THE ERA.

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The  Era.

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POETRY.

Love never Sleeps.

"Love never sleeps!" The mother's eye
Bends o'er her dying infant's bed;
And as she marks the moments fly,
While death creeps on with noiseless tread,
Faint and distress'd, she sits and weeps,
With beating heart! "Love never sleeps!"

Yet, e'en that sad and fragile form
Forgets the tumult of her breast;
Despite the horrors of the storm,
O'erburthen'd nature sinks to rest;
But o'er them both another keeps
His midnight watch—"Love never sleeps!"

Around—above—the angel bands
Stoop o'er the care-worn sons of men;
With pitying eyes, and eager hands
They raise the soul to hope again;
Free as the air, their pity sweeps
The storms of time! "Love never sleeps!"

And round—beneath—and over all,
O'er men and angels, earth and heaven,
A higher bends! The slightest call
Is answer'd; and relief is given:
In hours of wo, when sorrow steeps
The heart in pain—"He never sleeps!"

Oh! God of love! our eyes to thee,
Tired of the world's false radiance, turn!
And as we view thy purity
We feel our hearts within us burn;
Convinced, that in the lowest deeps
Of human ill—"Love never sleeps!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Olden Time.

The continental currency of the United States and what was done with it.

Paper money, in various forms, was already familiar to the people of the American colonies when the Revolution broke out. Massachusetts had issued bills of credit as early as 1690, and her example was followed soon thereafter by New York, Pennsylvania, and the other colonies. The total amount of this currency in circulation just prior to 1775 is variously estimated at from $7,000,000 to $25,000,000. It had depreciated in comparison with specie differently in different places. In New England it fell until it took six shillings to equal a Spanish dollar, the par being four shillings and six-pence. In New York eight shillings, and in Pennsylvania seven shillings went to the same dollar. These rates seem to have become accepted as permanent, and it is only a few years since New Englanders were accustomed to reckon by shillings of one-sixth of a dollar each, New Yorkers by shillings of one-eighth, and Pennsylvanians by shillings of one-seventh of a dollar. When, therefore, in May, 1775, the Second Continental Congress addressed itself to the business of raising money, it seemed to every body the most natural and proper thing in the world for it to order the printing of paper money. There was indeed no other means available. The total amount of specie in the country did not exceed $5,000,000, and, as we have said, the existing currency did not exceed $25,000,000 more, and was probably less than that amount. We had no credit abroad, our commerce had been destroyed, and direct taxation was not only impolitic, but impracticable. Promises to pay were easy to make, and, thanks to the patriotic zeal of the people, were readily accepted as cash.

The total amount of Continental currency put into circulation during the year 1775 was $5,000,000; in 1776, $9,000,000; in 1777, $8,000,000; in 1778, $65,500,000; in 1779, $114,500,000—making a grand total of $200,000,000. During the same period the individual colonies, and even private citizens, were also at work issuing paper money of their own, the aggregate amount of which is estimated to have equaled that issued by Congress. It thus come to pass that a country of 3,000,000 of inhabitants was supplied with a currency amounting to $400,000,000, which is about the same thing as if, with our present population of 42,000,000, we should have a circulation of $5,600,000,000!

For the first year of its existence the Continental currency remained nearly at par with specie, and the only effect it produced was a steady advance in the prices of all kinds of commodities. The beginning of 1777 found it at a discount of fifty per cent., or, as we should say in these days, gold had risen to 200. By the 1st of January, 1778, specie was worth four times as much as paper; by December, 1779, forty times as much; and during 1780 the depreciation went on so rapidly that before the end of the year it took $525 in paper to buy $1 in specie! Then by common consent the currency went out of use altogether. The bills ceased to circulate as money, and became objects merely of curiosity and speculation. As such they fluctuated in value from 500 to 1,000 for one. Their disappearance caused no panic, and was universally rejoiced over. No attempt was ever made to redeem them, though the coin value actually received for them by Congress had been $36,000,000.

One thing which hastened the catastrophe was the enormous number of counterfeits that were added to the volume of the genuine money. As, during our late war, counterfeit Confederate notes were made in the North and carried to the South, so the British Government, as a war measure, lent every possible assistance to counterfeiters of the Congressional currency. Advertisements offering to supply it to persons going into the colonies were published in the official newspapers printed in New York, and flags of truce were taken advantage of to introduce it within the American lines. The very paper used by Congress was imitated, so that little or no risk of detection was encountered. All efforts to prevent these practices failed, although whole issues of the genuine money were, from time to time, called in and destroyed in order to render the counterfeits useless.

The effects of the inflation were similar to those which followed that of our times. Shrewd men, foreseeing what was coming, bought at an early period all the property they could lay their hands on, and ran in debt for it to the extent of their credit. The paper being a legal tender, debtors took advantage of its depreciation to swindle their creditors by paying off loans received in specie at a miserable fraction of their original amount. Widows and orphans, whose money had been invested before the war, were the chief sufferers in this way. Speculation ran riot, and fortunes were made and lost in imagination, just as they were in Wall street in 1864 and 1865. A writer in the *Pennsylvania Packet* says: "I had money enough to buy a hogshead of sugar. I sold it again and got a good deal more money than it cost me. Yet what I sold it for, when I went to market again, would buy but a tierce. I sold that, too, for a great deal of profit, yet the whole of what I sold it for would afterward buy but a barrel. I have now more money than I ever had, and yet I am not so rich as when I had less."

Congress endeavored, too, to arrest the downward career of its currency. Besides making the bills a legal tender for the payment of debts, all sorts of pains and penalties were prescribed for those disloyal citizens who refused to take them in the course of trade. To keep down prices, which naturally rose as the currency depreciated, laws were passed regulating the wages of laborers, the charges of innkeepers and common carriers, and the amount of purchases to be made by any one person at one time. To prevent owners of goods from sending them away for sale and thus escaping these arbitrary restrictions, an embargo was actually laid in 1778, and continued for several months, prohibiting the shipping of wheat, corn, beef, pork, live stock, and other provisions. To crown all, in the last days of December, 1778, an official denial was issued of the report that "Congress would not redeem the bills issued by them to defray the expenses of the war, but would suffer them to sink in the hands of their holders!"

Finally, in February, 1781, after every expedient had been tried in vain and the currency was hopelessly gone, Congress appointed Robert Morris, Superintendent of Finance, and he, by boldly throwing his personal credit into the breach, saved the failing fortunes of the country. In May, 1781, the Bank of North America was chartered, with a capital of $400,000, and its notes payable in cash on demand were made receivable for taxes and duties. By the aid of this bank, and of loans raised abroad to the amount of $42,000,000, the war was carried on and brought to a successful termination. So great, however, was the public abhorrence of an irredeemable currency that when our present Constitution was formed no power was given in terms to Congress to issue paper money, and it was expressly forbidden to the States.

A Frightened Parson and an Unsanctified Conductor.

A very amusing incident occurred sometime last week on the Illinois Central Railroad, west of Dubuque.

The train was coming along at the rate of about twenty miles an hour, when the conductor came into one of the passenger coaches and took a seat by the side of a sober-looking individual, with whom he soon fell to conversing. The conductor soon discovered that his fellow comrade was a minister, and he politely listened to quite an extensive and earnest sermon.

The minister seeing that his auditor was inclined to pay more than usual attention and manifest very earnest heed to his advice and instructions, he at once felt a call to make a special and personal appeal to the conductor, which also he did in the most earnest and pathetic language, which, coupled with such vivid illustrations of the final doom of the careless and indifferent, seemed to carry conviction to the heart of the conductor, who hung his head and appeared to be meditating very seriously,

The perplexity and gloom which were depicted in his countenance struck the minister as a positive evidence of conviction. So he very kindly inquired if he was not convicted that he was a sinner and in need of a Savior, and added that he need not be ashamed to make the confession, as that was a necessary matter if he would obtain forgiveness.

The conductor, who had not spoken for some minutes, now looked up, and with a troubled countenance said: "My friend, I will tell you the truth. I am in deep trouble, and know not how to avoid the danger that seems pending with such imminence."

Here the minister took the passive hand of the conductor and said: "That's right, my dear sir. Go on; open your heart to me. Tell all of your trouble, and all will be well."

"Well, sir," replied the conductor, "I will explain to you the nature of my trouble." Then lowering his voice as though to avoid being overheard, he said: "I am conductor on this train. We are running now at the top of our speed. We are a half hour behind time, and if we increase our speed the engine must burst her boiler. Scarcely a quarter of a mile behind us is another train, which is also behind time; and being a much faster train than this, if we do not increase our speed, she will telescope this train. This, then, is my trouble. It is only a question whether we shall be telescoped or increase our rate of speed and certainly explode the engine's boiler. What shall we do? is the question."

The minister sprang from his seat, and throwing up his hands in the most frantic manner fairly yelled, "Burst her boiler! For heaven's sake burst her boiler!"

The conductor vanished from the car, and the minister, believing that his last moments were drawing nigh, fell upon his knees, and had just begun saying his prayers when the locomotive whistled down brakes, and the train gradually and quietly rolled up to the station and came to a full stop. The minister got off the cars, and was not inclined to resume his journey until the joke was explained, when some muttered sentences escaped him which were not distinctly understood, but which sounded like that often used by railroad men, and sometimes by conductors.

A Princely Swindler.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "A swindler of a really high order of ability has lately brought a brilliant career to a close at Moscow in the person of an ex-prince, Demetrius Tschawtschawadze, who has been levying contributions at a dozen of the chief towns in Europe, London being especially mentioned, with continued success. The prince never changed his very unpronouncable name or his story, after the fashion of those more vulgar impostors who contradict themselves by the frequency and multiplicity of their invention. He was always a Russian prince, had always been robbed just before leaving Vienna by a young man he had unfortunately taken into his service as secretary, was always expecting large remittances from St. Petersburg, and was meanwhile in the closest relations of intimacy with the Russian ambassador. It followed that he was for the present unable to pay the bill he ran up at the hotel which he had honored with his choice, and was further in want of a new secretary, to whom he could promise a fine future career and a large salary in immediate prospect. So plausible was this adventure, that at Berlin he not only left one of the chief hotels without suspicion before his remittances arrived, promising to send payment of his account, which included a number of petty tradesmen's bills, from London, but carried off with him to that metropolis his landlord's son, whose little purse of nearly £50 his new master borrowed freely from, leaving his victim just enough to go back to Berlin with, when he was presently ordered there to await the prince on his way to Russia. On the young man's departure the prince, who had been introduced to some Russians of means, borrowed £30 from one, according to the statements made in the Moscow court, and with this booty went off to Paris. Here, again, he borrowed from Russians on the strength of his alleged intimacy with their ambassador at Berlin, but disappeared on learning that inquiries were being made about him, owing to a warning sent from that capital. Having tried all the European courts out of his own country he appears to have sought refuge at Moscow, but here his career ended. He was arrested on suspicion, and was recently identified with one Linieff, a non-commissioned officer, who deserted some months before. For this desertion the *soi-disant* prince now lies awaiting trial, but his swindling is only mentioned incidentally.

Reducing the Weight.

Fleshy persons usually eat lightly, while spare persons, the world over, are generally great eaters. The reason is this: What the former do eat they completely digest, extracting from it all its sustaining virtue so that they need but little; whereas gourmands disorder their stomachs, so that the enormons quantities they consume are not converted into nourishment. A little food, well assimilated, yields far more nutriment and life than quantities crudely digested. In fact, gluttony doubly starves its subjects; first enfeebling and disordering digestion so that it cannot extract the nourishment from food, and secondly, by a gnawing, hankering, craving state of the stomach, akin to starvation.

Old Parr, who became a father after he was 120, and retained his health and all his faculties unimpaired till he visited the royal court, aged 152, died in one year from slightly letting down his extreme abstemiousness.

Dr. Cheyne reduced his weight from 448 to 140 pounds by abstinence, grew corpulent and sick on a more generous diet, and was restored by abstemiousness. His practical and theoretical model was, "The lightest and least of meat and drink a man can be tolerably easy under, is the shortest and most infallible means to preserve life, health and serenity."

"Little Bo-Peep" and the Dying Child.

A writer in Cassell's Magazine says: I remember when I was nursing in a hospital once, there was a poor little boy, about six years old, dying of rheumatic fever. I was night nurse in that ward, and regularly when the attack of pain came on, he used to scream out for me:

"Nursey, sing. It hurts me. Sing the hurt away."

So then I'd prop him up on arm an' sing one song after another. "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" to "Black-eyed Susan," till the paroxysm of pain was over, an' he'd quiet down again. I always knew when that was by his joinin' his voice in too, such a weak, pipe of a voice, poor lamb, but I was better glad to hear it than any music, for it telled me the pain was gone for awhile, an' I could lie him down to sleep again.

Poor wee mite! I was singing "Little Bo-Peep" the night he died. I had him in my arms. He had been sinking all day. I knew he couldn't last another, an' though he tried to join in as usual, his voice went into a gasp an' broke. I'd been sometimes used to call the children in my ward my little sheep; an' when I came to the end of the verse—

Little Bo-Peep she lost her sheep,
And doesn't know where to find 'em;
Let 'em alone, an' they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind 'em—

he looked up in my face with a bit of a smile on his poor little drawn white mouth, and said:

"Nursey'll know where to find her little sheep when he goes home. Will I be long going home now, nursey?"

Long! Ah, poor lamb! ten minutes later an' he'd gone home.

What One Vote Did.

A single vote in New York city, says the Express, made Jefferson President of the United States, and this one vote moved the policy of the Government, not only under Jefferson, but under his successor, James Madison. So a single vote of 100,000 votes made Marcus Morton Governor of Massachusetts. So one vote elected Wm. Allen, in the Chillicothe district, to Congress in 1834, and one vote subquently made him United States Senator for six years later. The following case of the kind is still more remarkable: In 1830 Dan Stone, of Cincinnati, was a candidate for the State Legislature. Walking up Main street on the morning of the election, he overtook an acquaintance going to the polls who intended to vote the opposition ticket. Stone solicited his vote. "We are old friends," said he, "and I know you will show an old friend that mark of kindness." Party spirit was then comparatively quiet.—The voter replied, "Well, Dan, you are a pretty clever fellow. I don't care if I do." That one vote elected Stone, and gave a majority of one in the Legislature, which made Thomas Ewing United States Senator. Mr. Ewing's vote on the question of confirming Martin Van Buren as Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain enabled the Vice President to give the casting vote against it, and so made Mr. Van Buren first Vice President and then President, and determined the general policy of the country for four years. By one vote only Andrew Johnson escaped impeachment and a judgment which would have made him ineligible to office.

Every Man Should Read This.

We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has been dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed, not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness, to speak lightly of ladies, we recommend these hints as worthy of consideration:

Never use a lady's name in improper places, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think she herself would blush to hear.

When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in such an unprincipled manner, shun them—they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie manufactured by some villain and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the bragging report.

A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wind and magnify as it circulates, until the monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman; and as you would have the fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's bitter tongue, heed the ills your words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some of your fellow creatures.

A sympathetic newsboy in Lexington, Ky., seeing a convicted murderer on his way to prison for life, gave him a newspaper, saying: "I'm sorry for yer, boss—that's the best I can do." It was the first kindness shown to the prisoner, and he quite broke down with emotion, while the witnesses of the scene rewarded the boy with currency.

Hereditary Crime.

Some of the most remarkable statistics regarding hereditary disposition to crime that has ever been collected were lately produced by Dr. Harris at a recent meeting of the New York State Charities Aid Association. It appears that the attention of Dr. Harris was attracted to a county on the upper Hudson, in New York, in which the proportion of crime and poverty to the entire population was extraordinarily great, there being about one criminal or pauper to every ten inhabitants. The recurrence of certain names among the list of unfortunates also excited his interest, and led him to genealogical investigations which have resulted in the following astonishing statement of facts:

Seventy years ago a child, having no other name than Margaret, was a vagrant about that locality. There was no alms-house, and it seems that the girl lived as a waif, occasionally helped by the charitable, but never educated and never given a home. She gave birth to children, who became paupers like herself; they increased and multiplied until, up to the present time, nine hundred descendants of the friendless woman can be traced. Of this immense progeny, extending through six generations, two hundred of the more vigorous are recorded as criminals, and a large number as idiots, lunatics, prostitutes, and drunkards. In one single generation there were twenty children, three of which died young, and the balance survived to maturity; but nine were sent to State prisons for aggregate terms of fifty years, and the rest were constant inmates of penitentiaries, jails, and alms-houses.

Printers' Errors.

It is only wonderful that printers do not make more blunders than they do; and few persons are aware of the minute care necessary to avoid them. The New York *Sunday Times* gives some amusing specimens of typographical errors. The misplacement of a "space" made Adirondack Murray refer recently to "them asses of the people," when he meant the masses. Whittier's "Brewin of Soma" was printed "Burning of Laura." A dramatic critic closed his notice just in time for the make-up with "a word of compliment" to the music director and found it printed "a word of complaint." The Dunkards, the most temperate of people, generally appear in print as Drunkards. General Butler begged the voters in 1867 to give a good account of themselves for the honor of the Old Bay State, and an enthusiastic compositor produced it as "for the honor of the Old Bald Turtle." A printer who asserted that Mr. Thurlow Weed had once gone out of his way to compliment him on close punctuation and clean setting, made in a single "take" of "copy" one of the most ridiculous blunders on record. It was a portion of a sermon of a prominent divine of Chicago, that had been written: "And he saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." The "clean setter" read it: "And he saw Abraham afar off, and a horse's ears in Boston." A compositor on a St. Louis paper, the other day, made an editor say that "this war-cry is the key-hole of victory."

Curious Statistics.

The following interesting statistics are extracted from the address delivered before the National Agricultural Congress at Atlanta, Ga., by J. R. Dodge, statistician of the Department of Agriculture:

"Less than a third of the States, and less than one-fifth of the entire domain of the United States is mapped into farms, and of this farm area only one-fourth is tilled or mowed.

"Wheat occupies an area less than the surface of South Carolina, and if the yield should equal that of England half the area would suffice.

"Corn, which grows from Oregon to Florida, and yearly waves over a broader field than all the cereals besides, covers a territory not larger than Virginia.

"The potato crop could be grown in the area of Delaware, though yielding less than a hundred bushels per acre.

"The barley for our brewing requires an area less than that of one-half dozen counties.

"Tobacco sufficient to glut our own and European markets, is grown on an area no larger than a single county.

"The total acreage in cotton is less than one-sixteenth of the area of the State of Texas."

Truth.

A wide-awake newspaper man expressed the opinion that the public can be better reached through the columns of a newspaper of a fair circulation than through all the other mediums, costly circulars, cards, posters, give-aways, and jim-cracks put together. The old established weekly newspaper is, after all, the only general, judicious medium for advantageous advertising. A thousand doors are open to welcome it; a thousand messengers are weekly seeking the post-office to receive it; a thousand families look for its coming, and ten thousand read it when it does come, advertisements and all. There is much truth in this.

A good test on a young man's strength of character is to have him stay in his own town while he raises side whiskers.

THE ERA.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY. (SEE RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION ON THIS PAGE.)

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Who Wrote Shakspeare.

Hamlet overheard Julius Cæsar tell King Lear, on the Twelfth Night after the Tempest, that Antony and Cleopatra had told Coriolanus that Two Gentlemen of Verona were the authors of Shakspeare's plays. Lear said: "You may take it As You Like It, but I don't believe it—for I heard Romeo and Juliet say Love's Labor was Lost when Trolius Cressida stole the Comedy of Errors and sold to the Merchant of Venice for forty bottles of old Bourbon and a package of poker checks. Timon of Athens and Cymbeline were parties to the theft; and, after drinking Measure for Measure with the Merry Wives of Windsor, told King John all about it." Richard III (a competent critic) said Bacon could write even a Winter's Tale, and Henry VIII says that settles it. So, why make so Much Ado About Nothing? Othello was busy dealing a five cent game of faro to the IV, V, VI Henrys; and the only remark made by them was an occasional "Prindle, don't turn! hold on!" and a few other forcible remarks of a cursory nature; and, as Richard II was absent, Taming the Shrew, I could get no further evidence as to who wrote Shakspeare. But All's Well that Ends Well. Don't it?

The other morning a nice young man got into a car on the Dayton Short Line Railroad, and saw to his delight the only vacant seat in the coach was by the side of a young lady acquaintance. He reached for that seat with joyous strides, and her eyes answered his delighted looks. But just as he got there, an elderly party from the other end of the car waltzed up the aisle and dropped into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the young lady. "How is your brother?" he asked. "Is he able to get out?" "Oh, yes," she said. "Will he be very badly marked?" he continued; and the old gentleman grew suddenly interested. "Oh, no," said the fair deceiver, "with the exception of a few small pits on his forehead, you would never know he had ever had it." "Were you not afraid of taking it?" the young man went on, while the old gentleman broke out in cold perspiration. "Not at all," she replied; "I had been vaccinated, you know." The seat was vacated instantly, two young hearts beat as half a dozen and the prattle of "nice talk" strewed that part of the car, while a grayhaired old man scowled upon them from the hard accommodation of the wood box.

A Vessel Towed by a Whale.

The captain of the American fishing schooner Sultan, at Halifax, states that on the Grand Banks, on the 23d of November, his vessel was riding at anchor, with 150 fathoms of cable out. Two of his dories, with two men in each, were away tending their trawls. The remainder of the crew, who were below, observed that the vessel was moving. On going on deck they found the schooner going through the water at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour. Shortly after an immense whale rose just ahead of the vessel, with the anchor caught either in his jaw or blow hole. After the vessel had been towed for an hour by the fish, and finding that the dories were already out of sight, the captain cut the cable. The Sultan then returned, picked up her dories, and sailed for Halifax to procure a new anchor and cable. An incident of an almost similar nature happened to the American schooner C. H. Price, of Gloucester, on the banks, about eighteen months ago. She was towed by a whale for a day and a half, when the fluke of the anchor broke and the vessel was released from her novel predicament.

Be Economical.

"Take care of the pennies."—Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, where there are many, make great waste. Hair by hair gets bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs farther than your blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and no gaudy fineries. To be warm is the thing; never mind the looks. A fool makes money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

On retiring from business a wise old man said to his son and successor: "Now, my boy, remember that common sense is the best thing you can bring to bear on every affair of life except love-making."

A Williamsburg man woke his wife the other night, and in a startled tone of voice informed her that he had swallowed a dose of strychnine. "Well, you fool," said she, "lie still, or it may come up."