

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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Waynesburg, June 11, 1862-ly.

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Miscellaneous.

AMERICA AS THE GRANARY OF THE WORLD.

The following extract is from Mr. Trollope's recent travels in the United States:

I was at Chicago and at Buffalo in October, 1861. I went down to the granaries and climbed up into the elevators. I saw the wheat running in rivers from one vessel to another, and from the railroad vans up into the huge bins on the top stories of the warehouses; for the rivers of food run up hill as easily as they do down. I saw the corn measure by the forty bushel measure with as much ease as we measure an ounce of cheese, and with greater rapidity. I ascertained that the work went on, week day and Sunday, day and night incessantly; rivers of wheat and rivers of maize ever running. I saw men bathed in corn as they distributed it in its flow. I saw bins by the score laden with wheat, in each of which bins there was space for a comfortable residence. I breathed the flour, and drank the flour, and felt myself to be enveloped in a world of bread-stuff. And then I believed, understood, and brought it home to myself as a fact, that here in the corn lands of Michigan, and amid the bluffs of Wisconsin and on the high table plains of Minnesota, and the prairies of Illinois, had God prepared the food for the increasing millions of the Eastern world, as also for the coming millions of the Western. I began then to know what it was for a country to overflow with milk and honey, to burst with its fruits, and be smothered by its own riches. From St. Paul down the Mississippi by the shores of Wisconsin and Iowa—the ports of Lake Pepin—by La Crosse, from which one railway runs Eastward—by Prairie du Chien, the terminus of a second—by Dunleith, Fulton, and Rock Island, from whence three other lines run Eastward, all through that wonderful State of Illinois—the farmer's glory—along the ports of the great Lakes, through Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, and further Pennsylvania, up to Buffalo, the great gate of the Western Ceres, the loud cry was this—"How shall we rid ourselves of our corn and wheat?" The result has been the passage of 60,000,000 bushels of breadstuffs through that gate in one year! Let those who are susceptible of statistics ponder that. For them who are not, I only can give this advice: Let them go to Buffalo next October and look for themselves.

MARRYING COUSINS.

Some interesting statistics were given at the meeting of the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, by Dr. Brochard, in relation to a matter which is now occupying a good deal of attention among the medical fraternity—the result of consanguineous intermarriages. Dr. Brochard states that during the last fifteen years in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Nongentle Rotron, out of fifty-five children born deaf and dumb who were admitted, fifteen were from first cousins and one of parents issued from first cousins. At La Ferté Messard, the Department of the Sarthe, he mentions a family of eight children born of first cousins, four of whom were born deaf and dumb; and this family the singular fact occurs that the birth of each deaf and dumb child was followed regularly by that of one possessing all the faculties. This last mentioned family is very poor, but out of the other fifteen cases, eleven belonged to wealthy people, and four to day-laborers in ordinary circumstances. Two of the fifteen are only children. One, a very intelligent girl, is also afflicted with *hemeralopia*, or blindness after sunset. The others have brothers and sisters who hear and speak perfectly well, except one.—One sister is deaf, and another whose brother was born deaf and dumb.—In all the cases the parents are well constituted, and nothing but the circumstance of consanguinity can have led to the imperfect organization of the children. Combining these results with those previously presented to the Academy by Dr. Bondin, it appears that in marriages within the limits of consanguinity the births of deaf and dumb children are in the proportion of 25 to 30 per cent. A frightful warning to young ladies and gentlemen who have any regard for their posterity not to fall in love with their cousins.

SMOKING.

The Emperor of the French having found that the students in the colleges of France who smoke are decidedly inferior in their scholastic attainments to the non-smokers, he has prohibited this injurious habit in the colleges. It is said that the Emperor put out "thirty pipes in one day!" Would it not be a good thing for the rising generation of America, if some power could put out all the cigars which American boys are in the habit of puffing?—Boys are emperors over themselves, and just out the cigars! Let us declare war against tobacco! Let our war-cry from Berlin's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico be, Away with tobacco! Away with tobacco!

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, having rung his bell one day, and nobody answering, opened the door where his page was usually in waiting, and found him asleep on a sofa.

2. He was going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a billet or letter hanging out of his pocket. Having the curiosity to know its contents, he took and read it, and found it was a letter from his mother, thanking him for having sent her a part of his wages to assist her in her distress, and concluding with beseeching God to bless him for his filial attention to her wants.

3. The king returned softly to his room, took a purse of ducats, and slid them with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he hung so violently that the page awoke, opened the door, and entered.

4. "You have slept well," said the king. The page made an apology, and in his embarrassment, happened to put his hand into his pocket, and felt with astonishment the purse. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word.

5. "What is the matter?" asked the king; "what ails you?" "Ah, sir," said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, somebody has wished to ruin me. I know not how I came by this money in my pocket."

6. "My friend," said Frederick, "God often sends us good in our sleep. Salute her in my name, and assure her that I shall take care of her and you."

7. This story furnishes an excellent instance of the gratitude and duty which children owe to their aged, infirm, or unfortunate parents.

8. And, if the children of such parents will follow the example of Frederick's servant, though they may not meet with the reward that was conferred on him, they shall be amply recompensed by the pleasing testimony of their own minds, and by that God who approves, as he has commanded, every expression of filial love.

A Good Resolve.

The following incident, which is one among many of a similar character connected with the present war, is found in a late "Weekly Express" of Lancaster, Pa.

"A pleasing and significant incident took place last night in camp which illustrates the character of a majority of the men in the new regiment, and especially of the company more especially the subject of this notice. About 10 o'clock, Capt. Denuis was awakened by one of his men, and getting up, found his entire company drawn up in front of his marquee. Upon inquiring what such an unusual movement meant, he was informed that each member had formed a solemn resolution not to drink intoxicating liquors, nor play a card, during their term of service, and they came to request their Captain to join in prayer with them that their resolves might be strengthened. Capt. Denuis, who is noted as a humble and sincere Christian, offered up a most fervent prayer, which gained greater solemnity from the peculiarly impressive circumstances surrounding him. A gentleman who was present, a man of practical piety assures us that he never witnessed a more impressive and affecting scene, many of the men being melted to tears. May we not hope that that prayer will be blessed of God to the soul of those brave men. Washington was a man of prayer, and in this Capt. Denuis follows an illustrious military example. With such a spirit, and such a leader, we have little fear that these men will fall victims to the temptations of the camp, which have led so many young men astray."

RELAXATION ESSENTIAL TO PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

Sir Benjamin Brodie thus expresses his opinion on the subject:—"It is only a limited extent that the occupation of children can be advantageously combined with bodily labor. Even in the case of grown up persons, some intervals of leisure and necessary to keep the mind in a healthful or vigorous state of tension belonging to actual study that boys and girls, as well as men and women, require the habit of thought and reflection, and of forming their own conclusions, independently of what they are taught and the authority of others. In young persons, it is not the mind only that suffers from too large a demand being made on it for the purpose of study. Relaxation and cheerful occupation are essential to the proper development of the corporeal structure and faculties; and the want of them operates like an unwholesome atmosphere, or defective nourishment, in producing the lasting evils of defective health and stunted growth, with all the secondary evils to which they lead."

It is better to consider our own failings, before we censure those of others.

AN EASTERN FABLE.

Abdallah sat at his morning meal, when there alighted on the rim of his goblet a little fly. It sipped an atom of sirup, and was gone. But it came next morning, and the next, and the next again, till at last the scholar noticed it. Not quite a common fly, it seemed to know that it was beautiful, and it soon grew very bold.

2. And lo! a great wonder: it became daily larger and yet larger, till there could be discerned, in the size, as of a locust, the appearance of a man. From a handbreadth, it reached the stature of a cubit; and still so winning were its ways, that it found more and more favor with this son of infatuation. It frisked like a satyr, and it sang like a peri, and like a moth of the evening it danced on the ceiling, and like the king's gift, whithersoever it turned, it prospered.

3. The eyes of the simple one were blinded, so that he could not, in all this, perceive the subtlety of an evil genius. Therefore the lying spirit waxed bolder and yet bolder, and whatsoever his soul desired of dainty meats, he freely took; and when the scholar waxed wrath, and said, "This is my daily portion from the table of the mutfi—there is not enough for thee and me," the dog-faced deceiver played some pleasant trick, and caused the silly one to smile; until, in process of time, the scholar perceived that, as his guest grew stronger, and stronger, he himself waxed weaker and weaker.

4. Now, also, there arose frequent strife betwixt the demon and his dupe, and at last the youth smote the fiend so sore that he departed for a season. And when he was gone, Abdallah rejoiced, and said, "I have triumphed over mine enemy, and whatsoever time it pleaseth me, I shall smite him so that he die. Is he not altogether in mine own power?"

5. But after not many days, the tempter came back again; and this time he was arrayed in goodly garments, and he brought a present in his hand, and he spoke of the days of their friendship, and he looked so mild and feeble, that his smooth words wrought upon this dove without a heart, and saying, "Is he not a little one?" he received him again into his chamber.

6. On the morrow, when Abdallah came not into the assembly of studious youth, the mutfi said, "Wherefore tarriest the son of Abdul? Perchance he sleepeth." Therefore they repaired even to his chamber; but to their knocking he made no answer. Wherefore the mutfi opened the door, and lo! there lay on the divan the dead body of his disciple.

7. His visage was black and swollen, and on his throat was the pressure of a finger broader than the palm of a mighty man. All the stuff, the gold, and the changes of a raiment belonging to the hapless one were gone, and in the soft earth of the garden were seen the footsteps of a giant. The mutfi measured one of the prints, and behold! it was six cubits long.

8. Reader, canst thou expound the riddle? Is it the bottle or the betting-book? Is it the billiard-table or the theatre? Is it smoking? Is it laziness? Is it novel-reading? But know that an evil habit is an elf constantly expanding. It may come in at the keyhole, but it will soon grow too big for the house. Know, also, that no evil habit can take the life of your soul, unless you yourself nourish it and cherish it, and by feeding it with your own vitality, give it a strength greater than your own.—*Home Journal.*

An Incident.—The Star-Spangled Banner.

On the evening when the band of the Twenty-fifth Indiana were serenading Col. Hillyer and lady at Memphis, Tenn., it happened that the wife and daughter of a distinguished Kentucky member of Congress were on a visit to Mrs. H. The daughter is the wife of a prominent officer in the rebel army, and one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies of the South. She had just arrived from Mississippi, and was on her way to her childhood's home in Kentucky, having accompanied her husband hitherto through the war. On the occasion we referred to, the band first played some operatic piece.—Then there was a pause—then the "Star-Spangled Banner." When the first strain of the grand old American "Marsellaise" filled the air, the rebel officer's wife involuntarily clasped her hands together and burst into tears, exclaiming—"Oh, that dear, dear old tune! I have not heard it for so long a time, I feel like a wanderer come home again." The effect on those present can be imagined.

Stopping Newspapers.

A certain man hit his toe against a pebble stone and fell headlong to the ground. He was vexed; under the influence of anger and active self-sufficiency, he kicked the old mother earth right smartly. With impetuous globe itself dissolved, and only his poor toe was injured in the encounter. This is the way of man. An article in the newspaper touches him in a weak place, and straightway he sends word to stop his paper. With great self-complacency he looks on to see a crash, when the object of his spleen shall cease to be.

A SAVAGE COMBAT—A FIGHT BETWEEN A CALIFORNIA BULL AND A GRIZZLY BEAR.

A fine young bull had descended to the bed of the creek in search of a water hole. While pushing his way through the bushes, he was suddenly attacked by a grizzly bear. The struggle was terrific. I could see the tops of the bushes sway violently to and fro, and hear the heavy crash of driftwood as the two powerful animals writhed in the fierce embrace. A cloud of dust rose from the spot. It was not distant over a hundred yards from the tree in which I had taken refuge. Scarcely two minutes elapsed before the bull broke through the bushes. His head was covered with blood, and great flakes of flesh hung from his fore shoulders; but instead of manifesting signs of defeat, he seemed literally to glow with defiant rage. Instinct had sought him to seek an open space. A more splendid specimen of an animal I never saw; lithe and wiry, yet wonderfully massive about the shoulders, combining the rarest qualities of strength and symmetry. For a moment he stood glaring at the bushes, his head erect, his eyes flashing, his nostrils distended, and his whole form fixed and rigid. But scarcely had I time to glance at him when a huge bear, the largest and most formidable I ever saw in their wild state, broke through the opening.

A trial of brute force that baffles description now ensued. Badly as I had been treated by the cattle, my sympathies were in favor of the bull, which seemed to me to be much the nobler animal of the two. He did not wait to meet the charge, but, lowering his head, lollied rushed upon his savage adversary. The grizzly was active and wary. No sooner had he got within reach of the bull's horns, than he seized them in his powerful grasp, keeping his head to the ground by main strength and the weight of his body, while he bit at the nose with his teeth, and raked strips of flesh from his shoulders with his paws. The two animals must have been of nearly equal weight.—

On the one side there was the advantage of superior agility and two sets of weapons—the teeth and claws; but on the other, greater power of endurance and more inflexible courage. The position thus assumed was maintained for some time—the bull struggling desperately to free his head, while the bear strained every muscle to drag him to the ground. No advantage seemed to be gained on either side. The result of the battle evidently depended on the merest accident.

As if by mutual consent, each gradually ceased struggling, to regain his breath, and as much as five minutes must have elapsed, while they were locked in this motionless but terrible embrace. Suddenly the bull, by one desperate effort, wrenched his head from the grasp of his adversary, and retreated a few steps.—

The bear stood up to receive him—I now watched with breathless interest, for it was evident that each animal had staked his life upon the conflict. The cattle upon the surrounding plain had crowded in, and stood moaning and bellowing around the combatants, but, as if withheld by terror, none seemed to interfere.—

Rendered furious by his wounds, the bull now gathered up all his energies, and charged with such impetuous force and ferocity, that the bear, despite the most terrific blows with his paws, rolled over in the dust, vainly struggling to defend himself. The lunges and thrusts of the former were perfectly furious. At length by a sudden and well directed blow of the head, he got one of his horns under the bear's belly, and gave it a rip that brought out a clotted mass of entrails. It was apparent that the battle must soon end. Both were grievously wounded, and neither could hold out much longer. The ground was torn up and covered with blood for some distance around, and the panting of the struggling animals became each moment heavier and quicker. Maimed and gory, they fought with the certainty of death—the bear rolling over and over, vainly striking out to avoid the fatal horns of his adversary—the bull ripping, thrusting and tearing with irresistible ferocity.

At last, as if determined to end the conflict, the bull drew back, lowered his head, and made one tremendous charge; but, blinded by the blood that trickled down his forehead, he missed his mark and rolled headlong on the ground. In an instant the bear whirled and was upon him, thoroughly invigorated by the prospect of a speedy victory, he tore the flesh in huge masses from the ribs of his prostrate foe. The two rolled over and over in the terrible death struggle; nothing was now to be seen save a heaving, gory mass, dimly perceptible through the dust. A few minutes would certainly have terminated the bloody strife so far as my favorite was concerned, when to my astonishment, I saw the bear relax his efforts, roll over from the body of his prostrate foe, and drag himself feebly a few yards from the spot. His entrails burst entirely

through the wound in his belly. The next moment the bull was on his legs, erect and fierce as ever. Shaking the blood from his eyes, he looked around, and seeing the reeking mass before him, lowered his head for the final and most desperate struggle that ensued, both animals seeming animated by supernatural strength.

The grizzly struck out wildly, but with such destructive energy, that the bull, upon drawing back his head, presented a horrible and ghastly spectacle; his tongue a mangled mass of shreds, hanging from his mouth, his eyes torn completely from their sockets, and his face stripped to the bone. On the other hand, the bear was ripped completely open, and writhing in his last agonies. Here it was that indomitable courage prevailed; for blinded and maimed as he was, the bull, after a momentary pause to regain his wind, dashed wildly at his adversary again, determined to be victorious even in death. A terrific roar escaped from the dying grizzly. With a last frantic effort he sought to make his escape, scrambling over and over in the dust; but his strength was gone. A few more thrusts from the savage victor and he lay stretched upon the sand, his muscles quivering convulsively, his huge body a resistless mass. A clutching motion of the claws, a groan, a gurgle of the throat, and he was dead.

The bull now raised his bloody crest, uttered a deep bellowing sound, shook his horns triumphantly, and slowly walking off, not, however, without turning every few steps to renew the battle if necessary. But his last battle was fought. As the blood streamed from his wounds, a death chill came over him. He stood for some time yielding to the last, bracing himself up, his legs apart, his head gallantly drooping; then dropped on his fore knees and expired.

THE HORROR OF DEBT.

Shake hands, brave young friend; we are agreed. You consent to have a horror of debt. You will abstain, you will pinch, you will work harder, and harder, and harder if needful. You will not sink through the crowd as a debtor.

Now comes the next danger. You will not incur debt for yourself; but you have a friend, Pythias, your friend, your familiar—the man you like best, and see most of—says to you, "Damon, be my security—your name to this bill!" Heaven forbid that I should cry out to Damon, "Pythias means to cheat thee—be ware!" But I address to Damon this observation, "Pythias asks thee to guarantee that three, six, or twelve months hence he will pay to another man—say to Dionysus—so many pounds sterling." Here your first duty as an honest man is not to Pythias but to Dionysus. Suppose some accident happen—one of those accidents which, however impossible it may seem to your Pythias, constantly happen to the Pythias of other Damons who draw bills on the bank of Futurity; suppose that the smut or rain spoil the crops on which Pythias relies—or the cargoes he expects from Marseilles, California, Utopia, go down to the bottomless seas;—Dionysus must come upon you! Can you pay to Dionysus what you pledge yourself to pay in spite of those accidents? He thinks those accidents not only possible but probable, or he would not require your surety, nor charge 20 per cent for his loan; and, therefore, since he clearly doubts Pythias, his real trust in you.

Do you merit the trust? Can you pay the merit if Pythias cannot?—and, allowing that you can pay the money, are your obligations in life such as to warrant the sacrifice of Friendship? If you cannot pay or if you owe it to others more sacred than Pythias himself—owe it to your parents, your pledged bride, or wedded wife, or the children to whom what, before their birth, was your fortune, has become the trust money for their provision—not hazard for Pythias, that for which, if lost, not do not common duty and common honesty forbid you say, "I am sure to Pythias for that which it belongs not to Pythias but to Chance to fulfill?" I am the last man to say, "Do not keep your friend," if you honestly can. If we have managed money, we manage it ill when we cannot help a friend at a pinch. But the plain fact is this, Pythias wants money. Can you give it, at whatever cost to yourself, in justice to others? If you can, and you value Pythias more than the money, give the money, and there is an end to it; but if you cannot give the money, don't sign the bill. Do not become what, in rude truth you do become,—a knave and a liar—if you guarantee to do what you know you cannot do should the guarantee be exacted. He is generous who gives; he who lends may be generous also; but only on one condition, viz:—that he can afford to lend; and the two, therefore, it is safer, friendlier, cheaper, in the long run, to give than to lend. Give, and you may keep your friend if not your mon-

ey; lend, and the chances are, that you lose your friend if you ever get back your money.

But if you do lend, let it be with the full conviction that the loan is gift, and count it among the rare favors of Providence if you ever repaid. Lend to Pythias on the understanding, "This is a loan if you can ever repay me. I shall, however, make this provision against the chance of a quarrel between us, that if you cannot repay me, it stands as a gift."

And whenever you lend let it be money and not your name. Money you can get again, and if not, you can contrive to do without it; name once lost you cannot get again, and if you can contrive to do without it, you had better never have been born.

With honor, poverty is Noble; without honor, wealth is a Pauper. Is it not so? Every young man who corrupted says, "Yes." It is only some wretched old cynic, no drop of warm blood in his veins, who says, "Life is a boon without honor."

But if a Jew knock at your door, and show you a bill with your name as a promise to pay, and the bill be dishonored, pray what becomes of your name?

"My name!" falters Damon; I am but a surety—go to Pythias.

"Pythias has bolted!"

Pay the bill, Damon; or good-bye to your honor.

Having settled these essential preliminaries—1st, Never to borrow where there is a chance, however remote, that you may not be able to repay; 2d, Never lend when you are not prepared to give; 3d, Never guarantee for another what you cannot fulfil if the other should fail;—you start in life with this great advantage—whatever you have, be it little or much, it is your own. Rich or poor, you start as a freeman, resolved to preserve, in your freedom, the noblest condition of your being as a man.

On the first rule of art of the managing money, all preceptors must be agreed. It is told in the three words—"Horror of debt."

Nurse, cherish, never cast away, the wholesome horror of DEBT.—Personal liberty is the paramount essential to human dignity and human happiness. Man hazards the condition and loses the virtues of a freeman, in proportion as he accustoms his thoughts to view, without anguish and shame, his lapse into the bondage of debtor. Debt is to men what the serpent is to the bird—its eye fascinates, its breath poisons, its coil crushes sinew and bone, its jaw is the pitiless grave. If you mock your illustration, if you sneer at the truth it embodies, give yourself no further trouble to learn how to manage your money.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Never, perhaps, in any period of the world's history," says a contemporary of Scott, "did literary talent receive a homage so universal as that of Scott. His reputation was so extensive, not only with the English language, but with the boundaries of civilization. In one year, too, his literary productions yielded him £15,000. The king conferred on him a baronetcy, and wherever he appeared, at home or abroad, he was the lion of the day. All the good things of life were his. His mansion at Abbotsford realized the highest conceptions of a poet's imagination, and seemed like a poem in stone.—His company, was of the most honorable of the land, and his domestic enjoyments all that his heart could desire. Yet he was happy. Ambitions to found a family, he got into debt, and in old age he was a ruined man. When about to leave Abbotsford for the last time, he said:—"When I think on what this place now is, with what it was not long ago, I feel as if my heart would break. Lonely, aged, deprived of all my family; I an impoverished and embarrassed man." At another time he writes: "Death has closed the dark avenue of love and friendship. I look at them as through the grated door of a burial place filled with monuments of those who once were dear to me, and with no other wish than that it may open for me on no distant period." And again: "Some new object of complaint comes every moment. Sicknesses come thicker; friends are fewer and fewer. The recollection of youth, health, and powers of activity, neither improved nor enjoyed, is a poor ground of comfort. The best is the long halt will arrive at length, and close all." And the long halt did arrive. Not long before he died, Sir Walter Scott requested his daughter to wheel him to his desk. She then put a pen into his fingers refused to do their office. Silent tears rolled down his cheeks. "Take me back to my own room," he said; "there is no rest for Sir Walter but in his grave." A few days after this he died, realizing, in reference to all his fame, honor and renown, the truth of Solomon, "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."—*Rev. J. H. Wilson.*