Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE, UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

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Select Poetry.

OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

By Charles Swain Esq.

[illegible] meet
[illegible]'s sweet breath around
[illegible]
[illegible] when hearts are lost
[illegible] we've found them;
[illegible] the wind that still can find
A star in darkest weather;
[illegible] so sweet to see,
Auld friends together!

[illegible] days, when youth was bold,
[illegible] time stole wings to speed it,
[illegible] never knew how fast time flew,
[illegible] knowing, did not heed it!
[illegible] each brow that mocks us
[illegible] brings wintry weather,
[illegible] be so sweet to see,
Auld friends together!

[illegible] known, whom years have
[illegible]
[illegible] that friendship blesses;
[illegible] sorrow, pardon, a tear,
To smile a friend's distresses;
[illegible] and trust, still side by side,
Ahead to face rough weather;
[illegible] may we glide
Old friends together!

[illegible]

[illegible] the carriage by any mortal's eye,
[illegible] by a mortal's conduct but be reso-
[illegible] in doing and saying
[illegible] is the grace of a right gentleman.

HOW TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

By T. S. Arthur.

"Watson is very much of a gentleman," said a young man to his friend and fellow-student, as the two stood in king after a brilliant display, which had just left him, and was walking leisurely away.

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

"It would not do for him to hear you say so, Wallace," responded the friend.

"Perhaps not. The conclusion was that a remark and something of truth in it, mortified him, and wounded pride of social satisfaction. A true gentleman never blusters when his claims to the title 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 during the short time I have known him, observed him act towards strangers, whose position indicated that their station in life was an obscure one, in a very ungentlemanly and disrespectful manner."

"No, I have noticed something of the kind," remarked the other thoughtfully, "and I see the correctness and force of your inference."

"Man's true characters," resumed his friend, "are not to be read while they hold intercourse with those of a certain position in life only. But when they come in contact with the obscure and humble, they are revealed as they really are. Watson is very politely polite and attentive to you, and I think it is partly because your father is intimate with the Secretary of the Navy, with whom he wishes to make interest, and partly because your station in society is pretty near the first rank."

"I fear you judge harshly, Trueman," remarked the friend, addressing the speaker by name.

"Perhaps I do, Wallace. But I am yet to be convinced of my error. I have quick feelings, and they have made me observant. If you, as I had been compelled to force your way, step by step, in society, meeting at every point neglect or supercilliousness you would have learned to scan men closer. Few, let me assure you, of the many who in public are thought gentlemen in externals have any real claim to that noble distinction. All is assumed and conventional."

"You draw a painful picture, Trueman. But I have never found men so deficient in true gentlemanly feeling as you seem to think too many of them are."

"No, Wallace, nor unless great changes should take place in your condition, will you ever make the discovery to any great extent. You and I have come to our present place by very different ways. I have struggled up, as you know from obscurity—you were born to an elevated position in society. My experience is, therefore, worth a dozen of yours. At school I was sneered at by the children of wealthy parents; as an apprentice to a trade, I was treated with indifference by lads who could get behind a counter and were classed with clerks.—When I, at last, got to be clerk, I was despised and slighted, as unworthy of such elevated company, by young men studying the profession; and when in the busy round of clerkship, I took hold over the dull books in a lawyer's office, I met the same want of kindness and consideration from those who thought themselves above me—rich men's sons, pursuing the same course of legal studies, who considered the money they were to inherit of much more importance than the knowledge they were pretending to acquire. As I gradually rose, from unwearied devotion to everything I attempted, and began to acquire reputation after my schoolmates to the bar, I found a wider circle of those who were ready to take me by the hand, but still I found men the same every where, and in all conditions. There were always a few to treat me with marked respect, to meet me in open rudeness—men too, who, like Watson, had the most affable manners for those whom they chose to invite with their company."

"I am afraid, my friend," Wallace replied, "that all these things which you describe, have made you cynical."

"Is it not to the extent you remark impolitic?" Trueman answered. "But to do anything in the way of demonstration—Suppose we hit upon a plan for testing how far the individual we have named possesses the gentlemanly characteristics which he seeks to society claim for him?"

"Well I have no objections if the thing can be done without unpleasant exposure of ourselves, or any action not strictly right."

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

"I don't think I would."

"Unless you are, I hardly see 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 of dress will do all this."

Wallace paused a moment thoughtfully, and then struck one hand into another, exclaimed, laughingly,

"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 sandy whiskers, there is no reason why I should not be indulged in my suddenly formed desire to test the true character of our friend."

Some six or eight days after the interview just recited, Watson, the individual alluded to by the friends, was "sweltering" 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, aping 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 in the portico entrance to the Hotel.

Watson turned upon him a forbidden 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 the hand, the banking house opposite.

But Watson seemed not to hear him.

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

Watson turned abruptly away 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 such 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 intrusion was 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 handed it.

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

Mr. 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 an easy politeness, he said—

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

An angry scowl darkened for a moment on Watson's face, and stooping to the ear of Mr. Jones he whispered—

"You will repent this impertinence, sir."

Mr. Jones smiled calmly in reply to this threat, and then, in a very quiet way, went on to discuss his dinner.

"Look here, Master," said Watson, touching John Jones, on the shoulder, as that individual stood in the bar room of the hotel, 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 Jones in a calm voice.

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.

"Well," repeated 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 voice.

"Confusion," ejaculated Watson, 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 more so in a public room. My room is number 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 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 vascillation 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 he had not marked, 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 your 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 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—

"Defend yourself!"

"Let mind act on mind," returned Mr Jones, coolly eyeing his incensed companion. "Deadly weapons and brute force are disgraceful between gentlemen."

"Defend yourself!"

"I have no weapon," replied Mr. Jones "if I had, far be it from me to harm a fellow man. No, no, Mr. Watson, you are in error as to what is true courtesy. Put up your pistol sir. You must use other weapons in your contest with me."

"Then name your weapon," said Watson, lowering his pistol. "I'll fight you with anything."

"I'll fight with no other weapon than the rational powers that have been given me. Come, now, let us be men. Sit down, and meet me on true rational ground. I charge you with not being a gentleman. Come, come, don't scowl and raise your pistol. Ah that don't you more or less a gentleman. Now if I can prove to you that you have not acted in a gentlemanly manner, then it is clear that you are not a gentleman—for no gentleman could act in an ungentlemanly manner. Is not the inference as clear as noon day? And, further, if you are really not a gentleman, my telling you the truth don't make it any worse. It is certainly of more importance to you what you are, than what any one says you are. This is your great fault, Watson. The estimation from external appearance, and not from internal quality."

"The Devil it is! And who are you, pray, that pretends to know my character boy?"

John Jones, of Jonesville, as I told you before."

Watson eyed the speaker with a keen scrutinizing glance, for some moments, and then taking a chair in front of him, said—

"You seem to know me sir?"

"I have seen you about here for several days."

"But that would not authorize you to decide upon my character in the familiar, positive way that you did just now."

"It is no difficult task to read your character, especially when he who attempts to read it, can see far below the surface at a glance."

"Well, sir, wise man," said Watson, calming down, but speaking with a sneer, "let us hear you read my character. I dont care what you prove me to be, so you prove it fairly—for as you justly intimated, you can't prove me to be anything I am not."

"Just so. Well I am to show you that you are not a gentleman."

Watson frowned, involuntary; but the other did not appear to notice it, and continued—

"A true gentleman's external acts flow from a principle of good will towards all. He really wishes to see every one around him, friend or stranger, in the enjoyment of pleasant feelings, and is always careful to add his portion to the general stock of social delight. Not, of course, that he may be thought a gentleman, but because he feels kindly to all. Do you understand me?"

"Well, go on."

"Now you do not act from such a ground of good will to all."

"How do you know that I do not?"

"From observing your actions."

"But they may often deceive."

"Not so. They are the true exponents of the internal state."

"Tell me one action that gives room for the broad inference you draw."

"I will tell you a half a dozen if you wish."

"Well, go on."

"A day or two ago as General T—— passed out of the hotel, you were in the parlor. A pleasant day Mr Watson," he said. "Delightful was your response, and at the same time you lifted your hat and bestowed a pleasant smile a graceful air. It that smile and bow were from the heart—that is, came from real love of genuine good feeling, how exalted is its character I feel it must be!" said I. But no matter. I found myself by your side. A pleasant day this! said I. And did you respond to the stranger who thus addressed you with the same gentlemanly air? Not—you turned on me a forbidding glance, and moved away. He is no gentleman, said I, for a true gentleman would not thus have rudely treated a stranger. Was I not right in this case?"

"Watson felt self-conscious, for the first time in his life; and inwardly chafed in his feelings he uttered in his presence before one who he began to feel exercised a difference and respect that in a degree subdued him.

"And now," resumed his monitor, "you will clearly perceive that I have not the least ground for saying that you are not a gentleman, but from your own actions. There is no danger of our actions appearing rude or contemptuous when we feel a cordial good will."

"I suppose you are right, Mr. Jones," said Watson, rising. "But as I am no gentleman, I ought not to intrude my company on one who has already discovered that fact? So good night." And Mr. Watson beat a heavy retreat.

On the next morning, opposite the name of Mr. Jones was the word Washington, indicating that he had departed for the Metropolis.

"Ah, how do you do, Watson?" said Watson, a week after his adventure in Philadelphia meeting that individual upon the Avenue in Washington.

"Well—how are you?"

"Bravely. Why how your voice reminds of that strange gentleman named John Jones, of Jonesville, whom I met in Philadelphia."

"Ah, indeed, and what of him?"

"What of him? Confound the fellow! That's a question I hardly know how to go about answering. Why, would you believe it? he actually took the liberty of telling me that I was no gentleman!"

"Indeed! And I suppose you knocked him down for his trouble?"

"No I didn't though I was strongly tempted. But that was not all—he not only had the cool impudence to make an effort to prove to me by rational induction, that I had no real claim to the title."

"Worse and worse. But, as you seem less incensed than amused at this strange character, let me ask how he succeeded in the argument."

"Come, come, Wallace, that is rubbing too close."

"He had the best of it, then, had he?"

"Confound the impertinent rascal! I verily believe he had."

"Ha, ha! Well, that was an adventure, Watson."

"Wasn't it! To be told to your teeth that you are no gentleman, in the coolest matter-of-fact way, and else to have the allegation rationally demonstrated. Really it [illegible]

"[illegible] gentlemen, whereupon, at this moment, paroling half of the two friends.

"That's the house, replied Watson, in quite a loud, gentlemanly way, pointing as his eyes turned to the dwelling the porter was sweeping.

"Much obliged," said the Irishman, bowing politely, and hurrying on his errand.

"I'm actually afraid to trust even a negro with information concerning, since I met that John Jones, if does the latter will see me treated much like a mother and convict me of being no gentleman," said Watson half laughing, half serious.

"That John Jones must have been a queer chap, to have made such an impression on you. Having demonstrated to you, as you intimated, that you were no gentleman, did he inform you how or in what way you could one?"

"Yes, he even took that liberty."

"Indeed! Well, do you remember his words?"

"[illegible] 'The way to have your claims to [illegible] is to observe as to feel [illegible] other's eyes.' To be kind to [illegible] in our actions appearing rude or contemptuous, when we feel a generous spirit of good will."

"Original!"

"It's a good receipt, I must confess. But, confound the fellow's cool impudence! I'm still half mad with myself for not having knocked him down any how. But, good morning, Wallace, I have some ladies to attend home at eleven."

And so Watson hurried away, leaving his friend, who knew a little more about John Jones, of Jonesville, than he dreamed of, just enough to keep him from a fit of laughter, which would have exposed more of the knowledge than he desired.

"Back again, I see Wallace," said his friend Trueman, coming up at the moment. "Well, what of your adventure?"

Wallace then related what the reader already knows of John Jones, of Jonesville, and then added—

"And I really believe it has made an impression on him for good."

"It may modify, in some degree, his external deportment; but I fear he will have still as little claim as ever to the title gentleman."

"Well, even if it does that much, my wild frisk will not be without its use. If you had seen the polite bow he gave an Irish porter just now, it would have done you good."

"You are right, Wallace. If the lesson makes him more cautious how he treats others with rudeness, it will have accomplished a very important use."

And now if any one who reads this sketch has been in the habit of treating with neglect or rudeness strangers, or obscure persons, or has seen, as in a mirror, his own fault of character, we beg that he will not go and straightway forget what manner of person he is. If such forgetfulness ensue, we have written, you read in vain.

—"What can a man do," said a green one, "when the Sheriff is seen coming up to him with a writ in his hand?"

"Apply the remedy," said the knowing one with a shrug.

"Remedy! what kind of remedy?"

"The healing remedy, you goose——run!"

—Wanted at this office, a bulldog of any color except pumpkin, and milky, of respectable size, snub nose, cropped ears, abbreviated conformation, and bad disposition—also can come when called with a raw beefsteak, and will bite the man who spits tobacco juice on the store, *and steals the salt cellar.*