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ear snatches of the old, old ballads that his heart loved, and which are dear to all men who speak his language, because he loved them. Then he comes home to die. Gently as a child, he has been unspoiled by the mastery of a world. Through the mist of the fast fading mind looks out that true and tender manhood which forever memorable. "Be a good man, my dear," he whispers to his son-in-law, Lockhart, on a soft September afternoon, thirty-nine years ago, with all the windows wide open and the gentle ripple of the Tweed murmuring upon the air, while his children knelt around the bed. Walter Scott died, "and his eldest son closed his eyes."

In his case that prayer which was noted of one his successors was fulfilled: "May love and truth guide such a man always." For of any man who ever held so large a place in the heart of his cotemporaries and of their children, and who had so great a power, could it be more truly said than of Sir Walter, that he was guided always by love and truth?

The Variety of Coinage.

Though the whole world may be said thus far to have been Gold-worshippers, there are very few, who have not attempted the collections of coins, that know the variety of form and appearance which these little objects of men's idolatry have taken. In shape, coins have generally been round and thin, both for convenience of making and handling. The exceptions to this were more frequent in ancient than modern times; yet there are now one or two square coins struck, both in Europe and Asia. There are parallelograms in Japan, and eight-sided pieces in Assam. We have, also, a few octagonal gold pieces of American coinage. In striking the circular coin it is necessary that it should be held in a ring or collar, in order to preserve its form. Far want of some such precaution as this, as also, perhaps, because they were not accurately cut, the more ancient coins are rarely true circles, though this was evidently the form intended.

Of course no attempt would be made within our limits to speak of the different devices on the coins of other nations. Even in our own, first and last, there has been a much greater variety than most persons would suppose. It is not an uncommon impression that our laws prohibit the coinage of money by private individuals; yet they do not, provided the coin is not made "in resemblance or similitude" of the gold or silver coins issued from the Mint. The Constitution prohibits the States from coining money, and vests the power in Congress; but under this provision no law has ever forbidden the citizens to do it, except imitation of the national coins. So far as the copper coin is concerned, however, there is what is equivalent to this prohibition in the law, which forbids the offering, or even the receiving of any other coin than the cent and half-cent. In some parts of the country private gold coins have been struck and circulated. These instances have occurred especially in the gold regions of North Carolina and Georgia. Some fifteen or more private mines, also, are said to have sent forth their coinages in California.

Our National Mint has four branches: one at Charlotte, in North Carolina; one at Dahlonega, Georgia; one at New Orleans, and one in San Francisco. The coins at these several branches exactly resemble those of the principal Mint at Philadelphia, except that they have upon them the letters "C," "D," "O," and "S," respectively, to distinguish them, while the coins of the Philadelphia Mint have no initial letter.

Before the formation of the Federal Constitution, each Colony claimed the right to coin money, and many of them had their issues. The earliest Colonial coin is said to have been made for the Va. Company, in 1612. It was of brass; and on the obverse, or principal side, the accounts of that day tell us, was "a hogge," in memory of the abundance of "hogges" found by the colonists on their landing. On the reverse side was a ship under full sail, firing a gun. Probably not a large number of these brass coins were made. At any rate, neither they nor the currency obtained from other sources sufficed for the wants of the colonists, and they were compelled to resort to some other medium of exchange; and they chose—Tobacco.

More than thirty years later (1645), the Assembly of Virginia prefaced the law which provided for a new copper coinage with the declaration that they had "maturely weighed and considered how advantageous a quoine current would be to their Colony, and the great wants and miseries which do daily happen unto it by the sole dependency upon tobacco." The law passed, but was never carried into effect; and the colonists were compelled to use tobacco as money, and to submit to the "miseries" resulting from it.

The first coins actually struck in the country were made in Massachusetts, in accordance with a law passed in 1652, establishing a "Mint house" in Boston. The law provided that the coinage should be "twelve pence, six pence and three pence peeces, which shall be for forme flat, and stamped on the one side N. E., and on the other side with X.I.L.D., V.L.D., and III.D., according to the value of each pece."—These coins were soon in circulation, but before the expiration of the year a new die was ordered, because, on account of the extreme simplicity of the design, these were so easily tampered with by washing and clipping. It was ordered that,—"Henceforth both shillings and smaller peeces shall have a double ring on either side, with this inscription (Massachusetts), and a tree in the centre on one side, and New England and the date of the year on the other side." These pieces are now known as the "Pine-tree" coinage.—All have the date either of 1652 or 1662. They probably had but the two sets of dies, though the mint was in existence for thirty-four years. Subsequently this mint was given up, and coins were struck in England for the New Colonies as well as the Carolinas.

In 1662, an act was passed in Maryland "for the setting up of a mint within the Province," though the law was never carried into operation. Lord Baltimore, however, had coins struck at home and sent over, bearing appropriate colonial inscriptions. Eighty years later than this, King George I. attempted to introduce into all the Colonies the circulation of coins made of "pinchbeck," giving to one William Wood, by royal patent, the right to make them. We are told that "he had the conscience to make thirteen shillings out of a pound of brass." This was called "Wood's money," and was indignantly refused both in America and in Ireland.

In 1776, New Hampshire passed laws for a mint, which, however, was never established. But Vermont did establish one in 1785, at Rupert, at which, not only coins of her own were made, but subsequently a few of the earlier coins of the Federal Government.—Connecticut also, in the same year established a mint at New Haven, where afterward three hundred tons of the first copper coins of the Federal Government were made. New Jersey established two mints in 1797; one at Elizabeth and another near Morris-town. Massachusetts, in the same year, re-established two—one on Boston Neck and one in Dedham. These are some of the mints of the early days, but it would require more space than we can spare, to describe the various coins which they issued.

The plan of the National coinage was presented by Jefferson, in 1786, and, with a few changes, was the same as is still continued. The designs upon the coins, as is well known, have been quite frequently altered. The first cent, of which the large quantity above mentioned was made in New Haven, had on one side a chain of thirteen links, with the words "United States" around it, and "We are One" in the centre. On the other was a sundial, with the sun above it, and "Mind Your Business," below. This was perhaps the most unique design and inscription of any in the whole series of coins, which comprised, besides the two copper coins, five silver and three gold. One silver and four gold coins have since been added. The weight of the copper cent has been four times reduced; at first it weighed two hundred and sixty-four grains, or a little over half an ounce. The gold coins have been reduced in weight once, and the proportion of alloy also changed. An important reduction, it will also be remembered, was made in 1853, in the silver coinage.—*Mercantile Journal.*

ADVERTISING.—The object in advertising is to increase business. An advertisement properly inserted in a newspaper is more effectual than any other method, because it is read when a reader is in a mood for it. No one will take the time to read an advertisement unless he has a passive inclination to do so. The great advantage of a newspaper advertisement is shown in this manner. In printed advertising, all transient methods, as circulars, or the like, are thrust upon us unsought—scarcely glanced at—flung into the waste-basket, and wholly forgotten.—At some subsequent time we are in need of the very article the circular represented, but we cannot recall the merits, terms, or address. Naturally we seek the newspaper—and then is the specific time the advertisement that regularly appears in the newspaper wins.—*Union Advocate, Texas.*

An erratic poetical genius about town was highly delighted by the editor's telling him he resembled Lord Byron. "Do you really think so?" asked the moon-struck sonneteer in an ecstasy; "pray, in what respect?" Why, you wear your shirt-collar upside down, and get tipsy on gin and water."

The Virtue of Ventriloquism; or Michael Murphy and the Ghost.

An incident occurred in the hotel of one of the picturesque marine villages which skirt Lake Pontchartrain, on a certain occasion last summer, that effectually served to dispel the listless ennui too prevalent in such places.—Among the guests there, for the time being, was one Michael Murphy, an eccentric, good natured soul, a native of what used to be par excellence the land of potatoes, but which now may be called the potatoless land. He had been on a big burst in the city, and went over the lake to dispel the fumes of debauch, and take salt baths and soda at the same time.

All this became known to the ventriloquist, who had paid a flying visit to the place, and who had such command over his voice that he could make it do anything, from the squeaking of a pig under the gate, to the singing of a mocking bird. Believing that Michael was just about that time in an impressive state—in a reformatory mood—he thought he would, through the medium of his art, endeavor to effect a favorable change in his morals. With this view he booked his name for a bed in the same room with Michael, and about 12 o'clock at night—that hour to superstitious minds so fraught with terror—he pitched his voice outside the door, saying in a trombone tone:—"Michael Murphy! Michael Murphy! are you asleep?"

"Who's that?" said Michael, much startled at the sepulchral tone in which the query was put, and the time of putting it.

"Ask me not, but answer," said the ventriloquist, still continuing his ghostly accent.

"Well, what have you got to say?" said Michael.

"Much of which I want you to take notice," said the ventriloquist, or rather the ventriloquist voice.

"O, clear off," said Michael, "or else I'll give you your tar."

"Better had you continued to take tea than to break the pledge, as you have done," said the voice outside the door.

"What's all this noise about?" said the ventriloquist, speaking from the bed.

"Some dirty blackguard that's outside the door there," said Michael, "interferin' with what's none of his business."

"Why don't you drive him from it?" said the ventriloquist from the bed.

"I wish he dare," said the voice outside the door.

"Be jabbers, I'll let you see I dare," said Michael, jumping up, seizing his hickory, and hurriedly opening the door, ready on sight to knock down the annoy.

ael to take his bitters. He consented, but just as he took the glass in his hand, the voice of the ventriloquist, who was present, was heard in the air crying out:—"Touch it not, Michael Murphy—remember your promise."—It was enough, Michael would not taste.

"The pleasure of the wine with you, Mr. Murphy," said a gentleman at the table.

"With pleasure, sir," said Michael, but just at that moment a voice was heard to issue from the corner of the room—it was that of the ventriloquist, who sat by his side uttering his admonition.

Thus the thing went on for a week, till Michael was then and forever a teetotaler. He now industriously minds his business, enjoys good health and prospers. In relation to the circumstances under which he became a teetotaler, he says he had never had the pleasure of seeing his best friend.

A Fearful Temperance Lecture.

From the police items of the New York Tribune we take the following, on which comment is unnecessary, it being in accordance with principles often enough enumerated in our columns, says the *Phrenological Journal*:

"Among the names registered at the Tombs the other night was that of a youth, about fifteen years of age, who had been arrested for drunkenness. But he was not drunk, nor had he been drinking. He was, moreover, in good, sound health, but gave all external indications of being intoxicated when arrested by a police officer.—Upon protesting to the keeper of the Tombs that he was not intoxicated, it was revealed that the unfortunate youth had been born a natural drunkard, or rather, that he had always acted like such a thing. He said that although in good health, he had never been able to walk without staggering. His speech was not unlike that of persons in a decided state of intoxication, and when excited he would mutter and reel. The unfortunate youth was detained until the next day, and was sent to the courts to be gazed at through judicial spectacles. A subsequent investigation of the case proved that the lad had been telling the truth about himself; but his condition revealed a demonstration of the natural law that the child is a fair copy of his parents. It appears that prior to marriage the father had been a secret but confirmed inebriate, and when the facts became known to the woman thus suddenly and unexpectedly, she wept in the most terrible manner. Almost broken-hearted, she contemplated the future misery in store for her. Months passed away, when it was discovered that the child at three years of age acted strangely, and at the end of six months the unhappy woman fully realized all her forebodings. The effect produced upon the mother was not without its influence on the father, however. Realizing, in the midst of tears of bitter anguish, the sin that had been visited on the child, the man reformed. He has now several bright children, and most exemplary ones, too, they are. But the boy that was brought into the Tombs was not drunk, but had entailed upon him a life of misery, as it was a blasted destiny."

"Give it to him," said the ventriloquist from the bed.

"Be gor, I believe it's the Old Boy himself was it," said Michael, "for I don't see a soul here."

"It's very mysterious," said the ventriloquist from the bed.

"I wonder," said Michael, "if there's any evil spirits in this country?"

"I don't know," said the ventriloquist, "but they say the ghosts of departed Indians haunt the place."

"O, that was no Indian ghost," said Michael, "for it spoke as good English as I do myself."

"And a little better Michael," said the voice, as if it proceeded from one standing by his side.

Plain Talking About Money Matters.

Most people are so "hard run" for money that it seems to be almost cruel to ask them to pay you what justly belongs to you and does not belong to them. If you have \$5 in your pocket, and owe it for food or raiment, or advertising, or subscription, to another man, is it right to spend that \$5 in oysters, drinks, turkeys, and a new hat, clothes, &c.,—when the other man has already paid you for that \$5, trusted you for it, needs it, and you promised it to him as soon as you got it.

Now you have got it. What are you going to do with it? If you "withhold it from its rightful owner" (heap worse than stealing,) where can you expect to go to? Is not the withholding the \$5 from the man you promised to pay, an amalgam of meanness, mendacity and fraud, and a step towards the destruction of that confidence between man and man, on which society itself depends.

The vulgar doctrine of "get all the credit you can and never pay. It is clear gain," is a stench in the nostrils of honest humanity.

We are not writing for debts due us, but for a great principal which underlies and comprehends all the business of every community. There must be some credit, some trust. How can you protect yourself against a man you believe to be honest, but who deliberately buys your goods, knowing that he never intends to pay for them.

It is time to talk plainly on this subject.

See also the trouble it causes.—The honest man incurs debts, relying on the promises of supposed honest friends to pay him in time to meet his obligations. They fail him and place him in a most unpleasant condition. He must break his word, or borrow money at the price of the extortioner, a price which no honest business can stand. It is true "the extortioner, the unjust, &c.," know their future fate, and know they will kill their customers, but they will charge their price.

We are telling plain truths. In fact we have borrowed money at 12 per cent. in Fredericksburg, (when the rate in Alexandria, Richmond, &c., was 8 or 9) rather than even "dun" or ask for money, long due us, by people who seemed to be so wretchedly "hard up" that it was to us personally painful to speak of what they owed us.—Some people too, have such horrible bad manners about settling accounts that it makes a gentleman's flesh crawl to have pecuniary transactions with them, and he would rather lose a small debt than encounter such porcupine offensiveness. Some people even receive money with a greedy regret lest they have not charged enough or been cheated some how in the settlement.

Some pay, as if they begrudged every dime they parted with and were undergoing the pain of having a tooth pulled. Pecuniary manners need restoration to the old style, which many yet preserve, to pay with pleasure, and even when accepting a balance due make the payer feel that he has conferred a favor as well as conformed to justice and fulfilled a duty.—*Fredricksburg News.*

Pruning Grape Vines.

The best time for pruning is soon after the leaves have dropped from the vines, and the frosts will soon denude them sufficiently for that purpose.—Fall or early winter pruning leaves the remaining buds in a stronger and more vigorous condition for fruiting the next season, than to allow the whole length of vine to absorb the circulation of sap through the winter.—Spring pruning is hazardous even to the life of the vine, for the loss of sap by "bleeding," as it is termed, in spring pruning often debilitates the roots, and permanently injures their vitality. No pretended skill of a professor is required to prune a vine properly. The main thing to be kept in mind is that the buds which are the growth of the present year are the ones which will form branches for bearing next season, and their number should be governed by the age and vigor of the vine, and the space which it is required to occupy. As a general rule two or three buds on branches of the present season's growth are enough to form bearing vines for the next year, always observing to use the knife severely upon those branches which have a long, straggling, feeble growth, and which should generally be cut close to the original stock. The pruned branches and leaves can be kept around the roots until spring, which serves to protect and nourish the roots with the required constituents from which they were formed. If the many vine-yards which have been lately planted in this vicinity are properly tended, the results cannot fail to be profitable to their owners.—*Cor Peninsular News.*

Trying to define love is like trying to know how you can get brake thru the ice; all you know about it, is you fell in and got ducked.

The Sisters.

Once there lived near the fields and woods of a small village a poor woman who had three daughters. Though good, she was so simple that she was ready to believe all that people told her.

One day a peddler came to her house, and tried to get her to buy a wooden clock; but she said she had one already; then he tried to make her buy some tin-ware; and at last offered to tell her fortune and that of her three daughters for a quarter of a dollar.

"This seemed to the poor woman very cheap, for she was not wise enough to know that a foolish thing is dear at any price. So she consented to give him a quarter of a dollar if he would tell them all their fortunes.

"Here are my three little girls—Anna, Bella and Cecilia," said the mother.

"Why don't you call them A, B and C?" asked the peddler; "that would save time, and time is money, you know. Come here, Anna, and give me your hand."

Then Anna gave him her hand; and he looked at the lines on the palm, and said:—"You, Anna, are born to great riches. Dear me! How rich you will be! What piles of gold I see hid away all for you to handle!"

Then Bella came forward and gave the peddler her hand; and he looked at the lines of the palms and said:—"Well, I declare! what a golden family you are going to be! Nothing but gold, gold, gold, can I find in these lines. There, Bella, your fortune is told."

Little Celia now let me take her hand, and as he looked at her palm, he put on his spectacles, saying:—"These lines are so fine, that I ought to charge double price for studying them. However, a bargain is a bargain. You, Celia, are going to be the richest of all."

"And how is it with me?" asked the good mother, holding out her hand, and at the same time paying the peddler his quarter of a dollar.

"Oh!" said he, looking carelessly at her hand, and then taking up his pack, "you are rich enough already!"

And with these words the saucy peddler put the money in his pocket and departed.

That next summer, on a lovely day in June, the three sisters strolled out near the edge of a wood to pick wild flowers and make dandelion-chains.

As they sat on a bank under a tree, they began to talk of the peddler and the fortunes he had promised. They were too wise to believe what he had said; and they laughed merrily at his impudence.

"To think of his telling mother that she was rich enough already!" said Celia.

"An idea strikes me," said Anna.—"The peddler was right after all—right in a certain sense. What he meant was, that mother was rich in love. By gold he meant love, which is something better than gold, you know."

"Yes," said Bella, "and when he said we should be rich, he meant we should dearly love one another. And don't we love one another? And isn't this little Celia the richest of all in love? Yes, I do see what the peddler meant, and I do not grudge him his quarter of a dollar. We are all rich, oh, very rich, in love!"

Then the sisters rose and sauntered home with arms around one another's necks to tell their mother of the bright discovery which they had made.

Selected Miscellany.

Sir Walter Scott's Last Years.

Even now, when he has been so long at rest, and a new generation has arisen, and new fames fill the world, it is impossible to think of the tragedy of Scott's last years without a poignant and personal sorrow as over the fate of a dear friend. Suddenly the misfortune came—the enormous losses and debts—and he put the great heart and the great shoulder to the tremendous struggle. The beneficent genius that had so long gayly played only to delight the fascinated world, was in a moment wrestling with death for honor and existence. He owed nearly six hundred thousand dollars; and of this vast sum, by strenuous and relentless toil, breaking his heart and consuming his brain, he paid within four years, considerably more than half.—Alas! he paid with his life and with mind. The cloud fell thicker and more heavily. His wife died; everything failed but his own heroism, and the love and pity of mankind. There are glimpses in the memoirs of that time—glimpses inexpressibly sad—of the dying man in Italy, at Naples upon the Campagna. It's only the shadow of the stalwart Scott. He sits for hours gazing upon the sea; he moves restlessly about; he repeats, in a tone so mournful, that the heart breaks to