Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;---WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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TERMS.

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☞ All letters and communications to insure attention must be *post paid.* *A. J. RHEY.*

The Blind Boy's been at Play, Mother.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The blind boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had;
We led him on our way, mother,
And every step was glad;
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his eye,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun rays played.
But when we shouted at the scene
And hailed the clear blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank
And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
When'er we found the spots
Where periwinkles crept, mother,
O'er wild forget me nots.
"Ah!" he said, "while tears ran down
As fast as summer showers,
"It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers!"

Oh, that poor sightless boy, mother,
Has taught me I am blest;
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best.
And when I see the dancing stream,
The daisies red and white,
I kneel upon the meadow sod
And thank my God for sight.

PETER MULROONEY'S STORY.

The Wondherful Adventher of Shamus O'Shaughnessy.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, THE YOUNGER.

"Sthrange things does be happenin' sometimes in the ould counthry, Misther Urban," said Peter, gravely; "but the strangest adventher of all I remimber wor that as befell Shamus O'Shaughnessy whin the sojers wor hot fut afther him in among the moun ains. Ye see, sir, Shamus—he's undher the sod now, an' may the heavens be his bed—was somehow or t'other mixt up wid the rebellion of ninety eight. Sarra bit o' me knows how, but sure it must ha' been a hangin' matther, I does be thinkin', for he was forced into hidin' across the hills till the storm should blow over.

"Well, as bad luck 'ud have it, wan afthernoon, as he wor sittin' afore the dure of a bit of a cabin he had constructed of turf an' stones, thinkin' of his wife and childher, an' takin' now an' thin, a dhrop of potheen from a great jug at his side, by way of comfortin' his loneliness, he seen a comin' through the little gap forneut him, a ragged gorsoon, an' in the divil's own haste, for his tatthers wor sthramin' in the wind.

"'Well, Dinnis, ma bouchal, what is it?' sez Shamus, for sure he know'd there wor throuble to the fore, when the boy come penethratin' to his saicret place widout sayin' 'by your lave.'"

"'Run! run!' sez Dinnis, blowin' like a young grampus; 'run, Shamus, the sojers is a comin'."

"Shamus looked through the gap, an' begorra they wor comin,' sure enough. So widout waitin' to put on his hat an' his brogues, by rason that he hadn't any, he tuk another great dhrink of the potheen, from a natheral affeeshun he had for that same, an' to forthify his stomach agin' the bitther cowld wind o' the hills. Faix, 'tis little I know how much he tuk of the craytherthat time; but sure 'twor a mighty big mouthful, any how.

"Boundin' across the hills like a deer, wid the red coats afther him in full cry; now doublin' this a-way, an' now turnin' that, Shamus put out the strength that was in him, wid the hope of lavin' his purshuers behint him. But och! they stuck to him like poverty to a poor man, an', makin' a circle round him, begun to dhraw in upon him on all sides. Musha! thin but 'twas a bad way Shamus wor in; but he put a bould face on the matther, an' breastin' the mountain, rowled down to'ther side, catchin' at the furze and bushes as he wint along, to break the weight of his fall. Springin' to his feet agin at the bottom, he run, wid all the speed he could musther, till the sun wor well nigh down, and all the breath wor lavin' his body inthirely. Throwin' hisself at the fut of a hill, by way of resthoratin' his wind, he could hear the cries of the sojers a callin' to their comrades over the mountain at the back of him.

"'Augh! the curse o' Cromwell to yees?' sez Shamus; 'sure 'tis bothered ye are this time, any way. But, oh, tattheration!' sez he, lookin' round sudden, 'how will I git out of this quare place? sure 'tis a thrap I'm in, wid the stape hills on wan side, an' a great black bog on t'other. Och, murther!' sez he, 'but what 'all I do now?'

"All at wanst, as he wor ponderin' over his unforthinest situation, he hears, hard by, the pattherin' of little feet, for all the wureld like the first rain dhrops of a shower; and, lookin' down, what should he see forenent him, but a quare little man not higher nor my knee dhressed all in black, wid a quare little cocked hat on his head; an' raal goold buckles in his square-toed shoes?

"Och! och!' sez Shamus to hisself, 'tis smudderin' wid the brimstone I am! But maybe the weeny craytherwon't harum a poor boy that's in throuble, afther all. 'Tis betther I spake till him civilly; sure that costs nothin', any how!'

"'How are ye Shamus?' sez the little ould gintleman, wid a crack in his voice like a pinny thrumpet.

"'Purty well, I thank ye,' sez Shamus. 'How is it wid yourself, an' all yer little fosther brothers, an' sisthers, an' aunts, an' uncles, an' gran'fathers, an' gran'mothers?'

"'Hearty!' sez he, 'I'm plazed to say."

"'Sure it does me good to hear it,' sez Shamus; 'an' the purty wife, wid her intherestin' family, the childher that she does be puttin' to bed in the egg shells, may I be so bould as to ax if they've got well over the maisles, an' the scarlet rash, widout sindin' for the docther?"

"'Make yer mind aisy on that score, Shamus,' sez the little man.

"'Long life an' good luck to ye, thin, dhrunk or sober, for 'tis a happy husband an' father ye must be, I'm thinkin', sez Shamus.

"'Tis obleeged to ye I am,' sez the little man.

"'Musha, thin, but yees as wilcome as the primroses,' sez Shamus.

"'Augh! there's plinty sez that as don't mane it,' sez the little man.

"'Faix, it's no wondher!' sez Shamus; an' thin he brak out into a laugh, an' sez he—

"'T's a warum counthry ye live in whin yees at home, I've hard say: a sort of undherground Aist Injees, wid Veshuvius for a smoke-pipe to yer kitchin!'

"Oh, but wasn't he the bould man to say that?'

"'There's no denyin' it's a grand place,' sez the little man; it bates ould Ireland out an' out."

"'Why wouldn't it?' sez Shamus, 'lookin' at the dacent people that's born and bred down there, takin' yer honor for specimint."

"'Oh,' sez the little man, as pleased as a colleen wid her first sweetheart, "tis you that has the great fackilty of discarnment, Shamus."

"'Many thanks to ye,' sez Shamus. "Tis proud of the compliment I am, since it revales to me that, considherain' yer inches, yees a gintleman of exthraordinary sinse an' sagashity.'

"'Shamus,' sez the little man, 'what's the use of buttherin' me that-a-way? Can't I read ye as aisly as a book?'

"'Arrah, thin, why should I be sootherin' ye?' sez Shamus: 'would I be makin' a behay of myself for nothin' at all at all?'

"'Sure enough that's thrue, any way,' sez the little man. 'But isn't them sojers I hears a thrampin' over the hills beyont?'

"'Och millia murther! 'tis thim, sure enough,' sez Shamus, 'an' I standin' here like a omadhaun wastin' the precious time.'

"'Musha, thin, 'tis sorry I am for yees,' sez the little man, wid a quare twist of his mouth. 'Deed an' deed but it throubles me,' sez he.

"'Hould your whist! Bad luck to ye for a desaiver as ye are! 'Tis little good yer sorrow 'ull do an unforthinet boy whin the murdherin' red-coats is at his fut. How will I be thravellin acrass the big bog, I'd like to know? Tell me that, an' I'll listen to yees wid all my heart.'

"'May-be I can, an' may-be I can't,' sez the little man. 'What 'ull ye give me to whisk ye over it widout wettin' the sole of yer fut?'

"'I'd lik the dhry ground beither,' sez Shamus.

"'What 'ud ye give, thin, for a sthraight path, med firm an' sthrong acrass it, an' as fast as ye can thravel it?"

"'Where's the good of it?' sez Shamus; wouldn't the sojers folly it too?'

"'Not if its desthroyed as fast as ye goes over it,' sez the little man.

"'What 'ull ye ax?' sez Shamus, desperately.

"'Whist!' sez the little man; 'spake low, an' hould down yer ear.'

"'Och, murther!" sez Shamus, 'is it myself ye want?'

"'If ye can't outrun the path afore it touches t'other side,' sez the little man.

"'How will I do that?' sez Shamus, in a quandary. 'Won't I be dhrowned in the deep bog?'

"'Thry it,' sez the little man.

"I'll be a gone man if I do!' sez Shamus.

"'Where's the differ?' sez the little man; 'won't the sojers be here in a minit an' ketch ye? 'Tis plasant to dance a hornpipe in the air, I does be thinkin'.'

"'Bad scran to ye!' sez Shamus; 'why do yees be remimberin' me of that for? sure 'tisn't standin' upon daisies an' butther cups I am the night.'

"'Well,' sez the little man, 'will I make the road for yees or not?'

"'Sorra a bit I know,' sez Shamus. "Tis a stiff price ye're askin; and what good 'ud a poor bewildhered boy do yees, afther all! Sure a fat pig is betther nor me; or a year ould calf; thim's a hape betther attin'.'

"'Well, 'tis little I care about the bargain, anyhow,' sez the sleeven, 'considherin' the throuble I'd have; besides 'tis dark night a comin' on, an' may-be they won't ketch yees afther all.'

"'Ochone!' sez Shamus, 'what'll I do? 'Tis hanged, an' dhrawn, an' quarthered I'll be.'

"'There's pity on my heart for ye, Shamus,' sez the little man, 'an' I'd be plazed to sarve ye.'

"'Musha! small thanks to ye,' sez Shamus; 'sarve me first, an' roast me afther. Don't I know 'tis coaxin' the pig to a market ye are? An' that undherground Aist Injees yees come from, 'tis a dhreadful grand place, I'll go bail for it; but, axin' yer pardin, I'm afeard it 'ud not be agreeable wid my tendher consthitution.'

"'Tis as conthrary as an ould maid ye are, Shamus O'Shaughnessy,' sez the little man, 'an' as foolish as a sthray gandher. I'm mortally ashamed of myself for lettin ye thrifle wid me so long. Well, stay where ye are, thin, ye silly man, an' let the red-coats grip ye. Oh, by the powers, but they'll hould ye fast enough, whin taey come down from the hills; there isn't a man in all the barony that could shlip from thim whin they wanst got a hould.'

"'Sure that's no lie!' sez Shamus.

"'Arrah, thin, is it a bargain? Spake quick, for the red coats is comin'.'

"'Oh, wirra! wirra! won't ye have the soft heart for a poor disthressed craytherwid a wife an' sivin small childher depindin' on him, an' niver a frind in this wide wureld to give 'em bit or sup, barrin' myself?'

"'Spare yer breath, Shamus,' sez the little man; 'may-be 'tis wantin' it ye'll be prisently.'

"'Won't ye help a poor boy in his throubles for the sake of the blissed charity?' sez Shamus.

"'Would the sojers let yees off for nothin'?' sez the little man; 'an' musn't I obey my ordhers too an' be ped for my work?'

"'Oh, thin,' sez Shamus, 'yees not the masther—'

"'Ax me no questions, an' I'll not desaive ye,' ses the little man; 'will I do the job?'

"'Sure I'm a dead man any way,' sez Shamus to hisself, 'an' may-be there's a chance afther all; who knows but what I can bate him in the iud? Begorra, but I'm half a mind to thry it.'

"'Tis a bargain, thin?' sez the little man, spakin' to his thought.

"'Hould a bit,' sez Shamus; 'will ye be plazed to tell me what ye undhertake to do?'

"'That's soon said. Make a road acrass the bog as fast as yer fut can travel it, an' brake it up afther yees.'

"'Afore cock crow in the morn?' sez Shamus.

"'Sure,' sez the little man, 'tis well beknownst to ye we can't work afther that.'

"'But ye'll not break it up undher my fut, an' lave me to dirown in the black bog?'

"'I'd scorn to do so dirty a thrick,' sez the little man. 'A bargain's a bargain, an' I'll stick to it straight an' aboveboard.

"'Tis agreed I am,' sez Shamus.

"'Whin he said that, the little man stoops down an' picks up a jack-o'lanthern that wor dancin' in an' out forenent him, an' sticks it undher the band of his hat for a sign; an' thin, all at wanst, up rose a swarm of little men, hundthreds of thousan's upon thousan's, all dhrest as like as brothers, an' all wid jack-o-lantherns gleamin' in their hats, an' pickaxes an' shovels in their hands, ready and waitin' for the word. Shamus fasthened his hankerchy about his waist.

"'Will I begin?' sez the little man.

"'Yis,' sez Shamus.

"'Whooroo! whooo! whooroo!' an' the crop of pickaxes an' shovels fell to work. Oh, but thin begun the wondherful race! Away flew the road afore Shamus, an' as fast as he thravelled over it, 'twas bruk up agin behind. The fasther he ran, the fasther worked the crowds of little men, an' the fasther wint the road afore him.

"'Tis no use thrym' to folly the industhrious rapscallions,' sez Shamus; 'I'm but half way acrass the bog, an' all the breath is gone clane out of me. Musha, thin but they'd bate the best race horse that ever run over the curragh!' So sez Shamus, sez he: 'Stop! stop! I'm dead bate.'

"'Take it fair an' aisy, Shamus,' sez the little man; 'sure there's plinty of time afore ye.'

"'Ye'll not cut the ground from under me?' sez Shamus.

"'Oh, upon the honor of a gintleman, that I will not, sez the little man, layin' his hand upon a bright spot of fire flickerin' through his left side, that may-be he called his heart.'

"'Musha, thin, by your lave, I'll rest myself a bit,' sez Shamus, settin' down on the bare new ground, an' nursin' his knees.

"'Make yourself quite comfortable,' sez the little man wid a grin; 'sure the cock won't crow till the break o' day, an' if we finish our job an' desthroy it agin, afore that time, tis all we have to do.'

"'That's thruth, anyhow,' Shamus.

"'How do yees feel, Shamus?' sez the little man, considerately.

"'Ayeh! 'tis hard tellin' that same,' sez Shamus, 'for the summer dust is not dhryer nor my mouth.'

"'Would you like to thry taste of the raal goobleen stuff?' sez the little man; an' he out wid a bottle full of liquor, as red as a fiery furnace.

"'Many thanks to ye,' sez Shamus; 'but I'd rather not, if it's all the same.'

"'As you plaze sez the little man; 'tis yours is the loss, I'm thinkin;' an,' tossin' off the flamin' dhrink hisself, he smacked his lips afther it, as if the flavor wor exactly to his taste.

"'Augh! much good may it do ye, sez Shamus; 'but sure if it didn't burn yer insides, it's by rason of the cast-iron stomach ye have.'

"'Poof!' sez the little man; 'twas but a wake table liquor. A gintleman should always be abstharnious whin he thravels.'

"Well, the hours rowled by, an' there was Shamus as continted as a girleen wid her first kiss, till the army of weeny workmen got up a dacent faction fight by way of d varshin. 'Twas onaisy thin the little man got.

"'Come,' sez he, 'are ye rested, Shamus? there's not much time to spare; 'tis hard upon cock-crow now.'

"Away wid ye, thin,' sez Shamus.

"'Whoop! whoroo!' sez the little man; an' away wint the wondherful road, and Shamus afther it, at the top of his speed, until, at last, he come nigh to the green bank on the far side of the bog.

"'Stop,' sez he, 'I'm goin' to rest myself.'

"'Rest on the bank, Shamus,' sez the little man, softly.

"'Faix, sez Shamus, 'I'm betther off here, I does be thinkin'.'

"'Did I iver hear the likes o' that!' sez the little man, 'an' he so near over! Up wid ye, Shamus, I say! The cock 'ud be crowin' presently.'

"'Good luck to the darlin'; I'll be exthremely glad to hear him,' sez Shamus.

"'Tear an' ages!' sez the little man, 'don't ye mane to go any furder?"

"'Niver a fut!' sez Shamus.

"'I'll tear up the road below yez!' sez the little man, in a passion.

"'That's agin the conthract,' sez Shamus.

"'How will I desthroy it afther ye, thin?' sez the little man.

"'Oh, begorra!' sez Shamus, "tiz none of my business; sure ye can lave it if ye likes.'

"'Oh the villain! the chate the desaiver!' sez the little man; stampin' and throwin' his arums about wid the rage that wor in him.

"'Arrah, why will ye be callin' yerself bad names?' sez Shamus. 'Sure I tuk ye for a dacent an' respectable little ould gintleman.'

"'Tare an' ounties!' sez the little man, quite beside hisself; 'take that, ye vagabone!' and he struck Shamus a lick wid his fist that knocked him sinceless. By good luck, at that minnit the cock crowed; and thin—oh, but 'twas the mysthurious thing of all—the swarms of weeny workmen, and the little masther, slowly melted away an' disappeared, colorin' like a dark red tundher-cloud the mornin' mist.

"Oh, begorra! but the afther matther bates bannagher. Whin Shamus comes to hisself, he wor lyin' at the dure of his bit cabin among the hills, wid the impty poteen jug rowled up along side him.'—*Lady's Book.*

☞ A hog nearly three years old, and weighing 1, 809 lbs., is to be sent to the New York World's Fair, from Burlington county, N. J.

Atmospheric Tubular Mail Facilities.

The New York *Tribune's* Boston correspondence says:

Speaking of Tunnels calls to mind the "Atmospheric Telegraph," as it is queerly mismamed, which is now on exhibition in one of the lobby rooms of the Merchants Exchange. As I have once been accused of a mercenary motive in my correspondence in these columns, let me say that I have no earthly reason to speak favorably of the inventor, Mr. Richardson, or his enterprise, except that he appears to be an intelligent, laborious, and persevering man, and to offer something to the public which promises to be beneficial. His invention, if indeed it is his, which I am not qualified to decide, is merely a modification of the atmospheric railway, which, at one time, promised much. The change is this, instead of propelling by atmospheric pressure a train of cars over a long tube, the mail bag is to be propelled through it. For this latter service the atmospheric traction is undoubtedly adequate, as will be plain to any one who will carefully consider its nature.

Let me explain a little for the benefit of your readers who are *not* engineers. Suppose that a cylindrical pump 36 inches in diameter, with a 48 inch stroke, be connected with a pipe 12 inches in diameter and 36 feet long. The capacities of the pipe and the cylinder will be equal. If the piston then be raised from the bottom of the cylinder to the top, the air in the pipe will have to expand to double its space to fill both the pipe and the cylinder, and while the pressure without is a whole atmosphere, or 15 lbs. to the square inch, the re-action within is only half an atmosphere, or 7½ lbs. As every upward stroke of the piston is sufficient to reduce one-half the density in 36 feet of pipe, by making 15 strokes a minute and working 32 hours, it would rarify to the same extent the air in 200 miles of pipe. At that degree of exhaustion the external pressure on the piston will be 7,634 lbs. more than the internal, and there will be a pressure of one-ninth that, or 848 lbs., available to propel a load through the pipe. As the pipe is nearly level, the resistance from friction is nearly all that has to be overcome by the propulsion, and consequently a mail of 20,000 half-ounce letters would be propelled by such a force acting constantly, with enormous velocity. It would, in fact, be shot forward an hundred miles in a very few minutes, and then, the ærial equilibrium being restored, a resistance would commence which would gradually destroy its momentum. If, instead of one pump, many should be employed at once in exhausting the supposed 200 miles of pipe, it is plain that the work might be done in a single hour or less. One hundred horse power of steam, acting at different points, would undoubtedly be able in an hour to produce a propelling force approaching much nearer to a whole atmosphere, leaving, indeed, only air enough in the pipe to answer the important purpose of a re-acting spring or cushion at the remote end, so as to prevent the mail from being shattered or reduced to a homogeneous pulp by a too sudden arrival.

So far as the mail itself is concerned, it will probably cost less tractive force to drag it bodily through a pipe of pretty smooth bore than to drag it with its proportion of locomotive aparatus over a railroad. The amount of horse-power which would in a given time drag it hence to New York, would in the same time exhaust a pipe of sufficient bore to enable atmospheric pressure to put it through in ten or fifteen minutes. Multiplying the horse-power applied to the exhaustion will reduce the time consumed in the same proportion. And in this way we may have hourly mails, or half-hourly, with no greater expense for carrying them than at present. As to the wear and tear, that is another matter. The friction on the bags might be a little more serious than at present, yet I think this difficulty may be reduced to a trifle. As the load is constantly in contact with cold pipe, the heat from the friction will be absorbed nearly as fast as it is generated, and there is little danger that the mail will take fire.

The aparatus on a small scale, which Mr. Richardson shows at the Exchange, is very ingeniously constructed, and works prettily. But, of course, no model so diminutive can demonstrate the feasibility of the operation, in large. Neither does an experiment of a mile of pipe, three inches in diameter, which was successfully put in operation on the line of the Providence Railroad, amount to a demonstration. These experiments, however, show the nature of the force; how the aerial team are to be harnessed, and what are its good points for the mail service.

Practical difficulties will doubtless be encountered when a grand mail tube (for which subscription books are to be opened directly) comes to be laid down between this village and your metropolis, but, as a correspondent, I have a presentiment that I shall live to send my hasty scrawls through it, and that the *Tribune* containing them will be received and circulating in Boston in less than an hour from the press.

Whether the General Government, which always has to be impelled and propelled with "sharp sticks" for a long time before it will adopt the most obvious improvements, will patronize the new rapidity, or put a veto on its use for private mails, is another question to be settled. If the physical success of the large experiment should answer confident expectations, it will follow of course, in time, that the Federal Post-office must adopt it for all important routes, or break down before private competition. The next step will be to inquire whether *persons* as well as *papers* shall be called for through this new channel of locomotion. The physical properties of air are such, I refer particularly to its admirable mobility and elasticity, that it is not impossible to make arrangements by which a living editor or reporter, having been suitably *cocooned* in New York, after his evening "*edishin*" has been put to press, may open his eyes the next morning to the rising sun in San Francisco, alive and kicking.

A Congress of Philogists.—It is stated that a project has been started by some French *savans*, to assemble in Paris, in the course of next month, a Congress of Philologists from the different countries of Europe, to discuss questions relative to different languages, and to prepare the way for establishing, if possible, a universal alphabet, as the first step towards the creation of a universal language. Phinography has a chance here.

The Dead Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife? she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven—she who is so busied, so unwearied in laboring for the precious ones around her; bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your head may have unwittingly planted. Her noble tender heart, lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity.—But she is dead!—The dear head that laid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly, are folded white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart, whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

Many a husband may read this in the silence of a broken home. There is no white arm over your shoulder; no speaking face to look up in the eye of love; no trembling lips to murmur—"Oh! it is so sad."

The little one whose nest death has rifled, gazes in wonder at your solemn face, puts up his tinny hand to stay the tears, and then nestles back to his father's breast, half conscious that the wing that sheltered its most fondly is broken.

There is so strange a hush in every room! no light footsteps. No smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes and ticks!—it was such music when she could hear it! Now it seems to knell the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face!

It strikes one! the fatal time when the death warrant rang out—"there is no hope." Two! she lies placidly still—sometimes smiling faintly, sometimes grieving a little, for she is young to read the valley of the shadow. Three! The babe has been brought in, its little face laid on her bosom for the last time. Four!—her breath becomes fainter, but a heavenly joy irradiates her brow. Five! There is a slight change—O! that she might live! Father spare her.

"Thy will be done."

It was her soft broken accents. Yes! Heavenly Friend, who gavest her to bless me—Thy will be done!

Six! there are footsteps near. Weeping friends around. She bids them farewell as she murmurs, "meet me in heaven." The damp drops gather upon her pallid features at the seventh hour. She lies very still—sometimes she hears sweet music. Eight passes away so gently! But her hand yet clings to yours, and so she lies while that old house-clock tolls forth nine, ten, eleven, twelve—solemn strokes. You spring to your feet. The lips are still—cold to your lips. The small hand has fallen back; its touch grows icy. She is gone. She will never speak to you again on earth. You must bear that cold gaze that love so lately kindled—and you fall weeping by her side.

And every day that clock repeats that old story. Many another tale it telleth too—of joys past—of sorrows shared, of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel—O! how often, that the grave cannot keep her.—You know she is in a happier world, yet that sometimes she is by your side, an angel presence. You look at your innocent babe, and think that a seraph is guarding it. Cherish these emotions, they will make you happier—Let her holy presence be a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections, give her spirit a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she has loved you. Be tender of her memory—so may you meet her with a soul unstained—a bright and beautiful spirit bride, where no one shall say any more forever, "she is dead."—*Mrs. Dennison—Olive branch.*

AMERICAN FLUNKEYISM.—Mr Greely relates that when he arrived in London two years ago, and had reached his hotel, he was looking out of his window, when a magnificent carriage drove up to a shop on the opposite side of the way.—Powdered footmen and flunkeys adorned the box and stand. This, thought he, is some grand personage who, true to the infernal traditions of Norman barbarism finds his honor in the degradation and brutalization of his species, affixing on them the mark of degradation—picking out the noblest looking children of toil, and dressing them up as prisoners of war once were, whose livery marked their loss of liberty. But casting his eyes on the coach pannels, what did he behold? A painting of the American eagle, with a shield round its neck, looking like a chicken prematurely tied to a gridiron. It was the coach of Abbott Lawrence, our late Whig representative near the Court of St. James.

The oldest house in Pittsburg—the "Redoubt" house, at the point, is still standing. It was built by Col. Bouquet, in 1764, just outside of Fort Pitt, and was used in connection with the fort. It is now used as a dwelling house.

The oldest dwelling house in Pittsburg, built by a resident there, is also still standing, and may be seen on Water street, between Chancery Lane and Ferry street. It was built before the revolution, sometime between 1765 1774, and was originally a log house; it has since been weather boarded, but the original structure remains. There are also other old houses standing on Water street, which were built prior to 1793.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—It is little singular that of five of the Presidential candidates—one Webster, is dead; another, and the successful candidate, lost his little boy, soon after his election, by a most distressing accident, and his own and wife's lives were saved almost miraculously; while the third, fourth, and fifth, viz: Fillmore, Cass and Douglass, have each had to mourn the loss of their wives since the canvass. Surely death strikes in high places.

The London *Times* states the extraordinary fact, that ninety-five out of every hundred letters sent from the United States to Ireland, contain remittances of money to pay the passages of relatives to this country.

A Professor done Brown.

As Professor Anderson wws looking over the various American and European newspapers, which are to be found in the publication office of the Boston Daily Times, he saw he was closely scrutinized by a gentleman of tall stature and rather swarthy appearance, evidently not a Bostonian.

The individual after a short space had elapsed, at length mustered courage, and thus addressed the 'wizard:'

'I say: are you Professor Anderson, hey?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Wall, you're a tarnation smart man, I hear. You aint got that are bottle of yourn with ye, have you?'

'No sir.'

'Well, I'm from down East, having been raised in Maine, and I should like to purchase a duplicate of that ere bottle, as I am going out stumping for—I guess if I had your bottle, or its twin brother, I'd soon swamp the Scotties, without talking politics either.'

'I never carry my bottle with me, nor have I a duplicate of it.'

'Sorry for that, sir,' said the—stumper; 'however,' he 'continued' 'I was once taught a trick, when a boy, but I almost forgit how the thing was done now. I'll tell you how it was, stranger, as near as I can. I used to take a red cent and change it into a ten dollar gold piece.'

'O,' said the professor, 'that is very simple; a mere trick, a slight of hand.'

'Well, I know it's not very difficult, but I forget how, will you show me?' at the same time handing him a cent to the wizard.

'O' yes, sir, if it will oblige you, I will show you in a moment. 'Hold your hand,' said the wizard; 'this is your cent, is it not?'

'Yes, sir.'

'*Close your hand.*' The down-easter closed his hand fast. 'Are you sure you have it,' said the wizard.

'I guess I have,' said he, 'and I'll bet a dollar you can't change it into a ten dollar gold piece.'

'Done,' said the wizard; 'now hold fast.'

'Yes, sir! I reckon I *will*—but stop down with your dollar! here's mine,' said the Yankee.

The wizard covered his dollar.

'Now, sir, are you ready?' said the wizard.

'I aint nothing else,' said the down-easter.

Change!' said the wizard; 'now, sir, open your hand.'

He did so, and to his utter astonishment he held a bona fide ten dollar gold piece!

'Wel, sir,' said the wizard, 'you see you have lost your dollar!'

'I guess I have,' said he, handing over the two dollars.

'Now,' said the professor, 'I'll bet yon another dollar I'll change the ten dollar piece into your cent again much quicker.'

'No yer don't,' said the gent from Maine, placing the ten dollars in his pocket, and buttoning it up tight; 'I'm much obliged to you, Purfessor, but I reckon I'll leave it as it is. Good morning, old hoss!' said he, walking out of the office, and turning round as he reached the door, he placed his digitals in a close approximation to his proboscis, saying, 'I guess there aint anything green about this child!' and left the Professor in utter amazement at his coolness.—*Boston Times.*

The Bristol (R. I.) Phœnix tells us of a man living somewhere near that town, whose cow had three calves at a birth on Tuesday—whose mare foaled two colts on Wednesday—and whose wife gave birth to a pair of twins on Saturday. All the colts, calves, and babies are doing well, and bid fair to be raised. The same man's hen hatched five chickens from four eggs last spring. We should be afraid to live a near neighbor to such a man as that.

"GETTING UP STAIRS."—A hotel is about to be erected in Albany eight stories high. A person seated in an elegant arranged car, strikes a bell to indicate the floor to which he desires to be conveyed, whereupon' by means of a steam "dummy," they are elevated to the proper terminus in double quick time, thereby obviating the difficulty experienced in "getting up stairs."

CURIOUS FREAK OF A STREAK OF LIGHTNING.—The Long Islander, published at Huntington, Suffolk county, says:—During the thunder storm, on Thursday, 14th instant, a house in Amityvill was struck with lightening. It seems the lightning entered the door, split the sill, passed along the room to a large cooking stove, which it threw up into the second story, and cut off three of the toes of a woman (whose name we could not ascertain,) who was sitting near by.—The shoe through which the lightning entered appeared entirely uninjured, with the exception of a small hole on one side.

"Wonderful things are done now a day," said Mr. Timmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip, from his cheek." "Ah!" said his lady, many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and it was not a very painful operation either"

The remains of the Great Napoleon are to be made the occasion of another pompous ceremonial in Paris, on the 8th of May. They are to be removed on the 4th from the Chapel of St. Jerome to the monument erected for them under the dome of the Church of the Invalides, and on the 8th the tomb will be "inaugurated" with great ceremony.

Major Stevens has nearly completed his arrangements for the survey of a Northern Route for the Pacific Railroad. Lieut. Duncan and a party of 16 persons have been sent to Oregon via the Isthmus, to start from Puget's Sound, and meet the exploring party in the mountains Another of the party has been some time in Canada, collecting information from the Hudson Bay Company.

Now.—"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "Now" is the only time for us. It is, indeed, a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying "Then" I will do it. No! this will never answer. "Now" is ours; "then" may never be.