

Dear Banner: I received to-day from a friend in Georgia, (the Rev. J. Rufus Elder), a letter, and hasten to send you an extract, which if you see proper, you can publish in your valuable paper. All he says may be strictly relied upon. The extract will, and ought to be, cheering to our secession friends of South Carolina.

"A powerful re-action is going on in Georgia I assure you, and she is destined, ere long, to occupy a prominent station upon the side of Southern Rights. I believe McDonald will carry the State in October. At all events, his friends every where are very sanguine. The other party (Cobb's) are apparently equally sure of success; but they rely upon the large submission majority of last fall. From almost every Country we hear from there are cheering indications of the success of our party. I haven't heard so much of Politics since they days of Nullification, as I have heard within the last month.

"Of one thing I am assured, if South Carolina does secede, and coercion is attempted she may confidently expect thousands of Georgians to fly to her assistance."

The above is a true copy, verbatim et literatim Yours very respectfully,

Thos. W. Briggs.

ALABAMA ELECTION.

We learn by telegraph from Mobile, that the majority for Judge Bragg, the Southern Rights candidate, over Langdon, Submissionist, is 453 in Mobile county, and in the Congressional District, about 1800. This is a Whig district, and has generally been represented by Whigs in Congress, and the result may be considered as demonstrating the entire disorganization and overthrow of that party.—Charleston Mercury.

We perceive that Messrs. J. Williams & Sons, of New York, are building the steam propeller South Carolina, the first of the line intended to run between this port and Liverpool. She is a ship of 1400 tons. Her length is 200, breadth 38, and depth of hold 30 feet.—Charleston Courier.

Crops.—We have seen, within a day or two, in the field of Mr. W. A. McCall, near this place, a stock of cotton with four open bolls. Are any of our neighbors ahead of this?

The cotton crop in this neighborhood, and in the District at large, is, we learn from good sources, very promising, while the corn crop is above an average. On the western side of the Pee Dee the crops, in some parts have suffered from too much rain, while in the upper part of the District rain has been needed.

The above is from the Marion Star, of the 29th July. As our cotemporary has commenced bringing on the crops in his District, and has thrown down the gauntlet to his neighbors, we will take it up. Mr. Nathan Galloway, in the neighborhood of Mt. Elon, in this District, had one eighth of an acre of cotton open on the 25th of July, which was entirely free from rust or disease of any kind. The crops in that neighborhood, we understand are very fine, as they are generally through the District.—Ibid.

A Shocking Homicide.—Our District has again been the scene of one of the most unaccountable and horrible cases of homicide, that the chronicles of passing events is ever called upon to record. On the 29th ultimo, kindred Griffiths, a citizen of this district, was shot by his brother Jacob Griffiths, and died almost instantly, the whole load of the gun penetrating the upper portion of his left breast near the collar bone, and ranging diagonally towards the right shoulder blade. We forbear any comment upon the circumstances as we have heard them preferring to leave them to be investigated by the proper tribunal. No person was present, except the parties. The survivor made no attempt to escape, and is now in prison awaiting his trial. He is an old man on the verge of the grave, having just completed his seventieth year.—Darlington Flag.

Healy's Picture of Mr. Calhoun.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Herald thus writes, under date of the 16th June:

Mr. Healy, the talented artist of Boston, intends leaving Paris within a month for the United States. The large canvass upon which he has represented "the Grand Speech of Calhoun" is beautifully covered, and will no doubt receive a very enthusiastic welcome by all the artists and refined connoisseurs of the Athenian city. Mr. Healy, if successful (and I am sure he will be) intends exhibiting his picture in all the large cities of the Union, and I may promise to him a hearty welcome. This American painter has won his fame in Paris, and his name needs no more trumpeting.

Tailors.—Among the other curious changes which the late English census returns exhibit, is a falling off of about a third in the number of working tailors.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Augusta, Ga., on the 4th inst., WILLIAM WATSON, teacher of music. He was a native of Massachusetts, but for several years past a resident of South Carolina and Georgia. "The memory of the just shall be blessed."

CAMDEN PRICES CURRENT.

Table with 4 columns: Commodity, Unit, Price, and another Unit. Includes items like Bagging, Bale Rope, Bacon, Butter, Bran, Beef, Cheese, Cotton, Corn, Flour, Fowl, Hides, Iron, Lime, and Leather.

I. O. O. F.

Kershaw Lodge Number 9. The Regular Weekly Meeting of this Lodge will be held this Evening at their Hall at 8 o'clock. By order of the N. G. A. E. Allen, Secretary. August 8, 1851.

SECESSION THE SURE REMEDY.

The following extract from the report of Gen. Wallace's speech at Unionville on the 4th of July, is worth reading. Like everything coming from the author it is distinguished by directness, sense and force:

"The right of secession is the only mode by which we can exercise a veto power upon the federal government. The veto power should have been left with the States, by the express terms of the Constitution itself, where alone a safe depository of it can be found. It becomes, therefore, a question of the last importance, that the right of secession, should be established and acknowledged; and were there no other question now before the people of the South than this alone, it would be incumbent upon them to obtain clear and distinct recognition of this right. How are we to obtain this recognition? There is no way to retain it but to resort to the act of secession. Until we shall have seceded from the Union, we can obtain no recognition of the right to secede. Once out of the Union, by the act of secession—having resumed that sovereignty which is now denied us, our voice will be respected, and until then it never will be. We will then be in condition to make terms if we desire it, and even if we desire to save the Union, this is the only mode by which it can be done. Let us suppose that South Carolina has seceded from the Union. If the general government resort to coercion, and South Carolina is subdued, there is an end forever of State sovereignty on this continent. By that act alone, the character of the Government will be disclosed, and it becomes at once, to all intents and purposes a consolidated empire. If State sovereignty be thus crushed in the case of South Carolina, in our fate every Southern State may read their own. What State South of us would ever seek to defend themselves in any way against the tyranny of the General Government, after S. Carolina has been subjugated? When that time shall arrive, the phantom of a Confederate Republic of independent States will disappear forever, and we will be under the iron rule of a remorseless despotism. Do any suppose that the people of the South are sufficiently blinded not to see this? Whenever, therefore, South Carolina shall make the practical issue of secession, the States South of us, in order to save themselves from these dire calamities, will be compelled to co-operate with her; they can't escape it. If he were told, therefore, that he must wait for co-operation, he would answer, the only mode to guarantee that co-operation is to act—to make a practical issue—and if we do not obtain co-operation then, all past history is a fiction. It is clear, from these propositions, that the secession of a single State must, in the very nature of things, either effect a reform in the General Government, by placing it in the power of a State to check its tyranny by exercising the veto of secession, or dissolve the Union; and the Union once dissolved, a Southern Confederacy is inevitable. Let us not, then, hide from ourselves the important fact that South Carolina holds in her hands the power to destroy the Union. He had no fears of her being subjugated. The States having like interests with hers, cannot, will not, dare not, permit her to fight the great battle of Southern Rights alone. In his judgment, the prevailing ideas in reference to the co-operation which is sought are not well founded. How did the Colonies in 1776 obtain co-operation with one another in resisting British aggression? Was the Union formed before the Revolution began? Certainly not. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought by the militia of Massachusetts, under command of Col. Prescott, a militia Colonel. The commission he held was from the Colony of Massachusetts, and not from the United States. The regiment he commanded was not called out by the authority of the United States, but by the authority of the Colony of Massachusetts.—The conflict was thus begun by a single Colony—without co-operation. How did she obtain it? The sound of the guns of Bunker Hill had scarcely passed away, before South Carolina rushed to arms to co-operate with Massachusetts in a common cause which involved the fate of both; and the first victory of the revolution was won upon Sullivan's Island, against a powerful British fleet, by a regiment of South Carolina Militia, under the command of a militia Colonel, and under the sole authority of South Carolina. When these events occurred, there was no Union—the blood that was shed at Bunker Hill and Fort Moultrie, brought about, and that speedily, a union of all the colonies.

And Washington was not commander-in-chief when the Union was formed. The Union of which we now hear so much, was the legitimate result of separate State action, and Washington placed at the head of an army raised after the war began. This is a lesson which history teaches us—let us not lack the resolution to profit by it."

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

We have heard briefly and generally from the meeting held on Monday last at Chester-ville and Yorkville. At the former place the meeting had at first been called the anti-secessionist, but it was subsequently agreed to give a hearing on both sides. There were about eight or nine hundred present, of both parties, who were addressed by Messrs. Rhett and McAlilly—the latter on the anti-secession side. At Yorkville, it is estimated about fifteen hundred were present, and who seemed to be nearly all in favor of the action party. They were addressed by Col. Maxey Gregg and Gen. James H. Adams, of this District, and by their immediate fellow-citizen, Gen. John A. Alston, in able, argumentative and eloquent addresses, which were listened to with the greatest enthusiasm and approbation.—Carolinian.

A subscriber to the New Haven Register, in Ohio, writes: "You may tell your readers that Ohio will produce wheat enough this season to bread the United States one year! The crop never was better."

A HOUSEHOLD SKETCH.

From cause, real or imaginary, I felt low spirited. There was a cloud upon my feelings and I could not smile as usual, nor speak in a tone of cheerfulness. As a natural result, the light of my countenance being gone, all things around me were in shadow. My husband was sober and had little to say; the children would look strangely at me when I answered their question, or spoke to them for any purpose, and my domestics moved about in a quiet manner, and when they addressed me, did so in a tone more subdued than usual.

This re-action upon my state, only made darker the clouds that veiled my spirits. I was conscious of this, and was conscious that the original cause of my depression was entirely inadequate, in itself, to produce the result that had followed. Under this feeling I made an effort to rally myself, but in vain; and sank lower from the very struggle to rise above the gloom that overshadowed me.

When my husband came home at dinner-time, I tried to meet him with a smile; but I felt that the light upon my countenance was feeble and of brief duration. He looked at me earnestly, and, in his kind and gentle way, enquired if I felt no better, affecting to believe that my ailment was in the body instead of the mind. But I scarcely answered him, and could see that he felt hurt. How much more wretched did I become at this. Could I have retired to my chamber, and then, alone, give my full heart vent in a passion of tears, I might have obtained relief to my feelings. But I could not do this.

While I sat at the table, forcing a little food into my mouth for appearance sake, my husband said—

"You remember the fine lad who has been for some time in our store?"

I nodded my head, but the question did not awaken in my mind the slightest interest.

"He has not made his appearance for several days; and I learned this morning, on sending to the house of his mother, that he was very ill."

"Ah!" was my indifferent response. Had I spoken what was in my mind, I would have said—"I'm sorry, but I can't help it." I did not, at the moment, feel the smallest interest in the lad.

"Yes," added my husband, "and the person who called to let me know about it, expressed his fears that Edward would not get up again."

"What ails him?" I enquired.

"I did not clearly understand. But he has fever of some kind. You remember his mother very well?"

"Oh, yes. You know she worked for me. Edward is her only child, I believe."

"Yes. And his loss to her will be almost every thing."

"Is he so dangerous?" I enquired, a feeling of interest beginning to stir in my heart.

"He is not expected to live."

"Poor woman! How distressed she must be! I wonder what her circumstances are just at this time. She seemed very poor when she worked for me."

"And she is very poor still, I doubt not. She has herself been sick, and during the time it is more than probable that Edward's wages was all her income. I am afraid she has suffered, and that she has not now, the means of procuring for her sick boy, things necessary for his comfort. Could you not go round there this afternoon and see how they are?"

I shook my head, instantly, at this proposition, for sympathy for others was not yet strong enough to expel my despondency of mind.

"Then I must step around," replied my husband, "before I go back to the store, although we are very busy to-day, and I am much wanted there. It would not be right to neglect the lad and his mother under present circumstances."

I felt rebuked at these words, and, with a forced effort said—"I will go."

It will be much better for you to see him than for me," returned my husband, "for you can understand their wants better, and minister to them more effectually. If they need any comforts, I would like for you to see them supplied."

It still cost me an effort to get ready, but as I had promised that I would do as my husband wished, the effort had to be made. By the time I was prepared to go out, I felt something better. The exertion I was required to make, tended to disperse slightly, the clouds that hung over me, and as they began gradually to move, my thoughts turned with an awakening interest towards the object of my husband's solicitude.

All was silent within the humble abode to which my errand led me. I knocked lightly, and in a few moments the mother of Edward opened the door. She looked pale and anxious.

"How is your son, Mrs. Ellis?" I enquired as I stepped in.

"He is very low ma'm," she replied.

"Not dangerous, I hope?"

"The fever has left him, but he is as weak as an infant. All his strength has left him."

"But proper nourishment will restore him, if the disease is broken."

"So the doctor says. But I'm afraid it is too late. He seems to be sinking every hour.—Will you walk up and see him ma'm?"

I followed Mrs. Ellis up stairs, and into the chamber where the sick boy lay. I was not surprised at the fear she expressed, when I saw Edward's pale sunken face, and hollow, almost expressionless eyes. He scarcely noticed my entrance.

"Poor boy!" sighed his mother. "He has had a very sick spell." My liveliest interest was at once awakened.

"He has been very sick indeed!" I replied, as I laid my hand upon his white forehead. I found that his skin was cold and damp. The fever had nearly burned out the vital energies of the system. "Do you give him much nourishment?"

"He takes a little barley water."

"Has not the doctor ordered wine?"

"Yes ma'm," replied Mrs. Ellis, but she spoke with air of hesitation. "He says a spoon full of good wine, three or four times a day, would be very good for him."

"And you have not given him any?"

"No ma'm."

"We have some very pure wine, that we always keep for sickness. If you will stop over to our house, and tell Alice to give you a bottle of it, I will stay with Edward until you return."

How brightly glowed that poor woman's face as my words fell upon her ears!

"Oh, ma'm, you are very kind!" said she. "But it will be asking too much of you to stay here!"

"You did not ask it, Mrs. Ellis," I smilingly replied. "I have offered to stay; so do you go for the wine as quickly as you can, for Edward needs it very much."

I was required to say no more. In a few minutes I was alone with the sick boy, who lay almost as still as if death were resting upon his half closed eye-lids. To some extent, in the half hour I remained thus in that hushed chamber, did I realize the condition and feelings of the poor mother whose only son lay gasping at the very door of death, and all my sympathies were, in consequence, awakened.

As soon as Mrs. Ellis returned with the wine, about a tea spoonful of it was diluted, and the glass containing it placed to the sick lad's lips. The moment its flavor touched his palate, a thrill seemed to pass through his frame, and he swallowed eagerly.

"It does him good!" said I, speaking warmly, and from an impulse that made my heart glow.

We sat and looked with silent interest upon the boy's face, and we did not look in vain, for something like warmth came upon his wan cheeks, and when I placed my hand again upon his forehead, the coldness and dampness was gone. The wine had quickened his languid pulses. I staid an hour longer, and then another spoonful of the generous wine was given. Its effect was as marked as at first. I then withdrew from the humble home of the widow and her only child, promising to see them again in the morning.

When I regained the street, and my thoughts for a moment, reverted to myself, how did I find myself, how did I find all changed. The clouds had been dispersed—the heavy hand raised from my bosom. I walked with a freer step. Sympathy for others, and active efforts to do others good, had expelled the evil spirits from my heart; and now serene peace had there again her quiet habitation. There was light in every part of my dwelling when I re-entered it, and I sung cheerfully, as I prepared with my own hands a basket of provisions for the poor widow.

When my husband returned in the evening, he found me at work cheerfully, in my family, and all bright and smiling again. The effort to do good to others had driven away the darkness from my spirit, and the sunshine was again upon my countenance, and reflected from every member of my household.

Lady's Wreath.

To detect arsenic in candles, take a piece of gold coin or gold collar or sleeve button, and suspend it over the flame of a candle, (one or two inches above,) taking care not to make the metal anything like hot. After being thus suspended for a few minutes, cool and rub the piece, and the sublimated arsenic will be found deposited on the polished surface of the gold. It will be amalgamated with it, and exhibit a white metallic lustre like inferior silver plate. It is well known that arsenic is used very extensively in the manufacture of all or most of the various sorts of composition candles, whatever name they assume. The community ought to have some protection against this mode of disseminating poison.—Alexandria Gazette.

Cure for Scarlet Fever.—In the Baltimore Sun we find the following, which we commend to our readers, old and young: "We published in the Sun, about a year since, a statement that the rubbing of all parts of the body three times a day with fat bacon, as soon as the scarlet fever discloses itself, was a sure remedy for the disease. We have recently been called on by a number of responsible gentlemen from the counties, who assure us that it has been tried in numerous instances with uniform success; while those who depend on medicines alone had, in most cases, fallen victims to its ravages. A gentleman yesterday assured us that in two cases in his vicinity patients had recovered under its application, after being given up as hopeless by the physicians. The remedy is simple, and can do no harm; we therefore recommend its trial."

The Baltimore Patriot publishes the following cures for dysentery and bowel complaints, and strongly recommends a trial of it:

"One pint of clean oats, to be browned the same as coffee, but not to be ground; put in a clean vessel, with two quarts of water; then simmer over the fire until reduced to one quart; when cool it off. Dose for a grown person, a common sized tumbler, sweetened with loaf sugar, all or no milk or cream. Three tumblers in almost all cases will afford relief."

Cholera Infantum is carrying off hundreds of children in New York city. Last week, three hundred and twenty-one juveniles under five years of age died from that and kindred disorders, all of whom would now be alive, says a New York letter, but for distillery milk, which is sold in large quantities, and which by analysts has been proved to be nothing more nor less than poison.

If your purse does not allow you to buy books, read men, study women and take lessons from children—without musical instruments, you may play upon the people; if you are lame, you may still run for Congress; without teeth you may backbite your neighbors; although totally blind, you can perhaps see as far into a mill stone as other people, although as deaf as a post, you will probably now ask much of last Saturday's sermon a week hence, as the rest of the congregation.

Newspapers.—There are fifty-two newspapers published in North Carolina; eight in Delaware; forty-five in South Carolina; ninety-four in Virginia; fifty-three in Georgia, and nine in Florida.

Singular Fact.—It is recorded as a singular fact, that during the late terrible conflagration at San Francisco, not a single house of worship of any kind was destroyed, while every gaubling house but three were burned.

The Weather.

We have no lack of Rain. Every day we have it in abundance, and the weather for the past week has not been so oppressively warm as some time previous. We can't brag on our Crops, and must watch and wait before we can say much about them.

We call the attention of our readers to the Card of Messrs. Glovers and Davis, Factors and Commission Merchants, Charleston, S. C.

Military Election.

We learn by yesterday's Carolinian, that Capt. H. K. Aiken has been declared elected Brigadier General of the 6th Brigade, by the Board of Officers assembled at Columbia, to decide the contested election between Captains H. K. Aiken and J. N. Shedd.

The Southern Standard.

In our judgment takes a bad way to produce Co-operation, (even at home) by copying as it does paragraphs, of not a very complimentary character, to the secessionists of South Carolina, from such prints as the New Orleans Picayune, which embrace every opportunity to ridicule the movements, of the action party. Or if it suits the Standard and Picayune better, we have no objection to saying of the "Rhettites," although we pin our faith to no man, yet we believe Mr. Rhett is right, and as long as he is in that position, we are not averse to being classed in that vocabulary, for certainly it is better than to be called "a sub." We think there is a strange inconsistency in the course which the Standard is pursuing, notwithstanding its avowal to the contrary, the Standard is doing much to bring about a state of feeling, between parties in South Carolina, which we deprecate so strongly in the Greenville Patriot, which feeling will likely result in the alienation of the two resistance parties in the State, from each other, by which the cause will be ruined, and ultimately the triumph of Perry, Thompson, Fillmore & Co., will be complete. Whether the Standard or any one else, is willing to give us much credit for smartness, is a matter to us of "supreme indifference." We believe time will show what we say to be correct.

Charleston—Co-operation.

In a recent paper, we remarked in our comments upon the late Co-operation movements in Charleston, that this City was bitterly opposed to measures of resistance, such as separate State action. The reason why such is the case, appears quite obvious. We are not surprised when we consider that Charleston in feeling and interest, is almost Northern. Capital and influence of a Northern origin, have been brought heavily to bear upon the issues of the day. It is rather surprising that so many secessionists, of the first class and letter "A" should be found in Charleston, who do not allow their interest in dollars and cents to outweigh every other consideration.—For such we must entertain feelings different from those who allow the "almighty dollar" to carry them into tame submissionism. We hope enough of the good heaven may be found, to lighten the whole political lamp, for we believe that a great many in Charleston stand upon the Co-operation platform who are opposed to action of any kind. We have been highly gratified at the reception of the following letter from an esteemed friend, which is the very antipodes of all that winks at submission. Our correspondent, after the usual preliminaries, and referring to the number of our paper which speaks of the late Co-operation movements in Charleston, says: "Upon reading your editorial, I find you making an admission, which many of us here, are by no means ready to acknowledge correct, viz: "That Charleston is bitterly opposed to measures of resistance, &c. On the contrary, the "Resistance Party" of Charleston, is daily gaining strength, and could you have attended the demonstration, made at the last meeting of our "Auxiliary Association," you would at least have found a large number present, whose names were not sent abroad, in the call for the late "Co-operation Meeting." We feel assured, that the position of parties here, is now changed, and that we shall yet be enabled, to show this fact, to our back-country friends, upon the first opportunity, that calls us to the Polls."

Cheering Intelligence.

We find the following cheering intelligence in the Charleston Mercury, which we transfer with pleasure to our columns:

FIRST GUN FROM ALABAMA.—We are indebted to a friend for a copy of a telegraphic despatch from Mobile, communicating the following gratifying intelligence:

MOBILE, August 4.—The State Rights ticket is triumphant by a large majority.

A Mean Trick.—For a subscriber to write to an editor, requesting him to stop his paper, and saddle the Editor with 5 cents postage instead of pre-paying 3 cents himself.

If persons write us letters and fail to pre-pay them, they may attribute their not being answered to their letters remaining in the post office.—Clear Spring Sentinel.

Meamer still; to let the paper run for months over the time paid for, and then order it stopped without payment; and meamer still; to take it for years, and then refuse it, without as much as saying a word about payment.

If a man has been unfortunate and will communicate to us the fact that he is unable to pay for his paper, as ill able to afford to lose as we are, we promise that his bill shall give him little trouble, and we shall esteem him none the less on account of his poverty. We therefore urge all honest subscribers to the Republican who are too poor to pay for their paper, to notify us immediately—it will only cost them the 3 cents postage.—Carolina Republican.

So say we.—Camden Journal.