

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

THE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, March 31, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower
Is but exhaled to fall again
In summer's thunder shower;
In summer's sun at fall of day
That frisks the sun at fall of day
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed,
By wild birds borne or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after-hour.

So with our words; harsh, or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot;
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not;
So with our deeds; for good or ill
They have their power, scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them life with good!

Miscellaneous.

A SCENE OF ARKANSAS LIFE.

RESULT OF HOSPITALITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

In the early settlement of Arkansas, a traveler, after riding some eight or ten miles without meeting a human being, or seeing a human habitation, came at length, by a sudden turn of the road, to a miserable "shanty," the centre of a small clearing, in what had been a "Black-jack thicket," whence the only sound that proceeds is the discordant music of a broken-wind fiddle, from the troubled bowels of which the occupant is laboriously extorting the monotonous tune known as "The Arkansas, or Racksack Traveller." Our traveller rides up to within a few feet of the door, which was once the bed-frame of a cart-body, now covered with bear skins, and hung upon two big wooden hinges. After much shouting, the inmate appears, fiddle in hand, and evidently "wary" at being interrupted in the exercises of his art. The following colloquy ensues, the indefatigable fiddler still playing the first strain of "The Arkansas Traveller," which in fact he continues, at sudden intervals, until the dialogue, as will be seen, is brought to an unexpected conclusion. If this be not "seeking lodgings under difficulties," we should like to know what might be legitimately so considered:—

Traveller—Friend, can I obtain accommodation for the night with you?
Arkansaw—No, sir, 'nary accommodation.
Traveller—My dear sir, I have already travelled thirty miles to-day, and neither myself nor my horse had a mouthful to eat; why can't you accommodate me for to-night?
Arkansaw—Just 'case it can't be did. We're plum out of everything to eat in the house; Bill's gone to mill with the last mubbin of corn on these premises, and it'll be nigh onto the shank of to-morrow evening afore he comes home, unless suthin oncomen happens.
Traveller—You surely have something that I can feed my horse; and a few potatoes would be better than no food.
Arkansaw—Stranger, our eatin'-roots gin out about a week ago; so your chance is slim ther.

Traveller—But, my friend, I must remain with you, any way. I can't go any farther, whether I obtain anything to eat or not. You will certainly allow me the shelter of your roof?
Arkansaw—It can't be did, old hoss. You see we've got only one dried hide on the premises, and me and the ole woman allus occupies that; so whar's your chance?
Traveller—Allow me to hitch my horse to that persimmon tree, and with my saddle and blanket I'll make a bed in the fence corner.
Arkansaw—Hitch your hoss to that simon tree?—in a horn? Why, you must be a natral fool, stranger! Don't you see that me and the ole woman's only chance for 'simon beer, in the fall of the year? If your hoss is so tarna' hungry as you say he is, he'd girdle it as high up as he could reach, afore morning! Hitch your hoss to that tree? I 'spect not; no, no, stranger, you can't come 'nary sich a dodge as that!

Our traveller, seeing that he had an original to deal with, and being himself an amateur performer upon the instrument to which the settler was so ardently attached, thought he would change his tactics, and draw his determined not-to-be "host" out a little, before informing him of the fact that he too could play the "Arkansas Traveller," which once being known, he rightly conjectured, would be a passport to his better graces:
Traveller—Well, friend, I can't stay, how far is it to the next house?
Arkansaw—Ten miles; and you'll think they're mighty long ones, too, afore you get thar. I came nigh onto forgettin' to tell you, the big creek is up; the bridge is carried off; there's 'nary yearly chance to ford it, yer'll have to go about seven miles up stream, to ole Dave Lody's panchoon-bridge, through one of the darndest bamboo-swamps ever you see. I reckon the bridge is standin' yet—'twas yesterday mornin'; though one end had started down stream about fifteen feet or sich a matter.

Traveller—Friend, you seem communicative; and if it's no offence, I'd like to know what you do for a living here?
Arkansaw—No offence on yearth, stranger; we just keep a grocery.
Traveller—A grocery! Where in the name of all that is mercantile do your customers come from? Your nearest neighbor is ten miles distant!

Arkansaw—The fact is, me and the ole woman are the best customers yet; but we 'spect these diggins will improve, and in course, business will improve too. How's ever, we do suthin now even. Me and the ole woman tuk the cart 'tother day, and went to town: we bort a bar'l of whiskey; and after we come home, and 'gin to count the balance on hand, we found that thar want but just one solitary picayune left, and as the ole woman allus carries the pus, in course she had it. Well, we sot the bar'l agin the side of the room, and shortly arter, the ole woman sez: "Supposin' you tap your end of the bar'l," and I did; and she bo't a drink and paid me the picayune. Pretty soon, I began to get dry, and says I: "Ole woman sposin' you tap your end of the bar'l?"—and she did; and then she sells me a drink; and the way that picayune has traveled backwards and forwards over the bung of that bar'l is a caution to them as loves "red eye." But stranger, losses is apt to come with every business; and me and the ole woman has lost some in the grocery line; and I'll tell how 'twas: That boy Bill, in our oldest son, he see how the liker was goin', and he didn't have nary red to jine in the retail business; so one night he crawls under the house, and taps the bar'l atwixt the cracks in the panchoon floor; and I rally believe he got more than me or the ole woman either; the good-for-nothing vagabond, come to "giraff" over his natral born parents: it's snuff to make a man sour agin all creation; that boy'll be the ruin of our agin! He takes to trickery just as natral as a hungry 'possum takes to the hen-roost. Now, stranger, what on yearth am I to do? He beats me and the ole woman entirely.
Traveller—It would be difficult for me to advise in regard to your son, as I have no family of my own. You say it is ten miles to the next house; the big creek is up; the bridge is carried away; no possibility of fording it, and seven miles through a swamp to the only bridge in the vicinity! This is rather a gloomy prospect, particularly as the sun is just about down; still, my curiosity is excited, and as you have been playing only one part of the "Arkansas Traveller," ever since my arrival, I would like to know before I leave, why you don't play the tune through?

Arkansaw—For one of the best reasons around on yearth, old hoss—I can't do it. I haint larnt the turn of that tchune, and drat me if I believe I ever shall.
Traveller—Give me the instrument, and I'll see if I can't play the turn for you.
Arkansaw—Look here, my friend, do you play the turn of that tchune.
Traveller—I believe I can.
Arkansaw—Lute, lute, ole hoss!—we'll find place for you in the cabin. Ole woman! ole woman! (a "hallo!" within the shanty was the first indication the traveler had of any other human being on the premises), the stranger plays the turn of the "Racksack Traveller." My friend, hitch your hoss to the 'simon tree, or any where else you please. Ole woman call Sal and Nance up from the spring-house, and cut off a good large piece of bar-steak, to brile for the stranger's supper: tell Sal to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some four doin's and some chicken-fixin's for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than he was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O Bill, there's a stranger here and he plays the turn of the "Racksack Traveller." go to the corn crib and get a big punkin, and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suthin to sit on, and skin a 'tater 'long with me and the ole woman, while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn: no mubbins, Bill: then rub him down well; and then, when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar-skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, I reckon he'll play the turn of the "Racksack Traveller" for us.

The "punkin" was brought; the "taters" were "skinned" and eaten; the turn of the "Racksack Traveller" was repeatedly played; to abundant edification; and the "gals" finally announced that "supper was ready," and although instead of "store tea," they only had "saxifax-tea-doin's," without milk, yet the repast was one to be long and gratefully remembered. The traveller remained all night, and was safely piloted over the "big creek" early the next morning. Of a truth, "music has charms to sooth the savage breast."

HOW COFFEE CAME TO BE USED.—At the time Columbus discovered America, coffee had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and Upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a drink is ascribed to the superior of a monastery in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of some shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation rapidly spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1614, became the parent stock of all the coffee plantations in the West Indies. The extent of consumption can not hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume at the cost of its landing from fourteen to fifteen millions of dollars. You may know the Arabia or Mocha, the best coffee, by its small bean and dark color. The Java and East India, the next in quality, is a larger bean and of a pale yellow color. The West India Rio has a blue, greenish grey tint.

WOULD'N'T BITE SUCH BAIT.—Our friend Jones has been doing homage to a pair of bright eyes, and talking tender things by moonlight, lately. A few evenings since he resolved to "make his destiny secure." Accordingly he fell on his knees before the fair deceiver, and made his passion known. Much to his surprise she refused him outflout. Jumping to his feet he informed her that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Judge of the exasperation of our worthy swain, when she coolly replied; "Yes, but they don't bite at toads!"

General Jackson's Duel with a "Dead Shot"

We extract from a cotemporary's account, the chief items of interest connected with the extraordinary duel between Gen. Jackson and a notorious gambler named Dickinson, which occurred on the 29th of April, 1807, near the State line between Kentucky and Tennessee. It appears that Jackson and Dickinson had staked five hundred dollars on a horse race, and Jackson proved winner. He took Dickinson's note for the amount, and was satisfied with the endorsement. Jackson had many enemies who feared as well as hated him, and they naturally crowded around Dickinson, and laid in wait for the first opportunity that might present itself to bring him in collision with the latter. This was the first occasion, and they made use of it, in violation of all truth and mercy, for they forced Dickinson—who it seems was, in some respects, of an amiable and credulous disposition—beyond his own animosity and suspicions, to believe that Jackson had disparaged the character of his note in some way or other; and hence the challenge. Jackson denied the charge entirely, but it failed to conciliate Dickinson, or even to be believed by him, against the representations of those who were thus using him to get their enemy out of the way; and the challenge was accepted.—The two principals were accompanied to the fatal spot by ten or twelve friends each. Sixteen feet was the distance at which the duel was to be fought, which will be better appreciated by reflecting that it is only five paces and one foot. Now couple this with the fact that Dickinson, the day before, practicing at the image of a man, fired four balls instantaneously after the command each time, into a space capable of being covered with a silver dollar, and some idea can be formed of the barbarity of duels in those days. It is said, also, on the same good authority, that Dickinson was so confident of killing Jackson, that he was induced to authorize bets to the amount of three thousand dollars that such would be the case. All that now remained was for the attendants to retire to a safe position and give the words of command. They fired, but no one fell. But an instant revealed the state of affairs, and Dickinson's friends ran forward to sustain him. A dark stream of blood spurted from his side, and an ominous indication was afforded in the fruitless endeavors to staunch it. A bending paw-paw bush, standing hard by, afforded a convenient place to recline him while undergoing the process of examination. It was found that the ball had entered the side above the point of the hip-bone, and below the ribs, and passing entirely through the body, was retarded by the opposite hip bone, and lodged just within the skin. The small difficulty of extraction but showed the great danger of the wound; and all hope was soon destroyed by the discovery of mingled hemorrhage and purgins. The first thing, on discovering the nature of the wound, was to dispatch a courier to Dickinson's wife with the intelligence that he was "dangerously wounded." He was then conveyed back to his lodgings. Here he was placed in a room, and on two feather beds, overlaid by two mattresses. He writhed in unrelenting torture until he was too far gone to exhibit his sufferings, and gave vent all the while to his agony in the most awful blasphemy. So profuse was the flow from the wound, that it passed all through his bedding, and required it to be cleaned up every few hours. Thus he progressed until nine in the evening. The bed stood in the middle of the floor, and a brilliant light illuminated the room, when the clock struck nine; just then he asked, complainingly, why they had blown out the candle and left him in the dark. The surgeon shook his head, for he knew the infallible omen. He had gone completely blind.—The last spark of light went out to him on earth. Again he commenced cursing, and within five minutes from the time of blindness, his spirit had fled from that suffering body. Dickinson was a man of great wealth, and was the husband of a blooming wife of twenty-five.—He lived in Nashville, now, as then, the capital of Tennessee. He arose several hours before dawn on the day he left home. His wife was ignorant of the duel; and being aroused by his restless pacing to and fro, asked what was the matter. He told her that he was to start that morning, on business, across Red River, in Kentucky; but that he would be sure to be back "by to-morrow night." Then approaching the bed, and taking her cheeks between his hands, he kissed her for the last time, remarking tenderly, "Good-by, darling!" and immediately set off with his party. With what soul-crushing effect the dreadful tidings fell upon her heart we may endeavor, at heart to imagine. Suffice it to say that her carriage had accomplished the long day's ride while it was yet early in the evening of the day following his death, and she arrived in the neighborhood before the news had spread more than a few miles on the road along which she came. She first heard of his death about three miles from where he was; and at every breath uttered a piercing shriek, until she reached the object of her deep distress. Her youth and beauty added much to the great sympathy all felt for her sad bereavement. When she reached his lifeless form, she rushed upon it in a frenzy of grief, and gave vent to her feelings in kisses, embraces and wild lamentations. His coffin soon arrived from a neighboring village, and, after passing the lonely vigils of the night in holding an affectionate guardianship over his mortal remains, she set off, next morning, to conduct the mournful cortege. Gen. Jackson was also wounded, Dickinson's ball having ploughed across his breast to the depth of one-half its thickness.

If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to others they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you bear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

It was observed of a celebrated physician, that he never said in company, "I drink your health," but "My service to you."

They who have loved have not existed in vain. Whenever and wherever this affection has been bestowed, the noblest privilege of life has been exercised—its highest ordination fulfilled. It may be that the responsive depths of the grave have received the form of the loved one—that there is mourning and blackness where all was once so joyous and beautiful, that clouds have settled down upon our pathway, in such a manner as to leave us but few joys—but there is something superior to all these mutations in the sweet recollections of having once been all the world to another: yea a comfort which ever remaineth even when the cold realities of life threaten to make us think that we have been but dreamers of an olden dream!

Curious Attack of Ants.—One morning, during my residence in Trinidad, I observed an uncommon number of chasseur ants crawling about the floor of the room. They did not crawl upon my person, but it was surrounded by them. Shortly after this, the walls of the room became covered by them, and next, they began to take possession of the tables and chairs. I now thought it necessary to take refuge in an adjoining room only separated by a few ascending steps from the one we occupied; and this was not accomplished without great care and generalship; for had we trodden upon one we should have been summarily punished. There were several ants on the step of the stairs, but they were not near so numerous as in the room we had left; but the upper room presented a singular spectacle; not only were the floor and walls covered like the other room but the roof was covered also.

Something About Icebergs.—Few sights in nature are more imposing than the huge solitary iceberg, as, regardless alike of wind and tide, it steers its course across the face of the deep far away from land. Like one of the frost giants of Scandinavian mythology, it issues from the portals of the North armed with great blocks of stone. Proudly it sails on—The waves that dash in foam against its sides shake not the strength of its crystal walls, nor tarnish the sheen of its emerald waves. Sleet and snow, storm and tempest, are its congenial elements. Night falls around, and the stars are reflected tremulously from a thousand peaks, and from the green depths of "cavernous measureless to man."

CURIOSITIES OF HUMAN FOOD.—Mankind has been wonderfully ingenious from its infancy, in the concoction of edible varieties. Apart from baked human thighs in Feejee, and balled fingers in Sumatra, there are sundry culinary fashions still extant which must be marvelously unintelligible to a conventionalized appetite. Not that it appears strange to eat duck's tongues in China, kangaroos in Australia, or the loose covering of the great elk's nose in New Brunswick. Not even is it startling to see an Esquimaux eating his daily rations, twenty pounds in weight of flesh and oil, or the Yakut competing in voracity with a boa constrictor. But who would relish a stew of red ants in Burmah, a half-hatched egg in China, monkey cutlets and parrot pies at Rio Janeiro, and bats in Malabar, or polecats and prairie wolves in North America? Yet there can be little doubt that these are unwarrantable prejudices. Dr. Shaw enjoyed lion; Mr Darwin had a passion for puma; Dr. Brooke makes affidavit that melted bear's grease is the most refreshing potion. And how can we disbelieve, after the testimony of Hippocrates, as to the flavor of boiled dog? If squirrels are edible in the East, and rats in the West Indies—if a sloth be good on the Amazon, and elephant's paws in South Africa, why should we compassionate such races as have little beef or mutton? for we may be quite sure that if, as Montesquieu affirms, there are valid reasons for not eating pork, there are reasons quite unimpeachable for eating giraffe, alpacas, mermalid's tails, bustard and anaconda.

Mess in a Backwoods Tavern.—The Landlord Smells Something.—A short time since a gentleman and lady were traveling in Michigan, and having missed the stage, were compelled to take a private conveyance from the town of Scuderi to Thomastown. The lady had with her a beautiful little lap dog, which she carried on her lap on an embroidered mat. During the ride the husband discovered he had no handkerchief, when the lady lent him hers, which was fashionably scented with musk.—About half way between the two towns the carriage broke down, in the midst of hard rain, and they were obliged to take refuge in the half way house—a "one horse" log tavern, consisting of two rooms—a bar-room and lodging room. The lady laid her lap-dog on its mat before the fire, and her husband and herself took seats. In a short time the gentleman had an occasion to use his handkerchief, and took it out, leaving it lying on his knee when he got through with it. In a few moments the landlord opened the door, put his head in, looked around, went out, came in, gazed at the dog—his nostrils all the while uptuned in intense disgust. He finally appeared satisfied, went to the outside door, opened it, came back with a bound, seized the lap-dog by the tail, and harled him howling through the open door full ten rods into the forest. The wife fainted; the husband rose to his feet, terribly enraged, and wanted to know what did that for.—"That's my dog," continued he furiously.—"Don't care a cuss whose dog it is," said the man grimly and impetuously; "I ain't going to have no such blasted smelling varmint around my tavern." The husband and wife evacuated the house instantly, and proceeded on their way in the rain.

It has been well remarked, that no man can judge of the happiness of another. As the moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favor with a peculiar beam one long track amid the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity—yet all the while she is no niggard in her luster; for though the rays that meet our eyes are to us as though they were not, yet she, with an equal and unfavorable lotness mirrors herself on every wave, even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though to our limited eyes she seems only to rest on those billows from which the ray is reflected back to our sight.

Fidelity.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—then is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power, who never have loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

Doctor Lardner says it is a startling fact that if the earth were dependent alone upon the sun for heat, it would not get enough to insure the existence of animal and vegetable life upon the surface. It results from the researches of Pouillet, that the stars furnish heat enough in the course of a year to melt a crust of ice seventy-five feet thick, almost as much as is supplied by the sun.

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed around the cradle, the marriage altar and the tomb. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange flowers are a bridal crown with us—a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and hung in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine.—Mrs. Child.

Love is like music. Some instruments can go up two octaves, some four, and some all the way from black thunder to sharp lightning. As some of them are susceptible only of melody, so some hearts can sing but one song of love, while others will run in a full choral harmony.

Tears of beauty are like clouds floating over a heaven of stars, befitting them for a moment that they may shine with greater lustre than before.

Causes of the First Murder.—We are informed in the Sacred History, that Cain slew Abel because of the preference shown to the sacrifice of the latter; but we have no intimation given us of the reason for that preference. There is, however, an Oriental tradition still extant, which accounts for it in this wise. It says that Cain and Abel, having each of them a twin sister, as soon as they all became marriageable, Adam proposed to them, that Cain should marry the twin sister of Abel and Abel the twin sister of Cain; alleging as his reason for the proposal, that as their circumstances obliged them to marry their sisters, it was proper that they should marry those that were seemingly the least related to them. To this proposal Cain would not agree, and insisted on having his own twin sister, because she was fairer than the other. Adam displeased at his disobedience, referred the dispute to the decision of the Lord; he ordered his sons to bring each an offering before him; and told them that the offering which had the preference would be a declaration in favor of him who presented it. On the offerings being brought, and that of Abel accepted, Cain, stimulated by jealousy and resentment, as soon as they came down from the Mount where they had been sacrificing, fell upon his brother and slew him.—Furney's Press.

Idle Boys.—He who is idle and vicious in school, is still more so when he leaves it. He who fires squibs will in time fire pistols. He who plays cards for sport, will, if he turns not, play ere long for money. He who robs hen-roosts and orchards, will probably some day rob safes and pocket books. He may not do it in the way to expose himself to the penitentiary; he may have his wits so sharpened as to rob legally, by setting up a wild-cat bank, or betraying the confidence of his employer; or obtaining possession of property without the means of paying for it; or by getting his hand upon the public coffers, that he may fill his own, under the soft appellation of "breach of trust."

I would that you could see with my eyes for a little; you would think with me, that he who when a boy could not be trusted, cannot now when he is a man. It would not be proper for me to mention names, or I could illustrate this by numerous painful examples. But they are not necessary. Effects will follow causes: as a man sows, so shall he reap: boyhood is the seed-time of which manhood is the harvest. As, therefore, you love yourselves from the habit while young of employing all your time usefully. Never be unemployed. The land is full of idlers striving to live without labor. It is not to be supposed that you are never to take recreation; this is useful, it is necessary; but if it come after hard study or productive labor, it will probably be healthful and moderate.—An honorable mind, in the desire for relaxation, will not go forth in forms of mischievous exertion. It is not to be supposed that a boy is to be a man, much less an old man; but in the midst of his mirth and hilarity he may be innocent and amiable.

In 1682, Galileo, then a youth of eighteen, was seated in a church, when the lamps suspended from the roof were replenished by the sacristan, who, in doing so, caused them to oscillate from side to side as they had done hundreds of times before when similarly disturbed. He watched the lamp, and thought he perceived that while the oscillations were diminishing they still occupied the same time. The idea thus suggested never departed from his mind, and fifty years afterwards he constructed the first pendulum, and thus gave to the world one of the most important instruments for the measure of time. Afterwards, when living in Venice, it was reported to him one day that the children of a poor spectacle maker, while playing with two glasses, had observed, as they expressed it, that things were brought nearer by looking through them in a certain position. Everybody said how curious, but Galileo seized the idea and invented the first telescope.

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A Dilemma.—The following example of nicety of conscience is as good a jest as it is a model of truth:—Dr. Adam Clarke, the author of the celebrated "Commentaries on the Bible," on being admitted into full connection with his religious denomination, was asked, as usual, certain questions. Among other questions always asked at that time, was the following: "Are you in debt?" Through rather a whimsical incident, this question was likely to have deeply puzzled and non-plussed Mr. Clarke. Walking in the street that morning, with another preacher, a poor man asked a half penny. Mr. C. had none, but borrowed one from the preacher who was walking with him. The preacher happened to go out of town, he could not see him during the day to pay this small sum.—When he stood up with the others, he knew not what to say, when the question "Are you in debt?" should be proposed. He thought, "if I say I am in debt, they will ask me how much; and when I say I owe a half-penny, they will naturally suppose me to be a fool. If I say I am not in debt, this will be a lie; for I owe one half-penny, and am as truly under the obligation to pay as if the sum were twenty pounds; and while I owe that, I cannot, consistently with eternal truth, say I am not in debt." He was now most completely in the horns of a dilemma; and which to take he knew not; and the question being put to him before he could make up his mind—"Mr. Clarke, are you in debt?" he resolved the difficulty in a moment, by answering—"Not one penny."

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