you took dup all yo vous not Tell me you vill
[illegible]
Marty.—Beautiful! You hear that, your honor? Pa not the person at all at all. Well, [illegible] said Parley you'll always maintain that even a Frenchman may have a soul to be saved as well as the rest of us. Good bye, your honor! And Murty began to make long strides for the door.

Magistrate.—Not so quick there, Donnelly.

Spoval.—Arretez vous—sha—vot you mean sy ve made vn grand mistake. Ne, by gar, for [illegible] know I'm here—van I in't at pa dare place.

Marty.—That's it it is! Then Parley from out I'll change my opinion ov you; for if you had a soul to be saved you wouldn't talk that way. Did you call me back, your honor.

Magistrate.—I shou'd rather think I did, and that I shall have to trouble you for the pleasure of your company a good while longer. How did you lose your property, Mr. Spoval?

Spoval.—Ah, Monsieur, I shall ave lost him ver well—I keep you house for some boardress, ver I ave some ver good beds.

Murty.—Oh murther! good beds! Divil shoot the liars you frog sittin' owld——

Magistrate.—Silence, Donnelly!

Murty.—Yis, damb I am, your honor; but faix, the way ov the good beds choked the words out ov me throat.

Magistrate.—Go on, Mr. Spoval.

Spoval.—Mondieu! I shall not know vot I shall say. Ha, I vas at da good beds! Oui Monsieur, I keep da good beds in some ver leetle rooms.

Murty.—Munther pig-styes are palaces to thim, your honor.

Spoval.—No, by gar, you shall not say my room some stys for de dam pigs—fye de vous! By [illegible], Monsieur, I am in von so big passion, that the words will not come up no more.

Magistrate.—I suppose you rented him one of the little rooms.

Spoval.—Oui, Monsieur, dat vas it; and there [illegible] dieu! vas all de tings—de two sheet, da blan[illegible], de quilt—but van Monsieur Donnelly is gone and I took von leetle peep, an by gar, they shall not be there no more.

Murty.—Then, be the mortial, it must have been that the flays run away wid thim, for I didn't.

Spoval.—Ha!—vat you say!—flays in my beds! Murty.—Flays is it? Musha is that all you purtend to know about it, whin ba the mortial, they ate me all over, an had the blood rowlin' out ov me, just as if it was comin' from so many spiggots in fossets. The fact of the matther is, your honor, that he's afraid I'll shoe him for damages, an he wants to get me out ov the way.

Spoval.—Von you shall give me my bed clothes I shall not vant to get you out of de vay no more.

Murty.—Go ax thim ov the flays. The divil burn me, your honor, if some ov thim wasn't as big as blackberries. An, 'pon me sowl, it kem to me heard when I saw thim grinnin' at me that he trains thim up to kill off his boarders an lodgers—the way he may fall in for their clothes. But thin, sure, who expects any bather from an owld Frinchman that sowld poor Bosey to the British, an' 'ud bile up wan ov their own gran'mothers an' make tay ov her, for the price ov the neighbone ov a bull-frog.

Spoval.—Murders—I shall not stand dat! Ha, you grand rascal, vot you mean by saying va Napoleon for some bull-frog? By gar, von Frenchman is tro good as tousand Englishmen.

Magistrate.—Gentlemen, I have no time to spare. [illegible]

Marty.—Thank your honor, it's kind av you but I have one other favor to ax.

Magistrate.—What is it?

Marty.—That whatever you may do with the other [illegible] to sleep in van av dem [illegible] beggarly beds.

Spoval.—Von svare I shall ave de power I will [illegible] you, by gar.

Marty.—It's a bargain, said Parley—hand, [illegible] mouth give me to your flags.

And Marty Donnelly was remanded.

How to be a Gentleman.

By T. S. Arthur.

"Watson is very much of a gentleman," remarked a young man to his friend and companion, as the two stood looking after the individual alluded to, who had just left them, and was walking leisurely away.

"I am not so certain of that," was the reply.

"It would not do for him to hear you say that."

"Perhaps not. The consciousness that the remark had something of truth in it, would irritate him, and wounded pride would demand satisfaction. A true gentleman never blusters when his claims to that distinction are questioned. He knows that he is a gentleman, and that settles the matter in his own mind."

"But, why do you doubt Watson's claims to the title of a gentleman?"

"Because I have, in several instances, even during the short time I have known him, observed him act towards strangers, whose appearance indicated that their station in society was an obscure one, in a very unkind or neglectful manner."

"I believe I have noticed something of that myself," remarked the other thoughtfully; "and I see the correctness and force of your inference."

"Men's true characters," resumed his friend, "are not to be read while they hold intercourse with those of a certain position and influence.—Among others sojourning at the same house, was a young man, genteely dressed, and of easy manners; but no one knew him. His name, as appeared from the Register, was John Jones, of Jonesville, New York; and of course, so ordinary a person attracted little attention. Even the servants, apeing their superiors, honored his calls less promptly than they did those of certain other individuals—better known and appreciated.

"A pleasant day this," remarked Mr. Jones to Watson, one morning, while they were standing on the portico entrance of the Hotel.

Watson turned upon him a forbidding glance, and then moved away. Mr. Jones did not seem to observe either the look or the manner. In a few minutes, he found himself again close beside the individual he had addressed.

"A beautiful building that," he said, indicating by a slight movement of his hand, the banking-house opposite.

But Watson seemed not to hear him.

"A sad business they have made of it, though," added Mr. Jones.

Watson turned away abruptly, and went into the house, muttering something which Mr. Jones did not hear.

At dinner time it, so happened, "by design," probably, that Mr. John Jones, of Jonesville, had a seat along-side of Mr. Watson. There were at the table, several gentlemen from Washington, well known to the latter, and as they were near him, a lively conversation was carried on between them on the various subjects of public interest. Mr. John Jones listened with much apparent interest to all that was passing, and, occasionally, dropped a remark, fully as sensible as any thing that was said. Usually, on occasion of his doing so, a profound silence would follow, and Watson, especially, would seem much annoyed. At last a scowl was added by the latter to the marked silence which invariably followed when Mr. Jones spoke. But that gentleman seemed perfectly unconscious of the disturbance which his intrusive words occasioned the gentlemen, and especially Mr. Watson.

"Will you be kind enough to reach me those potatoes?" said Mr. Jones, at last, as Watson took the dish containing them from one of his Washington friends, to whom, by request, he had handed it.

"That's a waiter's business, call one of them, if you want any thing," responded Watson, loud enough to be heard half the length of the dinner table.

Mr. John Jones seemed to feel this, for his cheek reddened suddenly, and his lip had a quick motion, as if a keen retort trembled upon it.—But this apparent emotion subsided in a moment and bowing with easy politeness, he said—

"I beg pardon, if I have given offence. But seeing you lift the dish a moment since, to accommodate a friend, I supposed you would not think the same favor done to a stranger, anything more than a kind act such as a gentleman is at all times ready to perform."

An angry reply darkened for a

[illegible] assumed possession by excellence of character that his actions in society claim for him?"

"I have no objection, if the thing can be effected without unpleasant exposure of ourselves or action not strictly right."

"Would you be willing to disguise yourself in some manner, and then throw yourself in his way?"

"I hardly think I would."

"Unless you are, I can't see exactly how the thing is to be managed. You were always fond of a little adventure. Why not enter into this? A pair of spectacles, and a set of false whiskers with a little change in your dress, will do all this."

Wallace paused a moment, thoughtfully, and then suddenly striking one hand into the other, exclaimed, laughing—

"I have it! Watson goes to Philadelphia next week. I should dislike practising disguise here, but I can do it there, under less feelings of constraint and unpleasant fear of discovery."

"And you will do it?"

"Yes. I like a little sport, now and then, and as there is no positive wrong in assuming spectacles with plain glasses, and a pair of notable whiskers, there is no reason why I should not be indulged in my suddenly formed desire to test the true character of a friend."

Some six or eight days after the interview just mentioned, Watson, the individual alluded to by the friends, was "swelling" at the United States Hotel, in the most approved modern style.—Among others sojourning at the same house, was a young man, genteely dressed, and of easy manners; but no one knew him. His name, as appeared from the Register, was John Jones, of Jonesville, New York; and of course, so ordinary a person attracted little attention. Even the servants, apeing their superiors, honored his calls less promptly than they did those of certain other individuals—better known and appreciated.

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Jones, he whispered—

"Mr. Jones, I shall calmly, in reply to this insolent threat, and then, in a very quiet way, walk on to discuss his dinner."

"Look here, sir," said Watson, touching John Jones of Jonesville, on the shoulder, as the individual stood in the bar-room, or hall of the hotel, some half an hour after he had risen from the dinner-table; "Do you know that I never suffer any one who insults me to go unpunished?"

"Well?" said Mr. Jones, in a calm voice.

"Well!" repeated Mr. Jones, as his interlocutor paused longer than the occasion seemed to require.

"Please to say what you meant by your insulting language and manners to me at the dinner-table!" demanded Watson, with one of his savage frowns.

"Explain yourself, if you please," said Mr. Jones, in the same calm, firm tone.

"Confusion!" vociferated Watson, now losing all patience. "Don't tempt me to cane you!"

"No man has ever dared that yet," said Mr. Jones, compressing his lips firmly. "And no man ever will! But this is disgraceful the mere so in a public bar-room. My room is No. 40. If you will favor me with a call at eight o'clock this evening, perhaps we will be able to understand each other better."

And so saying, Mr. Jones turned quickly on his heel and walked away.

"The impertinent scoundrel!" muttered Watson, but he took good care that the other should not hear the exclamation. During the afternoon, he was much disturbed in mind, and in a state of vacillation as to what he should do. At one moment he determined that he would not stoop so far as to go to the room of the individual who had, he deemed, insulted him. But, then to set aside this resolution, would cause a remembrance of the peculiar tone, and the steady, searching glance of an eye, whose expression he had noticed, until the last interview.

Eight o'clock at last came, and, impelled by an impulse which he could not counteract, and still reluctant, Watson tapped at the door of Mr Jones' room. It was immediately opened by the individual he sought.

"Ah, I'm glad you are punctual, sir," said Mr. Jones, bowing politely.

"I am here by appointment," was the stern reply of Watson, as he drew himself up, and assumed all the appearance of offended dignity that he could put on.

"All right, so far then. Now be seated, and let me hear in what I have offended you."

"I have no wish to be seated, sir," replied Watson, folding his arms. "Let our interview be brief and to the point. I now demand what you meant by your language to me at the dinner-table to-day?"

"Precisely what my words conveyed."

"Take care, sir. I am not a man to be trifled with."

"Nor I one to eat my words."

"Sir!"

"This is folly," said Mr. Jones. "You complain of me; when, in fact, I am the one who was insulted. If there is any apology necessary, it is due from you to me. But I waive that, and it is my advice, that you also lay aside any idea of receiving an apology from me: for certainly you will get none."

"Then, for what purpose have I been invited here?"

"To receive some lessons in true politeness."

"Sir!"

"Nay, but you will have to keep cool, Mr. Watson, for that I believe is your name. I am a man of the world, and understand just what I am about."

"Who are you, sir, that dares——"

"You will see my name upon the register—John Jones, of Jonesville, New York," said Mr. Jones, calmly, interrupting the stormy interrogation of the other, and looking him steadily in the face.

This was more than Watson could bear, and ejaculating an oath passionately, he drew a pistol, and pointing it at the other, said, in a loud voice—

"Take care!"

There was something in the sound of that voice so mild, and yet so firm, that caused Watson to waver in his determination to make an example of the owner of it, by wringing his nose