THE TRANSCRIPT.

A. A. HARWOOD, Editor and Proprietor

—AUSTIN, MINN.—

THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 16, 1871.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
ST. PAUL, November 9, 1871.

WHEREAS, In accordance with continued public usage and the laws of the State, it is my official duty to appoint a day of solemn and public thanksgiving to Almighty God for his blessings to us as a State and a Nation,

THEREFORE, I, Horace Austin, Governor of the State of Minnesota, do hereby designate and appoint THURSDAY, the THIRTIETH day of NOVEMBER, as such day.

Given under my hand and the great seal of [SEAL] the State at St. Paul, the day and year above written.

HORACE AUSTIN,

By the Governor:

H. MATTSON, Secretary of State.

The Result of the Election.

We give in another column, the results of an official canvass of the late elections in this county. We took occasion to say at the time of the Judicial Convention that there was evidence of a party unanimity which was gratifying. That statement has been fully vindicated.

The *Register* has done what it could to disorganize the party, and to give success to our opponents, but its efforts were feeble, and yet in this instance we realize the truth of the remark that "a mouse may annoy a lion."

Mr. Wyckoff's election was the result of local action. It is a credit to him that he could draw so largely upon the Republican vote of his own town. The defeat of Mr. Langworthy, although unlooked for and unnecessary, is, in no sense a party defeat

The election of Mr. Page is a compliment of which he may well feel proud. When he commenced the reform in county matters, the party to be reformed was greatly in the majority, and had the support, and we might say, the confidence, of nearly the entire Republican strength of the county.—That party has been so completely revolutionized in its sentiment upon local matters as to elect Mr. Page by 100 majority. When you consider that the Democracy ran a strong ticket, which polled the full vote of the party, the election of Mr. Page cannot but impress all classes with the estimate which the friends of good government place upon his character and services.

The election imparts a lesson which will exert a salutary influence upon the entire machinery of local government.

Suggestions to Farmers.

Too little has been done by the agriculturists of the country to *dignify* their profession. Physicians have their medical societies; lawyers, their bar-meetings; and clergymen, their Synods and Associations. These are used exclusively for the purpose of individual culture, and professional advancement. It is true that the farmers in many cases have *Fairs*, but these are really *exhibitions*. Nothing more. They afford but little opportunity for substantial improvement. They produce good effects, because they generate a spirit of rivalry, which ultimates in greater activity. That is all. Men—young men, especially—are as likely to be stimulated to engage in horse-racing, as to do anything else. You *learn* but little at these annual exhibitions of your industry and skill.

They are rather *commercial* than otherwise, in their tendencies. You use such occasions to advertise your stock, and your cereal productions.—The mechanic presents to your notice, the evidences of his skill in the variety of machinery which he has constructed to facilitate the work of the farm. The merchant and the artist are there for a similar purpose. All this is done in the interest of *trade*. But *trade* is of *secondary* importance only. *Production* is the grand, all-absorbing, interest of this country. *How* shall we produce the best grain, and the greatest quantity to the acre, with the least expenditure of force and capital? Or, rather, in what way may all the productive industries of the country be made to yield the greatest profit?

Agricultural fairs will not solve this question. You can't find out the answer individually, by delving upon your farms. It is to be done by association, comparison and correspondence. When men would tunnel a mountain, or lay a sub-marine telegraph, they *aggregate* a sufficient amount of *capital*, and then proceed to the accomplishment of the work. If you would make farming stand at the head of the ranks of industry—and it properly belongs there—you must *associate*, for the purpose of acquiring greater *professional skill* in the management of soils; in the rotation of crops; in the production of grasses; in horticulture, floriculture, and arboriculture; in stock breeding; in poultry raising; in draining; in fencing; in building; in *marketing*; and in the science of general business. You need a "FARMERS' INSTITUTE" in every well settled county in the State. This ought to grow naturally out from the germ which is vegetating at the STATE UNIVERSITY, and it will, if you make the demand.—There should be organized under the auspices of the "Department of Agriculture" in the *University*, a course of instruction, running through six weeks—to consist, chiefly of lectures, papers, and debates upon the various topics of interest to the common farmer. The lectures should be illustrated by experiments; the papers develop the latest discoveries in scientific truth, and the debates furnish that kind of information which is best known as experience, the value of which, even in scientific processes, can never be safely ignored

You who constitute so great a portion of the population, the wealth, and and the intelligence of the State, have a right to *demand* this. Then petition your representatives for an appropriation to defray the expense of such an organization. If you ask for it, earnestly, you will get it. They dare not refuse so reasonable a request. Its benefits will be incalculable From the parent institution, will spring up a progeny as numerous as the counties of the State; these in turn will diffuse among the masses, a general knowledge which can be obtained in no other way, and without which the resources of this State must long remain undeveloped.—Farmers! make a move in this direction, and it will be more successful than you now suppose.

To the Young People.

For you, we have a special admiration. You are the *joy* of the present, and the *hope* of the future. With *you*, slumber infinite possibilities. Within you lie, undeveloped, the greatness and the glory of the years which are to come. Men and women, in the meridian of their days, are beckoning you to their aid, as they struggle in the battle of life. The aged, weary and trembling, are dropping from the ranks, exhausted. They entrust their shields to you. Will you *keep* them, and bear them nobly at the front? preserve their glistening brightness from rust or spot? hold them ever *firmly* against the shafts which error may hurtle from its fatal bow, and *bring* them back when you return from the battle? "We will," you say. Let us see. To make promises, implies your ability to *control your own actions*. Can you *do* this? Answer us a few questions.

Young man! Are you engaged in some *regular* and legitimate employment, and are you *attentive* to your business, and to the interests of your employer? Do you spend your leisure time in self-improvement, and proper social intercourse? Are you an attendant upon religious services, and have you a profound regard for the Bible as the word of God, and do you strive, faithfully, to keep its commandments? Are you dutiful to your parents? Are you an affectionate brother? Are you kind and obliging to your associates? If you cannot answer these interrogatories affirmatively, you will not be a faithful soldier in the ranks of the world's heroes.

Young woman! do dress, society, and the frivolities of fashion, constitute your chief pleasure? Is home, to you, the place of the least attraction? Do you prize the lily whiteness of your hands, and the cosmetic flush of your cheek, as of more consequence than skill in the industrial arts, or the treasures of a well stored mind? Do you prefer that your mother should do the work of the kitchen and the laundry, that you may simper in the parlor for the amusement of tight pants, patent leather boots, and a moustache? If to all this, you say yes, we have no faith in your promise to act well the part of woman upon the theatre of life. But we have only questioned you upon those matters in which you bear an *individual* part.—Your relations to society are different. Here there is a mutuality, and a reciprocity, which make up and establish a character, upon which the public will not fail to place a just estimation. We refer now more particularly to what is called, relaxation, or amusement. Of these, there are two classes, and they are quite as distinct as are the *champions* of each.

The one is mainly *physical*, and hence affects most, the animal passions, which always contribute their degree of pleasure without exciting to action, the higher elements of mental power and hence, without improving the mind, or the morals.

Of this class is *dancing* and *feasting*. No benefit is claimed to result from such indulgence except that it affords a needed exercise. If the practice were charged, as it should be, with an unhealthy development of the passional nature; with a weakening to a corresponding degree, of the mental powers; with an extravagant waste of time; with frequent criminal associations; with premature decay, and dissolution; it would be ignored by all who place a proper estimate upon health, and a spotless character.

We know that some of the best people lend their sanction to such practices, but they do so, reluctantly. We know that the purest and the fairest seem to delight in the dance; that dulcet harmonies are invoked to add a heavenly characteristic to this earth-born and passion-gratifying frivolity; but all this does not change the effect which it produces upon the mind.

Were we to compare it to drunkenness you would shudder, and yet the confirmed inebriate is driven no more absolutely, to partake of the soul-destroying glass, than the ballet dancer is to the obscenity of the *stage* performance. Such is the power of habit.—But, you say, we dance at home, in the parlor, while mamma at the piano marks the time for us. Yes! then you go to the neighbors to participate in the same pleasure, and from there to the public hall. The transition is easy and rapid, and the result is an organization for a "club dance," the rules of which exclude all persons of doubtful character or morals, and *especially* provide for the ejection of any one who may have imbibed so freely of intoxicating liquors, as to make him drunk or offensively loquacious; and this is a plain confession of your willingness to associate with those who thus degrade themselves.

"It is to this favor it will come at last." Young men and young women of Austin, engage in some nobler pastime—something that calls for an exercise of *mind* power; something which expands the capabilities of the soul; something that will not impede your progress in future years; something that will be of present benefit and eternal value. These *temporary* pleasures, how *cheap* they are, and yet how dear, because they are worthless Do something now, which, with the accumulation of years, will increase in its good influences and in its power to confer happiness upon yourselves and upon those with whom you may travel the journey of life.

EDUCATIONAL.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.—NO. III.

The first day of school is quite as important as the last. It marks the beginning of an era which may be vastly influential in shaping the destinies of men and the history of States and Nations. The first day's work will serve as a kind of precedent for the labor of each succeeding one. Not in the order of the recitation, nor in the time, or the routine of the studies, but in the discipline and the general business of the school-room. You should begin work promptly, not one *minute* slamber infinite possibilities. Within you lie, undeveloped, the greatness and the glory of the years which are to come. Men and women, in the meridian of their days, are beckoning you to their aid, as they struggle in the battle of life. The aged, weary and trembling, are dropping from the ranks, exhausted. They entrust their shields to you. Will you *keep* them, and bear them nobly at the front? preserve their glistening brightness from rust or spot? hold them ever *firmly* against the shafts which error may hurtle from its fatal bow, and *bring* them back when you return from the battle? "We will," you say. Let us see. To make promises, implies your ability to *control your own actions*. Can you *do* this? Answer us a few questions.

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There is no way in which the teacher can do more to secure the presence of the pupils *punctually* at nine o'clock than by opening school "*on time*." Teachers are directly responsible for one-half the tardiness of pupils. This is an unpleasant, but not an unwholesome truth.

You complain of the children when *yourselves* are chiefly at fault. One *minute* late yourself, and you are powerless to enforce punctuality on the part of the children. *Endless preaching* will avail nothing, unless you supplement it with a practice which exhibits your faith in what you say. There must be a consistency—a correspondence of word, and deed, or you will fail.—Example is more potent than precept

We emphasise this point, because an attendance which is punctual and regular, is one of the chief conditions of success in your work. Irregular pupils lose the benefit of connected and periodical recitation. This destroys all emulation, and class-symmetry and enervates and disorganizes the whole school. Yor need hope for no general prosperity in a school where there is not a punctual and regular attendance.

Perhaps, seating the pupils is one of the most important duties which requires early attention. The practice prevails of allowing the children to select seats. This is productive of bad results. It admits at the outset, that the exercise of authority in the school is to be divided between the teacher and the pupil. Such an admission is fatal to good government.

In awarding seats, regard should be had to general classification; therefore any arrangement at the beginning, must be considered wholly temporary. If you commence with such an understanding, you will find no trouble in making any subsequent change which a complete organization may render necessary. You cannot complete your classification, and arrange your programme in one day. But you must not keep your pupils idly waiting, until you shall have determined just what each one is to do. This would be to give present license to any employment, no matter how destructive it may be to peace and good order.

Each pupil should be told to begin work precisely where he left off at the close of the last term, and that, as soon as possible, each will be classified according to his skill and the degree of his attainment. This disposes of the whole school at one stroke, and gives you time to begin the work of gradation and classification which should be performed *at once*, and as completely and thoroughly as possible.

A word of caution may be necessary here. A plan of gradation which will succeed admirably in a village or a city school, will, most likely, fail *entirely* in a *rural* district. The reasons for this are most obvious, and scarcely need to be mentioned. We will only say that the school habits of the two classes of children, are so widely different as to render any uniformity of classification, impossible. The teacher must be controlled wholly by the local condition of each particular school, and he must use a large measure of what the law defines, "ability to teach."

The work of organization fully completed, the teacher should strive to create an *enthusiasm* among the pupils.—They must be made to approach the work of the school room with a feeling something like that with which they enter upon the pastimes of a holiday season. Such interest, and such energy are not altogether natural in school. They are *creations* of the teacher; scintillations of his own mind disseminated among the pupils. There must be an exhibition of that strong energy, and personal power of the teacher which arouses and awakens; which develops and unfolds; which sways and directs, and controls; which transforms the liliputs of the school room, into the *giants* of business and reform. Mere *scholarship*—book knowledge—will not accomplish this. It requires that superior quality of the human mind of which, acquisition is only an embellishment; not the chief excellence or beauty; which exalts men, even without the aid of schools, or the conventionalities of society, and gives them a place in the ranks of the great and the good.

Added to all your attainments you must have a power which intellectual superiority alone cannot supply, or you will not accomplish what you ought in the work of your profession.

Fifty Years in the Field.

The New York *Observer* is about celebrating its jubilee, entering upon its fiftieth year in 1872. It is one of the oldest newspapers in the country, one of the ablest, and one of the most steadfast and fearless in maintaining the truth in religion, the right in morals, and honesty in all public affairs.—It announces for the coming year, the publication of the second volume of its Year-Book; a vast repository of information, statistical and otherwise, relating both to Church and State, which will be sent free to all who pay their subscription for 1872. This volume last year was worth the price of the paper, and the publishers promise a more complete Year-Book for 1872. Specimen copies of the paper, with prospectus for the Year-Book, sent free on application from any source. New subscribers will receive the paper free until January 1st.

Winter Evenings—How Shall we Spend Them.

The busy, working season of the year is rapidly passing, and winter will soon be upon us, with its cold, short days, and long nights. In most cases the active industries of life make but little demand upon us for evening labor. If we have been temperate and frugal, enough has been laid up to supply our wants, and we are at liberty to employ ourselves in any manner which promises to yield the largest return of legitimate pleasure.

To him who is *blessed* with a home and family, there is no greater *happiness* than may be derived from them. The family *relation* is the one which gives rise to, and inspires every other, and the family is the grand center, around which all human activities cluster; to which all healthy human hopes aspire; and in which all human happiness finds its goal. Here then is the lap of our luxury; the garden in which to cultivate our joys.

There is one grand element of family happiness which precedes all others, and which none fail to recognize. *It is family comfort*. We may look in vain for smiles and caresses in a home where there is hunger and cold. The fires of affection cannot long gleam out brightly from hearts filled with dismay.—Then, first of all, if necessity compels it, our evenings should be occupied in giving comfort to those who are dependent upon us. This duty we have assumed, and pledged ourselves to its sacred performance. Let us do it faithfully; and the *more* faithfully, the greater the happiness which it will afford.

We should, as a rule, spend our evenings at home. The gossip of the barroom has no elevating tendencies; the loungers at the grocery regale each other with profanity and obscene jests; while the liquor saloon and the card-table are but stopping places on the "broad road." at which men denude themselves, first, of self-respect, then of self-control—preliminary steps to a more rapid progress in the way that leads to destruction. The husband and father should find his social pleasures at home. The wife and children are entitled to his presence at the fireside, and he needs their influence to strengthen him for contact with the world.

HARVEY D. MCGREGOR, sentenced to the Penitentiary for five years in 1868, for perjury, was yesterday pardoned by the Governor, upon a petition of a large number of the first citizens of St. Paul. The man is thought to be an innocent sufferer.

CHIEF of Police Beck, of Milwaukee, was shot yesterday by a ruffian, and is now in a critical condition.

A SEVERE earthquake in Peru, on the 5th of October, destroyed two villages. Only a few lives were lost.

GOVERNOR AUSTIN'S majority approximates 14,000.

"The party must carry him."—*Register*.

Hard Times and What Causes Them.

We are fast becoming a nation of schemers to live without genuine work. Our boys are not learning trades; our farmers' sons are crowding into cities, looking for clerkships and Post Offices; hardly one American girl in each hundred will do house housework for wages, however urgent her need; so we are sending to Europe for workmen and buying of her artizans millions worth of products that we ought to make for ourselves. Though our crop of rascals is heavy, we do not grow our own hemp; though we are overrun with lads who deserve flagellation, we import our willows. Our women (unless deceived) shine in European fabrics; our men dress in foreign clothes; the toys which amuse our younger children have generally reached us from over the sea.—We are like a farmer who hires his neighbors' sons to cut his wood, feed his stock, and run his errands, while his own boys lounge at the grog-shop, playing billiards, and then wonders why, in spite of his best efforts, he sinks annually deeper and deeper into debt, till the Sheriff cleans him out, and he start west to begin again.

We must turn over a new leaf. Our boys and girls must be taught labor by qualifying themselves to do it efficiently. We must turn out fewer professionals and more skilled artisans, as well as food growers. We must grow and fabricate two hundred millions worth per anaum, that we now import, and so reduce the foreign debt that we have so successfully augmented year by year. We must qualify our clever boys to erect and run factories, furnaces, rolling mills, tanneries, machine shops, etc.; to open and work mines, improve and fashion implements, and double the present product of their father's farm—So shall we stem the tide of debt that sets steadily against our shores, and cease to be visited and annoyed by hard times.

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.—In our last issue, we had an opportunity barely to mention the Mass Temperance Convention of the various churches to be held at Owatonna on the 16th inst. We have long wished that the churches would take hold of this important subject *en masse*. It rejoices us to see this realization of our wishes about to be fulfilled. There is an earnestness in this move which tells us very plainly that it means *business*.—We know many earnest Christian workers who are heart and hand in this move. Temperance people generally, are looking to this move with much confidence in the great amount of good which it will accomplish. This action on the part of the churches is destined to revolutionize the State. Let the good work go on Every church and every religious denomination should be well represented in that convention.—There is nothing expected from the churches but what they are abundantly able to accomplish, if they will be united in the work. We heartily approve of this step, and sincerely hope it may be accompanied with signal success.—We shall try to be present on that occasion.—*Temperance Herald*.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF MOWER COUNTY—1871.

CANDIDATES.	First Ward.	Second Ward.	Third Ward.	Austin.	Windsor.	Marshall.	Berrington.	Le Roy.	Adams.	Nevada.	Lyle.	Frankfort.	Grand Meadow.	Dexter.	Red Rock.	Lansing.	Udolpho.	Waltham.	Pleasant Valley.	Racine.	Total.
GOVERNOR.																					
Horace Austin	116	88	25	88	26	18	16	115	38	81	78	108	51	14	81	105	46	8	37	77	1266
Winthrop Young	105	60	41	22	27	5	12	46	17	10	16	16	37	5	56	41	9	22	12	38	627
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR.																					
Wm. H. Yale	123	93	36	88	36	18	18	115	38	82	78	105	48	14	85	102	46	8	37	74	1274
D. L. Buch	99	56	40	22	27	5	10	46	17	9	16	19	40	5	53	43	9	22	13	41	622
SECRETARY OF STATE.																					
S. P. Jennison	121	93	36	88	36	18	18	115	38	82	78	117	49	14	85	102	46	8	31	74	1279
Erick N. Falk	101	56	40	22	27	5	10	46	17	9	16	8	39	5	53	43	9	22	19	41	618
STATE TREASURER.																					
Wm. Seeger	121	93	36	88	36	18	18	115	38	82	78	101	49	14	85	103	46	8	37	74	1276
B. Vosberg	99	56	40	22	27	5	9	46	17	9	16	19	39	5	55	41	9	22	13	41	618
ATTORNEY GENERAL.																					
F. R. E. Cornell	125	93	36	88	36	18	18	114	38	82	78	105	49	14	85	101	46	8	37	74	1275
J. L. McDonald	98	56	40	22	27	5	10	46	17	9	16	19	39	5	53	44	9	22	13	41	621
JUSTICES SUP. COURT.																					
S. J. R. McMillan	124	93	36	88	36	18	18	115	38	82	78	105	49	14	85	103	46	8	37	74	1277
J. M. Berry	124	93	36	88	36	18	18	115	38	82	78	105	49	14	85	103	46	8	37	74	1277
D. Buck	96	56	40	22	27	5	10	46	17	9	16	19	39	5	53	42	9	22	13	41	617
Wm. Mitchell	99	56	40	22	27	5	10	46	17	9	16	19	39	5	53	42	9	22	13	41	620
CO. TREASURER.																					
John S. Irgens	107	81	37	76	36	21	20	113	62	81	71	88	50	13	85	85	43	12	37	78	1222
Christian Johnson	113	68	39	25	27	2	7	48	22	10	23	31	38	6	53	60	11	18	13	36	662
CO. ATTORNEY.																					
E. O. Wheeler	88	67	34	70	36	18	16	129	40	79	65	88	45	5	85	78	43	10	36	62	1091
G. M. Cameron	132	79	42	41	27	5	11	62	45	11	29	35	43	11	53	69	11	20	13	52	791
STATE SENATOR.																					
Sherman Page	81	63	34	68	33	18	11	126	23	57	55	83	44	5	73	70	42	10	25	54	978
Wm. H. Merrick	133	79	42	43	30	5	13	64	63	33	35	39	43	11	63	67	11	19	23	59	878
REPRESENTATIVES.																					
J. T. Williams	95	71	26	72	33	18	10	156	38	81	69	88	48	14	90	93	44	10	37	76	1191
B. F. Langworthy	86	66	35	68	33	18	12	64	5	57	66	47	45	5	74	77	43	9	21	55	881
J. M. Wyckoff	138	82	40	43	30	5	15	126	76	33	27	43	40	14	54	64	11	19	22	54	936
L. A. Pierce	125	76	40	39	27	5	6	36	45	9	25	43	45	4	19	59	10	19	17	46	719
CO. COM., 4TH DIST.																					
A. C. Bisbee				31	18				79	68											196
Thomas Smith				32	5				11	25											73
CO. COM., 5TH DIST.																					
W. M. Howe	91	77	35	72												87					353
Wm. Rutherford	129	60	41	38												58					312

Scattering, 22.

The vote on Amendments to the Constitution was as follows: Amendment to Article 4—Yes, 1788; No, 67. In Favor of Borrowing Money—Yes, 971; No, 975.

Samuel Lord, for District Judge, having no opposition, received the full vote of the party.

The Duty of Life.

BY CARRIE BELL SINCLAIR.

Look not mournfully back to the Past,
The Present's the hour for duty,
And Life, be it ever so dark,
Has moments of sunshine and beauty,
Look up! for the sun is still shining,
Although a black cloud may be there;
Remember the bright silver lining
From under the cloud will appear.

Sit not with the hands idly folded—
Look not for a duty to do,
And if Life has its struggles for others,
Why have only pleasures for you?
Seek not to pluck only the roses,
Faint not in the heat of the strife;
But put on the armor of courage,
To fight in the battle of Life.

Look round on the highways, and gather
Not only the flowers so sweet,
But take up the stones that are bruising
Some weary, worn traveler's feet;
Seek out some cool spring in the desert,
And give to the lips that are dry—
Speak a kind word of hope or of comfort
To each sorrowing one who goes by.

Pluck a thorn from some poor bleeding bosom,
Make stong some faint heart for the strife;
Rouse up the weak feet that have fallen—
Ah, this is the mission of Life—
Ask not if the world will applaud you—
No matter since duty is done;
There's One who will better reward you
With the crown you have faithfully won

The Arctic Disaster.

The disaster to the Arctic whaling fleet is one of the gravest that has ever befallen the merchant marine of North America. The fleet had been working northwards from the Behring's Strait. Ten days later the ice commenced coming down, and on the 13th the captains were compelled to abandon the vessels in order to save their crews, whose aggregate was upward of 1,200 men.—Thirty-three vessels, with their cargoes, are a total loss, the catch destroyed being thirteen thousand and sixty-five barrels of whale oil, nine hundred and sixty five barrels of sperm, and a hundred thousand pounds of bone, representing in all a million and a half of dollars. The twelve hundred men were carried in six whalers to Honolulu, where the American Consul is providing for their wants, and whither a whale vessel will be sent to bring them home.—*Chicago Post*.

BRITISH COAL FIELDS.—A commission was appointed some years since to investigate the alleged rapid exhaustion of the coal beds in England; their report is in substance that the coal fields, now known to exist, will maintain the present supply, and provide for the increased demand which experience has taught the coal owners to expect, for the next 277 years. If there be no increased use of coal, the supply will be sufficient for 1300 years. In calculating the available coal fields, the Commissioners have recognized the fact that the heat, at a depth of 4000 feet, forbids the laborers to go lower, the temperature being 105° Fahrenheit, in which no man can work for more than a few minutes at a time.—The quantity mentioned in the estimate reaches the astounding figure of 146,480,000,000 tuns, which, as has been already stated, will last 277 or 1300 years, according to whether the demand is stationary or increases in its usual ratio.—*Mount Auburn Index*.

CHINESE piety demands that a son shall mourn his father for a year, and shall treble the period of his grief if he be an adopted son. While wearing the cheerless white of mourning, instead of the gay yellow nankeen, a Chinese official must withdraw himself from public employment and plunder. A late number of the Pekin *Gazette*, the Court Journal of the flowery Empire, tells us that Sum-Keng, Province of Au-Hui, district of Huo-Shau, and a dozen other governors, are in mourning; and further announces that Hsieh-pang-Chin, being declared in mourning, fraudulently concealed the fact that it was an adopted father whom he had to lament, and thus attempted to get off with but a third of his period of retirement.—He is therefore deprived of office and transported to a convict settlement; and it is further declared that, in case of a general amnesty, he is to be excepted from its provision. We can quite equal Chinese piety. We would not refuse to wear white for three years in token of our feelings, were our city step fathers to leave us orphans!—*Mount Auburn Index*.

PHILOSOPHY IN TRIFLES.—Those persons who cannot find pleasure in trifles are generally wise in their own opinion, and fools in the opinion of the wise. They neglect the opportunity of amusement, without which the rugged road of life would be insupportably tedious. I think the French are the best philosophers, who make the most they can of the pleasures, and the least they can of the pains, of life, and ever strewing flowers among the thorns all mortals are obliged to walk through; whereas by much reflection the English contrive to feel and see the thorns double, and never see the flowers at all, but to dispise them, expecting their happiness from things more solid and endurable, as they imagine; but how seldom do they find them!—*Lady Luxborough's Letters*.

IF women would cultivate their minds more they would be more companionable to intelligent men. Many a husband goes out for his evenings, many a lover tires of his betrothed, because he finds her conversation insipid. Ladies, try not only to look pretty, but to talk well, also.—*Godey's Lady's Book*.

FORTY thousand sheep perished in Los Angelos.

Oil of the Tree of Life.

A Specific Remedy for all

PULMONARY DISEASES!

It will positively

CURE CONSUMPTION

TESTIMONIALS.

MR. CORNELL.—I take real pleasure in telling of the benefits I received from the medicine you so kindly gave me last April, and, which, from that time until now, I have taken regularly with the best of results. For the past four years I have been afflicted with Lung Disease, so much so as to form an abscess in the lower portion of the left lung. It discharged large quantities of pus, or matter, leaving me greatly debilitated, and, at times, suffering intense pain.

I had not taken your medicine two weeks before I began to feel its beneficial and invigorating effects. The morning cough grew less until it has ceased altogether, and, at the present time, I can perform light work without fatigue. I consider the abscess healed by this medicine, and seem to be in a fair way of recovery. I do not raise any more in one week now than I did in 24 hours last year at this time. It has been an expectorant and alterative in its effects upon me. I cheerfully advise those who are afflicted with Lung Disease to try it. It is purely vegetable, and is of great value.

DAVID DAY.

Austin, Minn., Nov. 7, 1871.

MR. CORNELL:—I cheerfully add my testimony to the value of the medicine you gave me in July last. "The Oil of the Tree of Life" I was then very much debilitated; I had no appetite, and I suffered intensely from sick headache. I have taken two bottles of the medicine, and have not had the headache since that time which is more than I can say of any year in my life before. I am now able to do my ordinary work. I should not like to be without some of this medicine in the house.

Respectfully yours,

ANSON B. DAY.

Austin, Minn., Nov. 6, 1871.

AUSTIN, Mower Co., Minn.,
November 7th, 1871.

MR. CORNELL:

Sir:—You wish me to bear testimony to the effect of your "Oil of the Tree of Life" upon the lungs of my son during last fall and winter. I can say that the action of the medicine was most magical. It was to him, really, "The Oil of the Tree of Life," as I verily believe. It seemed as though death was inevitable in his case, and the remedy was employed with great unbelief in its virtues, and want of confidence in its power to heal, but it succeeded, and my son is now as well and rugged as he ever was.

SARAH H. KING.

AUSTIN, Minn., Nov. 8, 1871.

MR. H. CORNELL:

Dear Sir:—In response to your earnest inquiry after my health, and patient desire to know what has resulted from your valuable medicine, "The Oil of the Tree of Life," I am happy to inform you that its effect has been astonishingly hopeful. My son was first suffering from a very severe cough, about the month of February, 1870, which increased in magnitude and torture until about the month of July, 1871, when he was a complete skeleton, and so fearfully emaciated that hopes of his recovery were groundless In the meantime the best physicians that could be found were in attendance, and doing him no good. Finally, giving him up as lost—beyond the aid of medical skill—I gave heed to your request, that "The Oil of the Tree of Life" might have a test, in the face of so signal a defeat, as physicians had acknowledged, and I procured a pint of your medicine. Forty-eight hours after the first dose, my son expectorated (from six o'clock in the evening till five o'clock in the following morning) some two quarts of offensive lung matter or pus, and immediately began to improve, still taking your medicine. In a month's time therefrom, he went out to work, greatly recruited, toned up, and capable of once again assuming the attitude and comforts of a *well man*

My language can but inadequately express the true merits and virtues inherent in your inestimable medicine.—To a consumptive it is invaluable, and I earnestly hope and pray that it may find its way into every family afflicted with coughs and pulmonary complaints.

Most respectfully,

JAMES HAND,

AUSTIN, Minn., Nov. 7. 1871.

MR. CORNELL:

Dear Sir:—In answer to your inquiry concerning my health, and your medicine, called "The Oil of the Tree of Life," I would say that, for a year and a half before I began to take the same, I had been afflicted with a severe lung difficulty, attended with a good deal of pain, and a very irritating cough. I also had night sweats, which were very debilitating. I had employed the best physicians in town, but their medicines gave me no relief. I grew worse under their treatment, and they finally gave me to understand that there was no help for me and that I must soon die of consumption.

As soon as I commenced to take your medicine my health began to improve; my night sweats gradually disappeared; my cough was relieved, and the pain has nearly all left me. I am now able to do nearly as much work as ever. I have now taken your medicine for about six months, and, although I am not entirely well, yet I am so much better that I feel confident of a full recovery of my health by the use of your excellent medicine, "The Oil of the Tree of Life." I can cheerfully and confidently recommend it to all who are subject to any kind of lung difficulty.

Yours truly,

WM. WOODSON.

AUSTIN, Minn., Nov. 8, 1871.

H. CORNELL, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—Your enquiry after my health, as affected by your valuable medicine, "The Oil of the Tree of Life," persuades me to write you a word, by which you may feel gratified with the result. I have been afflicted some time with a severe, wrenching cough,—dry, and incessant