Bedford Inquirer and Chronicle.

A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c---Terms: Two Dollars per annum.

BY DAVID OVER. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY DECEMBER 7, 1855. VOL. 28, NO 49

From the Georgia Citizen.

LIST OF SONGS,

ARRANGED BY MOLLIE MYRTLE.

'When wakes the sun at early dawn,'
'Far over the deep blue sea.'
'My early love,' my 'Molly Bawn,'
'Whistle and I'll come to thee.'
'When'er I see those smiling eyes,'
'Tis I who loves thee, then,'
'Come dearest, ere the sun is set,'
'Meet me in the willow glen.'

'O, I have roamed in many lands,'
'On Long Island's sea-girt shore,'
'And after many raving years,'
'I'm the Gallant Troubadour.'
'There's no home like my own' 'Sweet Home.'
'Where they wind the Hunter's Horn,'
'The land of Love and Liberty,'
And 'The spot where I was born.'

'At the battle of Bunker's Hill,'
Where flowed the bloody stream,
'The Last Bugle's peal for victory,'
Disturbed the 'Soldier's Dream.'
'I remember, I remember,'
'A life on the ocean wave,'
'The boatman's song,' and 'Boatman's dance,'
'In th' cell of the Mermaid's cave.'

'The savage loves his native shore,'
'And I love this world right well,'
'And the days when we went gipsying,'
'On the banks of the blue Moselle.'
'Ah, me! Hope told a flatering tale,'
I had bought a 'Plain Gold Ring,'
But 'Woodland Mary' jilted me.
By the silent 'Haunted Spring.'

'All by the shady greenwood tree.'
'We met the 'Highland Widow,'
'One kiss before we part,' I cried;
She did just as I did her.
'I love the ladies every one,'
And love sweet 'Little Sally,'
She lives 'Deep in a forest dell,'
'By th' flowers of the Valley.'

'The Quaker girl,' 'with jet black eyes,'
'The girl I left behind me,'
And 'Fanny Gray,' the 'Irish Girl,'
Who often tried to bind me.
'Jessie the flower o' Dumblane,'
'Lost Lady,' 'canst thou leave me,'
'O, meet me by moonlight alone,'
'I've something sweet to tell thee.'

'Dear Grace Darling,' 'I've been roaming'
'The bowers and braes among,'
'Then wi me in my light canoe,'
And list to the 'Mermaid Song.'
'O, if you ask me what is love,'
'Sweet maid,' 'Take heed,' whisper low,'
'Watchman, tell us of the night,'
'I should very much like to know!'

'My barque is upon the deep, love,'
'My Rose of Allandale,'
'There is a joy in 'Homeward Bound,'
'A wet sheet and a flowing sail.'
'O, tell me how from love to fly,'
'Maid of Erin,' 'Darling Jane,'
'I dream 'Oft in the stilly night,'
And 'I sigh yet feel no pain.'

'Well here I sit,' 'All round my hat,'
For 'I've nothing else to do.'
'Oh! never shall my soul forget,'
'When this old hat was new.'
'Here's a health to all good lasses,'
With the 'Soldier's Last Sigh,'
'Home fare thee well,' 'my Fatherland,'
'I go, I go,' 'Good bye.'

For the Inquirer and Chronicle.

An Article for the Times.

Vere scire est per causas scire.—BACON.

(Concluded from last Week.)

I now come to notice the second proposition, That a contemptible ambition has become to be by far too much the ruling principle of political and religious action. This sounds like a sweeping assertion,—boldly made, and, perhaps, to some entirely too much so. Be it remembered, however, that there *is* room for such an assertion: and such it will be my object to show in continuing this paper.

This is an important subject, and well worthy the attention of every serious mind. The prosperity of the nation is involved, and every patriotic heart must beat with anxiety at the mention of such a truth. In order that I may not be misunderstood, it would seem necessary to give a brief sketch of that kind of character implied in this proposition, and this cannot well be done without first giving an idea of what is meant by a proper earnestness of action both in a civil as well as in a religious sense. Government is necessary in order to the well being of society; and consequently there must be a class of men to exercise that authority. It must be remembered, however, that it is not the *men* that are to be regarded in a strict sense, but the *office* which they fill; consequently good government is the proper exercise of the functions of these several offices, and does not depend on the private notions of those who fill the office. It will easily be perceived, then, that those who fill civil offices are highly honored, but at at the same time they become the servants of the people, or, in other words, they are only true to the nature of their office, when they seek the general good in the exercise of the functions of their office. There is no room here for *selfishness*,—that source of evil.—For a more full understanding of the subject, it would be necessary to determine what is the nature and extent of these functions, and this could not be done without at the same time a clear idea of government itself. It is not our purpose at present to enter into an investigation of this kind, but will take for granted that this is already understood.

Selfishness, then, it has been shown, must be left out of the sphere of usefulness in the case of civil offices. The question arises, Is such the case? Who are our office seekers? Examine their motives, and see how far they are influenced by an earnestness for public good; and after so doing, what conclusion can a prudent man come to? What is the nature of the means made use of in order to the accomplishment of certain proposed ends? Shame, shame to our illustrious country that her sons are becoming more anxious about her *rich treasures* than her prosperity and peace. Political parties have become rotten to their centre, and instead of being an advantage to our national prosperity, they have become a well-cushioned saddle on which demagogues ride into office; and have little or no concern about the public good. Here then is room for the ambitious. Let him only have a large circle of friends; be in good standing in his party; have a smooth tongue; and a liberal hand; then he can accomplish his end no matter whether he is well-qualified or not, let him enjoy the spoils as well as any other. Can any ambition be more contemptible; or more worthy the severe censure of every honest American heart? But some, perhaps, will declare that such is not the case. Let those persons acquaint themselves with the proceedings at Washington during the last year; and those in this glorious Keystone State with the proceedings at Harrisburg, and they must be convinced that selfishness is by far too much in the ascendent. It is not my object to exaggerate, but if knowledge is power, let no one dare to say that the political atmosphere is clear and bright; if he does, it can easily be proven that there are principles at work at the present time in the political world, if left to work out their legitimate results, there would be no room for rejoicing, but rather for sorrow. Men may cry peace, but these are false guids, and every true and patriotic heart has need to examine the structure which demagoguery is about to erect.

I am an American citizen, but claim no relation to the American party; and consequently do not raise a cry against the *old* parties, simply which have long stood in brave content; no, I love to behold the proud banner of American greatness float proudly and despise the little spirit of any party or set of men, who would dare to mar her beauty by presuming to expouse these interests which uphold her staff out of selfish, or simply political motives. The whole atmosphere is impure, old parties as well as new,—selfish motives have too much to do in the matter, and consequently the contemptible ambition to which I alluded is seen throughout the land; and needs but a mighty reaction, which will, yea must, soon sweep the present system of wire-working into the maelstrom of ambition.

As I have already protracted my paper to a considerable length, and have another proposition, I will omit referring to the latter clause of the second,—having reference to ambition in religious action.

I now come to my last point, that law is too little regarded, and justice too often put to shame. It has already been remarked that government, or law is necessary to the well-being of society; and, indeed, strictly speaking there can be no society without law. But ignorance combined with selfishness is active here; and the effects are felt on all sides. Men often complain of the want of laws when they have no right to complain; and yet fail to obey those which are already in existence. Take as an instance the *spendthrift*. He foolishly spends an immense fortune, brings misery and wretchedness upon his family, and finally perhaps ends his days in a poor-house or asylum. They would say that such a man ought to be prohibited by law from such a course of conduct. Here is evidently a want of a proper understanding of the ends which civil law proposes to reach. Has not a man a right to do with his own as he pleases? I answer he has not. But the question arises, if there is no civil law to prevent, why has he not such a right? I answer that the *civil* law must remain in its own sphere, and leave the *moral* law to operate in its sphere. A man may not waste his goods or property and bring distress upon his family; because his own conscience tells him it is sinful, and unworthy the dignity of his nature. This is only one case many others might be noticed; but it is necessary to be more general and this brings me to consider the false character of society.

Of course it will be seen that this embodies the two last ideas;—law and justice. Laws it is universally admitted are necessary; and with their execution is connected justice and injustice. How is this.?

A learned and distinguished American writer has said. "*Oh! how odious and contemptible seem the miserable evasions, perversions, and subterfuges that we continually hear of in the administration of justice.*" Is all this but the flickering of a weak mind? Certainly not. Such authority cannot be mistaken and especially so when proof is so near at hand. Does not common sense teach every candid observer that the Temple of Justice has been shamefully polluted? But to be more minute. What, it may be asked, is the object of courts of justice? To protect the rights of the people. Well let some attention be given to the manner in which the "dear rights" of the people are protected. Must I point to instances, or must I give the direct source of information? Let it not be asked, but rather let each one examine the public papers, and they can satisfy themselves concerning the truth of my remarks. I ask, does the poor man have the same chance, as the *rich* man? Who will say he has? Suppose a case occurs, as many do, in which a poor, intemperate wretch is implicated; and does it not follow almost universally that he is soon convicted and lodged in prison? Now on the other hand, suppose a *rich* man is found to be guilty of a similar crime is the court so ready to convict him? No! his family and friends must not be so disgraced; and if any connivance which at all will *appear* reasonable can be effected, he is sure to escape. Is not such the case. An instance is before my mind at this time. It is true there are instances to the contrary; and such too as do honor to our national independence and greatness; but why should it not in general. Why should poverty bring disgrace upon any man? or why should a *rich* man be honored the more on account of his riches? An English Poet has said, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," and certainly there can be no difference whether he be rich, or poor.

But it is not only in the public execution of the law that there is a want of strict justice;—there are other reasons why it may be said that law is too little regarded? and justice put to shame. Society *is* false, and no man can prove contrary. It will not stand the scrutiny of severe ethics. The law in its spirit aims at, or at least should aim at, the public good. It is evident to every reflecting mind that in this respect the civil and moral law, must harmonize. The public good cannot be maintained in any other way: and that system of laws which does not thus harmonize, will undoubtedly be a source of evil rather than good. Take, for example, the law, the spirit of which aims at the removal of the great evil of intemperance. The civil law can do no more than prevent one man from selling certain liquors to his fellow-man. It cannot prevent the man from drinking when he once has the liquor in his possession. This must be effected by the law of his own conscience, or the moral law. But the law is too little regarded: if it were not so this scourge of our country would be speedily hurried into the dark regions of eternal oblivion. But how is this some one will say? Well I will show you how it is. Society as before said is false: it does not remain true to its own dearest interests; nor make any great advance.

Where is the man who is possessed of a sound mind, that will for one moment dare to say that intemperance is not an evil? No such one can be found. Let the evils of this unnatural and beastly practice be unfolded, and the human heart is shocked:—even the meanest miser cannot stand unmoved. What! see an evil, like a mighty epidemic with all its tenor, sweeping over our country; leaving misery, wretchedness, and destruction in its course; closing up the secret fountain of human happiness; in a word hurling with unmerciful power hundreds and thousands of thoughtless, and yet immortal beings; into an awful eternity.—What! see his sad and melancholy death-work going on and still say peace, peace! Such a man would be an inhuman monster, and unworthy a place in a civilized nation. And yet what is society doing but acting the very part of such a monster? Why do not the intelligent and upright part of every community put a stop at once to the evil by co-operating with national authority? Let the opinion of these upholders of the evil but say that an intemperate man is *unfit* to receive public confidence. Let the moral and upright of our glorious nation act out the spirit of the law, and this vice would soon be banished from society. Is it not abundantly evident that the laws of our land are too little regarded? But more than this. The intemperate man when once his property, money, and character, have been buried as it were, is regarded as a nuisance by society; and consequently must be turned into the Poor House. O ye who love justice and truth. I appeal to you;—tell me, can this be justice; can such a course secure the blessing of heaven: can the spirits of the illustrious dead look down with pleasure upon such deeds of kindness? No, let the voice of an insulted honor cry no: never. Society is in fault. The intelligent, the upright, the rich and the high are to blame. They have failed to do their duty: and the justice of heaven will surely confound them, when the secrets of men's hearts will be revealed.

The man who is overtaken by misfortune is thrown into confusion and trouble; and to drown his grief seizes the intoxicating bowl;—his neighbor, no doubt rich and independent, instead of rendering a small amount of assistance which would again restore the unfortunate to circumstances of peace, would rather take advantage of his misfortune in order to enlarge his own possessions; and thus leave the wretched man to wander in the dark regions of despair. This same individual in the course of a few years may perhaps be found a miserable drunkard—a beast in human form,—whereas if society had been true to its own interests, he might still be a happy, respectable, and useful man. Who is to blame, then, for a great amount of the evil now overwhelming our land? Men make a great noise about temperance laws: and the evils of intemperance: but what can law do, when the spirit of the times is false?

In my opinion the sin of ommission on the part of society is as great as that of commission. Would a wise man stand still when he beholds his neighbor about to take his life by means of hanging himself? or would any man stand unmoved on seeing his friend in a fit of madness about to take the life of a fellow-man? or would any individual remain composed on seeing a madman rushing along the streets insulting and killing the citizens? With equal propriety should every intelligent patriotic and upright citizen, consider it a duty to use all this power and influence to check the evil of intemperance. If such *were* the case an intemperate man would find no encouragement; and, indeed, would be ashamed to appear in the company of respectable men. But such is not the case,—very far from it. Where, then, is the use of having a temperance law, except only for the name of the thing?

I had intended to notice several other points intimately connected with that of intemperance, but my paper is already much larger than was originally proposed.

Summing up the meaning of the three propositions, it will be seen that this is an age of Humbuggery and infidelity. Not infidelity in an unlimited sense but infidelity to the dearest interest of the nation. The masses are easily imposed on in consequence of a want of knowledge. A crafty man can accomplish almost anything he undertakes; if the accumulation of wealth is his object, there is a fine example in Barnum, or another in this city, if I were disposed to name him. No matter how silly are the pretentions of a Quack, he will find encouragement: and let him go into the country, he will be sure to succeed in humbuggery, not the most ignorant only, but those who consider themselves men of knowledge.—Quack Doctors, Quack Lawyers, Quack Preachers, in a word Quackery seems to be the order of the day. Political and religious isms fill the country, Parties are at war with each other, not that the rights of the 'dear people,' may be protected but that party interest may be defended, and thus secure the spoils. I will conclude as I began, "knowledge is power."

Says an English Poet,

For forms of government, let fools contest;
What'er is best administered is best;
For modes of faith, let gracious zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.
Man, like the generous vine, supports the lives
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

A. S. V.

Lancaster City, 1855.

A negro preacher was holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the command of God. Says he: 'Bredren, whatever God tells me to do in dis book, (holding up the Bible,) dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in dat I must jump troo a stun wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Going troo it 'longs to God, jumpin' at it 'longs to me."

THE AMERICAN PARTY.

BY "NED BUNTLINE."

If the spirit of our revered Washington were permitted to assume mortal embodiment and once more allowed to return to his native soil, how clouded would be his noble brow, how shadowed his piercing eye, how sad his deep toned voice—how heavy his bosom's sigh, when he would say: "Is it possible that not yet eighty years have passed since my people declared themselves free and independent—scarce three score years and ten have rolled along upon the pathway of time, since they were universally recognized and acknowledged by friend and foe, to be a nation amongst nations, free and self governed, and now, so soon, forgetful that I warned them to beware of the baneful curse of foreign influence, they are forced to distinguish a party under their own soil, as the AMERICAN PARTY?—Has the seed of Benedict Arnold sprung up and multiplied in the land? Has the country again been invaded by ruffianly Hessians?

No—revered spirit! No—Father of thy country! We have not been invaded by an armed force of hireling soldiers, but the serpents of whom thy bosom friend, the generous Lafayette, warned us have crept in amongst us,—they are burrowing deep beneath the roots of the sacred tree of Liberty, they are nestling in the tombs of our fathers, they have been warmed into life by the side of our hospitable hearth-fires, they are pouring their venomous breathing into the breasts of children, they are preparing to bury their poisonous death-dealing fangs into the very heart of all that is dear and precious to the patriot, the christian, the son of Freedom!

An American party *has* been formed!—Has it been formed simply to oppose the descendents of those who strove to prevent us from gaining our liberties—who butchered our fathers, who abused our women and children, who burned our houses and reddened our battle-fields with the blood of our heroes, and whitened our burial grounds with their bones—simply to prevent *their* coming here and reaping the benefits of our victories? No, not that! Has it been formed *alone* to prevent our country from becoming the Siberia, the Botany Bay or the Van Dieman's land of despotic Europe and Asia! Not entirely for that! Has it been formed to prevent our beloved land from becoming the cesspool into which Europe may empty the dregs of her poorhouses, her hospitals, and her prisons? Not absolutely and solely for that. What then, you ask, has it been formed for—for purpose holy or for intent most foul and damnable; to check Liberty, or to preserve and cherish and extend it?

To protect it! To save our Republic from ruin! To preserve the heritage which our fathers gave to us for ourselves and our children forever!

To preserve it from whom! you ask. From a power that possesses no record which is not written in human blood! From a power which has trampled upon all liberty, all rights, human and divine! From a power which tortured a Galileo for revealing the truths of science and nature and Nature's God; which excommunicated a Lutheran for giving God's word to the people, which has crowned and uncrowned Kings and Emperors made and unmade nations; checked intellectual progress, darkened the light of Genius, enslaved the minds and blasted the hopes of all good men in the old world, and seeks to do the same here—a power which knows no mercy, feels no remorse, has no conscience, renders no justice—which heeds not the *means* by which its ends are attained! A power which reigns in darkness, which is enthroned on the graves of the martyrs, whose robes are rendered scarlet by the blood of its victims, whose jewels are the tears of the tortured, the widow and the orphan; the bedewered virgin, and childless mother, the suffering saint! Whose gold is the price of sin, of crime bought and sold under the name of indulgences!

"Papacy is alluded to. Why do you condemn it, *Papists discovered the continent of America!*" Aye, and did they not *Christianize* and *civilize* it? Ask the shades of Guatomizie and Montezuma, ask those whom they broiled on coals of fire to extort gold from them, holding the white Christ's holy cross to their dying lips! Ask the millions whom they slew in the name of Him who came on earth to bring "peace and good will" to men. Archbishop Hughes said in a speech in New York, that America should be ruled and governed by Roman Catholics, because they discovered and settled it. In the name of high heaven let them have, and keep that which they did discover and settle, that we may have a comparison near us for all the world to gaze upon. They discovered the West India Islands, South America, and Mexico! *Christianized* them!

Look at these countries! A perpetual summer exists there. Fruits, ever ripe, tempt the palate and feed the hungry.—Flowers ever blooming meet the eye and load the air with fragrance. No chilling blast strikes vegetation down—no biting frost nips the bud, ere it blossoms or the fruit ere it ripens. Yet man alone is miserable. Ignorance and superstition, sloth and wretchedness prevail. Priest-led and priest ridden, the people wallow in filth and misery. Peace and happiness are unknown. Revolution succeeds revolution, crime follows crime, and blood runs free as water. The masses are poor—the leaders and the church alone possess wealth and power!

Look at a contrast! Let me paint you a picture. The year is A. D. 1620. The sere leaves of autumn have been stripped from every bough. Like grim giants robed in white the forest trees stand, their arms and trunks encased in snow and ice. The earth is hidden with its winter covering.—Wild beasts make night terrible with their howlings. Fierce and treacherous savages lurk in the depths of the wilderness, or with angry glare confront those whom they deem as foes and intruders. Upon a spray-washed rock a band of pilgrims land—fugitive from persecution they have fled from a foreign land and seek here a place where untrammelled by priests, unharmed by tyrant, they may worship God and read his word.—They land with no gilded cross—no flaunting banner, no long drawn chant, no hypocrite *miserere* or incense-burning censer, their Bible is their compass and their guide. There on the bleak barren rock they kneel and thank HIM who has been their protector on the ocean, their Father everywhere. In meekness and humility, in holiness and faith, they pray him to preserve them from the dangers new and unseen before them: thank him for the kindness which so far hath been extended to them.

Dark and Dreary is the prospect. No protecting roof, no welcoming hand, no hospitable fire, no cheering voice for them. Food is scarce. Death, too, ever grim and awful, but doubly so there, hovers around them, and choosing the nearest and dearest the brightest and best, insatiate bears away his victims.

Years roll on—and where are those pilgrims? Gathered to the dust from whence they came. Their mission fulfilled, their earth-course run, their mortal remains rest beneath the grey tablets of granite, the part immortal hath gone to dwell with immortality. Have they left monuments behind them? Aye, behold them! Look at Yale! See here, there and everywhere the school and the church! The wilderness hath vanished—the wild beast howls no longer in the night-time, the yell of the savage is not heard by day! Cities line the sea-board, villages dot the plain, every valley teems with fruitfulness, every hill is crowned with the results of labor and enterprise. Each creek turns the active wheels of machinery, each river bears upon its swelling bosom the products of the artisan and the laborer. Long, dreary winters still shroud the earth—yet no famine cry is heard. The moan of the fainting slave, the crack of the brutal taskmaster's whip, the shriek of the victim of power torture not the ear.

What hath produced this wonderful result—what hath caused the wilderness to blossom like a garden of flowers—what hath spread intelligence where darkness was, wealth where all was poverty and bleak barrenness? True Religion and the Holy Bible. An abhorrance of Priestcraft and the superstitions of Rome; which have cursed all lands into which they have been introduced. A stern, brave determination, never to bend the knee to other than to Almighty God! Never to bow down to images—never to cohabit with the cursed harlot that claims supremacy over all nations and is drunken with the blood of the martyrs!

QUAKERS.

There is something in the very aspect of a "Friend" suggestive of peace and good will. Verily, if it were not for the broad brimmed hat and the straight coat, which the world's people call "shad," I would be a Quaker! but for the life of me I cannot resist the effect of the grotesque and the odd. I must smile oftenest at myself. I could not keep within drab garments and the bounds of propriety. Incongruity would send me out of meeting. To be reined in under a plain hat would be impossible.—Besides, I doubt whether any one accustomed to the world's pleasures could be a Quaker. Who, once familiar with Shakespeare and the opera, could resist a favorite air on a hand organ, or pass no listener by "Hamlet" in capital letters on a play bill?—To be a Quaker one must be a Quaker born. Despite of Sydney Smith, there is such a thing as a Quaker baby. In fact I have seen the diminutive demurity, a stiff-plait in the bud. It had round blue eyes, and a face that expressed resignation in spite of the stomach ache. It had no lace on its baby-cap, no embroidered nonsenseon its petticoat. It had no beads, no ribands, no rattle, no bell, no coral. Its plain garments were innocent of incerting and edging. Its socks were not of the color of the world's baby. It was as punctilously silent as a silent meeting, and sat up rigidly in its mother's lap cutting its teeth without a gum-ring. It never cried nor clapped its hands, and would not have said "papa," if it had been tied to a stake. When it went to sleep it was hushed without a song, and they laid it in a drab-colored cradle without a rocker. Don't interrupt me I have seen it, Mrs. Sparrowgrass! Something I have observed, too remarkably strikingly Quakeristic.

The young maidens and the young men never seem inclined to be fat. Such a thing as a maiden lady, nineteen years of age, with a pound of superfluous flesh, is not known among Friends. The young men sometimes grow outside of the limits of a straight coat, and when they do they quietly charge into the habits of ordinary men. It seems as if they lose their hold when they get too round and too ripe, and just drop off. Remarkably Quakeristic, too, is an exemption the Friends appear to enjoy from diseases and complaints peculiar to other people. Who ever saw a Quaker marked with the small-pox, or a Quaker with the face-ache? Who ever saw a cross-eyed Quaker or a decided case of the tramps under a broad-brimmed hat? Nobody. Miss Sparrowgrass, don't interrupt me. Doubtless much of this is owing to their cleanliness, duplex cleanliness, purity of body and soul. I saw a face that had calmly endured the storms of seventy yearly meetings.—It was a hot, dry day; the windows were all open; dust was pouring into the lashes, ends of hair, mouthpieces, wigs, coat collars, sleeves, waistcoats, and trowsers of the world's people were touched with a sun-tawny color. Their faces had a general appearance of humidity in streaks, now and then tattooed with a black cinder, but there, within a satin bonnet, (Turk's satin,) a bonnet made after the fashion of professor Hopp's patient ventilator, was a face of seventy years, calm as a summer morning, smooth as an infant's without one speck or stain of dust, without one touch of perspiration, Mrs. S. No; nor was there on the cross-pinned kerchief, nor in the elaborately plain dress, one atom of earthly contact.—The very air did seem to respect that aged Quakeress.—*Putnam's Monthly.*

Dr. Beale Pardoned.

Gov. Pollock has extended executive clemency to Dr. Beal, the Philadelphia Dentist, who was convicted last fall of rape on the testimony of Miss Mudge, and remitted the remainder of his sentence of imprisonment, which was four years and six months, beginning on the 28th of November, 1854. He has served, therefore, about one fourth of his term. If ever there was cause for granting a pardon, we believe it was in this case, and there are few who will not regard the Governor's action favorably. The pardon states the reasons which induced the Governor to extend this favor.

He had received communications from about one hundred and forty dentists and twenty-three physicians, of Philadelphia and the country, stating their belief that testimony as to matters transpiring under the influence of ether is unsafe and unreliable; from a number of other physicians named, and that they believe him innocent; from a large number of the war, and citizens of various States, including the names of Governors, Attorneys General, &c., that they believe he was convicted on insufficient testimony; from a number of clergymen that they believe him innocent;—from the Mayor of Philadelphia, and fifty members of the Philadelphia City Councils; from members of the Legislature, Judges of the Supreme Court, citizens of Philadelphia newspapers and five thousand other citizens of Pennsylvania and New York, with five of the Jury on the trial, all asking for his pardon. After enumerating all these facts, the Governor says:

And whereas, after a full and careful examination of the facts and evidence in the case, aided by the solemn discussions to which it has given rise, (without any intention to reflect upon the prosecutrix, who no doubt testified to what she believed the truth—nor to impeach the integrity of the learned Judges who tried the case, nor the honesty of the jury who convicted the prisoner,) *I am now satisfied* that the defendant Dr. Stephen T. Beale, is not *guilty* of the crime whereof he stands charged, and was convicted upon evidence unreliable in its character and insufficient in amount;

I do, therefore in consideration of the premises, pardon the said Dr. Stephen T. Beale of the crime whereof he is convicted as aforesaid, and he is hereby fully pardoned accordingly.