

WILLIAM PENN AND HIS HEROIC JURY.

HON. SAMUEL S. COX IN THE HOUSE, JUNE 3.

Most notable is the case of William Penn. He was indicted at the Old Bailey, in 1670, for tumultuously assembling, with others, in Grace Church street, in London, where he had preached his Quaker doctrine. But the light which shone within him, the unjust judge could not quench. When an honest jury were impeached, and while he was buffeted by Jeffreys, that inner light broadened into a radiance which filled two worlds with its glory. The popinjay courtiers and bad judges of that day mistook their man—this quiet, serene, non-swearing and non-resistant Quaker; ay, too, they mistook their jury. While in former trials there had been a conspicuous failure of the system, yet, like the failure of the alchemists, it may be attributed to impurity of the ingredients; but on this trial the unalloyed gold appeared in the alembic. The personal heroism of Penn inspired the jury, and after a struggle of five days, between judges, jurors and accused, at last a verdict came in, that Penn was "not guilty." It was a scene for an historic picture. It illustrates one of the noblest sentiments of our Declaration of Independence. With it Pennsylvania might well adorn her hall of Independence. Pennsylvania is now discussing whose effigy, chiseled by the sculptor's art, shall be sent in her behalf, to ornament our federal capitol. How can she hesitate? Let it be William Penn—not as her proprietor and founder; not as standing among the red men at Shakamaxon, forging that "covenant chain" which was to last while sun and moon endure; not as a swordless magistrate, law maker or humanitarian; not defying the lieutenant of the tower; but as the champion of jury trial, when it was almost friendless in the British islands.

Go with me in fancy to the London of two hundred and nine years ago. How it looked then you may see by the rude cuts in a little volume of 1681, now on my desk. Here are the gates, the churches, colleges, gardens and monuments! Here is Westminster Abbey and the Parliament House, White Hall and The Temple, and here the wonderful arms of the fifty trades and companies out of which the lord mayor is chosen! And here, *mirabile visum!* is the lord mayor himself and, tier above tier, his court of adipose aldermen! Seated at the top, between two heralds, one with a staff and the other with a sword, is the grand mayor, and above him the arms of England, with a sword and a penon inscribed *Dieu et mon droit*. In their full wigs, ample gowns, and "full, round bellies, with good fat capon lined," sit the pompous, puffy aldermen! These are the judges of the heroic Quaker.

This book describes the city then as so brave, fair and stately as to "outvie the most magnificent city of the universe." Ah! it had been a proud city; and in other days displayed its pride against the craft of kings and courtiers who sought to rob it of its charter. Now, it is low indeed, under servile vassalage to a frivolous monarch, as the scene of Penn's trial shows.

Parliament had just passed the conventicle act against profane and loose persons who preached non-conformity. One of these was the well born Quaker of twenty-five years, who had already suffered for his faith by expulsion from Oxford. He is seized by constables, while speaking to a crowd near his chapel, whose doors had been purposely closed. He is borne off to Newgate and there imprisoned.

The gray and gloomy prison had received many a miscreant and many a patriot. Here had been immured Lord Russel and Jack Sheppard, the regicide Harrison and the assassin Bellingham. It was no respecter of rank or person. Never before had its gloomy walls confined a finer or firmer spirit than that of Penn. His undaunted soul knew no prison walls.

The trial begins on the 1st of September, 1670, at the Old Bailey, "which runneth down by the Mall, upon Hound's Ditch to Ludgate," and was equally celebrated then as now for its criminal sessions. The hero of that trial, next to Penn, is one Edward Bushel, a juror; its shame is the furious mayor, Sir Samuel Starling, and one John Howel, the insolent recorder. The aldermen and sheriffs are rather lay figures in the scene. The court is crowded. Silence is called. The witnesses are heard as to the assembling in the streets. Penn rises to acknowledge the facts and vindicate his right to meet incessantly to reverence and adore his God. "You are not here," said a bluff sheriff, "for worshipping God, but for breaking the law!" Penn asks, "What law?" "The common law," said the recorder. After much colloquy, with insolence on one side and meekness on the other, Penn is ordered away to the dungeon. Before he is dragged out, he appeals to the jury and pleads for the fundamental law of England. Of no avail. He is hurried to the bale dock, protesting against the jury being charged in his absence. Of no avail. The jury at first return an evasive verdict, that he had preached—no more. "We will have a verdict by the grace of God, or you will starve for it," says

the recorder. Again the jury is sent out.

When the mockery of the trial is over and the jury seem firm for acquittal, abuse and threats are rained upon them and their leader. "I will set a mark upon you" is the threat of the mayor to Bushel, one of the jurors. He even threatens him with personal mutilation. Penn interposes with quiet dignity: "What hope," cries out Penn, "in having justice done when jurors are threatened and their verdicts rejected?" He denounces, in the name of Magna Charta, the arbitrary conduct of the judges. "Stop his mouth," cries the mayor; "jailer, bring fetters!" "I matter not your fetters," replies the self-complacent Quaker. Again the jury are sent out, and again they return a verdict of "not guilty."

Then a dramatic scene ensues, which is faithfully transcribed:

Recorder—Gentlemen of the jury I am sorry you have followed your own judgments rather than the good advice which was given you. God keep my life out of your hands! But for this the court fines you forty marks a man and imprisonment till paid.

W. Penn—I demand my liberty, being freed by the jury.

Mayor—No you are in for your fines.

W. Penn—Fines for what?

Mayor—For contempt of court.

W. Penn—I ask if it be according to the fundamental laws of England that any Englishman should be fined or amerced but by the judgment of his peers or jury, since it expressly contradicts the fourteenth and twenty-ninth chapters of the great charter of England, which says, "No freeman shall be amerced but by the oath of good and lawful men of the vicinage."

Recorder—Take him away.

W. Penn—I can never urge the fundamental laws of England but you cry "Take him away," but it is no wonder. God, who is just, will judge you for all these things.

The jurors and the acquitted prisoner are again sent to jail; from which the great writ rescues them.

God has judged these things. He has raised up a great commonwealth which bears the name of the Quaker tribune, by whom English law was saved from reproach. Macaulay has stigmatized William Penn, with more flippancy than truth, as rather a mythical than a historical person. While he admits that rival nations and hostile sects have agreed in canonizing Penn, and that England is proud of his name; while the historian likens the reverence to his name, by the great commonwealth beyond the Atlantic, to that which the Athenians felt for Theseus and the Romans for Quirinus, and confesses that his name is a synonym for purity and philanthropy; while this most critical and hostile of historians thus indulges in encomiums, there is nothing in Penn's character, whether dealing with the red man or preaching in his conventicle amidst hostility and persecution, equal to his manly stand for the sacred right of trial by jury. We can see him standing in his broad-brimmed hat and coat of formal cut, and not unlike Sydney, with undisturbed pulse and calm demeanor, insulted and berated, but answering not again, save to challenge in the name of English liberty, the infamous mayor, recorder, sheriffs and aldermen of London, who sought by outraging the traditions of the realm to suppress him and his teaching. His words ring down the years like the old bell of Roland of Ghent, which Motley says rang the people to arms when liberty was in danger. When that other bell from Independence Hall tolled out the death of English tyranny, it rang to all the land and the inhabitants thereof, from its brazen throat, the wedding of liberty and independence; but it also had another voice—the voice of a great state, whose foundations were laid in justice to all, and whose

solemn, sweet vibrations, like the voice of Christ, said, "peace."

Such serenity of judges and juries, which Penn denounced and condemned, became the reproach of history; but this very reproach lifted the jury above the ordinary machinery of justice and gave it a lofty place in our jurisprudence.

Of Interest to Teachers.

State Superintendent Wickersham has issued the following notice, which we publish for the benefit of teachers more than superintendents, the latter probably being already posted:

"The signs of the times indicate the application of largely increased numbers of persons for teachers' certificates during the current year. They will come to examination possessing all degrees of qualification for the work of teaching, very good, good, fair, poor and very poor. The purpose of this article is to request the superintendents to adopt such a standard of qualifications as will shut out all applicants except about enough to supply the schools. In this way the schools will be protected from the rush of incompetent teachers, the teachers' profession will be strengthened and elevated, and the educational interests of the public will be greatly subserved. The threatened evil is a swarm of incompetents in our school-rooms at very low salaries. If not checked, it will drive the best teachers out of the profession and greatly impair the efficiency of our schools. The men to guard the school interests thus jeopardized are the Superintendents. It is their duty to do it without fear or favor.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it.

THE GRAND CANON.

A TRAIN OF CARS PASSES THROUGH THE GREAT GORGE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

On the 7th ult. the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company made the passage of the Grand Canon of the Arkansas with a train of cars containing two hundred persons. It was the crown of the most stupendous achievement in railway engineering. The Grand Canon of the Arkansas is now known to be nine miles in length, being the narrow winding way of that river through a converse passade of granite rock, rising in many places to the height of 2,500 feet. This rock-bound river pathway became known to the Spanish missionaries as early as the year 1642. From that time it was not known that any animal life had ever passed through it successfully until the summer of 1870. The long passenger train that accompanied us through this mountain gorge was preceded by a number of open platform cars, securely guarded by a balustrade of railing, and provided with comfortable seats. Here the passengers assembled, and, being either seated or standing, silently gazed upon the grandeur of the scene, above, around and beneath them. As the train wound slowly into the entrance of the mountain gorge the whistle gave the wildest scream, which echoed through the windings of this causeway, mingling its distant, softer murmurs with the roar of the passing swift Arkansas. Immediately upon entering the canon a chilly sensation seemed to creep over each passenger, while a yellowish hue appeared to impart its coloring to surrounding objects. The waters of the Arkansas at once became confined to a width of forty feet, which it retains for a distance of four miles. At the end of this reach the Royal Gorge commences its granite passade on either side, rising out of the river with a convex formation and towering to the height of 2,500 feet. He who looks upon this scene and then upon Niagara's height of 160 feet, will be inclined to regard the view of the latter as a temporary, shower-made stream, to turn the water-wheel of a school-boy. Everywhere through the Royal Gorge the passades on either side have narrowed the pathway of the river to a width of from sixteen to thirty feet. Many places may be seen where a supple acrobat could leap the roaring waters of the river at a single bound. Along the convex passade that forms the northern boundary of the gorge, and about ten feet above the boiling waters, the engineer for miles has carved a pathway for the iron horse, where solitude has reigned for countless ages undisturbed by the sound of human art.

CHARLIE'S STORY.

Accompanying our party was Charles May, who told us of an adventure he once had here. He and his brother Robert in the year of 1870 offered to pass 60,000 railroad ties down the Arkansas from the mountain source. He says: "Our offer was accepted, when we started into the upper entrance of the canon with a large skiff provided with six days' provisions and two hundred feet of rope, with which, by taking a running turn around some firmly planted object, we could lower our boat a hundred feet at a time. In this way, at the end of three days, having set adrift many hundred ties, we reached the entrance to the Royal Gorge. Here we discovered that an attempt to descend the first waterfall with two in the boat was certain destruction, and to return was impossible. Accordingly I determined to lower my brother down the fall in the boat, a distance of two hundred feet, give him the rope and let him take the chance of the canon (life seemed more certain in that direction) while I would risk my physical ability to climb the canon wall, which was about two thousand feet high. About ten o'clock in the morning I shook hands with my brother, lowered him in the boat safely to the foot of the fall, gave him the rope and saw him no more. Then throwing aside my coat, hat and boots, and stripping the socks from my feet, I commenced my climbing way, often reaching the height of one or two hundred feet, only to be compelled to return to try some other way. At length, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I reached a height upon the smooth canon wall of about a thousand feet. Here my further progress was arrested by a shelving ledge of rock that jutted out from the canon side a foot or more. To advance was without hope; to return, certain death. Reaching upward and outward I grasped the rim of the ledge with one hand and then with the other, my feet slipped from the smooth side of the canon and my body hung suspended in the air, a thousand feet above the roaring waters of the Arkansas. At that moment I looked downward to measure the distance I would have to fall when the strength of my arms gave out. A stinging sensation crept through my hair as my eye caught the strong root of a cedar bush that projected out over the ledge—a little beyond my reach. My grasp upon the rim of the ledge was fast yielding to the weight of my person. Then I determined to make my best effort to raise my body and throw it sideways towards the root so as to bring it within my grasp. At the moment of commencing the effort I saw my mother's face as she leaned out over the ledge, reached down her hand and caught me by the hair. Stranger, my mother died while yet a young woman,

when I and my brother were small boys, but I remember her face. I was successful in making the side leap of my arms when I drew myself upon the ledge and rested for a time. From here upward my climbing way was laborious but less dangerous. I reached the top of the canon just as the sun was sinking down behind the snowy range, and hastened to our camp at the mouth of the canon, where I found my brother all safe. 'Charley,' said he, 'have you had your head in a flour sack?' It was then I discovered that my hair was as white as you see it now."

Advice to a Gentleman on the Subject of Health.

Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms.

The first great secret of good health is good habits, and the next is regularity of habits. They are briefly summed up in the following rules:

1. *Sleep.*—Give yourself the necessary amount of sleep. Some men require five hours of the twenty-four; others need eight. Avoid feather beds. Sleep in a garment not worn during the day. To maintain robust health sleep with a person as healthy as yourself, or no one.

2. *Dress.*—In cold weather, dress warmly with underclothing. Remove muffler, overcoat, overshoes, etc., when remaining any considerable length of time in a warm room. Keep your feet warm and dry. Wash them in warm water two or three times a week. Wear warm stockings, large boots and overshoes when in the snow or wet. Wear a light covering on the head, always keeping it cool.

3. *Cleanliness.*—Have always a pint or quart of water in your sleeping room. In the morning, after washing and wiping hands and face, then wet with the hands every part of the body. Cold water will not be disagreeable when applying it with the bare hands. Wipe immediately; follow by brisk rubbing over the body. The whole operation need not take over five minutes. The result of this wash is the blood is brought to the surface of the skin, and made to circulate evenly throughout the body. You have opened the pores of the skin, allowing impurities in the body to pass off, and have given yourself in the operation a good vigorous morning exercise. Pursue this habit regularly and you will seldom take cold.

4. *Inflation of the Lungs.*—Five minutes spent in the open air, after dressing, inflating the lungs by inhaling as full a breath as possible, and pounding the breast during the inflation, will greatly enlarge the chest, strengthen the lung power, and very effectively ward off consumption.

5. *Diet.*—If inclined to be dyspeptic, avoid mince pie, sausage and other highly-seasoned food. Beware of eating too freely of soup; better to eat food dry enough to employ the natural saliva of the mouth in moistening it. If inclined to over-eat, partake freely of rice, cracked wheat and other articles that are easily digested. Eat freely of ripe fruit, and avoid excessive use of meats. Eat at regular hours, and lightly near the hour of going to bed. Eat slowly; thoroughly masticate the food. Do not wash it down with continual drink while eating. Tell your funniest stories while at the table and for an hour afterward. Do not engage in severe mental labor directly after hearty eating.

6. *Exercise.*—Exercise, not too violent, but sufficient to produce a gentle perspiration, should be had each day in the open air.

7. *Condition of Mind.*—The condition of the mind has much to do with health. Be hopeful and joyous. To be so avoid business entanglements that may cause perplexity and anxiety. Keep out of debt. Live within your income. Attend church. Walk, ride, mix in jovial company. Do as nearly right as you know how. Thus conscience will always be at ease. If occasionally disappointed, remember that there is no rose without a thorn, and that the darkest clouds have a silver lining; that sunshine follows storm and beautiful spring succeeds the dreary winter. Do your duty and leave the rest to God, who doeth all things well.

Underground Curiosities.

At the city of Medina, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, whenever the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills the newly made well, which continues full and is affected neither by rain nor drought. But what is the most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors and different pieces of mason work. Under this is found a soft, ozky earth, made up of vegetables, and at twenty-six feet, large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and the bed is eleven feet thick. Under this vegetables are found again.

The Spirit of Prophecy.

In his memorable oration on the completion of the Bunker Hill monument, Daniel Webster described the present situation with almost the spirit of prophecy, in these striking words: "Quite too frequent resort is made to military force; and quite too much of the substance of the people is consumed in maintaining armies, not for defense against foreign aggression, but for enforcing obedience to domestic authority. Standing armies are the oppressive instruments for governing the people in the hands of hereditary and arbitrary monarchs. A military republic, a republic founded on mock elections, and supported only by the sword, is a movement indeed, but a retrograde and disastrous movement, from the regular and old-fashioned monarchical systems.

"If men would enjoy the blessings of republican government they must govern themselves by reason, by mutual counsel and consultation, by a sense and feeling of general interest, and by the acquiescence of the minority in the will of the majority, properly expressed, and above all the military must be kept according to the language of our bill of rights, in strict subordination to the civil authority. Wherever this lesson is not learned and practiced, there can be no political freedom. Absurd, preposterous is it, a scoff and a satire on free forms of constitutional liberty, for frames of government to be prescribed by military leaders and the rights of suffrage to be exercised at the point of the sword."

Unprincipled Performance.

A citizen who should be preparing himself for the unknown life beyond the grave instead of being up to such tricks, removed the setting from his big gold ring the other day, leaving a decided vacancy. He gets on a street car, holds his hand so the ring must be seen, and pretty soon a man bends forward and remarks:

"Excuse me, sir, but you have lost the set from your ring."

"So I have," replies the owner, as he looks around on the floor.

Every passenger began to peer around, and the man who makes the discovery finally asks:

"Was it valuable?"

"It was a thousand dollar diamond."

There is another movement on the part of the passengers. Some look along the seat, and under it, and some make a dive for pearl buttons and other small objects.

"When did you miss it?" asked the first man as the search weakens a little.

"A year and a half ago, when I was attending camp meeting in Illinois!"

Then every passenger straightens up, each eye looks into vacancy, and not the faintest smile can be seen on any face.

A person boarding the car just then would wonder what great man in the city had just died, and if the passengers were on their way to take a sad farewell look at the remains.

A Woman Killed by a Pin.

From the New York Herald.

Sophia Lehrberger, aged twenty-four years, a native of Germany, eight months ago, incautiously placed a pin in her mouth. Soon after she was taken with a sudden fit of coughing and accidentally swallowed the pin. She became greatly alarmed and at once sought the advice of the family physician. Every effort was made to cause the dislodgment of the pin, but without avail. She soon experienced severe pains in the throat, which gradually extended to the chest and from thence to the region of the stomach. She suffered considerably in health and, as a consequence became a confirmed invalid. Her appetite failed her and she wasted away until she became emaciated. Dr. J. W. Ranney, of East Forty-sixth street, attended her during her illness, but was unable to do more than alleviate her sufferings, while death approached by imperceptible degrees. The patient sank gradually until she expired last Tuesday. The post-mortem revealed that the pin passed through the abdominal walls.

A Newsboy's Funny Adventure.

Wilmington (N. C.) Sun.

At the time the big rain storm came along, yesterday, Tony Freebone, a news boy, was doubled up in one of the dry goods boxes in front of Louis Otterbourg's, on Market St., one block from the river. The terrible torrent of water began to move the box, and pretty soon it began to gain speed, and, in common with a lot of barrels and boxes, floated rapidly toward the river. Two or three men were running about trying to stop the floating boxes, and succeeded in checking four of them, though, as luck had it, the box Tony was in slipped by and was plunged into the river. Nobody knew there was a boy in it, but by the time the box had gone under and come up once, everybody on Market street was apprised of the fact by hearing a series of yells that even deafened the thunder of the river, the boy, scrambling over a sinking box, was seen, and three colored men rushed out and made for him in a boat. They reached him in good time and got him ashore safe. Tony is done with sleeping in boxes, and hereafter will pick out the highest roost he can get.

The Cause of Thunder.

From Nature.

I have lately seen it stated in a text-book upon electricity and magnetism that the phenomenon of thunder is not fully accounted for by any theory as yet brought forward. Whether this be so or not I am not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to say. I believe the commonly accepted theory is that a vacuum is created in the path of the electric spark, and that the subsequent in-rush of the air produces the detonation. If, however, it be allowed that the electric spark is not a material substance, but merely a natural force or mode of motion, the possibility of this theory is at once disposed of. It is a well-known fact that the passage of electricity in a high state of tension, through a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, not only causes an explosion, but also causes the formation of water, and it seems to me that, given the existence of free oxygen and hydrogen in the region of the electric disturbance, the phenomenon of thunder is sufficiently accounted for. Whether the normal amount of hydrogen in the air is sufficient to cause the stupendous noise of thunder I am not competent to judge, but if not, I would suggest that the presence of an abnormal amount might be accounted for by the process of the electrolysis, which would probably occur between the two poles of the thunder-cloud before the tension became so great as to cause a rupture of the circuit and consequent discharge of the electric spark. I would also draw your attention to the fact that every thunder-clap is immediately followed by an increase in the quantity of water deposited in the shape of rain. Does not this point to the formation of water by the explosion of the gases? As I myself am unable, both from want of means and time, to investigate the matter, I should be glad to find that some one better qualified had taken the subject in hand. It is a frequent experiment of Dr. Tyndall's to show his audience red clouds; I feel convinced that by following this line of inquiry he could give us a real thunderstorm.

The Jews.

Moses, the wisest of law-givers, was a Jew. Joshua, one of the cleverest generals in the world, was a Jew. David, "a man after God's own heart," was a Jew. Solomon, the wisest (so-called) of men, whose fame is greater to-day than when he built the temple, was a Jew. All the prophets were Jews; all the apostles were Jews; Jesus Christ himself was a Jew. His mother was a Jewess. In every age and country the Jews have done their whole duty to the country in which they have resided, and to society. Marshal Soult, one of Napoleon's ablest marshals, and who stood faithfully by him to the last at Waterloo, was a Jew. Judah P. Benjamin, one of the ablest and most faithful of men, and to-day the leading lawyer of England, is a Jew. Senator Jonas of Louisiana is a Jew. The present prime minister of Great Britain is a Jew. The Rothschilds are Jews. From the earliest dawn of history to the present time, the Jews have furnished their full share of brave and honorable men, and of pure and beautiful women. None have surpassed them in public spirit, in works of charity and devotion to principle.

A Large California Land Holder.

The largest wheat grower in California is Dr. H. J. Glenn, whose ranche in Colusa county embraces 60,000 acres, or about 94 square miles of good land, nearly all arable. He has this year 45,000 acres in wheat which, it is estimated, will yield 9,000,000 bushels, worth, at 85 cents a bushel, \$675,000. And yet, with failures of crops, which occur about two years out of five, and the heavy interest he is paying on loans, Dr. Glenn is, perhaps, not so well off as an independent farmer who owns only one hundred acres and is out of debt. Nearly all the princely farmers of Illinois of ten years ago have come to bankruptcy, and it will be a wonder if Dr. Glenn escapes that foe. Under the new Constitution the great ranche-owners will have their uncultivated lands assessed at the same value as the cultivated, a provision that will force them to break up their estates and sell them out in small farms.

ACCORDING to the most recent calculations—those of Peterman—the population of the world is now 1,424,000,000. It is well known that not a few thinkers have called in question the accounts of the origin of mankind, as given to the Biblical writings, on the ground that it was impossible that in the period in question so many could have descended from two ancestors—Adam and Eve. This objection, however, Euler has undertaken to meet by showing that, in a process of doubling the population from one pair it might amount to any conceivable number. It has been laid down that a population can double itself in twenty-five years. It is true that, if the population increased to its present pitch in 5880 years, it may have doubled itself every two hundred years. The inhabitants of the earth would thus, in two hundred years, approach 3,000,000,000; and at the same rate the difference between the birth rates and the death rates would be nearly constant, although themselves varying widely.