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WOULD very respectfully tender his services as a PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due appreciation of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage. Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

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Miscellaneous.

A STRANGE STORY.

JOHN M'DONOGH, THE MILLIONAIRE.

The *Continental Monthly* for August contains a fine article on John McDonogh, the eccentric millionaire of New Orleans. The writer's ambition to make the most of the telling points of his narrative, carries him, we sometimes suspect, quite to the verge of romance. And yet we have no sufficient reason to doubt the story as he tells it, both in its substance and its minutest incidents. It is well worth reading.

In the year 1850, and for nearly forty years previous, there could be seen almost every day in the streets of New Orleans, a very peculiar and remarkable looking old gentlemen. Tall and straight as a pillar, with stern, determined features, lit up by eyes of uncommon, almost unnatural brilliancy, with his hair combed back and gathered in a sort of queue, and dressed in the fashion of half a century ago, to wit, an old blue coat, with high collar, well brushed and patched but somewhat "seedy" pantaloons, of like date and texture, hat somewhat more modern, but bearing unmistakable proof of long service and exposure to sun and rain; old round-toed shoes, the top-leathers of which had survived more soles than the wearer had outlived *souls* of his early friends and companions; a scant white vest, ruffled shirt, and voluminous white cravat, completed the costume of this singular gentleman, who, with his ancient blue silk umbrella under his arm, and his fierce eye fixed on some imaginary goal ahead, made his way through struggling crowds which poured along the streets of New Orleans.

The last time this strange and spectral figure was seen making its accustomed rounds was on the 26th of October, 1850.

On that day, a very remarkable event occurred, which attracted the notice of passers-by, and was even snatched up as an item by the ever vigilant reporters of the daily press; this consisted simply in a notable variation from the routine and habits of the old gentleman in the long tailed blue. He was seen to stop on Canal street, to hesitate for a few moments, and then deliberately enter an omnibus bound for the lower part of the city. Such an occurrence created quite a sensation among street-corner gossippers. There must really be some new and pressing emergency, which could produce this departure from the custom and invariable habits of forty years; so said every one who knew the old gentleman. The omnibus stopped at the Court house; the subject of these observations and his blue umbrella emerged from it, and both soon disappeared in the corridor leading to the so-called halls of justice.

That was the last that was ever seen of the strange old gentleman on the streets of New Orleans. The evening journals of the next day contained the following obituary:—

"Died, this morning, the 27th of October, 1850, at McDonoghville, opposite the city of New Orleans, after a short illness, John McDonogh, a native of Baltimore, but for forty years a resident of Louisiana."

And the strange old man, who could not ride a few squares in the omnibus without attracting the attention of everybody and exciting public curiosity to such a degree, was the millionaire, the Crœsus of the South, the largest land owner in the United States. He had reached the advanced age of seventy, and his remarkable vigor and health had never given way under the pressure of the severest and most incessant labor. Generation upon generation had lapsed into the grave under his eye. A few, a very few, shriveled old men were known to him as contemporaries. Suddenly, while pursuing so eagerly his imaginary goal, he was seized with faintness on the street. Other men would have taken a cab, and ridden home, or at least to a physician's; but did John McDonogh turn aside from business to relieve any weakness or want? He had an important document to file in Court. It must be done that day. He is too weak to walk. There is the omnibus; the fare is only a dime; but that dime is so much taken from the poor, for John McDonogh is only an agent for the poor, so appointed and called of God.—Such were the reflections that passed through his mind before he could be induced to perpetrate this serious violation of the settled rules of his life, this single blot and stain on a career of unbroken self-abnegation. With a sigh, he took his seat in the omnibus.

It was his last ride.

In a cold, desolate, dreary, brick building, constituting almost the only visible sign of the existence of the town of McDonoghville, situate on the right bank of the Mississippi, opposite to the centre of New Orleans, and in a large room, the furniture of which was old-fashioned, worn, and time-stained, there lay on the small hard mattress the gaunt figure of the millionaire, tortured with pain and fast sinking under the ravages of that terrible disease, the Asiatic cholera. The only beings near were negroes; no white persons were ever allowed to spend the night under that roof. Those negroes were the rich man's slaves in law, but companions and friends, in fact. His immense business, his vast estates were administered through them. Even his documents were copied by them. They were true to him in his moment of distress and sickness. All that their limited knowledge of medicine could suggest was done for his relief. At last, in disregard of his command, a physician was brought from the city, who pronounced his condition a very critical one. The doctor's first demand was for brandy.

"Massa, there an't bin no brandy in this house for twenty years," was the reply of an old gray-headed domestic.

A servant was despatched to the nearest grocery; but it proved to be too late. The dying man perceived his condition, and requested that his lawyer should be sent for. In an hour that gentleman arrived. He was just in time.

"Roselins," he said, addressing one of the most eminent of the lawyers of the New Orleans bar, as he held his hand "you see I am going; you see I am not afraid to die. Take care of the estate; 'tis not mine, 'tis God's and the poor's." And thus, without a struggle, the soul of John McDonogh passe to its Maker.

But if his death and funeral were attended by so few witnesses, an occasion quickly followed which was honored by the presence of a large, eager, curious crowd. It was when his will was read in court. Intense was the curiosity of the public to know what disposition the eccentric old man had made of his enormous property. This feeling was soon gratified. The will was produced. It was a a curious document, written on stout foolscap by the testator himself, in a remarkably neat, clear hand, with the lines as close as type, and his autograph signed to every page. Being an holographic will, under the law of Louisiana it required no witness. Ever since 1828, this will had lain among certain old papers of the deceased; and yet, during all this time it had been "the thought by day and the dream by night" of the devoted old millionaire. In its preparation, he had consulted the most eminent lawyers and studied the most approved law books bearing on this grand scheme. Truly, a curious, bold, and gigantic scheme it was. But let us to the will; in a slow, solemn tone, the judge proceeded to read to an eager and interested multitude, this remarkable testament.

After setting forth, in the usual form, his nativity, his present residence, his belief in God and in the uncertainty of life, and that he has no heirs in the ascending or descending line, and directing an inventory of his property to be taken immediately after his death, he proceeds to bequeath to the children of his sister, a widow lady in Baltimore, a ten acre lot in Baltimore, the usufruct to remain in the widow, with six thousand dollars in cash. He then emancipates his old servants, ten in number, whom he designates. The rest of his slaves he provides shall be sent to Liberia. Certain of them are to be sent after serving those who shall succeed to his estate for fifteen years. The slaves sent to Liberia are to be supplied with plows, hoes, spades, axes, clothing, garden seeds, etc.; also with letters of recommendation to the colonists, and with a copy for each, of the volume of the Holy Gospel of the Old and New Testament, as the most precious of all the gifts we have it in our power to give or they to receive. The will then proceeds to provide:—

"And for the more general diffusion of knowledge and the consequent well-being of mankind, convinced as I am that I can make no disposition of those worldly goods which the Most High has been pleased so bountifully to place under my stewardship, that will be as pleasing to him as that by means of which the poor will be instructed in wisdom and led into the path of virtue and holiness."

He gives all the residue of his estate to the corporations of New Orleans and Baltimore, in equal proportions of one half to each, for the several ineents and purposes set forth, and especially for the establishment of free schools for all classes and castes of color, wherein they shall all be instructed in the knowledge of the Lord, and in reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, etc., provided that the Bible shall be used as one of the class-books, and singing taught as an art.

And now comes the ingenuous scheme which had engaged the constant thought and study of the testator for forty years, by which the grand passion of his soul for accumulation might survive the dissolution of his mortal frame and still direct and control the acquisition of his life. Of his real estate, no part is ever to be sold; but it is all to be let out on leases, never to exceed twenty-five years, to be improved by the tenants or lessees At the expiration of those leases, the property is to be sold and converted into real estate, the aggregate of which is styled his general estate, which is "to constitute" a permanent fund on interest. as it were, namely, a real estate, affording rents, no part of which fund (of the principal) shall ever be touched, divided, sold, or alienated, but shall forever remain together as one "estate."

THE REWARD OF HONESTY.

One evening, a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the wayside, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave the half to his boy.

"Not so, father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me, and you must be very hungry. I shall wait till you are done."

"You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father; "your love to me does me more good than my food, and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother, who has left us, and who told you to love me as she used to do; and, indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now that I have eaten the first morsel, to please you, it is your turn now to eat."

"Thank you, father; but break this piece in two, and take you a little more; for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do."

"I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy, but eat it I shall not; I have abundance; and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall He not give us all other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies?"

The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin together their frugal meal; but as they cut one portion of the loaf there fell out several large pieces of gold, of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father.

"My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not ours."

"But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?"

"I know not, as yet, to whom it belongs, but probably it was put there by the baker, through some mistake. We must inquire. Run."

"But, father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf; and then the baker may tell a lie, and——"

"I will not listen to you, my boy; I bought the loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him. Remember Him who told us to do to others as we would have others do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us, but that is no reason why we should try and cheat him. I am poor, indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's only Son, oh let us share also his goodness, and His trust in God. We may die of starvation; but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, *trust God, and walk in His ways, and you shall never be put to shame.* Now, run to the baker, and bring him here, and I shall watch the gold until he comes."

So the boy ran for the baker.

"Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money." And he showed the gold, and told him how it had been found. Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is take it away."

"My father, baker, is very poor, and——"

"Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money."

The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf.

Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker, "and my neighbor, David the flax-dresser, but spoke the truth when he said thou wert the honestest man in our town. Now I shall tell thee about the gold:—A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the most honest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me as a customer, this morning, and as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf, with all its treasure—and, certes it is not small!—is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it!"

The poor father bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell from his eyes.

His boy ran and put his hands about his neck, and said, "I shall always, like you, my father, trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

CROOKED LEGS.—The Madison, Wisconsin, *Patriot* says a volunteer from that place, in a letter, thanks his father for giving him crooked or bow-legs, saying that on the day before he had narrowly escaped losing both his legs, a cannon ball passing harmlessly through the space occasioned by the "natural crook" of the legs. Everything is for the best.

PAY PROMPTLY.

Those who have plenty of money have no true idea of the value of a little money to those who have none. If so, and they were humane, they would never fail to pay the poor laborer as soon as his work is done. Though to them the immediate payment of a single dollar may seem to be of no great consequence, it may be of very serious consequence to him. He may urgently need just that small sum; his family may be suffering for want of what it will purchase; or his word may have been pledged to the grocer to whom he is indebted, and with whom it is important that he have credit, that he would pay him the money when the sun went down. Dismiss not then the laborer without it.—It will relieve his toil and anxieties to feel it in the palm of his hand, and to put it into his empty pocket.

The humble, dependent seamstress likewise; send not her away without her wages. Tell her not that you have no change and that she must call again.—You have no business to tell her so, she has a right to her earnings at once. There is a fearful significance in those words of the Apostle: "Behold, the *hire* of the *laborers who have reaped down your fields*, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

MEMORIES IN THE ARMY HOSPITAL.

A lady of St. Louis says, "The soldiers in our hospitals like very much to have visitors; they enjoy the delicacies brought, and appreciate the sympathy of friends.

"One poor fellow who was wounded in the battle of Springfield, had his leg shattered below the knee, and had suffered severely. After sitting by his cot and talking with him for some time, I asked him what I could do for his comfort. He said, "Since I have been lying here I have been thinking about *my mother*. I have not written to her for twelve years; but I remember the care she took of me when I was a little boy, how she used to talk to me, and try to make me good. Every word she said seems to come back now. *If you will give me some paper and a pencil*, I will write my poor old mother a letter." These were furnished, and with evident feeling he raised himself on his elbow, and began his letter.

"A bright-looking little boy, about fifteen years old, had his foot shot away in the same battle. He said he ran away from home. His parents lived in the State of New York, and knew nothing about him. I asked if his mother was alive.—His eyes filled as he said, 'Yes; and I know I gave her great trouble. I can't tell you how much I think of her now, and *long to see her.' Poor boy, as soon* as he was able he was going to the home and *the mother* he had turned his back upon."

Marriage of the Count of Paris.

The sudden and unexpected departure of Count de Paris and Duke de Chartres from the United States, which has been the subject of so many comments on this side of the Atlantic, has been explained by the news brought by the last European mail. It seems that the Count de Paris, who, previous to his visit to America, had made a trip to Italy, in company with his brother, the Duke of Chartres had occasion to meet there the eldest daughter of the Duchess of Parma, with whom he soon fell in love. His affection was soon shared by the young lady, and both informed their parents of the intention of being united. But as they were rather too young to be married immediately, it was decided that the Count would travel a year or two, and if at the end of that time their affection for each other was the same the wedding would then take place. The thing having been agreed upon, the Count came to America, enlisted himself in the service of the North, fought under Gen. McClellan, and gave up service only when pressed by his bride to go to Italy, because the time appointed for their nuptials had come. The most curious feature of this alliance is that the bride of Count de Paris is a neice of Henry V., and that this marriage brings about what the French call a fusion, or a connection of two royal branches in one single person Henceforward the count of Paris will be the legitimate representative of the rights and pretentions of the houses of Bourbon and of Orleans.

Where is Your Boy?

We saw him last late in the evening in the company of very bad boys, and they each had a cigar. And now and then some of them used very profane language. As we looked at your son we wondered if you knew where he was, and with whom he associated. Dear friend, do not be so closely confined to your shop, office or ledger, as to neglect that boy. He will bring sorrow into your household, if you do not bring proper parental restraint to bear upon him, and that very soon. Sabbath and public school teaching can help you, but you must do more.

A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I've a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife and I've a friend;
And a troop of little children at my knee,
John Brown;
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown;
I can sit at my door
By my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small state,
John Brown:
So come and drain a glass
In my arbor as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown.
I love the meadow flowers,
And the brier in the bowers,
And I love the open face without guile, John Brown;
And I have a selfish knave,
And a proud contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song,
That awakes emotions strong,
And a word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaint, John Brown;
The hatred flees my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the *faults of those I cannot* love, John Brown.

So, if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I will tell you how I live so unvexed, John Brown;
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next John Brown;
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.

PERSONAL HABITS OF SWEDENBORG.

Of Swedenborg personally, we find nothing but pleasant memories. All who knew him speak of him as kind, affable and discreet. Those who expected to meet a dreamer or an enthusiast, found a gentleman wide awake and as self-possessed as themselves. His years were spent in study and retirement; yet he was readily drawn into society, which he frankly met and enjoyed. He was quite willing to talk on theology and spiritualism, if invited, and held his own with the readiest; jesting or scoffing never ventured to break into his serious and serene presence.—His evident sincerity impressed all listeners; and whilst he spoke, he won their belief sometimes against their will.

"His habits were very simple; he disliked giving trouble; he lit his own fire, and made his own coffee, of which he drank freely, made sweet, and without milk. Animal food he seldom or hardly over tasted, living on almonds, raisins, biscuits, bread and butter, cakes, milk and vegetables. One day when William Cookworthy called to see him, he found him making his dinner of bread and milk. Of money, he had always abundance, which he spent in traveling and printing; he lent none, for that he used to say, was the way to lose it; and gave none to beggars, for that he thought, encouraged rascality and laziness.

"In person, Swedenborg was about five feet nine inches high, erect, rather thin, and of a brown complexion. His eyes were of a brownish grey, nearly hazel, and rather small. He had always a cheerful smile on his countenance, and a kindly sparkle in his eyes. His manners and dress were those of a gentleman of the last century; he wore a wig, a suit of black velvet and long ruffles, sword, and carried a gold-headed cane.

"His lodging was with Shearsmith, a perukemaker, at 26 Great Bath street, Cold Bath-fields, Clerkenwell; the house has within the last twenty years been taken down and rebuilt. In the area of Cold Bath square, now covered with houses, he used to sit and walk, and distribute gingerbread and fruit among the children who played there.

His body after death was interred in the vault of the Swedish chapel in Prince's square, to the east of the tower near London Dock."

The number of the followers at Swedenborg in the United States is not very large. According to their own statistics, they have thirty-eight societies, and several thousand members. Many of them are persons of the highest intelligence; among some of our literary men and artists there is a singular inclination to Swedenborgianism.—*Methodist.*

HALLUCINATIONS OF THE GREAT.

Malebranche declared that he distinctly heard the voice of God within him. Descartes, after a long seclusion, was followed by an invisible person, who urged him to pursue his researches after truth, Byron imagined himself to be sometimes visited by a spectre; but he said it was owing to the over excitability of his brain. The celebrated Dr. Johnson clearly heard his mother call Samuel; she was then living in a town at a great distance. Pope, who suffered much in his intestines, one day inquired of his physician what arm that was that appeared to come out from the wall. Goethe asserts that he one day saw the counterpart of himself coming toward him. The German psychologists give the name of 'Deuterescopie' to this kind of illusion. Oliver Cromwell was stretched fatigued and sleepless on his bed: suddenly the curtains opened, and a woman of gigantic size appeared, and told him that he would be the greatest man in England. The Puritan faith, and the ambition of Cromwell, might have suggested, during these troublous times of the kingdom, some still stronger idea; and who can say whether, had the phantom murmured those words in his ear, "Thou wilt one day be king!" the protector would have refused the crown, as did Cæsar at the Lupercalian feasts?—*De Boismont's Hallucinations.*

MORE MORMONS.

The *World* states that the number of Mormon passengers arriving from Europe continues quite large.—It is noticeable that there is very rarely an Irish person among them. A large party of English people which went forward for Utah a week or two since, having been spoken of at Chicago as Irish, an investigation was had, and it was found that there were but two Irishmen among the number. Of these, one has lived in Scotland fourteen years; and becoming, as he said, "tired of the Presbyterian religion," concluded to become a Mormon. He followed the Saints to Utah. The other took his departure from Castle Garden and took his final leave of his Mormon brethren as soon as he landed from the ship, and thereby escaped from a party of his countrymen there, who proposed to make an example of him for daring to repudiate the ancient faith of Ireland, and joining the Mormons. A party of one hundred and thirteen from the continent left New York via the Central Railroad, for Utah, on Wednesday evening, July 9th. Of these, ninety were from Switzerland twenty-one from Baden, and two from Wurtemburg. They were generally persons of small fortune, and among them were several young females of much personal beauty and unmarried.

5,000 Families Without Shelter.

Rev. Dr. Kincaid, a missionary in Burmah, writes to the New York *Chronicle* an account of a large conflagration, in which the mission and Christian families suffered great loss. It occurred on the 10th of April, breaking out in the Southern side of the town. The wind was fresh and steady, but as the fire spread, increased greatly. There had not been a drop of rain in five months, and everything was crisp. In less than one hour the heat became so intense that fearful whirlwinds were produced, which stripped the roofs from buildings, and, lifting the fiery masses to a great height, scattered them in all directions. In less than four hours nothing was left that it would consume. Even brick buildings, supposed to be fire-proof, were destroyed. It was heart-rending to see thousands of men, women and children, of all ages and ranks, fleeing for their lives; mothers agonizing for their missing children, and children for their missing parents. Thousands rushed into the river to escape the intolerable heat. About twenty are reported as having perished in the flames; 4,500 houses are burnt, and 5,000 families without a shelter, or article of furniture, or cooking utensil, and the rainy season is just at hand. Besides the houses, a vast amount of merchandize and other property is destroyed.

FRANKLIN very truly observes, "The eyes of others are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should neither want fine horses nor fine furniture."

IN the morning of life *do well* that honor may follow in the train of years. It is a pity to be filled with regrets when we should be reaping the fruits of early toil.

When you see a person continually snarling at, and abusing those possessed in influence, you may *know that he is like* a dog at the foot of a tree. He barks because he cannot climb.

ONE asked a philosopher what God was doing; he answered, that his whole work was to lift up the humble and cast down the proud.