

Revolutionary Incident.

JOHN PUTNAM, THE SPY.

Two horsemen of King George rode furiously into a village of half a dozen rude dwellings, in the northern part of New York, and halting the decrepit looking innkeeper, dried out simultaneously with many barbarous oaths, "Hollo, old wive biber! hast thou any chiding, lying, and sneaking pedlar at thy door to-day?"

"By my spurs!" pompously added Capt. Dick, the elder of the two, "we have ridden these last thirty miles in vain, if the scoundrel be not caught lurking in this hamlet. Hast thou seen him, Boniface? Speak, man, we be in haste. I bid the answer by the King's command."

The hesitating landlord held on to the horse post, and replied, "Sirs, I be half deaf, yet methinks I guess your meaning. By ye gallant troops of his majesty after a stray pedlar, eh? What would you with him?"

"Death! the rascally gray beard questioneth us!" interrupted the younger of the horsemen; a braggadocio private, and wheeling his steed around, he touched the tavern keeper rather roughly with his gloved hand and continued,—"We desire no questioning, old dotard. Hast thou seen the pedlar? We would know this, and right quickly, too."

"O be not rough, I pray thee. A pedlar, sayest thou? Had he a pack?"

"Pack or no pack, hast thou seen him?" fiercely cried Dick.

"Patience, master; but my memory is treacherous, and I must reflect. A pedlar with a staff, did ye say?"

"I'll break thy head with a staff, if thou befool us," said the bully, striking at the old man, who, rather nimbly for his looks, leaped out of the trooper's reach.

The captain then seriously threatened violence, and sternly demanded a reply. As if frightened into a submission, he then hesitatingly said,

"O—yes—yes—now I bethink myself. I did observe a sneaking pedlar pass here this morning on foot in extreme haste."

"Which way?—which road took he?" exclaimed both others.

"That!" deliberately answered the man, pointing to a travel lane, that led from the one in which they stood.

"Art sure? If not, thou shalt be hung at thine own like a sign."

"Ay, an' if that be not the road, thou mayest hang me," observed Boniface.

"To horse, then; he is six hours in advance; to horse, and a brevet to the one of us that catches the first sight of the spy!" shouted Captain Dick, and rapidly they dashed away, leaving clouds of dust behind them. But ere they had gone twenty yards, the inn keeper shook his frame like a strong man, and muttered:

"Ay, when they catch me they may hang me."

He then glanced cautiously around, and entered the house.

Meanwhile Capt. Dick and his companion spurred their beasts to a race that would have injured animals unused to their hardy life. Mile after mile was left behind until in three hours they had covered every step that a man could have walked in a whole day. Then, unsuccessful, they thought of returning.

"The infernal rebel hath eluded us. We calculated that he would hasten to the camp of Washington. We are misled, or have passed him secreted in the forest."

"Perhaps that inn keeper deceived us.—Methought he was not so imbecile as he pretended."

"By my soul's salvation! thou hast hit it! Dolts—asses that we are! Didst not thou note the nimbleness of his leap when thy hand was lifted against him? Judas, how will this villain triumph! Ride back for thy life, ride like lightning!"

"Nay, not back!—if he be a spy, he hath taken the other road; and sent us a fool's errand on this. A league hence, we passed a path that doubtless intersects the highway, some distance to the westward, along the river."

"Well, that be our direction. 'Ecod! how we have idled; nor would I have credited the clown with such wit."

"Ay, and now that I suspect him, I recollect the quietude of the village. The place was solitary. Nor even proffered the man a taste of wine."

"'Gh! didst note his keen eye?"

"True, like the spy's own, black as jet; 'twas he himself, curse him. But surely our beasts need baiting, after so long a ride, and, faith, I feel like tasting of my flask."

"Mind it not now; wait—we must capture that fellow, and if we starve ourselves and stall our steeds. On, on, five hundred pounds and my brevet. Thine be."

"The gold for me, Captain."

"And I the brevet—done. This ride shall cost the pedlar dear."

"Here we go! Huzza! Tally ho! Five hundred pounds!"

THE AGITATOR.

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hundred miles travel, and at length, in his original costume, hailed the familiar spots which indicated his approach to the American outposts.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, "that these weary limbs are near home. But thrice the distance would I walk, and ay! even let myself be hanged at the door of an inn to further Washington's glory, and save the lives of countrymen."

"God!" he cried, looking upward, "Thou who watchest this struggle for Liberty, smile upon our last effort! Save from tyranny thy true believers."

"But the sun will be up, anon; I must quicken my gait; already these troopers may have discovered my deceit, and are following me. Fearful is the apprehensions. But never flinch, Jack Putnam; this stick shall not let thee die without an effort!"

"Ah! did I hear a foot fall? Hiss! Nay, it was the flutter of some bird, or the dawn awakening some beast. Stay, and I'm captured or killed, who will—oh! the torture! My wife and child. But I have it. General Washington promised to act a father's part towards my children, if I should fall doing my duty. It's all right, old fellow. Hullo! this is Hickory Hill, and I'm not far off the lines. Now, feet of mine, walk!"

In this soliloquy manner he muttered until the sound of horses feet became too distinct to escape his notice.

"Thunder, can they be so close? I cannot hide in the brushwood, Washington must have the papers by 12 o'clock to-day; I haven't time to hide, and hang me if I do hide like a redcoat. I'm now coward, if half a dozen Hessians be on my trail, like hounds. I'll go on and if my tongue cannot save me, by mighty Hercules, this club shall."

So he continued his journey, and came in view of the beautiful Hudson that in the distance was dotted by white canvass of several fishermen, but they boated on their way unnoticed by him, who strained every nerve short of running to gain the American headquarters. But nearer and closer came the horsemen and he could recognize their gruff voice in boisterous conversation. Putnam turned a curve in the road that ran up the hill side, surrounded by huge trees and massive rocks, everything combining to make the spot romantic. While climbing this eminence, and for the hundredth time determining not to secrete himself, he heard with an emotion of excitement, the dragoons within fifty yards of him; and having just rounded the bluff, they discovered him. Both shouted with joy.

"Halt! thou cursed rebel, we have got thee at last!" cried the ruffian Wolf. "Hollo, there, pedlar stop—or by Saint George, we'll make mince meat of thee—Hollo!"

"In the King's name halt," commanded Captain Dick, or rather Captain Richard Holmes, a man superior in some respects to his companion.

"Shall I be deaf, or stupid, or Dutch," queried the pedlar to himself. Open defiance is a last resource.

But he quickly decided as Wolf called, "Halt, thou base, low peddling coward, or I'll crop thy ears with my sabre."

Nerving his arm, he suddenly stopped and turned to meet them.

"The same, by the Gods," exclaimed Dick on observing the pedlar's brave face. "Huzza, five hundred pounds—down on thy marrow bones and beg for thy life."

"What want ye with me?" demanded the American.

"Want? Ask our Colonel—ask the gibbet on tomorrow's dawn. Want! Why down spy, on thy knees and surrender!"

"That I will not," shouted the other, with a sudden energy that startled both the soldiers. Flinging off his burden, by a quick motion he caught up his club, and with the first blow slivered to pieces the sword uplifted by the captain to arrest him.

Thy steel Wolf! He's broken mine! Traitor by Heaven thou shalt die!

"Nay, nay, I take thee to make a bargain," coolly said Putnam, and while the captain was grasping his pistols another blow from the staff discharged one of them in the air, and so discomfited him that for a moment he remained inactive.

Wolf struck the spy's shoulder with his weapon, but made no dangerous wound, and boldly seizing him, the latter by main strength dragged the burly fellow from his saddle.

"A thousand curses!" shrieked he, "I believe thou art Satan!"

"Let this convince thee," cried the facetious pedlar, grasping the rascal's sword, and by a wonderful exertion, wrenched it from him and dropped his stick. By this time Dick had recovered, and firing his pistol, its ball entered the pedlar's leg, causing him for an instant to tremble with pain.

"Help," screamed the conquered bully as he fell under a severe blow from his sword, and then as the captain leaped from his horse to assist, the scene became thrilling almost to excess.

The sword proving useless in this close conflict, Putnam dexterously broke it in pieces with his foot, and kicking the prostrate soldier at the same time, grappled with Dick, who was almost equal to him in strength and courage.

"St. George, for me!" cried Dick. "God and liberty for me!" shouted the Continental.

"Dog, I have thee now," muttered Dick, clinching the other's throat. "Up, Wolf; up and aid me I am choking him!"

"Bout not yet," gasped the other, recovering his hold.

his right arm, and drove his heavy-hat against the soldier's head, reeling it with blood and brains. The unfortunate man fell down dead, like an ox before the butcher's axe.

At this awful sight, the lieutenant was appalled, but by strong efforts maintained his position. The pair fought athletic; struggling, striking and groaning in the fierceness of their combat. At length the spy fell on the grass; paralyzed by the might of his powerful antagonist. "Oh, Washington!" he moaned, "must I fall at length? Nay—nay."

"Curse thy doomed Washington!" exclaimed the other.

"Ah! this for thy foul malediction!" retorted the patriot, once more regaining sufficient strength to return a fearful blow, which sensibly affected the captain who yet held tightly the spy's throat, excreting Washington and his rebuffs to the utmost.

But while his senses were receding, and his eyes becoming filled with blood, his latent strength regained itself. With an embrace that might have smothered a bear, he caused such excruciating pain that Dick was compelled to relinquish his grasp. Then he struck the soldier's temple and both fell down.

Fatigued, but not insensible, John Putnam recovered in half an hour, sufficiently to catch one of the steeds so lately crossed by his enemies, and mounting he galloped to the headquarters of Washington, who immediately after hearing the story of his adventure, ordered the bodies of the victims to be buried. However, when sought only the corpse of Wolf could be discovered. Doubtless the captain had recovered, and retraced his path on the remaining horse.

John Putnam lived to an old age, but after this achievement left the army and joined the Quakers. Nothing can be adduced against this personal friend of Washington, but his mind took a religious bias, the peculiarities of which are also respected in so honest a man. It was the blood, he said, of the man killed by his own clenched fist that ever after tinged his thoughts with melancholy.

A CALIFORNIA EDITOR.

The Eastern papers having announced as an item of California news that there was an editor residing in that State who had actually killed but one man for a year, and who had been shot at but six times during that period, the editor of the Golden Era, published at San Francisco, pronounces the statement a wilful libel, and complains of the unreliability of correspondents generally, and the ignorance of that particular editor, who allowed himself to be imposed upon by such a malicious slander. He then goes on to relate, in a pleasant style, the real life-history of a California editor, as follows:

"In order that we may more fully demonstrate the manner in which a California editor passes his time, and the pleasing incidents that daily occur to him, we will sketch a brief outline of his duties and the style in which he executes them every twenty-four hours.—First—gets up in the morning at ten o'clock; dresses himself, puts on his hat, in which are six or seven bullet-holes, and goes to a restaurant for breakfast. After breakfast, starts for the office to look over the papers, and discovers that he is called a scoundrel in one of them, a liar in another, and a puppy in another; he smiles at the pleasing prospect of having something to do; fills out and despatches three blank challenges, a ream or two of which he always keeps on hand, ready printed, to save time; commences writing a leader, when as the clock strikes eleven a large man with a cow-hide in one hand, a pistol in the other, and a bowie-knife in his belt, walks in and asks him if his name is—; he answers by knocking the intruder down two pair of stairs with a chair. At twelve o'clock, finds that his challenges have been accepted, and suddenly remembers that he has a little affair of that nature to settle at the beach that day at three o'clock; goes out, kills his man, then comes in and dines on stewed grizzly. Starts for the office, and while going there gets mixed up in a street row, and has the heel of his boot shot off by accident; laughs to think how beautiful it was done; arrives at his sanctum, and finds an "infernal machine" upon the table; knows what it is, and merely pitches it out of the window; writes an article on "moral reform," and then starts for the theatre; is attacked on the corner of a dark alley by three men, kills two of them, and takes the other to the station house. Returning to the office at eleven o'clock at night, knocks a man down who attempts to rob him, kills a dog with a piece of paving-stone, gets run over by a cab, and has the tail of his coat slit with a thrust from a knife, and two bullet-holes put through his beaver as he steps within his own door; smiles at his escape; writes until two o'clock, and then "turns in," with the happy consciousness of having two duels to fight the next day. No wonder that California editors are objects of jealousy. Hereafter our eastern contemporaries will please do us the justice of believing no correspondent who may intimate anything at variance with conclusions which may be drawn from the above picture.

"You may tell Miss Jones if she comes again to-morrow," she said angrily, late in the day, "that I don't want her services any longer. People who work for me must be punctual."

When the footman went back into the kitchen, and rehearsed the message with which he had been charged, there was a general outcry among the servants.

"Pears to me," said the cook, "dat some of de rich hab no hearts at all, deed it does. Dat poor child was almost starved yesterday, and looked as if she had de ager; and she has a poor sick sister a dying of de consumption she says. Ef I was you, Jim, I'd tell missus she might turn her off herself, deed I would." And Dinah, thoroughly aroused, flounced around the room indignantly.

But the seamstress never returned to receive her dismissal. The exposure of the preceding day had brought on a violent inflammation of the lungs, and she was now lying in a high fever, and drawing her breath in agony, by the side of her dying sister. Here, about dusk her landlady found her accidentally, both having been too ill to summon assistance.

It was the charity of this woman only less indigent than themselves, that saved the two sisters from perishing from cold and want.—For that they lived long enough to consume their hard earnings. The violent inflammation soon carried off the seamstress; and her sister speedily followed her.

One day, while Mrs. Smith was making calls, her luxurious carriage passed a pauper funeral. The sight of the coarse pine coffin made the rich lady shudder, as she rolled by; and she told all her acquaintances that morning how inexpressibly she had been horrified by the sight.

"It is dreadful to think how many poor people there are," she said, "and in spite, too, of all we are doing for them. There must be a great deal of improvidence and laziness to cause it. Only to think, I had a seamstress a week or two ago, who because I remonstrated her for coming late to her work, left in a pet, and I haven't heard of her since."

"At the Judgment Day, proud lady, you will bear of her."

Vain indeed, is the charity that gives publicly to the poor out of our abundance, if we neglect the greater charity of sympathy with the indigent and suffering whom we actually know.

Confidence contributes more to conversation than wit or talent.

MRS. SMITH'S CHARITY.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Isn't that seamstress come yet?" Mrs. Smith, as she spoke, leaned over the balustrade, calling down the staircase to the footman.

"No, mum."

"I declare," muttered the lady, but quite loud enough for the servant to hear, "that lazy thing ought to be turned off. It's eight o'clock already. A pretty day's work it will be, begun at such an hour. John," and she raised her voice to a louder key, "be sure you tell the coachman to be around by eleven, for I've got to go collecting for the poor with Mrs. Huntly, this morning."

She left the staircase as she spoke, and passed to her chamber, where she expected to spend the next two hours in dressing to go out.

It was a cold, wet morning in March, and while this scene was transacting in the elegant mansion, a thin clad, delicate young girl was feebly struggling against the rain on her way to Mrs. Smith's. She had been awake for half the night, tending her sick sister, who lay dying of consumption, in the comfortable and fireless room which they occupied together, up three pair of stairs, in a narrow, ill-ventilated alley. For breakfast she had eaten nothing but a dry crust, and drank nothing but a cup of cold water. And now, with a faded summer shawl, a pair of thin worn shoes, and an umbrella that only half protected her, she was braving the inclement weather in order to do Mrs. Smith's plain sewing at a dollar and a quarter a week.

The bell rang, and the rich lady, throwing on a splendid dressing gown, went to the head of the stair case.

"Ah! that's you at last, Miss Jones, is it?" she said, sharply. "A full hour behind time. Recollect, Miss, what I told you. I shall keep my word, and take off a shilling for every day you are so late. Go at once into the back room, where everything is waiting for you."

Too broken-hearted to remonstrate, the girl did as she was directed, and took her place in an apartment, which, as it was to be occupied by seamstresses, as Mrs. Smith said, was from motives of economy, never more than half warmed. Here the girl sewed in damp clothes and wet feet, all day, there not being warmth enough at the flue to dry either, and at night went home through the storm to her sick sister, and the cold, unfurnished room which they occupied.

At that morning Mrs. Smith, protected from the rain by her comfortable carriage, drove about ostensibly to collect for the poor, but really to indulge in gossip, and gratify her vanity by being called benevolent. While exhibiting her splendid tablets, on which to write the names of the donors, and expatiating sentimentally on the sufferings of the indigent, she took good care to say nothing of the needle-woman she had left working at starvation prices, in a cold, unhealthy room.

The next day the seamstress did not come at all. Mrs. Smith was highly indignant, especially as a piece of work which she had particularly wished to be finished was incomplete.

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Communications.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

No. 5.

TAXES.

This is a theme that often starts the sweat, if it does not the thoughts of the people. We have thought much on the modes of sustaining Common Schools by the state. That a state is under the highest obligation in this country to provide for the education of her people is, we suppose a settled question. Our very existence; as well as power, dignity, and independence among the nations of the earth, depends on the intelligence of the people. Nine out of ten in all our rural districts depend on the Common Schools for all the book learning they will ever obtain. Ignorance of letters, becoming general in this country, would lead to consequences in all our social, business and civil relations, disastrous beyond the power of shrewdest statesmen to calculate. State established and state patronized schools for the education of the masses, therefore is a question settled with the people of this country and commonwealth. The modus operandi is the great question with us. How shall we educate the people? The part of that question to be considered in this letter is, Where shall we get the funds. We have no large school fund like New York and Connecticut and some other states. The property of the people is the only educational fund Pennsylvania has. On this growing fund, thus invested in the securest possible bank, the proprietorship of the people, this state, like all states of this union, relies for the promotion and security of all public interests. Of these interests, Pennsylvania has none, more vitally connected with her future prosperity than the education of all her children. But how shall this fund be touched for Schools? is the delicate question. On no other tax, probably do the people feel more sensitive than the school tax. We do not despair of seeing the opposition to this tax subside. We are certain that the citizens of this county are beginning to appreciate the importance of universal education. The cost of ignorance is quadruple that of education. When this is seen, as it will be by all the discerning eventually, then no tax will be paid so freely as the school tax. On this subject allow us to use the language of our worthy State Superintendent. "In establishing a system of Common Schools, the Legislature were only obeying the imperative injunctions of the Constitution of Pennsylvania. Their necessity to the preservation of this instrument is obvious and imperative. Virtue, intelligence and truth, are the foundation of our Republic. Without these our institutions must perish; with these they can be preserved. Education by the state is simply the work of self preservation. Not a mere intellectual culture, but that true education, based upon the judicially established fact that christianity is the law of the land, and the Bible is the foundation of true knowledge, the text book alike of the child and the statesman, the charter and bulwark of civil and religious freedom. All classes are interested in a general education. But the agricultural, mechanical and laboring classes, the true stamina of a Commonwealth, will realize in the Common Schools a surer power than wealth itself. Here alone labor will find the means of elevating itself to that just and honorable position intended by the Creator. It is to be regretted, therefore, that there are still those who are so blind to their true interests, as to oppose any system that would call on them for taxes; though they would favor education if they could be specially exempt from their equal part of the burden. There are those in this day of activity and progress, who bravely deny the right to tax them for the purpose of educating the children of others. Freely do they pay their taxes to construct roads and bridges which they may never travel, court houses and prisons which they may never enter. Or if they grumble at those taxes they swallow their wrath. But how much greater is their interest in the education of the rising generation, because in that education, more than in the strong arm of the law, do they find safety and protection for themselves and property. Like an angel of mercy this true intellectual and moral training, precedes the action of the law, and averts from society many evils which no human law can even wink at, much less abate."

We have altered, by curtailing the language used by the honorable Superintendent, but we believe have been true to his sentiments. It is only left for us now to state the manner in which our School money is raised and disbursed, and in our next letter we will state our objections to some of the practical workings of the plan and suggest what appears to us an improvement. Heretofore the appropriation from the general fund of the state, a fund denied from an equal assessment on all the property of the state, has been gradually increasing from 100 to 200 thousand dollars, at the earnest recommendation of the friends of education, among whom none were more importunate than many County Superintendents, the legislature the past winter appropriated 300 thousand dollars for Common Schools. This money after paying the expenses of the School department at Harrisburg and the salaries of these County Superintendents will be divided among the several districts according to the number of their taxable inhabitants, a much larger sum this year than they have ever had before, and owing not a little to the appointment of County Superintendents. The condition of each district receiving their quota of this appropriation is that they keep free public schools in operation at least four months. The balance of money required to keep the schools going in each district four or ten months, if the directors please, is to be paid in the form of a School tax levied by the Directors upon

the property of the district equally. To the practical working of this tax, we have some objections; which we shall freely make in our next letter.

SLAVERY—PAST AND PRESENT.

Mr. Editor:—In my last I promised to tell you something about the course Pennsylvania has taken on the subject of slavery; in this article I intend to verify that promise.

It has often been remarked by those who observe the "signs of the times," that Pennsylvania is far behind many of her sister states in learning, progress and reform. These knowing ones claim that the "Old Keystone" has always been in the rear of New England and New York on all these things which have a tendency to elevate mankind, and that she is now fast falling back of many in the west.

As proof of this they cite to the fact; that in the convention which declares that "these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states," the delegates of Pennsylvania, or at least a part of them actually refused to sign that sacred DECLARATION, which is now annually commemorated by the display of cavalry and the poise of cannon, by the songs of freedom and the vehemence of orators, by appeals to the people and prayers to Almighty God; and farther, that this state has for the last twenty years been the strongest bulwark of slavery in the northern states—that she has stood the faithful guardian of the basest propositions touching the subject of slavery, that have been fabricated by the southern representatives in Congress.

However strong this argument may seem in condemning the course of Pennsylvania, there is one point in which it is false, and that is, that she has always been in the rear on the question of human liberty. Whoever is acquainted with our history is aware of the fact that Pennsylvania, in her colonial days, led the van of the "Old Thirteen" as they marched on toward the uncultivated fields of Democracy. Penn—the founder of the State—the man whose heart burned with love and patriotism, and who tried to kindle the torch of liberty by the living fires which burn in the souls of men, planted, to use his own language, "a free colony for all mankind"; and breathed into the souls of his people the immutable fact, that governments should be instituted among men by the dictates "of universal reason."

The counsels of this noble hearted philanthropist took root in the hearts of the people. From one of the lofty spires in Pennsylvania, the first clarion note of freedom was sent vibrating along the ruffled water of the Delaware, as it moved on to mingle with the dashing waves of the old Atlantic. Yes, as long ago as when our fathers, who fought the battles of the Revolution, were lying quietly on the breasts of their mothers, or with buoyant hopes playing about the yards of those log-buildings which were placed indiscriminately among the half-cleared fields, surrounded by their thick dense forests which then skirted the ocean, the bell, which was, and for aught I know is yet hanging in the belfry of "Independence Hall," had placed upon it by the directors of Isaac Norris, this soul stirring inscription—"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGH THE LAND AND TO ALL THE PEOPLE THEREOF."

Whether the descendants of Mr. Norris, who thus early consecrated Pennsylvania to liberty, are now living in this state or not, I am unable to say; but judging from the returns of elections during the past few years, I should say if they are, they probably reside in Wilmet's Congressional District.

But the sequel is not yet told. The primitive course of Pennsylvania—when she first moved off in politics, is seldom compared with her course for the past few years. The Jefferson Proviso, which is familiar to every school boy, received the vote of Pennsylvania in 1784; while our own David Wilmet, in 1848, was denounced as a "traitor" and "fanatic," by four fifths of the Democratic presses of the state, for offering to Congress a proviso, precisely like Jefferson's, only that one applied to territory lying east of the Mississippi, and the other to territory lying west. Yes, there are those in this county, who often talk of patriotism and philanthropy, and try to figure largely in politics, who ought to blush and turn black as they hear the name of Wilmet. But I pass this without comment, indulging only in one question. If those presses and those men had lived in 1784 instead of 1848 and 50—do you suppose they would have denounced Jefferson and those men from this state, who voted for his proviso, as they did denounce Wilmet for offering a similar proviso?

Among the prominent men of the old Congress that framed the Constitution, were Gouverneur Morris and James Wilson of Pennsylvania. Mr. Morris in speaking of the slaveholder having a right to vote for his slaves, said—"Slavery is a nefarious institution. It was the curse of heaven on the states where it prevailed. Compare the free regions of the middle states, where a rich and noble cultivation marks the prosperity and happiness of the people, with the misery and poverty which overspread the barren wastes of Virginia, Maryland, and the other states, having slaves. Travel through the whole continent, and you behold the prospect continually varying with the appearance and disappearance of slavery." The admission of slaves into the representation, when fairly explained, comes to this, that the inhabitant of Georgia and South Carolina, who goes to the coast of Africa in defiance of the most sacred laws of humanity, tears away his fellow-creatures from their dearest connections, and damps them to the most cruel bondage, shall have more votes in a government instituted for the protection of the rights of mankind, than the citizen of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, who views with a laudable horror so nefarious a practice. * * * And what is the proposed compensation to the northern states for a sacrifice of every principle of right, every impulse of humanity? They are to bind themselves to march their militia for the defence of the southern states, against those very slaves of whom they complain. * * *

The soul of Morris was alive to the evils of slavery, and had the south accepted his proposition, the time would have come, to use the language of one of those revered fathers, when "slavery would not be a speck in our country." And where is there a supporter of Pierce and Douglas, who can read this