

The Waynesburg Messenger

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Miscellaneous. BUILDING A MAN. BY PROF. WARRING WILKINSON. Beneath the blue waves of the tropic sea there is a work going on where, like Solomon's temple, no hammer nor tool of iron is heard, and so imperceptibly, that a generation of men can scarcely mark its progress.

building of a man; but from Caspar Hauser we have learned how weak and sickly is human growth when deprived of that necessary surrounding.

Friends do much to adorn and beautify or to disfigure the character; therefore have good friends, or none. "It is unnatural for a man to court and bug solitariness," says Dr. Fuller, "yet a desert is more than a debauched companion."

Nearly all we have said of friends and their influence will apply with equal force to books, with this addition, that whereas in society a man can only have the companionship of the living, in his reading he may associate with the virtuous or debased of all ages.

Faithless men, destitute of all stimulus to noble action, stand like blocks in the way of human progress. This is not a solitary case; we might cite many others, and if the reader lives in the country his observation will bear us out in our statement.

PORK AND PIE. Pork and pie have a great deal to answer for in this country, and we wish most heartily that the old Jewish law regarding the usage of the former could be observed by our people.

A man is built very much in the same way. For years, beneath the surface of social life, and like the coral insect, obeying an instinct of his nature, a child is gathering unconsciously to itself, and too often unconsciously to others, the materials for the future man.

"Sire," said a court lady of Napoleon, seeking a compliment, "who is the greatest war man in France?" "She, who has the most children," answered the Emperor. He spoke as a soldier, looking on men as the rough material of war.

On the hearthstone is generally laid the foundation of man's weal or woe. For the first ten years of life the mother's mind and heart are the principal sources of supply, and during those years of golden opportunities she may trace the plan by which a great and good man shall be built.

Man has been described as a bundle of habits, and there can be little doubt that they do go far toward making or marring the active yet invisible force which we call manhood.

They seize upon our actions, motion, amusements, language, even our very thoughts—sometimes our devotions. Virtues and vices are nothing but good and evil become habitual.

Good habits, however, are only secured by long and arduous labor, and here we are taken advantage of by evil habits which intrude themselves; but though the latter are so ready to come, it is not so easy to get rid of them while we never knew a man to be so firmly tied up to a good habit that he could not break off without much effort.

Occasionally we see a man brought under the dominion of some masterful vice that, like the Old Man of the Sea, rides him to death, or, after shattering mind and body, sends him to end his days in a mad house or the Inebriate Asylum.

THE CHARM OF GOOD HEALTH. Woman's incapacity is the only real barrier to woman's progress. Whenever women show themselves able, men will show themselves willing. This is what you need—strength, calibre. You do not set half enough value on muscular power.

THE FOIBLES OF GENIUS. One of the most encouraging signs of the age is the greater common sense which dictates our judgment of that strange class of beings called authors. For ages poets had been regarded as a species of "irresponsible beings," who were under the influence of a demon which they could not control.

THE AIR WE BREATHE. No other subject bearing upon human health is so vitally important. My life is now consecrated to gymnastics. I could not have engaged in this work without a profound conviction of its necessity and value.

UPS AND DOWNS OF BUSINESS LIFE. A merchant of Boston, says the Boston Traveller, whose net profits during the Crimean war amounted to at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, passing safely through the crisis of 1857, and who was reported to be worth a quarter of a million, failed a few days ago with liabilities to the extent of 200,000 dollars.

A MISTAKE. It is often remarked that printers can read anything and correspondents and advertisers say so as an excuse for half-spelling words, abbreviating technicalities, and slovenly, unreadable writing generally.

Who is the most industrious of all ploughmen? Time, for he turns the most furrows.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S VISIT TO GEN. JACKSON. A correspondent of the London Times, who arrived in Richmond on the 13th of last February, writes of the condition of affairs at that time in the Confederate capital, and describes a visit to "Stonewall" Jackson, from which we extract the following: The city is one great camp, and every one is striving to obtain an appointment in the army.

After dinner I returned to his room, and he again talked to me for a long time. The servant came in and took his mattress out of a cupboard and laid it on the floor. As I rose to retire, the General said, "Captain, there is plenty of room in my bed; I hope you will share it with me."

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Another Romance of the War. The following bit of the romance of the war is from a letter dated at Lake Providence, Louisiana: The 1st Kansas regiment, which I have spoken of before, is uncampaigned near us.

MRS. DOUGLAS AND HER FAMILY. A Washington correspondent of the Springfield Republican, alluding to the death of James Madison Cutts, the father of Mrs. Douglas, says: "Mrs. Douglas is again in mourning. She was always a favorite with her father, and the attachment between them was unusually strong."

Who knows what grief, trouble or persecution induced her to embrace such a life?

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT. Mr. Thurlow Weed relates, in the Albany Journal, the following romantic incident, in connection with a friend of his, recently deceased. The incident has a local interest:

In his history there is a romance so well known to his friends that we can see no objections to its constituting part of his obituary. More than forty years ago, in the village of Manlius, two merchant clerks—Charles Williams and Richard P. Hopkins—were suitors for the hand of Miss Phelps, an accomplished young lady of that village. They were intimate friends, and each so excellent in character, and so attractive in person and manners, that a young lady might well be embarrassed in her choice, exclaiming:

How happy could I be with either, Were I other dear charmer away. But a decision was finally made in Richard's favor. This caused no jar, however, in the relations of the trio. Hopkins went with his young wife to Chautauque county, and Williams to New York, where, after several years of clerkship, he went into business and was successful. Many years afterwards Hopkins failed, and became, first a clerk, and then a partner of Williams, in New York.

Some fifteen years ago, Mr. Williams married the daughter of Mr. Hopkins, his early rival, and the daughter, also, of his first attachment. Like the mother, she was accomplished and estimable. The parties were always happy because they were truly good. Mr. Hopkins died in Cincinnati. Mr. Williams retired from business several years ago, and resides in Stamford, Connecticut.

A TOUCHING SCENE. A correspondent of the Elmira Republican says that in a recent trip over the New York and Erie road, an incident occurred that touched every beholder's heart with pity. A comparatively young lady, dressed in deep mourning—her husband having recently died—was travelling Southward, having in her care and keeping a young daughter of some six years. The little girl was mid-eyed as an autumnal sky and as delicate as the hyacinth—her emaciated fingers as delicate and transparent as the pearls of Ceylon.

Touchingly beautiful was the affection of her heart for the mother, whose solicitude for the daughter's comfort was unceasingly manifested. Looking ever and anon from the car window she turned to her mother saying: "Mother, I am weary, when shall we get home?" After a time she fell into a gentle slumber, and awaking suddenly—radiant smile overspreading her features—she exclaimed, pointing upward: "Mother there is papa—home at last!" and expired. It was yet many a weary mile to the mother's home, but the angels pitying the little sufferer, gathered her to the Paradise of Innocence.

Another Romance of the War. The following bit of the romance of the war is from a letter dated at Lake Providence, Louisiana: The 1st Kansas regiment, which I have spoken of before, is uncampaigned near us. One of the members of that regiment, a sergeant, died in the hospital two weeks ago. After death his comrades discovered that their companion—by the side of whom they had marched and fought for almost two years—was a woman.

I went to the hospital and saw the body after it was prepared for burial and made some inquiries about her. She was rather more than the average size for a woman, with rather strongly marked features, so that with the aid of a man's attire she had a very masculine look. She enlisted in the regiment after they went to Missouri, and consequently they knew nothing of her early history.

She probably served under an assumed name. She was in the battle of Springfield when Gen. Lyon was killed, and has fought in a dozen battles and skirmishes. She always sustained an excellent reputation both as a man and a soldier, and the men all speak of her in terms of respect and affection. She was brave as a lion in battle, and never flinched from any duty of hardship that fell to her lot.

She must have been very shrewd to have lived in the regiment so long and preserved her secret so well. Poor girl she was worthy of a better fate.

God had provided in this immense atmospheric ocean, a hundred miles deep, with its winds and very hurricanes, an exhaustless fountain of life and death! What a shame to our civilization that we should expend thousands of dollars in erecting splendid houses, and so contrive them as to compel ourselves to breathe, instead of the pure air of heaven, a vile mixture with the poisonous excretions of our bodies and the poisonous gases emanating from our gas burners and fires—Dr. Dio Lewis.

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