

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE Dews OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1859.

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CARRIER'S ADDRESS, TO THE PATRONS OF THE "DEM. & SENTINEL."

"For holiday merriment—these are the times for it. Pardon us, then, for so trifling a lay; this stanza begins it if we can find rhymes for it; May you, dear readers, be happy to-day! Though life is so fleeting, and pleasure so cheating—

That we are oft meeting with accidents here, Should Fate seek to dish you, oh then may the issue be what we now wish you, A HAPPY NEW-YEAR!"—*Home Journal.*

Today the Carrier-boy his greeting brings To each kind friend; the New Year's charms he sings. Come goddess Hope, my humble muse inspire, Grant me one spark of true poetic fire; Visions of dimes inspire my humble verse, And quarters too, enough to fill my purse; So may my song be worthy of the theme, And my bright vision prove to be no dream.

Hail, New Year's morn—the happiest of the year— Though Winter reigns, and Nature's face be drear, To-day our hearts are happy, and as light As lovers fond sparkling on Sunday night; Joy gladdens hearts oppressed by grief and care, And brows where twelve-month long sat grim despair; Even sorrow's child forgets his grief awhile, And round his lip plays sweet contentment's smile.

Today will meet around the festive board Long severed friends—in many a home is heard An old familiar voice, though absent years, Whose tones are welcomed by a mother's tears; The young and old come forth—a happy throng, And join in cheerful converse, dance, or song; And happiest there amid the joyous scene, "Soft eyes look love"—you all know what I mean.

"The New Year's morn—dear friends, drive grief away; Dull Care's a stranger, then let's all be gay; Happy come forth, men, maids, wives, matrons, and all; And stationer grave who spout in Congress' hall; And e'en the wretch whose wand'rings never knew The World's regard—that soothes, though half untrue;"

Old maid and bachelors be young once more, And loving, and gallant as in days of yore. At twelve o'clock last night old Fifty-eight Drew his last breath, and yielded to his fate Without a sigh, and on the northern blast Was borne away into the silent past, To slumber with its buried hopes and fears— Its griefs, its smiles, its laughter, and its tears. He brought us joys which often made us blest; The griefs he brought were doubtless for the best.

Of "honors lost forever" say no more; And "broken hopes," dear friends, at once ignore; The world is all before you—a bright land strewn With choice gifts of Heaven on ev'ry hand; Gifts which are only for the grateful heart— For to such only Heaven its gifts impart; And thus the grateful man, though poor and old, Tastes joys denied the miser 'mid his gold.

The past is past; the future's in the van, And Hope comes forth, the constant friend of man, And thus she whispers—"sign not nor repine For earthly honors; know if they were thine Thou wouldst not then be happy; know that bliss Makes not her home in such a world as this; Though clear this world, the promise still is given— For grief below eternal bliss in Heaven!"

Eternal bliss! what rapture thrills the soul, E'en at the thought she yet shall reach the goal Where sorrow never enters; where no care Finds dwelling place—and sorrows never dare To cross the threshold; joy there reigns supreme Fulfilling thus our fondest, brightest dream: A soothing hope, our sorrows to beguile, Eternal bliss in God's eternal smile.

Then welcome New Year's morn! farewell the past; The year to come will soon excel the last; Greeting with youth, he just has made his bow; See Fortune's garland bound around his brow; Then bid him welcome—he will not depart Without bestowing on the grateful heart His choicest blessings—blessings which will be Only disclosed when death the soul sets free.

My song is ended now—and so adieu; Of course my luck, dear friends, remains with you. I've faithful been, and brought you news in time Better I know than all this jingling rhyme; The cold and selfish heart can never know The bliss that springs from rendering others joy; Then, would you taste true bliss without alloy, At once reward the faithful

CARRIER-BOY.
Ebensburg, January 1, 1859.

ROBERT HALL was once asked what he thought of an elegant sermon, which had created a great sensation. "Very fine, sir," he replied, "but a man cannot eat flowers."

The Senate of the Mississippi Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting, after the 1st of January next, the circulation of bank notes of \$20 and under.

Miscellaneous. THE ISLE OF THE BLEST; OR, MADEIRA TO AMERICAN EYES.

BY H. C. VICTOR.

At a distance one is disappointed in the first view of Madeira; where the most luxuriant vegetation was looked for, nothing is seen but apparent sterility. A nearer view, however, undecives the visitor. The supposed bleak hillsides are cut into terraces, which are covered with luxuriant verdure; every available spot—and many that are not—is cultivated and made to bring forth its quota of delicious fruits, vegetables, etc.—This terrace cultivation is, upon a near view, a fine feature in the many hued landscape of the "Wooded Isle," though it contributes very much to the illusion, at a distance, of the savage sterility of the island.

To paint in the mind a proper picture of Madeira, as seen from a point near its principal town of Funchal, we would have to imagine a huge pile made up of lofty mountains, cut up here and there by deep cavernous ravines, the mountain-tops in the clouds, the ravines terraced step on step of dark green until they are lost in the mist above—the white mingling with the green, substance with the shadow, until lost in the vapory world above—mountain-sides terraced off, wooded to their very summits, the dark gray of the rocks contrasting finely with the flowery foliage which springs from every possible foothold, and in the midst of which often is seen a beautiful villa, or neat cottage, peering from its lovely surroundings like some shy beauty, afraid, in its modesty and consciousness of loveliness, of being seen.

A nearer view of the island—I mean such a one as may be had from the island itself—would reveal numerous cascades and waterfalls, sparkling, flashing, and trembling in the pleasant sunshine, leaping from rock to rock on their way down to the sea. During and after the rainy season many of these may be seen far out at sea; which, whether seen from sea or shore, form one of the finest pictures in the romantic scenery of the island. The waterfall is detected sometimes afar off, girding some gray, huge rock, and then lying beside it as though holding converse with the hoary-headed, taciturn sage; then its brightness is hid from view by a clump of foliage; again it goes bounding over some huge precipice, giving utterance to an ever-varying song all the time—now one of deep bass, grand as the mountains towering around, organ-like and sweet, a "deep song of joy;" again the strain changes, after some mad leap—mayhap it hath hurt itself, for now it sings sadly, breathing forth deep tremulous music—bass still, but sad—now the breeze wafts its notes loud and deep on the ear, anon it sounds away off, its gushes of melody are borne past you, winging their way to the mystic spirit-land of music, so low and sweet that it seems the faint echo of the voices of those whose song is "like unto the sound of the voice of many waters." Again its voice is borne to you loud, noisy, and laughing—sacriligious laughter, too, as it quits its mountain recesses and hastens on to its mother-sea. As you follow its windings aloft, peering into the recesses of the rocks to catch a glimpse of the ones which strike the notes of the harp so full of melody, you may see, peering out of some nook, a little cot, half hidden by the foliage of the orange, magnolia, banana, or a mass of flowering shrubs—the spirit of peace seeming there to keep company with that of melody.

Madiera is literally a land of fruits and flowers—blessed with a genial climate (the temperature of which scarcely varies ten degrees the year round, averaging, at the sea, about 70 degrees, and less at a higher elevation.) it produces in the greatest perfection, most of the tropical, and many of the fruits, flowers and vegetables of the temperate regions. Oranges, lemons, citrons, guavas, pomegranates, pine-apples, melons, apples, peaches, and many others, are produced in abundance; also almonds, chestnuts, Brazilian nuts, etc. Fine qualities of coffee are also raised. Of flowers there is an endless and ever-blooming variety. Geraniums grow wild on the mountain-sides; the air is laden with the fragrance of roses, of which there is a wilderness. The habitations of the people are buried in fruit and shade trees, or embowered in flowering shrubs. It is another attractive feature to Madeira landscapes—the lovely villas, and picturesque little cottages, planted here and there over the mountain-sides and cliffs, sometimes away up to be reached only by inclined planes. Peering out from amid a wilderness of sweets, you may see portions of columns, or a lattice, or a section of a white wall—the white contrasting beautifully with the evergreen foliage. I know of no place—and I have visited many lovely spots—where the recluse who loved lovely solitude, could so effectually seclude him or herself from the busy haunts of life, amid scenes of true loveliness and repose, as at Madeira. I wonder it has not been made the home of poetic souls, ere this. If the hills of Greece could beget inspiration in the souls of its gifted sons, Madeira should doubly be the home of the Muses, for the hills of Greece in its palmiest days, never shone with that spirit of beauty which now makes radiant the very mountain tops of the "Blest Isle." But alas! the spirit of poetry dwells not in the breasts of a people which could boast of a Camoens. If the spirit of Art loves to dwell where the beautiful in Nature predominates, then ought the creations of a Phidias to start from every rock in Madeira. But the inspiration of art dwells not with an effeminate people who can but boast of a glorious Fatherland. Madeira should be an Isle of Song; should have a music all its own; its hills should be resonant with melody sweeter than Italia ever

improvised. Why should not its people catch the inspiration from the sighing winds and sweet echoes of its waterfalls? Portugal's mongrel race have yet got to produce a Mozart or a Beethoven. When the song of liberty is heard amidst the mountains of Estrella, then may its notes be caught up by the people of the "Blest Isle," and they too become inspired with the true spirit of song. I do not mean to say that there is no song in the land, for there is much of it; but none which is their own, such as their majestic mountains should echo. How grand the Switzer's Song of Liberty, compared to the soft love song and saintly madrigal of the degenerate Portuguese!

Madiera's hills are, or have been, vine-clad. The production of its famous wines has comparatively ceased for the past four or five years, owing to a disease of the vines, which has, year after year, destroyed its products, that have heretofore been the main support of its people—its great source of wealth, that which made the island so valuable to poor, impoverished Portugal. The produce of the vine failing suddenly, the inhabitants of this, one of the finest—if not the most so—lands in the world, were reduced to famine. It was robbed of its chief glory; it no longer produced the luscious vintages as famous for delicacy and good qualities, as the place that produced them was celebrated for its beauty. It is my opinion that the hills will soon be vine-clad as of yore, and that is the hope and opinion of the people of Madeira, who are as tenacious and jealous of the wine-producing qualities of their island as a people can well be. Be it the case or not, we need not expect to see or hear of such absolute want of the necessities of life as the people of this prolific Isle have been subjected to. The cultivation of the real necessities of life have replaced, for the present, that of the luxurious grape. There is enough and to spare, yet, of delicious wine on the island—I mean, to spare to actual visitors, and not for exportation; for the wealthy inhabitants, who own all the wine on the island, know full well what a treasure they possess, and will rarely part with it. The welcomed visitor will not want for a taste of the pure juice of the grape—very little like the wretched stuff labelled and sold as "Pure Madeira." Except in rare cases, that article can only be had on the island, where, as I have said, it is only to be found in the cellars of the wealthy residents. It was the writer's good fortune to fall into the hands of a rotund and excellent old gentleman (peace to his memory and that of his cellar!) who had an abundance of various kinds of excellent juices, in a spacious cellar, and in the fullness of his heart at having an opportunity of showing his hospitality to a stranger from a strange land, he would very frequently insist upon entering the sanctuary of his cellar and to—*as he expressed it in broken English*—"takes shat a little vines." I was not so lost to self respect as to refuse! besides, politeness, if not a love for the pure juice, prompted me *always* to accept the old man's invitation! I mention this to show a great characteristic of the people of the better class—their hospitality. But I shall not speak of the people, only so far as to illustrate the place; when we are dealing with nature, it is best to leave man out, if possible.

Strangers visiting the island usually make it a point to visit "the Church of Our Lady," situated high up on the mountain, on the declivity of which a portion of the city of Funchal is built. From a walled terrace in front of this sacred edifice—sacred it is from the fact of its containing an image of the tutelary divinity of the island, "Our Lady of the Mount"—it is said that the finest view in the world is to be had, a fact I verily believe, after having seen some of the chosen spots of the earth. Here all the glories of a Madeira landscape burst upon the vision, and one is almost bewildered by what he sees.

Leaving the town of Funchal, mounted upon a fine horse—and there are plenty of them on the island—accompanied by a groom I took my way over a narrow, paved road, winding along amidst a wilderness of trees, shrubbery, and sweet-scented flowers, catching at each turn of the road the most delightful views, passing on my way many beautiful sequestered mansions of a people that I could but believe were happy in their seclusion; their lands had fallen in pleasant places, for the mantle of Nature's loveliness was spread over their homes like a garment of many colors. As I mounted higher and higher, I realized more and more of the deliciousness and purity of the air; I felt it was a luxury to live, to breathe. Pure and bracing, redolent with the perfume of orange, rose, and geranium, the atmosphere seemed at that time exhilarating oven to intoxication. [This, by the way, in one of the great charms of Madeira life—i. e. the great purity of its air—a fact which causes it to be a great resort for invalids, especially consumptives.] Many persons are now there, foreigners, who have been for many years on the Island in the enjoyment of good health, who, were they to leave, would go to that bourne whence no traveller returns.]

A ride of an hour through such scenes as I have described brought me to the church. I was forcibly reminded of the fact that, on this poor earth, it seems as if it were decreed that nothing should be perfect; God's glorious works were marred by man, and by man's folly; those scenes of grandeur and beauty were marred (to my mind) by witnessing disgusting scenes in which man played a part.

The terrace! I stood between two mountains, sections of which rose far above, on the right, as I faced the sea, the mountains being distant several miles. The rocks on the left were near at hand, reared up precipitously hundreds of feet above. Behind they gradually ascended until lost in the clouds—separating me from those perpendicular walls was a horrible chasm, or ravine, called "the

Cooral," looking fearfully grand down in its profound depths. The walled rocks around were turfed here and there with green, the sides of the mountains were spotted with forests, with evergreen verdure, with gardens, out of which peered numerous cottages and villas. There was one away up in a nook, better fitted for the nesting of an eagle, one would think, but there it stood looking down smilingly into the depths below; one was away off, far down, also nesting close to some old fatherly gray rock. Around were great trees and little ones, fruit and flowers, the spirit of the silence resting on all. The leaves of the trees rustled just a little, and no more. At my feet were the white walls of the city, far away below, while between, on the terraced mountain-sides, was the ever-blooming smiling wilderness through which I had passed in coming up. The sea lay afar off, shining, waving, and trembling, in the light of the sun, reflecting the shadow of his smiles as he looked on this fair picture.—The spirit of Peace seemed to brood over all, no sound, save the melody of falling waters, gushing from the mountain-cliffs, threading the mountain-sides with silver lines, lit with sunshine, and flashing with gladness. Those cascades gave out a melody not unlike what John heard in Patmos.

This was a picture of what I saw at Madiera. I can poorly describe it; fairer than any ideal landscape ever put on canvas by the spiritual Cole—it was the realization of my boyhood's dreams of Arcadia. Have I colored the picture too highly? Let us see. Since leaving Madiera, I have visited that abomination of desolation, Ascension; have stood on the heights of Table Mountain and looked away into far South Africa; trod the groves of the lovely Isle of France—immortalized by St. Pierre; have been to the cocoa groves and cinnamon groves of Ceylon; walked amid the spice groves of Penang; rambled at Singapore; seen the jungles of Siam; revelled in the horrible smells of Hong-Kong, Canton within the walls, Shanghai, and a multitude of Chinese villages; trod the hills of mystic Japan; seen many of the Isles of the fabled East; looked into St. Helena. After *that*, I am prepared to say that Madiera is the fairest spot on God's footstool.

BURS UNDER THE SADDLE. A SKETCH OF THE REVOLUTION.

During the month of March, 1778, the British army being at Philadelphia, and the American forces at Valley Forge, the American commander-in-chief was desirous of obtaining some information concerning the state of affairs in the city, and desired Capt. Allen M'Lane to pick him out a few trusty men for the purpose. M'Lane selected five of his own men, with Sergeant John Marks for leader, and sent the latter to head-quarters to receive instructions.

Marks was a very young man to be entrusted with important services, being only twenty-two years of age; but M'Lane had frequently marked his conduct in camp and field, had made himself well acquainted with his character, and knew that he could be thoroughly relied on. Marks was a lank, bony fellow, with high cheek bones, square jaw, and rather large mouth; but he had a fine expressive eye, his features were exceedingly noble, and his countenance entirely under his control. With this, he possessed great powers of mimicry, which he used to show off frequently for the amusement of his comrades, and had a reputation for shrewdness. His muscular system had not yet reached its full development; but his habit had made him almost as active as a panther. He was fully instructed by General Washington as to the information desired, and left camp at dark, arriving in a short time at Port Kennedy, on the Schuylkill. At that point he struck across the country, and by means of by-ways, with which he was well acquainted, having been raised in the neighborhood, evaded the scouting parties of the enemy, and arrived at Mantua, before dark. Here he posted his little troop in a cedar hollow, overlooking the river; while he, in the disguise of a countryman, with a sack of vegetables which he had stolen from a garden in the neighborhood, rode into the city. He not only escaped detection, but managed to sell his vegetables to a member of Howe's staff, was taken to the general's presence, and in return for false information in regard to Washington's movements, managed to learn some facts of importance. Promising to return in a few days with more vegetables, he was enabled to leave the town leisurely, with a passport in his pocket, and some sugar, coffee, and other articles of like nature in his sack. He joined his men without suspicion about night-fall, and after dark the little party set out on its return.

Now, had Marks kept in the course by which he came, it is possible he could have reached the American lines in good time, and safely. But it happened that about a mile from the river, at a point nearly opposite Spring Hill, there lived a farmer by the name of M'Ilvaine, who, although a Quaker and non-combatant, was well disposed toward the American cause. M'Ilvaine had a daughter, named Priscilla, a young and handsome girl, to whom Marks was strongly attached, but who had never betrayed any symptoms of affection in return. The house was half a mile or more out of the former route, but love-like, the trooper took his men in that direction. It was late in the night when he neared the place—the moon was down—yet it was probably some satisfaction to the young man to look upon the building where he supposed his lady-love to be buried in repose.

As they silently and swiftly passed along, the watch-dog of the farm began to bark, the inmates of the house were alarmed, and a light at one of the windows showed them to be stirring. At the same moment, a horseman rode unexpectedly from the shadow of

a small patch of woods on the left, and challenged the new comers. The answer was a pistol-shot from Marks, which tumbled the challenger from his horse. A general alarm at the farm-house succeeded, and was answered by a bugle-call a short distance ahead. Marks found that he had come upon a post of the enemy, and dashed on with his force. At a turn of the road, a hundred yards further, they found a small detachment formed across their path. As the Americans knew the road forked on the other side of this force, and their chances of escape were good, if they could reach the left hand road, which was a mere by-path, to be ridden by only one horseman at a time, they charged sword in hand.

Three of the troop managed to break thro' and escape, but Marks, and a stout trooper named Gahl, from Bucks county, were intercepted, and obliged to cross sabres with the enemy. It proved useless to contend with such superior numbers, by this time reinforced by others from the farm-house; and after a short and severe contest, resulting in the death of one of the British troops, the two Americans were taken prisoners and carried back to the house of M'Ilvaine.

Marks was filled with chagrin, partly at his folly in taking the most dangerous path, and partly at his inability to convey to the Commander-in-chief the valuable information he had picked up in the city. He veiled his mortification, however, in a cool and careless demeanor; and in reply to the lieutenant commanding the British detachment, said that he had been on a foraging party, had lost his way, and managed to get almost in sight of the city before he discovered his blunder. Priscilla, who, with the rest of the family, was now awake and dressed, saw, but apparently did not recognize, Marks.—After some more questions, which were answered in what seemed to be an open manner, the lieutenant directed the Americans to be placed, securely bound and guarded, in an upper room of the house, there to remain until morning. By way of comfort, he gave them the assurance that they would both be hanged as spies.

Marks passed a sleepless night; it was not alone the prospect of an ignominious death which troubled him, but he had learned enough in the city to know that a surprise movement, similar to that attempted on the previous 4th of December against the American forces, was set down for the following day; and he was aware that it was entirely unexpected. He revolved various plans of escape in his mind, none of which appeared to be practicable, and finally concluded to dismiss any premeditation on the matter, and be merely prepared to take advantage of any unexpected circumstances. As for Gahl, he took matters like a philosopher, and snored away all night in happy unconsciousness of his situation.

At daylight the prisoners were brought down and placed upon the porch, while Lieut. Draper and the men under his command took breakfast in the house. The horses of the troopers, with those of Marks and Gahl also, were all saddled and hitched to the fences under charge of a little Scotchman, named M'Pherson. Priscilla, accompanied by Lieut. Draper, came out, the former bearing some food. After it was partaken of, Priscilla laid the dishes, knives and forks upon a bench in the porch, and listened with apparent interest to the questions put by the lieutenant. The latter, by way of encouragement, assured the two Americans that if they gave true statements, their lives would be spared—otherwise they would certainly be hanged. He then left them for a short time to digest the information, Priscilla remaining behind.

The Quaker girl, still appearing not to recognize Marks, said to him, loud enough to be heard by the soldiers who were passing to and fro: "I would advise thee, friend, to tell all thou knowest. Friend Draper will keep his word with thee, I am sure."

She then added, in a low voice: "Keep still, John, and I will save thee. Answer what I say, but pay no heed to what I do."

Marks caught her intent in a moment, and replied aloud: "I won't turn scoundrel, miss, for fear of death, even if I had any surety the captain there would keep his word."

Other conversation followed, and Priscilla, who had concealed a sharp-knife in her sleeve, managed to cut the prisoner's bonds without observation, cautioning them at the same time not to move too soon. She told them that the lieutenant's horses, one of which was ridden by his servant, and both standing nearest the gate, were the swiftest of all, and then went out and exchanged some slight observation with M'Pherson, patting and admiring the various horses, one by one. Marks kept a close watch upon her, and noticed that she passed something under the saddle-cloth of each horse; but she did not lay her hands upon the two horses of the lieutenant. Priscilla returned presently, and with a significant glance at the captives, entered the house and engaged Lieut. Draper in conversation.

M'Pherson, in the meanwhile, had noticed that some manœuvring was being made, and came to the porch to inspect the fastenings of the prisoners. As he did so, Gahl, who was very powerful, struck him between the two eyes with his full force, and the Scotchman fell backwards from the raised floor to the ground, striking his head against a stone so severely as to take away his senses for the time. Before the alarm could be given, Marks and Gahl were mounted on the officer's horses, and galloping furiously up the road. Draper rushed out, and pistol-shot being ineffectual, he ordered pursuit. But the party had not proceeded a dozen yards before every horse grew reative, and at length utterly unmanageable. All attempts were in vain, and the horses, growing more

furious, unsated trooper after trooper. The single exception was in Marks' own horse, which Draper had mounted. He was quiet enough; but Draper, happening to dismount, in order to examine into the cause of the trouble, the steed galloped off after his master, whom he ultimately overtook.

After a considerable time thus lost, it occurred to the Lieutenant that there was some trick in the matter. The horses were stripped, and it was found that the sharp burrs of the burdock had been placed under every saddle, and had fretted and galled the animals almost to madness. By this time the fugitives had too much start, and pursuit was abandoned.

About four miles further on Marks and Gahl fell in with three troopers of the enemy. The Americans were without sabres, but there were pistols in the holsters, and with these they settled two of their opponents. The third pair spurs to his horse, and turning down a cross-road, escaped. Marks and his friend were in too much of a hurry to pursue him, and rode on towards the camp, where they arrived that afternoon. The information that Marks brought was of essential service. The British arrived during the night, but found such formidable preparations made to receive the attacking columns, that they quietly retreated by the road they came.

Lieutenant Draper suspected Priscilla, who denied having a hand in the matter, and wondered very much where the burrs had been obtained at that season of the year. The truth is that the girl had got them from uncombed wool, which lay in an upper chamber, the sheep of the farm having gathered them in their rambles. Thus two kinds of non-combatants had played important parts in the matter; but the Lieutenant never found that out. He never ceased to lament the loss of his pistols, which were a handsome silver-mounted pair, nor his showy cloak, which had been strapped behind his saddle, both proving of great service to Marks.

Marks and Gahl were promoted. The latter was made a sergeant, and was killed afterwards in a skirmish at Van Dusen's Mill. Mark's served through the war, became ultimately a captain, and distinguished himself in several actions. After the war he returned to Chester County, and Priscilla became his wife. The latter was formally "disowned" by her sect, for "marrying out of meeting," and for having aggravated her offence by being married by "a hired priest." The expulsion did not seem to affect her spirits much, for she became a jolly, contented matron, and lived to a good old age, surviving her husband two years. The descendants of the couple still live in Chester and Montgomery Counties, with the exception of a grandson, George Marks, who is, or was recently, a thriving farmer, in Vinton County, Ohio.

Music by Electricity.

A curious experiment of making music by electricity, was recently tried at one of the theatres at Pesth, by an Hungarian named Hamel. Five pianos were placed in view of the audience, and the electric battery being duly disposed of in an adjoining room, Mr. Hamel seated himself at one of the pianos, connecting the others with the one on which he was playing, they were brought into communication with this one, and immediately, to the great excitement of the spectators, the keys of the other four pianos were seen to move in exact unison with the one at which the musician was seated, every note being produced simultaneously, and with perfect clearness and precision, by each instrument. It was as though a single instrument of five fold power were being played upon, and the audience were so enchanted with the success of this most remarkable experiment that their shouts of applause almost drowned the music. The possibility, therefore, of a performer being heard at once, at any and every point of the earth's surface with which he can bring himself into electric rapport, is ascertained to be no longer a dream, but is demonstrated as perfectly feasible—if the report of Mr. Hamel's success be reliable.

Legal Tender.

The following coin alone can be legally offered in payment for debts.

1. All gold coin of their respective values for debts of any amount.
2. The half dollar, quarter dollar, half dimes and quarter dimes, at their respective values for debts of any amount under five dollars.
3. Three cent pieces for debts of any amount under thirty cents; and
4. By the law passed at the last session of Congress, we may add one cent pieces for any amount under ten cents.

By the law of Congress, passed some four or five years ago, gold was made the legal tender for large amounts.

"Whistling girls and crowing hens, Always come to some bad end.

In one of the curious Chinese books recently translated and published in Paris, this proverb occurs in substantially the same words. It is also an injunction of the Chinese priesthood, and a carefully observed household custom, to kill immediately every hen that crows, as a preventative against the misfortune which the circumstance is supposed to indicate. The same practice prevails throughout many portions of the United States.

The regulation of the Post Office Department is such, that "a letter bearing a stamp cut or separated from a stamped envelope cannot be sent through the mail as a pre-paid letter. Stamps so cut or separated from stamped envelopes lose their legal value.

An observant citizen informs us that the muskrats have built their houses "high up and thin," as if contemplating a mild time coming.