The Democratic Watchman.

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Original Poetry.

TO L. A. H.

BY J. W. FUREY

Fair lady, I will ne'er forget
The happy hour when first we met;
When first I saw, with glad surprise,
The pure, sweet beauty of thine eyes:

And noted there the holy light,
That beamed within those orbs so bright,
Whose every glance revealed a soul,
Whose truth and beauty *all* extol.

There all the Virtues are enshrined—
The Graces, too, are all combined
To render thee a being rare,
As pure as any infant's prayer.

To me thou seem'st a spirit bright,
Sent from the ethereal realms of light,
To cheer us on the toilsome road
That leads us to the Throne of God!

Thou art a mortal—yet, but we,
Forgetting God, *would worship thee,*
Did not *thine own sweet purity,*
Rebuke our blind idolatry!

Forgive me, if my willful muse
Hath led me where I can but choose
The paths toward which my feet have led,
But which I may not dare to tread.

For deep within my soul, I bear
A cherished feeling for thee there;
And all my heart's best prayers shall be
For thee, my truest friend, for thee.

Time flies as swiftly as a dream,
And bears us lightly down the stream;
Soon Earth and earthly things will be
Wrapt in a long Eternity.

Sweet maiden, then I'll ne'er forget
The hour when you and I first met;
When first I saw thy charming grace,
And blessed the *sweetness of thy face.*

WELCOME TO SUMMER.

BY PETER PEEP.

Welcome, glorious Summer,
Heartily welcome now;
Thy basket full of beauties,
The smile upon thy brow,
So gently here thou comest,
Gladly do we greet thee;
Most beautiful and fair one,
Merrily we meet thee

What has kept thee, bright one?
Long have been the hours
That we've watched and waited
For thy buds and flowers;
For birds and buds and blossoms,
Looked we long in vain,
But now they're coming, coming
With thee back again.

Know'st thou yet my maiden,
Blooming fresh and fair,
With goodness in her bright eyes,
The sunshine in her hair?
Ah! thou'st not forgot her,
In thy joyous glee;
Know'st thou that I love her,
And my maid loves me?

Then this is why we've waited,
Looked and waited long;
For thy buds and blossoms,
Thy birds with boonie song.
Yes, this is why we've waited
So long and anxiously,
To steal thy buds and blossoms
My pretty maid and me.

Then welcome gentle Summer,
Gladly we come now,
Thy basket full of beauties,
The smile upon thy brow;
So sweetly now thou comest,
Gladly do we greet thee;
Most beautiful and fair one,
Merrily we meet thee.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Miscellaneous.

How I Was Cured of Gaming.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

My friend was a captain of one of the mail steamers plying between New Orleans and Mobile. He spent some days with me not long since; and among other adventures which had befallen him, he related the following:

I had been engaged on board the steamer something over a year, and was then serving in the capacity of mate. During the first few months I had been rather shy of New Orleans by gas light. I had heard so many stories of robberies and murders, and of strangers being attacked from mere wantonness, that I preferred to keep myself as safe as possible. Sometimes I spent the night at the hotel, where the officers of the various steamers had assembled for a social time, and sometimes went to a theatre. At length however, I became acquainted with the city, and the old timidity wore off, and I finally accompanied some of my brother officers to places where the more startling episodes of real city life occured. From the hotel we went to the theatre, and from the theatre we went to some of the most famous gambling houses.

Suffer me, my friend, to inform you here that I am not a gamester. I have played a little as I shall be obliged to confess; but the charm was broken, as you shall hear.

On the third or fourth visit to the gambling house, one of my companions laughingly proposed a small venture at the faro table. With a smile on my countenance, I threw down a quarter eagle. The banker asked me if I bet on the queen. I was thonished to put my money fairly upon the card. I pushed the card further on; and the confusion I exhibited must have informed the bystanders that I was slightly verdant touching the rules, regulations and mysteries of the faro bank. The banker began to slide off the card, and presently drew off the piece of gold I had ventured, and threw down a cheqe representing I had won. I smiled at my luck, and when the cards were next shuffled I placed my cheque back upon the queen. I won a again, and again I smiled, for the thought that I was gambling did not enter my mind. I bet upon the queen again, and again I won. Before the next play, I calculated a little. It was not likely that the same card would win again, so I made my venture upon the ace. The queen lost, the ace won. At the end of an hour I had won $75 or $80, and then went with my companions to the hotel, where we spent another hour before retiring to our boats.

After this I frequently accompanied my friend to the gaming houses, and I also made future ventures at the faro bank. A love of the excitement grew upon me before I was aware of it—grew upon me so strongly that more that once I ventured alone into a gambling house not far from our hotel.—One evening four of us officers were at the St. Charles, and after supper the question was started as to how we should dispose of the next few hours. Two were for the theatre and two for the gambling house.—How should we decide? As neither party was willing to give up, it was finally arranged that we should go just where our inclinations led us. Two went to the theatre, and two for the gaming house. I was one of the latter. My companion was a captain of an up river boat, and before he set out he informed me that he must be on board by midnight, as he was to to start early in the morning. This was all pleasant to me, as I had made up my mind to be in my state room before the hour he had mentioned.—So off we went over towards the third Municipality, nearly a mile and a half from our hotel, where we found the gaming house we had planned to visit. We sat in the bar room awhile and smoked a cigar, and then went into the hall. We lounged about and observed the progress of the different games, and finally stopped at a faro table. I made another venture which was successful, I made another venture and lost, and another and won. Then I bought $20 worth of cheques.

When I bought my cheques there were seven players beside myself at the table.—Two of them were steamboat captains, and four of them were either merchants or gentleman of that stamp. They may have been gamblers by profession—regular black egs—but that dosn't matter. They appeared to be gentleman, and certainly they behaved as such. The seventh man at the table was a study, and had there not been an overbalance of gentility in the company, I should not have stopped where he was.—He was evidently a boatman, and when I heard him speak, I made up my mind that he was a hoosier. He had come down from Ohio with his flatboat, and sold his cargo and useless lumber, and was now on a bit of a "time." He was truly a tough looking customer. He must have stood six feet and two or three inches high, with a frame like an ox. His shoulders were broad and heavy, and his arms long and muscular, and his hands so long and hard that it was difficult for him to put down his cheques. Of his face but little was to be seen, the lower part of it being covered by a thick long beard of a grizzly color, while the upper part was shaded by the slouching of the broad rim of an old felt hat. I could see his eyes, and they were black and keen enough. They looked black in the deepest shade, but when his head was turned so that the light fell upon his face, they seemed to have a metalic lustre, changing from steel to brass. Presently those eyes were turned upon me with a threatening look, the owner seeming to intimate that I had stared at him long enough. At any rate I took it as a hint, and went on with my play.

My luck was changeful. I won, and then I lost. Then I won once more, and then I lost again. Finally I touched the knave with a dozen cheques, worth five dollars each and won. The Hoosier had staked twelve cheques on the queen. He lost, and the banker pushed the pile on the queen over to me. I let the twenty four cheques remain where they were and the Hoosier put twenty four on the queen. At this point my companion came and told me he must be going. I was too much excited with the play to leave the table then, and told him not to wait for me. The queen lost—the knave won—and again the banker passed to me the cheques which the Hoosier had lost.

Once more my companion asked me if I would go with him. I told him I could not—and he went away without me. Forty eight cheuqes were upon the knaves, in four stacks.

"Stranger, do you go them yer—all?"

The Hoosier asked me this question, at the same time pointing to my cheques. I told him "yes." He bought more cheques, and placed a number equal to mine on the queen.

"This yer keard must win some time," he muttered, as he straitened up his stack of ivory, and then added, glancing at my pile, "an' that yer knave's got to lose afore he's much older."

The dealer began to throw off the cards again. The knave came first; it had won. The queen came next; the banker turned it upon his left hand—the bank won—the Hoosier lost. As before, the cheques which came from the queen were passed over to me.

I hesitated, but the spell was upon me, and I could not break it. I piled up the cheques—ninety-six of them—and ventured them upon the knave again. The Hoosier eyed me sharply, and then ventured a like amount upon the queen, at the same time muttering to himself that such luck couldn't last always. Again the cards were laid off and to the astonishment of all who were watching the game, the knave and queen came out very near together—the knave to the right the queen to the left. I had won—the Hoosier had lost. The banker had now taken in my smaller cheques, and gave me in exchange some worth twenty dollars each. My last stake had been four hundred and eighty dollars, and my present pile was consequently nine hundred and sixty.

"Make it a thousand!" whispered the Hoosier.

"Done," I replied, and added two cheques to my accumulated venture.

Again the banker began to throw off his cards, right and left. The knave came up first to the right. I had won. The queen came up to the left—lost, The Hoosier drove his hand into his bosom, and brought forth a pocket-book, from which he took a roll of bank notes.

"Go yer two thousand!" he said in a hoarse whisper, "I've got that much."

My first impulse, before he had spoken, had been to do that very thing, but now I hesitated. What had I to do with him? I was not playing with him—I was not betting against him—my play was simply against the banker and his was the same.—I told him as much.

"No, no," he said eagerly. "It's agin luck we're playin'. Them two keards is in for it. The knave's yourn, and the queens mine. Go yer two thousand."

All that I had on the table before me, save one solitary cheque of twenty dollars, I had won; so I had little real risk to run.

"It is done," I said; and went two thousand dollars upon the knave.

The Hoosier placed his venture upon the queen; there were some cheques and some bank notes, in all two thousand dollars.—His hand quivered a little as he pushed the pile forward, and then he turned to watch the movements of the banker.

The cards began to move off once more, and this time the table was surrounded by an eager crowd. There was something novel in the spectacle of two men playing against each other at faro; and it struck me as being excessively novel, too. But it was no doing of mine. The Hoosier seemed to have a superstitious faith that our chances were running together However, I meant to make this one venture farther, and then break the spell, let it be win or lose. Right and left, right and left. The queen came up first—to the left! Lost! The knave came up—to the right! I had won again! I gathered up my gains, and then looked for the Hoosier, but he had gone.

"Perhaps you'll try the knave again?" said the banker.

I told him "No, I had played enough." I pushed over my cheques, and he gave me the cash for them—some gold and some bank notes—to the amount of nearly six thousand dollars.

I went to the bar and took a glass of wine and then started for my boat. The night was dark, and I had a long distance to walk. I looked at my watch as I came through the hall, and found it to be half an hour past midnight. I began to think I had been a fool. But there I was, and I must make the best of my way to the boat. So I started at a brisk walk, intending to strike the Levee near the mint, and then follow the course of the river. I had gone half a mile or so, when I heard heavy footsteps behind me. I increased my rate of speed, but the following footsteps still came nearer. I hurried on but to no effect—the echo behind me was not to be outwalked. I felt for my pistol, but I had none. I had not brought it with me; I had a dirk-knife and that was all. By-and-by the step sounded so near that I turned to see who it was that thus pursued me. At a distance of only a few yards came a tall, gaunt figure, which I at once recognized by the street lamp. As the dull glare fell upon the ox like form, I knew it was the Hoosier!

I would have started to run, but it was too late. He was upon me and his hand was upon my arm. I would have shouted for help, but he might have killed me to stop my noise. I would have drawn my dirk-knife, but the show of opposition might only have called the giant's strength down upon me to crush me. My instinct told me to be passive and wait for the worst. We were in a lonesome spot, with not a light visible, save the few street lamps that sent their sickly rays through the dingy glass; and if the fellow meant to rob me or kill me I knew not how to help myself.

"Stranger," he said, his voice sounding frightfully low and hollow, "you played again me to-night.

"No," I replied trying to speak plainly—to speak calmly was out of the question—"I had nothing to do with you. I was playing against the bank."

"It's all the same," he replied. "Our luck run together, an' 'twas you agin me, an' me agin you. It don't make no odds now, I'm dead broke. I ain't got a single pic. Hold on! D'ye see this?"

He reached his right hand over his shoulder, and from beneath his coat he drew forth the largest, longest, brightest and most savage-looking bowie-knife I had ever seen.—My knees smote together, and my heart leaped to my throat.

"You've got money," he went on, as he held the gleaming weapon at hand. "You won it—won all. I lost—lost all. I'm dead broke, not a pic. I want enough to get home; I paid twenty dollars in clear yaller gold for this yer toothpick. Give me fifteen dollars on it an' I'll go. Ef ye're a man ye won't refuse that."

Mercy! What a letting down was that! Instead of seeking my life, the poor fellow had followed me for the purpose of pawning his bowie knife! He was acquainted with none of those he had seen at the gaming house, and he had no friends in the city.—I feared him no more. As I spoke with him now, I felt that he was a true hearted man.

"If you get fifteen dollars, you will go back to the gaming table again," I said.

His answer was slow but sure—

"I've tried it twice, stranger: an' when I try it again, I'll let ye know,"

I told the man to come with me.

"Come to my boat," I said, "and you shall have the money."

He said, perhaps I'd let him stay on board all night.

Of course I would.

As we walked along, I made up my mind just what I would do; and when we reached the boat, I took him to my stateroom, and handed him a chair. Said I—

"My friend, I have made a resolution since we have been walking together; I have resolved that I will gamble no more. While you and I played at the same table you lost $3,900."

"'Xactly," he replied.

"Well," I continued, "I am going to make up to you what you lost. I shall feel better to do so."

The Hoosier started in amazement.

"I do it as much for my sake as for your own," I went on before he could make an answer; "and if I can feel assured that the event has cured both of us, I shall consider it one of the most valuable experiences of my life."

The plain-hearted fellow seized my hand, and my offer was accepted; and when he told me that he would never play again, I believed him. He took the money, and all he could do in return was to make me accept the bowie knife, and to promise me that he should always remember me with the warmest emotions.

That was several years ago. I have not ventured a dollar at any game of hazard since, nor do I believe my Hoosier friend has done it either. I keep the long, heavy bowie-knife, and I never look upon it but I think how weak my knees were when my gaze rested for the first time upon its gleaming blade.

M'CLELLAN'S ADDRESS.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
Camp near Harrison's Landing July 4.

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:—Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldiers. Attacked by superior forces, and without hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns except a few lost in battle, taking in return, guns and colors from the enemy.

Upon your march you have been assailed day after day, with desperate fury, by men of the same race and nation, skillfully masked and led.

Under every disadvantage of number and necessarily of position also, you have, in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter.

Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history.

No one will now question that each of you may always with pride say, "I belong to the Army of the Potomac."

You have reached this new base complete in orginization and unimpaired in spirit.

Rhe enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let them come, and we will convert their repulse in a final defeat.

Your government is strengthening you with the rescorces of a great people.

On this, our nation's birth day, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the capital of the so called Confederacy. That our National Constitution shall prevail and that for the Union, which can alone insure internal peace and external security to each State, must and shall be preserved, cost what it may in time treasure or blood.

(Signed,) GEO. B. M'CLELLAN.
Major General Commandiug.

☞A secesh girl thus writes to her cousin, who is prisoner at Camp Morton, Indianopolis:

"I will be for Jeff Davis till the Tennessee river freezes over, and then be for him, and scratch on the ice:

Jeff Davis rides a white horse,
Lincoln rides a mule,
Jeff Davis is a gentleman,
And Lincoln is a fool."

☞ Judge Kent says: "There are very few evils to which a man is subject that he might not avoid if he would converse with his wife and follow her advice." The Judge is sensible.

☞When the rebels fight, they soon get out of wind. When they talk, their wind is inexhaustable.—*Prentice.*

[For the Watchman.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Dead, dead—how mournfully fall the words upon the hearts of those who, but a few months ago, crowded about the departing soldier, to grasp his hand for the last time, and turn from him with tearful eye, when thoughts of the horrors and dangers that must henceforth surround his life intrude themselves. But such thoughts could not swerve him from the path in which he felt it his duty to walk, little did he dream that ere twelve months of his new life had come and gone, life would be to him lost forever.

Now, on the banks of the Potomac, slumbers the youth, the lover the brother, the friend, the warm hearted patriot, undisturbed by the clamor of a mighty host struggling onward in the path he has ceased to tread, unmoved by the dangers which threaten the nation for whose honor and safety his young life was sacrificed, and listless, alike of the anguish of those friends, in whose company he trod the path of childhood, and of his place of burial, so far from the homes of those he loved. Dead and alone in a strange land. No soft, female hand to smooth back, with gentle touch the hair from his throbbing temples; no sister to bend above him in anxious solicitude, to catch the half murmured request, and smooth down the pillow heated by its contact with his burning brow; no family group to surround the deathbed and weep above the remains of the dead soldier. The cold hand of strangers minister to his wants and attend to the last sad, solemn rites, humanity ever calls for. Poor as is the hand of the kindest and dearest friend, in comparison with the soft touch of woman, of a mother or a sister, even that was denied him, of all that surrounded his dying couch and his grave, not one could tell whether in the world he had a relation or a friend, not one knew the place of his nativity. Sad and heart broken those friends wept his loss, in the mountain hid centre of the Old Keystone, while he slept his last sleep, leagues from any one who ever called him friend.

We hear that our loved soldier has been in battle, that his eye has flashed with the excitement of the conflict, that his hand for once was raised to smite to the dust the shameless traitors who had dared to desecrate our flag. We have seen him in the forced march, in the fierce charge, and in the hand to hand conflict which terminated the battle to the honor of the old banner;—we see the flying foe and our own pursuing legions; among the latter gleams the bayonet of our friend, victory perches upon our standard, night drapes the battle field in her sable mantle and shuts its horrors from the eyes of man, and for weeks nothing reliable is heard from our absent friend. In the interval the black wing of the angel of death sweeps over him and he disappears forever from our gaze. But he fell not in battle, he was borne down by an enemy far more fearful than any ever met upon the field of strife. The exertion and excitement were too much for a frame all unused to either, and now he who has passed thro one of the hardest battles history ever recorded, unhurt, is struggling in the grasp of the destroyer. He is carried to Washington, and there breathes his last sigh, unheard by one sympathizing ear, where none, save God, can record the name and virtues of him who, if at home, had been surrounded by a hundred friends, been consigned to the tomb by kind hands and mourned for by affectionate hearts, who doubly mourn their irreparable loss and their incapacity to do aught to change his sad fate. But while they mourn they fail not to heap curses up on the heads of those who have made it necessary for such as he to be led forth from quiet, peaceful homes to struggle and to die in sight of the spot from which the soul of Washington took its flight.

We feel more keenly the loss of one who from childhood's earliest days has been our constant companion. Thousands are daily perishing who are as dear to other hearts as is he to ours; and oh, what a fearful thing for those who have brought about the fratricidal contest now desolating the land, when they stand face to face with their victims in the presence of the All Seeing Judge. In vain, then, will your efforts to hide your infamy by throwing upon others the blame, and by crying traitor to innocent men who have ever striven to save the nation from this baptism of blood. But God Almighty be your judge, we seek not to throw upon any one the crime of which he will decide the perpetrator. May His kind hand be extended to guide us in the hour of our adversity, and pluck as a brand from the burning flame, the fragments of this Union and unite once more in fellowship and love the brethren who now so fiercely seek each others lives. But whether for weal or woe this strife is terminated, the dead soldier, sleeping by the same waters that flow by the tomb of Washington, heeds not; he sleeps as peacefully as though struggling hosts were not marching above his grave; it matters not to him how goes the tide of battle. It is immaterial to him whether or not, the traitors who seek to destroy our government, shall envelop in the folds of our disgraced and drooping flag the body of the dead Union. His sleep is as dreamless and peaceful as though his grave were in the quiet country church yard surrounded by the grassy mounds beneath which rest the remains of his ancestors. And while we honor the brilliant names history is linking to the records of our nation, and glorify the chieftain who is leading our conquering hosts to the lair of the monster—treason—let us fail not to drop a tear to the memory of the private soldier, who without half the inducements, died in defence of our country. And when history records the doings of this rebellion, let it fail not to say that on the Potomac's banks slumber many who but for the wickedness of our public men might have filled the highest circles of private life and gone down to the tomb in peace, surrounded by kind faces and mourning hearts. Peace to their ashes.

HOWARD, PA., June 26, 1862. J. P. M.

ADVENTURES OF A NEW YORK BOY.

Some seven months ago a little boy not quite eleven years old, became enchanted with the military pomp, which at that time pervaded the city and country. He sought for an available opportunity to leave home for the "Seat of War." Accordingly he left with one of the New York Regiments and with them went to Poolsville. While there, the Massachusetts First Regiment of Volunteers arrived and encamped. Our young patriot was among the first to welcome them. He performed a part of a very benefactor in his attentions to the Massachusetts officers, and he, of course, became a universal pet, both among the officers and men. One of the Captains, in particular, was very kind to the boy, whom he found to be brimfull of intelligence and spirits.—The attachment was increased, however, when the boy related the sad tale of his condition: that his father had been killed in the action at Bull Run, and that his mother had since died. The kind hearted Captain, at the request of the boy, promised to adopt him, and soon therefore proceeded with him to Washington, where the necessary forms were gone through, the documents drawn, and the boy regularly adopted according to law. Meantime the father and mother of the boy, who were living in New York, were nearly heart broken over the loss of their beloved son. The father made search in every conceivable place where a boy might be likely to go—he applied to coroners, police justices, police telegraphs and other available points usually in possession of news of lost persons, and travelled far and near, but no tidings of the missing patriot. At length the lost one was over matched by his own accomplishments. Afraid that he might be torn from the father of his adoption, he cunningly wrote to some friends in New York to no if the "old folks" had said anything about his being away. As he required an answer, he sent his address, and his glad father was the courier of the reply. The scene which took place when the exulting parent and the astonished truant boy met need not be described. The kind Captain was as glad to relinquish his claims on the boy as he was to know that the boy's father had not been killed at the battle of Bull Run. The boy is now at home, and says that he is well satisfied with his experience.

"IT'S VERY HARD."

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him.

"It's very hard to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labor."

"It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches."

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting, "it's a great blessing to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind deaf or suffering."

"Why grandmother you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy still in a grumbling tone.

"No Charlie there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings."

SHE NEVER LEAVES HIM.—Look at the career of a man as he passes through the world; at a man, visited by misfortune?—How often is he left by his fellow men to sink under the weight of his afflictions, unheeded and alone? One friend of his own forgets him, another abandons him, but woman faithful woman, follows him in his afflictions with unshaken affection; braves the changes of feeling, of his temper, embittered by the disappointments of the world, with the highest of all virtue; in resigned patience ministers to his wants, even when her own are hard and pressing; she weeps with him, tear for tear, in his distress, and is the first to reflect a ray of joy, should but one, light up his countenance in the midst of his sufferings; and she never leaves him in his misery while there remains one act of love, duty, or compassion to be performed. And at last, when life and sorrow come together, she follows him to the tomb with an ardor of affection which death cannot destroy.

THE FUTURE OF THE LABORING CLASS.

No true patriot can contemplate the future of our country without the most poignant feelings of sorrow and shame, sorrow that the wealth-producing classes are to be burdened with taxes that shall eat out their substance: and shame that this great and prosperous land should have sunk, in about one short year, to the low condition it now occupies.

No reasonable man expects to see us escape from the present war with less debt than $2,005,000,000. The public lands will all be absorbed in "homestead bills" or in bounties to soldiers, and there will be no revenue from that source. The only resource left to provide for this debt will be taxation. The interest on two thousand millions of dollars will be, at six per cent. per annum, just equal to the interest upon the public debt of Great Britain, which is three per cent. upon four thousand millions of dollars. It will thus be seen that two years of "Republican" party management have loaded us down with the same burdens which now enslave the producing classes of England. There must come $120,000,000 every year from the pockets of the producing classes to pay the interest on our public debt. In other words, there must be sold each and every year, $120,000,000 worth of the products of labor, to go into the pockets of capitalists. It is the high rate of interest in this country which, more than any one cause, is making the poor poorer and the rich richer.

Look at the frightful sum of money which in the course of fifty years, this interest on our public debt would take from the workingmen of this country. The simple interest in fifty years will amount to *six thousand millions* of dollars or three times the principal. But this is not all: the $120,000,000 annually taken from labor is reloaned each year, and at compound interest, which is the true way to compute it, would amount to a sum almost beyond the power of figures. No nation can stand this absorption of the products of labor by capital without the masses being reduced to poverty and beggary. The public debt of England has been a hundred years accumulating, and the interest upon it is only three per cent. and yet her wisest statesmen have found it one of the most difficult of all questions to handle. If the interests on her public debt had been six instead of three per cent, the tion could not have endured the burden.—Nor can we for any length of time. It is the high rate of interest which eats out the of the people, and makes everybody in debt. The simple reason is because the money absorbs more of the products of labor than it ought to, and hence it accumulates in the hands of those who possess it, and as it accumulates it keeps on absorbing the products of labor in a compound ratio.

The public debt of Great Brattain produced a revolution there. It destroyed the small farms of yeomanry, the tillers of the soil being always the first to feel the oppression of taxation, because the percentage of their profits are less than any other business.—The small farms were absorbed by large landed proprietors, and the children of the farmers driven to the towns to become factory slaves. Property gradually concentrated in the hands of a few, as under the workings of a high taxation, it must always continue to do. Does any one suppose that this country wil be an exception to this inevitable law? It were madness to suppose so; indeed we shall go down the hill of poverty with much greater rapidity than they have across the water, for here the interest of our public debt will take just double of the proceeds of labor to pay its interest. Where it takes one bushel of wheat from a farmer in England, it will take two here. Where the hatter has to contribute one hat there, here he must contribute two. Where the laborer gives one days work there, he must give two here, and so on through all the ramifications of business.

But when we add to the $120,000,000 of interest the annual expenses of the government, we are at a loss to see how we are going to obtain the sum. No one can tell what it will be. No one expects it, interest and all, to be less than $300,000,000. All this must come from hard earnings of the laboring classes. There is no other place it can come from simply because all wealth must be produced, and money is the representative of wealth. Hence the $300,000,000 of governmental annual expenses represent just so much wheat, corn, rye, oats, barley, hats, boots, shoes, clothing, &c., which are the productions of labor. If any person can see in this prospect any hope for the laboring classes, but life of penury and toil, he can see more than our ken can discover.—Those who are fortunate enough to have money had better hold to it, for that will earn them six and seven per cent. without labor, and a comparatively small sum will support a family with economy, but woe to the toiler who must work and produce *all* the *products* which pay this interest upon the capital. If he is not ground to poverty then there is no truth in figures.—*Caucasian.*

☞The worst men in this country are the editors of the New York city dailies.—We judge so from what each one says of all the rest.

☞She that marries because he is a good 'match,' must not be surprised if he is a 'Lucifer.'