

# The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Weekly Family Journal—Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

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## Miscellaneous.

### "Ripe Old Age."

The man that dies youngest, as might be expected, perhaps, is the Railway Brakeman. His average age is only 27. Yet this must be taken with some allowance, from the fact that hardly any but young and active men are employed in the capacity.

At the same age dies the factory workwoman, through the combined influence of confined air, sedentary posture, scant wages, and unremitting toil.

Then comes the railway baggage man, who is smashed on an average of 30. Milliners and dressmakers live but little longer. The average of the one is 32 and of the other 33.

The engineer, the fireman, the conductor, the powder maker, the well digger, and the factory operative, all of whom are exposed to violent and sudden deaths, die on an average under the age of 35.

The cutter, the dyer, the leather dresser, the apothecary, the confectioner, the cigar maker, the printer, the silversmith, the painter, the shoe cutter, the engraver and the machinist, all of whom lead confined lives in unwholesome atmosphere, none of them reach the average age of 40.

The musician blows his breath all out of his body at 40. The editor knocks himself into pi at the same age.

Then come trades that are active or in a purer air. The baker lives to the average age of 43, the butcher to 49, the brickmaker to 47, the carpenter to 49, the furnace man to 42, the mason to 48, the stone-cutter to 43, the tanner to 48, the tinsmith to 41, the weaver to 44, the drover to 40, the cook to 46, the innkeeper to 46, the laborer to 50, the domestic servant (female) to 43. The tailor lives to 43, the tallowress to 42.

Why should the barber live to fifty if not to show the virtue there is in personal neatness in soap and water?

Those who average over a half century among the mechanics, are those who keep their muscles and lungs in healthful and moderate exercise and are not troubled with weighty cares. The blacksmith hammers till fifty-one, the cooper to fifty-nine, the builder to fifty-two, the shipwright till fifty-one. The miller lives to be whitened with the age of sixty. The ropemaker lengthens the thread of life to fifty-four. Merchants, wholesale and retail, live till fifty-two.

Professional men live longer than is generally supposed. Litigation kills clients sometimes, but seldom lawyers, as they average fifty-five. Physicians prove their usefulness by prolonging their own lives to the same period. Clergymen, who, it is to be presumed, enjoy a greater mental serenity than others last till sixty-five.

Seafaring life and its adjuncts seem, instead of dangerous, to be actually conducive of longevity. We have already seen that the shipwright lives till fifty-five. The sailor averages forty-three, the caulker sixty-four, the sailmaker fifty-two, the stove-dorer fifty-seven, the ferryman sixty-five, and the pilot sixty-five.

A dispensation of Providence that "Maine Law" men may consider incomprehensible is, that brewers and distillers live to the ripe old age of sixty-four.

Last and longest-lived come paupers, sixty-seven, and "gentlemen" sixty-eight. The only two classes that do nothing for themselves, and live on their neighbors, outlast all the rest. Why should they wear out, when they are always idle?

### How a Fat Man Reduced his Flesh.

An Englishman named Banting has just published in London an account of his struggles against corpulency, showing how he grew fatter and fatter, to his great disgust, and how, by a determined effort in the right direction, he finally succeeded in reducing his weight to the standard of ordinary men. Not long ago Mr. Banting measured five feet five inches, and weighed about fourteen stone and a quarter. He owns that he had a great deal to bear from his unfortunate make. In the first place, the little boys in the streets laughed at him; in the next place, he could not tie his own shoes; and lastly, he had, it appears, to come down stairs backwards. He drank mineral waters, and consulted physicians, and took sweet counsel with innumerable friends, but all was in vain. He lived upon a six-pence a day, and earned it, so that the favorite recipe of Abernethy failed in his case. He went into all sorts of vapor baths and shampooing baths. He took no less than ninety Turkish baths; but nothing did him any good—he was as fat as ever. A kind friend recommended increasing bodily exertion every morning, and nothing seemed more likely to be effectual than rowing. So this stout warrior with fat got daily into a good, safe, heavy boat, and rowed a couple of hours. But he was only pouring water into the bucket of the Democritus; when he gained in one way he lost in another. His muscular vigor increased, but this, with the exercise of rowing, which he felt compelled to do, and consequently he grew as fat as ever.

It was, indeed, a memorable day—and a prayer, eloquent for its rough simplicity, was offered up to Almighty God, who, in His infinite mercy, had spared these innumerable children from the perils and torments of the sea during that fearful night. Five of these children were under five years of age, the sixth was a young man, and the seventh a girl.

## A Delightful Legend.

There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On the evening succeeding harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said to his wife: "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take of my shocks and place with his, without his knowledge." The younger brother being actuated by the same benevolent motive said within himself: "My elder brother has a family and I have none; I will arise, take of my shocks and place them with his without his knowledge. Judge of their astonishment when, on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired several nights, when each resolved to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so, when, on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks with arms full. Alas! in these days how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock than add to it a single sheaf.

## Josephine's Granddaughters.

There's to be a Queen Eugenia as well as an Empress Eugenia. The new King of Greece, George the First, is to wed Eugenia, a daughter of the Duchess of Leuchtenberg. The Duchess's oldest daughter is betrothed to Prince Humbert, heir to the crown of Italy. These young women are great granddaughters of the Empress Josephine, the first Napoleon's first venture, and whom he would have done better to stick to, instead of running after a young wife of blood as blue as his own was red, when he had got past the reflecting ages of 40 years. Eugene de Beauharnais, eldest son, married a Bavarian Princess, who made him the father of two sons and four daughters. The youngest son married the Grand Duchess Maria, one of the daughters of the Emperor Nicholas. 'Twas a love match, which the Czar had the sense and kindness to approve and promote. From this marriage came the young ladies who are to be Queen's-consort in Italy and Hellas.—Though of Northern origin, they are to be Queens in Southern Europe. They have, however, much Southern blood, for the Empress Josephine and her husband Alexandre de Beauharnais, were natives of Martinique, which is in far more southern latitude than Italy or Greece. It is surprising to see how Josephine's descendants do accumulate crowns, while not a Bonaparte reigns, or is likely to reign anywhere. Napoleon III is unquestionably one of Josephine's grandsons but you might put all the Bonaparte blood there is in his veins into the eye of a midge without injuring the midge's sight. Another grandson married a Queen-Regnant of Portugal, and his son became King of Portugal in 1853. Two of her granddaughters—daughters of Eugene—became, respectively, Empress of Brazil and Queen of Sweden; and a third married a German Prince. Now two of her great granddaughters are to marry Kings. There is something romantic in all this, but there is no romancer who would dare to invent such facts as we mentioned. France, Portugal, Brazil, Russia, Sweden, Greece and Italy have contributed to elevate the descendants of "the Creole," or soon will do so, while Bonaparte's only legitimate child is dead, and the descendants of his brothers and his sisters are as crownless, almost, as were the ancestors of these brothers and sisters. Though Josephine was divorced from Napoleon, she was not divorced from Fortune, but Napoleon himself was.

## Death of Mr. Thackeray.

By the late English news we learn that William Makepeace Thackeray, the eminent English *literateur*, is dead. His eminent talents were inimitable as a caricaturist, and he was one of the most caustic wits England ever produced.—He visited this country twice, and the last time he established a very high reputation as a public lecturer. His lectures on the "Four Georges" drew crowded houses. "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" are his most celebrated works, and through them he is best known to the American readers of fiction. He was a man of eccentric habits, as most geniuses are. In his death a brilliant light has gone out in the literary firmament.

English papers brought by the Africa, give no particulars of the death of Mr. Thackeray, farther than he was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 24th of December. He was taken ill only the day before, and his sudden decease is attributed to effusion on the brain. In the death of this celebrated writer the literary world sustains an irreparable loss.

## It's What You Spend.

"It's what he'll spend, my son," said a sage old Quaker, "not what he'll make, which is to decide whether thee's to be rich or not." The advice was trite, for it was Franklin's in another shape: "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it cannot too often be repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves that it is only a trifle, yet forgetting that the aggregate is serious, and even the sea shore is made up of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a day is even thirty-six dollars a year, and that is the interest of the capital of six hundred dollars. The man that saves ten cents a day is only so much richer than he who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a house worth five hundred dollars; and if invested quarterly does not take half that time. But ten cents a day is a child's play, some will exclaim. Well, then, John Jacob Astor used to say, that when a man wishes to be rich, has saved ten thousand dollars, he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought ten thousand much, but he knew that in making such a sum, a man acquired habits of prudent economy, which would keep him advancing in wealth. How many, however, spend ten thousand in expenses, and then, on looking back, cannot tell, as they say, "where the money went to." To save is to get rich. To squander, even in small sums, is the first step toward the poor house.

## Our Hair.

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## What will beautify a woman's hair?

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## A Curious Chapter on Food.

The diversity prevailing in different nations in reference to articles of food seems to confirm in its liberal sense the proverbial saying, "that one man's meat is another man's poison." Many an article of food which is in high esteem in one country is regarded in others with abhorrence, which even famine can hardly surmount.

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In the Shetland Islands it is said that crabs and lobsters abound, which the people catch for the London market, but refuse to eat even when half starved. The John Dory is reckoned by epicures one of the choicest fish; but in Devonshire, where it abounds, and also in Ireland, it used to be thrown away as unfit for food. There seems to be some superstition connected with this, as it is said that a Devonshire cook flatly refused to dress it. Eels—which are abundant and of good quality in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and also in Scotland—are regarded by the people there with as much disgust as snakes. Skate, which is in high estimation in England, in Ireland is hardly ever eaten except by the fishermen. Scallops, on the other hand, which are reckoned a dainty in Ireland, are hardly ever eaten in England; and, although they are abundant on many of the coasts, few of the English have an idea that they are eatable. The cuttlefish (that kind that produces the ink fluid), although found on our coasts, is not eaten by us; but at Naples it is highly esteemed; and travellers report that it tastes like veal.

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