The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN, [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. 9. ALTOONA, PA., SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864. NO. 7.

Call and "See It!"

Corner of Harriet and Julia Sts., East Altoona.

CASH!—CASH!!—CASH!!!

NOTWITHSTANDING the rapid advance of every article of trade, the undersigned have determined to REDUCE THEIR PRICES on their entire stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS, SHOES, &C., &C.,

On and after January 11th 1864.

In order to enable them to do so successfully, they will sell exclusively for CASH. We will not pretend to say that we are adopting this system solely for your benefit but long experience in business teaches us that the benefits will be reciprocal.

We will not intrude by giving long lists of reductions that we intend to make, but respectfully invite you to call and examine our stock. Tell us you have the Cash, and you will certainly go away satisfied that you have found THE PLACE. We are determined to sell a little lower than the lowest, if we should do it on "half rations."

To our prompt-paying patron on the old system, we can say that if you will continue your patronage on the new system, our word for it, it will prove forty to your advantage than ourown. Those who have not been so punctual may not be able to "see it."

We keep constantly on hand a large stock of Family Flour, Rockwheat Flour, Corn Meal, Feed, &c.,

All of which we have facilities for selling at prices which defy competition. *TRY US.*

D. M. BARE & CO.

Altoona, Jan. 13, 1864.

SAVE THE PER CENTAGE

BY BUYING YOUR

CLOTHING FROM FIRST HANDS.

ETTINGER & TUCK, Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail dealers in Ready-made Clothing, would respectfully invite the attention of the public to the following facts in reference to their stock.

1st. We manufacture our own goods. They are made up in our own Store, in Philadelphia, under our immediate supervision, and we know they are well made and can be warranted.

EQUAL TO THE BEST,

and superior to the largest quantity of Ready-made clothing in the market.

2nd. We buy our Cloths directly from the Importers and Manufacturers, consequently we save the per centage put on by middlemen.

3rd. We sell our Clothing at a reasonable percentage over the cost to our Cloths, thereby saving the purchasers of Clothing the per centage which must be added by those who buy from second hands to sell again. We retail our Clothing at the same price which other merchants pay for theirs at wholesale, consequently those who buy from us get their goods at the same price which other Clothiers pay for theirs the city, thereby saving said Clothiers' per centage.

We have branch Stores in

ALTOONA AND JOHNSTOWN,

where goods may be had at the same figures at which we sell them here in the city.

If any person has been told, or imagines, that Tuck's Store in Altoona is "played out," let such persons drop into his establishment, on Main Street, and examine his goods and prices.

Wholesale Hse., No. 702 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Dec. 2, 1863.-y

NEW GOODS.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country, that he has just returned from the East, where he has been selecting a stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

which, for styleality and price, cannot be surpassed in this neck of country. His stock is much larger than heretofore, and it is quite an object, in these exciting war times, for any one to purchase where they can get

The Best Goods and at the Lowest Prices,

he would say that he can and will sell as low, if not a little lower than any other house in this place. He wishes all to call and examine stock before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels confident he can offer inducements which will defy competition. His stock consists of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS of every description,

MEN AND BOYS' WINTER WEAR,

LADIES AND MISSES' DRESS SHOES,

MEN AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES,

MEN'S HALF HOSE

WOMENS AND MISSES' WOOL HOSE.

HATS AND CAPS

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLIN,

GINGHAMS AND HEAVY DRILLINGS.

He will sell Pegged Sewed, Heeled Bootees at $1.50@1.75

Kip Pegged ..... 1.37@1.50

Men's Boots ..... 2.75@3.50

BALMORAL SATS, very low.

GROCERIES.

White and Brn Sugar, Rio Coffees, Syrups, Teas, &c., and everything is usually kept in a Dry Goods Store, and as cheap as cheapest. J. A. SPRANKLE.

Altoona, Oct. 3, 63.

CITY DRUG STORE.

DR. E. REIGART would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country that he has recently purchased the Drug Store of Lin & Co., on Virginia Street, opposite Fries' Hardware.

His Drugs are Fresh and Pure,

and he hopes strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

Call and examine his stock. He has constantly on hand.

DRUGS,

MEDICINES and CHEMICALS,

FINE TOILET SOAPS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, GLASS, PUTTY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, CAMPHON OIL AND LAMPS, PATENT MEDICINES, CIGARS,

and every article usually kept in a First-class Drug Store

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS

for medicinal use.

DOMESTIC CHERRY WINE—PURE—WARRANTED.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

accurately compounded, at all hours of the day or night.

Altoona, Sep. 5, 1863.

Victory Won!

THE subscribers would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and vicinity, that they have just returned from the East with their

FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES.

Their stock of HATS & CAPS have been selected with care, and with the view of suiting all who may favor them with their patronage. Their line of Boots and Shoes complete.

Their *LADIES' MISSES' and CHILDREN'S SHOES* are of City make and warranted. Their Balmoral Shoes for Ladies' Misses, are just the thing for wet weather and a healthy

Thankful for public for their very liberal patronage heretofore, hope to merit a continuance of the same.

Store on 2nd ST. next door to Bowman's Exchange Hotel. SMITH & MANN.

Altoona, 12, 1863.

TEA! TEAS! TEAS!—FRITCHEY

is selling Teas superior to any ever offered in Altoona. They are free of adulteration, coloring, or mixture of sand.

MACKEREL—NOS. 1, 2, AND 3, in half bbls. packages, new, and each package warranted received and for sale low by FRITCHEY.

BOSTON CRACKERS—A LARGE supply of these delicious crackers just received and for sale by FRITCHEY.

HERBOLD'S GENUINE BUCHU and Drake's Plantation Bitters, at Jan 18. REIGART'S Drug Store.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. McCRUM, H. C. DERN,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Per annum, (payable invariably in advance,) $1 50

All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

	1 insertion	2 do.	3 do.
Four lines or less	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One Square, (8 lines)	50	75	1 00
Two " (16 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (24 ")	1 50	2 00	2 50

Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

	3 months	6 months.	1 year.
Six lines or less	$ 1 50	$ 2 00	$ 5 00
One square	2 50	4 00	7 00
Two "	4 00	6 00	10 00
Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
Four "	6 00	10 00	14 00
Half a column	10 00	14 00	20 00
One column	14 00	25 00	40 00

Administrators and Executors Notices 1 75

Merchants advertising by the year, three squares, with liberty to change 10 00

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8 lines with paper, per year 5 00

Communications of a political character or individual interest, will be charged according to the above rates.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to the above terms.

Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.

Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square

Choice Poetry.

THE LEGEND OF EASTER EGGS.

Trinity bells with their hollow lungs
Their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues
Over the roofs of the city pour
Their Easter music with joyous roar.
Till the soaring notes to the sun rolled.
As he wings along in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,
As he merrily climbs on his mother's knee.
"Why are these eggs that you see me hold
Colored so finely with blue and gold?
And what is the beautiful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs upon Easter days?

Tenderly shine the April skies,
Like laughter and stars in my child's blue eyes.
And every face in the street is gay,
Why cloud this youngster's by saying nay?
So I cudgel my brain for the tale he begs,
And tell him this story of the Easter eggs:

You have heard, my boy, of the Man who died.
Crowned with keen thorns, and crucified;
And how Joseph, the wealthy—whom God reward!—
Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord,
And piously tombed it within the rock,
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

Now, close by the tomb a fair tree grew,
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue:
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite,
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

When the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.

All night long, till the sun was up,
She sat and sang by her moss-wreathed cup,
A song of sorrow, wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill;
So full of tears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

But soon their came, through the weeping night,
A glimmering angel clothed in white;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away.
Where the Lord of the Earth and Heavens lay:
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree
Beheld this celestial Mystery,
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night:
Notes climbing notes, till, higher, higher,
They shot to heaven like spears of fire.

When the glittering, white-robed angel heard
The sorrowful song of the sorrowing bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,
He said, "Sweet bird, be forever blest—
Thyself, the eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest!"

And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When Death bowed down to the Lord of Light,
The eggs of that sweet bird changed their hue,
And burn with red, and gold, and blue:
Reminding mankind, in their simple way,
Of the holy marvel of Easter day.

Select Miscellany.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

BY REV. H. MANSELL.

It is very difficult for a new comer to write about even the most common customs and occurrences in this country without making many mistakes. This I have felt, and now offer it as an apology for not writing of the methods of carrying on agricultural and other pursuits in this country to those who asked me so to do. It may likewise palliate the crime of inviting you to read of the cultivation of wheat in Northern India, while you will naturally be thinking of other things: it being neither seedtime nor harvast. You will the more readily pardon me for writing of this now when I tell you that the wheat crop, which is never covered with snow and scarcely ever stiffened with frost, now lends peculiar beauty to the rural districts, and enlivens our spirits as we ride from village to village and from market to market, carrying the message of mercy to these perishing multitudes.

It is now about six inches high, covering the ground perfectly, and is not only in striking contrast with the brown and dusty fields that are not cultivated, but is far the most beautiful of several crops that are now growing luxuriantly.

The cultivators do not live on large farms in fine houses, but in villages varying in size to contain from ten or twelve families to several thousand people. These villages are built of mud, and accomodate not only the people, but also their cattle, horses, sheep, goats, and whatever domestic animals they have. Nor are they very large on this account, for men and animals live close together. Nor are they, except in appearance, filthy, for every morning after the animals are taken out to work or pasture the entire villiage is swept and cleansed. The Hindoos are remarkable for cleanliness: "except they wash, they eat not." It seems impossible (for me at least) to give you an idea of the appearance of these villages. The mud of which they are built is worked into the consistency of dough by the hand, and pressed together into the walls by this same ancient trowel, so that "the sound of the hammer is not heard" in their construction; although the marks of the "skillful fingers" are seen on them for a long time. The side walls are three or four feet high, and the end walls run up to a point two or three higher, upon which a pole rests to bear up the roof, which is made of bamboo lattice, thatched with long grass.—They are usually in rows from forty to five hundred or six hundred feet long, about ten feet wide, and are partitioned off so as to make a family residence about ten feet square. Sometimes they are a little longer, but not often. There are no windows, and only one door to each dwelling, about three feet wide, extending from the ground to the canvass; a little wider at the top than at the bottom, and always on the side within the village. When it is desired to have them closed they have a door made of the same material as the roof.—As soon as they are outside of the house they are in the yard that has been made for the accommodation of the animals.—You see these are rather close quarters. Wealthier farmers sometimes have larger yards for their stock, in which there are nice mud mangers and everything convenient.

Now if you can imagine several rows of such buildings, not necessarily straight nor parallel with each other, but very close together, and almost hid from sight, on one side by a clump of low, wide-spreading trees, you will have as good an idea of an East Indian agricultural village as I can give. However, there are a great many "variations" which there is neither space nor time to give. But as brother T. is with you, he can give them and correct any mistakes I may make. Connected with each village is a tract of land varying in size from 5 acres to 400 or 500 acres, or more, which brings the villages close together, so that they are scarcely ever three miles apart. In large villages, or centres of productive portions of country, bazars are held weekly, where the villagers collect in multitudes to sell their produce, or exchange it for articles which they do not produce. Bazar villages in this district are usually about four or five miles apart. In visiting three or four such bazars every week we are usually heard at each place by one thousand or two thousand people. They are not particular about roads, so we frequently find ourselves riding in narrow paths, through fields and over fences. Fences are made by throwing up a row of earth about eight inches high, and enclose in fields of almost every shape any amount of land, between half a rod and an acre or two. Such fields present a singular appearance. They are not designed for the safe keeping of stock. Animals are always watched while grazing in the daytime, and penned up in villages at night

In October and the first of November the fields are covered with men and bullocks, or buffaloes, plowing for wheat and barley. This is a curious process. The bullocks (called "Bail"), though usually less than our oxen, are very fine looking animals, generally white, with noble horns and a singular hump on the top of the shoulder. You can see a picture of this animal in "Webster's Pictorial Illustrations," on page 153, under the name Zebu. The picture "does not flatter." The hump, however, is perfect, except that it is a little too high. The horns are sometimes short, as there represented, but I see more with long and beautiful horns. The buffalo (called "Bhainsa") is very ill looking. The picture given on page 144 of "Webster's Pictorial Illustrations," under the name "Buffalo," does not represent the animal at all, except in the shape of the horns and the manner of carrying the head. The buffalo which is here domesticated is very rough, of a muddy black color, and has very little hair. They are usually worked two together, and guided by a string in the nose, and a goad. The yoke is simply a straight stick with a short peg in each end, and is tied on the neck. Then the plow; what an implement it is! It consists of three pieces of wood and one of iron, and beam, handle and all weighs less than twenty pounds. The lower piece, or plow proper, is about eighteen inches long, four wide and five thick, rounded on the bottom side, and tapering to a point, which is extended by an iron spike about six inches long and about three-quarters of an inch square. The other end is joined to a handle about three feet long, almost perpendicular, in the top end of which there is a pin for the hand. The beam is joined to the handle about a foot from the plow, and extends to the yoke on the oxen's necks. As you might suppose, such a plow makes very little impression upon the ground, but by going over and over it, regularly and irregularly, they tear up all the vegetation, and then it is as mellow as if plowed eight or ten inches deep. The seed is then scattered very carefully, by either dropping it in the furrows or shaking it gently through the land. But they never throw it far from them, as farmers do at home. To cover it they somstimes use a wooden drag, sometimes "brush," and sometimes they plow it again.

As there is seldom enough rain to do it any good, the ground must be remarkably moist, or else irrigation is necessary. When this is required it is all done (in this district) by hand. If near a stream or pond, they bail the water up into drains made of clay soil, which run through the field; and while one or two persons by bailing keep the drains full, others are in the fields turning the water where they wish it, and throwing it over the growing grain with their hands. If streams and pounds are wanting, wells are dug, and plenty of water is found eight or ten feet from the surface. The pump is very simple: just a pole and weight balanced over a fork, with a rope and clay water pot, which holds about two gallons.

At the end of the cold season—viz: in the beginning of March—comes the wheat harvest. Then the golden grain looks beautiful: the fences, of course, are all covered, and for miles together the full heads wave gently in the breeze. Then come the reapers—men, women and children—especially women. Until harvest the women have not assisted in the work, but now they bear their full proportion, and more too, until it is prepared for food. Every one knows his own little patch of wheat, or if he don't his neighbor is sure to know his, so there is no mistake about it.

Now for the reaping. They have a little hook about eight inches long, with which they cut the wheat, not very close to the ground, as they do not regard the straw; two handfulls make a sheaf, and about two dozen sheaves make a bundle large enough for a man to carry home. They carry it off on their heads every night, and put it in or near the house, where it will be safe. Thrashing, of course, comes next, which is done by beating the sheaves on a stone or stick, and blowing the chaff away in the wind or with a cloth, just as their forefathers have done for centuries. They give half of it to the landlord or village owner, and have the remainder for market or use. It is all ground by hand on the plains, except in some places near the hills, where very simple water mills have been constructed by government agents, which is a great improvement; but here we have none of them. Our flour is ground in the ancient mill—two flat, circular stones, about eighteen inches in diameter and two or three inches thick, the upper of which is kept whirling by two women, one of whom keeps dropping the grain with her hand through the upper stone. They turn the stone by a perpendicular wooden pin in its edge.

From flour made in this way we have just as good and beautiful bread as I ever saw in America. But for their own use the villagers make a coarse kind of flour, which they call "atta," and bake it on the coals in thin cakes, called "chapaties." This is a very palatable and wholesome kind of food; and with various other grains, roots and fruit, the people of the Northwest Provinces have such variety and choice that they are large, strong and healthful. Of course this ancient style of living is more simple than that of the people of the city, and the villagers are far more ready to hear the gospel without controversy. But, after all, they are wedded to idolatry or the following of the false prophet.

There is, however, a class or tribe of people, as you have seen in the reports of the Missionary Society, scattered through this and Bijnour districts, who have been anxious to become Christians, and from whom, indeed, many have become such. Not many of the tribe, nor many of India's heathen millions, but many of the one hundred and seventy-eight native christians we have in all our mission. There seems now to be beginning another movement among them. About a week ago a gurn, or head man among them, came from his village, about 25 miles from here, to see brother Humphrey, and tell him that the whole tribe wish to become Christians. God grant that it may be so in deed and truth. To day brother H. and I are starting out into the neighborhood to make inquiries about it. At Barbakhera, where there will be a chapel and school-house built this year if the Board grant money, there are about 15 native Christians living, and near it there is an old city of the Hindoos, which was the capital of Hindustan before the Mohammedan invasion, and where, according to Hindoo prophecy and theology, the Holy (Antar) Incarnation will be born. In that holy city (Samphal) there are about 25,000 inhabitants. Our native preacher says no one had ever preached there. So God gave me the privilege, about two weeks ago, of declaring for the first time to thousands in that city that the Holy Incarnation was born 1863 years ago, and that he now lives and reigns to give repentance and remission of sins.

The chief executor of government in that city is a wealthy, educated, high caste Hindoo. He has this week offered to give land for a mission premises, and hard brick enough to build a house for a missionary. He supports a mission school now, and tells brother H. that "missionaries should labor more with the villagers, as they are not so wicked." He also thinks the government does wrong in shutting the Bible out of its schools.

When we return I shall probably write more of this, and will try to describe Moradabad city and city life.

Moradab, N. W. Provinces, India, Jan. 14.

BITTING COLTS.—Farmers often put a bitting harness on a colt the first thing they do with him, buckling up the bitting as tight as they can draw it, to make him carry his head high, and then turn him out in a lot to run half a day at a time. This is one of the worst punishments that they could inflict on a colt, and very injurious to a young horse that has been used to running in pasture with his head down.

A horses should be well accustomed to the bit before you put on the bitting harness; and when you first bit him you should only rain his head up to that point where he natually holds it, let that be high or low. He will learn that he cannot lower his head, and that raising it a little will loosen the bit in his mouth.—This will give him the idea of raising his head to loosen the bit, and then you can draw the bitting a little tighter every time you put it on, and he will still raise his head a little to loosen it. By this means you will gradually get his head and neck in the position you wish him to carry it, and give him a graceful carriage, without hurting him, making him angry, or cause his mouth to get sore

If you put the bitting on very tight the first time, he cannot raise his head high enough to loosen it, but will bear on it all the time and paw, sweat and throw himself. Many horses have been killed by falling backward with the bitting on; their heads being drawn up, strike the ground with the whole weight of the body. Horses that have their heads drawn up tightly should not have the bitting on more than fifteen or twenty minutes at a time.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE.—Teachers and parents should make it a duty to see that the circumstances under which children study are such as shall leave a happy impression upon their minds. Young scholars will gradually and unconsciously become like what they most look upon.—Little children are wonderfully susceptible for good or evil.

Shabby school houses induce slovenly habits. Unswept floors indicate cob-web-by brains. Ill-made benches not only warp and dwarf the body, but, by reflex influence, the mind as well. Why are children so often discouraged and even disgusted at school? Because the school house seems as a prison, and the furniture as instruments of torture.

No matter how old or unfashionable your school house—keep it clean. Hide its sombre walls with pictures, embower its weather-beaten exterior with flower vines, and decorate its yard with shrubbery. Then the birds will come singing welcomes to your children. Then the young immortals that enter its door will be won by love and beauty. They will be enchained as if by sweet magic, and their minds will be awakened to learning and virtuous instruction, with links of gold brightening and strengthening for ever and ever.

TROOPS FURNISHED THE REBEL ARMIES.—In regard to the proportion of the Southern people who have been withdrawn from productive pursuits since the beginning of the war, the facts show the number to be far less than is generally supposed. The following statement, recently made in the rebel House of Representatives, by a member formerly well known in political circles at the North, shows in round numbers the number of men that have been furnished to the rebel armies by the respective States since the war began:—Georgia, 51,000; Louisiana, 35,000; Mississippi, 40,000; North Carolina, 35,000; South Carolina, 25,000; Texas, 29,000; Virginia, 103,000; Arkansas, 28,000; Kentucky and Maryland, 50,000 each; Missouri, 35,000; total, 501,000.

GEN. GRANT AND THE SOLDIERS.—It is said that when General Grant was going down to Washington one day this week, when the train, having attached to it the special car, stopped at Brandy Station, some soldiers who were waiting to go down asked if they could not get into the car. "No," was the answer of an officer; "this is General Grant's special car." Whereupon Grant, who was sitting by the window, spoke and said, "General Grant occupies only one seat; the soldiers can ride."

LEISURE.—Leisure is never so enjoyable as when it comes unexpectedly, like the visit of a long absent friend. And to be sweet it must be short. Too much of it palls upon the appetite. Luxureous as a warm bath, it is also enervating. He who finds himself suddenly possessed of leisure in great plenty, will do well to dispose of the bulk of it as soon as possible by setting himself seriously to do. Systematized activity is one of the best preservatives against "dull care." Leisure is but a sauce of life, which helps to make work more palatable and digestible—the one apart from the others soon become disgusting. Men of leisure, as they are called; are most commonly restless, fidgety and unhappy men—the kindest thing which can be done to them is to deprive them, if possible, by hook or crook, of the greater part of their leisure. At first sight, it does not seem so, but a very short experience will prove that it is so. Much leisure infers the absence of a purpose—and life without a purpose is a perpetual burden.

A CUTE LAWYER.—A gentleman dying left all his estate to a monastery, on condition that on the return of his only son, who was then abroad, the worthy fathers should give him "whatever they should choose." When the son came home he went to the monastery, and received but a small share, the monks choosing to keep the greater part for themselves. A barrister to whom he appeared to mention the case, advised him to sue the monastery, and promised to gain his cause. The gentleman followed his advice. "The testator," said the ingenous barrister, "has left his son that share of the estate which the monks should choose; these are the express words of his will. Now it is plain what part they have chosen, by what they keep for themselves. My client then stands upon the words of the will. 'Let me have,' says he, 'that part they have chosen, and I am satisfied,'" and he gained the suit.

A FEARFUL MALADY.—A few months since a hundred persons sat down at a festive celebration, in the Hartz mountains, where pork in various forms was the principal food. Of these, eighty persons are in their graves, and the remainder, the majority, linger with a fearful malady. This strange event has led to the discovery that this food was charged with flesh worms in all stages of development, or *trichinal* found in the muscular tissues of the survivors and traced to the pork. These flesh worms are not killed by ordinary cooking, and multiply rapidly by thousands. A great alarm exists in Germany, and the eating of pork in many places is now entirely abandoned.

CONSCIENCE.—Henry Ward Beecher says: "We say it in a whisper, not to be overheard by the stern faculty of which we speak. *Conscience* is not select nor wise in choosing campany! The world would die without it. If Conscience would only fall in love with Benevolence, and go always in its company. But it walks out with Wilfulness, with Combativeness, with Self-Conceit, so often, that all their faults are apt to be charged to its account, and with some reason. And so it comes to pass that, in assemblies of men Conscience is apt to produce turmoil, and obstinacy, and contention, for it lends itself to bad advisers, and used its authority to put into law the dispositions of pride and conceit.

☞ Let all men know this, and keep it in mind always, that a single, narrowest, simplest, duty steadily practiced day after day, does more to support, and may do more to enlighten the soul of the doer, than a course of moral philosophy taught by a tougne, with soul compounded of Bacon, Shakspeare, Homer, Demosthenes and Burke to say nothing of Socrates and Plato and Aristotle, could inspire.—*John Wilson.*

FACTS FOR FARMERS.—If you invest money in tools and then leave them exposed to the weather, it is the same as loaning money to a spendthrift without security—a dead loss in both cases.

If you invest money in fine stock, and do not feed and protect them, and properly care for them, it is the same as dressing your wife in silk to do kitchen work.

If you invest your money in a good farm and do not cultivate it well, it is the same as marrying a good wife, and so enslaving her as to crush her energies and break her heart.

☞ The Rome, Georgia, *Sentinel* threatens that if the Federal army come there, the rebels will make a stack of Yankees heads. That will be the rebel head-quarters, we suppose.

☞ All day on Sunday last, at Dubuque, we learn "the heavens were black with wild pigeons flying northward." That must have been a dark day.

☞ The number of deaths from chloroline in three years in London, it is stated, equals the loss of life by the Santiago fire.