalled.

"Humphrey!"
"What's your pleasure, ma'am?"
"Remember, another time—"

"Yes ma'am."

"When a horse of mine is deceased-

"Yes, ma'am "

"Touch your hat."
The abashed coachman instantly paid up the salute in arrear. Unblest by birthright with self-possession, he had not even the advantage of experience in the first families, where he might have learned a little from educate; but he was still so far from being

the last of the Conqueror's Normandy pippins.

I tendered a seat in my chasse, which she ta-

the last of the Conqueror's Normandy pippins. I tendered a seat in my chaise, which she tacitly declined, with a gracious gesture of head and hand.

"If you please, ma'am," said Humphrey, taking care to touch his hat, and shutting his head into the carriage so that I might not overhear him, "he's a respectable kind of gentieman enough, and connected with some the Control of the of the first houses."

"The gentleman's name?" "To be sure, ma'am, the gentleman can't help his name," answered Humphrey, fully aware of the posuliar prejudices of his mistress; "but it be Huggins."
"Shut the door!"

It appeared, on explanation with the coach-man, that he had mistaken me for a person in over. the employ of the opulent firm of Naylor & It was quite unnecessary for Miss Norman Co., whose province it was to travel throughout Britain with samples of hardware in the pigs and two butchers; and she did not say it.

of the W-- coach coming through the Binn | madem," he said, "mayn't be exactly the Gate, the only public vehicle that used the road. At sight of the dead horse, the driver (the noted John Wade) reigned up—alighted—and standing at the carriage door with his as I said afore, will take every care, and obhat off, as if he knew his customer, made an serve the respectful; likewise in distancing

It was in vain that in answer he praised the quietness of his team, the safety of his patent boxes, besides promising the utmost steadiness and sobriety on his own part. Miss Norman still looked perseveringly at the back of the coach-box; which, on an unlucky assumance. The blackberry boys l coach-box; which, on an unlucky assurance that "he would take as much care of her as of his own mother." she exchanged for a steady gaze at the side window, opposite to the coachman, so long as he remained in the presence.

Index was invincible.

The blackberry boys had now departed, the evening began to close in, and no Humphrey made his appearance. The butcher's horse was on the fret, and his swine grambled at the delay. The master and man fell into consultations.

"By your leave, ma'am," said Humphrey, putting his hand to his hat, and keeping it there "Mr. Wade be a very civil-spoken, careful whip, and his coach loads very respectable society. There's Sir Vincent Ball on the box"

"If Sir Fincent chooses to degrade himself, it is no rule for ME," retorted the lady, without turning her head; when lo! Sir Vincent appeared himself, and politely endeavored to persuade her out of her prejudices. It was useless. Miss Norman's ancestors had one and all expressed a very decided opinion he naver getting into the naver getting i against stage coaches, by never getting into one; and "she did not feel disposed to disgrace a line longer than common, by riding in any carriage but her own."

ter followed 'em up."

I attempted to reason with them, but my clusion of the matter.—Saybrook Mirror.

I attempted to reason with them, but my clusion of the matter.—Saybrook Mirror.

"A po-shay!" echoed Humphrey, but, like an Irish echo, with some variation from his original—" Bless ye! ma'am, there beant such a thing to be had ten miles round—no. not for love nor money. Why, bless ye, it be election time, and there beant coach, cart, nor dog-barrow but what has gone to it.!"

"No matter," said the mistress, drawing herself up with an air of lofty resignation.—
"I revoke my order, for it is far, very far, from the kind of riding that I prefer. And Humphrey—"

off to a little pool near at hand for some cold water. It was the errand only of some four or five minutes, but when I returned, the lady, only half conscions, had been caught up, and there she sat, in the cart, between the two butchers. They were already on the move.

I jumped into my own gig, and put my horse to his speed; but I had lost my start, and when I came up with them, they were already galloping into W——. Unfortunately, her residence was at the further end of the

"Mes. ma'amille mader as search and artis

Another passe in our proceeding during which a company of ragged boys, who had been blackberrying, came up, and planted themselves, with every symptom of vulgar curiosity, around the carriage.

Miss Norman had now no single glass through which she could look without encountering a group of low-life faces staring at her with all their might. Still the pride of the Normans sustained her. She sat more rigidly erect than ever, occasionally favoring the circle with a most awful threatening look, accompanied ever by the same five words;

"I choose to be alone."

It is easy to say choose, but more difficult to have one's choice. The blackberry boys choose to remain. I confess I took pity on the pangs even of unwarrantable pride, and

the pangs even of unwarrantable pride, and urged my proposal again with some warmth; but it was repelled with absolute scorn.

"Fellow, you are insolent!"

After a tedious interval, in which her mind had doubtless looked abroad as well as inward,

fresh tapping at the window, she summoned the obsequious Humphrey to receive orders.

"Present my compliments at the Grove—and the loan of a chariot will be esteemed a

"By your leave, ma'am if I may speak-

"You may Nor."
Humphrey closed the door, but remained a minute gazing on the panel. If he meditated minute gazing on the panel. If he meditated any expostulation, he gave it up, and proceed-ed to drive away the boys, one of whom was astride on the dead Plantagenet, a second grinning through his collar, and two more to all men of that law by which the dead leaves

proficient, that in the importance of announcing the death to his mistress, he omitted one and up came a taxed-eart, carrying four inof those minor tokens of respect which she also rigorously exacted.

It was now my own turn to come forward and as deferentially, as if she had been indeed the last of the Conqueror's Normandy pippins.

with her, for a persuader, and I'll have her up in our cart—my master's that is to say—afore you can see whether she has feet or

In a moment the speaker was at the carriage door, smoothing down his sleek forelocks. bowing, and using his utmost eloquence, even to the repeating most of his arguments twice

out Britain with samples of hardware in the box-seat of his gig. I did not take the trouble to undeceive him.

After a tolerably long pause on all sides, my expectation was excited by the appearance of the W

offer of his services.

But Miss Norman, more dignified than ever, waved him off with her hand. Jem became more pressing, and the lady more rigid. "She never rode," she condescended to say, "in rublic vehicles." Jem entreated again; but lucky smash, for it afforded what the trades-"she was accustomed to be driven by her own men would have called "an advantageous opening" for pouring in a fresh stream of elo-quence; and the Sticker, who shrewdly estimated the convenience of the breach, came round the back of the carriage, and, as junior counsel, "followed on the same side." The

> sult, the Sticker being the orator "It was a man's duty," he said, "to look after women, pretty or ugly, young or old; it was what we all came into the world to do, namely, to make ourselves comfortable and agreeable to the

I jumped into my own gig, and put my horse to his speed; but I had lost my start, and when I came up with them, they were already galloping into W——. Unfortunately, her residence was at the further end of the town, and thither I saw her conveyed, screaming in concert with the two pigs, and answered by the shouts of the whole rabblement of the place, who knew Miss Norman quite as well he cook as "her own carriage."

The Coming Struggle.

The following specimen of Irish eloquence from a speech lately delivered in New York y Thomas Francis Meagher, the distinguish-

good example; he was a raw, uncouth country servant, with the great merit of being cheap, whom Miss Norman had undertaken to omes peopled with young men clothed in hining robes, and the mortal puts on immor-

Answer to a Want.

WANTED.—A young man wishes to obtain board in a respectable private family where his moral deportment and example would be considered an equivalent. References required. Address B., drawer 63 P. O.

Dear Mr. Editor .- I find the above modest advertisement in this morning's Leader, and as it meets my most urgent want, save one, (a husband) permit me to respond to the young man's "want" through your columns.

I am a widow, "fat, fair," and not "forty,"

sole guardian of two daughters, unsophisticasole guardian of two daughters, unsophisticated beings, born and nurtured in the "piney woods" of Maine. My family is "respectable," none of its members having been sent to the State Prison or Congress; and "private," none of my family having held office, though a distant one did run for assessor. My grandparents sought this country at an early age, actuated, like Mr. Partington, by a desire to "worship God and cheat the Indians after the dictates of their own consciences and the

custom of the times."
My daughters are artless beings, as yet uncontaminated by western recklessness and dissipation, and to them the companionship of a young man of "moral deportment and exam-ple" would certainly be "equivalent" to what he might "hoist in" in the way of board.

Most happy shall I be to welcome this young man to the "comforts of a home," on condition that, always preserving his "moral deportment and example," he shall attend my innocents to lectures, fairs, and prayer meetings crack the butter nuts, and hold the silk for winding, teach Matilda Jane graceful yet "moral deportment," and aid Hannah He-mans in mastering "Love Not." Should oc-casion require, he will be expected to wipe the china (white with golds band,) and polish the door knobs.

In addition to ordinary board, he may expect sausages for breakfast on Sunday morning, and fried potatoes on Wednesdays

Truly yours and his,
MARIE ANTOINETTE CARLTON, Widow, 78 Herkimer st.
P. S.—This young man will not be tolerated in "taking the spoons." M. A. C. [From the Cleveland and (Ohio) Herald.]

A gentleman was passing an open lot not far from the old burying-ground, when he saw two tolerable largeboys scriously engaged in fighting. It was but the work of a moment for him to leap the fence and part the belligerents, who he discovered to be brothers, Bill and Sam. He inquired the cause of their quarrel, and was told that Bill was trying to make Sam fire off a large gan they had with them, while he (Bill) looked into the barrel to see the charge come out. This idea Sam repudiated, for he wanted to look into the gun while

Sir Vincent bowed and retreated So did says, at a debating society in that county, a few evenings since, the question of Know-Nothing-ism was discussed, and it is a remarkable fact that the principal declaimer against naturalized citizens, and defender of the order, was a man who had four brothers hung during the revolution for treason, for furnishing the British with supplies and acting as spice.

In any carriage but her own."

Sir Vincent bowed and retreated So did trophe. Whether she had overheard the debate, or the amount of long pent-up emotion became too overwhelming for its barriers, I know not; but Pride gave way to Nature, and a short hysteric scream proceeded from about 30 miles north of Boston, and a short hysteric scream proceeded from the carriage. Miss Norman was in fits.

We contrived to get her seated on the step of the great introduction of "universal salvation" to New England, a bate, or the amount of long pent-up emotion became too overwhelming for its barriers, I know not; but Pride gave way to Nature, and a short hysteric scream proceeded from a da short hysteric scream proceeded from the carriage. Miss Norman was in fits.

We contrived to get her seated on the step of the vehicle, where the butchers supported her, fauning her with their hate, whilst I ran her, fauning her with their hate, whilst I ran her, fauning her with their hate, whilst I ran her, fauning her with their hate, whilst I ran her, fauning her with their hate, whilst I ran her, fauning her with their hate, whilst I ran her, fauning her with their hate, whilst I ran her, fauning her with their hate, whilst I ran her, fauning her with their hate, whilst I ran her, fauning her with their hate, whilst I ran her, fauning her with their hate, whilst I ran her, fauning her with their hate, whilst I ran her, fauning her with their hate, whilst I ran her faunt and the carriage but her own."

Lieut, General Robertson Arnold died in London, on December 27th. He was second son of Benedict Arnold by Margaret his wife, daughter of Chief Justice Shippen, of Pennsylvania. He entered the corps of Royal Engineers in 1798, and served more than half a century. He married Virginia, daughter of Bartlett Goodrich, Esq., of the Isle of Wight, and for his military services was created a Knight of Hanover, was appointed Aidde-camp to William IV, and was presented

The above named officer was the oldest of

four children which Arnold's second wife, Miss Shippen, of Philadel hia, bore him viz: James Robertson, Edward, George and Sophia. dict, Richard and Henry. Benedict the eldest, was an officer of artillery in the British Army and, it is believed, was compelled to quit the service; he died young in the West Indies. Henry entered the King's service after his feather's defection and by Thomas Francis Meagher, the distinguished exile and orator:

I trust there shall be, out of this red storm on the Black Sea, an upprising of the nations—where the thunder-chorus of France, that hymn, that magnificent hymn of liberty, the choes of which have just died away, shall again break out, and pealing from the summits of the barricades shall stake the murderer upon his throne—while in Italy again the youth and gallant prieschood shall leap and rear to victory a cross more radient than that of Constantine—while Hungary, maligued and mocked, and spat upon as she has been in her disaster, shall again launch forth her stately chivalry on the tide of war, while yet again along the Rhine the German youth shall buckie on their basket-hilted broad-swords, and casting away their dreamful pipes shall go forth into the camp and street, and with the songs of Korner ano Freildegrath again evoke the superb though somber genius of their antique homes in this grand gathering and chorus of the nations, radiant and joyous as it shall be with the decending beams of victory. I trust there shall not then be witnessed at the great feast for the freedom a shrouded skeleton called Ireland, but with the shrond thrown off, and with fresh blood poured into her yeans from these and other shores she shall sit down the stacked to the two sons may stream of the fire years the lower Cove in that city, and logded there the night the American Legion. He alcompand in his business. He slept in the American legion. He accompand in his business. He slept in the American legion. He accompand in his business. He slept in the American legion. He accompand in his business. He slept in the American legion. He accompand in his business. He slept in the American legion. He accompand in his business. He slept in the American legion. He accompand in his business. He slept in the American legion. He accompand in his business. He slept in the American legion. He accompand in his business. He slept in the American legion. He accompand in his business. in St. John or absent in England at the time of the fire; and hence the degree of blame which may be attached to the two sons may be uncertain. That both Henry and Richard slept in the store anthe night of the conflagration, and that neither could give a satisfactory account of its cause, seems, however, to be certain.

James Robertson, whose recent death is mentioned above, was the only one of the four children which the traitor's second wife bore the price above indicated. The profit of the him, that was born in America. At the time sale on vesting and velvets amounted to 33 him, that was born in America. At the time of the treason, he was a child, and had just reached West Point from Philadelphia, with his mother. He entered the British army in 1798, and rose to the rank of Colonel of The lady had her cloak made, and one or two of her friends, delighted with it, bought the from 1816 to 1818, and from the last named vear until 1823, was at Halifax, and commanwas at St. Johns, and on going into the house ping. - Nooh's Mersenger. built by his father, in King street, which is still standing, he wept like a child. He was a small man; his eyes where of remarkable sharpness, and in features here a striking resemblance to his father. A gentleman who has been in service with him, and was intimately acquainted with him, speaks of him in terms of commendation, and relates that he has often heard him express a strong desire to visit the United States. Since the accession of Queen Victoria, he has been one of

sion of Queen Victoria, he has been one of her majesty's aid-de-camp. In 1841, he was transferred from the engineer corps, and appointed Major General, and a Knight of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order.

Edward, the next son, was some years ago in a banking house in England, George, in 1816, was an officer of the dragoons. Somia—of her fate nothing is known. It may be added, that the first General Arnold's mother had six children, of whom he and his sister Hannah alone lived to the years of maturity. This sister adhered to her brother Benedict throughout his eventful and guilty career, and was true to him in the darkest periods of his history. She died at Montague, in upper Canada, in 1803, and was, as is uniformly stated, a lady of excellent qualities of charac-

A Bir or Romance—Some years ago says, the St Louis Intelligencer, a very beautiful young lady was the ward of a person in Lousiana, who defrauded her out of quites large fortune. The lady come to this city, where she married, but not living on good terms with her husband, finally obtained a divorce from him and retired to a convent. Whilst she was there she received a letter from the son of her former guardian informing her of his father's death, and that himself had heired all his vast property, but that he could not quite."

Seymour briefly reyned that he work write to his Grace." He did so, but directed his letter, "Northumberland House, opposite the Trunk maker's Charing Cross."

Enraged at this additional insult, the Duke threw the letter into the fire without opening it, and immediately ordered his steward to have him arrested.

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Enraged at this additional insult, the Duke threw the letter into the fire without opening it, and immediately ordered his steward to have him arrested.

But Seymour briefly reyned the second him letter, "Northumberland House, opposite the Trunk maker's Charing Cross." all his vast property, but that he could not consent to retain that which had been treacherossly takes from another, and offering to make restitution. The lady immediately proceeded to Louissana, had an interview with the heir, and received back, both principal and interest, all that she had been wronged out proceeded to Louissana, had an interview with the heir, and received back, both principal and interest, all that she had been wronged out of. The strangest part of the story remains behind. No sooner had she got possession of her fortune, than she returned to this city, sought out her former husband, and in a few days was re-married to him. Verily, the love of woman passeth understanding. The parties are now living in St. Louis.

It is of the highest importance to treat with respect the sense of justice in a child. In my experience as a committee man, I have often known the teacher to be wrong and the scholar right. I would say to teachers, always respect the sense of justice in a pupil. It is better that a teacher should make twenty acknowledgments of error, before the whole school, than that the sense of justice in the smallest pupil should be outraged in a single

VOL. 2, NO. 22.

Selling Dry Goods.

People generally think that it is a very case dry goods; but a week's experience in the business would convince the eleverest man that it is much more difficult and laborious that it is much more difficult and laborious than the task of turning a grindstone twelve hours per diem. The office of salesman emptodies in its duties necessity for the serewdness of a politician, the persuasion of a lover, the politices of a Chesterfield, the patience of Job, and the impudence of a pickpocket. There are salesman who make it a point never There are salesman who make it a point never to lose a customer. One of the gentleman who is in a store in Chatham st., not long since was called to show a very fastidous and fashionable lady, who 'drapped in while going to Stewart's, some rich cloaking. Every article of the kind was exposed to her view—the whole store was ransacked—nothing suited. The costly was stigmatized as trash—everything was common and not fit for a lady. She guessed she would go to Stewart's. The salesman pretended to be indignant.

'Madam,' said he in tones of injured innocence, 'I have a very beautiful and rare piece of goods—a case which I divided with Mr. Stewart, who is my brother-in-law, but it would be useless to show it to you; it is the only piece in the city.

only piece in the city.

Oh, allow me to see it,' she asked in an anxious tope; and continued. 'I had no in-tention of annoying you, or of disparaging the

merits of your wares.'

The salesman who was now watched in breathless silence by his follow clerks, proceeded as if with much reluctance, and with the expression of fear that it would be injured the expression of fear that it would be injured by getting tumbled to display ancient pieces of vesting which had been lying in the store for five years, and was considered to be unsailable. The lady examined and liked it much. That was a piece of goods that was worthy to be worn. How much was it a yard? 'Twenty two shillings.'

'Oh. that is yery high.'

'There,' exclaimed he, beginning to fold it up, 'I knew you would say that.'

'Stay! Stay! don't be in so great a hurry!' she cried, 'I'll give you twenty shillings.

she cried, 'I'll give you twenty shillings.

'Madam, you insult me again.'

'Cut me off——yards, and you can make up the deduction on some velvet which I require for triumings,' almost entreated the fair

shopper.
The salesman, after much persuasion sold the lady the vesting, for which they had in the velvet at the same price
There is a moral to this apecdote, which

ding officer of engineers in Nova Scotia and we leave to be discovered by the ingenuity of New Brunswick. While thus in command he our lady readers who occasionally go a shop-

Seymour vs. Seymour,

The Duke of Somerset (a Seymour) com-monly called the proud Duke, employed a Sey-mour, a painter to paint the portraits of his horses at Petworth. One day at dinner the Duke filled his glass

and saying with a sneer :

"Cousin Seymour, your health," drank it "My Lord," said the artist. "I believe I

have the honor of being related to your grace." The proud peer rose from the table and or-dered his steward to dismiss the presumptuous painter and embloy an humble brother of the

This was accordingly done; but when the new painter saw the spirited works of his predecessor, he shook his head and retiring said:

"No man in England can compete with James Seymour."

The Duke now condescended to recall his

"My Lord," was the answer of Seymour,
"I will now prove to the world that I am of
your blood; I won't come!" Upon receiving this laconic reply, the Duke sent his steward to demand a former loan of

one hundred pounds.

Seymour briefly replied that "he would write to his Grace." He did so, but directed

How is your husband, dear ?" asked O, he's in a very bad state," was the re-

'And pray, what kind of a state is he in ?"