UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.

At $1.50 per Year, always in Advance.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, OCT. 21, 1859.

THE UNION—Established, 1814—Whole No., 2,382.

CHRONICLE—Established, 1843—Whole No., 810.

Union County Election—1859—Official.

OFFICES AND CANDIDATES.	North Ward	South Ward	Total Lewisburg	East Buffaloe	Kelly	White Deer	Buffaloe	West Buffaloe	Mifflinburg	Lewis	Hartley	Hardcoon	Limestone	New Berlin	Union Tp.	Total Number	MAJORITY
Auditor General.																	
Tho. E. Cochran, Op.	180	155—335	98	97	172	135	69	98	54	20	98	66	71	50	1363	523	
Rich. L. Wright, Ad.	83	62—145	52	20	89	70	76	86	34	28	67	62	60	51	840		
Surveyor General.																	
Wm. H. Keim, Op.	181	157—338	98	97	172	135	68	100	56	23	97	68	73	50	1375	551	
John Rowe, Ad.	81	59—140	51	20	89	69	75	85	32	26	67	62	57	51	824		
Assembly.																	
Thomas Hayes, Op.	204	168—372	107	114	170	150	79	107	68	30	102	66	71	50	1495	617	
W. F. Wagenseller, Op.	172	155—327	95	93	61	133	70	98	66	20	103	63	78	58	1265	472	
Wm. L. Ritter, Ad.	65	55—120	42	32	196	71	71	82	24	26	67	62	53	42	878		
Noah A. Elder, Ad.	83	51—134	53	15	83	61	71	78	20	30	59	63	59	47	793		
Prothonotary.																	
John Bilger, Op.	127	106—233	74	57	109	85	42	53	41	16	79	58	37	47	931		
Samuel Roush, Ad.	134	113—247	77	70	150	121	107	133	49	37	86	69	96	58	1301	370	
Commissioner.																	
Samuel Marshall, Op.	149*	130—279	83	66	161	76	46	43	26	18	89	62	48	48	1044		
David H. Kelly, Ad.	114	85—199	70	60	192	153	104	140	62	34	74	64	78	55	1175	131	
Treasurer.																	
Robert H. Laird, Op.	108	146—314	105	103	173	131	66	86	52	16	84	66	71	49	1326	456	
Joseph Green, Ad.	94	73—167	46	21	87	70	78	91	32	35	78	61	59	54	870		
District Attorney.																	
John B. Linn, Op.	137	145—282	86	81	131	131	110	43	48	10	18	81	49	9	34	1002	
Jos. C. Bucher, Ad.	122	69—191	64	46	150	146	130	97	104	137	73	36	84	77	125	73	1247
Co. Surveyor.																	
Conrad Sheckler, Op.	196	166—362	103	103	169	103	133	59	85	57	19	97	63	65	47	1368	245
Co. Auditor.																	
Samuel C. Wilt, Op.	196	168—364	96	91	168	91	52	85	3	17	81	62	65	47	1252		
Scattering																	
Jacob Schreck	37	1	4 for Philip Gross.														

ALWAYS LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

Always look on the sunny side,
And though life checkered be,
A lightsome heart bids care depart,
And time fly pleasantly;
Why sit and mourn o'er faceless ills
When danger is not near?
Care is a self-consuming thing,
That hardest nerves can wear.

Always look on the sunny side,
And though you do not find
All things according to your wish,
Be not disturbed in mind;
The greatest evils that can come
Are lighter far to bear,
When met by fortitude and strength,
Instead of doubt and fear.

Always look on the sunny side—
There's health in harmless jest,
And much to soothe our worldly cares
In hoping for the best.
The gloomy path is far too dark
For happy feet to tread,
And tells of pain and solitude,
Of friends estranged and dead.

Always look on the sunny side,
And never yield to doubt;
The ways of Providence are wise,
And faith will bear you out.
If you but make this maxim yours,
And in its strength abide,
Believing all to be the best—
Look on the sunny side.

An Idea that may be Profited by.

A gentleman called on us a few days since and subscribed for our paper, to be sent to a friend in a distant State, saying that it saved him writing letters, and would apprise his friend of what was going on in this quarter better than he could tell him if he should write; besides, he would save, in postage stamps and paper, in a year, more than the subscription would amount to. That was a sensible and philosophical man, but we know of scores who have done the very same thing, though they have not given us the reason in the same language. What better present can be made to a friend who has gone to another part of the country, than a newspaper published in the vicinity he has left? In it he will seek every week familiar things. The marriages and deaths will be looked for with deepest interest, while all the local news of his town or county will possess a charm that he never knew before. It will be like talking with an old friend, every time he takes up the paper. Still more, it will keep alive in him a warm remembrance of those he has left behind—a remembrance of friendly faces, of kind neighbors and scenes hallowed by associations the most dear of all that have been experienced in life. He will laugh over comical occurrences recorded of his neighbors, take a deep interest in their cattle shows, their Fourth of July celebrations, and all their public ceremonies. He will also rejoice over the list of marriages, and weep over the obituary of some old acquaintance. We know of nothing which can give more satisfaction to an absent friend than a home newspaper! and to every one who wishes to keep distant friends or relations posted up concerning home matters, and at the same time save time and money that would be spent in writing letters, we recommend the idea suggested above.—*Palmer Journal.*

General Convention of the Episcopal Church.

RICHMOND, October 13.—William Henry Odenheimer, Bishop of New Jersey, and Gregory Thurston Bedell, Assistant Bishop of Ohio, were consecrated to-day in Saint Paul's Church; Alexander Gregg, Bishop of Texas, in Monumental Church; and Henry P. Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota, in Saint James' Church. There were great throngs in attendance, including numerous strangers. The ceremonies were very imposing. All of the Bishops were assisted in the consecration.

Troubles, like babies, grow bigger by nursing. Don't meet troubles half way, for they are not worth the compliment.

COL. E. D. BAKER'S EULOGY
OVER THE DEAD BODY OF
Hon. David C. Broderick.

CITIZENS OF CALIFORNIA: A Senator lies dead in our midst! He is wrapped in a bloody shroud, and we, to whom his toils and cares were given, are about to bear him to the place appointed for all the living. It is not fit that such a man should pass to the tomb unheralded; it is not fit that such a life should steal unnoticed to its close; it is not fit that such a death should call forth no rebuke, or be surrounded by no public lamentation. It is this conviction which impels the gathering of this assemblage. We are here, of every station and pursuit, of every creed and character, each in his capacity of citizen, to swell the mournful tribute which the majesty of the people offers to the unreplying dead. He lies to-day surrounded by little of funeral pomp. No banners droop above the bier, no melancholy music floats upon the reluctant air. The hopes of high-hearted friends droop like fading flowers upon his breast, and the struggling sigh compels the tear in eyes that seldom weep. Around him are those who have known him best, and loved him longest; who have shared the triumph, and endured the defeat. Near him are the gravest and noblest of the State, possessed by a grief at once earnest and sincere; while beyond, the masses of the people that he loved, and for whom his life was given, gather like a thundercloud of swelling and indignant grief.

Mr. Broderick was born in the District of Columbia, in 1819; was of Irish descent, and of obscure and respectable parentage; he had little of early advantages, and never summoned to his aid a complete and finished education. His boyhood, as, indeed, his early manhood, was passed in the city of New York, and the loss of his father early stimulated him to the efforts which maintained his surviving mother, and brother, and served also to fix and form his character even in his boyhood. His love for his mother was his first and most distinctive trait of character, and when his brother died—an early and sudden death—the shock gave a serious and reflective cast to his habits and his thoughts, which marked them to the last hour of his life. He was always filled with pride, and energy, and ambition—his pride was in the manliness and force of his character, and no man had more reason. His energy was manifest in the most resolute struggles with poverty and obscurity, and his ambition impelled him to seek a foremost place in the great race for honorable power.

Up to the time of his arrival in California, his life had been passed amid events incident to such a character. Fearless, self-reliant, open in his enmities, warm in his friendship, wedded to his opinions, and marching directly to his purpose through and over all opposition, his career was chequered with success and defeat. But even in defeat his energies were strengthened, and his character developed. When he reached these shores, his keen observation taught him, at once, that he trod a broad field, and that a higher career was before him. He had no false pride; sprung from a people and of a race whose vocation was labor, he toiled with his own hands, and sprang at a bound from the work shop to the legislative hall. From that hour, there congregated around him and against him the elements of success and defeat—strong friendships, bitter enmities, high praise, malignant calumnies—but he trod with a free and proud step that onward path which has led him to glory and the grave.

It would be idle for me, at this hour and in this place, to speak of all that history with unmitigated praise; it will be idle for his enemies hereafter to deny his claim to noble virtues and high purposes. When in the Legislature, he boldly denounced the special legislation which is the curse of a new country. He proved his courage and his rectitude. When he opposed the various and sometimes successful schemes to strike out the salutary provisions of the Constitution, which guarded free labor, he was true to all the better instincts of his life. When, prompted by his ambition and the admiration of his friends, he first sought a seat in the Senate of the United States, he sought the highest of all positions by legitimate effort, and failed with honor.

It is my duty to say that, in my judgment, when at a later period he sought to anticipate the Senatorial election, he committed an error which I think he lived to regret. It would have been a violation of the true principle of representative government, which no reason, public or private, could justify, and could never have met the permanent approval of good and wise men. Yet, while I say this over his bier, let me remind you of the temptation to such an error—of the plans and the reasons which prompted it—of the many good purposes it was intended to effect. And if ambition, "the last infirmity of noble minds," led him for a moment from the better path, let me remind you how nobly he regained it.

It is impossible to speak within the limits of this address of the events of that session of the Legislature at which he was elected to the Senate of the United States; but some things should not be passed in silence here. The contest between himself and the present Senator, had been bitter and personal. He had triumphed. He had been wonderfully sustained by his friends, and stood confessedly "the first in honor and the first in place." He yielded to an appeal made to his magnanimity by his foe. If he judged unwisely, he has paid the forfeit well. Never in the history of political warfare has any public man been so pursued, never has malignity so exhausted itself.

Fellow-citizens, the man that lies before you, was your Senator. From the moment of his election, his character has been maligned, his motives attacked, his courage impeached, his patriotism assailed. It has been a system tending to one end. And the end is here. What was his crime? Review his history; consider his public acts; weigh his private character, and, before the grave encloses him for ever, judge between him and his enemies.

As a man, to be judged in his private relations, who was his superior? It was his boast—and amid the general license of a new country it was a proud one—that his most scrutinizing enemy could fix no single act of immorality upon him. Temperate, decorous, self-restrained, he had passed through all the excitements of California unstained. No man could charge him with broken faith or violated trust. Of habits simple and inexpensive, he had no lust of gain. He overreached no man's weakness in a bargain, and withheld from no man his just dues. Never in the history of the State has there been a citizen who has borne public relations more stainlessly than he.

But it is not by this standard that he is to be judged. He was a public man, and his memory deserves a public judgment. What was his public crime? The answer is in his own words: "THEY HAVE KILLED ME BECAUSE I WAS OPPOSED TO THE EXTENSION OF SLAVERY AND A CORRUPT ADMINISTRATION." Fellow-citizens! they are remarkable words, uttered at a very remarkable moment; they involve the history of his Senatorial career, and of its sad and bloody termination.

When Mr. Broderick entered the Senate, he had been elected, at the beginning of a Presidential term, as a friend of the President elect, having undoubtedly been one of his most influential supporters. There were unquestionably some things in the exercise of the appointing power which he could have wished otherwise; but he had every reason to remain with the Administration which could be supposed to weigh with a man in his position. He had heartily maintained the doctrine of popular sovreignty as set forth in the Cincinnati Platform, and he never wavered in its support till the day of his death. But when, in his judgment, the President betrayed his obligations to the party and the country—when, in the whole series of acts in relation to Kansas, he proved recreant to his pledges and his instructions—when the whole power of the Administration was brought to bear upon the Legislative branch of the Government, in order to force slavery upon an unwilling people, then, in the high performance of his duty as a Senator, he rebuked the Administration by his voice and his vote, and stood by his principles. It is true, he adopted no half-way measures. He threw the whole weight of his character into the ranks of the Opposition; he endeavored to rouse the people to an indignant sense of the iniquitous tyranny of Federal power, and, kindling with the contest, became its fiercest and firmest opponent.

Fellow-citizens! whatever may have been your political predilections, it is impossible to repress your admiration as you review the conduct of the man who lies hushed in death before you. You read in his history a glorious imitation of the great popular leaders who have opposed the despotic influences of power in other lands, and in our own. When John Hampden died on Chalgrove-field, he sealed his devotion to popular liberty with his blood. The eloquence of Fox found the sources of its inspiration in his love of the people. When Senators conspired against Tiberius Gracchus, and the tribune of the people fell beneath their daggers, it was power that prompted the crime and demanded the sacrifice. Who can doubt, if your Senator had surrendered his free thought, and bent in submission to the rule of the Administration—who can doubt that, instead of resting on a bloody bier, he would have this day been reposing in the inglorious felicity of Presidential sunshine?

Fellow-citizens! let no man suppose that the death of the eminent citizen of whom I speak, was caused by any other reason than that to which his own words assign it. It has been long foreshadowed; it was predicted by his friends; it was threatened by his enemies; it was the consequence of intense political hatred. His death was a political necessity, poorly veiled beneath the guise of private quarrel. Here, in his own State, among those who witnessed the late canvass, who know the contending leaders, among those who know the antagonists on the bloody ground—here, the public conviction is so thoroughly settled that nothing need be said. Tested by the correspondence itself, there was no cause, in honor, in taste, by any code, by the custom of any civilized land, there was no cause for blood. Let me repeat the story—it is as brief as it is fatal: A Judge of the Supreme Court descends into a political convention—it is just, however, to say that the occasion was to return thanks to his friends for an unsuccessful support—in a speech, bitter and personal, he stigmatized Senator Broderick and all his friends in words of contemptuous insult. When Mr. Broderick saw that speech he retorted, saying, in substance, that he had heretofore spoken of Judge Terry as an honest man, but that he now took it back. When inquired of he admitted that he had so said, and connected his words with Judge Terry's speech as prompting them. So far as Judge Terry personally was concerned, this was the cause of mortal combat; there was no other.

In the contest which has just terminated in the State, Mr. Broderick had taken a leading part; he had been engaged in controversies very personal in their nature, because the subject of public discussion had involved the character and conduct of many public and distinguished men. But Judge Terry was not one of these. He was no contestant; his conduct was not in issue; he had been mentioned but once incidentally—in reply to his own attack—and, except as it might be found in his peculiar traits or peculiar fitness, there was no reason to suppose that he could seek any man's blood. When William of Nassau, the deliverer of Holland, died, in the presence of his wife and children, the hand that struck the blow was not nerved by private vengeance. When the fourth Henry passed unharmed amid the dangers of the field of Ivry, to perish in the streets of his capital by the hand of a fanatic, he did not seek to avenge a private grief. An exaggerated sense of personal honor—a weak mind with choleric passions, intense sectional prejudice, united with great confidence in the use of arms—these sometimes serve to stimulate the instruments which accomplish the deepest, deadliest purpose.

Fellow-citizens! One year ago, I performed a duty such as I perform to-day, over the remains of Senator Ferguson, who died, as Mr. Broderick died, tangled in the meshes of the code of honor. To-day, there is another and more eminent sacrifice. To-day I renew my protest; to-day I utter yours. The code of honor is a delusion and a snare; it palters with the hope of a true courage, and binds it at the feet of crafty and cruel skill. It surrounds its victim with the pomp and grace of the procession, but leaves him bleeding on the altar. It substitutes cold and deliberate preparation, for courageous and manly impulse, and arms the one to disarm the other; it may prevent fraud between practised duellists who should be for ever without its pale, but it makes the mere "trick of the weapon" superior to the noblest cause and the truest courage. Its pretence of equality is a lie—it is equal in all the form, it is unjust in all the substance—the habitude of arms, the early training, the frontier life, the border war, the sectional custom, the life of leisure—all these are advantages which no negotiation can neutralize, and which no courage can overcome.

But, fellow-citizens! the protest is not only spoken, in your words and in mine—it is written in the blood of Gilbert, in the blood of Ferguson, in the blood of Broderick, and the inscription will not altogether fade. With the administration of the code in this particular case, I am not here to deal amid passionate grief. Let us strive to be just. I give no currency to rumors of which personally I know nothing; there are other tribunals to which they may well be referred, and this is not one of them. But I am here to say, that whatever in the code of honor or out of it demands or allows a deadly combat where there is not in all things entire and certain equality, is a prostitution of the name, is an evasion of the substance, and is a shield, blazoned with the name of Chivalry, to cover the malignity of murder.

And now, as the shadows turn towards the East, and we prepare to bear these poor remains to their silent resting-place, let us not seek to repress the generous pride which prompts a recital of noble deeds and manly virtues. He rose unaided and alone; he began his career without family or fortune, in the face of difficulties; he inherited poverty and obscurity; he died a Senator in Congress, having written his name in the history of the great struggle for the rights of the people against the despotism of organization and the corruption of power. He leaves in the hearts of his friends the tenderest and the proudest recollections. He was honest, faithful, earnest, sincere, generous, and brave. He felt, in all the great crises of his life, that he was a leader in the ranks and for the rights of masses of men, and he could not falter. When he returned from that fatal field, while the dark wing of the archangel of death was casting its shadows upon his brow, his greatest anxiety was as to the performance of his duty. He felt that all his strength and all his life, belonged to the cause to which he had devoted them. "Baker," said he—and to me they were his last words—"Baker, when I was struck, I tried to stand firm, but the blow blinded me, and I could not." I trust it is no shame to my manhood that tears blinded me as he said it. Of his last hours I have no heart to speak. He was the last of his race; there was no kindred hand to smooth his couch, or wipe the death damps from his brow; but around that dying bed strong men, the friends of early manhood, the devoted adherents of later life, bowed in irrepressible grief, "and lifted up their voice and wept."

But, fellow-citizens! the voice of lamentation is not uttered by private friendship alone—the blow that struck his manly breast has touched the heart of a people, and, as the sad tidings spread, a general gloom prevails. Who now shall speak for California? Who be the interpreter of the wants of the Pacific coast? Who can appeal to the communities of the Atlantic who love free labor? Who can speak for masses of men with a passionate love for the classes from whence he sprung? Who can defy the blandishments of power, the insolence of office, the corruptions of administrations? What hopes are buried with him in the grave!

"Ah! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' bank, and call us from the tomb?"

But the last word must be spoken, and the imperious mandate of death must be fulfilled. Thus, O brave heart! we bear thee to thy rest. Thus, surrounded by tens of thousands, we leave thee to the equal grave. As in life no other voice among us so rung its trumpet blast upon the ear of freemen, so in death its echoes will reverberate amid our mountains and our valleys, until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart.

The earth may ring from shore to shore
With echoes of a glorious name,
But he whose loss our tears deplore
Has left behind him more than fame.

For when the death-frost came to lie
Upon his warm and mighty heart,
And quenched his bold and friendly eye,
His spirit did not slidepart.

His love of truth—too warm, too strong,
For Hope or Fear to chain or chill—
His hate of tyranny and wrong,
Burn in the breasts he kindled still.
Lived in the hearts that loved him still.

Good friend! true hero! hail, and farewell!

Woman's Rights.

Rosa Bonheur, the greatest female painter that ever handled a brush, was asked:

"Have you given the Woman's Rights question any attention?"

"Women's rights!—women's nonsense!" she answered. "Women should seek to establish their rights by good and great works, and not by conventions. If I had got up a convention to debate the question of my ability to paint '*Marche au Cheveaux*,' (The Horse Fair,) for which England would pay me forty thousand francs, the decision would have been against me. I felt the power within me to paint. I cultivated it, and have produced works that won the favorable verdict of the great judges. I have no patience with women who ask permission to think!"

THE VERY REASON THEY DON'T VOTE.—The expenses per annum to each person of the population in supporting the President of the United States, by paying his salary, is—one ninth of a cent; or four-ninths for the term of four years. This must be the reason why some "don't care a cent who is President!"

The Doctor's Peril.

The noble beast that forms the subject of my story, had been a bay of the richest and most glossy color, with a lone spot of white hair in his forehead. His tail had been allowed to flow, uncurtailed by the mutilating knife, naturally and gracefully as those of the wild mustang of the prairie. The ample chest, small ankles, and proud neck, and the wide apart, prominent eyes and open nostrils, denoted gentle blood; but at the time I saw him, old age had whitened his beautiful bay coat, long tufts of hair were growing behind each foot, his eyes were rheumy, and the few long teeth he possessed were loose.

I had noticed the care and attention bestowed on him, by every inmate of the family. Not a day passed, that his neck and face were not caressed by soft, feminine hands; and if I had been surprised at that, how much more so was I, when Mrs. Morrison, who, like myself, was staying there through the summer, would frequently throw her arms around his neck, and while his soft nose rested against her shoulder, would call him pet names, and not unfrequently her beautiful eyes would fill with tears while thus employed. "Don John" received all these caresses as if he had been accustomed to them, frequently following one or another of the inmates of the family like a huge dog. My curiosity at length became so great, I resolved to become acquainted with the reason why he was honored with the respect and attachment of the household. Not many days elapsed, before I became acquainted with the reasons; and I assure you, gentle reader, I consider them sufficient to excuse any amount of affection which it might please the superior brute to bestow upon his fellow the dumb one.

He had belonged to Dr. Mosely, of Whitesborough, for many years a practicing physician of that place. "Don John" had carried his master to and from many a bed of death, and fire had flown from his hoofs many times as his short, fleet steps had dashed across the Mohawk on the old Bridge.

The Doctor had been called to Utica, on business connected with his profession, and had been absent three days. During his absence, one of those drenching, warm, breaking-up rains, had set in. Mountains of ice were rushing down the Mohawk, sweeping everything before them, overflowing the banks, carrying away bridges and dwellings, and alarming many of the inhabitants, as well it might, for one must see a freshet to understand its terrible importance. One must hear the crash and roar, behold the mad waters rushing headlong and wild, eager for destruction, behold the floating wrecks of many a dwelling often bearing "a thing of life," and sometimes a human life, as was witnessed a few years since on the Schuylkill.

The night was inky black, and "Don John" picked out the way faithfully and steadily, never stumbling, but, with the bridle hanging slack across his neck, and his nose close to the earth, his master had little fear of the consequences. They were approaching Oriskany, whence a bridge spanned the Mohawk, and "Don John" winnered pittifully once or twice till a sharp word from his master warned him not to show the white feather. On the other side he could just distinguish, through the dense darkness, moving and glimmering lights, and once he fancied he heard a shout; but he little heeded ought save getting housed as soon as possible, and sleeping off the fatigues consequent to his profession. "Now, Don, step sure; old Oriskany bridge, to my own and your knowledge, has lost many a plank," said the Doctor, patting his beast's neck, and pushing the wet tangled front lock from his eyes.

They were now ascending the little eminence leading to the entrance, when the horse stopped. "Go on, sir," said the Doctor, "you are nearly home, now!" Still, no attempt at going on, and beneath them the angry waters roared and bellowed, like maddened devils baulked of their prey. "Do you hear me, sir?" with a smart buffet on the neck, and a gathering up of a loosened bridle into a firm and determined hand, and the animal started—slowly, steadily, surely, firmly—though the broad back slightly shivered from time to time, and the gait was so measured and methodical, that any other time he would have observed it. As it was, he only let him have his own way, though he may have smoothed his neck, for he had a kindly heart, and his poor beast had labored hard through the dreadful weather, and was sadly in want of food and shelter.

Towards the end of the bridge, the steps became slower, and once he stumbled in the hind foot. A quick grasp at the bridle, and a cheery "Easy Don—easy, sir!" and again the cautious hoofs resounded on the hard wood. They were across, and the animal neighed, and tossed his head till the Doctor shook in the saddle. "One more mile to go, poor fellow; but first I and you want some refreshments." Bounding up to the small tavern door, where a genial light was shining from the windows, he called loudly for the landlord. A dozen or more of the inmates came rushing to the door with lanterns, which they held aloft, and a "Good Lord! Doctor, where did you come from?" broke forth from their lips simultaneously.

"Come from? Why, from over the Mohawk! What is the matter? Has the freshet carried away any of your senses? Here, boy," as, dismounting, he threw the reins to a gaping fellow, "give John something nice, and dry him off. Keep him well wrapped up while he eats, and landlord, I want a tumbler of red-hot Jamaica, quick."

"Doctor," said the group, "have you crossed the Mohawk, to-night? and, if so, how?"

"Why, on the bridge—are you all drunk?" said the exasperated physician.

"Doctor," said the old grey-headed landlord, "*that bridge went down the Mohawk this afternoon!* Come with me, and I will show you. If you crossed, God only knows how you did it!"

A shiver went to the Doctor's heart—and, lantern in hand, he followed the footsteps to the swollen and turbid river. Where was the bridge?

"Almighty!" said the horror struck Doctor, "where is my gratitude? *My noble beast came over here this night, backed by me,* ON THE SOLITARY STRING-PIECE; and I, with this right hand, *gave him a blow as he faltered!*" and the Doctor sank upon his knees, in the soft, wet snow, and wept like a child; the men moved from his presence respectfully, and left him to himself.

When, after some little time, he made his appearance, his eyes were greeted by the sight of his horse, surrounded by the entire household—each contributing to render him some assistance. A quart of warm ale was given by one, another rubbed his neck and chest with spirits—a third dried his glossy hide with a warm flannel, and others patted his neck, or caressed his nose and face. "Oh, John, my boy, and I gave you a blow!" and the words ended in a low, wailing groan. Men uncovered their heads, and turned their faces from him, and at length led him inside, where he spent the night. The morning revealed to him the dreadful danger he had escaped through the sagacity of the beast, and again did he grieve for the blow he had dealt him when so nobly putting forth more than human power.

"Don John" never did a day's work from that time. Sometimes his master rode him forth on a pleasure tour, or drove him before a light vehicle, a few miles with some members of the family; but his professional labors were over. Nothing could exceed the care and attention that was given him ever afterward. He fed from a manger made of mahogany; his room was more a parlor than a stable; and company to the Doctor's always paid "Don John" a visit before they left.

Thus lived they many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended, which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were respected, and, two years after I learned this history, "Don John's" bones were interred in the Mosely burying-ground, in Whitesborough, near Utica, N. Y.

A Healthy Community.

The subjoined letter is a very good thing of its kind. It may be proper to state, in explanation, that it was received by Dr. John Curwen, Superintendent of the State Lunatic Hospital at Harrisburg, Pa., in response to a circular which he is now sending to individuals in the various townships of the Commonwealth, asking information relative to the number of insane and idiotic persons within their respective limits. It is too good to be lost:

"MORRIS, Tioga Co., Pa., Oct. '59.

DEAR SIR: Our township is new—only 150 voters in it. There is not, and never has been, an insane or idiotic person resident in its borders. One thing may explain that, perhaps. There are taken here, 110 copies of the New York Weekly Tribune, 22 of the Semi-Weekly, and 11 of the daily issues of that paper. We are a reading community, and all Republicans, consequently there are neither idiots nor insane among us, and we have not a person, male or female, above 12 years of age, who cannot read or write.

Yours truly, W. W. BABB."

"Conductor," said an over-dressed dandy the other day, in one of our rail-cars, "do not procrastinate, but push your equine motive power to her greatest velocity, for I have an engagement up town, at a stated hour, which I must fulfil, or expire!"

The following is a toast at a late Picnic in Illinois. Its author is a bachelor:

"THE LADIES—Saints in their prayers—angels in their parlors—and the Lord knows what in their kitchens!"