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POETRY.

The War-ship of Peace.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Sweet land of song, thy harp doth hang
Upon the willows, now
While famine's blight and fever's pang
Stamp misery on thy brow;
Yet take thy harp and raise thy voice,
Though faint and low it be,
And let thy sinking heart rejoice
In friends, still left to thee.

Look out, look out across the sea
That girls thy emerald shore,
A ship of war is bound for thee
But with no warlike store;
Her thunder sleeps 'tis Mercy's breath
That waits her o'er the sea,
She goes not forth to deal out death,
But bears new life to thee.

Thy wasted hand can scarcely strike
The chords of grateful praise;
Thy plaintive tone is now unlike
Thy voice of proud days.
Yet, even in sorrow, tuneful still
Thy lute's voice proclaim
In praise, on every bill
Columbia's glorious name.

Robert Burns.

Woe I to choose upon that scroll
Which bears the record marks of fame,
Engraved in letters brief and bold—
The simplest but the proudest name,
I'll turn, as every Scotchman turns,
And choose the name of Robert Burns.

No kindly lineage could be boast,
No heritage of noble line;
A plough-boy poet, born and reared
Beside the humble peasant's shrine,
Yet every Scottish bosom yearns
To press the name of Robert Burns.

Be highland hearts and lowland shrines,
In every heart, on every tongue,
The increase of nation's praise
From ear to ear, in song and strain;
And earnest childhood fondly learns
To breathe the name of Robert Burns.

There are, who've sung with loftier strain
Than sweep the peasant minstrel's lute,
But never lived the hard-wool's tone
Was kindled with a holier fire;
Wise were the wrong, the tyrant spurns,
So bravely as our Robert Burns.

O'er all the world, that song has flown
By every heart and every eye,
And taught the common heart to love
The music of his gentle strain;
And every heart alike, inURNS
The name the fame of Robert Burns.
MAY 4th, 1847. C. D. STUART.

MISCELLANY.

From the N. Y. Illustrated Magazine.
LITTLE MARY THORNTON,
OR THE YELLOW FEVER IN NEW YORK IN 1798.

BY FERRA SMITH.

The yellow fever in 1798, was an awful visitation to the city of New York. In rummaging over old papers, books, and documents, we find several reminiscences of that time that so severely tried both the souls and bodies of men, which may be interesting to the reader of the present day. The yellow fever had appeared in the city in 1791, but its ravages were not very extensive at that time, though among its victims were a number of eminent and respectable citizens. In 1803 the same fatal disease occurred again, sweeping off about six hundred inhabitants, and again in 1805, when about three hundred fell victims to its power. But the great year of this fearful disease in New York was 1798, when in about three months it carried to their long home twenty-four or five hundred. Two thousand and eighty died in the city, and it was estimated that three or four hundred of those who fled from the city to escape the contagion, died in the surrounding country.

It should be remembered that New York at that time contained but about sixty thousand inhabitants. So that the number of deaths compared with the whole population would be equal to fourteen or fifteen thousand at the present time. Almost the whole of the city then was below the Park, and the most genteel and fashionable residences were in Pearl, Pine, and Wall streets.

On the twenty-sixth of July, says one who witnessed a large part of that sad drama, "the alarm of fever was heard through the city like the rumbling of distant thunder." The physicians pronounced it malignant, and predicted its fatal character. In two or three days its first victim departed for "that country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." This person kept a store on Front-street, near Coenties slip. In that neighborhood the docks had for some time been in an unfinished state, and it was the public belief that the disease originated from that cause. This belief was strengthened by the fact that several other cases of the fever, which occurred in the course of the following week, were all in the same neighbor-

hood. The inhabitants therefore in other parts of the city felt tolerably secure till about the middle of August, when the peculiar state of the atmosphere seemed to render the disease more active, and it soon showed itself to be "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and wasteth at noonday." On the twelfth and thirteenth of August there were heavy showers of rain but on the morning of the fourteenth, when our story opens, it seemed as though the windows of heaven were unstopped, for the rain came down, not in drops merely, but some of the time in floating sheets of water, as though it were poured from the clouds, like the broad stream pouring over the mill-dam. It commenced raining about five o'clock in the morning, and continued for five hours. The oldest inhabitant had never before seen so large a body of water fall in so short a time. After it ceased raining, the sun did not appear for several days, and the city was enveloped in a thick, heavy, sickly mist.

About seven o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth of August, Mr. Burdett was waiting in his store in Water street, for the rain to slacken a little that he might return home to breakfast. He was a young man just beginning the world in the way of business, and he began it in the right way, with industry, prudence, and economy. He had been a farmer's boy, and his father had early taught him the old couplet.

He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either bold or drive.

William Burdett therefore, who had commenced business in a small way and without much capital, kept no clerk to open his store, that he might rest in the house till a late hour in the morning, but he had gone to his place of business himself at five o'clock to be ready for his customers. As the rain now partially ceased for a few minutes, he started for his residence in Liberty street; but when he came to Maiden Lane, which he had to cross in his way, his store being north of it, he found, instead of a street before him, a deep, rapid, muddy river, throwing an insuperable barrier in his way. Turning up Maiden Lane toward Broadway, he splashed along through the water, which now covered the sidewalk and was pouring into the cellars. Presently a fresh deluge of rain came down with such force as almost to sweep him from the sidewalk into the street. At that moment he was against the blacksmith shop of his friend Steel, and he rushed in at the door for shelter.

"Did you ever see the like of this?" said Burdett.

"Never," said Steel, giving one glance at his friend, and continuing the clink of his hammer upon the anvil.

"You'll hardly need to use your sword this morning," said Burdett, "for there is water enough coming down your chimney to keep you in within bounds."

"So I see," said Steel, hastening to his bed-rooms. He threw on fresh dry coal, and piled the bellows with their whole force. Little dragons' tongues leapt out in several places, but as the water dashed from the chimney up to them, they hissed and flickered, and retreated far down among the coals. The bellows sabbled and puffed, and the sparks flew up, and the water poured down, and for a few moments it seemed doubtful which of the two elements would obtain the mastery. At last the water came off victorious, and having extinguished the last spark of fire, revealed a glowing, hissing cylinder, throwing up clouds of vapor and dust like smoke from a well-lighted battle-field.

"There, Steel, you are best," said Burdett, "you may as well shut up shop & go to breakfast."

"So be it," said Steel, "as soon as it holds up a little, but I'll not go out as long as it pours so. Is there any more stir about the fever this morning?"

"I hear there are two or three new cases," said Burdett, "and the health commissioners have determined to enforce the ordinance for keeping the streets clean."

"That business has been attended to pretty thoroughly this morning without their help," said Steel. "This rain will wash the streets as clean as a house-floor, and carry every bit of dirt into the rivers."

"Not all of it," said Burdett; "some portion of it will be lodged in the cellars. All the cellars from here to the east river are nearly full by this time. When I came along, the water was rushing into them like so many mill-streams. But, come, it holds up a little, let us go home."

They accordingly sallied out and pursued their way up Maiden Lane as far as Broadway, before they attempted to cross the rapid current that filled the whole street even with the sidewalk-walks. When they reached the back-bone of the city, they had of course arrived at the head of the river, and therefore turned down Broadway to Liberty street, where they resided in contiguous dwellings.

The general sentiment through the city on that day was that the heavy rain, which was accompanied by thunder, would so purify the streets and the atmosphere, as greedily to diminish, if not entirely remove, the danger of further ravages of the malignant fever. But the large quantities of water lodged in cellars and other low places, together with the peculiar state of the weather, were deemed to disappoint these expectations. The sun did not appear for several days, the air was warm and muggy, and the city remained day and night enveloped in a close, sickly vapor. At the close of the next day, the fifteenth of August, a general alarm was spread through the city from a report that fourteen persons had that day died of the fever; and from this time the anxiety of the inhabitants daily increased.

Every evening the families of Burdett, and Steel, and their next-door neighbor Thornton, met together to talk over the all-engrossing subject, to compare the reports they had respectively heard during the day, and to gain courage, each one for himself, by ministering to that of his neighbor. Hitherto, the cases seemed to be confined to the low grounds near the docks, and in the vicinity where the dis-

ease first appeared. But about the twenty-fifth of the month, to use the language of an eye-witness, the city suddenly seemed like a town besieged with shells and red hot shot. Reports of fever were now heard in every direction. In the morning numerous cases were reported in John street and New Slip, before noon several were taken down in Cliff street, and ere night the pestilence was raging with violence in Rider street and Eden's Alley. A universal panic now seized the people; limbs trembled, countenances turned pale, and hearts faint. The general impulse was to flee at once from the city, and thousands simultaneously prepared for removal.

On the twenty-sixth, says the eye-witness already quoted, every vehicle, from the humble cart to the gilded carriage, was put in requisition, removing families, furniture and goods; the old man of eighty, with the strippling of one year, the lame, the halt, and the blind, all crowding boats, the lanes, and out-lets from the city, fear quickening their pace, and the destroying angel at their heels.

The merchant locked his store, and the mechanic his shop, and the householder his dwelling, and hastily gathering up what moveables they could carry, rushed out of the city. All the great thoroughfares were thronged from daylight till dark, and even till midnight, with teams and carriages of every kind, conveying all sorts of promiscuous loads, no one scarcely knew whither, except that it was to some place out of the city. The rich in carriages and the poor in carts, hundreds on horse-back and thousands on foot, were thus seen day after day pouring out of the city in every direction, till nearly thirty thousand had left their homes and their business, and fled for their lives.

The number of deaths continued daily to increase, and at length it became difficult to find nurses and well people to take care of the sick. The three neighbors in Liberty street, with their families were together in the evening, at Thornton's house talking over the news of the day, and consulting what it was best for them to do. It had been a fearful day; the number of deaths reported, was greater than on any day previous, and Thornton advised that they should the next day shut up their houses and remove their families out to Greenwich Village.

The proposition seemed to be assented to by all except Mr. Steel. He said he approved of the families being removed, and would take his wife and child out with the rest, if they decided to go; but for himself he felt a strong conviction that it was his duty to return and remain in the city to help take care of the sick. So great was the panic, that he had already heard of a number of cases where the sick had been deserted in their dwellings, and left to die alone, without nurse or physician. He did not think his constitution very susceptible of the disease, and he felt but little fear. Under these circumstances he did not think he should run much risk by remaining. At any rate he felt that there was a high and important duty for him to perform, and while in the performance of his duty he was willing to trust himself in the hands of Providence.

All hearts were touched by the noble sentiments expressed by the worthy and high-souled blacksmith. Mrs. Steel wept, and said if her husband remained in the city she must remain too. What was a duty for him was no less a duty for her, and if he was exposed to danger she chose to share it with him. Mr. Steel remonstrated with her, and told her if the other families went, he thought it would be her duty to go. He said she was naturally timid, and her health was feeble, and he feared she would be peculiarly liable to an attack of the fever. Besides consulting her own safety, he argued that it was her duty to go, on account of their only child, then sitting on his knee, and though but four years old, looking up in his father's face with an expression altogether too anxious for his years, as though he comprehended in some degree the general sadness of the hour.

The arguments of Steel addressed to his wife were of no avail. She replied with calmness and decision: "No, Mr. Steel, if you remain in the city, I feel that I must remain too. You say there have already been many cases where the sick have been left to die alone in their houses without any nurse or physician."

"Suppose you should be taken down yourself, and I away from the city, who could you depend upon to nurse and take care of you?"

"No, Mr. Steel, it's no use for you to say one word. I can't go out of the city unless you do."

"Well, Julia," said Steel, "a man's first duty is to his family, and if that is your fixed resolve, perhaps it is my duty to go with you. I will leave the matter wholly to your decision. If you feel desirous of going with our friends out to Greenwich Village, as I think you ought, and still are resolved not to go without me, I will go. Now it is for you to say."

"Then, I shall not decide to go," said Mrs. Steel. "Heaven forbid that I should be the means of preventing you from performing what you consider a great and important duty, and all I ask is, that I may share with you the duty, and the danger, and the consequences."

During this conversation, little Mary Thornton, an amiable child about nine years old, was bestowing her attentions upon a favorite house dog, which she called Fido, and to which she was exceedingly attached. Being an only child, and having but few associates in the neighborhood, Fido was to her, brother, and sister, and constant playmate.

"Poor Fido," said Mary, putting her arms round his neck and looking in his face. "I hope you won't get the fever, and be sick, and die. You must be careful, Fido, won't you? and not go down to Coenties Slip, nor over to John street, nor Rider street, nor any street where the fever is. And you must go to bed early, Fido, and get your sleep, and not think about the fever, and then you won't be so likely to get it. You mustn't be afraid of the fever, Fido, nor think about it; the doctor says you mustn't. But you must do your duty and trust to Providence, won't you, Fido? Now come, Fido, you must go to bed."

With these words, little Mary retired to the

kitchen, and the faithful dog followed her. Here she lit a candle and conducted her companion down into the back cellar, where a little room had been fitted up specially for his accommodation.

She arranged his little bed, and gave him his supper, and patting him on the head, gave him another charge to go right to bed and go to sleep.

"There, good night, Fido," said the child, as she closed the door, and then turning the key, she hung it up by the side of the door, and returned to the parlor. Mr. Steel and his wife having decided not to leave the city, the other two families postponed their decision till the next day, and the parties separated for the night.

Early the following morning Mr. Steel was down in the neighborhood of the East River, partly on some business, and partly to ascertain the progress of the fever, and passing near Peek Slip, he observed a woman with a child in her arms hastening toward a Connecticut Slip, which seemed about ready to leave the dock. On a nearer approach he perceived with surprise that it was Mrs. Ludlow, a neighbor who kept a thread and needle and fancy store nearly opposite his residence on Liberty street.

"Why, Mrs. Ludlow," said Steel, "are you going out of the city?"

"Oh, lord a massy, yes, Mr. Steel," said the woman, "as fast as this vessel can carry me, but there's so little wind, I'm afraid we shall go dreadful slow. I wish it blowed harder."

"But where is Mr. Ludlow?" said Steel, "does he go with you?"

"Lord a massy, Mr. Steel, my man is took down with the fever, and that's what makes me in such a hurry to get away, before the baby and I ketches it."

"Why, Mrs. Ludlow, is it possible your husband has got the fever?"

"Yes, he's keeled up with it very bad," said Mrs. Ludlow. "he was reported this morning, and the doctor says he's very malignant."

"Is it possible, Mrs. Ludlow," said Steel, "is it possible, that you are going away to leave your husband in such a situation?"

"Oh, I couldn't stay for all the world, Mr. Steel; I couldn't stay if you'd give me this whole city; I should ketch the fever and die. I know I should, and the baby too."

"But, Mrs. Ludlow, isn't it your duty to stay, and take care of your husband in such an awful hour? Who is to nurse him and take care of him?"

"The Lord knows," said the fancy-goods dealer, "it's no use for me to stay, and for us all to die together. I've done the best I could for him. I've only locked up to store, and left everything there was in the house for him to use, except a few nice things that he wouldn't want, and them I put into the store. And when I spoke to the negro woman in the next door basement to go in and carry him water, and hand him things, if he got so he couldn't get about. I don't see what more I could do."

With that she hastened on board the sloop, which was already casting off from the pier, and making sail, and Mr. Steel turned his steps homeward with increased anxiety, since the disease had broken out in his own immediate neighborhood. The news of Ludlow's sickness had spread like a flash through the street, and on Steel's reaching home, he found the neighborhood filled with consternation and terror. Many had suddenly made up their minds to leave the city, and were hurrying to and fro with pale countenances, making preparations for a hasty departure. Among those who had now resolved to leave the city that very morning were Thornton and Burdett, and Thornton had a carriage already at his door to convey his family to Greenwich.

"Well, Julia," said Steel, turning to his wife, "what is your mind now about removing?"

"The same that it was last night," said she, "calmly and decidedly."

"Well, hadn't I better send little George out with Mrs. Burdett," said Mr. Steel, "and get her to take charge of him? He will be less exposed, and we shall be better prepared to give aid to those who may need."

This proposition was assented to by Mrs. Steel, and the little boy was disposed of accordingly. In less than an hour the two families were on their way to Greenwich Village, and Steel was by the bed-side of Ludlow, ministering to the sick man's wants. He found him violently attacked by the disease in its worst form. The physician, who had been in to see him, thought there was but very little chance for his recovery. But Steel was unremitting in his attentions to him; he visited him three or four times a day, and procured a nurse to take constant care of him. In a few days he had the satisfaction to perceive that Ludlow's fever had passed the crisis, and that he was beginning to recover. Thinking now, that Mrs. Ludlow might be induced to return and take care of her husband during his weakness, he sat down and wrote her a line, that her husband had so far recovered that there was little danger of any one taking the fever of him, and it being very difficult to obtain a nurse to stay with him, desiring her to return and tend to him. In order that she might be more sure to get the letter, he directed it to the Post Master at Stonington, who by the next mail returned him an answer, that Mrs. Ludlow was dead, and buried, having been taken down with the fever on the same day she arrived at Stonington, which terminated fatally in a very few days.

But to return to the emigrants from Liberty street to Greenwich Village; Thornton's carriage drove off with a quick pace up Broadway and into Greenwich Lane, while scarcely a word was spoken by the terrified and flying family. Mr. Thornton had hastily secured his papers and articles of value, fastened up the doors and windows, and hurried his family off without breakfast. Little Mary had even been called from her bed, and hardly allowed time to dress before she was hurried into the carriage, and whirled away out of the city. As

they were passing through Greenwich Lane, a little dog ran by the carriage, which caught Mary's eye, and the child suddenly burst into tears.

"Mary my child, don't cry," said Mr. Thornton, "we are out of the city now, and we shall soon be up to the village where the fever won't be likely to come, and we'll stay there till it is all gone from the city. Don't cry any more, child."

But Mary only cried the harder; she wept and sobbed as though her very heart would break.

"Why, Mary, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Thornton; "why can't you keep quiet?"

"Oh, mother," said Mary, "we've left poor Fido shut up in his house, down cellar, and I'm afraid he'll take the fever and die there all alone, and nobody to take care of him."

Mrs. Thornton felt a sudden shock at the thought of the poor dog being left in that condition, but it was too late now to help it, and she tried to do what she could to pacify the child. She assured her that Fido was in no danger of taking the fever; dogs never took it; and she must be quiet and be a good girl. But little Mary could not reason on the subject; she could only feel; and she felt that one half of herself was left in that dark, lonely cellar to die alone of the fever, or starvation, for she thought of that now, and added, addressing her mother, that poor Fido had nothing to eat, and a new flood of tears coursed down her fair soft cheeks.

"Can't we go back now and get him?" said she; "it won't take but a little while; you needn't get out of the carriage. I'll go in and bring him out."

"No indeed," said Mrs. Thornton; "why, how unreasonable you are, Mary. Don't you know we should run the risk of our lives to go back there now? Don't you know the fever is right there in the street, close to our door? You must stop crying and be more reasonable."

Little Mary said no more, but continued weeping and sobbing, till they reached the village, where they found rooms for their accommodation in the house of an acquaintance. The carriage returned to be employed in conveying others from the city, and Mr. Thornton, with Mr. Burdett, who arrived about the same time, walked about the village to make the necessary preparation for a few weeks' residence. Mrs. Thornton and her servant, girl were busily employed in arranging their closets and trunks, and Mary was left to run about in any part of the house originated in the hope that she would amuse herself so as to forget her poor Fido. But the hope was altogether vain; there was no amusement for her, when the dear companion, that had been accustomed to share all her amusements, and joys, and pastimes, was shut up in a dungeon to die of starvation or perish by the pestilence.

The child's feelings were wrought up to an intense energy. She dared not speak to her mother again on the subject; but her little heart was growing fuller and fuller, and her will stronger and stronger, till at last, about noon, when her mother was out of the way, she suddenly seized the key of the house in Liberty street, slipped on her bonnet, and running into the street unobserved by any one, started on foot and alone for the city. Three miles was a long journey for a child like her; but she did not stop to think of the distance, she only thought of Fido. She did not even know the way, but she knew the general direction, or she could sometimes see some parts of the city, and on she went, running till out of breath, and then walking till she was so tired she had to sit down to rest. After getting a little out of the way several times, she at length came into Greenwich Lane, and wandered on and on, a weary way, till she found herself in Broadway, which she knew would take her down to Liberty street.

Broadway was very full of people, still moving out, and though many looked at her, as she wandered alone down the street, they were all too full of their own cares and perils to speak to her, except one kind looking gentleman on foot, who asked her if she was not going the wrong way, and if she was not lost.

When she told him where she was going, the gentleman tried to persuade her to return back, telling her she ran a great risk in many ways in going away down there alone. But nothing would change her determination; she said she must go and let Fido out of the cellar, and then she would come back and bring him with her. And along she tripped, down the street, while the gentleman stood and looked sadly after her some minutes. When she came into Liberty street, every thing seemed so still and death-like the little girl shuddered. The street seemed almost entirely deserted. In that part of it where their house was, she could not see a single person. She came to the door. The solemn stillness caused the chills to run over her and her teeth to chatter. She unlocked the door and opened it, and in her tremulous fear she looked it again on the inner side, taking the key out and keeping it in her hand for fear of losing it.

And now she hastened to liberate Fido. She went into the kitchen and lit a candle, and descended to the cellar, carefully closing the cellar door after her. She went into the back cellar, and approached the door of Fido's room and called his name. She wanted to hear his voice that she might not feel so lonely; but Fido gave no answer. "Oh," she thought to herself, "if Fido has got the fever, I shall stay and take care of him." She came to his door and found the key hanging up where she left it. With trembling hand she unlocked the door and looked in.

"Fido, Fido, poor Fido," said Mary, casting an envious glance round his cell. "All was still and motionless. The room was small; she looked a glance into every corner; Fido was not there! She stood some minutes in bewildered amazement. She could not tell what to make of it. Some vague imaginations flitted across her brain, such as, 'may be he had died of the fever,' and spirits had come and carried him away. She grew frightened and trembled at her own thoughts. Bursting into tears, she turned to retreat from the house."

Ascending to the head of the cellar stairs, she tried the latch, and the door would not open! She renewed her efforts, again and again, but still the door would not open. She now recollected that the latch was worn so as to shut sometimes in such a manner that it could not be opened on the inner side. In extreme terror she involuntarily screamed for help, and sunk down upon the stairs.

Her calls were all in vain, for no one was within hearing. Presently she roused herself and tried the door again, but with no better success than before. She could not open it, and she had not strength, by any means she could contrive, to force it open. She descended again to the cellar and tried to think of some other means to escape; but nothing afforded her the least hope. She now felt the entire desolation of her situation; a prisoner in that dark, lonely cellar, where perhaps she must die before any relief would come to her. The window, which usually let light into the cellar, was closed with a heavy shutter in a manner that she could not open it. Her candle was nearly gone, and giving up in despair, she went into Fido's room, and threw herself upon the couch she had so often made up for him. Here she wept, till tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, came to her relief, and locked up her weary senses in forgetfulness.

(Continued next week.)

THRILLING INCIDENT.—At a Temperance meeting in Philadelphia some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as a drink; demonstrating it, quite in his own satisfaction, to be scriptural, gentlemanly, and healthful. When the clergyman sat down, a plain elderly man rose, and asked the liberty of saying a few words. "A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been temperate, was at length prevailed on, to the great joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept the pledge faithfully for some time, though the struggle with his habit was fearful; till one evening, in a social party, glasses of wine were handed round. They came to a clergyman present, who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well,' thought the young man, 'if a clergyman can take wine, and justify it so well, why not I?' So he also took a glass. It instantly rinkled his fiery and slumbering appetite; and after a rapid downward course, he died of delirium tremens—a raving madman!"

The old man paused for utterance; and was just able to add: "That young man was my only son; and the clergyman was the Reverend Doctor, who has just addressed this assembly!"—*Banner of Temperance.*

General Shunk.

We are gratified to learn, that the Democratic party of this State, with a unanimity unprecedented, and under the circumstances unlooked for, are everywhere rallying in support of the re-election, of Gov. FRANCIS R. SHUNK, and that there is now scarcely a doubt of the success of the Republican State Ticket, by a very large majority. We make this announcement from a sincere conviction of its truth, and because we are happy in being the instrument to announce to the Democracy of Lycoming the existence of a more of a clear Democratic horizon—of perfect union in our ranks, and the best spirit and feeling among the members.

And why should the result be not as anticipated? Has not Governor Shunk addressed firmly and honestly to all the great measures of the party, and with a zeal truly commendable, exerted himself to preserve the honor and credit of the State? Have we any fault to find with the measures of his administration? Has he ever swerved from the line of duty, to favor corporations or individuals? Can it be said that the poor is not protected from the overbearing arm of the rich? That monopolies have sprung up like mushrooms in the State, without the interference of the Executive, to prevent it? Is the country less prosperous now, than it has been heretofore, under Democratic administrations? And, finally, what have we to gain or expect by a change? These questions we submit to the consideration of the sober, intelligent, industrious portion of the People, whose only desire, politically, is the continued prosperity of the country, and the maintenance of just and equal laws. Is it for them—the large portion of the People—to say whether a good Governor, and a prosperous country, shall be changed for the uncertainties of Federalism—for the purpose of trying an experiment which may well prove fatal to the country. The table of the dog, which fell the leg of mutton from his mouth, to snap the shadow in the water, betrays, no more fully, than would the people of Pennsylvania, by the abandonment of Governor Shunk, for the aristocratic Iron Master, General Irwin. They would repudiate a good article in possession for a shadow; even if they fail to be strangled in the dive for it.—*Lycoming Gazette.*

If a man has a right to be proud of any thing it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without a base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

That, of course, has no allusion to General Irwin's giving a few barrels of corn to Ireland, and blowing it through the country.—*Eastern Argus.*

The editor of the Illinois Herald requests the publishers of "Yankee Doodle" to write "religious papers" on the outside of the wrapper, to keep the P. M.'s from stealing it.

Twenty-four dollars purchased the whole city and county of New York, two hundred and twenty years ago. It has, we are informed, its value.

A colony of Swedes, three hundred strong, passed through Chicago last week, in the way farther west.

A ball storm did great damage to York, Pa., on Tuesday. One farmer's wife's loss of \$2000 in crops, &c.