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Mr. Dallas's Eulogy on Mr. Polk.

On Monday, the 16th instant, George M. DALLAS delivered a Eulogium upon the late President POLK. In a literary view, every thing from the polished pen of that eminent man is worthy of careful reading, while connected with such a man as Mr. POLK it doubly commends itself to public perusal.

Having recently tried the patience of our readers, in spreading before them elaborate and indispensable documents, we cannot further try forbearance by publishing the entire production, though deserving, in our estimation, of national circulation; but shall condense it sufficiently for a correct understanding of the character of him it honors:

James K. Polk is introduced as well coming to the Presidential office his successor, on the 4th of March, 1849, at the capitol, and then "he seemed to glide through extended avenues of approving and applauding countrymen just fast enough to secure at his home an unostentatious and tranquil grave. It is around that grave, fellow-citizens, that I wish you to stand with me for a while—suffering me to recall him whom it conceals, and to develop, summarily but truthfully, the causes which link that sod of earth with the freedom, prosperity, glory and gratitude of America.

The permanent fame of eminent men rests undoubtedly in charge of the unimpaired tribunal of posterity. In a government like ours especially—where opposite opinions and antagonistic measures are ever in ardent conflict—contemporary impartiality, though not wholly impossible, cannot reasonably be expected. The tomb itself is no certain sanctuary against the rage of prejudice which has not been soothed, averted, or extinguished by lapse of time. I feel admonished then to beware of incautiously exciting the hot-breath of vituperation to see the over the very turf you would consecrate and cherish. And yet so short, so rapid, so signalized by extraordinary civil achievements, so devoted to the attainment of vast and salutary purposes by noble means, so conspicuously characterized by intellectual and moral energy, so eventful in national blessings and renown, and so blameless and unspotted in all the relations and intercourse of private life, was the career of this patriot, that not to portray it faithfully, even with the warm coloring of personal or political friendship, would be unjust to the occasion, unjust to the living who are here, and unjust to the now forever gone.

Five years ago it may have been esteemed almost natural and fair to inquire "Who is James Knox Polk?" but now where is that corner of the earth so obscure as to need the question answered? Where is the imperial sneer that did not yield to amazement, as he freely handled the immense executive power of his free country? Where are the suffering masses, insensible to the rescue of a distant people from starvation? Where are the sages of Political Economy to whom, in adjusting the equilibrium of industrial pursuits, he has taught no lesson?—Where are the enthusiasts of human liberty, to whom his voice has not become familiar? Where are the veterans of military science, who still doubt the efficacy of American cannon, whose thunders he opened? And last and least, though still not little, where are the Rothschilds, or the Barings, or the Steitz, or the Hopes, or the Hottinguers, the golden necromancers of finance, who do not appreciate the master of that wand of annexation or extension which secured the boundless and exhaustless treasures of California?—I allude now thus briefly to the traits of a national policy which he controlled and guided, only to venture the assertion, that the man you mourn, may, as the representative chief of your republic, confront future ages, unabashed by the imposing presence of any predecessor.

If unimportant to the character or merits of the deceased, they may nevertheless be accepted as somewhat interesting facts, that he was descended from an Irish stock of sturdy and determined republicans,

whose settlement on the Eastern Shore of Maryland preceded the year 1700, and a branch of whom came first in Pennsylvania in 1772, and thence went into the Western Districts of North Carolina; that he was born on the 2d of November, 1798, the son of an upright, intelligent, and enterprising farmer; and that he was the grandson of Ezekiel, and the grand nephew of Thomas Polk, two brothers, who were among the first signers of that Declaration of American Independence, whose bold and impressive avowal on the 20th May, 1775, has recently received such interesting and irresistible authentication by the researches of Mr. Bancroft.

There would, indeed, seem to have clustered in Mecklenburg county, immediately prior to the revolutionary war, a family group of these liberty-loving Polks and their near connexions. Under the inspiring auspices and orders of one of them, the Convention assembled at the town of Charlotte—it was presided over by another, (named Alexander)—and another as recording Secretary, (also of that name)—a fourth penned the celebrated manifesto I have mentioned, (called Brevor)—and a fifth recruited a company of rebels, of whom he retained the active command during the whole struggle.

When but eleven years of age, in 1806, his homestead was transferred to the banks of the Cumberland river, in Tennessee, a newly opened and thinly settled field for agricultural industry, his youthful education was, in consequence, necessarily simple and contracted. Under a parental fear that his constitution had been too seriously impaired by disease for the sedentary studies towards which his inclination led him, he was at first dedicated to mercantile pursuits; but, yearning for mental exercise and acquirement, the counting-room, in less than a month, became distasteful, and he ultimately succeeded in persuading his parents to place him, after a preparatory schooling in Murfreesburg, and at the age of twenty, in the University of North Carolina. He left that seat of science and learning in 1818, with physical strength much diminished by the assiduity and intensity of his collegiate course; but with intellectual colledge and repute augmented to a degree, implied by his having at every periodical trial of his class, received its highest distinctions.

In his twenty-fourth year he entered the office of Felix Grundy, for many years a United States Senator from Tennessee, but then a lawyer of extensive practice, and, after the customary probation, procured his admission to the bar. Mr. P.'s legal career was one of unqualified success—bearing him rapidly to reputation and independence; and also gave him that extensive acquaintance which demanded his services subsequently in a political sphere. Persuaded by his neighborhood, he entered the General Assembly, in which he remained for two sessions, when his transfer to the Hall of Representatives at Washington was accomplished by general desire, on the 5th of December, 1825.

Although, perhaps, the youngest of 218 Representatives, there was not upon the floor of that great chamber one whose politics were more determinate and avowed. He had inhaled at every hour of his life opinions and sentiments respecting the rights of humanity, and the only legitimate foundations of civil power which his judgment had approved, and which now constituted an essential portion of his moral as his arteries did of his physical structure. He was impulsively, instinctively, and irreversibly a Democrat—a Democrat in fundamental theory, in uncompromising practice, in look, word, thought, and motion. It was impossible for his nature to be anything else. It was his nature.

When he reached the Capitol, both houses were illustrated by the presence of citizens who had achieved distinguished reputations. He was in the midst of such associates as Edward Livingston, Jno. Forsyth, Daniel Webster, Louis McLane, James Buchanan, George Medullie, Samuel D. Ingham, Wm. C. Rives, Edward Everett and Jas. Hamilton—while he had but to pass through the Rotundo, into the Senate Chamber, in order to mingle with those equally conspicuous, as Van Buren, Woodbury, Tazewell, Macon, White, Benton, Harrison, Randolph, Berrien, and Hayne. Young as he was, however, and unobtrusive as a debater, Mr. Polk promptly participated in the leading discussion. His very first speech related to the relinquishment of the titles of public lands in Tennessee—a topic wholly devoid of attraction, and yet it manifested so happy a faculty in lucidly arranging and explaining dry and complicated facts, that his character as an exact and laborious man of business, was at once recognised and established.

For fourteen years he maintained a leading position in the House; and, after discharging with signal ability the arduous duties of chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means during the United States Bank controversy, associate in committee with such men as Horace Binny, R. H. Wilde, and C. C. Cambreleng, and the yet more important one of Speaker for four years, he retired

from Congress permanently in 1839, when he was elected Governor of Tennessee. But at the recurrence of the election in 1841 and 1843, although still clung to as the champion of his party, his competitor, Mr. James C. Jones, on both occasions prevailed.

It is enough, fellow-citizens, to have glanced thus briefly at the incidents of this comparative seclusion. I must hasten to follow the quick flight of time, in order to bring the lamented patriot once more from the recesses of his happy home into the blaze of his fame.

The nomination of Mr. Polk for the Chief Magistracy, in May, 1844, was, at the moment, unforeseen, but far from unacceptable. There had suddenly arisen a question or point of policy which quickened the pulses and divided the sentiments of Democratic citizens. That question, whose magnitude and urgency were conceded, seemed for the time to domineer over all other considerations.—The republican convention which assembled at Baltimore, swayed by a resistless and patriotic desire for the annexation of Texas, withheld their choice from one on whom it would otherwise have fallen, and conferred it on one to whom it was wholly unexpected. The sterling merit and substantial services of the candidate were however speedily called to mind—the hesitation inspired for an instant by an abrupt proceeding was dispelled—the ranks of his party became serried and Mr. Polk, after an unusually animated canvass between himself and Mr. Clay, was elected.

The powers confided by the constitution of the United States to the incumbent of the Presidential office are large and influential. The manner in which they are exercised never has failed, and never can fail, greatly to affect, for good or for evil, the contentment and interests of the people, or the reputation and resources of the nation. Hence the immensity of the trust; and hence the vast reward of gratitude and renown bestowed on him who, at the end of his term of service, is discovered to have so used his public functions as to leave his country tranquil, prosperous, honored, and strong. This is, in fact, the only standard which the ardor of our political controversies suffers to remain unquestionable. Governed by this standard, fellow-citizens, and casting a rapid thought upon the condition of America, tell me whether the sepulchre of the late President should not be hallowed by your reverence and affection.

The glory of every administration concentrates upon its chief. He it is, and he only, that the elective franchise has lifted from the common level to the Executive—to carry with him into government the authority he has derived by that process, accompanied by the instructions, wishes, and principles of his constituents; to vivify, supervise, check, control; to be disgraced by failures, and to wear the laurels of success. Aided as he necessarily must by associates and agents of his own selection, the lustre of their limited spheres combines for the effulgence of his boundless one; and brilliant as the subordinate executions of duty may be—everything is so constitutionally and essentially dependent upon the offspring of the popular suffrage, and his truth to his mission, that he rightfully bears the palm achieved by united excellence. The American people will hereafter rank among the most effective achievements of the late President, the discrimination with which he chose, and the wisdom with which he impelled, the variously gifted counsellors of the Cabinet. * * * * *

The admission of Texas as a State of the Union, upon her acceptance of certain terms, had been provided for by a joint resolution of Congress, passed but three days before he took the oath of office; and nothing was left to be done but to expedite the proceeding, so as to forestall the perplexities which might spring from foreign intermeddling; and to make such military arrangements as would protect our new frontier from incursions.—These duties were promptly and skillfully discharged. The people of Texas held a convention, remodeled their constitution, submitted it to the inspection of Congress, and became, by law, an integral part of our confederacy before the year elapsed.

I should deem it ill-timed and misplaced to trace the causes, or to vindicate the right and the expediency of this extension of our Republic. Perhaps a defeat of the Democratic party at the election in the of 1844 would have discouraged and thwarted that movement. Their success on the contrary, proved how fixed a hold it had upon the popular judgement; and recommended it to more legislative favor than it before enjoyed. Certain it is, that the incorporation took place only after the will of the American people, and the sense of the American Congress, had been tested and recorded agreeably to the forms of the American Constitution; and that every national functionary, especially the President, who emphatically "shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed," was bound to apply his legitimate resources and powers to its defence. Predictatory steps to the extent authorized by existing acts of Congress were taken, and it was hoped would overawe the gasconading fever of our discontented neighbors.

They crossed, however, the Rio Grande, on the 15th of April, 1846, and recklessly commenced a series of hostilities that only terminated with the ratification of the Treaty of Peace on the 30th May, 1848. The contest had a duration of two years, being six months shorter than the last with Great Britain.

After minute and graphic specification of the distinctive measures and results which marked his administration—showing they were founded in patriotism and wisdom, he groups them in view by recapitulation, so as to leave upon the mind a full impression of the prominent features by which the late President stamped forever illustrious the single term of his administration.

In the measures of his policy, separately or collectively,—in his extension movements, his conduct of the war, his free trade, his financial system, his foreign intercourse—whatever differences of sentiment may and must exist as to the produce or expediency of their details you cannot avoid feeling and confessing, amid their broad bearings and progressive aims, the prevailing presence of a generous and genuine patriotism. I know nothing so worthy of encomium and acknowledgment as this sort of patriotism. It is the only element on whose buoyancy can be safely confided the majestic argosy of the Republic, full-freighted with your liberties, union, rights and fame.—It should never fail to receive the encouragement of our applause in the living and the homage of our gratitude in the dead. It is worthy of remark that, on quitting the Presidential office, he left nothing unfinished. What he attempted, he did. His measures of policy were, one and all urged, discussed, adopted, carried out practically, tested by time, and triumphant in results, before he relinquished the helm to another hand.

Who needs evidence, will find it in his pulse, that since the spring of 1845, the people of the United States, their constitution, science, resources, courage, and character, have assumed, to the whole world, a position more elevated and influential than was ever before accorded or enjoyed.

Who doubts that, from the same period, their financial credit has been constantly rising, until their contracts and securities, in despite of the venomous defamations with which they were previously overwhelmed, are now highest in the confidence of all Christians.

Who questions, with sincerity, the emancipation of their currency, commerce, business, strength, and elasticity, from a palpating and trembling dependence upon the fluctuating schemes of bank paritors and stock boards abroad?

Who, in fine, does not firmly believe, that the condition and attitude in which Mr. Polk, after toils that were fatal to himself, has left his country, are the most effective guarantees for her prolonged peace and happiness?

In his personal deportment, he was plain, unaffected, affable, and kind. In no one respect, that I am aware of, did he depart from a consistent simplicity of life and purity of manners. All his habits were exemplary and regulated. He was temperate, but not insouciant, industrious but accessible, punctual but patient, moral without austerity, and devotional though not bigoted. Accustomed, through a long service, to observe the diversities exhibited by opinion on every subject, he was never surprised or provoked by any of its phases, into individual intolerance.—His ordinary intercourse and associations were equally respectful and cordial with the friends and the foes of his politics. And I must be pardoned for adding that in this general amenity towards his fellow-citizens, without distinction of party, or condition, or pretension, he was aided by a wedded partner, to whom all who had the happiness to know her have united as with a single voice in awarding that high and affectionate tribute, won only by irreproachable conduct, intelligence, gentleness, and virtue!

Fellow-citizens! He whose cares, in obedience to your call I have thus imperfectly traced, sank, with unrumored resignation, to his last rest at Nashville on the 17th of June, surrounded by his dearest friends, and amid the soul-aspiring hopes and sanctuaries of religious faith. To him are now alike indifferent the praise and the censure of men. His ear, that wont to be so quick, is dumb and heedless—his eye, that flashed with recognition over multitudes, knows no one—not even her who gave him birth, nor her who claimed his life; but though he be as insensible to your soothing as the cold sod which covers his relics, the voice of a just and generous humanity bids you to deplore a loss so signal, so sudden, and so premature. The tears shed by a nation on a patriot's grave cannot reanimate the dust within; but they do attest the existence of an honorable public gratitude, and they do freshen the pursuit of a noble fame.

A NEW RACE.—A hitherto unknown race of people has been discovered, it is said, in the interior of Africa. The men are tall and powerfully built, standing seven to seven-and-a-half English feet in height and black in color, although destitute of the usual character of negroes in features. Mehemet Ali sent an expedition up the White Nile in search of gold, and there found this race of people—fifteen hundred of whom, armed to the teeth, came down to the shore of the river where the vessel lay. The name of the kingdom occupied by this people is Bari, and its capital Patenja. They raise wheat, tobacco etc., and manufacture their own weapons.

JESS BRYAN'S TALE OF CASH'S BEAR FIGHT.

Every man woman and child in Pickens county knows Jess Bryan. And to those whose circumstances unfortunately compel them to live elsewhere, we would say, that Jesse is the present sheriff of the county aforesaid. And furthermore, we have the authority of the Secretary of State for saying, that he was the finest looking sheriff who carried the returns of the last Presidential election to Montgomery.

On reaching Montgomery, Jess went to the capitol, and was introduced to the Secretary: "I am happy to know you Mr. Bryan," said the affable Col. Garrett.

"I am happy to find you do," replied the sheriff, "for since I put on those blacks I hardly know myself."

Jess is our crack tale-teller, and many side aches have the boys had from laughing at his Nubbin Ridge and Sourwood stories. One of his we will now give, promising that the gist of the tale consists in his rich mode of telling it, and that it must lose much by being read.

"Some years ago," said Jess, "before I got to be sheriff of this county, I was in Mobile, and one day I saw a crowd moving out towards the Orange Grove: I joined it, and learned that a match fight was about to come off between Jim Burgess's bull dog and a tame bear, for five hundred dollars a side, one hundred forfeit.

As soon as the ring was formed, the dog was turned loose at the bear, and after one round he stayed loose—no sort of talk could make him clinch again, and Burgess paid the forfeit and drew off the dog.

Just as the crowd was about to disperse, a tall, raw-boned native from Chickasahay who rejoiced in the ownership of a big, bony, stump tailed cur dog, sang out, 'I'll be darned if Cash can't take that bar.'

"What will you bet of that," said the owner of the bear.

"I'll go my pile," said raw-bones, and drawing out the foot of an old stocking, he shelled out twenty dollars.—The bear man covered the twenty and the ring was again formed.

"Now, gentlemen said Chickasahay, 'I wishes it to be understood as how, nobody goes inter this ring but me an' Cash, an' the bar, and nobody aint got to speak or tetch but me.'

This was agreed to, and the bear being unmuzzled, the word was given.

"Look out Cash; mind your eyes!—Watch him, Cash!" cried raw-bones, as Cash with a prudent regard for his own interests, kept at a respectful distance, his bristles standing up like the teeth of a barrow. As soon as Cash had taken a position a little in the rear of his foe, and out of the range of his paws, his master shouted—"Take him Cash!"

With one bound, Cash sized the poor brute by the root of his ear, keeping his body side by side with his enemy, so that the latter could not possibly strike him.

"Keep outen this ring, gentlemen," cried the owner of Cash. "Bring him here, Cash!" Cash, by main force dragged the bear half around the ring, without once exposing himself to the furious blows of the animal.

"Snake him, Cash!" Again, the brave dog shook his foe, until the bear's teeth fairly chattered with pain and rage. Still, Cash, by keeping yard arm and yard arm with the bear, was as safe as if he had been in his master's cabin.

The owner of the bear seeing that his bear could not bring his arms to bear, could not bear to see Cash bear the bear in such a barefaced manner, and gave up the day.

"You give it up," said our man, 'Well then, gentlemen, clar the ring—Cash leaves when he do leave 'em. Hold him, Cash! You say its my money, no discounts, nor nothing? Watch your time, Cash. Let go Cash!'

With a single spring, Cash was ten feet beyond the reach of the bear's paws.

"That's a right pert bar," said raw-bones, 'but he ain't nigh such a one as me and Cash has tuk. We got one this fall as measured nine feet from snout to tail tip.'

"That's a lie," said the discomfited owner of the bear, 'you never saw a bear that large in your life.'

"I haint? Well, I'll go you these here two twenty dollars on that branch of the subject."

"It's a bet," said the bear man.

"Well, come down to George Davis's, and we'll try the case."

"George, let me see that biggest bar skin I let you have a spell back, said our man.

Davis handed out the skin, and it measured nine feet one inch and a half!

"Twenty to start on, and twenty are forty, and forty are eighty! Sweet J—s! Whoop!—Come, here Cash. Good evening to you all, gentlemen, sang the over-joyed native; and the last I saw of him, he and Cash were eating ginger cakes at the market house.—West Alabamian.

INCIDENTS OF THE WRECK OF THE CHARLES BARTLETT.—A lady passenger in the steamer Europe in a letter to the National Intelligencer, relates the following incidents in that terrible catastrophe:

"The wild despair of one poor man I shall never forget; he literally lost his all—his wife and four children, and his whole fortune. The poor creature wrung his hand and tore his hair—it was heartrending to see him. There were thirty-five children under sixteen, and seven under eleven months on board. . . . Captain Forbes, of Boston, as soon as the accident took place, pulled off his coat and shoes and plunged overboard, rope in hand, to do all he could; he saved one poor man, who died before he got him alongside the ship. A more heroic deed I never saw, and sturdy men shed tears when he came back to the cabin safe among us.

The captain of the wrecked bark is a sunburnt old sailor, with thirty years of his service to look back to, and, as he told us, the is sea first accident; he had never buried a soul from any ship he had commanded. The tears rolled down his rough and sunburnt face as he told us the scene before the vessel went down."

A Jack Tar, growing sick of his business, deserted his ship, went into the country, and hired himself to a farmer. He was immediately set to ploughing with a yoke of oxen and an old mare called Jia. The sailor being wholly unacquainted with the management of the tacks, sheets, and bowlines of his old mare and oxen, in his first attempt to put about missed stays, and, by turning the yoke, threw Jia and the oxen all down in a heap together.—Jack, frightened through the confusion, bawled out for help. The farmer asked, "what is the matter?" "Matter! matter enough, by conscience," replied Jack, 'the barboard ox has got on the starboard side—old Jia has got foul in the rigging, and they are all going to the devil stern foremost.

UNGODLY BOOT.—We once heard from the lips of an old man of the Puritanic school that, when brown top boots were first introduced, he took a fancy to a pair, which he wore for a Sunday or two, when, to his great surprise and annoyance, he was summoned to a church meeting to answer for the ungodly manner in which he appeared on the Sabbath. The good man, with the brown-tops, looked as if he had been charged with visiting Bartholomew Fair. The elder gravely arose, and stated the judgment of the church, which ran thus: "Should brother George Slater, again appear on the Lord's day in ungodly brown-top boots, he will be expelled from this church."

Fitz Greene Halleck gives the following summary of late news from Europe:

Kingdoms to-day are upside down, The castle kneels before the town, A monarch fears a printer's frown, A brickbat's range! Five me, in preference to a crown, Five shillings change.

Two old gentlemen of our acquaintance were complimenting each other on their habits of temperance.

"Did you ever, neighbor," said one, "see me with more than I could carry?"

"No, indeed," was the reply, "not I. But I have seen you when I thought you had better have gone after."

"WHAT SHALL WE EAT" is the heading to an editorial article in a country exchange. Man alive, WHY EAT WATS "SOT" before you.—[Maysville (K) Herald.

A SENSIBLE MAN.—"Well, Robert, is there any answer? Buttons: 'Yes,' m. Mr. Jolliboy's compliments, and he'll be blest if you catch him at a party this weather—unless you let him dance in his shirt sleeves."

Boswell asked his oracle, Dr. Johnson, "Is not love and delusion that is always beginning again?"