

THE MINERS' ADVOCATE.

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THE MINERS' ADVOCATE

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[We are unable to say who is the author of the annexed lines. They are full of feeling and redolent of poetry. If they reflect the feelings usually cherished by offspring for parents, they would be still more interesting. There is a period in life when youth indulges in the fulness of filial affection; but it soon passes away, and he who has toiled and struggled, year after year, to educate and establish his offspring in life, is forgotten. And thus it ever will be. We forget our fathers, and our children will soon forget us. We would not alter things if we could; if we would, we could not. The world and humanity will ever be the same from age to age.—*Prentice.*]

MY FATHER.

Aside the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the slatons fall,
And creeps the chirping crickets forth,
And ticks the death-watch on the wall,
I see a form in yonder chair
That grows beneath the waning light—
There are the sad features—there
The pallid brow and locks of white.
My father! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon thy narrow couch of rest;
I know not why I could not weep—
The soothing drops refused to roll,
And oh! that grief is wide and deep,
Which settles tearless on the soul.
But when I saw the vacant chair,
Thine hat upon the old gray wall,
The book—the penciled passage where
Thine eyes had rested last of all—
The trace beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth,
The very prints whose feet had made
When last they feebly trod the earth;
And thought while countless ages fled
Thy vacant feet would vacant stand—
Unwarned thy hat—thy book unrent—
Effaced thy footstep from the wall—
And widowed in this cheerless world
The heart that gave its love to thee;
Torn like the vine whose tendrils curled
More closely round the falling tree:
Oh! Father! then for her and thee,
Gushed madly forth the scalding tears;
And oft and long, and bitterly
Those tears have glistened in later years.
For as the world grows cold around,
And things take on their real hue,
'Tis sad to learn that love is found
A'one, above the stars, with you!

RIGGING A JUDGE.

Scrap from the Note Book of a Lawyer.

Among the members of the Bar was young H., whose round smooth face, soft skin, and clear complexion gave him a rather feminine cast of countenance. And the mode in which he dressed his hair, lightened the effect of his peculiar physiognomy. In his childhood he received an injury on his head, from a scald, which ever prevented the growth of any hair, on the scalded spot. On every other part of his head, his hair was of the most luxuriant growth. This blemish he was always very careful to conceal by combing his hair over the naked place, and fastening it with a lady's comb. But must not be inferred that H. was feminine in disposition, for a more manly, generous hearted, good natured fellow never lived. He was always full of fun, and always ready to enter into any joke that was going.

The landlady at one of our usual stopping places on the Circuit, was a very precise, formal widow, considerably past the prime of life, who valued herself very much for her strict propriety of deportment, and the respectability of her house. To do Mrs. L. justice, it must be admitted that her house was the most orderly, and the neatest in its arrangements of any in the circuit.

But some of us thought her extreme nicety of demeanor bordered rather on prudery, and the great pains she always took to provide for the Judge, who was a formal old bachelor, manifested a preference not altogether to the taste of some of the young members of the bar, who thought themselves equally as well entitled as the Judge, to the kind consideration of the landlady. Some of them, therefore, determined to indulge themselves in a joke, at the expense of the Judge and our hostess.

The appearance of H. on our circuit suggested a convenient opportunity for playing off the long contemplated prank. As H. had never been "victimized" on our circuit, no scruples were entertained on his account.

We had been riding during the greater part of a cold, uncomfortable day, over an extensive prairie, exposed to a sharp cutting wind, when we approached within a few miles of the house of Mrs. L., whom we intended honoring with our company for that night. F. and B. suggested that it would be better to ride ahead and give Mrs. L. timely warning of our approach, in order that she might have ample time to prepare the supper and make the necessary preparation for stowing us away for the night.

This was at once acceded to by all. And F. and B. and myself offered ourselves as the advanced guard.
Mounted on fine horses, and going at a rapid pace, we soon arrived at the house.
Our landlady received us in her usual stiff formal manner, and soon commenced making inquiries about the Judge, of whose health and speedy arrival we gave satisfactory assurance.
We found, as usual, that the best bed in the house, and also the best stall in the stable, were reserved for the comfort of the Judge and his horse.
"Mrs. L.," observed F., in a very serious manner, "how long have you been acquainted with Judge T.?"
"Ever since he has been on this circuit," replied our hostess.
"Mrs. L.," continued F., "I have known you for several years, and have always entertained a high respect for you and deem it my duty to apprise you of a circumstance that may deeply affect your character, and the standing of your house."
"My character, and the standing of my house? why what do you mean, Mr. F.?"
"Who has dared to say anything against my character, or standing of my house?"
"No one that I know of," answered F.; "but I want to put you on your guard. Mrs. L., I have my doubts whether Judge T. is the man you took him to be. To come to the

point, he is now traveling the circuit in company with a young woman, dressed in man's clothes, whom he passes off for a young lawyer. He calls her Mrs. H., and they will be here in a few moments."

"Is it possible? Can it be, Mr. F.?" What Judge T. guilty of such conduct? Why, I have always regarded him as one of the most correct men I ever knew. It cannot be, Mr. F."
"You will soon see, Madame, to your satisfaction. I could not believe it myself when I first heard of the affair."
"Mr. F.," remarked the widow with great earnestness of manner, "will Judge T. have the presumption to enter my house with such company?"

"Doubtless he will, madam," answered F., "for they have been traveling together for the past three weeks. But a short time ago I heard him remark to this young woman that he would take great pleasure in introducing her to you."
"He will! he will! I will let him know," exclaimed the widow with virtuous indignation, "that if he has no regard for his own character, I have some for mine. They shall not stay in my house!"

F. had succeeded in working up the old lady to the highest pitch, when the Judge, in company with H., entered the house.
"Mrs. L.," observed the Judge, with much cordiality of manner, "I am indeed very glad to see you looking so well. How have you been this fall? Allow me to introduce to you my young friend Mr. H., who intends to practice in our circuit."
The old lady drew herself up to her full height, and with a countenance expressing the utmost indignation, replied:

"Judge T., you are the last person from whom I should have expected such treatment. You might at least have spared me this insult in my own house."
"I insult Mrs. L.," said the Judge with the greatest astonishment. "What is the meaning of all this? I am entirely unconscious of having done anything to injure your feelings."
"You are, indeed!" replied our hostess; "do you not regard it as an insult to a lady, to introduce to her such a worthless creature as that?" pointing to H.

"Mrs. L., he is one of the most respectable young gentlemen in our county. You certainly must have —"
"Respectable, indeed!" interrupted our landlady, in a scornful and indignant manner; "a worthless hussy dressed in men's clothes. And you, Judge T., to be traveling in company with such a creature! I never would have believed it had I not beheld it with my own eyes."
"My dear Madame," said H., stepping forward, "you are mistaken—some one must have been imposing upon you."

"Don't you 'dear madam' me—you brazen faced trollop!" exclaimed the old lady. "How dare you come into my house? Out of my house this moment, you impudent jade!"
"Spare Mrs. L.," said the Judge, endeavoring to stop this torrent of abuse. "There is a strange mistake about all this. I assure you that you are mistaken in your surmise. This young gentleman is well known to all the members of the bar. Mr. F. you are well acquainted with Mr. H. Where is Mr. F.?"

The Judge looked around, but all had disappeared save the actors in this ludicrous scene. As soon as we saw that matters were coming to a crisis, we all left the room, and going around the house, placed ourselves in a position where we could hear all that was going on within, without any danger of being discovered. In the meantime Mrs. L. insisted that the Judge and H. should leave the house.

Not being able to find any one to aid them in their extremity, and despairing of convincing her of the mistake she was laboring under, they mounted their horses and rode on to the next house.
As soon as they had departed, we returned to the house and complimented the old lady on the resolution and spirit she had manifested on the trying occasion.

As she now had successfully repelled this assault upon her dignity and the character of her house, by driving out the invaders, she soon became restored to her usual equanimity. She repeatedly declared, during the evening, that nothing but her own eyes would have convinced her, such had been her esteem for the character of Judge T. She declared that under the same circumstances she would have driven from her house the President of the United States.

That night F. slept in the bed reserved for the Judge, and regaled himself with many little delicacies set apart for the especial use of His Honor.
In truth, we who remained were treated with unusual attention. The Judge, who soon unraveled the mystery, was for a short time very indignant; but being very sensitive to ridicule, he promised forgiveness on the condition that we would not tell the story on the circuit.
H. however said it was too good to keep, although he was the principal sufferer.

Our hostess was for a long time unappeasable, but eventually was reconciled to us through the mediation of a handsome silk dress.
NAPOLION'S HEART.—When Bonaparte died at St. Helena, it is well known that his heart was extracted with the design of being preserved. The British physician who had charge of that wondrous organ, had deposited it in a silver basin, among water, and retired to rest, leaving two tapers burning beside it in his chamber. He often confessed to his friends, while narrating the particulars, he felt nervous as to the custody of such a deposit, and although he reclined, he did not sleep. While laying awake, he heard during the silence of the night, first a rustling noise, then a plunge among the water of the basin, and then a sound of an object falling, with a rebound on the floor—all occurring with the quickness of thought. Dr. A. sprang from his bed, and the cause of the intrusion on his repose was soon explained. It was an enormous rat, dragging the heart of Bonaparte to his hole. A few moments more, and that which before had been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been found even in a more degrading position than the dust of Caesar stopping a beer barrel—it would have been the supper of a rat.

If a streak of lard is worth a shilling, what would a dab of butter come to? Multiply the milk by the age of the cow, and divide by the square root of the chalk contained therein. The quotient will be the answer.

THE REIGN OF PETTICOATS.

Timothy Brown, stand up," said his Honor the Mayor, while trying the watch-house cases this morning, to a slim, nervous looking creature, in the prisoner's dock.

Timothy stood up, but instead of casting his eyes towards the Mayor, he kept them fixed upon a short and somewhat corpulent lady, with a highly figured shawl, thrown over her rather broad shoulders, and a bonnet covered with flowers upon her head, who sat on the opposite side of the court room. At the time Timothy's name was called, she was engaged in packing sundry little articles in a highly ornamented reticule. As he raised his body, however, she raised her head, and their eyes met. A kick from a horse could not have shocked Timothy more severely, for he certainly would have fallen, had not his hands nervously grasped the railings of the dock.

"Mr. Brown," said the Mayor, "you are charged with abusing your wife."
"Yes—that's the charge," replied the lady who have mentioned, rising and making a curtsy, "for, may it please your Honor, I am his better half."
"I—I—I—never—did," stammered Brown, as she—

"Mr. Brown," cried Mrs. B., stamping her foot upon the floor, which apparently chilled the heart of her husband, "Mr. Brown, will you hold your peace while I am speaking. Remember, sir, that we are not alone in our domicile, where peace once reigned supreme, but which, alas! is now the abode of misery. I stand now under the protection of the law; and justice, with her blinded eyes and unerring sword, shall decide the differences between us."
"Sally, for heaven's sake, don't!"

"Mr. Brown, hold thy peace; you are a prisoner; prisoners are not allowed to speak."
"You," said his Honor, "charge your husband with abusing you; did he strike you?"
"No, sir; that he dare not do. Strike me? Let him ever attempt that, if he wishes the broom-handle broken over his head."
"In what manner, then, did he abuse you? I must know this before I can further proceed with the cause."

"Please your Honor," tremulously said Brown "I can tell you all—"
"Mister Brown, will you be silent?" interrupted Mrs. B., with another stamp of her foot, which effectually stopped the tongue of her husband. Then turning to the Mayor, she said: "That man, sir, was once the idol of my heart, I believe that he loved me at that time, but heaven knows, sir, I have found my mistake. He is a tailor by trade, sir; a journeyman tailor; as good a tailor as ever stitelled a pair of pants; but it profits me nothing now. What is a husband, your Honor, without affection, which is the admiration of our sex; the acme of our heart's enjoyment?"

"Sally! Sally! I do love you," cried Brown. "You once did, Timothy; you once did, and you don't now. My heart is shrouded in darkness, Timothy; black, dismal darkness."
"Will you please tell me, madam, in what manner your husband assaulted you?" inquired the Mayor, now growing impatient.

"Oh, pardon me, sir," replied Mrs. B., "but my troubles so distract my mind that I know not what I say. Timothy, you will one day repent all this." Here Mrs. B. rested her forehead on her hand for a minute, as if in deep study, and then addressed the Mayor as follows:
"I will tell you all, though shame parch my lips. I have told you we were once happy, but a change in his habits has ruined our peace. For your better understanding, allow me to say, that woman naturally yearns to disseminate good among the children of Eve. Her heart, naturally more refined than man's, seeks to penetrate the recesses of darkness, and shed righteous light upon poor humanity. I am a woman, and have the feelings of a woman, and therefore seek to aid with my feeble powers, the various reforms which now agitate the world. I have attached myself to a sewing society for the relief of distressed emigrants, the members of which meet—"

"To talk about other people's business," slyly whispered Brown.
"At Mrs. Smith's every Tuesday evening, and I am bound to attend it. I am also a member of the Ladies' Society for the Diffusion—"
"Of domestic discord," again whispered Brown.

"Of Internal Knowledge, which meets every Wednesday evening. Being a member of the Female Improvement Association, I necessarily attend its sitting every Thursday evening, to—"
"Learn nonsense and the devil's mischief," softly whispered Brown.
"See that the important interests of the Association are not neglected. My Friday evenings are spent at Squire Hill's making—"
"Mischief among neighbors," said Brown.

"Clothing for the suffering Heathen. Every Saturday evening, the Married Women's Debating Society, meets, and being Monitor, it demands my attention above—"
"Your domestic duties," happily whispered Timothy.

"Everything else. Sunday is the day of rest for us all."
"Except me," said Brown, bravely.
"For relaxation, I attend every Monday evening the Rev. Mr. Longbreath's popular Lectures on popular ideas."
"Does your husband attend you to all these places, inquired the Mayor.

"Bless you! no; thereby lays my complaint. Formerly he objected not to my doing good, but lately he seemed to forbid me all these privileges. Last evening, when I put on my bonnet, preparatory to accompanying my particular friend, Mr. Adams, to the lectures, he threw down the baby (Mr. Brown began to tremble again), and declared openly that he would neither nurse the brat or clear up the supper dishes. My feelings were so shocked that I nearly fainted; for in six years of married life, Mr. Brown never before refused to perform his share of our domestic duties."
"What did he do after that?" coolly asked the Mayor.

"Nothing, sir, but obstinately refused to do his duty. After persuading him in vain, I called in the officers of the law, and had him arrested. I intended to show him that law and justice will sustain me."
"You are mistaken, madam. He has not offended the law, however much he may have offended you. I discharge him."
"Discharge him! Heavens! is there no remedy for our sex? and will even the law insult us

when we ask for redress? Oh! woful, woful, indeed, is the condition of society!"
She looked the Mayor in the eyes for a few minutes, as if expecting a response, but getting none, returned to her husband. She gave him a glance which almost melted him in his seat; and then harshly stamping her little foot, she said to him:
"Timothy, begone! I'll seek redress among those who deal out justice."

Mr. Brown obeyed, but with a trembling step. His wife followed him, amid the laughter of all who had witnessed the rich scene.
Dog-Fight in Frog-Town.
The most remarkable dog fight on record came off at Frog Town, on the frontier of Maine, some years ago. It engrossed the entire community in one general indiscriminate MELÉE—interminable law-suits, or suits of law-suits—distraction of the town, its downfall and ruin!

A fanciful genius named Joe Tucker, a man about town—a longer—without visible means of support—a do-nothing, a loafing, cigar smoking, good natured fellow—owned a dog, a sick, intelligent, and rather pretty beast, always at Joe's heels, and known as well as his master, and liked far more by the Frog-towners. One day Joe and his dog were passing Bauman's grocery store, when a great piebald ugly looking dog, standing alongside of a wood wagon, bounded on to Joe Tucker's dog—knocked him heels over head, and so frightened Bob Carter's wife—who was passing towards her husband's blacksmith shop, with his dinner, that she stumbled backwards, and her old sun bonnet flopping off, scared the horse attached to the wagon. He started off lit Latherem's barber pole—upset the load of wood, half of which falling down Gumbo's refreshment cellar, struck one of Gumbo's children, on the head, killed it for a time, stone dead; and so alarmed Mrs. Gumbo, that she dropped a stew pan of hot boiling oysters into the lap, instead of the dish, of a customer, who sat waiting for the savory concoction, by a table in the corner. Mrs. Gumbo rushed for the child—the customer for the door. Mrs. Gumbo screamed the child screamed and the customer yelled!

"Oh, oh! oh-oh-h, my poor child!" cried Mrs. Gumbo.
"Eh, eh-e-e-e!" screamed the child.
"Oh, murderer-r! O, my everlasting sin, I'm scalded to all eternity! Murder-r!" roared the customer.

The horse, the part of a wagon, and some of the wood were on their mad career. The owner of a strange dog came out of the store just in time to see Joe Tucker seize a rock to demolish the savage dog, and not waiting to see Joe let drive, gave him such a pop on the back, that poor Joe fell forty rods up the street, and striking the foot of a long ladder, upon which Jim Elderby was perched, paint pot in hand, some thirty feet from terra firma, brought ladder, Jim and paint pot sprawling to the earth; crippling poor Jim for life, and sprinkling blue paint copiously over the broadcloths, sattinets, and calicoes of Abraham Miller, a formal and even-tempered Quaker, who ran out to the door, just as the two dogs had gone fairly at it, hip and thigh, nip and catch. A glance at matters, seemed to convince Abraham of the true state of the case; and in an unusually elevated voice, Abraham called out to Joe Tucker, who had righted up—

"Joseph Tucker, thy dog's fighting!"
"Let em fight it out!" yelled the pugnacious owner of the strange dog. "Let em fight it out; I'll bet a load of wood my dog can eat any dog in town, and I can eat the owner!"
We have said 'Abraham Miller was a mild man; Quakers are proverbially so. But the gauntlet thrown down by the stranger from the country, stirred the gall of Abraham, and he rushed into the store; from the back yard, having slipped his collar, Abraham brought forth a brindle cur, strong, and all powerful.

"Friend," said the excited Quaker, "thy dog shall be well beaten, I promise thee! I like seize upon him! Turk, here boy!" and the dog went at it.
Bob Carter, the smith, coming up in time to hear the stranger's defiance, to the town, and bent on a fight with somebody, for the insult and damage to his wife, clamped the collar of the stranger, and by a series of ten pounds ten upon the face, back and sides of his bully antagonist, with his natural sledge hammers, Bob, stirring up the strength and ire of the stranger, to the top of his compass, and then made the sparks fly dreadfully.

Joe Tucker's dog, re-inforced by that of Abraham Miller, took a fresh start, and between the two, the strange dog was being cruelly put to his stumps. Deacon Pugh, one of the most pious and substantial men in Frog-town, came up, and indeed the whole town was assembling, and deacon Pugh armed with his heavy walking stick, and shocked at the spectacle before him, marched up to the dogs exclaimed as he did so—
"Fie, fie, fie, for shame! disgraceful! you men, citizens of Frogtown, will you stand by, and—"

"Don't thee, don't thee strike my dog, Deacon Pugh!" cried Abraham Miller, advancing to the deacon, who was about to cut right and left among the dogs with his cane.
"Your dogs!" shouted the deacon, with evident fervor.
"Not my dogs, Deacon Pugh!" echoed the speaker.
"What did you say so for, then," shouted the deacon.
"I never said dogs, Deacon Pugh!"
"You did!" responded the deacon, with excitement.
"Deacon Pugh, he speaks groundlessly," said the Quaker.
"You tell a falsehood, Abraham Miller!"
"The utters a mendacious assertion!" reiterated Abraham.
"You—you—you tell a lie!" bowled the deacon.

"Thee has provoked my evil passion, deacon Pugh!" shouted the stalwart Quaker, "and I will chastise thee!"
And into the deacon's wool went the Quaker. The deacon, nothing loth, entered into the spirit of the thing, and we leave them thus "nip and tuck," to look to the stranger and Bob Carter, who fit and fought, fought and fit, until Squire Catchem and the town constable came up, and in their attempt to preserve the peace, and arrest the offenders the Squire was thrust through the window of a neighboring watchmaker, doing a heap of damage, while lawyer Hooker, in attempting to aid the constable, was hit in a mistake by the furious blacksmith in the short ribs, and went reeling

down Gumbo's cellar with frightful velocity! The friends and fellow churchmen of deacon Pugh took sides against the Quaker antagonist, and the shop boys of Abraham, seeing their employer thus beset, came to the rescue, while two Irishmen, full of fin and frolic, believing it to be a "free fight," tried their hands and sticks upon his combatants indiscriminately, so that in less than an hour the quiet and happy town of Frogtown was shaken from its propriety by one grand, sublimely ridiculous and terrific battle. Heads and windows were smashed—women and children screamed—dogs barked—just flew—labor ceased—and so furious, mad and excited became the whole community, that a quiet looker on, if there had been any, would have sworn the evil ones were all in Frogtown.

A heavy thunder storm finally put an end to the row, the dogs were all more or less killed, a child severely wounded, a man scalded, a wagon broken; the horse ran himself to death; his owner was beaten awfully by Bob Carter, whose wife and the wives of many others were dangerously scared; the painter was crippled, dry goods ruined; a Quaker and a Deacon, two Irishmen, Joe Tucker, town Constable, Lawyer Hooker, Squire Catchem and some fifty others shamefully whipped. Lawsuits ensued, feuds followed, and the entire peace and good repute of Frogtown annihilated—all by a remarkable dog fight.

A PATRIOT'S DEATH.—The records of ancient Greece and Rome do not exhibit a nobler instance of patriotism than is contained in the following inscription, found upon a gravestone in New London, Conn. No wonder our revolutionary fathers were invincible, while they were actuated by such motives as are here recorded:
"On the 30th of October, 1782, 4,000 English fell upon this town by fire and sword; 709 Americans defended the fort for a whole day, but in the evening, about four o'clock, the commander of the besieged delivered up his sword to an Englishman who immediately stabbed him. All his comrades were put to the sword. A line of powder was then laid from the magazine to the sea, there to be lighted and blow the fortress into the air. William Hotman, who lay not far distant, with three strokes of the bayonet in his body, said to his wounded friends who was still alive—'We will endeavor to crawl to this line, and thus we will completely wet the powder with blood, and with the life that still remains in us, save the fort and magazine, and perhaps a few of our comrades who are only wounded.' He alone had strength enough to accomplish this noble design. In his 30th year he died on the powder which he overflowed with his own blood. His friend and seven of his wounded companions by that means had their lives preserved."

After this narrative are the following words in large capitals:
"HERE RESTS WILLIAM HOTMAN."

NOT BAD.—The Piscataqua Observer is responsible for the following:
"A gentleman called at a hut in the Aroostook Valley and requested some dinner. The lady (her spouse being absent) refused to supply his necessities for money, or for the love of humanity.
"Very well," said the hungry traveler, as he turned his footsteps from the inhospitable abode, "you will want nothing to eat to-morrow."
"Why not," inquired the woman.

"Because, answered the weary man, "the Indians are digging a tunnel to Moosehead Lake and are going to turn all the waters of the Lake into the Aroostook valley, and you and all the rest of the people are to be drowned."
Upon this intelligence the old lady hurried off to the priest to inform him that a flood was to overflow the valley, and to ascertain what was to be done in this sad emergency.
The priest endeavored to quiet her fears by telling her that God had promised that he would never send another flood upon the earth.
"But," exclaimed the affrighted woman, "it isn't God that going to do it—it's the cursed injuns."

A late writer supposes that the "indifference to danger," which most people exhibit on steamboats, springs from the common-place look that everything wears. Who can believe that a thousand horses are tugging to get out of a boiler, when he sees this immense power kept in subjection by a knock-kneed man in a paper hat, and ill-kept nose.

WHAT I HAVE NOTICED.—I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead; and that tombstones are all marked with the epithets of "good and virtuous." Is there any particular cemetery where bad men are buried?
I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "forgive our debts," but makes every body pay who owes him to the utmost farthing.
I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue, is certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought in mercy to his neighbor, surrender the razor to justice.
I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's ambition, and the idol of all.
I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

There is more truth than poetry in the following, which we copy from the Cincinnati Commercial:
Man is universally believed to be an intelligent animal, and yet one very important lesson a large portion of the race cannot be taught, that an editor's time is precious. When you call upon one of the fraternity, you should never occupy him more than an hour at a time with what in no manner concerns him, without first informing him of your intention to do so; when, perhaps, his stock of philosophy may enable him to bear the infliction.

A REAL MISER.—A laughable story is told of an old miser, who, being at the point of death, resolved to give all to his nephew, at whose hands he experienced some little kindness.
"Sam," said he, for that was his nephew's name; "Sam, I am about to leave the world, and leave you all my money. You will then have \$50,000! only think! Yes! I feel weaker and weaker; I think I shall die in two hours. O, yes, Sam, I am going, give me two per cent, and you may have the money!"

