The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XVI. CHESTERTOWN FRIDAY APRIL 19 1878 NO 49

Castles in the Air.

BY MRS. ANNIE L. HURLOCK.

A mother gazes on her child,
With a fond and anxious stare.
Her thoughts, in mistic fancy wild,
Of bright castles in the air.

And when around her feet he plays,
In childish sports so bright and fair,
Again her mind in fancy strays,
Amid bright castles in the air.

When he shall be a man, so grand,
And this world's laurels wear,
An honor to his native land,
In her bright castles in the air.

A maiden fair, scarce in her teens,
Of future joys and pleasures rare,
How often build in her day dreams,
Bright castles in the air.

So did the slaves when chains they wore,
Of bondage, in their moments spare,
Amid hardships and trials, bore
Bright castle in the air.

Think ye not brave Washington,
Amid the great artillery's glare,
While encouraging his men on,
Built bright castles in the air.

An old man as he feebly walks,
Bowed beneath this world's care
How often to his children talks
Of vanished castles in the air.

There are few who do not pleasures find
In thoughts of future greatness share
Though to many it proves only a line
Of bright castles in the air.

When on the couch of death we lay,
Our thoughts [illegible]

far above anything save adoration.

No thought of loving her with human love ever came to the boy, yet sometimes when she had passed he had knelt down with some quick implse and kissed the print of her little feet.

So a year had passed by, and he had grown away from the old life—the vagrant wandering life.

But a vague discontent had come to him in the time—an undefined wish that he had been born something better than a farmer's boy.

And so at last these wishes, longings, hopes, had culminated in the decision of that June afternoon when the Alsace flitted from the harbor like some great white winged bird, bound for strange lands across the sea.

A feeling of sadness oppressed the boy's heart as the land began to fade into a misty line of blue against the horizon.

Should he ever see those shores again—and how, or when?

Perhaps some sudden hope made his heart throb—if he tried—if God *was* good—what? Should he ever come back and be not afraid to touch her hand?

Five years have passed away. Fortune has smiled upon the poor boy of other days, and on the June morning of which I write he stands upon the deck of his own vessel, captain, and bound for home.

In all these years we had not once heard from Leighton farm. How fast his heart beats as his feet once again treads the old familiar old road. It is night, and the stars are shining, the same stars that looked down on his dumb despair that night five years before, that shine down now on his grateful heart, and the tears in his eyes as he turns them to the glittering heavens—tears of thanksgiving and joy.

But suddenly he stands still in the road, the light in the skies paling before another fiercer glow that lights up the western horizon, and simultaneously he hears the [illegible]

[illegible] dark-
[illegible] with

crowd see him, and a great shout goes up from below, for every heart is filled with the man's daring and peril; and from him their eyes wander to the window, and then a cry of hopeless terror rings out through the night air, for standing there they see a little white robed figure with pleading, outstretched hands, a woman's slender figure, and a white hopeless face framed in by rippling golded hair that shines in the light of the flames that are drawing nearor and nearer every moment eager to enfold her in their fiery embrace.

The old father is ringing his hands. The man who was to have been her husband on the morrow stands mute with agony, and on the roof that slight figure creeps along.

He has reached the window, and now he has balanced himself on the cornice above and leans over, steadying himself with one hand, white the other arm is stretched down to where she stands, pale and trembling.

'Miss Lillias,' he says, in a hoarse voice, 'step out upon the window sill. I will save you.'

She obeys, and in another moment his strong young arm is around her, and he has lifted her to the roof above.

It is done almost as if by a miracle, and cheer upon cheer rend the air.

And now he is climbing slowly back with his precious burden, slowly along the dizzy height.

He has reached the corner—he has begun the descent—when suddenly there is a crash!

He feels a sudden blow upon his head. He knows that he is falling—falling—and then the true, brave heart is at rest from earthly sorrow.

God's mercy has overshadowed him.

And Lillias—as if by a miracle she had been saved. She had been caught in the arms of the crowd when the arm that had rescued her had relaxed its hold in death.

[illegible] ted while falling, and the [illegible] it was many

A POEM BY WILLIAm CULLEN BRYANT.

As shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit in the summer grass,
So in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it lead,
To the Messiah's feet.

O Father! may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

The American Dollar.

ITS HISTORY FROM 1771 TO THE PRESENT

The following is the history of the "dollar" in this country from its establishment by the Colonial Government to the present time.

The Congress of the Confederation by act passed August 8th, 1776, and Ordinance passed October 13, 1786, authorized and established as 'the unite of account,' a silver dollar to contain 375.64 grains of pure silver, but none of these coins were ever made.

The Constitution of the United States was adopted September 17th, 1787. On the subject of money it provides as follows: "Congress shall have power to coin money and regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin," also that "no State shall coin money, emit bills of credit, or make anything but debts," thereby plainly reserving this latter right to Congress.

[illegible] commences the history of the [illegible] the present Government: [illegible] provides for "that the Secretary of the Treasury is required to redeem in lawful money: all copper, bronze, copper-nickle, and base metal coinage, of every kind hitherto authorized by law; when presented in sums of not less than twenty dollars."

The act of February 12, 1873, (commonly known as the demonetizing act) provides that "the gold dollar of the United States of twenty-five and eight tenths grains shall be the unit of value." It creates the trade dollars of 420 grains weights, 900 fine, and changes the weight of the half dollar, quarter dollar and dime, by the use of the French word, "gram," making the half dollar 12½ grams, which is said to be about 164 grains (Troy,) although according to Webster, a gram is one twenty-fourth of an ounce, is silent about to 412½ grain dollar, and the half dime; and reduces the legal tender function of silver coins of the United States to sums not exceeding five dollars.

The act of March 2, 1873, declares the legal value of the English pound sterling, shall be deemed equal to four dollars, eighty-six cents and six and one half mills, and all contracts after the 1st day of January, 1874, based on an assumed par of exchange with Great Britain of fifty-four pence dollar, or four dollars, forty-four cents and four-nintns cents to the sovereign pound or pound sterling, shall be null and void.

The act of March 3, 1875, creates a silver coin of twenty cents, containing five "grams" and makes a legal tender to the amount of five dollars.

The act of July 13, 1876, especially demonetizes the trade dollar of 420 grains, 900 fine, in the following words: "That the trade dollar shall not hereafter be a legal tender, and the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to limit from time to time the coinage thereof to such an amount as he may deem sufficient to meet the export demand for the same."

This brings the question down to what is and what was a dollar down to the

Tara. "Those ruins will be explored," he said, "and Archbishop Cullen knows that the discoveries that will be made will upset all current history."

It was at this point that Dr. Wild asserted that Jeremiah was the real St. Patrick. "The very name is a slight indication. He was called the sainted Patriarch corrupted into Patrick. Every one admits that St. Patrick was a foreigner. Years after, when the Romish Church wrnted a saint to make secure her hold on Ireland's people, she seized the tradition, and it has served her well."

"Ireland will have a glorious future," said the preacher in closing, "for God has given her the title deeds to it."—N.

HOUSEWIFERY.

MUFFINS.—Four eggs well beaten, three pints sour milk, teaspoonful soda, spoonful butter, one ounce lard; bake in small tins.

BURNS.—As soon as burned take and hold in clear alcohol, which will take all the fire, suffer no pain from leaves no scar.

BOILED ICING.—Three [illegible] sugar, one cup of water [illegible] eggs; one teaspoonful [illegible] sugar and acid to a [illegible] ing hot into the [illegible] eggs; add the [illegible]

WATER-P[illegible] bled with [illegible] in the [illegible]

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