

# THE LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. FRYSENER & SON, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1864.

New Series---Vol. XVIII. No. 11.

THE  
and cold  
little col  
dy and  
ing as  
wind.  
le No. 2745.

Lewistown Post Office.  
Mails arrive and close at the Lewistown P.  
office as follows:

ARRIVE.  
Eastern through, 5 33 a. m.  
Western " " 4 21 p. m.  
Belleville " " 10 38 a. m.  
Northumberland, Tuesdays, Thursdays and  
Saturdays, 2 30 p. m.  
Close, 6 00 p. m.

GOING.  
Eastern through, 8 00 p. m.  
Western " " 10 00 a. m.  
Belleville " " 3 30 p. m.  
Northumberland (Sundays, Wednesdays  
and Fridays), 8 00 p. m.  
Office open from 7 30 a. m. to 8 p. m. On  
Thursdays from 8 to 9 a. m. S. COMFORT, P. M.  
eng and one

Lewistown Station.  
Have Lewistown Station as follows:  
Westward. Eastward.  
Express, 4 40 a. m. 12 20 a. m.  
Market and, 6 26 p. m. 3 50 "

Accommodation, 2 35 p. m.  
Age was dor, 10 20 a. m. 1 20 a. m.  
Hard at th, 3 40 a. m. 8 15 "

Had the, 11 00 " 2 35 p. m.  
Start not, 5 00 " 9 05 "

Amount eight, 12 45 p. m. 10 38 a. m.  
Omni-buses convey passengers to  
all the trains, taking up or setting them  
at all points within the borough limits.

WILLIAM LIND,  
has now open  
A NEW STOCK  
OF

ths, Cassimeres  
AND  
VESTINGS,  
will be made up to order in the neat-  
est and most fashionable styles. ap19

GEO. W. ELDER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office Market Square, Lewistown, will at  
tend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Hunting-  
don counties. my26

DR. J. LOCKE,  
DENTIST.  
OFFICE on East Market street, Lewistown,  
adjoining F. G. Francis' Hardware  
Store. P. S. Dr. Locke will be at his office  
the first Monday of each month to spend the  
week. my31

Lock Repairing, Pipe Laying,  
Plumbing and White Smithing  
THE above branches of business will be  
promptly attended to on application at  
the residence of the undersigned in Main  
street, Lewistown. jan10 GEORGE MILLER.

A. D. SHULL,  
West Market St., Nearly Opposite the Red  
Lion Hotel,  
OFFERS his services to the public in re-  
pairing Guns, Rifles, &c., making Pat-  
terns of all kinds to order, and Jobbing  
generally in his line of business. He is an ex-  
perienced workman, and will not fail in giving  
satisfaction to all who may favor him with  
work. oct28 1y

AMBROTYPES  
AND  
MELAINOTYPES.  
The Gems of the Season.  
THIS is no humbug, but a practical truth.  
The pictures taken by Mr. Burkholder are  
unsurpassed for BOLDNESS, TRUTH-  
FULNESS, BEAUTY OF FINISH, and  
DURABILITY. Prices varying according  
to size and quality of frames and Cases.  
Room over the Express Office.  
Lewistown, August 23, 1860.

Large Stock of Furniture on  
Hand.  
FELIX is still manufacturing all kinds  
of Furniture. Young married persons  
and others that wish to purchase Furniture  
will find a good assortment on hand, which  
will be sold cheap for cash, or country pro-  
duce taken in exchange for same. Give me  
a call. Valley street, near Black Bear Ho-  
tel. feb 21

SUPERIOR TEAS.  
SALLUNG HYSON, Imperial and Black at  
On 1st F. J. HOFFMAN'S.  
ALBEN OWEN

WARE & STOVES  
all patterns, constantly kept, and for  
sale at very low figures, as usual, at the  
BIG COFFEE POT SIGN.  
Lewistown, August 6, 1862.

Fin Ware.  
In all assortment and at lower prices than  
aged usual at F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

DRUGS.  
SPECIAL attention given to the purchase  
of S. and S. of Drugs. The amount sold is  
sufficient to guarantee that the medicines are  
and prices moderate. F. J. HOFFMAN.

## MORAL & RELIGIOUS

### Origin of the Hymn "Rock of Ages."

There is one hymn to be found in  
nearly every general collection which  
has been published during the past  
sixty years, and its general adoption  
will indicate that it is a great favorite.  
Whether in the solitude of the study  
or the loneliness of the forest, in the  
humble prayer-meeting or in the great  
congregation, in the social circle or in  
the Sabbath school, we have, under all  
these varied circumstances, heard that  
hymn sung. The first line is, "Rock  
of Ages, cleft for me." Ten thousand  
times has that hymn been sung, and  
yet probably not one in a thousand  
has ever noticed the peculiarity of its  
phraseology. Jesus Christ is here ad-  
dressed as the Rock of Ages. The  
title is peculiar—it is singular. The  
expression is not Scriptural; it appears  
to have been first used in "Songs of  
Praise to Almighty God," by John Mas-  
son, of Water Stratford. "From ever-  
lasting to everlasting Thou art God,"  
is applied to the Divine Being. Chas.  
Wesley had, some years previous, pub-  
lished in his volume of hymns one  
which commenced thus—

"Rock of Israel cleft for me,"

but, whether Mr. Toplady desired only  
to vary the expression by adapting  
something of a synonymous term, we  
are left only to conjecture. The hymn  
has become a general favorite. Its  
plaintive words have reverberated in  
the cloistered cell, in the monastic  
chapel, in the quiet closet, and in the  
sick chamber. It has charmed the be-  
liever, in the public service in the great  
congregation, as well as when sung in  
solitude by the quiet wayside during  
an evening walk.

The most popular hymns written by  
Toplady were those he composed in his  
later years. "Rock of Ages" is one  
of them. Toplady became editor of  
the Gospel Magazine in 1775, but re-  
linquished that office through illness in  
1776. In that volume "Rock of Ages"  
first appeared. Its title is, "A Living  
and dying Prayer for the Holiest Be-  
liever in the World." The allusion is  
to the idea of progressive sanctifica-  
tion, or christian perfection, held and  
preached by John Wesley, and Topla-  
dy's evident intention is to render  
some of the petitions of the hymn un-  
necessary for such persons! The ho-  
liest believer referred to was John  
Wesley, so that this truly fine and sub-  
lime hymn was intended as a carica-  
ture of John Wesley and one of his  
doctrines. How wide of the mark has  
been the result! Most of the versions  
of that hymn are both abridged and  
altered. To what extent those altera-  
tions are carried we give our readers  
an opportunity of judging, as we here  
furnish a correct reprint of the origi-  
nal. It will be seen by comparison, that  
words are altered and lines transposed  
in a most unwarrantable manner:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from my guilt and power.

"Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfill thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone:  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

"Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Weak and low, before thee I lie,  
Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

"While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my evening break in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

THE  
HOUSEKEEPER.

From Peterson's Magazine for January.

Cabbage Soup.—Take four or five  
pounds of beef, boil with it some black  
pepper whole for three hours, cut three  
or four cabbages in quarters, boil them  
until they are quite tender, then turn  
them into a dish, and serve all together.

Rice Soup.—Steep some fine rice in  
cold water for an hour, say four ounces,  
then boil; add three quarts of gravy,  
a pinch of cayenne, a little salt,  
and boil five minutes.

Egg Sauce.—Boil three eggs hard,  
cut them in small squares and mix  
them in good butter sauce; make it very  
hot, and squeeze in some lemon  
juice before you serve it.

Veal and Oyster Pie.—Make a season-  
ing of pepper, salt, and a small quan-  
tity of grated lemon peel. Cut some  
veal-cutlets, and beat them until they  
are tender; spread over them a layer  
of pounded ham, and roll them round;  
then cover them with oysters, and put  
another layer of the veal fillets and  
oysters on the top. Make a gravy of  
the bones and trimmings, or with a  
lump of butter, onion, a little flour,  
and water; stew the oyster liquor and

put to it, and fill up the dish, reserving  
a portion to put into the pie when it  
comes from the oven.

Apple Tart.—Take some good bak-  
ing apples, pare, core and cut them in-  
to small pieces; place them in a dish  
lined with puff-paste, strew over pound-  
ed sugar, mace, nutmeg, cloves, and  
lemon peel chopped small; then add a  
layer of apples, then spice, and so on  
till the dish is full; pour a glass and a  
half of white wine over the whole,  
cover with puff paste and bake it.  
When done, raise the crust, stir in two  
ounces of fresh butter and two eggs  
well beaten, replace the crust, and  
serve either hot or cold.

Custard Pudding.—Take a pint of  
cream, six eggs well beaten, two  
spoonsful of flour, half a nutmeg gra-  
ted, and salt and sugar to taste; mix  
them together; butter a cloth and pour  
in the batter; tie it up, put it into a  
saucepan of boiling water, and boil it  
an hour and a half. Serve with melt-  
ed butter.

## TALES & SKETCHES

### THE PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

I had been some years engaged in the  
practice of medicine, in one of our largest  
cities, before I met with any serious ad-  
venture. One night I was returning home,  
through a lonely, little frequented part  
of the city, at a late hour, from a patient I  
had been with since noon of that day, and  
whom I was now permitted to leave by rea-  
son of a favorable change. I was suddenly  
stopped in a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way  
spot, by a big, gruff, coarsely dressed man,  
and inquired in the same words.

"I want you to come with me, then," he  
said, in a tone that indicated the matter  
was already settled in his mind, however it  
might be mine.

"I cannot go to-night," I answered, with  
positive emphasis. "I am all wearied out,  
and anxious to get home."

"Yes, you doctors are always wearied out  
when a poor man calls you," said the fel-  
low, with a threatening growl; "but only  
let some — snob's wife's poodle-dog need  
looking to, and you find your way there at  
any hour of the day or night. Well, I'm  
no snob, thank Heaven! and I've got mon-  
ey enough to pay your fee. I've tried half  
a dozen doctors already, and none of them  
will come—and so, you see I can not let  
you off."

"But, really——"

"See here, doctor," interrupted the fel-  
low, producing a knife and flashing the  
blade by a quick flourish before my eyes.  
"I'm a desperate man, and might be pushed  
to do a wicked deed. Every man sets a  
certain value on his own life, and also on  
the life of his best and dearest friend.  
You know how much your life's worth to  
you; and I know how much another's life  
is worth to me; and, 'fore Heaven, I swear,  
if you attempt to go and leave my friend  
to die, I'll put this knife into you!"

It was an open space where we stood,  
about half way between two blocks of new  
buildings that were not yet tenanted. I  
looked up and down the dark street, but  
not a soul was in sight.

"Where do you wish me to go?" I in-  
quired.

"Oh, down here a piece," jerking his  
thumb over his shoulder. "Come on, be-  
fore it's too late!"

He passed his arm through mine, without  
so much as "By your leave," and began to  
move away, of course taking me with him.

"Is your friend a male or female?" I in-  
quired, pretending to feel perfectly at my  
ease, though I would have given a year's  
practice to have been safe at home.

"She's a woman."

I breathed freer—for somehow I always  
experienced a degree of security among the  
opposite sex, even among the depraved and  
abandoned.

"What is the matter with her, and how  
long has she been ill?" I questioned.

"About three or four hours ago she gave  
birth to a child that didn't live more'n a  
minute, and since then she's been having  
fits," was the reply.

"Was there no physician with her when  
the child was born?" I inquired.

"No, I could not get one to her for love or  
money. An old woman, a neighbor, came  
in and did what she could. Do you think  
as how you can save her, Doctor?" inquired  
the man, in a husky tone.

"I cannot say, of course—but I will  
promise to do the best I can."

"O, do! do! do! and Heaven will bless  
you for it!" he rejoined, in a tone that  
expressed a more deep and earnest feeling  
than I had supposed was in his nature.

We soon turned into some small, mean,  
dark, narrow streets, where none but the  
poorer class lived. We now walked for-  
ward in silence—the man, who still had  
hold of my arm, as if he were afraid I  
might otherwise give him the slip, taking  
long, rapid strides, and causing me no lit-  
tle exertion to keep step with him.

At length he turned into a dark court,  
where I could see nothing but a few dingy  
buildings on either hand; and I thought, if  
his object was to rob me, I was completely  
in his power. At the far end of this  
court he stopped, opened a door, and led  
me up a flight of creaking stairs, where I  
could see nothing at all. At the top of  
these stairs we groped our way forward a  
few feet, and then he opened a door into  
the room of the patient.

The apartment was small and plainly fur-  
nished, with a lamp standing on a little ta-  
ble not far from the bed. An old woman  
who was leaning over the sufferer, looked  
quickly and eagerly around at our entrance,  
and seeing me, exclaimed:

"Is he a doctor?"

"Yes, yes, I've got a doctor at last, God  
be praised, if it ain't too late!" replied the  
man, hurriedly; adding, almost in the same  
breath, "How is she, May? how is she?"

The old woman shook her head, and  
sighed out:

"She's had three on 'em since you left,  
and she's in the fourth now, poor dear!"

"O, my God!" groaned the man, sinking  
down upon the nearest seat. "Doctor, you  
hear! O, save her! save her!"

I hurried to the bed, and found the pa-  
tient in convulsions. The spasms ceased  
almost immediately, a considerable quantity  
of viscid matter was ejected, and a heavy,  
snoring respiration followed. The face was  
flushed, the head hot, and the pulse rapid.  
I decided that she must be bled, and lost  
no time in opening a vein. I then sent  
for ice, and applied it in moderation to her  
head. I remained with her through the  
night, and left her at daylight in a tran-  
quil sleep, with directions to be followed  
in case of a return of the spasms.

The man, who gave his name as Ralph  
Wagner, came down to the door with me  
and thrust a half eagle into my hand.

"How is she?" he asked, in a trembling  
voice. "Is she better, can you save her?"

"She is better, I think, and I hope she  
can be saved," I replied.

"O, doctor, will you come again to-day?"

"Yes, this afternoon, toward night, after  
I shall have got some sleep and visited  
some few patients that cannot be neglect-  
ed."

"Don't desert us, doctor! for God's sake,  
don't!" fairly pleaded the man, with tears  
in his eyes.

I assured him I would not, gave him my  
address, and bade him send for me at any  
time, if a change should take place for the  
worse.

From that night the patient gradually  
mended, and in the course of a week was  
out of danger and had her reason. I had  
seen her every day during this time, and  
had become not a little interested in her.  
She was not an ordinary woman. Her age  
I judged to be about twenty-five or six, and  
her features though marked by suffering,  
were intellectual and still beautiful. Her  
hair a light brown, soft almost to silkiness,  
and she had the sweetest blue eyes and  
prettiest mouth I ever beheld. Her voice,  
too, had that rich mellowness which so  
captivates the ear, and her language denot-  
ed education, and her manners refinement.

Great was the contrast between this pret-  
ty, delicate flower and the big, coarse fea-  
tured, awkward, uneducated, and I must  
add, totally unprepossessing Ralph Wag-  
ner; and though I fancied I could compre-  
hend how such a man might love her to  
the whole extent of his rough, coarse na-  
ture, I confess I was at a loss to account  
for true reciprocity, if indeed there was  
such a thing. That his ardent attachment  
to her might excite some kind of sympathy  
—some emotion akin to pity, and perhaps  
gratitude—I thought possible; but that  
there should exist anything like true, mu-  
tual love, seemed as contrary to the laws  
of nature as for the doe to love the tiger.  
And yet how many such incongruities we  
see paired, if not mated—married by law,  
if not in spirit.

The day that I made what I intended  
should be my last visit, I found my fair  
patient sitting up in a chair and crying as  
if her heart would break. She was alone.

"This is very bad for you to be exciting  
your nervous system in this manner!" I  
said in a kindly reproving tone. "Has  
anything happened too serious for a little  
philosophy to master?"

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, "I am a  
poor, miserable, heart-broken woman, alone  
and friendless!"

"Oh, not quite so bad as that, I think!"  
I answered lightly. "Where is your hus-  
band?"

This was the first time I had ever spo-  
ken the word husband to her, and I looked  
to see if she received it as a familiar, un-  
questioned fact. She shuddered and cov-  
ered her face with her hands.

"Did you see in the papers this morn-  
ing," she sobbed, "the arrest of a notorious  
burglar, called Patent Hammersmith?"

"I think I did see something of that  
kind."

"That was none other but Ralph Wag-  
ner."

"Good heavens, you amaze me!" I cried.  
"Your husband's a burglar?"

"He is not my husband," sobbed the poor  
woman.

"No?"

"Sit down, doctor, and let me tell you a  
pitiful story in a few words; and then, if  
you can give me any good advice and sym-  
pathy, I shall receive it with gratitude;  
and if you scorn and cast me from you, I  
shall only find I was mistaken in suppos-  
ing you had a heart."

I seated myself and became all attention.

"I was reared in affluence," she resumed,  
"and for seventeen years was the pride and  
joy of my fond parents. At seventeen I  
fell in with a man some years older than  
myself, whom I believed to be perfection  
itself. My father knew better, and warn-  
ed me against him. He finally forbade  
him the house. We corresponded after-  
ward, met clandestinely, and at eighteen I  
eloped with him. We went, as I supposed,  
to the house of a clergyman, and then  
set off on our wedding tour. The man  
I had so wildly loved proved to be a black  
hearted villain, and soon robbed me of all  
my money and jewels, and then deserted  
me in a strange city. He afterwards wrote  
me that the marriage was a sham, and that  
he had deceived me in that manner in or-  
der to revenge himself on my father for his  
insects."

A blank followed this awakening from  
a bright and glorious dream to a reality  
too horrible for an ordinary mind to com-  
template. I had a brain fever. I became  
insane. I returned to reason in a pauper  
madhouse. I got my liberty in rags. I  
wrote home to my father the whole truth,  
and implored him to receive back his poor,  
wretched, broken hearted daughter. I was  
a ragged mendicant in a strange city, and  
God only knows with what intense and  
fearful anxiety I waited an answer to that  
letter. I waited days—I waited weeks—  
I waited months; none ever came. I was  
cast off then—abandoned—ruined for this  
world and the next. Oh, the suffering  
and degradation I was compelled to endure.

At last Ralph Wagner offered me his pro-  
tection and his hand. I accepted. We  
were married. He declared he loved me,  
and certainly treated me with respect and  
showed affection. I knew not then that  
he was a house breaker; and when I found  
it out I asked myself what better was I  
than he that I should leave him? So I  
have lived with him ever since, nearly two  
years, and now he is arrested, and I am  
again alone in the world. Such is my  
sad history, doctor. Now tell me what to  
do!"

"Write again to your parents," said I;  
"they may not have received your letter,  
or the reply may have been miscarried."

"I have sometimes hoped so, and I want  
to die in that delusion, if it be one," she  
eagerly rejoined. "If I were to get an  
answer now, that they know my condition  
and have cast me off forever, it might craze  
my brain again. Besides, I am no longer  
fit to be forgiven and received back among  
the good again!"

"It is never too late to repent," I replied.

"Remember the words of Christ to the  
men who would have put to death the  
guilty woman for her crime: 'He that is  
without sin among you, let him first cast a  
stone at her!' We all have our errors and  
all need forgiveness."

After saying much more of a similar  
purport, I urged her if she did not wish  
to write to her parents herself, to give me  
their address, and let me ascertain in my  
own way, if they still lived and cared for  
her. She finally consented, and wrote the  
address on a slip of paper. I read it,  
sprang from my seat and looked at her in  
perfect amazement. I understood it all,  
but I could scarcely credit my senses.

She was my sister's child!

I pass over the scene that followed this  
strange discovery.

It was all a mistake on her part—her  
letter had never reached her almost dis-  
traced parents, who had long mourned  
her as dead, or lost to them forever. She  
went home with me, and remained at my  
house till her fond and loving parents came  
to reclaim her. It was a fearful scene of  
commingled joy and grief when we all met  
under the same roof; and humbly on our  
knees we all thanked God for the wonder-  
ful restoration of the lost one, who was  
plucked, indeed, as a brand from the burn-  
ing, and saved in body and I trust in soul.

Three years after, Ralph Wagner died  
in prison, and with him perished one great  
portion of the guilty secret. I have pur-  
posely concealed all other names—but my  
sad story is none the less true.

Not Wiman's Steam Gun!

BUT  
MARKS & WILLIS'

STEAM PLASTER MILL!

THE subscribers have erected a Plaster  
Mill in connection with their Steam Mill,  
and are prepared to furnish all who may call  
on them, at any time, with fine, fresh ground  
Plaster. They will purchase all kinds of  
Grain offered, and pay the highest market  
prices. Flour and Feed, Coal of all qualities  
and sizes, Salt, Fish, Groceries &c., constan-  
tly on hand and for sale to suit the times.

MARKS & WILLIS.  
Lewistown, Jan. 15, 1862.

What does a soldier get just after  
he gets home?

J. J. HOFFMAN'S.

## MISCELLANEOUS

### The Southern Confederacy.

Remarkable Letter of the Richmond Corres-  
pondent of the London Times—the despair  
of the Rebellion acknowledged—Northern  
Faith and Southern Distrust—The Brink  
of Disaster.

[Richmond (Nov. 14) Correspond-  
ence of the London Times.]

The Confederate States are evident-  
ly approaching a stage in this war  
which will test more than ever the  
stubbornness and tenacity of their  
temper and patience, and can only be  
successfully encountered by a national  
spirit as systematic as it is resolute.

Their enemy, with as much pertinacity,  
and far more sagacity, than heretofore,  
hems in the edges of the "rebellion"  
on every side, avoids the frequent re-  
currence of pitched battles and gen-  
eral engagements, pounces with hawk-  
like swoop upon isolated and inade-  
quately supported bodies of men, evin-  
ces possession of admirable secret in-  
formation, keeps the Confederate gen-  
erals constantly on the rack, and, har-  
assed by irruptions of cavalry, makes  
his superiority of numbers, and still  
more his abundance of supplies for  
horse and man, more and more felt,  
and finally, in investing the ports of  
Seceassia with a cordon of vessels so  
numerous as for the first time in thirty  
months to make access to the Confed-  
erate coast really dangerous and diffi-  
cult. On the other hand, in rebellion  
itself the Federals have a powerful al-  
ly in circumstances which, to my  
thinking, have from the beginning  
quadrupled the Confederate task. No  
one who has been conversant with the  
North, during the last two and a half  
years, can have failed to notice with  
astonishment the faith stronger than  
death which the northerners have ex-  
hibited in their "star" their "manifest  
destiny," their "religion," their Alpha  
and Omega, their dream of dominion  
from sea to sea, and (to quote Mr. Ev-  
erett's words) "from the icy pole to the  
flaming belt of the Equator." No par-  
allel faith has ever been exhibited by  
the Confederate States in their future.

Six great southern victories in the field  
and three drawn battles, exhausting  
the nine principal collisions of the war,  
the entire absence of any such panic  
routs as Bull Run or Chickamauga, the  
tried inefficiency of the Federal block-  
ade, the unmoisted predatory flight of  
Alabama and Florida at sea, have al-  
together failed to inspire the masses of  
the South with a tithe of that confi-  
dence in themselves, which neither de-  
feat, nor disaster, nor hope deferred,  
nor illusions dispelled, have ever shak-  
en out of the Northerners. Deny it  
who may, there is something sublime  
in this shadowy earnestness and misty  
magnificence of northern faith and self-  
reliance. Would that I could see  
promise of future and final southern  
triumph in any corresponding quality  
of the southern mind! In many fash-  
ions southern unfaith crops up and re-  
coils upon the Confederate Govern-  
ment, making, for instance, Mr. Mem-  
minger's task, though he takes his  
stand upon raw material worth sixty  
or seventy millions of pounds sterling,  
hereafter as compared with Mr.  
Chase's, who issues vastly larger prom-  
ises to pay on a security of breadstuf  
exports worth only sixty or seventy  
millions of dollars. There are, of course,  
other reasons to account for the fact  
that three dollars in "green backs" will  
buy two dollars in gold, while it re-  
quires thirty paper dollars of the Con-  
federacy to buy a like sum; but the  
fundamental explanation of the decrep-  
ancy in value of the irredeemable pa-  
per issues of the two sections lies in  
the vastly superior faith in themselves  
of the northern people. For many  
months we have heard throughout the  
Confederacy the cuckoo cry, "Do some-  
thing to arrest the depreciation of the  
currency, or we perish!" but hitherto  
nothing has been done, and, as is now seen  
by everybody, we are on the brink of a  
precipice.

### Novel Musical Instrument.

Dr. Hachenberg, of Springfield I, Ohio,  
now of U. S. A. Hospital No. 1, of  
Nashville, has hit upon an instrument  
which, as singular as it may seem at  
first sight, is not the most unpromising  
one for the general diffusion of a taste  
for music, and of an economical enjoy-  
ment of skillful musical telegraph for  
the purpose of extending music from  
competent performers into every fam-  
ily as cheaply almost as our gas and  
water. His mode of applying it is to  
locate in some central part of the city  
a musical depot, presided over by some  
highly skillful performer on the piano  
or melodeon. To this instrument an  
electrical attachment may be made to  
communicate with a thousand other  
pianos in the city, these again having  
their own peculiar attachment.—Inde-  
pendent.

What does a soldier get just after  
he gets home?

J. J. HOFFMAN'S.