

The Sumter Banner.

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W. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

"God—and our Native Land."

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THE WHIG PLATFORM.

There seems to be an impression gradually gaining ground among us, that the Whig party is rapidly approximating towards the Democracy. This is a great mistake; it is the Democracy that has approximated towards the Whigs in some of the great fundamental principles which had been at issue between the two parties ever since the adoption of the Constitution. The old Federalists, who had become so obnoxious to a great majority of the people, by their opposition to the late war with England, which they carried almost to the verge of treason, by giving, if not "aid," at least "comfort" to the enemy, that they had no other resource but that of adopting an expedient common among men who have become so notorious under their proper name that they find it necessary, or at least expedient, to take refuge under an *alias*.

They accordingly changed their name, but not their nature of their principles. They still remain the same; enemies to the rights of the States and advocates of what they are pleased to call a strong government, which is only another name for consolidation. It is true they have been forced to abandon—at least for the present—that darling yet, a national bank; but they have never discarded the principle on which it was based, and ever apply it to a policy founded on precisely the same latitudinarian construction of the Constitution, which in any form or under any disguise, equally tends to infringe on the rights of the States, and to concentrate the powers of the general government. On all great questions they are uniformly found arrayed in support of this latitudinarian construction, and on no occasion do they ever oppose the pretensions of the general government. This party, which has profaned an honorable revolutionary name, except when it is in the hands of their adversaries, is only a new batch of bread from the old flour barrel, raised by the old leaven of Federalism. Let us take a brief view of the declaration of principles just put forth by the Whig convention at Baltimore, in proof of our assertions.

It commences with the old song of the government of the United States being one of limited powers, a general proposition which no one ever pretended to deny, and which is equally true of every government not administered by the sole wit of a despot. While it gives full latitude to the federal construction of the meaning of the words "necessary and proper for carrying out the powers granted by the Constitution," it at the same time concedes that the State governments "should be held secure in their reserved rights," with this salvo, that "the general government be sustained in its constitutional powers, and the Union be watched over as the palladium of our liberties."

Now what does all this amount to? No one questions that Congress has a right to pass all laws indispensably necessary and equally proper to carry out the powers conferred on it by the Constitution; that it has a right to regulate foreign commerce and domestic trade between the States; or that the reserved rights of the States should be respected and the general government sustained in its constitutional powers. In all these both parties agree as general principles. But the difficulty is they differ widely in their extent, as well as application. They don't agree at all in their ideas of what is necessary and proper to the execution of the powers delegated to Congress by the Constitution; nor in the extent of the reserved rights of the States, and the functions of the general government may lawfully exercise. It is here the shoe pinches; and any more general recognition unaccompanied by a definition of what they understand by proper and necessary; reserved rights; and the constitutional powers of the general government amounts to nothing but a repetition of words in whose construction and application both parties differ as wide as the poles.

This is exemplified in the succeeding resolutions of the convention,

which assert the right of the general government to make "such improvements as are necessary for the common defence, or for the protection and facility of commerce with foreign nations, or among the States, such improvements being in every instance national and general in their character." This covers the whole ground, and justifies the government in appropriating both the public money and public lands to any local purpose whatever, because according to this declaration, all are equally national and general in their character. This is certainly not the Democratic doctrine, or at least of that Democracy of which Mr. Jefferson is said to be the great apostle.

The convention also asserts that the government of the United States has not only the right, but is in duty bound to discriminate between, and protect certain domestic manufactures, "whereby suitable encouragement may be assured to American industry equally to all classes, and to all portions of the country." All this is mere verbiage, calculated, and without doubt, intended to deceive the South, or at least to give the Whigs of that quarter a decent pretext for supporting the nominee of the convention. Every body knows the Whigs apply this phrase of "American industry" exclusively to manufacturing establishments. Everybody knows that when they prate of "American, or domestic industry, they do not mean the industry of the fireside and the hearth, nor the labors of agriculturists; nor least of all, the products of the individual skill and industry of the honest mechanic, who labors for his own benefit, and not to enrich the millionaire. They mean the protection of that species of domestic industry which is prosecuted by young women for the benefit of home, for the purpose of enabling our minister to England to support the dignity of the United States, and exemplify the simplicity of republicanism, by vying with the luxurious prodigality of the English nobility in his entertainments, and giving them a sample of the benefits derived from the protection of "domestic industry." To talk of "affording equal protection to all classes and all portions of the country," by special legislation in behalf of one, is worse than nonsense. It is an insidious attempt to impose on the people of the South—or, what is most likely the real object, to give certain portions of them a pretext for being imposed on, a course to which they would not in all probability have ventured to resort, had they not justly calculated on their unlimited credulity, or unlimited acquiescence.

Last comes the grand panacea, which is to heal all Southern wounds without leaving even the scars, and give perpetual repose to this "distracted country," by endorsing the finality of the compromise—"the new Constitution, as it is called by its admirers. This endorsement consists in a pledge that the great national Whig party will maintain the principles of the compromise, which he it remembered, diddled the South out of its share of the vast territory acquired from Mexico, and established a precedent for Congress to legislate on the institution of slavery. But even this pledge is accompanied by a proviso, that it is only binding "until time and experience shall demonstrate the necessity of further legislation to guard against the evasion of the laws on one hand and the abuse of their power on the other."

Now what is the English of all this? Does any man in his senses, except a Southern Whig, believe that the great national Whig party will attempt a revision of the fugitive slave law, for the purpose of "guarding against" its evasion? The plain obvious meaning of this provision is that it reserves the right to alter and amend that law, in order to "guard against the abuse of its powers."—And what do they consider such an abuse? Simply the power to carry the law into execution according to the provisions of the law, which a great portion of Northern Whigs have denounced as tyrannical, unconstitutional, and infamous. They have thus reserved to themselves the right to alter, amend, or fritter away this law at any future period. Yet this is called endorsing the finality of the compromise, and proved so entirely satisfactory to the Southern Whig delegates to the convention,

that they cheerfully acquiesced in the nomination of a candidate who had not even acceded to this most satisfactory concession, and who is understood to be the favorite of the most insidious and dangerous enemy the South ever had to encounter.

The great national Whig party is thus said to be united on the platform laid down by the convention. It may be so, for there is no stronger cement than the loaves and fishes. Fish glue is especially tenacious.—But will Senator Dawson harmonize with Senator Seward in his "higher law," or with Senator James in his code of domestic industry protection; or with Senator Davis in his abolition code? Or have they only, like the Centaurs and the Lapithæ of old, set down to feast on a favorite dish and fall together by the ears afterwards? It is in this way all the late Whig triumphs have been gained. They were first drilled into union in fighting the battle, fell out in the division of the spoils, and have always been in a minority after every successful election. They sweep together a farago of discordant elements, invoke the aid of every emporary excitement, and form a great national Whig party out of the shreds and patches of every faction; which is held together, for the time being, not by any community of great principles, but by disguising them from each other. Their treaties of amity are always made with a secret protest against the most material articles of the compact.

It is in this way the Whig convention has been brought into apparent unanimity, although nearly one-third of the members departed from its declaration of principles, among whom were nearly two-thirds of the delegates from the State of New York. For the South has obtained a great triumph in the endorsement of all the measures of the compromise, except that which alone was made the condition of their acquiescence in the others, and in the recognition of the protective system, as well as that of internal improvements by the general government to its present extent. If a majority of the Southern States approve a final settlement of the great questions which have been at issue between them and the North, founded on this basis, it will be indeed a triumph, not of Southern rights and Southern principles, but of abolitionism in a disguise so flimsy as to be seen through by all who are not wilfully blind. As the hero of Epirus said, "One more such victory and Pyrrhus is undone."

THE RULE OF THE POLITICAL BARONS.—The Charleston Standard introduces a political article with the following just and pertinent remarks:

"THE PEOPLE NOTHING.—THE LEADERS EVERYTHING.—The people of our country rejoice in believing that they are the rulers, but if Truth were to speak, her voice would be, that the servant of the people is often lord of his master. Whenever it is assumed by the few, aspiring to be leaders, that this or that must be done, and that it is unnecessary or improper to consult the people about it, then the spirit of republicanism is trampled in the dust, and that of monarchy or oligarchy prevails. True republicanism requires that the people shall be consulted in every important measure of the government, and especially in the choice of their rulers, and every doctrine opposed to this is but despotism in disguise. Editors and leaders of cliques may for a time disguise their principles, but strip them of their drapery, and they stand exposed, the same old forms of tyranny that have ground the nations for centuries."

It is time that the people of this country should assert their sovereign right to control its political destiny. It is time that the voters should throw off the trammels of party by which they have been made the submissive instruments of self-constituted leaders who assume to rule and control the popular will for the promotion of their own selfish and ambitious ends. The days of political as well as social feudalism are passed. We are a nation of free and enlightened republicans, and that man among us is unworthy of his heritage who exchanges the high responsibility, dignity, and independence of a sovereign citizen of the republic, for the base servility of a mere party serf.—*Savannah News.*

Cholera made its first appearance in New-York, on the 26th of June, 1832.

New Congressional Districts.
As the time approaches for the redistricting of the State to suit the new apportionment, public attention is directed to the classification and adjustment of the six new districts which have to be formed. A writer in the Edgefield Advertiser suggests two plans, which we give below.—The federal ratio is 93,000, but as South Carolina gets her sixth representative for a fraction of 48,000, by dividing the federal population of the State by six, each district will be about 85,757. The following are the plans suggested:

FIRST PLAN.
First District.—Beaufort, Colleton, including St. John's Colleton, Orangeburg, Barnwell—91,225.

Second District.—Edgefield, Abbeville, Newberry, and Lexington—80,370.

Third District.—Laurens, Anderson, Pickens, Greenville, Spartanburg—93,254.

Fourth District.—Union, York, Chester, Lancaster, Fairfield, Richland—85,831.

Fifth District.—Kershaw, Chesterfield, Marlboro, Darlington, Marion, Sumter, Williamsburg—88,604.

Sixth District.—Charleston, excluding St. John's Colleton, Georgetown, Horry—75,262.

SECOND PLAN.
First District.—Beaufort, Colleton, including St. John's Colleton, Orangeburg, Barnwell—91,225.

Second District.—Edgefield, Abbeville, Laurens, Newberry—88,287.

Third District.—Anderson, Pickens, Greenville, Spartanburg—74,630.

Fourth District.—Union, York, Chester, Fairfield, Richland, Lexington—87,556.

Fifth District.—Lancaster, Kershaw, Chesterfield, Marlboro, Darlington, Marion—88,612.

Sixth District.—Charleston, excluding St. John's Colleton, Georgetown, Williamsburg, Horry—84,236.

INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF GEN. PIERCE.—Tributes to the high mental and moral qualities of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, are pouring in from every quarter. Recently Gov. Foote of Mississippi, was the highest authority, with our Whig brethren.—They are precluded from questioning the soundness or accuracy of his judgments. We therefore append for their especial perusal the following well-drawn and well-defined portrait of Gen. Pierce, which Gov. Foote presented in his late speech at Jackson:

"Whilst in Congress, he spoke frequently upon the great public questions from time to time arising, and I venture to say, that no one has ever read the various speeches delivered by him without feeling compelled to respect alike the high intellectual ability with which they are marked, and the spirit of elevated patriotism which they uniformly breathe. In this judgement, the Republic has produced few men better fitted to discharge the arduous duties appertaining to the Presidential office, than the distinguished personage to whom I am referring. His mind is one of great strength and activity; it has been most carefully and successfully cultivated; and I have formed an acquaintance with but few, if any of our distinguished American statesmen who in my opinion possess larger share of knowledge than he does of all that is solid and practical to the management of governmental concerns. Those who choose to examine his Congressional speeches will find them marked with great originality of thought, and replete with sound and manly argument, presented in language universally chaste, flowing and energetic. As a speaker he is never deficient in perspicacity; never dull and tedious; never pedantic or ostentatious.—When in Congress, he was as much distinguished for readiness and skill in debate, as he is in social life for the easy affability of his manners, and a certain colloquial vivacity which renders him extremely agreeable in converse to all who choose to seek his personal intercourse. His frankness and cordiality are almost proverbial in his purity and disinterestedness have never been called in question. His opinions in regard to public measures when once they have been maturely formed, are never kept in a state of concealment, but are

sure to be enunciated by him in language of honest boldness on any suitable occasion that may chance to rise.—*Mobile Register.*

The Hannegan and Duncan Tragedy.

The facts as to the killing of his brother-in-law, Capt. Duncan, by Mr. Hannegan, are still fresh in the recollection of the reader. Mr. Hannegan had been a member of the Legislature of Indiana, represented his State successively in both houses of Congress, and was Ambassador to Prussia. The cause of his downfall, and of the terrible deed with which his hands are stained, are thus given by Mr. John Wentworth, in his Chicago Democrat, who served with him in Congress:

Every man who has seen Mr. Hannegan when under the influence of liquor, as we have, can believe the above. And every one who has seen him and lived at the same house with him and his family, as we have, when he has been a total abstemious man for months together, will indeed pity him. With him there can be no middle state. He is a brute when drunk. When sober, he will compare in all the elements of goodness with any man living. But he cannot drink without getting drunk.

Mr. Hannegan entered the lower house of Congress many years ago, a perfectly temperate man; and, in point of talents, integrity and popularity, his prospects were as flattering as those of any young man in the United States. But Washington fashions and habits were too much for him. Dissipation drove him to private life. He reformed, became a temperance lecturer, and an exemplary member of the Church. His exhortations in times of great revivals are said to have equalled those of the most eminent divines living. At length his old habits were forgotten, and he was sent to the Senate. He took his seat in an exemplary manner, and a Christian.

But the temptations were too great for him. His struggles with himself were gigantic, and the assistance of one of nature's noblest of women, his wife, secured for him the sympathies of everybody. But he would have his sprees, and he lost his reelection. Like most politicians, he left the office miserably poor. At the close of his term, and of Mr. Polk's administration, to keep so popular and so good a man from despair and ruin, although it came out of Gen. Taylor's term, the Senators unanimously, whigs and democrats, signed a call for Mr. Polk to send him to Prussia, and he was appointed to that mission. His unfortunate career there is well known. Since his return, we have heard nothing of him until this melancholy affair.

We have seen many a young man enter Congress perfectly temperate, and leave it totally ruined; but we never knew one who had so many efforts to save him, so ineffectually, as Mr. Hannegan. We now have in our mind three in our own term who killed themselves. Mr. Hannegan has tried to do so several times but; he lived to kill his wife's brother, the best friend, save his wife, he had in the world. That he wished he was in poor Duncan's place, we have no doubt. What an awful commentary this is upon the evil effects of intemperance! It was the first drop that ruined Hannegan. He is now about the middle age of a man, and may yet live to be a very useful man; but there is great probability that he will commit suicide.

This tragedy will do much toward effecting the Maine Liquor Law in Indiana, and we can almost predict it will be enacted at the next session of the Legislature.

President Fillmore, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, will leave the Executive chair on the fourth of March, next, with a reputation for patriotism and fidelity to the Constitution, that will justly rank him among the best purest men of his day. The Democrats, as well as the Whigs, have in numerous instances, awarded him the homage of their high esteem. He is in truth and in fact a "model President," and may we ever have men, just as honest, and faithful to the Constitution as Millard Fillmore, to fill the highest office in our Republic. He will go into private life, without a stain upon his public career, and with the respect and confidence of an enlightened and patriotic people.

MONUMENT TOM MOORE.—A subscription is going forward in England for a monument to Tom Moore in his native city, Dublin. The committee consists of Lords Lansdowne, Clarendon, Fortescue, Wicklow, Carlisle, Shelburne, John Russell, and Montague, and Messrs. Macaulay and Longman.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Jefferson (Texas) Herald.

Getting a Subscriber.

Tired and fatigued from a long day's ride; covered with the dust we had gathered on a dry sandy road; we called at Squire Hobb's to wet our mouth, rest our bones, and have a chat with the Squire. On our part however, there was a disposition very soon to talk less and doze more. This, Hobb, a good humored soul, perceived, as by intuition; and soon left us to soft influences of nature's "sweet restorer."

How long we slept we needn't tell our readers needn't know. It was long, however, for loud talking in the Squire's "office" soon aroused us, and we listened to a conversation highly interesting to us. If it was eavesdropping it was no fault of ours. It seems that Joacum Guile—Old Joe a clever, sober-sided, close-fisted neighbor of the Squire's—had called in to talk about "the craps" and matters and things in general.

"Well Squire," said Mr. Guile, "do you know where a fellow can buy a right smart chance of a nigger boy, these times?"

"Really, Uncle Joe, I don't know; at this time. There was a sale in town last week, of some six or eight at one time."

"There was?"

"Yes. And I got a right likely nigger boy, eighteen years old for \$450. My word for it, I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him to-day."

"Just my luck—why, I never heard a word of it. Who told you, Squire?"

"O, you know I take the papers, I saw the sale advertised, and as I had to go to town any way. I went on the day of sale, thinking perhaps I might hit a bargain; and I did hit a bargain sure."

"Well, I swear, I have got to have a hand, somehow. You see I have put in more than I have hands to work. Who's got a hand to hire any where about?"

"I don't know, but I'll try to get you one, Uncle Joe; the hiring season is over. About a month ago all the negroes belonging to the estate of H—, deceased, were hired out at auction; and I'm told they went very low."

"The d—l you say. Why didn't you tell me, Squire?"

"I hardly know why. I saw it advertised in our paper, and I supposed every body took that. Mor'n't that, I didn't know you wanted to hire. Did you know I had sold my Harden track of land?"

"No, indeed. Who to?"

"Why to a rich old fellow from Alabama. It was day before yesterday; and I got the 'yellow boys,' cash up—only six dollars per acre. He said, that he came across our paper in 'Old Alabama,' he liked the description of the country, say my wee bit of an advertisement, and came to see me about it. We struck a trade in no time."

"Jerusalem!! And here I've been trying to sell a tract of land for the last two years, and couldn't get a dollar and a half an acre. It's better land than you'n too, and you know it Squire. Well, what is 'tis, and can't be tiser, but I reckon, Squire I've beat you on sugar. I bought last week, two barrels of sugar at 6 cents, when everybody else had to give 7 cents. Beat that, eh?"

"With all ease, Uncle Joe, I bought mine at 5 cents."

"No sir—I don't believe it. Now say where?"

"At the house of W— & Co. I got a rare bargain. You see they were selling of at cost. I knew groceries would go quick, so I went in and bought a year's supply. Their groceries were all sold before night. I didn't pay money, either, for they took my U. S. Land Warrant at \$1.25 per acre."

"Now, now, Squire! that can't be, for my lawyer told me that it wasn't legal to sell my Land Warrant."

"Very true, sometime ago; but the news come lately in the papers that Congress had made them assignable."

"Well, 'tisn't fair!—it's rascally! What right has these Editor to get all the news and keep it themselves?"

"Ah! Uncle Joe, you misunderstand it. Editors and printers labor night and day together the news, and give it to the people—to instruct their readers—to inform them of the improvement of the age—and ameliorate the condition of society. The paper goes abroad recommending our people and country to enterprising and intelligent emigrants. Can they labor for nothing? Should they not be paid? Is there a man who is not benefited by a paper? Is not every subscriber repaid four-fold for the pittance of \$2, his subscription price?"

"Stop, Squire, stop right there! I'm a going to take the paper. I'll take six and send some back to my folks in Georgia."

"You needn't go far as that,—here's the Editor right in the room."

Here the parties pushed in upon us, where we were acting out most admirably a person fast asleep. It is enough for us to say, after an introduction, the name of Mr. Joacum Guile was entered on our note book as a subscriber—paid in advance. And now when the parties alluded to shall read this we hope they will pardon us for giving to the public substantial facts urged by the Squire—aiding us so effectually in getting a subscriber.

A FORGETFUL MAN.—A man endowed with an extraordinary capacity for forgetfulness, was tried a short time ago, at Paris, for vagabondage. He gave his name as Augustuste Lessive and believed he was born at Bourges. As he had forgotten his age, the registry of births in that city from 1812 to '22 was consulted, but only one person of the name of Lessive had been born there during that time, and that was a girl.

"Are you sure your name is Lessive?" asked the judge.

"Well, I thought it was, but may be it ain't."

"Are you confident you were born at Bourges?"

"Well, I s'posed it was, but I shouldn't wonder if it was somewhere else."

"Where does your family live at present?"

"I don't know; I've forgotten."

"Can you remember ever having seen your father or mother?"

"I can't recollect, to save myself, sometimes I think I have, and then again I think I haven't."

"What trade do you follow?"

"Well I am either a tailor or a cooper, and for the life of me I can't tell which; at any rate, I am either one or the other."

"Have you ever been in prison?"

"I don't think I have; if I had it seems to me I should recollect it."

Mr. Lessive was accordingly sent there, and during a term of six months' confinement; he will have superior advantages for refreshing a memory, faded, doubtless, by too great a stock of useful knowledge, acquired by long intercourse with vicissitude and misfortune.

ANECDOTE OF DAVY CROCKETT.—During an electioneering campaign, in which Davy was a candidate for Congress he was opposed by a rival candidate, a lawyer by the name of J—.

The two candidates, with their friends and partisans, had come together on a certain day, for the purpose of "stumping" it. Davy had a booth prepared on the ground, with a long table, and plenty of whiskey, J— took the stump first, and while surrounded with the assembled throng, Davy listened to his rival's remarks with breathless attention, as though fully prepared to rebut them. Not however, being much accustomed to public speaking, he came to the conclusion that he should be no match for the worthy lawyer, and in the midst of the flow of eloquence, he exclaimed, "All who wish to see Davy Crockett drink a gallon of whiskey, follow me!" Only hero led the way, and the entire multitude followed, leaving the stump orator in the act of addressing the empty space. Arrived at the booth, Davy said, Gentlemen, I didn't say I would drink a gallon of whiskey; it would draught though I can do it fit time—come, let's liquor!" "Hurrah for Davy Crockett!" was the universal response, and whiskey began to flow.

In the midst of the scene, Davy's rival drove into the booth, full speed, swinging his hat, and shouting at the top of his voice, "I'll not oppose a man who can draw the people after him in this way—hurrah for Davy Crockett!" The lawyer took himself out of the way, and gave Davy a clear field.—*Kentucky paper.*

AN EDITOR IN HEAVEN.—A Southern editor gives a long obituary of one of his brethren of the quill, under the above caption. The closing paragraph of itself forms a glowing picture:

"Are we not also glad that such an editor is in heaven! There no cry of 'more copy' shall fall upon his distracted ears. There he shall never be abused any more by his political antagonists, with lies and detraction that should shame a demon to promulgate. There he shall no more be used as a ladder for the aspiring to kick down as they reach the desired height, and need him no more. There he shall be able to see the immense masses of mind he has moved, all unknowingly and unknown as he has been during his weary pilgrimage on earth. There he will find all his articles credited—not a clap of his thunder stolen, and there shall be no horrid typographical errors to set him in a fever."

As predicted, the seventeen year Locusts have made their appearance in Connecticut.