

Territories, and by carrying out the nefarious measure of slavery prohibition under the bitterest denunciations against our people and our institutions.

III. Again: By interposing every obstacle to the arrest of our fugitive slaves, and by shamelessly harassing and insulting our citizens while in pursuit of their property, the North not only deprives the South of thousands of dollars annually, but heaps upon her wrongs and indignities, too flagrant for a high-minded people to bear. The North moreover perpetually annoys our people by agitating the question of slavery in and out of Congress, using towards us the most inflammatory and abusive epithets, and expressing the fixed determination to persist in their efforts, directed by their talent, influence and money, till slavery be driven entirely from the Republic. And do we not know these fanatics to be in earnest?—“There is” says BURKE, “one case, in which it would be madness not to give the fullest credit to the most deceitful of men, that is, when they make declarations of hostility against us.”

IV. Further. Under the absolute sway of the Northern majority, the sovereignty of the individual States, the great arch-pillar of Southern liberty, is becoming rapidly drawn into a huge consolidated despotism at Washington, which is destined soon to be as irresistible as it is despotic, placing the South completely at the mercy of the North, utterly destroying her equality and liberty, plucking the fruits of her honest labor, and, despite every barrier of the Constitution, subjecting her to a wretched state of slavery, from which she can never be redeemed unless by the ultimate right of revolution; a remedy always difficult to be exercised and often doubtful in its consequences.

This is but a feeble sketch of the chapter of our wrongs. To a people, not slumbering over their interests and liberties, no comment on these grievances can be necessary. They speak in trumpet tones to the brave and the free of all sexes. They call to arms! to arms!

So much for the past. What are our prospects for the future? Will not the Government continue to over-tax the South, and distribute the revenues to favor the interests of the North? Will not the most extravagant appropriations still be made for the benefit of the ruling majority in the Union? At the very last session of Congress \$50,000,000 were appropriated principally to the North and West, while the Government is indebted to an amount exceeding \$100,000,000. Will not this reckless extravagance cause the South to be continually oppressed by taxation? Will not the central power at Washington go on increasing, till, utterly destroying State rights and State sovereignty, it will reduce the Southern States to mere dependent provinces, and the Southern people to mere laborers for the North? Will not abolition fanatics still agitate, and invoke all the perverted powers of the Government to effect their hellish purpose of abolishing slavery in the States? So sure as there is a God in Heaven, these things will follow, unless checked by some strong exertion of Southern power.

We will know the Government in future only by its burdens and its exactions, and by its distribution of the spoils, which as ill-hoarded wealth, it forces from Southern industry. We can look for nothing but one interrupted train of tyrannical and oppressive measures. Banks, Tariffs, Internal Improvements, prodigal appropriations of the public lands and moneys, wicked schemes of abolition, and every shameful act of oppression which the genius of despotism can devise, will sweep over these Southern States, like fell besoms of destruction, carrying with them ruin and devastation. The South will be a mere tributary of the North; paying her stipend as regularly as the slave performs service to his task-master; and suffering impoverishment and ruin amid the most systematic industry and the most fruitful labor on the face of the globe.

Insulted, oppressed, down-trodden, with no hope of relief save in our own efforts, under the will of a just God, what ought we to do, what can we do, but resist with all our might, and with all the means the God of nature may place in our hands, the blind and heartless tyranny that oppress us?

The amount has been estimated at \$550,000 annually.

From the Savannah Georgian.

JOHN RANDOLPH, AND THE RIGHT OF SECESSION.

An extract, laudatory of the Union, from one of Mr. Randolph's speeches, a short time since went the rounds of the compromise presses. That its author was to the time of his death, a true friend of the Union, admits of no more doubt than he was a friend of the South, and of his darling doctrine of State rights. Yet, in these days, when an assertion of the right of secession makes a man a disunionist, what is to be thought of the following resolutions, drafted by Mr. Randolph, and submitted by him to the people of Charlotte county, Va., at the courthouse assembled:

“Resolved, That Virginia is and of right ought to be a free, sovereign and independent State.” That she became so by her own sovereign act, which has since been recognized by all the civilized world, and has never been disavowed, retracted, or in any wise impaired or weakened by any subsequent act of hers.

“Resolved, That Virginia has never parted with the right to recall the authority so delegated for good and sufficient cause, nor with the right to judge the sufficiency of such cause, and to SECEDE from the Confederacy whenever she shall find the benefit exceeded by its evils—union being the means of securing happiness, and not an end, to which it should be sacrificed.

“Resolved, That while we utterly reprobate the doctrine of Nullification as equally weak and mischievous, we cannot for that reason, give our countenance to principles, equally unfounded, and in the highest degree dangerous to the liberties of the people.”

Yet this great man—for great notwithstanding his eccentricities he truly was, not only in the eloquence of the orator, but in the wisdom of a statesman—yet he, much as he was devoted to the Union, were he now living, would expose himself, for the announcement of the foregoing sentiments, to denunciation as a disunionist.

It will be seen that Mr. I placed the right of secession where it must rest, upon the broad, immovable, and indestructible rock of State sovereignty and independence. He thought that Patrick Henry, and Thomas Jefferson, and George Washington had by the tongue, the pen, and the sword, secured and achieved for Virginia, their country, something more than the right possessed now by the serfs of Russia, and even their own African slaves. He thought that Virginia, in ceasing to be a province of Great Britain, did not become a province of New England, or of New England and all the other States combined. He thought that her people had done something else than transfer their allegiance from King George to king numbers—enthroned as the latter is, with despotic powers, north of the Potomac. He did not think that her long struggle, commenced by Patrick Henry in the house of burgesses, with the cry of “treason!” ringing in his ears, and ended by Washington on the glorious field of Yorktown, had done more for Virginia than to give to her the right of revolution—the right of withdrawing from the Union in case she could whip the general government; and had doomed her to the fate of submissively remaining in it, in case she could not whip that government.

If the people of the different States—or to come home—if the people of Georgia have not the right to change their government, it is high time that they did have it. Whether they ever wish to exercise it, is another thing. But as soon as the State shall cease to claim and insist upon the right so soon may she bid farewell to her sovereignty, and to the liberties of her people. She becomes subject to the will, not of a majority of her own citizens, but of an extraneous multitude whose interest, prejudices and feelings are antagonistic to her good.

From the Mountain Banner.

ABOLITIONISTS IN GUILFORD.

The Greensboro Patriot of last week contains the report of a committee appointed to take into consideration the state of affairs produced by the incendiary preaching of McBride, Crooks, and one Bacon in that section. The committee is convinced that said preachers are incendiaries of the abolitionists. McBride is already gone, and the report declares that Crooks and Bacon must leave—they must be got rid of “peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must.”

These emissaries, it appears, have made a good many converts in Guilford, and we learn that there was a regular row at Union church 3 miles from Jamestown, on Saturday the 26th ult. It is stated that there were about 300 on the side of the preachers, and that clubs, stones, &c., were freely used, but no one very seriously damaged. A reward of \$200 was offered for the apprehension of Crooks and Bacon, or \$100 for either of them, after the 5th of August. We annex a letter, published in the Patriot, and vouched for as genuine. It was written in Indiana by a former resident of Guilford:

“Before this reaches you the battle between the ‘respectable descendants’ on one part and McBride and Crooks on the other part, will probably have been fought; yet I give it as my opinion that McBride and Crooks will not be driven from your county alive; and if the ‘respectable’ shall in obedience to law and order, slay them upon the field, their places will be again and quickly filled by ‘a few more of the same sort.’ I know this, because I have conversed with one of their allies in this county, who says, that though 50 years of age, he is ready to take their places. It is known here, if not in your County, that there is a number of citizens of Guilford that are leagued with these men in concocting and carrying out their plans. What will the ‘respectable’ do with them? Their name is legion, and their influence is not limited to their own families, while their horses are not slow of foot when mounted by a runaway negro, on his route north. ‘If this swarm of flies be driven away, their places will be supplied by others more hungry.’ I have mentioned these things to show you that in passing in condemnation on the ‘respectable’ mob, I am in the right use of my reason, not fanatical, but disposed to look at things as they are, and to submit to the laws of my country. In conclusion, let me say (and I speak advisedly) that wherever these ministers have obtained the foothold that they now have in Guilford, the peace and quiet of the slaveholding community is at an end; and much as I love wealth, I would not this day accept as a present, the best farm and negroes in your county, with the understanding that I should be compelled to remain with them 8 years. For whether slavery be right or wrong, of God or the Devil, its days are numbered, Union or no Union. The North has the ascendancy, and the power, the will and the determination, to break its bonds, and that at no very distant period. There is an upheaving of sentiment, and a running out after ‘things new’ a love of reform either fancied or real among the people of the great Northwest, that betokens this more strongly than does any opposition to the fugitive slave bill.”

Later from Mexico.—The barque Brazillero arrived on Monday at New-York from Vera Cruz, with \$78,000. The dates from the City of Mexico are to July 18. Mr. E. Conue of the Alta California, who came passenger, has furnished the New-York papers with Mexican news, from which we copy the following:

Col. Ramsey is still in Mexico urging the government to give him the privilege of constructing a road from Vera Cruz to Acapulco. The Americans throughout the Republic, and especially at the Capital, complain much of the laxity of our government in forcing their representatives to fulfill the obligations of their offices. Our minister has been absent upwards of six months; the Consul at Vera Cruz is also absent. Throughout the whole country there does not appear to be any protections for the Americans.

The Fourth of July was celebrated at the Capital in the proper form, though the flag was not hoisted during the day.

There is little or no travel to or from California through Mexico. Facilities are bad, and obstacles great and numerous.

The schooner Ellen Mar, unjustly seized at

Minatitan some time since, is still in possession of the Mexican Government.

The Americans generally complain of the injustice and insults constantly offered by the authorities.

The Chamber of Deputies were again in session.

General Arista, the President, has lost his popularity; and is in bodily fear, being constantly attended by a large guard of dragoons.

There appears to be some difficulty between the government and the British Representatives, in regard to the monthly payment of the interest of the British debt.

The last mail steamer left Vera Cruz without any specie, and it is said to be in consequence of a letter from the Representatives upon the matter, that this extra session of the Deputies has been convened. There were no American vessels at Vera Cruz.

CAMDEN,

TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 26, 1851.

THO. J. WARREN, Editor.

Mr. Z. J. DeHay, will act as my Agent from this date. THO. J. WARREN. August 26, 1851.

The Weather.

On Sunday morning between 9 and 10 o'clock, it commenced raining, and continued without intermission during the whole day, accompanied with high wind. A heavy freshet in the River is anticipated which if it comes, will do much damage.

Southern Manufactured Shoes.

We announce with pleasure that our friends and neighbors, Messrs. Alden & Murray, are extensively engaged in the Manufacture of Plantation and House Servants' Shoes, together with Leather of every description, and that they can compete with Northern manufacture, both in Price and Quality. They do not hesitate to say that they can furnish a better article for the same money, than can be bought of Northern work.

We have examined their Brogans, made especially for the Southern Market, a specimen of which can be seen at our office. Their stock of Boots, Shoes, &c., is complete and will compare favorably with any in the State.

Death of an Editor.

By the Fayetteville North Carolinian, which came to us this morning clad in mourning, we learn the painful news of the death of its Editor; he died on Friday last, the 23d inst. See Obituary Notice from that paper in another column.

Whitaker's Magazine.

The first Number of this beautiful Southern Periodical is to hand. We have not had time to more than glance at it, but that is sufficient to persuade us that if it is properly sustained, it will be a very valuable addition to the Literature of our State. The opening article is a review of the ‘Compromise,’ which we shall take some pains to peruse, for Mr. Whitaker is a judge in such matters whose opinions are worthy of respect.—‘Obadiah Ollapod's Visit to the Shetland Islands,’ ‘the Life of Curran,’ ‘South Carolina—Her Past and Present Position,’ are among the most prominent articles in the Number before us.

Senator Rhett.

This zealous champion of Southern Rights is now making a tour of the State, and wherever he goes his presence is hailed with delight. We hope in his peripatetic he will visit this District, and stir up the hearts of our Southern Rights friends; the subject requires some agitation, for we are getting lukewarm; we ought to know how we stand; if we are unfortunately few in number, let us make it up in our zeal and devotion to the cause of our rights and our honor.

The Baltimore Sun

Continues to snap up every little treasonable sentiment uttered by any of the submissionists in our State, and to roll it up as a sweet morsel under the tongue, at the same time that it can use the most sneering language against the friends of Southern rights, who, regardless of the petty horde of Newspaper scribblers at and adjacent (as is Baltimore) to the North, speak out their sentiments.

The people of Baltimore have been for a year or more, trying to supplant the real North, and securing the trade of the South. Not succeeding as far as their expectations, in consequence of its leaning to the North, though slaveholding, the Press will doubtless let slip no opportunity of venting its disappointment on the South, and especially South Carolina. Such conduct is very unbecoming, and we shall endeavor to do our duty by holding it up to public condemnation, whenever an opportunity offers.

FOOTE AND QUITMAN.

The Editor of the Memphis Enquirer who was present at Hernando on the 20th ult., and heard Gen. Foote and Quitman speak, thus states the result of his observations:

“Gen. Foote took the stand a little before 11 o'clock, and for three or four hours held the audience enchained by one of the ablest and most ingenious speeches we have ever listened to. We shall not attempt any thing like even a synopsis of the various points of his argument. * * * Gen. Foote is certainly an able, skillful, and thoroughly well-informed politician; and in listening to him we cannot resist the belief that he is sincere, honest and patriotic in his feelings and purposes. He is, indeed, a perfect encyclopedia of political history. His language is chaste and well chosen, and his manner mild, conciliatory, and occasionally broadly humorous. His defence of the Compromise, and his demonstration of the sound policy of the South's acquiescing in it, and insisting upon its maintenance, were answerable.

Of Gen. Quitman, it says: ‘The Governor is a fine gallant looking man, that impressed us strongly with the idea

of his personal worth as a soldier and an honest hearted gentleman. We would judge, however, that the sea of politics upon which he has adventured, is beyond the depth of his capacities. Certainly he is no sort of a match for Gen. Foote, either in political knowledge, or in natural mental endowment.—Weekly Independent.

We clip the above paragraph from the Wadsworth Argus, merely to show how very easy it is for some men to believe, and try to make others believe that evil is good, and good evil.

Gen. Quitman may be quite as much of a time serving, vacillating, truckling politician as Gen. Foote, that is a point we are ready to yield, but as regards patriotism, stability and consistency, he is as much the superior to H. Stuart Foote, as George Washington was of Benedict Arnold. All who are acquainted with the political course of the two men, will acknowledge the absurdity of the above paragraph, which should have been written, where neither of them were ever heard of in order for it to obtain any credit. Any ‘more of the same sort,’ Mr. Argus? * * *

GREENVILLE SUBMISSIONIST.—The submission party of this District is a party sui generis. There is nothing like it in the heavens above or earth beneath. Milton's fallen angels warred against all the opposing hosts of heaven and owned Lucifer for a common chief; there was at least unity of design and concert of action in all their diabolical proceedings. Not a bit of this is seen among the angelic squad of Greenville submissionists. They praise and confederate with those they profess to hate. They hate their friends and love their enemies. They court the ill will of their neighbours and receive therefore the good will and commendations of their and our enemies. They desire a Southern Congress to redress Southern grievances and say that the South has no grievances. They denounce the proposed State Convention as unjust and unconstitutional, and say that none of its acts will be of any binding effect whatever on the good people of this State; and yet they propose a long string of constitutional amendments to be made by that same unjust and unconstitutional Convention. They are Democrats and take Gen. TROXTON, the chief of Whigs in this State, for their guide and leader. They, or some of them, are slave owners and denounce their fellow slave owners with more bitterness for trying to preserve that property than they do the abolitionists who seek to destroy it. Such are the principles of the Greenville submissionists. It is vain to reason with men who show such utter contempt for common sense and for all reason. ‘Ephraim is joined to his folly and let him alone.’ [Greenville Mountaineer.]

INTERESTING FROM HAVANA.

MOBILE, August 21. The United States steamer Vixen arrived at Pensacola yesterday, with four days later news from Havana.

Gen. Lopez made a stand thirty miles west of Havana, at Mariel. Two engagements ensued. The patriots were successful in both.—Spanish loss 80 officers and 300 men. The killed and wounded were carried to Havana, and the former buried with great pomp.

On Friday last Gen. Lopez' force numbered from twelve to fourteen hundred men, and accessions were being made to it daily. On the night of the 14th over 100 men left Havana to join the invaders. Fifty eight Cuban deserters were taken on the morning of the 16th. Preparations were being made for the execution of a Spanish Colonel, aid to the Governor.

BINGO—A GEORGIA SKETCH.

BY HON. R. M. CHARLTON.

A few years ago I attended the Superior court of —. The court adjourned late in the night, and the judge and bar being weary, retired to their beds immediately thereafter.—We were in the same room, and immediately adjoining to us was the bar room, and the chairs or vacant spaces in the partition enabled us to see and hear all that was going on.—Shortly after we had retired, about forty men, ‘pretty well cornered and up to every thing,’ entered the liquor room. No sooner had they arrived there than they commenced boasting. ‘I am the step father of the earth!’ said one. ‘I am the yellow blossom of the forest!’ said another, and requested his fellow citizens then and there being ‘to nip the bud if they dare.’ ‘I'm kin to a rattlesnake on my mother's side!’ shouted the earth's ancestor. This seemed to be a ‘suedoliger,’ (which translated into latin means neplus ultra;) for the yellow blossom stopped to consider what answer he could possibly make to this high claim to ancestry; a happy thought struck him.

“Will you drink or fight?” roared he in a voice of thunder. A silence ensued, or at least a sudden murmur, ‘twixt which and silence there was nothing.’ Perhaps a more embarrassing question could not have been propounded. The rattlesnake's son was exceedingly thirsty; the sands of Africa were not more so; and liquor was the idol of his heart. He loved it dearly, but he loved fighting also; and here was a glorious chance to ‘lick’ an adversary he had longed to get at. Curia vult adversare. He was deliberating between these equally pleasant alternatives, when it occurred to him that it was possible to accomplish both.

“Both!” responded he, “both. I'll drink first—I'll fight afterwards.” A loud shout of approbation rose from the crowd. The liquor was called for—a pint of buck eye—and impartially divided into two tumblers. The adversaries each took one, and grasping each other with their left hands, and touching the glasses together in amity, drained their respective glasses to the last drop, then smashed them over the heads of each other, and at it they went. A clamor ensued, so terrific that the English language has no word that would be sufficiently expressive of it. All sorts of encouragement was offered by the friends of each combatant, and an amateur, who had no particular predilection for either, jumping upon the counter, and commenced singing a poetic description of all the naval battles of America, from the time of Columbus to the present day, which somebody had the barbarity to put into miserable verse, keeping

time with his heels on the counter, just as he got to the 19th verse, and was in what he called the ‘wasp and hornet engagement,’ his melody was stopped by a shrill cry from the ‘yellow blossom from the forest’ who began to fall into the sere and yellow leaf, and gave manifest symptoms of being whipped.

“He bites!” screamed he. “I get my livelihood by biting,” said the other, relaxing his hold for a moment, and then taking a fresh start.

“Nuff, nuff, take him off!” Up rose the Rattlesnake amidst cheering.—His first impulse was to crow like a cock; then he changed his genus very suddenly, and declared he was a ‘sea-horse of the mountain,’ and that he had sprung from the Potomac of the earth, then he was a bear with a sore head, a lion with a mangy tail, a flying whale, in short he announced himself to be every possible and impossible bird, beast and fish that the land or sea ever produced.

His wit having exhausted itself, some fresh excitement or novelty was requisite.

“Let's have Bingo!” suggested a bystander. “Huzza for Bingo,” echoed the crowd. Well, thought I, I don't know who and what Bingo is, but I do know, that when things reach their worst condition, any chance must be for the better, I say too, ‘Huzza for Bingo!’ Alas!—as the sequel proved, I deceived myself greatly.

A Gallon of whiskey with spice in it, and a gallon of Malaga wine, were placed on a large round table, around which about forty men seated themselves, having first elected a president *vice voce*. The president elect commenced the game by singing at the top of his voice. A farmer's dog sat on the barn door.

And Bingo was his name, O! And Bingo was his name, O!

“B,” said the President, “I,” said the next, “n,” the third, “g,” the fourth, “o,” the fifth, and then the chorus taking up the letter “o,” again shouted.

“And Bingo was his name O!” If either missed a letter, or said “n” for example, when he should have said “B” his penalty was to take a drink and the company a privilege to drink with him, and with such slight interruptions as time for drinking would occupy this continued for about six hours.

At last the patience of the Judge, who is quite a young man, and who is not more than a squirrel's jump from me while I write, became exhausted, and he called for the landlord. Our host, who was a tailor by trade, and was also one of the Bingo fraternity, made his appearance with a candle in his hand, and a very affectionate drunken leer upon his countenance. “Go sir,” said the judge, “into the next room and tell those drunken lunatics if they do not stop their beastly noise, I'll commit every one of them to jail in the morning for contempt of court.”

“Oh, Judge!” answered our host, holding up his unoccupied hand in token of his amazement, “Oh, judge, you'll give me the double breasted horrors! Why judge, work is scarce and people's pertulker and if I was to preliminary your orders to that crowd of gentlemen, why judge, I'd pick up a thrashing in a little less than no time,” and off he staggered. Bingo was forthwith resumed and gradually the chorus became more confused and indistinct.—Chaos had come again. The actions of the virtuous gentlemen there assembled ceased to be above board and were carried on under the table. Some snoring, others hiccuping, others cascading. Bingo had ceased to be, except when some sleeper, feeling some painful sensation from his attitude, &c., would exclaim “Oh!” which would wake up his immediate neighbor who, the ruling passion strong in death, would exclaim, “And Bingo was —” and then relapse into such silence as a drunken man falls into.

Exclusion of Negroes from Indiana.—Our readers have been already informed of the adoption of a new Constitution for the State of Indiana, and also of the adoption of an article excluding colored people from that State, which was submitted to a separate vote of the people. The clause thus adopted is in the following words, and it received a much larger vote than the new Constitution:

“Sec. 1. No negro or mulatto shall come into or settle in this State after the adoption of this Constitution.

“Sec. 2. All contracts made with any negro or mulatto coming into this State contrary to the foregoing section shall be void; and all persons who shall employ, or otherwise encourage such negro or mulatto to remain in the State, shall be fined in any sum not less than ten dollars nor more than five hundred dollars.

“Sec. 3. All fines which may be collected for a violation of the provisions of this article, or any law which may hereafter be passed for the purpose of carrying the same into execution, shall be set apart and appropriated for the colonization of such negroes and mulattoes, and their descendants, as may be in the State at the adoption of this Constitution, and may be willing to emigrate.

“Sec. 4. The General Assembly shall pass laws to carry out the provisions of this article.”

DEATH OF THE EDITOR.

It is with sorrow and regret that we announce the death of the Editor of this paper, Wm. H. BAYNE. He departed this life on Friday, the 22d inst., at a quarter past 3 o'clock, p. m.

For some time past, he was confined to his bed, unable to attend to his business; but his friends and acquaintances indulged a hope of his recovery until within the last few days.

The deceased was a native of Washington city, but has been a resident of Fayetteville since the 4th of July, 1840, at which time he took charge of the Carolinian. He leaves a wife and five small children to mourn the loss of a kind protector and friend.

Since his residence in this place, he has made numerous friends, who will long remember his many good qualities.

In consequence of this sad event occurring just at the moment of putting the paper to press, we have not time to lengthen this announcement.

[North Carolinian.]