

# The Sumter Banner.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

WILLIAM LEWIS,  
JOHN S. RICHARDSON, Jr., } PROPRIETORS.

"God—and our Native Land."

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## THE SUMTER BANNER

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## Original Poetry.

For the Banner.

### Epistle to Sam.

Dear Sam, what makes you such a fool?  
They tell me you are teaching school;  
'Tis very well; but ah! how long  
Before you quit and change your song  
To something else,—perhaps to arming  
Yourself for war? what that be charming?  
And next, if you should get some money,  
You'll go to—: want that be funny?  
Oh Sam! you need some stern advisers:  
You're now a man, and should be wiser.  
A rolling stone ne'er gathers any  
Moss, nor will you have a penny  
Long to rattle in your pocket,  
If you don't change, by David Crockett!  
A man should open wide his eyes  
And learn how to philosophize

Whilst passing o'er this sea of life,  
Whose waves are mix'd up so with strife,  
All happiness from virtue streams;  
And it we'd take it in our dreams,  
We should have strength enough to stifle  
The appetites in every toll.

Keep cool, keep sober, and keep steady,  
And you will soon have something ready,  
To put on board your little bark,  
That floats upon life's ocean dark.  
You grasp too much at first, like all  
Mad caps have done, who rise to fall.  
Take life easy: watch and pray  
But do not then be said: be gay;  
And peace will come to you each day  
I know how fickle, and how prone  
To incontinuousness you're grown:  
But tush Sam! are you such a fool  
As not to know how very dull  
The scented nerves grow from abuse,  
On making of them, too much use!  
You must not let a word, or frown,  
Or cool look, strike your courage down.  
Bear up! good courage makes men praise  
And flatter you throughout your days.  
When going down hill on the rocks,  
You may look for a kick or box,  
But "din na ye" be chicken hearted,  
And soon you'll rise from whence you started.

And those who'd given you cold glances,  
Will turn your warmest friends, the chance  
is  
Never tell your thoughts or dreams:  
Never hint your little schemes:  
For men of sense will say 'tis folly,  
And that will make you melancholly,  
Let your actions speak always  
Instead of words, if you want praise.  
Stick to your school since you've begun it,  
And you'll do well I'll bet upon it.  
Stick to your school: 'tis not the office,  
But man, that brings it into notice:  
Stick on! should all your scholars quit  
you,  
Close to your pine board desk, still sit you,  
Would Franklin e'er have won a name  
So glorious—so high in fame,  
If he had not become a stinger  
When he used to be a printer?  
He would men boast the little trade  
Of sitting type, it can be said:  
That is the man, not occupation  
That give the latter reputation  
Take my advice: stick to your school  
If you would not be call'd a fool  
And whilst I'm fumbling o'er dead men's  
Bones, you'll make another Edmonds  
And if we meet ten years from now  
We'll laugh to hear the boys say how  
I gave them powders for the gripes  
Whilst you put on their a—es stripes.

Jack.  
Post Script:—Three days it has been raining;  
But I am far from this complaining;  
I always thought there was a pleasure  
In Noah's flood, for there's such leisure!

For the Banner.  
Address to an Owl.

On this raw and gusty even,  
Thou surely dost not come from heaven!  
'Thou! 't is dismal, dark, and antiquated;  
In ages still celebrated:  
'To look upon the sullen Fowl!  
Glad in these portentous cowl,  
I feel an awful superstitious,  
Coming o'er my startled vision,  
Art thou clothed with powers, 'twell

And swooping, from the fiends of hell?  
Oh let me hear thy voice no more  
Of Death prophetic, and of wo:  
So ill-fareboding, and so dread:  
It whoops up horrors from the dead.  
Avant! grim messenger of Fate!  
Avant! some dreadful curse of heaven,  
On thy grim head, was surely given.  
Avant! thou hast some wicked powers,  
And hootest in these evil hours.  
Intuition bids me fly.  
With horror from thy ghastly eye:  
Avant! the fiends themselves are awed,  
When thy hill-doulor hoot is heard.

JACK.

For the Sumter Banner.

### To Miss J. D. L.

Dear friend, thy mem'ry as a spell  
Of love, comes o'er the mind;  
As dew upon the purple bell,  
Or perfume on the wind.  
As music on a silent sea  
As sunshine on the river  
So has it ever been to me  
So shall it be for ever!

MARION.

From the Columbia Banner.

### FIRST PRIZE TALE.

MICHAEL ALLSCOT;

—OR—

### THE SHOT IN TIME.

A STORY OF MARION'S MEN.

BY J. W. ERVIN.

CHAPTER I.

[CONCLUDED.]

Although the prisoner felt that his hours were numbered, the near approach of death, as terrible as it may seem to one in whose veins the warm current flows healthfully, could not check his rising indignation. He cast upon his cruel tormentors a glance of scorn, and only by a strong effort repressed the angry rebuke that rose to his lips, prompted by the unmerciful insults of the brutal soldiers.

"Tell the drummers and fifers to come forward, Gaston and strike up the 'Rogue's March' as we go to the gallows tree, and drown the howlings of those noisy owls, that seem shrieking out their adieux to this old companion of theirs, who has shared the swamp with them so long. By my faith! they are fitting companions for a rebel such as he."

Just at this moment indeed, scarce more than a hundred yards from the spot where they stood, was heard from the oaks on the margin of the swamp, one of those long, wild, unearthly cries, with which the owl sometimes awakens the echoes of the swamp, making the stranger to start back in terror at his wail. His cry was answered from the swamp, and again and again his fellows rung out their successive responses, their answers, each rising more and more distantly, until they seemed to die away on the farther side.

The prisoner started and trembled slightly, while he stood more erect and proudly, and his eye flashed with anxiety and hope. Harrison only observed his nervous start.

"By my right hand," observed that worthy, with an attempt to laugh, "the rebel's nerves begin to tingle a little. A few more such doleful staves as that, and he will become so weak, we will have to carry him bodily to the gallows. Music! music! at once, before his legs fail him altogether."

Two drummers and a fifer took their places before the prisoner, and struck up the 'Rogue's March'. A few scores of ruffianly men with muskets and bayonets fell in behind him, and partly dragging and partly pushing the prisoner along, the procession, with Harrison at their head, mounted on his iron grey charger, took their way to the spot selected for the execution.

Then ensued such a scene as we freely confess we are unable to depict. Some fifteen or twenty individuals, mostly negroes, ran along on each side of the procession with lighted torches, and more than two-thirds of those who were assembled at the encampment, having been previously informed of what was about to take place, at the first tap of the signal drum hurried away from every quarter of the field, to take part in the procession. The field was alive with some three hundred individuals, eagerly hurrying along, justling, cursing, and pushing each other in their eagerness to get a position near the prisoner. With yells and fearful oaths, intermingled with cruel jests and heartless laughter, the multitude rushed along to the scene of sacrifice.

The spot chosen for the execution, was about two hundred yards to the northeast of the colonel's marquee in the open field. Harrison had ordered that he should be hung upon a magnifi-

cant oak, that stood nearly two hundred yards distant from the margin of the swamp. A rope had already been thrown over one of its branches, and the noose hung to within a few feet of the ground, ready to be fastened around the neck of the prisoner, while the other end rested upon the ground at the base of the tree, near which stood a savage looking man, to whom had been allotted the task of drawing him up.

Oh! how lovely and beautiful seemed the glorious night to the victim led to slaughter. Brightly above him shone the unclouded moon, shedding a halo of light upon the beautiful world beneath, where nature held her Sabbath. Never had earth seemed more dear, or the smile of creation more lovely.

The prisoner seemed not to hear or heed the deriding voices that mocked him in the fearful hour, when the rage of man should have been still, and left him to communion with his Maker. Yet his thoughts seemed not to grasp at eternity. His bright and watchful eye told that he still clung to his hope and fondness for life.

He gazed coolly and contemptuously upon Harrison, as that unfeeling wretch turned to harangue the noisy and brawling crowd. He offered no resistance when the callous executioner fastened the fatal noose around his neck, for his pinioned arms deprived him of the power to struggle; but turned in his tracks, and followed with his eye the movement of that ill-favored individual, as he retired and stood with his hands outstretched, and grasping the opposite extremity of the rope, ready at the given signal to launch the prisoner into eternity.

Coolly Michael gazed upon him, with perhaps nearly as much indifference as though measuring the proportions of a brawny ox. He was a tall, bony, square faced and red-whiskered giant, standing some six feet in his socks, and with the proportions of a Hercules. No doubt he had often taken part in such scenes, for he stood with a calm, soiled and unruled countenance his brawny arms resting upon the rope, some six inches above his head.

Having finished his harangue, Harrison turned, and drawing his sabre, called out to the hangman—

"Tighten away now, my boy, and give the devil his due!"

Then came a moment of intense silence. Even that drunken and brawling mob, so loud in their cries but a moment before, stood hushed and mute. The hangman advanced his foot—his huge hand—were clenched around the rope, which already began to tighten under his grasp, and already he began to feel the weight of his victim, when his arm fell to his side—and his knees gave way under him, and he dropped a lifeless corpse upon the ground, as the report of a well aimed rifle rang upon the ear from the margin of the swamp in their front.

Then was heard a rustling as of the wind among the tree tops—then the tramping of feet—then the clanking of sabres rattling against their steel scabbards—and with the command to "charge!" uttered in tones that fell upon the ear like thunder, fearfully there loomed out from the shadows of the swamp a long dusky line of horsemen, with clattering hoofs and gleaming sabres, rushing in swift and noisy, and deadly array upon the terror-stricken and pale-checked tories, who screamed for mercy, and fled wildly and blindly for some place of refuge. But the avenger of blood was upon their track, and the destroying angel hovered above their camp, and pointed the swords of Marion's men.

The war-cry of "Carolina and Independence!" coupled with cries of "no quarters to the tories!" rung terribly on their guilty ears. In vain they fled for succor to their camp fires, where many of their comrades stood with their weapons by their side.—The rifles of "Marion's men," levelled from the shadows around, were aimed with fatal accuracy upon the revellers around the fire, and had already begun the work of death in this quarter of the field. Unconscious of the bursting storm, they fell, some in the midst of their drunken orgies, with oaths and imprecations on their lips, others where they sat playing at cards exulting over their success, or in the midst of unfinished games with the uplifted cards in their hands.

While the rifles thinned them out by scores, the dragoons with gleaming sabres pursued them over the moonlit field, and hewed them down in their tracks as they fled and screamed for mercy. An hour of terrible retribution had fallen upon them, and remorselessly was the penalty of their many crimes exacted in this hour of unexpected security. The carnage was over in a brief space, and the victors were the masters of a field which was covered with the dead and the dying.

Michael had promptly been released

by his comrades, whose arrival had been so opportune for him, and so soon as he was freed, he was fortunate enough to secure a horse which came galloping riderless past, and calling to one or two of his brother dragoons to follow, he vaulted into the saddle, and putting spurs to his horse he rode fiercely away.

When the troop first broke from their cover, scarcely waiting to ascertain the extent of the danger, Harrison, trembling for his safety, had turned his horse's head across the field, hoping to escape by a timely and precipitate flight. Mounted upon an iron grey charger of uncommon fleetness and strength, he confidently expected to make good his retreat unpursued, or at least to distance any one who might be tempted to pursue. But a horseman who rode at the head of the troopers of "Marion," favored by the moon-like brightness of the night, had already marked his flight, and separated from his troop to follow in pursuit. Dressed in a suit of black velvet from head to foot, and riding a horse as black as ebony, and with a single ostrich feather of snowy whiteness waving from his black cap, he indeed presented an ominous appearance, as gracefully sitting upon his stout charger, with his flashing sword in hand, he thundered on in pursuit. Not a shadow of emotion, anger, revenge or fury disturbed the calm gravity of his handsome features. His dark, full, bold and lustrous eye, turned neither to the right nor left, to regard the screaming fugitives, who covered his path as he swept imperceptibly by, but was fixed meaningfully and sternly upon his unforgotten foe.

Hearing the thickening fall of feet behind him, when he had begun to fancy himself secure from pursuit,—Harrison turned in his saddle, and his cheek grew pale with fear, when in the sable horseman he recognised the bold and daring Conyers, whom he had wronged beyond forgiveness. Behind him, at scarcely the distance of a hundred yards, followed his inveterate foe, and before him lay a ditch with a double ditch, which must be leaped fearfully, and at a killing pace. Destruction followed in his steps, and he dared not hesitate. Pressing his gallant horse to the utmost he cleared it at a bound, and with a smile of triumph he reined in his horse, and wheeling round, with his sabre uplifted stood ready to confront his advancing adversary, and hew him down before he could recover himself from the perilous and difficult leap.

Conyers saw at a glance the design of his enemy, and though he might have avoided all hazards by drawing his pistol from his holster and shooting him dead as he stood, yet he preferred to encounter him in a man ner better calculated to satiate those stern and vindictive feelings that had been stirred up by injuries too great to be forgiven. Therefore, finding that his enemy awaited him, he tightened his rein and permitted his horse to approach to the difficult leap with slow and measured strides. Fixing his eye firmly upon Harrison, and sinking low in his saddle, he touched his charger gently with the spur, and the leap was gallantly made. With the point of his sword lowered and extended beyond the head of his horse, he received the fiercely-aimed blow of Harrison, and stillfully parried it with an upward stroke. It required the quick eye of the eagle and the unshaken nerve of the lion to accomplish so difficult a feat as warding off the sword stroke of a well posted adversary in a flying leap, but it was dexterously done, and the sword of Harrison glanced harmlessly above his head. Before his discomfited and astonished adversary could prepare to repeat the blow, Conyers had wheeled upon, and was raining a storm of blows about his head. In vain the terrified torie put forth his utmost skill and strength, and taxed his powers to their full limit; he was soon convinced that he lay at the mercy of Conyers, who prolonged the contest only to lengthen out his agony. Feeling that he was powerless in the hand of an adversary, whose sword seemed a living part of the arm that wielded it, he uttered an agonizing cry for mercy, which was only answered by a descending blow that laid open his sword arm to the bone, and freed the weapon from his grasp. With an oath of desperation, and a cry of pain, he again turned his horse's head, and driving the spurs deep into the horse's flank at every stride, frantically sought to escape; but like a bird of prey thirsting for his blood, the gleaming sword of Conyers flashed above his head, and now rising to give the fatal blow, and now lowered as chance diminished or increased the space between them. Again as Conyers, with uplifted sword, gained a position side by side with him, so that their knees smote in the fearful race, with a wild yell of despair, Harrison turned

on him a piteous look for mercy.

"Justice, oh God, not vengeance," burst from the lips of the partisan, and his descending sword glittered in the moonbeams, and fell like a thunderbolt upon the skull of the torie!—When Michael and his companions reached the spot, they found Conyers gazing sadly upon the corpse of his foe.

"It is all over now, Mike," said he in a tone of sadness to his young lieutenant. "I never sought an enemy more eagerly, or slew one more reluctantly. I trifled with and spared him as long as revenge rankled in my heart, and when that was gone I slew him. I feel that my days are now nearly numbered. One more blow in the service of my country, and my name shall be as even as he, save the inglorious cause in which he fell. But let us return speedily, for the fight may not yet be over."

The party having secured the horse of the fallen torie, then returned to the camp. The battle, if such it could be called, had already ceased, and when they reached the spot, they found that Marion had already posted his sentinels, and taken every precaution for his security during the night. The sumptuous feast prepared by the tories was eaten by unbidden and unexpected guests. The wearied famished soldiers of Marion fell to the abundant cheer with well whetted appetites, and kept up the feast to a late hour of the night. The deliverance of Michael, and the events of the night surprised formed the chief topics of conversation among them. Michael's friends every where gathered around him with rapt and hearty congratulations.

"My situation was rather a desperate one, boys," said Michael, as a crowd of his comrades gathered around him; "but I kept in heart when I heard Randal's voice from the swamp. His hoisting does the owls but little credit; it could impose upon none but a raw British recruit or a drunken torie."

"A good reason why Randal acted the owl so badly," said one, "he lost his old blanket at the camp on Pee Dee, and has had a bad cold ever since."

"But why was all this hoisting, boys," asked Michael; "what was the object of it?"

"Well, Mike," said an old weather-beaten rifleman, "I'll tell you all about that. Marion knew he wouldn't have a minute to spare, and so some ten miles before where we struck into the swamp, he put off a dozen of the boys, under the lead of an old swamp sucker, who was to ride under whip and spur, and station them along the best crossing on the swamp, again the time the General came up, and they was to signal along from one place to another by hoisting, and they led us on from one to the other, until we came out on this side the swamp. We got knocked off before we reached the swamp, and so lost an hour; but Marion led the way across the swamp on old Ball, from owl to owl, and was so afraid we'd get here too late, that he led us across a good part of the swamp over express knees, and all at a gallop. But Jack Buggles, who knows the swamp well, was among the first that got over, and he's had you under his rifle since sunset, and Jack's rifle throws a true ball, you know."

"And that was Jack's rifle then, I suppose," asked Michael, "that tumbled over my hangman so opportunely?"

"Oh, no!" answered a dozen, Captain Conyers said he'd trust no eye but his own to draw a bead when your life was at stake, and so he did the business."

"It was a shot in time," replied Michael with much emotion.

"Lieutenant Allscot," said an officer, stepping up and tapping him on the shoulder, "you are wanted at the general's tent."

"True," said Michael, starting up, "I have not yet paid my respects to Marion. Lead on, however, and I will follow."

Marion had already taken possession of the well-furnished tent, so lately occupied by the leaders of the tories, and with many of the misguided men whom he had seduced from the path of duty, were sleeping the long sleep of death on the field of battle.

Conyers and some two or three of his most confidential officers were in the tent with Marion, and they all rose upon the entrance of Michael, and greeted him with a warmth and cordiality which showed the deep interest he had excited among them; foremost among them in expressing his congratulations was Marion himself.—When the first words of welcome were over, Marion, who seldom descended to a jest, turned, with a quiet smile upon his countenance, to Michael, and said: "I am sorry, lieutenant, to find so brave and gallant a soldier as yourself deficient in gratitude."

Michael started and reddened.

"Deficient in gratitude, general?" exclaimed he; "surely, general, you

estimate my character better than to accuse me of that. I have but a few minutes since returned from following after my friend, and captain, and had intended to call upon you, and thank you for the solicitous care of one of the blindest of your soldiers, so soon as I believed you at leisure to accept of my thanks."

"You will take me, lieutenant," said Marion, gravely. "You have not yet inquired how I became aware of your dangerous situation. You surely should reward the messenger who brought me such timely information."

"Most gladly will I do so, sir," replied Michael, "to the extent of my ability. But knowing that our scouts in this quarter were cut off, I am at a loss to know to whom my thanks are due. I had verily abandoned all hopes of life, and was as much astonished as rejoiced when I first heard the signal of our men from the swamp. Show me the friend to whom I owe the preservation of my life, and believe me, I shall not soon forget the service."

Marion nodded to Conyers, who rose and issued from the marquee. In a short while thereafter he returned with a lady leaning upon his arm.—Michael started with surprise; and as she threw back her riding veil, there beamed upon him the bright eyes and the tearful smile of Dora Singleton!

A few words sufficed to explain to Michael all the events connected with the movements of Marion's force during the last two days. After lingering a short time with Marion, at Dora's request she was permitted to return to her home, only some few miles distant accompanied by Michael, with a suitable escort. Their marriage was not long delayed. In fact, before the partisan leader left that portion of a country he attended their nuptials, and gave them his blessing. Long they lived to enjoy that independence so dearly bought by the army of freedom.

But they had not been long united, when they were called to mourn over a treasured friend and a stern patriot. But a few weeks after they were married and before Michael had returned to the duties of the camp, as they were riding out upon the highway, which passed near the old family mansion, they met a mounted servant returning from the camp of Marion, leading by his side a coal black charger. The empty saddle was ominous of evil. The sword wreathed with crepe, and strapped to the pomel, told the mournful story of its fallen lord. It required no idle question to ascertain the truth.

The presentiment of Conyers had met with its fulfillment. The lion heart of the brigade was cold—its bayonet had fallen in the forefront of the battle!

### Cursing the Bridge.

Whenever the North has been unjustly assailed from the South, we have not been slow to defend her, and when she is unjust or inconsistent in her treatment of the South, we shall not spare the deserved lash. A more palpable case of cursing the bridge that has carried one safely over the river," could not be found, than in the rabid Abolitionism along-shore in New England—albeit our birth place—of those who are quietly rearing the best fruits of a slavery which they or their fathers, helped to establish and extend, while direct traffic in the black race was profitable. It is notorious that New-England bottoms were, not beyond the recollection of men now living, the chief transporting agent in the slave trade, and that Yankee shippers, now full of holy horror that a human being should suffer bondage, were expertest in hunting negroes on the coast of Africa, and readiest to coin dollars or doubloons by their sale whenever there was a market. In the South, when England—whose Liverpool, a century ago, was little better than a nest of pirates and slave traders—introduced slavery she howls against, though practising it, more or less, all over the empire; or in Brazil, or Cuba, Yankee enterprise was wide awake in the slave trade.

In fact, the connection of New Englanders with slavery was of the worst kind, they being the robbers and kidnappers, without whose aid the extension of slavery would have been comparatively slow. The planters of the South were here engaged in the slave trade beyond small domestic exchange. It requires New England enterprise to scour the shores of Africa and bring men to bondage. And New England shared also in the labor of slaves. She nursed the system in her own bosom to the fullest extent warranted by pecuniary profit. Had her soil and climate been more favorable to slavery, Boston would to this day, have clung as closely to it as Charleston. New England Christianity and philanthropy gave up slavery when mercenary considerations advised, and not before. Even

now, they are not fairly rid of it, practically, and in so far as they are, they have counted their own convenience. The moral obligation was not the prime incentive to dropping the traffic."

At the period when Jefferson and Franklin were the denouncers of slavery as an "unholy traffic," prominent New England men were the violent defenders, even of the slave trade.—They counted the rich profits of the business with a nicety that would shame a Southern planter. And how is it to-day? The manufacturing portions of New England are fattening on a slave labor they are ashamed to acknowledge, and are unwilling to let alone, as was the practice towards them in their slave holding era. The cotton and rice fields of the South may be likened to a cocoon, out of which the South gets the shell and New England the milk—New England capital cracking the nut. No matter that the milk is sweet and bloody, so long as it is money covered it is sweet and they lap it up. It will never sour nor curdle on their lips while it is profitable, and as they will flourish unblushingly on it, while denouncing the Southern planter who furnishes it and sympathizing with the "poor negro" who as a slave in the South is not stuck away in a "negro pen" in the corner of the church, as are all—save a few stars of the Douglass color—colored persons in New England.

Understand us—we have no sympathy with human bondage, but we have a regard for consistency, expediency, the Constitution, &c., and an utter detestation of the hypocritical cant of rabid abolitionism. It is like the zeal of new converts won over to a profession of piety, when it is no longer profitable to avow or practice a life of wickedness. In regard to New England and the North, we can only qualify our remarks by applying them, as we do, only to fanatical "higher law" abolitionism.—N. Y. Mirror.

### Grace in Female Dress.

"Somebody has said that a Parisian grisette, with a little tulle neck-ribbon, will conquer the world, while an English woman, with all her shawls, damasks and diamonds, looks only like an animated clotheshorse. The one is some exaggeration in this statement, but more virt, and still more truth.—The women of France unquestionably have a better taste in dress than those of Great Britain or America. In both our mother country and this there is too much of what may be called snobism in female attire. The ladies of Anglo-Saxondom seem to fancy that the more they spend on dress the prettier they look. Accordingly one sees little women covered all over with lace, or buried in the middle of stiff brocade, or almost lost to sight under a puffing velvet cloak, with capes that extend on either side, like gigantic wings. Or one beholds tall women, if such is the fashion, tricked out in tight sleeves, and striped silks, the costliness of the material being regarded by the wearer as sufficient compensation for the incongruity of the styles. A French servant girl has better taste. She knows it is not so much the richness of the materials as the way it is made up, and the manner in which it is worn, that gives the desired elegance. A neat fit, a graceful bearing, and a proper harmony between the complexion and the colors, has more to do with brightening female attractions than even American ladies seem particularly to comprehend. Many a wife looks prettier, if she would but know it, in her neat morning frock of calico than in the incongruous pile of finery which she dignifies with the title of full dress.—Many an unmarried female first wins the heart of her future husband in some simple unpretending attire, which, if consulted about, she would pronounce too cheap except for ordinary wear, but which, by its accidental suitability to her figure, face and carriage, idolize her youth wonderfully. If the sex would study taste in dress more, and care less for expense, they would have no reason to regret it. At present the extravagance of American females is proverbial. We wish we could say as much of their elegance in the same line."

### THE PAVING OF THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

The whole channel of the Mediterranean must be strewed with human bones—Carthaginians, Syrians, Sifonians, Egyptians, Persians, Greeks and Romans. There they lay, side by side, beneath the eternal waters, and the modern ship that fetches freight from Alexandria sails in its whole course over buried nations. It may be the corruption of the dead that now adds brightness to the phosphorescence of the waves.—J. A. St. John.

### BANK FAILURE.—The Farmers and Merchants' Bank of Memphis, suspended operations on the 22d inst.