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The American Union

Is Published Weekly at Denton, Md., by
JOHN H. EMERSON.

Terms:

$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance.

No subscription received for less than 6 mos.

The Union is sent to any post-office within the county free of postage.

Postmasters are requested to notify us of a failure to take the paper from their office.

The American Union.

VOL. XII. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY NOV. 16, 1871. NO. 15.

1 column, 6..
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All advertisements
insertion.

Poetry.

...the Examiner.

TO A TRUE FRIEND.

BY IDA.

Oh! call me not passive,
Oh! call me not cold,
My heart is a caster.
Of fires untold.

That smolder and smother,
With warmth and with heat,
I've told thee I love thee,
The words I'll repeat.

But call me not passive,
My heart is aflame,
And language expresses,
Its feelings but tame.

But deep in my being,
Sweet thoughts will find birth,
Too dear for expression,
In moments of mirth.

Oh! call me not passive,
Such epithets pain,
So false an assertion,
I treat with disdain,

I love and love fondly,
Both deeply and true.
My heart ever answers,
I love none but you.

Then call me not passive,
Then call me not cold,
A heart that's more loving
The world doth not hold.

The Past.

"The heart is like a river,
Wherein two currents flow—
One to the future leading,
One to the Long Ago.
On both the banks are roses,
On both the sun is cast,
But the current which is smoothest
Flows ever to the past.

Upon this ebbing river
Our thoughts like vessels go—
Some to the Future sailing;
Some to the Long Ago.
Bringing, at their returning,
Relics we dearly prize,
Brought from those distant islands
Round by youth's sunny skies.

Strange that the past remaineth
Shut in the heart for aye—
Strange we are willing
To say to the Past good-bye.
The future is a shadow—
A cloud whose golden sheen
Makes every cloud look golden,
That's in the distant seen.

The Past so full of pleasure,
A rainbow bright whose bow
Connects the present moments
With those of Long Ago.
A bridge we often are closing,
Passing the friends of old,
With faces fair and youthful,
And hair as bright as gold.

Strange that the gold must vanish
Out of the sunny hair,
Strange that the silver spinneth
Nets for the old to wear,
Strange that the wrinkles trample.
Out the young faces bloom,
Life shadows that, in evening,
Over bright pictures come."

A NIGHT ON THE "GREAT ROCK."

BY C. A STEPHENS.

It had been a season of drought. The pastures were scared, and all the ploughed fields were like ashes. The long corn leaves had curled into crisp rolls, and the grasshoppers had stripped the potato-fields till nothing but the pale green stalks were left.

But the great wilderness to the northward, which stretches off toward Canada, presented the most dreary spectacle.—Much of it is composed of what lumbermen call "black growth," spruce and hemlock. Myriads of worms had eaten these till the green leaves had turned to dull yellow. Thousands of acres looked as if blasted by fire. In passing through the forest, it required both hands to brush away the worms which came swinging down on their webs from the tree-tops to the ground.

Hunting-parties came back empty-handed. There was no game, they said; no moose, no deer, and no patridges. In the woods there was an almost painful stillness. Last fall the forest had echoed to the *chicker chirr* of legions of squirrels, red, gray and black; but now they were gone—somewhere else, perhaps.

Early in September the corn (what there was of it) was gathered. "Huskings" were almost a mockery that fall, but the boys would make them, according to custom.—One night, about the middle of the month, we were all invited to Zack Davis'—"Uncle Zack," we called him. It was a couple of miles to his house. Uncle Zack lived at the end of the road, from our house, which like a river toward its source, dwindled to a mere path through the woods and up the valley.

I and I, with Jim Edwards, a boy neighbor, and his two sisters Rhoda and Kate, five of us, started about dusk, though the moon, just rising, was beginning to make it quite light.

There were forty or fifty boys and girls, old a young, at the gathering. About a bushel of ears apiece would finish it, they said. So, after husking, and a supper of puddings and pumpkin-pies, those who wished to do so were invited to remain for a 'good time' in the long, unfinished kitchen. Our party were among the number who *wished*, of course.

There were all sorts of plays and games, with plenty of song-singing; and it was considerably past midnight when we started homeward. The moon was high in the heavens.

"It was the noon of night." The silvery light rested over all. Beneath it all the dreariness of the long drought was softened. We sang, as we went down the valley, repetitions of the songs sung in the evening, and listened as the tones were echoed back from the wild sides of the valley.

About a mile below Uncle Zack's the path left the valley and crossed an open pasture. We were still singing when Will suddenly cried,—

"Hark!"

"Nothing but a dog," said Tom, as a sound, which did sound something like the howle of a dog in the night, came to our ears from the ridge to the northward.

We stopped to listen.

"I don't believe it was a dog," said Will.

"What was it, then?" demanded Tom, as if to argue it.

"I don't know," said Will; "but it sounded too wild and fierce for a dog."

Just then it rang out again nearer—a long, wild howl, that seemed to come from the upper edge of the pasture.

"I tell you that's no dog!" cried Will.

"You don't suppose it's wolves, do you?" exclaimed Kate.

"Wolves, no!" cried Tom. "There hasn't been a wolf seen about here for twenty years."

We stood looking up toward the upper side of the pasture. Every stump and bush was plainly to be seen in the bright light. Suddenly, a dark object, an animal of some sort, came out into the open land, and ran swiftly along the edge of the woods for twenty to thirty rods. Then it stopped, and again we heard the long howl. The woodland echoed to it. Just then the forms of four or five others came into sight in the pasture.

"They are wolves!" exclaimed Will.

"O, let's run!" cried Rhoda, catching Kate's arm,

"Go ahead, girls," shouted Tom, "as fast as you can for home!"

They did not need any further urging, but ran like foxes. A pile of 'four-foot wood' was lying near the path. Some of it was small and round. We each took a stick, and ran after the girls.

A dozen howls seemed to burst upon the air all at once.

"They're after us!" cried Will.

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw the animals, a dark pack of them, rushing down through the pasture in full chase. The moment they saw us run, they had started in pursuit. The still forest rang out afresh with their howls. In a moment more we had overtaken the girls.

"What shall we do with them?" panted Tom. "We can't get home—with them."

Kate turned round suddenly. "The Great Rock!" said she, breathlessly.—We're most to it. Can't we get upon it?"

"Run for it, quick!" cried Will. Perhaps so."

The "Great Rock" was a huge boulder—some would call it a ledge—flat on the top, but with steep sides. It lay a few rods from the road, on the lower side. We were now nearly opposite it, and, turning out of the path, ran down towards it for dear life. The wolves were close upon us. We could hear them tearing down the hillside, and crashing through the brush.

"Up, quick! Kate and Rode!" cried Tom. "Put your toes into that crevice.—I'll 'boost" you up!"

They went up like cats. The top of the rock was nine or ten feet above the ground. There were several cracks and seams in the side. We climbed after them in a hurry, but ha' barely time to run round with our clubs, before the wolves were at the base of the rock. With wild howls and yells they sprang up its side, their nails scratching the stone, and their white teeth gleaming in the monlight.

One of them obtained a foothold on the edge of the top of the rock, his fiery, green eyes showing over the edge. We all three struck at his head, and, with a dog-like yell, he fell back to the ground among his enraged fellows, who howled and snapped at him.

We drew breath again.

"Guess we can keep them down," said Tom.

"Here are stones to pelt them with," cried Kate, picking up several the size of goose eggs.

On the top of the rock was a space, with an uneven surface, as large as a room eighteen by twenty feet in size. Low shrubs, poplar and white birch, grow on it, rooted partly into the rock, and partly into the mossy soil which had collected there. And, sure enough, as Kate had discovered, there were plenty of fragments of the rock lying imbedded in the shoal soil.

Tom and Will caught up several of them and threw them, with all their strength, among the wolves.

They dodged and yelled like curs, when hit, but we couldn't drive them away. They would slink back a little and then charge upon the rock the moment we stopped throwing.

Suddenly one of them ran round to the other side of the rock and howled. The rest instantly followed, as if he had called them. There were no cracks on this side. but the ascent was less abrupt. We stepped hastily across. The moment the wolves saw us they began to leap towards us, but slipped back on the bare rock, tumbling one over the other.

When one came within reach, we gave him such a whack with our four foot sticks as to knock him back to the bottom. But the next instant, he would leap up again, as fierce and eager as ever. One, a gaunt old male, larger than the others, got his feet upon the top several times. The hardest blows we could deal seemed only to stun him for a moment.

Finding they could not reach us there, they ran round to the side next to the road again; but, after a few fruitless leaps, they drew back, and sat down just like dogs, and watched us steadily. Several of them were lolling, with long tongues hanging out, and they all, from time to time, snapped at each other and at their own bodies as if covered with fleas.

Tom counted them aloud, as they sat glaring up at us. 'Eleven,' said he, 'arn't they a wicked looking set?'

There was no disputing that. Hungry and ferocious enough they looked. The girls could not find courage to look at them. Kate and Rode were none of the fainting, squeamish sort, either.

'Well, what's to be done?' said Will, as we stood there with our clubs, ready to meet them in case they made another rush.

'How are we to get home?'

'We might shout for help,' suggested Tom.

'We should not be heard,' said Will. 'The folks at home are all asleep, probably. They wouldn't think of sitting up for us. And they won't miss us, either, till morning. Besides, as it's most a mile from home, they wouldn't hear if they were awake.'

'And if they should hear, and come to see what was the matter, wouldn't the wolves get them?' asked Kate.

That had not occurred to us before, there was danger of it, certainly.

'Let's tough it out, then, till morning,' exclaimed Tom. 'It won't be a great while, now.'

'They'll go off as soon as it gets light,' said Kate. 'I've read that they always slink away at daylight.'

As Kate was speaking, another howl was heard off in the forest. It was answered by the whole pack, and, in a few minutes, three others came stragling in. Thereupon, they all sprang, snarling and snapping, at each other. Then they ran round the rock again, and the new comers made several attempts to leap upon it. But we were ready to receive them, and gave one of them so severe a stroke that he measured his length upon the ground handsomely. As he fell, tne others rushed upon him as if to tear him to pieces, but he jumped up and shook them off.

After a great deal of growling and grimancing, they returned to their old position in front of the rock, and sat down to watch us. Kate told a story she had read of wolves in Russia, how they chased a sledge in which a family were traveling, and how the father had thrown out two of the children to the wolves in order to save the rest. And Will told us how they catch wolves in India, by digging pits for them.

'But those are not this kind of wolves, said Tom. 'These are gray wolves.'

The night air was chilly and damp. Despite the peril, the girls were shivering.

'Let's give them another pelting, and so warm ourselves,' said Tom.

We dug out another lot of stones, and, stripping off our jackets, let the girls wrap themselves in them while we pelted the wolves.

'All ready now!' cried Will, balancing a stone as large as his fist. 'Let's aim at that old gaunt one that came so near getting up here twice—all three of us. See if we cannot kill him.'

We all threw, and Tom hit him plump in the breast.

The wolves all sprang up, howling.

'Keep your eye on him!' cried Will, catching up another stone.

We all threw again, and Will hit him hard on the head, fairly knocking him over, but he sprang to his feet as the rest of the wolves crowded upon him. I think Will's stone must have drawn blood, for all the others rushed at him, snapping their jaws. At our next throw, the stones by accident all hit the nearest wolf, bringing him to the ground instantly. He sprang up on three legs, the other seemed to be broken and helpless. The rest of the pack rushed upon him, and he ran limping off with the rest of them at his heels. We heard them go cracking away into the woods on the other side of the road. A great howling and yelling arose, and in a short time they all came panting back again. All save the one that went off on three legs. We saw no more of him.

We stoned them at intervals during the night, but made no more such lucky hits. It seemed as if morning never would come, the hours crawled by so slowly. At last day broke, and the moonlight gradually gave place to daylight. The wolves grew uneasy. They howled and hung about awhile longer; then, one by one, like evil spirits of the night, they sneaked off into the woods.

We waited till we were sure they had really departed, then came down from the rock, and reached home just as the folks were coming down stairs for the day. You can imagine their surprise when they learned how we had passed the night. The wolves skulked about the pastures during the rest of the fall. They were starved out of the forest, people said. Several other persons had narrow escapes from them.

I never go past the Great Rock without a thankful feeling that it was placed just in that particular spot. Had it not been there, or if Kate had not remembered its location, we should never have reached home alive.

Life and Death.

Robert Dale Owen, of Indiana, recently made some remarks over the newly made grave of his wife, from which we extract the following, as expressive of his views of the immortality of the soul and the life eternal. He said.

"I do not believe—and here I speak also for her whose departure from among us we mourn to-day—I do not believe more firmly in these trees that spread their shade over this hill on which we stand, in the pulchral monuments which we see here, than I do that human perishes nevermore. A ten terrible to desolate and fors. earth, but no death to the grave. We ca the tomb. It is cast o indeed, as are sacred memory connects with and lost—but yet it is ment, uncoffined, to rites of sepulture. She lieve, that the one life su without interval, save a slumber; it may be a few Neither of us could believe almost discarded in mode pressed in such lines as these

"That man when laid in
Shall sleep in death's dark g
Till the eternal morning
The slumbers of the tomb."

"Such is not Christ's doc day"—he said to the repenta the cross—"To day shalt tho in Paradise," again; I believe in the meeting and recognitio in heaven. While we mourn there are joyful reunions abov the next world is one of many to be occupied by those who are fi enter therein, and this, because they not by any earning of heaven, for which of us are faultless enough for that? Yet there are those prepared and those unprepared; and that determines our lot in the next world. I agreed with her also in her belief that there are in heaven duties, av cations, enjoyment, even as various as are those of earth—but far higher and nobler in scope and purposes.

Finally, I believe as she believed; and as is so beautiful expressed throughout the ode we have been singing, in guardian care by the inhabitants of heaven exercised towards those of earth. As to the virtues and good deeds of her who has left us, if nearly forty years life and conversation in our village suffice not in witness, any word from me would be more than worthless. Better to imitate her example than speak her praise. Well has a great poet and thinker reminded us:

"He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.

An Ingenious Invention.—There is a clock on exhibition at the Maryland Institute Fair, which is a novelty equal if not superior, in its intracacies, to the great clock at Strasbourg. It strikes the quarter hours, on four bells of different tones. It strikes an alarm to awaken the master of the house. Lights a lamp and kindles a fire in the stove. A carriage is seen coming along a road. It stops before the inventor's place of business, and the occupant of the vehicle gets a clock which has been left there for repairs. A bell is sounded in the chamber of a servant, who awakes apparently astonished at being roused from a sound sleep. She looks around for a few minutes, and, being a modest girl, draws the curtains so as to arrange her toilet. The carriage is again upon the road. Near a rocky eminence, a robber springs from a cave and attempts to stop the horses. A desperate fight ensues. A farmer near the roadside, not seeing the robber tries to help the coachman urge the horses along. A hunter in the distance discovers the robber, fires his rifle, wounds the highwayman, who falls back into the cave. The carriage drives on with its occupant. All this work is performed through the extraordinary manipulations of the clock. This is certainly one of the most notable features of mechanism on exhibition, and is well worthy the attention of the visitor.

Is the Sun Inhabited?

Sir William Herschel and some others of equal respectablity have advocated the theory of the sun's being inhabited, but as we can never know ought except what we may reason from analogy upon this subject, we may venture no opinion. We have no reason to believe that the sun may not be inhabited. Even the drop of water is inhabited, and as the universe is full of life, why should not a world of the immense size of the sun be peopled with intelligent beings? We can give no valid argument against the hypothesis.

How does the glorious sun, the largest and magnificent orb in the solar system, display the grandeur of the Deity and the energy of his omnipotence! As we contemplate these stupendnous works of great Jehovah, how do our conceptions of him quicken, and our intellectual faculties become strengthened as we take in grander views of the great Creator.

Love Your Mother.

Little ones, do you love your mother?—You will never meet an eye as tender, a hand as gentle, or a heart as kind as her's. No love will ever be so strong as that which she bears you. It was she who nourished you in your infancy, and soothed, with pleasure, your feverish cries, when all other ears had grown weary of them. She would cool the heavy brow, change the heated pillow, and answer your countless call till the stars paled in the heavens, and yet no repining words escaped her lips.

It was your mother who watched over you in childhood, taught your lisping tougne its first words, and your tottering feet to bear your unsteady weight. She was happy if your childish heart was full of joy; or if your brow was clouded, with loving words and gentle manner, she was ever ready to disperse it. In youth, she guided the feet which are so prone to err, into the paths of peace and wisdom.

"hen we must love her who has so much ...u go forth into the world, if you ...erity, many hearts will be ... feet; but so soon as fortune ...nds will desert you for one ...rtune. 'Tis then a moth- ... the brightest; and in ...otion, will make you ... is cold and cheerless; ...e; and that life is full ...

...n the Ocean.

...ities of caplin are used ...ng codfish. The shoals ...at that a boat can fre- ...a couple of hours by ...anding-net. Millions, ...y by the farmers, and ...arth and bog make a ... The voracious cod en- ...aring the six weeks that the caplin continue on the coast, and devour the delicate creatures by myriads. ...is an interesting sight to stand on a ...e moonlight night, and watch the arri- ...l of a shoal of caplin in one of our bays. The surface of the ocean is completely covered by the moving mass. The greedy cod, in serried ranks, dash upon their prey, bounding over the waves, and reflecting the light of the moon from their silvery surfaces. War is raging, though the conflict goes on in dead silence amid the wa- ...no sound proceeds from victor or vanished. Death is as busy amid these ocean solitudes as on the land. Here is a vast shoal of caplin flying for life towards the shore, a host of cod pursues them open-mouthed, taking them in flank and rear. The destruction is enormous; but such is the profusion that little impression is made on the living mass.

An Ohio paper tells the following ridiculous story of a "party of Baptist ministers who were attending a convention in that neighborhood, and went to a secluded spot on the river bank, in the afternoon, for the purpose of taking a swim. This score of brethren removed their clothing and placed it on the railroad track, because the grass was wet. Presently an express train came thundering around the curve at the rate of forty miles an hour, and before any one of the swimmers could reach dry land, all of their coats, pants, socks and things were fluttering from the cowcatcher, and speeding on toward Kansas. It was painful for the brethren—exceedingly painful—because all the clothing that could be found, after a careful search was a sun umbrella and a pair of eye-glasses. And they do say that when those twenty marched home by the refulgent light of the moon that evening in single file, the most familliar acquaintance with the Zouave drill, on the part of the man at the head with the umbrella, still hardly sufficed to cover them completely. Most of them are down on immersion, and altogether in favor of the use of water by sprinkling.

Rich Without Money.—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands with not even a pocket, are rich.—A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and a pr... ty good head-piece, is rich. Good ... are better than gold, tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses or lands.

It is better than landed estate to have had the right kind of father and mother.

Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies, or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the proportion of faculties to start with.

The man is rich who has a g... disposition—who is naturally kind, ...ient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a timid, care-burdened man; these are all born deformed on the inside.—Their feet may not limp, but thier thoughts do.

"Mamma!" said a precocious little boy who against his will was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

In Chicago, when the girls are popped to, the return question is, "Whose husband are you just now, and for how many days?"

The Drunkards Child.

You ask me why so oft, father,
The tear rolls down my cheek,
And think it strange that I should own
A grief I dare not speak;
But oh, my soul is very sad,
My brain is almost wild;
It breaks my heart to think that I
Am called a drunkard's child.

My playmates shun me now, father,
Or pass me by with scorn,
Because my dress is ragged and
My shoes are old and torn;
And if I heed them not "there goes
The drunkard's girl," the cry;
Oh, then, how much I wish that God
Would only let me die.

You used to love me once; father,
And we had bread to eat;
Mamma and I were warmly clad,
And life seemed very sweet.
You never spoke unkindly then,
Or dealt the angry blow,
Oh father dear, 'tis sad to think
That rum hath changed you so

Do not be angry now, father,
Because I tell you this,
But let me feel upon my brow,
Once more thy loving kiss;
And promise me, those lips no more
With drink shall be defiled,
That from a life of want and woe,
Thou'lt save thy wheeping child.

For the American Union.

Money and its Uses.

Money is a good thing, gentlemen, but sealed up in those strong boxes, it is a worthless, useless thing. As the key turns upon it, its magnetic virtue goes out at the key hole. So with ourhearts. Lock them up and they corrode and rust. This is a free age. No monasteries guard our temporal and spiritual treasures. Our sanctuary is the world; the great brotherhood of man, the earnest worshippers. We mast work for and with our brothers in the "living present."

How to do it. Let us thrust on the stage a material medium to speak for us. The wonder-worker is our little national beloved dollar. Unlike some honorable representatives we have heard of, it does the work it is sent to do. Right carefully then, should we furnish its credentials. Say the shining bits pour in by the thousand, shall we repeat the folly of the golden calf, and make the *creature* our god? Nay, make it our faithful servant.

At man's bidding, the all-powerful dollar has laid our vast cities in fair colors; put the wheels of honorable trafic into motion, reared beautiful temples of art and cience; even touched home with a news magic and beauty, in harmony with the inner lights reflected from so many hearts. Yea, more; obedient to the higher law of love, man offers his richest and best upon the altar. His very gold is changed into clouds of grateful incense, rising from earth's holy shrines, and heaven accepts the offering.

Once exalted to its highest uses, nevermore debase it to its native dust. We rise or fall with it. Let us sow it freely in the furrows of common life. The friction of passing from hand to hand, will make it glow and glitter as it joyously works its way, and liberty grow radiant in the social sunshine.

But to be practical, every problem must become personal. Let each ask himself to what use he shall put his share of this world's goods. Summing up these selfish units, what can gold do for *us* in this worthy town of Denton, known to fame and to "memory dear."

We are the workers, this our investment. Let us occupy well our little corner of creation. Make this spot an Eden, and our neighbors will begin to weed their gardens and prepare for the prize at the next Horticultural. But they won't get it, of course.

Modestly, but earnestly, we are longing for a few town improvements. We launch our bright little thought upon the broad sea of your kindly sympathy.

Your fire-sides are yours sacredly, but gentlemen, help us to build a *common* fireside for the homeless brothers, around ... they can gather to talk over those ... or distant homes, and plan for new ones. Give us a library for the coming winter; warm, cherry, flooded with the soul's sunshine and the "winter of our discontent" can only howl out-doors. To this end, interview—somebody—the owner of one of those vacant lots on the main street. A neat little beginning, with four walls, and so many windows and doors as the exigency calls for, a house of shingles or brick. but within, fair shelves, filled little by little with goodly loaves for the hungry mind. It *must* be fed, and we flatter ourselves we cannot be *out sold*, if somebody will only give us a start.

Who shall that somebody be?

We can't help thinking he will enjoy that vacant chair which occupies the post of honor in our new Library and Reading Room. What! *that* not tempt him? Ah, then we have obscure corners for such selfish gentlemen. Every laudable endeavor shall here be liberally patronized. There is a spell over the old familiar place. One and another good fellow comes up to enroll his name. Even the fair lend us their precious encouragement, and, gentlemen, honestly confess, we live upon that.

How do you like the picture?

Make it a "speaking picture," ... same little dollars jingle—*mo...*

ing—out of your pockets by the score, dollar a man.

Enter one more crusade with ... name of our glorious future, and, even ... silenced.

With your wonted agility, plunge wi... us down the sandy bulwarks that guard ... on the river-side—Victory would doubtless perch upon our banners, should there be ... warlike feud between the Eastern and W... tern shores of the Choptank.

But we are at peace with our neighbors, and must dismantle our frowning fortress. Do we want a Rubicon at our very doors? No! no—better be the hero in a milder strife and join the beaus and belles promenading, by twos and twos over our beautiful, new *shell* road to Denton bridge—see how the gentle willow's wave on either side throwing out their friendly protection. to these dear souls. Everybody and his cousin will certainly be t... still, we two, to nod and ... mise.

Gentlemen, we see by yo... fab... e pression of countenance that you ar... thoroughly convinced, and it is only

"A woman convinced against her will,
Is of the same opinion still."

Not another word against the fair pedestrians, whose dainty feet are weary a... sore from the toilsome way we—or the county—have spread before them.

Allow us to believe we have won the day, and come up with a hearty offering—or stay in your offices to be waited on—for this also from your peach crops, your law, and your merchandise. And if so, believe us.

Yours, Eternally,

Friendship.

Denton, September, 1871.

Blunders of Bashfulness.

If there is any defect more striking than another in American character, it is bashfulness. Young America, in particular, is painfully affected by it. An incident is mentioned by a correspondent, who was desired by his aunt to go over to neighbor Shaw's and see if he had any straw for sale for filling beds. "Mr. Shaw," said our informant, "was blessed with a goodly number of Misses Shaw, and I therefore felt a little timid at encountering them. To make the matter worse, I arrived just as the family were seated at dinner. Stopping at the doorway, hat in hand, I stammered out, "Mr Straw, can you spare me enough shaw to fill a couple of beds?"

"'Well," replied the old gentleman, glancing around at his large family, and enjoying my mistake, "I don't know but I can; how many will you need?"

"Before I could recover, those hateful girls burst into a chorus of laughter, and I broke for home in a cold sweat."

The Natural Wonders of Kentucky.—The geological formation of the country is singular. Ponds with no visible inlet or outlet are very frequent.—Holes in the ground, called "sink holes," are very common, and some of these lead to the great caves which abound in this region. Boys pick up loadstone from the ground at most any point. Surveyors are often troubled from this cause. "Sink holes" extend into the earth from ten to three hundred feet, with sometimes a spring or small stream at the bottom. Two of these near Mumfordsville excite a good deal of curiosity. One, on an eminence called the Frenchman's Knob, has been descended two hundred and seventy-five feet without discovering any indications of a bottom. Another, near the town, is some seventy-five feet in diameter at the top, inclines like a funnel to the depth of thirty feet. At this point is an aperture twelve feet in diameter, leading to unknown depths below. A stone or rock cast in ruturns no sound indicative of having found bottom. Near the same place is a spring that rises some twelve inches at noon every day with as great regularity as the sun passes the zenith.

To Young Men.—Don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of those whom they call friends, and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions; and know what that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character.

An Irishman noticing a lady pass down the street, espied two strips depending from under her mantle. Not knowing that these were styled sashes and were hanging in their right place, he exclaimed, "An' faith, ma'am, yer galluses are loose!"

A Sarcastic young lady says she never was so much in love with a man that two rainy days together in a country house would not effectually cure her.

"Woman is a delusion, madam!" exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick reply.

An Irishman, quarrelling with an Englishman, told him that if he didn't hold his tongue, he would break his impenetrable head and let the brains out of his empty skull.

A gentleman in the country, a few days ago, sat down on a hornets' nest to rest himself. It did not take him long to ...

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