[For the Philada. Evening Bulletin.]

FANTASY.

Had I been dreaming, or had one passed by,
Who gave me sign of greeting?
I cannot tell; although no human eye
Could e'er have seen that meeting!
I started, as from sleep, to feel the touch
Of those cold, phantom fingers,
And though these waking eyes have ne'er seen such,
Their memory still lingers.

They beckoned me away, with gesture mild,
I turned to see the vision,
When, oh! those eyes, those loving eyes so wild,
Caused me to make decision.
I rose to follow, far through life or death,
These eyes had power to charm me;
Their silent eloquence spoke more than breath;
I felt as if could harm me.

I rose to follow! but the luring eyes,
Were lost in noonday's brightness;
I pinched that I heard will-o'-bobs, and sighs,
Yet all the world was lightness!
The ripe wheat nodded in the summer breeze,
The waves beyond were gleaming;
In agony I fell upon my knees,
And cried, "Have I been dreaming?

"Return, return, O! love-lit eyes of splendor,
And footfall as of stars upon the wave,
Keep my wild heart within your influence tender,
The will is in despair sink to the grave.
Bring back the hope that went with your outgoing,
Far o'er the unknown sea, beyond life's shore,
Where ever, with the waves' sad ebb and flowing,
I seem to hear that one word, 'nevermore.'"

ANNIE E. CLARK.

The Velocipede Humorously Considered.

A humorous article on velocipedes appears in *Chambers's Journal*. The writer confesses that he has always cherished a peculiar veneration, at one time amounting to awe, for anything that would go round. A wheel has never been without its charms for him, since the authority of other enthusiasts, thus.

"Only the other day I was talking to an old friend that I still possessed a sneaking regard for wheels, and thought he rewarded my confidence with a pitiful sneer. I have that this wretched old hypocrite himself keeps a wonderful hansom cab in his back yard, and, for a glass case on his studying-table, and in secret delights to watch it in motion.

"A chemical marine engine, who loves wheels too, once told me with great gravity that the human mind has never yet discovered anything so wonderful as the principle of the common wheelbarrow, 'an invention,' he said, 'to which that of the steam-engine itself is nothing. The wheelbarrow,' he went on, 'is the only example I am acquainted with in which the entire weight of a load is fairly utilized as a locomotive power.' There was a copy of *Punch* on my table. Our conversation had turned to the subject of wheelbarrows from looking at Mr. Keene's vignette, in which, some three years ago, Mr. Punch was depicted as Blondin, but performing the impossible feat of wheeling himself in a wheelbarrow along a tight rope in the Crystal Palace transept. My engineer friend then remarked that, putting aside the light-rope business, he was perfectly convinced that Mr. Keene had in just represented what would, if it could, be accepted by serious camest as the only correct principle on which to construct a self-driven vehicle—namely, employing the weight of the load as a propelling power, and relying on the fact of friction as the means of balance. One thing will at least be conceded by any person who will take the trouble to turn to the sketch, and that is, notwithstanding all recognized notions and experience to the contrary, the picture of a man driving from a wheelbarrow handles, a man driving himself in a wheelbarrow looks strangely plausible, probably from the fact that the mind of the observer communicates motion to the wheel, and is satisfied to receive that as the explanation of the balance.

"The two-wheeled velocipede or bicycle is in part a realization of Mr. Keene's picture. It depends upon motion for its balance. The two wheels, one in front of the other, with a saddle between, whether mounted by a rider or not, will not stand upright for a single instant at rest; but, like the boy's hoop, being kept trolling, they maintain a perfect equilibrium.

"The bicycle can hardly be called a 'new invention,' being, to a great extent, a modification of that very old toy-vehicle of our fathers, the hobby-horse, whereon the rider used to sit and row himself along, or scud, by paddling with his feet on the ground; at the same time, the entire reliance on the principle that motion would be, under any circumstances, sufficient to produce balance, is sufficiently novel almost to justify the use of such a term. The French appear to be entitled to whatever of credit attaches to the original invention of the hobby-horse (a miserable stead at best, which were out the toes of a pair of boots at a cobbler's stall), Blanchard, the celebrated aeronaut, and M. Mauzier employed the velocipede for the first of these machines in 1779, which was then described as 'a wonder which drove all Paris mad.' Fifty years ago velocipedes were, moreover, in claiming as their own the development of this crude invention into the present velocipede, for, in 1802, a M. Rivière, a French subject, residing in England, deposited in the British Patent Office a specification of a machine identical with that now in use.

"The velocipedist feels but one pang when he reaches the bottom of a hill, and that is that it is over and but one experience, which is, that the entire country might somehow become metamorphosed into downhill. But the hill is bountiful even after one has left it, for the impetus derived from a good incline will carry the rider at least the hill's length on level ground before he need remove his feet from the rests and commence walking again. The slightest incline on a good road is sufficient to obviate all necessity for working with the feet, so that the hill labor (and it is one of the easiest), is by no means incessant. In a journey of twenty miles on good road, a rider should not work more than twelve—the inclines do the rest. Of course, there are hills so steep that to ascend them is impossible; yet for myself, living in a hilly country, which I have pretty well explored, and on my own feet, I can count up their number on the fingers of one hand. There are also hills where the labor becomes as useful as, more than, walking, but these must be of a gradient something like one in twelve, and such hills are not frequent. When they do occur, the rider may, if he will, dismount. It is a subject of smiling pity to many of the uninitiated to behold a bicycle slowly creeping his horse after him up a hill—and cruelly realized, too, in the case of many four-wheeled machines; but the bicycle is better than any walking-stick to assist a person up an incline, even when only moderately steep. Resting one elbow on the saddle, and leaning the weight of the body on the arm, and using the handle with the other hand, the machine becomes a positive assistance instead of an incumbrance. This sounds like fiction, but it is fact. *Experto crede.*

"Good hard road is essential for velocipede-driving. In muddy or loose gravelly road the work becomes more proportionately laborious. But with good 'going' on the ground, it is quite in accordance with the rule of the road, to maintain a high rate of speed—in fact, the great trouble with beginners is to get them to restrain the expenditure of muscular force. Velocipede-driving is, I believe from experience, most healthy and wholesome. The exercises all the muscles of the limbs in a manner much more uniformly than, would at first be credited, and certainly without undue strain on any part of the body. To the spectator the velocipede-journey appears wearisome to the legs, but in reality the muscles of the arms are in strong tension to the neglect of supporting the limbs so as to counteract the motion of the feet on the pedals, which motion would otherwise tend to sway the rider from side to side. In fact, after a long journey, the driver will feel more fatigue in his arms than in his legs. Once mastered, the two-wheeled steed is a docile and tractable animal, equally sensitive to 'bit' and bridle, and a strong friend in time of need. To him the pike-men throw open their gates without asking for toll. He needs neither corn nor beans, nor hay nor straw, neither hostler nor stableman. His stable is a bit of the passage-wall, against which he repposes, without taking up any room, until his master needs him again—his only food, a pennyworth of neat's foot oil per month.

"There is a Japanese sauce surnamed the 'Maker to Eat.' It will have little charm to the palate of him who drives a bicycle, for he is the veriest epicure of the epicurean sort, he will offer a three hours' run, poisons an appetite to which the most homely bread and cheese appears dainty.

"At present the bicycle is regarded in England very much in the light of a toy, and in France is a pastime not so in Paris and New York, where persons of all grades may be seen solemnly and seriously going to their daily business on two wheels. Now that the supposition about the new velocipedes frightening horses has been proved to be groundless, there seems little reason to doubt they will become equally popular in this country, and that after the first 'rage' for the novelty has died away, the two-wheeled steed may drop into its proper place—serviceable, no doubt, to a very great deal of work in a very little time, and affording to the first cost, at a very inconsiderable expense."

A MUSICAL WONDER.

A Negress who is a Walking Piano.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* of the 8th tells the following strange story of an insane negress of that city, who was recently brought into the Asylum Cottage:

Her clothes were old and dirty and ragged, and she had the oldest sort of a bonnet imaginable. Her face was one of the blackest that ever sat below a sloping thatch of wool, and her eyes were those to be playing an uncertain game of hide and seek behind the bridge of a very ample, very African nose. The mouth was large and lateral ivory, and when she talked it went away around the side of her face, and didn't speak to the jury at all, or any body in particular. She was presented as a lunatic but what she said was all very clear, and to the point. Her name was Agnes Mahogany, and she had been taken into custody on Sunday by officer White, of the metropolitan police.

She stated, in answer to questions propounded by her attorney, that she was thirty-four years of age. She had been in Louisville nearly a year, but had formerly lived in the vicinity of Taylorsville, in Nelson county. Her husband had deserted her and gone to live with a concubine spouse. She was the mother of two children, and had, during the last four years, made her living chiefly by singing, though she had been some time in the employ of a brother of General Thomas. She claimed to be a wonderful musical genius, and declared there were two apartments in her breast, one of which had chords like a musical instrument, and could be touched as easily as a calliope, and the other an ordinary structure devoted to ordinary uses.

"How long have you been this way, Mintie?" asked the Attorney.

"It's fo' years now; it came on me jus' after a spell o' sickness; I never had it before," she answered.

"Do you know where you are now?"

"No, sah; when they is a great many round me I faces one way, and I can't tell nuthin'; but when everything's quiet, an' there's no 'fusion, I knows as well as anybody."

"You've been singing for a living, haven't you?"

"Yes, sah; I doesn't do anything but sing."

"Do they pay you for it?"

"Yes, de lab pay me." Dere ar times when you would pay me. De boys tap me on de breast to hear de sounds. Some days you wouldn't hear anything for a day or two. Every word I speak echoes from my breast?"

"Can you sing this morning?"

"No; I isn't well, and can't sing much dis morning. Anybody would be weak dis morning."

"The aeolian attachment isn't on, this morning?"

Auntie didn't understand this, but went on to say that there were chords in her breast, and that by striking her breast sounds would come forth like those of a musical instrument.

"Are they fiddle strings?" queried the still facetious attorney.

"No; they is chords. Dere's a tube dere dat sounds. De doctors say dey is 'ryplus chords.'"

"Have you ever had any doctors?"

"Yes; six or seven."

"Do you know anybody here?"

"No; but praps some of de gemmen remembers old mourning Agnes, who walked a hundred and fifty miles from de country jus' a year ago. Pse de same one. I'se ole Agnes."

"Can you work?"

"No, sah. I has no use of myself at all."

"How did you at first find out you were so musical?"

"I set down wid a young lady by a piano to sing, and when I sang, de notes was higher dan any she could play, an' was jus' like de piano."

After answering all the questions put to her she tapped herself lightly on the breast, and the crowd were astonished to hear lasting sounds very much like those following upon a careless touching of the keys of a piano. They were not guttural, but clear and distinct, and did not seem to come from her mouth. There was a resemblance between the tone of the human voice, and the echoing "tumpty-tumpty-tum" that accompanied the tapping of the hand would have led one to believe that the negress had at some time successfully swallowed a well-built string instrument, and that it had broken slightly out of tune during its lodgment.

Next she was requested to sing, and sounds come from her mouth, which she did very successfully, but the tones were not as clear as before, as she was obliged to sing, and was unable to rise her voice above a very low key, but the tones were strangely mingled with the same sounds that had followed the taps upon her breast.

The investigation here ended, and Agnes was adjudged a lunatic. To us it was not altogether clear that she had any symptoms of lunacy. Officer White states that she styles herself 'Agnes the Organist,' and believes herself a musical genius of the highest order. She was taken to the First Street Station House, temporarily, pending her being sent on to the Asylum at Lexington.

The Humors of the White Pine Region.

In the new silver-mining district of Nevada a newspaper, called the *Daily White Pine News*, is published. Its editor, a sensible man gives some good counsel in a humorous fashion to the immigrants now rushing to the mines in search of fortune. For example:

"On an average we receive at least twenty letters a day for sale by name and title of

SUMMER RESORTS.

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Mansion House, Mt. Carbon.
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1 mo 2 2 6m

STOCKTON HOTEL,
CAPE ISLAND, N. J.,
Will Open on the 24th of June, 1869.

This Hotel has been erected within the past year; offers ample accommodations for twenty one thousand guests, and is furnished equal to any of the leading hotels in the United States.
For terms, &c., address
PETER GARDNER, Proprietor,
No. 307 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
jy2 3m rp

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
Will open for the reception of Guests
On Thursday, June 24th, 1869.

Hassler's Band, under the direction of Mr. Simon Hassler, is engaged for the season.
Persons wishing to visit the ocean will apply to
GEO. FREEMAN, Superintendent,
Atlantic City, N. J.
Or BROWN & WOELPER,
527 Richmond Street, Philadelphia.
jy5 2m

SURF HOUSE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
WILL BE OPEN FOR GUESTS JUNE 25, 1869.
The place of the Surf House is well known, and opened until June 30th, at the La Pierre House, Philadelphia.
TIERNAN MORGAN.
THOMAS FARLEY, Proprietor.
Cox Sons's Parker Orchestra has been engaged for the season. jel 1m

CONGRESS HALL,
CAPE MAY.
Now Open for Rooms.
Address, J. P. CAKE, Proprietor.
Hassler's Full Band. jel 1m w s 12t

Opera House Hotel, Paterson, N. J.,
Sixteen miles from New York, on the Erie Railway.

D. M. BERRY informs the Philadelphia public that he has added to his hotel the Opera House, and offers the advantages of tourists who wish the Falls of Paterson, the Passaic Falls, Greenwood Lake, or beautiful for a day's driving, may attract. jel 1m w f 12t

CAPE ISLAND, N.J.
A FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT,
A LA CARTE,
WILL BE OPENED BY
ADOLPH PROSKAUER,
Of 222 S. Third Street, Philadelphia,
On the 7th of June, under the name and title of
MAISON DOREE,
At the cor. of Washington and Jackson Sts.,
Families will be supplied at the Cottage, Leading Rooms by Day or Week to Rent.
my29 tf rp3

HEATH HOUSE
SCHUYLKILL MOUNTAIN SPRINGS, N. J.,
Opens June 1st, with increased attractions.
Pleasantly located on the Lehigh, Hybrides Delaware and Morris and Essex Railroads. Excellent accommodations.
jy12 w 6t 2m] E. H. COLEMAN, Proprietor.

GETTYSBURG SPRINGS HOTEL WILL
be opened June 20, visitors to Summer resort will find this one of the best hotels in the world; hotel and Pavilion capable of lodging and feeding upwards of park of over 20 acres, two large groves and delightful promenades, Gettysburg Springs, Gettysburg Springs Station, Gettysburg, Pa., for accommodation with the Katalynine Spring, the battle-field, and a high military country, pleasant, healthy air, go by moonlight. jel 7t (w f)

LORETTO SPRINGS,
CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.,
Will be opened to Guests July 1st.
"Excursion Tickets to the Springs, over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, can be procured from Ticket Agents throughout Pennsylvania, at Two Dollars, 2 miles from the Springs, where coaches will be in attendance to convey passengers free.
The proprietors are now prepared to receive Guests, that the hotel is in proper order, and all amusements and appointments, including Bowling Alley, will make a choice resort. Terms, $35 per month, or $50 per month. jel 2m]

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
CAPE MAY, NEW JERSEY,
Will be opened for the season of Thursday, May 27th, 1869, under the same management, equal to any, and second to none, in the United States.
Excellent Grand Orchestra.
President Grant expects to visit Cape May this season, and will stop at the United States.
Address: MARK BRIGGS,
my27 3m Proprietor.

LITTZ SPRINGS HOUSE,
LANCASTER COUNTY, PA.
Will be prepared June 15 for the summer. Those desiring a cool and healthy summer resort, with all the comforts of home, will find these Springs unsurpassed.
For particulars address
OTO. T. ORIDER, Proprietor.
my29 1m]

LIGHT HOUSE COTTAGE,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
Conveniently located for Sea Bathing, is now open. Leave cars at U. S. Hotel.
JOHN WOOTTON, Proprietor.
jel 3m]

DELAWARE HOUSE, CAPE MAY, N. J.
This is now open for the reception of visitors.
jel 2m] T. PEARSON, Proprietor.

THE BROAD TOP MOUNTAIN HOUSE
Will be open for the reception of visitors on June 15.
For terms, &c., address
T. PEARSON, Proprietor,
Broad Top, Huntingdon county, Pa.
jel 3m

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Bulletin of Recent Publications
For Sale at Wholesale Prices.
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