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W. M. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

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## POLITICAL.

### Wilmington and Manchester Rail Road.

In the House of Representatives, U. S. August 26th, 1852.

Mr. Penn. I am instructed by the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads to report back, without amendment, and with the recommendation that it do pass, Senate bill No. 447, entitled "An act for the relief of the Wilmington and Manchester Rail Road Company." The bill simply gives to this company the indulgence to withhold the payment of duty upon their imported iron, for four years, from the Government, for which time legal interest is to be paid. I move the previous question on the passage of the bill.

Mr. McQueen. I trust my friend will allow me to make a few remarks. Mr. Penn. As my friend comes from the district through which the bill is to pass, I withdraw the call for the previous question, on the condition that he will renew it.

Mr. Cobb. I would ask the consent of the gentleman to allow me to submit an amendment to the bill.

Consent was given. Mr. McQueen. Mr. Speaker: I do not propose, at this late period of the session, to detain the House with a discussion at length upon the merits of this bill. I shall, however, as the greater portion of the road to which the bill applies runs through my district, explain its object; and I proceed to do so with the confident belief that when it shall be well understood, there will not be ten members in this House in opposition to it.

The indulgence asked is for a company who are constructing a link of rail road as a continuation of that which now extends as far as Wilmington to New Orleans, and which the great Atlantic mail from the North to New Orleans is now carried, which link avoids one of the most difficult and dangerous lines of navigation upon this continent. Two years ago an act was passed by Congress, at the instigation of my friend from the Wilmington district of North Carolina, [Mr. Ashe,] granting an indulgence similar to the one proposed by this bill for the road extending as far as Wilmington. Between that bill and the present there is the distinguishing difference that that bill provided for the payment of no interest by the company, who were to give bonds for the faithful payment of the duty, whilst this one provides for the payment of every dollar of interest, to be, together with the duty upon the iron, secured by bonds, which are to be approved by the judges of the district courts of North and South Carolina, and made satisfactory to the Secretary of the Treasury. There is also a condition in this act that the money arising from the carriage of the great Mail from the South to the East over this road shall be retained in the Treasury, and as it accrues, be disbursed with the Post Office Department for the satisfaction of the bonds. This link runs through the level pine forests in North and South Carolina, and is being constructed by the planters of that country, who have mainly worked out their stock in the grading of the road. Gentlemen ask why the company constructing this road come here and ask this small matter? Every one acquainted with the planting interests knows very well the importance of this indulgence in the payment of the duty upon iron, so that planters who can realize upon their crops but once a year, can measure their payments to suit the season of the year at which they can sell and realize the proceeds of their crops. I assert, indeed, without fear or contradiction, that there is no road in the United States of more importance to every portion of the Confederacy than this one.

The mail is now carried with great facility from New Orleans to Maine upon steamboats and rail roads, with the exception of this gap, and about thirty miles in the State of Georgia. The navigation from Wilmington to Charleston is so difficult there is no part of the route from this to New Orleans where so many disappointments unavoidably occur as on this particular portion. The company now get \$75,000 a year for the transportation of the mail from Weldon to Charleston. The act which was passed for the benefit of the Wilmington road two years ago, made a

similar provision to this in regard to discounting moneys with the Department; and I have been authorized to say that every dollar which has been suspended for the benefit of the Wilmington road, has been paid by the transportation of the mail as it has fallen due. When we look a little into the history of the law in regard to rail road iron, I flatter myself that gentlemen will not be disposed here to oppose this bill; because I assert the fact that there has never been the first dollar granted in the way of favors by the legislation of this Government to planters of South or North Carolina, unless it be by the little indulgence given to the Wilmington Railroad Company two years ago, while the main arteries of northern communication were all constructed during the existence of laws which entirely repealed duty upon rail road iron. In 1832, the duties upon rail road iron were repealed. In 1839, the duties which had been paid to Kentucky and Ohio rail roads were refunded to them, upon the ground that they were to be made equal with those having the benefits of the law passed in April, 1832.

Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania.—Does not the gentleman know that the rail road companies who made their roads while that law was in existence, paid nearly double the price which rail road iron now costs?

Mr. McQueen. I am not able to answer the question as to the precise amount of the prices of iron, but I tell the gentleman this, that although iron may cost more than now, it will always diminish in price as greater number of men engage in its manufacture; but that does not justify, in my opinion, an act imposing a duty of thirty per cent. upon the cotton planters of the South for the benefit of the iron manufacturers of the North, when they have been obliged, often to sell their cotton for less than half the price they formerly got for it. The duty was refunded, in 1838, to the New York and Harlem Railroad Company—actually paid out of the Treasury, by special act of Congress. In the same year, the duty was refunded to the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail road Company, and by the same act the duty on fastenings and spikes, even was repealed, and the duty on them formerly paid by the Georgia Rail road Company refunded. In 1839 the duty was refunded to the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Company. In 1842 iron for rail roads was allowed to be imported free of duty, until March, 1843, and then a duty imposed upon it, and in this interval, all the roads which were built, as I maintain, (except one which was built in South Carolina, for which the Company never asked a refunding of the duty,) were allowed to have their iron free of duty. In 1848, an act was passed allowing C. Day and Co. to import steamships, even free of duty. These are facts, comprising the history of the legislation of the country upon the statute books of Congress. We do not ask in this instance, one dollar out of the Treasury; we do not propose here to procure legislation by which we shall put one farthing in our pockets. I presume not a man of the planters, who are interested in this rail road, have had, directly or indirectly, a dollar out of the Treasury. I will go further, and express the opinion that not a man in my Congressional district has ever had a dollar of money in his pocket out of the Treasury, as a bonus. We know this Government from its taxes. We have not asked for its bounties, nor do I ask for its moneys or its lands. I am asked what is the length of the road? It is one hundred and sixty miles long, and about sixty miles of it are already built and the cars running upon it, and it is rapidly progressing towards completion at both ends. I have been asked this summer by gentlemen connected with the Post Office Department, how soon we will fill up the gap, so that they can put the great Southern mail upon this route, in order to avoid the dangerous and uncertain sea navigation, by which it is subject to constant failures.

I am told by the honorable gentleman [Mr. Penn.] who reported this bill from the Committee, that, for several years, while he was connected with the Post office at New Orleans, he was well satisfied that nine failures out of ten, which occurred in

the great Southern mail, resulted on account of the uncertainty of the sea; to be remedied by this road. There is no part of the Confederacy which I do not believe to be somewhat interested in this bill. It is a direct route upon for the Southern people who go East and North in the summer. It is the direct route upon which the Northern and Southern mail will be carried.

It is a road as indispensable for northern commercial interests as it is for southern—and it is a road which will be as much used by the traveler from the North, as from the South. It is to supply a link in the chain of travel now so difficult and hazardous, that I have had mere inquiries made of me by travelers as to the prospect of its completion, than any other road within my knowledge. I can assert that the stock in this road has been largely taken by planters, who have worked out already the greater part of their subscriptions; and there is consequently no speculation in it; for every dollar of the stock is bona fide taken. So soon as the mail shall have been put upon it, the payment of the duty will commence by this act, and as the Wilmington Company now gets \$75,000 a year for its transportation to Charleston, I have no doubt myself, by the time the indulgence has passed, every dollar of the duty will have been paid by mail services. I will say to my Democratic friends of Pennsylvania, that they need not vote against this bill on account of any injury their iron manufacturers will sustain from its passage, because after an effort to purchase the iron from them, it has been bought in Belgium, and is now bonded at the ports of Wilmington and Charleston, and no deleterious effects can result to their constituents. The bill has passed the Senate without opposition, and is reported with approbation of the committee on the Post Office and Post Roads; I have asked no other favor at the hands of this Congress. I feel a proper interest in this bill for the planters I represent, and who, as I have said, have never had and never asked, a dollar from the Treasury; nor do they in this request, in view of former legislation of Congress, but a simple act of justice. It can result in no detriment to the Government, because we are told daily, there are fifteen or sixteen millions of dollars surplus in the Treasury.

I am asked what will be the aggregate amount of the duty on this road. As nearly as I can inform the House, I presume it will not exceed \$100,000; had I been able to have gotten this bill before the House at the first of the session, it might have amounted to \$150,000.

From information derived from the President of the road, I believe, and he confidently hopes, the mail may be put on it during the ensuing winter, such is the rapidity with which it is being built.

Mr. Morehead. I will ask my friend at what point the Wilmington and Manchester road will intersect the Columbia and Charleston road? Mr. McQueen. It will intersect at a point (Manchester) on the Camden road, about forty miles above Branchville, which is on the Charleston and Hamburg railroad, and about half way between the two latter places.

Mr. Morehead. Then it will connect directly with Charleston.

Mr. McQueen. Yes, sir; and without the difficulty encountered by those who navigate that coast at the mouth of Cape Fear river, at which they often have to wait for tide water in order to get over the bar; and it is believed will forward the great Southern mail some seven hours earlier than it can be done by steamboat.

Mr. Morehead. I should like to ask my friend from the Petersburg district a question, Where the Southside road intersects the main Southern line?

Mr. Meade. It is a communication directly from Norfolk to Weldon. By this, communication, if I understand it, will be directly from Weldon to Charleston.

Mr. Morehead. If I understand you correctly, there is a direct communication by railroad from Norfolk, Virginia, to Weldon, in North Carolina. When the route proposed by the gentleman from South Carolina, [Mr. McQueen,] and under consideration, is completed, that connection

will continue directly on to Charleston.

Mr. McQueen. To New Orleans; making an unbroken chain of railroad to Montgomery, Alabama, except thirty miles in Georgia yet to be completed. I move the previous question.

Mr. Cobb. I ask the gentleman from South Carolina to withdraw the demand for the previous question, to enable me to offer the following amendment, to come in at the end of the bill.

Provided, further, That the provision of this bill be, and are hereby extended to the Memphis and Charleston, and the Selma and Gunter's Landing Railroad companies, running through the States of Alabama and Mississippi and Tennessee.

Mr. McQueen. I cannot withdraw it. The objection to the amendment is, that if it is adopted the bill will have to go back to the Senate, and may thus be defeated.

Mr. Daniel. As I happened to be absent the other day when the action of the House was had upon the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad bill, I ask my friend from South Carolina to withdraw the demand for the previous question, that I may offer it as an amendment to this bill.

Mr. McQueen. It is very unpleasant to me to have to refuse my friend from North Carolina, for whom I have the utmost respect, but as the morning hour has nearly expired, I must decline to withdraw the demand for the previous question.

Mr. Wildrick, from the Committee on Enrolled Bills, reported back, as correctly enrolled, the following bills, which, thereupon, severally received the signature of the Speaker, viz:

An act granting to the State of Michigan the right of way and a donation of public lands, for the construction of a ship canal around the Falls of St. Mary, in said State.

An act for the relief of John Moore White; and

An act to provide for executing the public printing and establishing the prices thereof, and for other purposes.

The question now being upon seconding the demand for the previous question.

Mr. John W. Howe moved that the bill be laid upon the table.

Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania.—I call for the yeas and nays, and I ask for tellers upon the yeas and nays. Mr. McQueen. Will it be proper for me at this period, to withdraw the demand for the previous question, and make a motion to commit the bill.

The Speaker. The motion to lay the bill upon the table takes precedence of such a motion.

Tellers were ordered on the yeas and nays; and Messrs Stevens, of Pennsylvania, and Malony were appointed.

The House was then divided, and the tellers reported only 25 in the affirmative.

So the yeas and nays were not ordered.

The question was then put upon Mr. Howe's motion; and it was decided in the negative.

So the House refused to lay the bill upon the table.

The question recurring upon the demand for the previous question, it was put, and the previous question, received a second.

The main question was ordered to be put.

The bill was then ordered to a third reading and was subsequently read the third time.

Mr. McQueen demanded the previous question on the passage of the bill.

The previous question was seconded, and the main question ordered.

Mr. Venable called for the yeas and nays on the passage of the bill; and they were ordered.

[Here a message was received from the Senate of the United States by the hands of Asbury Dickens, esp. its Secretary, announcing that the Senate had passed sundry bills and joint resolutions.]

The question was then taken upon the passage of the bill, and there were—yeas 102, nays 63.

So the bill was passed. Mr. McQueen moved to reconsider the vote by which the bill was passed, and also moved to lay the motion to reconsider upon the table; which latter motion was agreed to.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Last Days of Byron.

A TOUCHING SKETCH.

"I passed the winter of Byron's death in Greece," says a traveler, "and in the latter part of February went to Missolonghi to see him. He was then suffering from the effect of a fit of epilepsy, which occurred in the middle of February. The first time I called at his residence I was not permitted to see him; but in a few days I received a polite note from him, at the hand of his negro servant, who was a native of America, and whom Byron was kind to, and proud of to the last.

I found the poet in a weak and rather irritable state, but he treated me with the utmost kindness. He said that at the time I first called upon him, all strangers most of his friends were excluded from his room. "But," said he, "had I known an American was at the door, should not have been denied. I love your country, sir; it is the land of liberty; the only spot of God's green earth not desecrated by tyranny."

In our conversation I alluded to the sympathy at that time felt in America for struggling Greece. All he said at that time was, "Poor Greece—poor Greece! once the richest land on earth; God knows I have tried to help her."

You will remember that but a little while before this, Marco Bozzaris had fallen. When I mentioned his name, Byron said, "Marco Bozzaris! He was as brave as an ancient Spartan. Perhaps he had the blood of Lenoctus in his veins; I presume he had. But of this I am certain, he had as good blood as ever was in his soil."

At my request, his servant then brought him a rose-water box, from which he took a letter written to himself by that gallant chief. It was a warm-hearted welcome of Byron to Greece. "There," said the author of Child Harold, as he handed the precious relic to me. "I would not part with that but to see the triumph of Greece."

That glorious hero, but a few moments before he led his Sulist band forth to his last battle, wrote this letter to me in his tent. As he spoke those words a heroic smile lit up his pale countenance, and I am sure I never saw such an expression on the face of mortal man as at that moment flashed from Byron's.

Soon he fell upon his couch, and wiping the cold sweat from his lofty forehead, once more exclaimed, "Poor Greece! God bless thee and Ada! I only ask of Heaven two things; and Heaven ought to grant them—that Greece may become free, and Ada cherish my memory when I am dead."

In a few days after I left him I received another note from him, requesting me to call and bring with me Irving's Sketch Book. I took it in my hand, and went once more to the illustrious author's residence. He rose from his couch when I entered, and pressing my hand warmly, said, "Have you brought the Sketch Book?" I handed it to him, when, seizing it with enthusiasm, he turned to the "Broken Heart." "That," said he, "is one of the finest things ever written on earth, and I want to hear an American read it. But stay, do you know Irving?" I replied that I had never seen him. "God bless him!" exclaimed Byron; "he is a genius; and he has something better than genius—a heart. I wish I could see him, but I fear I never shall. Well, read—the Broken Heart—yes, the Broken Heart. What a word!"

In closing the first paragraph, I said, "Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts." "Yes," exclaimed Byron, "and so do I; and—does every body but philosophers and fools?" so I waited whenever he interrupted me, until he requested me to go on; for although the text is beautiful, yet I cared more for the commentary as it came fresh from Byron's heart. While I was reading one of the most touching portions of that mournful piece, I observed that Byron wept. He turned his eyes upon me, and said, "You see me weep sir. Irving himself never

wrote that story without weeping, nor can I hear it without tears. I have not wept much in this world, for trouble never brings tears to my eyes; but I always have tears for the Broken Heart."

When I read the last line of Moore's verses at the close of the piece, Byron said, "What a being that Tom is, and Irving, and Emmet and his beautiful love! What beings all! Sir, how many such men as Washington Irving are there in America? God don't send many such spirits into this world. I want to go to America for five reasons. I want to see Irving; I want to see your stupendous scenery; I want to see Washington's grave; I want to see the classic form of living freedom, and I want to get your government to recognize Greece as an independent nation. Poor Greece!"

These were the last days of Byron; and I shall consider myself happy that I was permitted so often to be with him. I have day by day watched the workings of his lofty imagination while he lay upon his couch or sat by his window; and deep troubled thought lit up with an unearthly glow his beautiful features, or clouded them in gloom. It was a painful spectacle to see Byron's form waning away by disease; and I never forgot the first time I met without feeling as if I should feel to see a man of such grand and noble mind, in its deplorable foundation of some classic temple. It was inexpressibly painful; but yet there was something very sublime in the struggle of his proud spirit with the advancing king of terrors. His full, bright eye, which sometimes burnt so restlessly, revealed a spirit free, fearless and unconquerable as the proud ocean.

"In a few hours," said the faithful Fletcher, as he related these facts to me; "my master called me to his bed side and said, 'I beg to think I am going to die, my dear friend, and I shall give you a special direction, which I hope you will be particular to execute, if you love me.' Fletcher did love his master and told him he would do everything faithfully, and expressed a hope that he should not be called to part with him. 'Yes, you will,' said Byron; 'it is nearly all over now; I must tell you without losing a moment. I see my time has come to die.'"

Fletcher went to get a portfolio to write down his master's words. Byron called him back, exclaiming, "O my God! don't waste time by writing, for I have no time to waste. Now hear me—you will be provided for, O my poor dear child! My dear Ada! My God! could I have but seen her. Give her my blessing, and my dear sister Augusta, and her children; and you will go to Lady Byron and say—tell her everything, you are friends with her, and tears rolled down his emaciated face.

His voice here failed him, so that only now and then a word was audible. For some time he muttered something very seriously, and finally raising his voice said, "Now Fletcher if you do not execute every order I have given you, I will torment you hereafter if possible."

Poor Fletcher wept over his dying master, and told him he could not understand a word of what he had last been saying. "O my God!" said Byron, "then all is lost, for it is now too late. Can it be possible you have not understood me?" Fletcher replied, "No, but do tell me again more clearly, my lord." "How can I?" said Byron; "it is too late, and all is over."

Fletcher replied, "not our will, but God's be done." "Yes," said he, "not mine be done but I will try once more." He made several efforts to speak, but through the distinct mutterings of the dying man, only a few broken accents could be distinguished, and they were about his wife and child.

After many inefficient and painful efforts to make known his wishes, at the request of his friend, Mr. Parry, to compose himself, he shed tears, and apparently sunk into slumber, with an expression of grief and disappointment on his countenance. This was the commencement of the lethargy of death.

I believe the last words the great poet ever spoke on earth were, "I must sleep now." How full of meaning those words were! Yes, he had laid himself down to his last sleep. For twenty-four hours not a hand nor foot was seen to stir, although the heart which had been the home of such wild feeling still continued to beat on. Yet it was evident to all around his bedside that the angel of death had spread his dark wings over Byron's pillow.

On the evening of the 17th of April he opened his fine eye for the last time, and closed it peacefully, without any appearance of pain. "Oh my God!" exclaimed the kind Fletcher, "I fear my master is gone." The doctors

then felt his pulse, and said, "You are right—he is gone."

It is impossible to describe the sensation produced at Missolonghi by the death of Lord Byron. All Greece, too, was bathed in tears. Every public demonstration of respect and sorrow was paid to his memory, by firing minute guns, closing all public offices and shops, and suspending the usual Easter festivities, and by a general mourning, and funeral prayers in all the churches. His body was embalmed by physicians, and preparations were made for taking it to England. A few days after his death, his honored remains were borne to the church where the body of Marco Bozzaris was buried. The coffin was a rude chest of wood; a black mantle was his only pall; and over it were placed a helmet, a sword, and a crown of laurels. Here the bier rested two days, and around it gathered a thousand noble hearts who had loved the generous poet. I stood by that coffin a long time; and more tears were shed upon it than I ever saw fall upon the dust of a great man. But the simple-hearted, grateful people, who crowded at the church, loved him not as the author of Child Harold's Pilgrimage, but as the distinguished benefactor of Greece. A detachment of his own brigade guarded his body. There was something indescribably more affecting and sublime in this spectacle, than in the gorgeous display which usually attends the funeral of a monarch.

At midnight, when the shadows of night had fallen around that solemn place, and there would have been the pale forms of the descendants of Patroclos relieved against the wall, their armor gleaming in the uncertain light of the wax candles burning before the altar, and in the centre of the church a group of emaciated Greeks bending over that illustrious dust, was all in keeping with the poet's own wayward soul.

**SPAIN AND THE CUBAN INVASION.**—It is said the Spanish Minister at Washington has called the attention of the President to the fact that organizations are now forming in various sections of the Union, for another invasion of Cuba. The Washington correspondent of the New-York Courier & Enquirer in announcing the alarm of the Spanish Minister, adds:

"Spain will contest the possession of Cuba, as it is her just right to do, at every hazard and with every means of defence that can be procured by her own resources, or if need be, by alliance with other Powers. A vigorous policy has been ordered, and the Captain General of the Island, in obedience to instructions, under the apprehended revolt and invasion, has directed that every person taken with arms in his hands against the authorities, shall be shot within three hours afterwards. A further order has been issued, that in case any officer should refuse to execute the foregoing penalty he shall be shot instantly for contumacy. The failure of our courts to convict the expeditionists engaged in the last crusade against Cuba, has not only encouraged others to repeat that lawless enterprise, but it has created a bad impression abroad as to the ability of the judicial tribunals to administer the law in the face of a morbid state of opinion."

**THE NEW POSTMASTER GENERAL.**—The Washington Republic has the following remarks in reference to the new Postmaster General:

"The Senate having confirmed the nomination of Nathan K. Hall as Judge for the western district of New York, he immediately resigned the situation of Postmaster General, which he has filled with so much advantage to the country and with such distinguished ability since the accession of Fillmore to the Presidential office, whereupon the President nominated Hon. Samuel D. Hubbard, of Middletown, Connecticut, to fill the vacancy thus created, which met the assent and ready acquiescence of the Senate. Mr. Hubbard, like Mr. Hall, is a thorough going business man, possessing a strong vigorous mind, and a character for honor and rectitude, which no one can doubt or question. He represented the second Congressional district of Connecticut in the 29th and 30th Congresses, and was at the latter placed by Mr. Speaker Winthrop on the Committee of Ways and Means, of which he proved a highly valuable member. There was no man in the House whose opinions on financial questions and business matters generally were received with more respect or had more weight with the members."

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river, has been endeavoring to spin a mountain top.