The Sumter Banner: PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY WILLIAM J. FRANCIS.

TERMS:

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Two Dollars in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty-cents at the expiration of six months, or Three Dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietor IT Advertisements inserted at 75 cts. per square, (14 lines or less,) for the first and half that sum for each subsequent insertion at The number of insertions to be marked on all Advertisements or they will be publish.

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sure punctual attendance.

Political.

From the Washington Union. The Appeal of a Taylor Demo-

In compliance with Mr. Lippard's request, we lay the following communication before our readers It is a bold animated, and stiring appeal to the President. We have no doubt, with its author, that thousands of Democrats were induced to vote for Gen. Taylor in consequence of his pleages; and we doubt not that almost all of them will abandon his administration in consequence of his having violated these

The following letter carries force with it, because its main statement is true. Gen. Taylor could never have been elected without the vote of the Taylor Democrats, and he could never have obtained their votes without the pledges which he gave. We call the reader's attention particularly to the correspondence which passed between Mr. Lippard and Gen. Taylor during the campaign. The General's letter to Mr. L. has been frequently published, but Mr. L's letter to the General is now for the first time given to the wold. This letter sheds light upon the General's. It shows why the General wrote his letter

and how it is to be interpreted.

PHILADELPHIA, May 22, 1849.

Will you pardon me if I make bold to say a few words with you in explanation of the reasons which induced me to support you for the office of President of the United States? These reasons may also give some idea of the motives which swayed hundreds of thousands of your fellow-citizens.

I am no politician. I never yet asked for an office, and certainly shall not people. ask one at your hands. In speaking to you, I do not lay claim to any political Democrats in this Stae, I depend upon influence. I am backed by no I control no body of voters: I only no case be the President of a party, but speak to you as a citizen of the United the President of the people." On this States, having no influence beyond my vote, and the truths which I utter.

In the year 1847, while a member of the Democratic Association of the county of Philadelphia, I began the first of a series of four works upon the history of Mexico. That first book of the series was intended to comprise a history of your campaigns in Mexico. While writing that work, I became vividly impressed with the frankness, the iron common senses the unswerving sincerity of your character. Sick of the warefare of parties, I looked to you as the man who had been called by Providence to put an end to the mercenary bitterness of this warfare, by assuming the position of Washington-not with parties, but in the hearts of the people.

And this idea of your character, embodied in the work to which reference is made, was diffused by its pages among a class of voters entirely distinct and seperate from the Whig party; a class of voters who, imbued with the progressive spirit of Christianity, are opposed to the principles of the Whig party, as embodied in the history of the Whig corporation of Philadelphia, and who are in favor of judicial and national reform-who advocate the freedom of the public domain and the right of labor to the harvest of its toil. This idea induced me to desert my party associations, break party lines, and advocate Zachary Taylor as the candidate of the people.

In the month of April, 1848, your chances for the Presidency were vague and uncertain. The Whig politicians in Philadelphia—at least the most prominent of them all—fairly laughed at the mention of your name in connexion with that high office. When the Baltimore Convention assembled, it was the earnest hope of thousands of the demo-

the nomination at the hands of the representatives of the democratic party. This hope proved fruitless. But at the Whig Convention, assembled in Philadelphia in June, 1848, party lines were finally broken; the very spirit and front of the Whig party were crushed Henouth and front of the Whig party were crushed Henouth and front of the Whig party were crushed Henouth and state and the place, like a hearth-rug with the Presidency, has been duly received.

In reply, I have to say that I am not a party candidate, and if elected, shall not be the President of a party, but the President of whole people.

I am, dear sir, with high respect and puppy one of the some of the work of the Whig party were crushed Henouth and the place, like a hearth-rug with an asthma!—And that Mr. Montmide could never have clevated you to the puppy—one of the sore-throat-catching school—fellows who think a sonuct and a neck-cloth incompatible! He'll be coming here with his collar down on his shoulders, like a greyhound's care. This hope proved fruitless. But at the Whig Convention, assembled in Philadelphia in June, 1848, party lines were finally broken; the very spirit and front of the Whig party were crushed Henry Clay, balloted for in the name of the Whig party, failed to receive its votes, and Zachary Taylor, nominated fin the and Zachary Taylor, nominated "in the name of the people," was presented to the people without any other platform

than his independence from the spirit

and trammels of party.

Doubtless, you have often had described to you the scenes which marked the history of this June convention—the dismay of the Whig politicians of the veritable Whig school—the curses Whig papers in New York denounced it as a "Locofoco" forgery. The North American in Philadelphia, (once sacrifice of Whig principles, Whig plat-forms, and Henry Clay, at the feet of

Zachary Taylor. Nominated at the convention amid the ruins of Whigism, and nominated in the name of the people, the Whig party did not dare to claim you as a veritable Whig of the true whig stamp, until about the 5th of July, 1848, when news came to Philadelphia that Hon. Bailie Peyton had, in New Orleans, solemnly endorsed you as a Whig, and placed your feet somewhere amid the ruins of the demolished Whig platform.

This statement gave inexpressible pain to thousands of your friends in Pennsylvania. Well aware that you had not been nominated as the candidate of any party, certain that you could not by any chance be elected in the name or on the platform of the Whig party, your friends-I speak of the masses, who loved you for yourself and for your independent position; received the statement of Mr. Peyton with an emotion that was not to be mistaken or evaded. They felt that either Mr. Peyton was in error, or that Zachary Taylor had falsified his often-repeated pledges. Under the influence of this wide spread feeling, I made bold to write and send you the following letter. Its very abruptness of style, indicates the sincerity which impelled its composition:

PHILADELPHIA, July 5, 1848. GENERAL: Will you regard a word from a friend as impertinent or obstrusive? It is after a great deal of reluc-tance that I am induced to trouble you again: but having faith in you now, as I have had ever since I pledged what literary reputation I posses to you in my book—"The Legends of Mexico or Battles of Taylor." I make bold to say a frank word to the general of the

lique: your declaration "that you would in ground the Democrats of Pennsylvania will vote for you by hundreds and thou-

But we are now told that you are exclusively the Whig candidate, to be run as a Whig, elected as a Whig, and under Whig issues.

If this be the case, the State of Pennsylvania will be lost to Taylor and the country.

I do not believe this to be the case Those who think with me in this county do not believe it. But to set the matter at rest, will you answer this letter with one line? and with that line the Democratic hundreds and thousands of Pennsylvania will move in a body for you.

General, do not reject this appeal from a man who loves you for your battles, and the moral grandeur displayed in them; but loves you, first and last, because you have taken the position of Washington; not with parties, but in the hearts of the people.

And as for the line, say simply: "I am still the candidate, not of party exclusively; but if a candidate at all, the candidate of the people."

GEORGE LIPPARD.

Here General, was the whole case plainly stated in a line. You were here told that if the attempt was made to elect you as a Whig, and upon Whig issues, the State of Pennsylvania would try. At that time, with thousands of as the candidate of the people would sub-serve the best interests of the country. And what was your reply to this letter, which appealed to the best feelings of your nature? On the 9th of August I received your answer which I annex: [Private.] BATON ROUGE, (La.)]

July 24, 1848. }
DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 5th

GEORGE LIPPARD, esq. Philadelphia,

This, you well remember, was after you had accepted the Whig nomination in a letter which said nothing at all

about Whig principles.

The publication of your letter of Ju-

the organ of Henry Clay, and now the Northern organ of the Secretary of State,) seized upon the word "Private," and in weary columns assailed the person to whom the letter was addressed, as the betrayor of your confidence. Other journals, however, which circulated among the masses, hailed this letter with unqualified approval, and placed it at the head of their columns as "the great creed and watchword of the Taylor party."
I must frankly tell you, that had

you not made the declaration embraced in this letter, I, for one, could not have advocated your election, nor given you my vote. Certain it is, that without this declaration, (soon followed by your mous for her old Democratic majority of "twenty-five thousand."

What was the result of this letter, and of the excitement immediately consequent upon its publication? The Whig party in Pennsylvania forthwith dropped the very name of Whig. They stored it away-perchance under the sepulcher of Girard's squadered bequest, may be under the ruins of some broken bank, but you well know, and every reader of the papers know, that in the late campaign the battle was fought, not under the name of Whig, but under the united names of 'Taylor and Filmore.'

The Democrats were tasked to vote for you as the independent candidate--the candidate of the people-as the man who had no friends to reward, no encmies to punish-in fact, as Zachary Tayler, who, in case of his election, would not be President of a party, but the President of the whole people.

And with your letter in my hand, I addressed thousands of my Democratic fellow-citizens, and, on the security of your unbroken faith, stated that you could not, in any event, become the President, much less the creature, of a party. Upon your own solemn declaration, I honestly advocated you as "the President of the whole people."

I did not for a moment indulge the thought that you could ever become the centre of a mere party adminsitration. Had I been told, by you that you would ever become the head of an administration made up Whig paliticians, I could not in any case, have advocated your claims, nor would you have received the votes of a hundred Democrats in Pennsylvania.

Now, General, the smoke of the contest has cleared away. You are the President. Elected upon the faith of

Have you fulfiled these pledges? Ask your own heart, call back that iron purpose, that clear-souled integrity which bore you through the carnage of Buena Vista, survey the faces of your cabinet, and the faces of those partisans be mopped to death. Who can live in use of drying or dining, either? Twelet cabinet, and the faces of those partisans of your cabinet who now storm the White House for the spoils of office. Answer me! I have a right to ask an anwer. You pledged your faith to me, braken your word, and could not forget to-morrow what you pledged to-day.

Was that letter of July 24, which I bore through Pennsylvania, only a cunningly devised fable? Was it your intention to send me for the to the masses of the people with a lie in my mouth? that I might become your agent in duping and swindling my fellow citizens

into the trammels of the Whig party?

position. They were not bought with silver, gold, or the hope of office, but

won to you by your pledges.

And now, sir, you will allow me to ask you one or two questions:

In what part of your administration are these democratic votes represented? Among the army of office-hunters who now besiege the doors of the White House, how many of your democratic supporters can you discover?

Sir, the truth must be told; and as I supported you earnestly and sincerely, I will speak the truth with most uncourtly frankness.

Your election has been fruitful only in discontent and dissatisfaction. Elected in the name of the people, you are surrounded by advisers chosen not even from the manhood of the Whig party, but from its veriest hacks and trimmers. These advisers seek to entail upon the country, on a colossal scale, a system of error and misrule such as disgraced the age in the shameless expenditure of the Girard bequest by the Whig corporation of Philadelphia.

Had you been elected as a Whig, and upon the srtength of any known Whig creed, I would not complain. Is it not a painful thought that you, the man of the people, should sit there in Wash-Charleston letter.) you could not have ington as the leader of the mere frag-gained the vote of Pennslyvania, fa-ment of a party—as the embodiment not of a Whigism like that of Henry Clay, which states its principles and fights its battles in the sun, but of a Whigism which works in darkness, gathers strength by unholy coalitions, and builds its power upon-broken

And now, sir, as I wash my hands of the last traces of political Taylorism, as I state my regret that I ever acted the part which your pledges made me act, you at least must admit that I never no taker's! Oh lachrymose laughter! served you with the hope of office, that melancholy mirth! . . I have always been among that humble band who, working well and long for you, under the impression that they also worked for the good of their country, could neither ask nor accept office at your hands; for those hands which were free at Buena Vista, free in the late campaign, are now tied by the trammels which have been fashioned from the very ruins of the whig party.

GEORGE LIPPARD. To President Zachary Taylor.

Mliscellann.

BY THE LATE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

"ITEMS FROM OUR JOURNAL--(rom the 23d to 28th of may, 1849. Wednesday 23d Rain-during the Evening.

Thursday 24th Rain-during the morning and Evening-thunder and lightning. Friday 25th Rain- during the Evening-

thunder and lightning. Saturday 26th Cold Rain.

Sunday 27th Deluges of Rain-accompained with thunder and lightning-lasting until the morning of the 28th."

"Here is weather-what a daynay, what a succession of days-rain, cold and hot--drizzle almost ice in May, -rain, rain reciprocated ad nauseum.

such a country? No one can. No me vita. wonder all the folks look so thin and hourly under the knowledge.

"I'LL GO OUT: I can't catch more than fifty complaints, which no man, as they are entirly American, attached certainly be lost to Taylor and the coun- To vouch for your "independence of to the interests of his country can wish party" in October, in order to find you to be without. Yes I'll go out; for I Democrats, I believe that your election in May at the head of a mere cabal of a shall have that simpering Simpson callparty? Did you make a dupe of me, so | ing again, who pretends to cheerfulness | Massa?" -the impostor. Cheerfulness in the country! Preposterous lie!-and comes here grinning, chuckling, and crowing bling something-a head like a hedge-You know that the Whig party of out his good-humour, as he thinks it—itself, or by its own issues, could never his melancholy, the unhappy man! have accomplished your election. You That Johnson, too, threatened he would elegant compound word chaw-bacon. know that the Whig leaders, fresh from call—Heaven avert such an infliction! What is man, if this Cyclops is one! the slaughter of Henry Clay—of that I hate that fellow; and I hate his fat Have you any thing to cat?" cratic masses that you would receive inst. asking of me a line or two in re | man who has for twenty four years sac- | Scotch Tonic wadling and wheezing

his shoulders, like a greyhound's cars, and his eyes turned up to the windows, as if he was apestrophising the nursery-maid over the way. Thank heaven, I hate every affectation most heartily!

ment to those Miss Thompsons, over the way, beating Hertz to death with I take 'mine ease in mine inn.' wires!—and he deserves the martyr Curses on that peg in the wall! It was dom;—that intolerable Italian has done more to brank the peace of his country by its look to hint that it could sustain more to brank the peace of his country than all the riotists in the last quarter the weight of the wearer. And that of a century: And there's that Rose imp there, perched on the point of it, below, buzzing about like a bee, with how busy it is adjusting an unsubstanthat eternal oh! Susannah. If I stay at tial rope, with a supernatural Jack home I shall be bored again with that Ketch-like sort of solemnity! Shadows thubarb-headed Doctor counting my pulse and the fractional parts of his fee hideous faces mop and mow at met at the same time -one, two, three, four, That knot in the wainscot glares at me five pulsations-shillings, he means, in like the eye of an Ogre! The wormfewer seconds; and looking at my ton- eaten floor cracks and squeaks under gue-What's my tongue to him, the my tread; and the cricket shrills under

of doors as in. More wind!-There's a gust! A Trinidad tornado is a trumpet-solo to it! and that's rain! What a country! what a clime! Good heawhich surmounted the chimney at S's. is at his old tricks with the pigeons at B's.! Whew! well flown pigeon! well run sign he once lived under." fox! Down they go over the parapet, with a running accompaniment of shin-gles and bricks!—That slow gentleman with the unbrella! the whole is about his head! down he goes! he is killed! Murder! no, up he gets again! away goes his umbrella! and now his hat! a steeplechase is sedentary to his persuit! they have turned the corner, hat, umbrella, and gentleman! two to one on the hat!

"Mrs. Fondleman, if any thing should happen to me in my absence-why do you smile, Madam? my affairs are arranged-you will find my will in the writing desk; and the cash in the drawer will disburse your account for the last quarter."

"La, sir! are you out of your senses?"

et me go, for go I will.

It is a sullen and savage satisfaction,

am determined.

"Well, here I am, I care not how your solemn pledges, you are at the Horrible climate. Wretched beings of faces I have met all along the road! head of the government. who are heirs to it—Almost got the and all, I am happy to say, to all apchills thinking over it. Why Chili pearance as miserable and unhappy where it rains six months at a stretch, as myself--all climate-struck, spring a perpetual Paradise to it .- Lapland, wretched, Southern happy! . . . But with its everlasting snows an eternal I am wet, weary, and hungry-where

wonder all the folks look so thin and sallow—they don't live—don't know how to live—its not life, nor it aint peace may hope to have their heads keep.' Do they? Here is a case in "What have we here? 'The Sumter an humble citizens that you had never death--it is some intermediate state hung out for signs? Well, the men of point. Some friends of ours, who gave which they cannot understand, and war are welcome to the preference, and us to understand that they consider have no term to express. But I see may divide their out-of-door honours our notions on this particular subject as the distinction too palpably and sink with the United States and Mansion little better than moonshine, obstinate-Houses of less navel and military publy refused even to give us the opportulications. 'Horses taken in to bait'aye, and asses too ... I'll enter. assertions; consequently, in the kind-Curse the bell-rope! woven of cobweb, I suppose, that it may be added as another item to the bill. Waiter! is, for nothing at all. But it so hap-[Enter waiter] "What's wanting,

"What a brute! in a smock-frock tucked up-one hand in his pocket fumhog-a mere mandrake in top-boots and corduroys-a personification of that

"Why do you stand there rubbing your hair down? It's rough enough, you sleek roughness! Send your mas

"Ize no massa Zur." "What have you then? who is your eeper?"

"Missuz."

"Missuz."

"Well, send in the Sycorax. What a horrible dungeon of a room they have pursory-maid over the way. Thank eaven, I hate every affectation most eartily!

"I must go out; for, only listen a molent to those Miss Thompsons, over the ay, beating Hertz to death with seem to flicker along the wall, and quack!—as Figaro sings, "Let him the hearth stone! I cannot bear this! look to his own." Waiter! Waiter! [Enter the landlaydy.]

"Yes, I'll go out; for it is as safe out Waiter! waiter! [Enter the landlaydy.] What in the name of all that is monumental, have we here? The whole Duty of Man, in one volume, tall copy -neat. I never beheld such a woman till now! six feet two, I should think, in vens! there's a gust! Ha! ha! ha! the her slippers! Respected be the memory chimney-pots off on a visit—and the fox of the late landlord of the Sumter Head! If he subdued such an Eve as this, he

> "What is your pleasure, sir? curtseyind respectfully.
>
> (I stand up-and my eyes are on a

line with the keys at her waist.) "Mrs. --Mrs.--'' "Furlong' sir, at your command."

"Furlong! mile, exactly, not a foot less. Be good enough, Mrs. Furlond; to let me have a couple of chops, cooked in your most capable manner; and, pray, do show me into a more cheerful room!""Certainly, sir." (I follow, like &

minrow in the wake of a leviathan!) "Aye, this will do better. Here I can see what is going on in the world, though it is not worth looking at. [Exit landlady.] I have an antipathy to tall woman, but really there is something sublime in this Mrs. Furlong; and as a lover of the picturesque, I shall "Suppose I am, Madam, have not I, as an American the birth-right to be so, if I choose? Not a word more, but give me my cloak, and umbrella, and of Mrs. Furlong, twenty poles or so: She has blue eyes, fair hair, a complexin a day like this, when nature plays ion like a May morning, and really looks the churl, and makes one dark and damp at the heart as herself, to look her widow's weeds: Fore heaven! I've abroad at her in her own wretched seen worse women! Then her voice is woods and swampy fields, and to see that she is as melancholy and miserable as she has rendered us.

seen worse worken. Incl. and the seen worse woman. And this is a snug in too; a comfortable room this, carpeted, clean, Pish! pah! pho! rain, rain rain, but and cosey, a view of watery Venice, in no matter—out I will go. No, I will oil, over the fire-place, and Before Marnot have the coach-a hearse would be riage and After Marriage, in Robinson's more german to the weather. It is of best manner, on opposite sides, as they no use your dissuading me, Madam, I should be. Ha! the chops alrea-am determined. dy! and very nice they look! Really, Mrs. Furlong, the outworks of my heart, "Well, here I am, I care not how no very impregnable fortress, are taken many miles from the village, that charnel already. Now let me have just a pint house of cheerfulness! What a walk I of your particular old "wine if you have have had! Walk? wade, I should have said. And what a frightful series of of faces I have met all along the road! Your taking a glass with me, Madam."

"Sir, you are very good."
"Quite the contrary. A good-sized husband to you:" (Mrs. Furlong smiles, shows a very good set of teeth and curtseys.)

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

ADVERTISING .- It is said quite ofnity to prove the truth or falsity of these pened, whether designedly or not we will not say, that in drawing up the advertisement we inserted some articles which were not upon their shelves. The constant calls for these very articles became so annoying after a time; that we were requested to suppress the advertisement. We did so, of courses though we could see no reason for suppressing a portion of a column which nobody reads.—Cambridge Chronicle.