

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.

NEW SERIES.

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Choice Poetry.

[From the Waverly Magazine.]
THE GIPSY'S HEAVEN.
BY ANNA LINDA HAYR.

On Albion's shore there dwells a race
With skin of swarthy hue,
And Gipsy is the name that's given
Unto that wandering few.
In woods and fields, and lanes they live
A roaming, restless life;
They fear no ill, they heed no storm,
But live in a constant strife.
Thee, years long since gone by,
I met a Gipsy maid,
Who, seeing I had left the camp,
And bowing low, she said—
"Lady, your fortune I would tell—
There's mystery you can know;
I'll tell of one who loves you well—
I'll tell your friend and foe.
"Come, cross your hand with silver bright,
If you would know your fate;
There's joy and grief in store for you,
And live does you await.
"The stars have said that you, ere long,
Must cross the ocean's wave,
And there will be your future home,
And there, perhaps, your grave."
Remembering looked upon the maid,
Of knowledge thus she gained,
I felt I knew that I, ere long,
Was going to the West.
And thus I reasoned with myself:
By chance this news she gained,
And to convince me of her power,
This method she has feigned.
I turned to her, and thus I said—
"Pray, Gipsy, do you know
Who made the sun, the flowers, the fields,
And dust for all below?"
Her dark eyes drooped, she murmuring said,
"Long weary years have fled
Since mother died, and gave to me
This book of Heaven," she said—
"I dreamed the place where she was gone
Was lovely to the view,
And sparkling, gushing waters flowed
'Neath skies of changeless blue.
"Although that mother welcomed me
In robes of purest white;
She said there was no sorrow there,
No dark and moonless night.
"Sure then I've often thought of Him
That in my vision came;
O! tell me, lady, where is Heaven,
And what can be His name?"
And her she must read the book,
Her mother prized so well;
The Jews was the Being's name
Whose praises she could tell.
And when I left my native land
To cross the ocean's wave,
With hope of Heaven the Gipsy maid
Had found a peaceful grave.

[From the London Family Herald.]
A TALE FOR TRUANT HUSBANDS.

"Where are you going, George?" asked Mrs. Wilson, as her husband rose from the tea-table, and took his hat.
"O—I'm going out," was the careless response.
"But where?" asked his wife.
"What odds does it make, Emma?" returned her husband. "I shall be back at my usual time."
The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly on a subject which had lain uneasily upon her heart for some time, and she could not let the opportunity pass. It required an effort—but she persevered.
"Let me tell you what odds it makes to me," she said, in a kind but tremulous tone. "If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel better if I knew where you were."
"But you know I am safe, Emma, and what more can you ask?"
"I do not know that you are safe, George. I know nothing about you when you are away."
"Pooh! pooh! would you have it that I am not capable of taking care of myself?"
"You put a wrong construction upon my words, George. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do, I should not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business, I never feel that, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during these long evenings, I get to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome; and so one thought follows another, until I feel troubled and uneasy. Oh—if you would only stay with me a portion of your evenings!"
"Ah, I thought that was what you were aiming at," said George, with a playful shake of the head. "You would have me here every evening?"
"Well, can you wonder at it?" returned Emma. "I used to be very happy when you were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now."
"Ah," said George, with a smile, "those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future."
"And why not continue so to do, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember, one of our plans was to make a home."
"And haven't we got one, Emma?"
"We have certainly a place in which to live," answered the wife, somewhat evasively.
"And it is our home," pursued George. "And," he pursued, with a sort of confident flourish, "home is the wife's peculiar province. She has charge of it, and all her work is there; while the duties of the husband call him to other scenes."
"Well, I admit that, as far as certain duties are concerned," replied Emma. "But you must remember that we both need relaxation from labor; we need social and mental improvement and enjoyment; and what time have we for this save our evenings? Why should not this be my home of an evening, as well as in the day time and in the night?"
"Well, isn't it?" asked George.
"How can it be, if you are not here? What makes a home for children, if it be not the home of the parents? What home can a husband have where there is no wife? And what real home comforts can a wife enjoy where there is no husband? You do not consider how lonesome I am all alone here during these long evenings. They are the very seasons when I am at leisure to enjoy your companionship, and when you would be at leisure to enjoy mine, if it is worth enjoying. They are the seasons when the happiest hours of home life might be passed. Come, will you not spend a few of your evenings with me?"
"You see enough of me as it is," replied the husband, lightly.
"Allow me to be the best judge of that, George. You would be very lonesome here all alone."
"Not if it was my place of business, as it is of yours," returned the young man. "You are used to staying here. All wives belong to home."
"Just remember, my husband, that previous to our marriage, I had pleasant society all the time. Of course I remained at home much of the time; but I had a father and mother there, and I had brothers and sisters there—and our evenings were very happily spent. Finally, I gave all up for you. I left the old home and sought a home with my husband. And now, have I not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like to have me away every evening, while you were obliged to stay here alone?"
"Why—I should like it well enough."
"Ah—but you would not be willing to try it?"
"Yes, I would," said George, at a venture.
"Will you remain here every evening next week, and let me spend my time among my female friends?"
"Certainly I will," he replied, "and I assure you I shall not be so lonesome as you imagine."
With this the husband went out, and was soon among his friends. He was a steady, industrious man, and loved his wife truly; but, like thousands of others, he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and thought it no harm. His only practical idea of home seemed to be, that it was a place which his wife took care of, and where he could eat, drink and sleep, as long as he could pay for it. In short, he treated it as a sort of private boarding-house, of which his wife was landlady; and if he paid

all the bills he considered his duty done. His wife had frequently asked him to stay at home with her, but she had never ventured upon any argument before; and he had no conception of how much she missed him. She always seemed happy when he came home, and he supposed she could always be so.
Monday evening came, and George Wilson remained true to his promise. His wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and he said he would remain and "keep house."
"What will you do while I am gone?" Emma asked.
"Oh—I shall read and sing, and enjoy myself generally."
"Very well," said Emma. "I shall be back early."
The wife went out, and the husband was left alone. He had an interesting book, and he began to read it. He read till eight o'clock, and then he began to yawn, and look frequently at the clock. The book did not interest him as usual. Ever and anon he would come to a passage which he knew would please his wife, and instinctively he turned, as though he would read it aloud; but there was no wife to hear it. At half-past eight he rose from his chair, and began to pace the floor, and whistle. Then he went and got his flute, and played several of his favorite airs. After this he got a chess-board, and played a game with an imaginary partner. Then he walked the floor, and whistled again. Finally, the clock struck nine, and his wife returned.
"Well, George," she said, "I am back in good time. Have you enjoyed yourself?"
"Capitally," returned the husband. "I had no idea it was so late. I hope you have enjoyed yourself."
"Oh, splendidly!" said his wife. "I had no idea how much enjoyment there was away from home. Home is a dull place, after all—isn't it?"
"Why—no—I can't say that it is," returned George, carelessly. "In fact," he added, "I rather like it."
"I am glad of that," retorted Emma, "for we shall both enjoy ourselves now. You shall have a nice comfortable week of it."
George smiled at this, but he kept his countenance, and determined to stand it out. On the next evening Emma prepared to go away again.
"I shall be back in good time," she said.
"Where are you going?" her husband asked.
"Oh, I can't exactly tell. I am going to several places."
So George Wilson was left alone again, and he tried to amuse himself as before; but he found it a difficult task. Ever and anon he would cast his eyes upon that empty chair, and the thought would come, "How pleasant it would be if she were here!" The clock finally struck nine, and he began to listen for the step of his wife. Half an hour more slipped by, and he became very nervous and uneasy.
"I declare," he muttered to himself, after he had listened for some time in vain; "this is too bad. She ought not to stay out so late!" But he happened to remember that he often remained away much later than that so he concluded that he must make the best of it.
At a quarter to ten Emma came home.
"A little late, am I not?" she said, looking up at the clock. "But I fell in with some old friends. How have you enjoyed yourself?"
"First rate," returned George, bravely.—"I think home is a capital place."
"Especially when a man can have it all to himself," added the wife, with a sidelong glance at her husband. But he made no reply.
On the next evening Emma prepared to go out as before; but this time she kissed her husband ere she went, and seemed to hesitate.
"Where do you think of going?" George asked, in an undertone.
"I may drop in to see Uncle John," replied Emma. "However, you won't be uneasy. You'll know I'm safe."
"Oh, certainly," said her husband; but when left to his own reflections he began to ponder seriously upon the subject thus presented for consideration. He could not read—he could not play—nor enjoy himself in any way, while that chair was empty. In short, he found that home had no real comfort without his wife. The one thing needed to make his home cheerful was not present.
"I declare," he said to himself, "I did not think it would be so lonesome. And can it be that she feels as I do, when she is here all alone? It must be so," he pursued, thoughtfully. "It is just as she says. Before we were married she was very happy in her childhood's home. Her parents loved her, and they did all they could to make her comfortable."
After this he walked up and down the room several times, and then stopped again, and commanded with himself.
"I can't stand this!" said he. "I should die in a week, if Emma was only here. I think I could amuse myself very well. How lonesome and dreary it is! And only eight o'clock! I declare—I've a mind to walk down as far as Uncle John's, and see if she is there. It would be a relief if I only saw her. I won't go in. She shan't know yet that I hold out so faintly."
George Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and then took his hat and went out. It was a beautiful, moonlight night, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along, with his eyes bent upon the pavement, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up, and—he could not be mistaken—saw his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognized him.
"George," she said, in surprise, "is this you?"

"It is," was the response.
"And you do not pass your evenings at home?"
"This is the first time I have been out, Emma, upon my word; and even now I have not been absent from the house ten minutes. I merely came out to take the fresh air. But where are you going?"
"I am going home, George. Will you go with me?"
"Certainly," returned the husband. She took his arm, and they walked home in silence.
When Emma had taken off her things, she sat down in her chair, and looked at the clock.
"You are come home early to-night," remarked George.
The young wife looked up into her husband's face, and with an expression half-smiling and half-tearful, she answered, "I will confess the truth, George; I have given up the experiment. I managed to stand it last evening, but I could not bear it through to-night. When I thought of you here all alone, I wanted to be with you. It didn't seem right, I haven't enjoyed myself at all. I have no home but this."
"Say you so?" cried George, moving his chair to his wife's side, and taking one of her hands. "Then let me make my confession. I have stood it not a whit better. When I left the house this evening, I could bear it no longer. I found that this was no home for me, while my sweet wife was absent. I thought I would walk down by Uncle John's, and see your face, if possible. I had gazed upon your empty chair till my heart ached." He kissed her as he spoke, and then added, while she reclined her head upon his arm, "I have learned a very good lesson. Your presence here is like the bursting forth of the sun after a storm; and if you love me as I love you—which, of course, I cannot doubt—my presence may afford some sunlight for you. At all events, our next experiment shall be to that effect. I will try and see how much home comfort we can find while we are both here to enjoy it."
The next evening was spent at home by both husband and wife, and it was a season of much enjoyment. In a short time George began to realize how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home; and the longer he enjoyed this comfort, the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth, that it takes two to make a happy home, and that if the wife is one party the husband must be the other.

From the London Journal. HALF AN HOUR WITH A PUGILIST.

Some two months ago, I was walking up and down the Lime-street station at Liverpool, in company with a friend, awaiting the departure of the evening mail, by which we were returning home. As it wanted but a few minutes of the time, we selected a compartment in a second-class carriage; but before we could enter, we had to wait some little time to allow of the egress of two or three of the porters, who were deep in conversation with two passengers already seated, while sundry other porters were clustered round the carriage-door, peeping in, with looks of admiring curiosity.
Surely, thought I, we are to have distinguished fellow-passengers. Who can they be? Are they the Siamese ambassadors? who were then daily expected. There were to have been two of them—one from each of the kingdoms. No; it is record-class; it cannot possibly be they. Could it be Spurgeon and one of his deacons "doing it cheap"? No; hardly likely. So we entered the carriage with doubt and curiosity.
At the further end of the carriage, with his back to the engine, sat a man, whose closely clipped hair, bullet head, and broken nose, plainly told me what his profession was. Facing me, on the opposite side, sat his companion, a person of much more prepossessing appearance and manners. A glance convinced me that they were both prize-fighters.
To say that the first-mentioned individual's head was bullet-shaped, is very much to magnify that projectile; for surely no piece of metal shaped as that head was could, by any possibility, be got down a gun-barrel; nor, even supposing it to once down, could any known means ever get it up again. No geometrical term with which I am acquainted could possibly convey any idea of that head. It was not a decahedron, and it was not a duodecahedron; and its only claim to the title of an "oblate spheroid" would arise from the fact of its being flattened at the pole.
My friend glanced at me, and I at him.
They were literally, and figuratively, "ugly customers"; and I secretly hoped that they would not attempt to "improve the shining hour" by practising their art upon us. However, I soon found that there was no cause for alarm on this head; for the "spheroid" was very soon in a slumbering, passive state; and as I am naturally rather partial to eliciting information from peculiar characters, such as one does not meet with in the daily walks of life, I very soon got into conversation with my opposite neighbor, whom, despite his profession, I found to be a very polite, and had almost said gentlemanlike, man. He spoke in that peculiar tone of assumption common to most Londoners, and I soon learned that his name was—say Jones; that he was a prize-fighter; that he had fought seven prize-battles, and had never yet been beaten; that he held himself liable to be challenged by any man alive, no matter who, or what the amount of the stakes; that, at that moment, he was acting as "trainer," or professional tutor to his companion "George," as he called him; that they were just returning from "George's" first prize-fight, which had come off three days before in the vicinity of Liverpool; that his adversary's title to the

honors of victory was open to dispute; there being reason to suspect foul play and bribery and that it had therefore been decided that the battle should be fought over again.
All this information led on, of course, to further conversation; and on my making some remarks as to "George's" present personal appearance, he assured me that he was very decent-looking now, compared with what he had been two days previously; for then his head was just double its present size, and that he had brought it down to its present dimensions by the copious external application of castor-oil, and that in a few days' time he would look quite respectable.
I thought to myself that his idea of respectability must certainly differ very much from my own; for, as I glanced at the physiognomy in question, I was much inclined to doubt whether all the castor-oil in creation, let it be ever so "cold drawn," could possibly improve the stamp of respectability upon it.—But as I considered that tastes differ, and that it was not for me to set up my own as a standard, I did not dispute his statement, but led him on to further conversation.
He informed me that in early life he had been a carter or a drayman in London, and that he had never but once come into collision with the municipal authorities, and that occurred when he was pursuing the comparatively peaceful calling before named. It appears that he had a difficulty, as brother Jonathan would express it, with a turnip-man, relative to an alleged act of extortion on the part of the latter.
In writing the biography of all great men, it is customary to relate anecdotes of what their future developments were expected to be. So in the case in question, that latent fire of that genius which in after years was to shine forth, so brilliantly, flashed out gloriously on this occasion. In his own expressive language, "he jumped off his cart, squared at the man, and gave him one for his knob."
He was about to resume his seat, with the pleasing consciousness of having resisted oppression, and done his duty like an English man, when he was suddenly seized by two myrmidons of the law, was brought up on a charge of assault and battery, for which he got certain days in durandee vile, and returned to the bosom of that society he was afterwards so much to adorn—a wiser and a sadder man.
This appears to have been the turning point in his life: disgusted with commercial pursuits, for which he felt that he was in no way adapted, he entered into his present profession, which he appeared to have followed with that success which invariably attends perseverance and assiduity.
His conversation and remarks being of a somewhat desultory nature, I found great difficulty in getting at anything like a consecutive account of his life; but from his various remarks, I gathered that he had worked very hard at his profession.
His first introduction to his companion, George, struck me as having some claims to the credit of originality, to say the very least of it. He said that George was brought to his house by a mutual friend, with a request that he (Jones) would take him in hand.—"I rather liked his looks, so I up with my fist and hit him a blow on his nose. Upon this, George began to show fight in good style; so, seeing him to be gamey, I undertook to train him, and make the best I could of him."
On my making some remarks about George and what his future prospects were, he replied that he could hardly make up his mind as to how he would be likely to turn out.—"Tapping his own forehead, he remarked that "George was rather soft there"—"that he had no head," and that a fighting man should have a "good head," so as to know when to take a "liberty"—that the success of a fight often depended as much upon the head as the "gamey" fellow going, he was fearful that want of head, and fondness for drink, would prevent his rising to the dazzling height attained by some others of his profession.
For himself, he furnished a strong argument in favor of teetotalism, by saying that although he kept a public-house in London, he never drank anything when going through the fatiguing operation of training, and very little upon any other occasion, except now and then, when on an out of the present kind; and he instanced it as a proof of the great goodness of their Liverpool friends, that he had been kept in a state of partial inebriation for nearly six days without its costing him a penny.
This was their first visit to Liverpool, and he expressed himself much pleased with the kindness they had received, and likewise with the general urbanity of the police authorities in that town, who had never once molested them during the engagement.
I asked him whether men in their profession ever saved money. He replied that it was quite impossible. When a man had been fortunate, he was made a good deal of by his companions, who kept him in a constant whirl of drunken excitement until his money was all gone, and then he had to get up another fight to make more; while if he was beaten, the whole of the expenses fell upon him, besides the lost stakes, and then he got into debt; and he advised me—parenthetically and in confidence—never to make a match for so low a sum as twenty-five pounds sterling, as it could not possibly pay, for the trade expenses alone amounted to over thirty pounds; the principal items of which he enumerated—one of them, I remember, consisting of a "trainer" at three pounds a week and his keep, for seven weeks at least." Only fancy letting one's self out to be punched and hammered at by a prize-fighter day by day for seven long weeks! For the trainer's office consists of a series of daily encounters with the trainee, so that he may be in good practice when he comes before the public.

He intimated to me that, however much I might be fascinated by the outward show and glitter of their kind of life, it was in reality a very hard one; at least until a man had obtained a position; and that nothing but the excitement of popular applause, and having a public reputation to keep unsullied, could possibly carry them through it.
I have often remarked, in all public professions, the great amount of brotherly feeling that pervades the whole body. See with what generosity and willingness authors, actors and musicians come forward to the aid of a needy brother—by benefits at theatres, by public readings, by concerts, and similar means.—And the same feeling extends, strange as it may seem, even to the profession in question, as the following instance will show: and in spite of the horrid and revolting circumstances attending the affair, it yet shines like a streak of sunlight through the awful moral darkness—a proof to my mind that, let a man be debased and brutalize himself to the lowest possible point, he cannot entirely eradicate his manhood; that now and then it will flash up and reclaim its lost throne, let the rein be every so short.
My companion casually inquired whether I was acquainted with Ede. I replied that I had not that pleasure, and, moreover, that I was never at a prize-fight in my life. At first, he seemed not disposed to believe me; but on my assuring him that such was really the case, he looked at me more in pity than in anger, but still seemed hardly able to conceive how in this enlightened nineteenth century any one could possibly have gone so far on life's journey as I had without having at least heard of the hero in question. He therefore endeavored to recall him to my mind by enumerating some of his more celebrated acts of personal prowess. "You surely must remember Ede—he who killed 'Jack' Somebody in his last fight."
"Killed his man!" I replied with horror.
"Yes," he said, "it was a bad job, poor fellow; and then he told me all about how the man received a hit on the jaw after four hours' fighting; how he was carried off the field; how he never spoke a word after the fatal blow; and how by six next morning he was dead."
"But how about his poor wife and children?" said I.
"Ah, poor woman!" he replied, "it was a bad job; but we all did the best we could for her. We got her up a benefit, and managed to raise about three hundred pounds sterling, which put her into a good public house; and we all do our best to make it pay. But what," he added, "is all that, compared with the loss of such a husband as she had? For my part, I would not lose my wife for three million of pounds sterling. She is everything to me; and I have my good old mother to keep, and I have brought up my two little brothers without its costing anybody a penny;" and then went on to say that there was nothing like civility and kindness—it cost but little, and he had always found that they made him friends wherever he went.
Beavol thought I; there is a green spot yet left even in this rough, debased heart—one little thread yet remaining to connect it with human nature. Imagine for a moment that son tending his aged mother—a mother to whom, perhaps he owed no debt for early lessons of love and kindness; of whom, in the recollections of his early days, he can recall few pleasing memories, few early admonitions from her lips, which might have stood him in good stead through life as his counsellor and guide.
Even the poor brutalized George, who all this time had been dozing away in a state of battered stupidity—even he had some one who loved him, and whom he loved in return.
Of Nero it was said, that over his tomb some loving hand was seen each day to drop a flower; so poor George found it impossible to keep away from a girl in London whom he loved, and who felt lonely without him, although he had to return to Liverpool in a few days, to have another manly, for his friends were going to get him up another fight for his own peculiar benefit, to reimburse him for sundry losses sustained during his last engagement.
And so I drew near home; and on leaving the train, my companion shook me warmly by the hand, and expressed a hope that when I next came to London I would give him a call.
So he went on his way, and I on mine; and as I walked I thought; and the more I thought the more I became confused. Wrong seemed to be getting right, and right seemed to have no merit attachable to it. My conscience told me that I ought to hold that man and his profession in utter and supreme abhorrence; but when I thought of the little streaks of sunlight which ever and anon broke through that dark and heavy cloud, I was fain, though still condemning all fighting on general grounds, to subdue certain angry feelings, and to take shelter under the Master's lesson, "that if I was without sin, I might then cast the stone." And I asked myself a question which I could not answer—Why am not I the fighter and he in my place, wrapping myself up in his pharisaical cloak of spiritual pride, and thanking Heaven that he is not such as I? Who can answer me that? No, I do not feel quite comfortable in sitting in judgment on this unfortunate person, as I must consider him to be, without first ascertaining whether the five talents committed to my care, with a clearer knowledge as to their uses, have been made to produce other five also? If it has turned out that I have learned a lesson in charity, my half hour's ride was not in vain.
Mr Appleton, Assistant Secretary of State, is disabled for duty just now, by reason of weakness of his eyes.
—Punch speaks of venison as the deer departed.