

THE PHOENIX

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CONSTANCY.

'Tis sweet to know we have a friend,
Unwavering as the sea-girt rock.
Where storms in vain their fury spend,
And naught but waves roll from the shock.

Unmoved, unflinching, there it stands,
(Though ocean's waves around it roar.)
Unlike the gay coquette's sands,
That sparkle on the distant shore.

And such a friend methinks is mine,
As pure as in the morning dew;
Unchanging with the change of time,
As constant as the rock is true.

THE SILENT PARTNER.

My name is Jenkins—Thomas Jefferson Jenkins! Not a bad name, is it? It looks well written or printed; especially written, if you make your J's with a flourish, as I always do. And yet in spite of it being a good name, and a pretty one to write, I have been unable to find a young lady who appeared to fancy it. None of them seem to think that "Mr. Thomas Jefferson Jenkins" would look well on a visiting card, and so I am doomed "to blush unshamed, and waste my sweetness on the desert air."

One evening I sat in my bachelor apartment cozily smoking my pipe and gazing into a huge wood fire which burned upon the hearth, warming and lighting the room at the same time. It is wonderful how smoke generates thought. Like Marvel has published his bachelor reveries over a wood fire, a coal fire, and a cigar, but never has given the result of his cogitations with a pipe in his mouth, if, indeed, he smokes a pipe; or did smoke one, I mean—for, poor fellow, he's a married man now, and all his bachelor reveries and pipe-smokings are over. But on this particular evening, as I sat smoking, I got to thinking, and my thoughts took pretty nearly the form in which I have written them down.

But, all at once, while I sat dreaming before the fire, I heard a tapping at my chamber door. It was a wild night without. The wind howled and shrieked like a spirit of evil, the window sashes rattled, and a huge tree, which grew close to my room, grated harshly against the side of the house as if begging for admission from the cold without. Who could be coming to visit me on such a night? But I soon put an end to the mystery by opening the door. A sable son of Africa entered, handed me a perturbed billet, and departed. It was directed, in a remarkably neat female hand, to "Mr. Thomas Jefferson Jenkins." I broke the seal and read:

"Miss Johnson presents her compliments to Mr. Jenkins, and availing herself of the privilege which leap-year gives the ladies, requests the pleasure of his company to-morrow evening. Miss J. begs the honor of the visit to enable her to communicate a matter of peculiar interest to Mr. J. She deems it proper to state this much in order that he may not expect to find a party present on the occasion."

What could it mean? My acquaintance with Miss Johnson was a very limited one. I had met her but half a dozen times, at as many parties, but never had dreamed of making an impression. She evidently meditated a proposal, however, and I must prepare myself for it. Had she fallen in love with my good looks, had she taken a fancy to my name, or had my "winning ways" captivated her? I couldn't understand it, and so I went to bed—"to sleep, perchance to dream."

The next morning I awoke bright and early, and the first thing that popped into my mind was the occurrence of the night before. Was it a dream? No, for the little scented billet was there on my table. I ate my breakfast and tried to get about my usual business, but in vain. I could think of nothing but Miss Johnson and the evening's engagement—for I had determined to comply with her request. I turned the matter over in my mind in every shape and form, to no purpose. She was rich and beautiful—I, though not as poor as Job's turkey, had nothing to invest in bank stock. Why should she fancy me? I couldn't understand it, and so determined to avoid the issue, she should find me as usual.

I should say that my heart pulsed audibly as I pulled the bell that evening at the rich Mr. Johnson's door. I am not sure that I heard it beat, but would be willing to take an oath that I felt as if it would hammer its way through my vest. I was ushered into the parlor, where a comfortable fire was burning. I had been seated but a few minutes, when a rustling of silk attracted my attention, and Miss Johnson entered the room.

Miss Johnson was a graduate of a female college, and, of course, accomplished. We began on that original and seldom mentioned topic, the weather, and soon glided into quite a pleasant and interesting *tele-a-tele*. After a time, however, I noticed a certain nervousness of manner in my fair companion, which I readily attributed to the peculiarity of her position. Until the evening previous I had not dreamed of entertaining for her anything approaching to a tender passion, but my singularly susceptible heart had been gradually warming toward her, until now I had felt on the point of relieving her from all embarrassment, by getting on my knees and declaring my attachment. But it was leap-year, and I couldn't think of interfering with the young lady's privilege—so I held my peace and allowed the silence which had ensued to remain unbroken. At length the fair one remarked, in a singularly sweet tone of voice, which made my heart thump hard against my ribs:

"You are doubtless anxious to know, Mr. Jenkins, why you were summoned here this evening?"

Now, Jenkins, said I, mentally, it's coming, old fellow. Bear up bravely, and act like a man. Don't be frightened out of your wits. Having nerved myself by this mental confab, I remarked audibly, that "I had some little business on that point."

"Not to keep you longer in suspense, then, you must know that a lady friend of mine has fallen in love with you, and has deputed me to inform you of the fact. She is young, wealthy, beautiful, accomplished, and amiable. I have her likeness, which I will show you when you have agreed to the terms I shall propose. With all her good qualities, my friend is remarkably eccentric. She has determined to marry without an hour's courtship. She has heard of you, and made such inquiries as to satisfy her. I am ready to pledge my word that all I have said in her favor is true to the letter. Her property is ample, and will be entirely under your control. Her family is one of the best in the country. Are you willing to marry her? If you answer in the affirmative I will give you the likeness, which I hold in my hand, and the marriage will take place in this room to-morrow evening."

Rather tight papers, I thought, to be called

on to marry, at such notice, a girl I had never seen nor heard of until this moment, but the words "beautiful, wealthy, amiable, good family, properly under your control," kept ringing in my ears, urging me to decide in the affirmative. I was getting old enough to marry, too, and there might never be another chance. I believe I've already remarked that young ladies generally are not partial to the name of Jenkins, and it occurred to me that I'd improve this opportunity. Miss Johnson sat gazing in the fire keeping up in the meantime a drumming on the carpet with the prettiest little foot imaginable. I looked up and caught her eye:

"Have you decided?" she asked.

"I have, and in the affirmative," was my reply. "In a moment the miniature was in my hand, and I gazed upon the most beautiful face I had ever seen. I was in raptures, and could have gone upon my knees to the young lady for helping me to such an angel for a wife. My joy was too great for words, however, and I left with a promise to be prompt in my attendance on the following evening.

"My wedding night came, and with a friend to 'see me through,' I was ushered into Mr. Johnson's parlor. A dozen persons were present. We were introduced to such as were not already known to us, and I took a seat by Miss Johnson, leaving my friend to take care of himself. I learned that everything was in readiness for the ceremony. My intended was in an adjoining room, whether I repaired to join her. She was even more beautiful than the picture, and I was the happiest man alive.

We were introduced, but I could only press her hand, as she was not to be wedded at that neither of us spoke. Everything being in readiness, we proceeded to the parlor, and were made man and wife after the most approved fashion."

It is not considered polite, I believe, for a man to talk exclusively to his wife on the evening of his wedding, and as my acquaintance with my better half was extremely limited, I was very well content to circulate among the other ladies, and leaving Mrs. Jenkins to be entertained by the other gentlemen. In the course of the evening, however, I got a seat by my wife, and tried to get up a conversation with her, but her conduct was inexplicable. I made several remarks intended to be affectionate—such as I imagined a newly married man would naturally make to his wife—but she gazed into my face without answering a word. I tried again and again, with the same want of success. What could it mean, she was not dumb, for I had heard her speak several times during the evening, and her voice was singularly musical. I had been advised of her eccentricity, but a plague on such eccentricity as this! I hadn't bargained for it.

The crowd finally left, and my wife, Miss Johnson, and myself, were alone. I determined to solve the mystery; I did so, and what think you, kind reader, was the result? My wife was as deaf as a post. Yes, sir, you might have fired off a cannon within an inch of her ear and she scarcely would have heard it. Wasn't I in a fix? And yet she was so pretty, and seemed so affectionate, that I couldn't help loving her in spite of this great defect, which, after all, was a misfortune, and not a fault.

Mary—that was my wife's name—was quite rich, and as I had control of everything, I soon settled in as nice a habitation as our town afforded. My wife was very clever and amiable—but very deaf! Anything in the way of private conversation was out of the question. All the neighbors could hear me when I spoke to her at all. Sometimes my friends called to see me, and then such yelling and screaming were kept up as would shame a mad-house. I could neither read nor write on account of the horrible clatter kept up by the servants, in their efforts to get to Mary's ears. Passing strangers were constantly stopping before my house, attracted by the yelling and howling within. The truth is, there is no denying it—I was a miserable man, in spite of all my wealth; I had no peace of mind, and I began to fear that the din and noise would drive me crazy.

One morning my wife met me at the door with a letter. It was from her aunt, an old lady living some distance off, who proposed to pay us a visit. She would arrive that day, and I must meet her at the cars. I did so and found—horror of horrors—that she was as deaf as my wife.

I hadn't the heart to say anything to the old lady on my way home. I was thinking of what was to follow. When we drove up, Mary was standing at the door, waiting to welcome Aunt Betsy.

"I am delighted to see you!" yelled my wife, as the old lady ascended the steps.

"How do you do, my dear?" screamed the aunt in return, while the windows rattled, and a pair of passing horses, unaccustomed to the noise, were nearly frightened into a run.

When I entered the parlor, there they sat on each side of the fire-place, and such a yelling! You'd have thought a whole tribe of Cherokee Indians were present.

Aunt Betsy's visit lasted six weeks. Every day the howling continued. They seemed to like the fun, and such a horrid din as was kept up from "morn till dewy eve," I reckon I never heard. Human nature couldn't stand it—at least mine couldn't—and so I determined to *ramose the ranche*. I ended it a week, and then pretended that business called me away.

It was on a dark and dismal evening that I took the cars for—It had been sleeting for several days, and the track was coated over with ice. Several accidents had occurred within a short period, and I felt a little uneasy as I took my seat, and wrapped my blanket closely around me to shut out the cold.

But I soon forgot the danger and fell into a reverie. I thought of what a glorious time Aunt Betsy and my wife were having. There they sat on each side of the fire-place, yelling at one another like a couple of wild Indians, and making the whole house hideous. How I thought for a brief season, from the eternal clatter. I laughed inwardly at the idea, and would actually have felt happy but for the recollection that I must return to it. At length I slept—how long I know not—and was awakened by what I took to be one of Aunt Betsy's yellings. I soon discovered my mistake. It was the whistle of the locomotive. We were off the track, and I felt we were going down—down—down. I had barely time to close my eyes and utter a hasty prayer before I felt the shock, and found—myself on the floor. My lamp had burned out, my fire was low, and I was almost frozen. I had been dreaming, was in my own room, and still a bachelor!

HOW THEY TALK.

The opinion is gaining ground that South Carolina will declare herself out of the Union, by ordinance, when her Convention meets on the 17th of December. Her leading spirits, taught to believe that "Devotion to the Union is Treason to the South," have become phrenzied with excitement, and, disregarding all consequences, will attempt to carry out their reasonable designs. In order to give our readers some idea of the temper displayed by these rash men, we append a few extracts from a couple of their speeches.

Hon. Lawrence M. Keitt, on the occasion of a sermon given him recently in Charleston, after alluding to the general feeling for secession which pervaded that State, said:

"We come, then, a unit in the prosecution of this great cause. We go before history, and stand before the tribunal of public opinion, with a violated Constitution in one hand, and our sacred liberties, rescued from pollution, in the other. We have a sacred cause. We are about to break up this Union. The time for Union-saving is past; the time for compromise is past. Nothing, save nothing, except the withdrawal of this State from the Union which has become accursed, will do. We go with a strong text before the tribunal of history. Our fathers built up this country. John Rutledge of South Carolina did more than any man to achieve our independence, save George Washington; and old Christopher Gadsden—another South Carolinian—initiated the great movement. Marion and Sumter kept the fires of our liberty burning while in danger of going out in darkness and gloom. Our second war was carried through by Carolina statesmen. We have built up this Government from corner stone to turret, and now we mean to tear it down to turrets to the foundation. Why? history will ask us. It is because it has been made by Black republican fanaticism a host of tile government in the hands of those who are about to pass into the hands of another majority, which majority declares slavery shall die; and they will put the scepter of power in the hands of a man who has said that the Northern mind has been right because it believed that slavery was in process of extinction. It is because the Government is about to pass into the hands of a man hostile to the great interests of the South, that we are about to tear down this Union. How shall we do it? His answer was by the sovereign act of the sovereign State of South Carolina. He would tell them that he said months ago, that if South Carolina flatters, the neck of this Southern movement is broken. Because of the unanimity of her people, without party difference, she is everywhere looked upon as the sentinel upon the watch-tower, and if she sleeps, no matter how wildly rages the tempest in the others, the enemy will look for peace and quietness. He did not mean to discuss the question of right. The Convention of 1850 said they had the right; they themselves said they have the right; he said they had the right, and by heaven nothing but the strong hand shall put it down. . . He said that the principle of the Black Republican party was, that fidelity to the Constitution is treasonable to the higher law. He would tell them, in answer, that loyalty to the Union, is treason to the South. They tell us they have the Government, and they intend to wield all its powers for our overthrow, and they tell us that resistance is treason. He would tell them that the South that submission is slavery, and when he was called upon to choose whether he would be a traitor or a slave, God help him, he would be a traitor. Let us unfurl the flag, and, with the sword of State, cut the bonds of this accursed Union."

Hon. Robt. Barnwell Rhett, another South Carolinian, in a speech before the people of Charleston, on the 12th of November, made use of the following language:

"The last contest between the North and the South we have just witnessed in the Presidential election. The numerical power in both branches of Congress, is about equal, necessary, to complete their mastery, that the Northern people should be united in using their power. They have become united, in this election, on this principle of hostility to African slavery in the South. On this principle, purely sectional, they have elected a Southern renegade—spewed out of the bosom of Kentucky into Illinois—and a Northern mulatto, to be President and Vice President of the United States. A naked sectional despotism is organized over the South—as hating as it is hated—with all the fury of fanaticism, and all the lust of avarice and ambition, to direct its power. I have gone through all this detail of the various sectional issues, which have arisen between the North and the South, that you might understand your true position, and weigh well your future destiny. After twenty-seven years of steady and unscrupulous effort to obtain the rule over you, will the North surrender it when acquired? After the characteristics of the Northern people have developed in all their sectional contests with you, what hope can you have of any justice or safety under their domination? Selfishness, ambition, avarice, faithlessness, or fanaticism, have marked their contests with you; whilst on your part you have exhibited generosity, confidence, disinterestedness, and a devotion to your compact of union with them, not without weakness. The truth is, the Northern people are not fit to live with any other people in the world. They have not the least conception of the principles of free government. Their idea of such a government is, that a majority shall rule a minority. If seven men formed a government, four have the absolute power over the three. Of those wise and delicate restrictions against absolute power, whether in one man, or in many, by which the rights and liberties of all are secured, they know nothing and care nothing. No regard, therefore, to the great principle of free government, will restrain the exercise of their brute power for your destruction. . . They say, as the rich man in the Scriptures, 'My arm has gotten me this wealth.' Swollen with insolence, and steeped in ignorance, selfishness, and fanaticism, they will never understand their dependence on the South until the Union is dissolved, and they are left naked to their own resources. Then, and not till then, will they be able to appreciate the long forbearance and endurance of the South."

After making some suggestions as to what the new Southern Confederacy should be, Mr. Rhett proceeds in the following strain:

"My friends, the Union is dissolved. It has long since been dissolved, in sympathy and spirit. It is now about to be dissolved in form and fact. A few more weeks—a few more days—and by the fiat of South Carolina, it will be amongst the wrecks of past times, which, designed for noble ends, man's folly and wickedness have destroyed. Would that the fingers of a man's hand could come forth, and write upon the plaster of the wall of the festal halls and palaces of the North those words of terror—Mene, mene, tekel, upharasim—'thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting'—'God has numbered thy kingdom, and finished it'—the Union is dissolved! Would that the dread news of its dissolution could burst like a clap of thunder over every forested and hamlet in New England—the Union is dissolved! Would that I could speak not in the voice of the earthquake, but could whisper in the still small voice of the conscience—the Union is dissolved! The Union is dissolved, and henceforth there is deliverance and peace and liberty for the South. . . The long, weary night of humiliation, oppression, and danger is passing away, and the glorious dawn of a Southern Confederacy breaks upon our view. With the blessings of God, we will soon be a great people—happy, prosperous and free."

Such is the "moderate" and "conciliatory" language of the secession leaders; and it is these men, who say the Union is "accursed," who speak in the most outrageous manner of the President and Vice President elected, and declare that "the Northern people are not fit to live with any other people in the world," that are patting on the back by Northern sympathizers, and told that they are justified in their efforts to dissolve the Union!

GEN. JACKSON'S PROCLAMATION.

The following extract from Andrew Jackson's Proclamation, in 1832, to the nullifiers and secessionists of South Carolina, will be read with interest now. After enumerating the blessings of union, the President says:

And for what, mistaken men! for what do you throw away those inestimable blessings—blessings which would you exchange your share in the advantages of the Union? For the dream of a separate independence—a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbors, and a vile dependence on a foreign power? If your leaders could succeed in establishing a separation, what would be your situation? Are you united at home—are you free from the apprehensions of civil discord, with all its fearful consequences? Do our neighboring republics, every day suffering some new revolution contending with some new insurrection—do they excite your envy? But the dictates of a high duty oblige me to announce that you cannot succeed. The laws of the United States must be executed. I have no discretionary power on the subject—my duty is emphatically pronounced in the Constitution. Those who told you that you might peacefully prevent their execution deceived you—they could not have been deceived themselves. They know that a forcible opposition could avenge the execution of the laws, and they know that such opposition must be repelled. Their object is disunion; but be not deceived by names; disunion, by armed force, is treason. Are you really ready to incur its guilt? If you are, on the head of the instigators of the act be the dreadful consequences—on your heads be the dishonor, but on yours may fall the punishment—on your unhappy State will inevitably fall the evils of the conflict you force upon the government of your country. It cannot accede to the mad project of disunion of which you speak; but the first victims—its first magistratus cannot; it would, avoid the performance of his duty—the consequence must be fearful for you, distressing to your fellow-citizens here, and to the ends of good government throughout the world.

Their enemies have beheld our prosperity with a vexation they could not conceal,—it was a standing refutation of their slavish doctrines, and they will point to our discord with the triumph of malignant joy. It is yet in your power to dissipate them. There is yet time to show that the descendants of the Pickens, the Sumners, the Runtledges, and of the hour, and other names which adorn the pages of your Revolutionary history, will not abandon that Union, to support which so many of them fought, bled, and died. I adjure you, as you honor their memories,—as you love the cause of freedom, to which they dedicated their lives,—as you prize the peace of your country, the lives of its best citizens, and your own fair fame, to retract your steps. Snatch from the archives of your state the disorganizing edict of its convention,—bid its members re-assemble and promulgate the decided expressions of your will to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honor,—tell them that, compared to disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all,—declare that you will never take the field unless the star-spangled banner of your country shall float over you,—that you will not be stigmatized when you read, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the constitution of your country! Its destroyers you can not be. You may disturb its peace,—you may interrupt the course of its prosperity,—you may cloud its reputation for stability,—but its tranquility will be restored, its prosperity will return, and the stain upon its national character will be transferred and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder. May the great Ruler of nations grant, that the signal blessings, with which He has favored ours, may not by the madness of party or personal ambition, be disregarded and lost; and may His wise providence bring those who have produced this crisis, to see the folly, before they feel the misery, of civil strife; and inspire a returning veneration for that Union which, if we may dare to penetrate His designs, He has chosen as the only means of attaining high destinies, to which we may reasonably aspire."

The intelligence from Washington in regard to the relations of this country with Peru is very important. The Government of Peru having failed to satisfy certain claims upon it by American citizens, our minister, Mr. Clay, had demanded his passports. In doing this he acted under instructions received from the Administration. Immediately upon the receipt of this news at Washington, the Peruvian ambassador in this country was furnished with his passports. This terminates all diplomatic intercourse between Peru and the United States. The amount of the American claims is \$150,000. It results from the action of the Peruvian Government in confiscating the American vessels "Georgiana" and "Liz-zie Thompson."

THE LIBERATOR OF ITALY.

The Africa brings us news of one of the most remarkable events in history. It can be told in a very few words. A man who, a few years ago, was making candles on Staten Island—who a few months ago was a retired soldier, much beloved and admired, but with no position or command—by his daring, his address, and his military skill has rescued a kingdom and a dependent island from a tyrannical dynasty—has been made absolute dictator in the realm he enfranchised, and then summoning a sovereign who has not furnished him a gun, a man, or a scudo, rides with him side by side into the capital of the liberated country, transfers to him the supreme power, and finally, not lingering around the monarch in whose hands he has placed the scepter of half Italy, goes home to rest as quietly as if he were turning his back upon a day's labor. There is a simple grandeur about the manner in which this man Garibaldi has absolved himself of the high and perilous office which, all unbidden, he assumed, that lifts him far up among those who sit enthroned in the world's memory. Such absolute self-assertion when he was dictating the fortunes of his country, such absolute self-negation when those fortunes were achieved by the force of his will, and the strength of his right arm, mankind can think of only with wonder and admiration. But yesterday he was absolute, at the peril of his life his fortune and his fame; to day he gives his power, not back again to those who, in their sheer necessity, bestowed it on him—but that were comparatively easy—but into the hands of another man, with the sole purpose of serving their common country. It is neither exaggeration nor error to say that Garibaldi has done all this; for, in spite of the condition of affairs in Italy, without him it could not have been done. It would be poorly urged in diminution of his glory, that where he has left order there before was chaos, that the air which he has left ringing with the cheers of grateful freemen, was, before he breathed it, resounding with the groans and curses of the exasperated victims of oppression. The Italians may well cry, long live Garibaldi, and the world's eye beam brightly with the flood of feeling, as it follows him, silently seeking his island home of Caprea.—N. Y. World.

THE REAL INSTIGATORS OF DISUNION.

The very worst enemies of the North are those Northern journals who are continually misrepresenting Northern sentiment, and abusing Northern people. They never make a statement which is not either directly or indirectly a libel upon a great and powerful body of Northern voters, composing a majority of its most intelligent, sane-thinking, and conservative citizens. These false and malicious statements are eagerly copied by Southern Democratic journals, and read by Southern people, and thus they contract the prejudices and hostile feelings towards the North, which we find so general in that section. These northern incendiary sheets are eternally warning the South of impending ruin in case of the success of the Republican party, and that its object is to wage a war of extermination against their rights and institutions. The millions of respectable and law abiding men who constitute a party which is no more radical on the Slavery question than the old Whig party, and which has elected a President who stands in the footsteps of that gallant old leader of that glorious old party, are invariably and constantly denounced as "Black Republicans," "Abolitionists," "Nigger-stealers," "Negro Equality men," and so on; and thus the seeds of sectional animosity and civil discord are sown. We have too good an opinion of the masses of the conservative people of the South, to suppose that if they correctly understood the policy and purposes of the Republican party, any serious cause of dissatisfaction would exist in consequence of the election of a Republican President; but not even a glimpse of the truth is allowed to reach them through the Democratic journals. They not only falsify and distort Northern opinions themselves, but will not contradict the grossest and most mischievous falsehoods on the part of their Southern contemporaries.

A STUPENDOUS CONFIDENCE GAME.

The heaviest confidence game we remember ever to have heard of, is said to have been successfully practiced in St. Louis on Saturday last, upon a rich planter from near Nashville, Tenn., named T. L. Newcomb. This gentleman, according to the St. Louis papers, is worth \$100,000, and came to that city to invest \$20,000 in real estate. He made the acquaintance of a man named Johnson, with whom he had several interviews last week. On Saturday, Johnson, it is alleged, having represented himself as a man of wealth, informed Newcomb that he had just closed a contract whereby he had agreed to furnish the city with cellular from pavement sufficient to pave six hundred blocks, but unfortunately he had not ready money sufficient to engage in the enterprise, and he would be obliged to mortgage his real estate for the necessary amount—a thing he didn't care to do. However, if Newcomb would loan him \$20,000, he would give him a share of the profits. Mr. Newcomb, not for a moment doubting his honesty or his story, agreed to this and loaned him the sum of \$8000 in cash on the spot, and gave the remainder—\$12,000—in bank certificates, which he helped Johnson to collect at different banks in St. Louis. Johnson, therefore, got the twenty thousand, immediately disappeared, and has not been seen since.

TEX SOUTH.—

The Philadelphia Ledger says: "The Southern States, not including Delaware, owe as State debts the sum of \$131,000,000. To meet the interest of this debt requires burdensome taxes. If they should set up a separate confederacy, they will require an army, a navy, a postal establishment, courts, &c. This would require at least half the amount it now costs for the entire Union, say, \$40,000,000 a year. As the first step of the confederacy would be to abolish the tariff and open its ports free to commerce, it would have to raise its revenue by direct taxation. This is a most expensive mode of collection, and a large amount of the sum collected, from passing through so many hands, would be lost. But whether the revenue will be raised by direct taxation or by duties on imports the amount will come entirely out of the pockets of the Southern people. With a large debt and increased taxation, the new Government will find itself crippled in its finances, its credit impaired and its people overladen with taxation, which are certainly not the elements of prosperity in a Government old or new."

PERSONAL LIBERTY BILLS.

As a personal order of nonsense has been uttered about the obnoxious "Personal Liberty Bills" of New York, Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania, among other States, it may be well enough to say that neither of the three States first named has ever passed such a bill at all, and the following paragraph from the Pittsburgh Journal, of Nov. 21st, shows what the law of Pennsylvania amounts to. The editor of that paper, Mr. Bigham, says—

"We have seen, in some fifty papers, Pennsylvania denounced as one of the nine States that have passed laws to obstruct the Fugitive Slave Law. Now, the truth of history requires us to say that the last Act passed in this State before the enactment of what is called par excellence the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. As we reported that bill in the Legislature, we may be supposed to know something about it. The bill punished the crime of kidnapping free negroes to sell them into slavery; and forbade our State officers to interfere in cases of fugitives from labor. Both these things had become necessary by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Prigg case. And the seventh section, which has probably been the most successful of any, simply repealed two provisions in the Emancipation Act of 1780, by which slaves had been held in this State for six months."

This law, which can be found in the Pamphlet Laws of 1847, pages 206-7-8, was signed by that well known Democratic Governor, Francis R. Shunk. The 6th section, relating to the use of jails, was repealed in 1852, being deemed objectionable to the South, and in the balance of the law was repealing the last session of the Legislature, but was almost literally re-enacted in the new penal code, passed at the same session, which was drawn up by three Democratic Commissioners, Judge Knox, David Webster and Judge King, appointed for that especial object by Gov. Packer, who signed the bill when passed by the Legislature.

While on this subject, we will make the following extract from the able anti-secession speech of Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, delivered lately at the State capital. After stating that the proper way for the South to act would be to lay their grievances before the Governors of the Northern States, he says—

"Now upon another point, and that the most difficult and deserving your most serious consideration, I will speak. That is the course which this State should pursue towards the Northern States which by their legislative acts have attempted to nullify the Fugitive Slave Law. I know that in some of these States their acts pretend to be based upon the principles set forth in the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Prigg against Pennsylvania; that decision did not claim the doctrine that the State officers are not bound to carry out the provisions of a law of Congress—that the Federal Government cannot impose duties upon State officials—that they must execute their own laws by their own officers. And this may be true. But still it is the duty of the States to deliver fugitive slaves, as well as the duty of the General Government to see that it is done."

Those editors and politicians who talk so glibly about pacifying the South by repealing laws passed in accordance with a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the "personal liberty laws" of States which have none of the kind, should try to inform themselves, as Mr. Stephens has done.

TAKEING COLDS.—A cold is not necessarily, says the *Scientific American*, the result of low or high temperature. A person may go directly from a hot bath into a cold one or into snow now, and not take cold. On the contrary, he may take cold by pouring a couple of table-spoonsful of water upon some part of his dress, or by standing in a door, or some other opening where one part of the body is colder than another. Let it be kept in mind that uniformity of temperature over the whole body is the first thing to be looked after. It is the unequal heat upon the different parts of the body that produces cold, by disturbing the uniform circulation of some part. If you must keep a partially wet garment on, it would be as well perhaps to wet the whole of it uniformly. The feet are a great source of colds on account of the variable temperature they are subjected to. Keep these always dry and warm, and avoid drafts of air, hot or cold, wet spots on the garments, and other direct causes of unequal temperature, and keep the system braced up by plenty of sleep, and the eschewing of debilitating food and drinks, and you will be proof against a cold and its results.

The Personal Liberty act of Massachusetts was passed by the famous Know-Nothing Legislature of 1855, over the vote of Governor Gardner. The next year, a bill was passed through three stages of the popular branch of the Legislature for its repeal, and upon the first vote, the measure had a majority of nine votes. The news of the cowardly and brutal assault upon a Senator of Massachusetts in the National Capitol was received the next day and the bill for the repeal of the Personal Liberty Act was defeated on the vote upon the engrossment. But for the assault of Brooks on Charles Sumner, in 1856, there would today have been no personal liberty act on the statute books of this State. In 1856, upon the recommendation of Governor Banks, several whole sections of the act were repealed. The Governor of Georgia must be ignorant of the fact of the repeal (says the Boston Transcript), as he recently cited the old act and made special mention of some of the repealed sections as being particularly offensive to the South.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a half sermon and half political harangue, at his church in Brooklyn, in which he used the following curious simile: "As many grow rich they grow mean. Why, I know men—ploughmen—who actually perjure themselves about the value of their property, that they may save what is justly due the city for taxes. They are as mean as well—meanness has tunneled them from end to end, and the biggest ones lies through the heart, and the Devil runs his trains through and through."

"There's something raw in the air" was the man said when he threw away a bad oyster.

According to the census returns Kansas has a population of 109,404.

Apples are selling in Western New York for 62 cents per barrel.