

# The Abbeville Banner.

"LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE SOIL."

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**CHARLES H. ALLEN,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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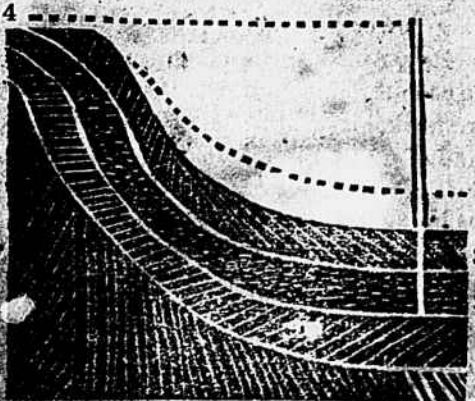
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(WRITTEN FOR THE ABBEVILLE BANNER.)  
**GEOLOGY, NO. 9.**

This being our last article upon the subject of Geology, we will appropriate it in making a few remarks on *Artesian Wells*. The name comes from *Artois*, a province in France, where considerable attention has been given to this means of obtaining pure water. There are many sections of country where pure spring, or well water, cannot be obtained by the ordinary processes of digging, &c. This is true in regard to some sections of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and even to the "low country" of our own State. Even in Charleston, the metropolis of the State, *iced rain water*, constitutes the purest, and best that can be obtained. Recently the city council have resolved on making another effort to construct an *Artesian well*;—they have already bored several hundred feet, and may have to bore 800, or a 1,000 feet, before they obtained *pure up country water*. How do they expect to procure this kind of water;—up country water in Charleston? By referring to our first article, it will be seen that we stated that the crust of the earth was made up of concentric strata of rock, arranged like the layers of an Onion, and by referring to our seventh, it will there be seen that we stated, that from some internal secondary cause, mountains had been thrown up, producing great *dérangement* in the original formation. This is the case in the mountainous region of this State. Notwithstanding the derangements, however, it is supposed that the different strata of rock present an unbroken formation, from the mountains, through the low country to Charleston, and that they there dip under the Ocean. The supposition is, that large quantities of water is to be found between these strata, and that, *that water* is necessarily derived from the *up country*. In the annexed wood cut, we have attempted to show the relative situation of three of these strata, represented by 1, 2, and 3.



The water occupies the middle strata, and is marked 2.—We intend the left, and most elevated part of the Cut, marked 4, to represent the mountainous country, where the strata containing the water "expose out," and at which point the water must necessarily enter this strata. The theory is, that by boring down, say at Charleston, until this strata is entered, that pure mountainous water, will be obtained, and that if a tube were inserted there of sufficient perpendicular height, upon the known principles of *Hydraulics*, the water would rise to the level of the *iced rain water*. Without this tube, the water would be forced up by the *iced rain water*, which is on a level with the *iced rain water*. Without this tube, the water would be forced up by the *iced rain water*, which is on a level with the *iced rain water*.

it will spout up from 10, to 20, or 30, feet above the surface of the earth, and as the auger with which they bore has a diameter of 8 inches, Charleston will thus be supplied with *pure mountainous water*, in sufficient quantities for the consumption of the whole city.

As a matter of course, there are extensive beds of earth lying upon the strata to which we have referred, which is represented by the *curved dotted line* immediately over the strata.

**FACTS ABOUT DIGESTION.**—The Hartford Review gives some facts in reference to the nutritive and digestive qualities of various articles of food, which may be of interest to some of our readers. The Review says:—Wheat is the most nutritious of all substances except oil; containing ninety-five parts of nutriment to five of waste matter. Dry peas, nuts, and barley, are nearly as nutritious as wheat. Garden vegetables stand lowest on the list, inasmuch as they contain, when fresh, a large portion of water. The quantity of waste matter is more than eight-tenths of the whole. Only one-fortieth of a cucumber is capable of being converted into nutriment. The nutritious parts of the different meats varies from one-fifth to one-eighth of the whole. Veal is the most nutritious; mutton next; then chicken; then beef; last pork. Fruits vary between two and three-tenths of nutritious matter, and the order is as follows, the most nutritious being placed first: Plums, grapes, apricots, cherries, peaches, gooseberries, apples, strawberries, melons. Milk contains less than one-tenth of nutritious matter, as it is mainly composed of water.

Of all the articles of food, boiled rice is digested in the shortest time—an hour.—As it also contains eight-tenths of nutritious matter, it is also a valuable substance of diet. Tripe and pig's feet, (strange to tell) are digested almost as rapidly. Apples, if sweet and ripe, are next in order. Venison is digested almost as soon as apples.—Roasted potatoes are digested in half the time required by the same vegetables boiled, which occupy three hours and a half—more than beef or mutton. Bread occupies three hours and a quarter. Stewed oysters and boiled eggs are digested in three hours and a half—an hour more than is required by the same article raw. Turkey and goose are converted in two hours and a half—an hour and a half sooner than chicken.—Roasted veal, pork and salted beef, occupy five hours and a half—the longest of all articles of food.

**TOMATOES FOR COWS.**—It is not generally known that this vegetable is a superior article of food for milch cows. We have tried it two summers, and find it decidedly superior to any other vegetable we have yet tried. They add greatly to the quality, as to the richness of the milk, and give a rich golden color to the cream and butter, which is at least pleasant to the eye, even if the flavor is not improved. We do not know, however, that they impart any richer flavor to the butter.

We have known a cow to refuse them when first offered, but soon became very fond of them; others, we believe a large majority eat them greedily from the first. Thus far we have fed them only in the raw state, but if boiled with corn meal, say half and half, or two-thirds tomatoes, they will doubtless be far better.

To one whom has a dairy farm, the cultivation of an acre or two in tomatoes, would be repaid by a greater profit than any vegetable we know. From an acre not less than eight bushels might be gathered daily, from July until frost. There is some trouble in picking them, but then nearly every farmer has children; his little boys—aye, and big boys too, would not be the worse of little work. We should be glad to see the experiment tried on a larger scale than ours, and to learn the result.

South Carolina Temperance Advocate.

**STUBBLE LANDS.**—Mowing lands from which heavy and exuberant crops of hay have been removed, ordinarily produce an after-moth, or "second crop," which, in its decomposed state, is capacitated to supply a most excellent manure. It has been calculated that a statute acre of well "set" sward land, provided the soil be ordinarily fertile, contains from thirty to forty tons of soluble matter, all or nearly all of which may be rendered available as *pabulum* for plants. This vast amount by being turned under in autumn, by the careful inversion of the sod, and protected from the waste of the sun and air, is in condition to operate the most beneficial action upon the soil and the future crop.

The laws of chemistry, under such a disposition of circumstances, operating harmoniously with the greatest facility, and effecting, without any extraneous assistance from art, the consummation of a most happy and

desirable end. I have known some few instances in which the turning in of green crops, as a means of providing *pabulum* for a crop of grain, has proved wholly unsuccessful. In one instance a field of some half a dozen acres was sown in oats; the growth was heavy and so far as the crop was concerned there was every prospect of complete success; but the field was plowed just as the grain was passing from the state of greenness to maturity, and the soil was in no way benefited but rather injured thereby.

AGRICOLA.  
Germantown Telegraph.

**IMPROVED CANDLE WICKS.**—An improved candle may be made by steeping cotton wicks in lime-water in which a considerable quantity of saltpetre (nitre) has been dissolved. By this means is obtained a pure flame and a superior light; a more perfect combustion is insured; snuffing is rendered nearly superfluous as in wax lights; and the candles thus made do not run nor waste. The wicks should be thoroughly dry before they are covered with tallow, otherwise they will not burn with a uniform and clear light.

**CORN AND CORN-MEAL COOKED.**—There can be no safer position assumed, in agricultural economy, than that there is most important saving effected by cooking food. Science has long since demonstrated the fact that quantity as well as quality, is highly essential to the preservation of health, hence the corollary is irresistible, we think, that both corn and meal, of whatever description, as well as oats, barley and every other specie of grain, is greatly increased in value by cooking, when used as a food for stock. This will be more manifest, admitting the first position to be correct, when we state the obvious and well known fact, that corn, by boiling, is increased two hundred per cent. in bulk—corn-meal three hundred per cent.—that is, to be more explicit, a bushel of northern corn, after being steamed or boiled, will measure three bushels. A bushel of corn-meal absorbs in the process of cooking, or rather requires for the accomplishment of that object, nearly five bushels of water—enough of the liquid being taken in or absorbed, to increase in its bulk from one bushel to four and a half.—Every pound of meal, therefore, will make four and a half pounds of mush. These facts, we think, should go far towards aiding the introduction of cooking food as a common practice; as they certainly exhibit its advantages in strong light.

Maine Cultivator.

## JUDGE MAGRAW'S YARN.

About a Mocking Bird and a Jackass.

Judge Magraw, and the sad end he came to, will be remembered by many! When sometime back, he was in the habit of visiting St. Louis, his favorite house was the "Planters," and his favorite seat, especially in the evenings, was either of the two front benches.

Judge Magraw was the body of fun and the soul of sentiment; so, of course, he always had a hard set about him, and the way they used to stay out, at night, setting with their legs cocked up, was a caution to careful people.

On the Judge's last visit to St. Louis, he sat up as usual, one night, telling stories and things, till nearly the whole crowd died, laughing! Each one, as he was killed, took himself off to be buried, till, finally, there were but three survivors! These, to save their lives, insisted upon taking themselves off, also, when the Judge, desperately rushed up stairs to his room in the third story, opened the window to its widest gape, gave one look up at the heavens, another down at the brick pavement and then without a prayer, threw himself—on the bed,—for it was a warm night, and the Judge wanted plenty of air to assist his snoring. Well, the Judge's last story was a capital one, and, peace to his spirit, we're going to—spoil it, we fear.

"You see, R——, a clever young fellow, was giving his reminiscences of Spain, from which country he had just returned, and he told, among the rest, a bird story, that was a *leete* too feathery to swallow. It was about the Duke of Modena having taught a whole aviary to whistle an overture, or something of the kind, and then, by the way of closing the performance, advancing and firing a pistol, when the songsters would suddenly drop to the ground, turn over on their backs, and appear to expire, as if each one had received an especial bullet.

"Why," said I, "R——, that's nothing what I know an Alabama mocking bird to do! He used to mock everything earthly, until he made the whole neighborhood so ashamed of itself, that it was afraid to own its name to travellers. You see, this mocker set up in a *Chimney*, in front of the house, which was separated from the main body of the house, and the first thing he did was to mock about, making them all

quit, in mortification. The cats were its next victims, and I wish I may be shot, if there was a "Tom" to open his lips for three miles round. Dogs, Hogs and cattle generally followed, and even Deacon Good, that used to give out the *hymes*, had to clear out to the next county. Well, finally there was nothing left but a jackass belonging to an old neighbor, and called *Johenus*, and he came to see what he could do for the credit of the county. Up he came to the fence under the China tree, and first he takes a good long breath, and out he rips, and a better bray, perhaps, had'n't been heard often, but 'twasn't a circumstance—out came the bird with a bray worth two of it, and off went old Jo., wild and cavortin', and hardly knowing whether he had a right to consider himself a jack or not! After a while, however, he recovered his confidence somewhat, and up he comes again to the fence, and first he nerves himself, and next he takes his wind, and finally out he comes again, perfectly awful; but 'twouldn't do, for, just as easy, old birdee opens on him, and, Lord! heels, head, mane, and tail, away he went with a roll and a ruction, bringing up, finally, against the road fence at the bottom of the lawn." Perhaps you don't believe? Well, this was mighty bad, but after turning it over in his mind a good while, old Jo., thought it was a *leete* too d—— n unjack-assical to be beat by a bird and so up he comes, nerving himself again, but mighty skerry, I tell you. "Go your death, old feller," said the bird to itself, and go it the jack did, till all creation stood on end—jack in the bargain, but pride couldn't avail him. Out came birdee, louder and longer, and thicker and squarer, and all without the first flutter, and *Johenus* looked up once, with a sort of "I bequeath you my shoes" expression, and just laid down and died—perhaps you don't believe it?

"Yes, I do, said R——; 'I believe to be a lie, and an infernal insult into the bargain, and I'll come mocking bird over you, by thunder!'"

But how Judge Magraw didn't get whipped, we must reserve for another occasion, not liking to talk about fighting on Sunday.

## A THRILLING SKETCH.

An Adventure in Hungary.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the third day after his departure from Vienna, a horse dealer alighted at an inn, situated at the entrance of a little town, which, to all appearance, was respectable and quiet. He recommended his horses to the care of the landlord, dried his clothes at the fire, and, as soon as supper was ready, sat down at the table, with the host and his family, who appeared to be decent people.

During supper, the traveller was asked where he came from, and on his answering from Vienna, they were all anxious to hear some news from the capital. The horse-dealer told them all he knew. The landlord then asked him what business had taken him to Vienna, to which he replied that he had been there to sell some of the very finest horses that had ever appeared in the market there.

At these words, the landlord looked very significantly at the young man who sat opposite him, and who appeared to be his son. His expressive glance did not escape the observation of the traveller, who, however, took no notice of it; yet he very soon afterwards had cause to regret his want of caution. Being in want of repose, he begged the landlord, as soon as supper was finished, to show him to his room. The landlord took a lamp, and conducted the traveller across the yard, into a detached building, which contained two tolerably neat rooms. A bed was prepared at the farther end of the second.

As soon as the host had retired, the traveller having undressed himself, unbuckled a money belt containing a considerable sum of gold, and took out his pocket book, which was full of Austrian bank notes.

Having convinced himself that his money was right, he placed both under his pillow, extinguished the light, and soon fell asleep, thanking God and all the saints for the success of his journey. He had slept but an hour or two when he was suddenly awakened by the opening of the window, and immediately felt the "night air blow upon him."

Startled at this unforeseen circumstance, the traveller raised himself up in bed, and perceived the head and shoulders of a man, who was struggling to get into the room; at the same time he heard the voices of several persons who were standing under the window.

A dreadful terror seized our traveller, who gave himself up for lost—and scarcely knowing what he did, crept under the bed as quickly as possible. A moment afterwards a man sprang heavily into the room and staggered up to the bed, supporting himself by the wall.

Confounded as the horse-dealer was, he nevertheless perceived that the intruder was intoxicated. This circumstance how-

ever, gave him little hope, for he had probably got intoxicated in order to summon up courage for the contemplated crime—besides this, the traveller had heard the voices of persons outside, so that the murderer, in case of resistance, could count upon the assistance of his comrades.

But how great was his astonishment when he saw the unknown person throw his coat on the floor, and stretch himself upon the bed he had just quit! A few moments afterwards he heard the intruder snore, and his terror gradually gave way to reflection, although the whole affair was quite incomprehensible to him.

He was just preparing to quit his hiding place, in order to awaken the inmates of the house, and ask another bed in place of that from which he had been so unceremoniously expelled, when a new incident occurred.

He heard the outer door carefully opened, and, on listening, the sound of cautious footsteps reached his ear. In a few moments, the door of his room opened, and two figures, those of the landlord, and his son, stood on the threshold.

"Keep the lamp back!" muttered the father in a suppressed voice.

"What have we to fear?" said the young man; "we are two against one: besides he has only a small knife with him, and is sleeping soundly: hear how he snores."

"Do what I tell you," said the father angrily; "do you wish to awake him? would you have his cries alarm the neighborhood?"

The horse-dealer was horrified with the spectacle. He remained motionless under the bed, scarcely daring to breathe. The son shut the door after him, and the two wretches approached the bed on tiptoe.

An instant afterwards, the bed was shook by a convulsive motion, and a stifled cry of pain confirmed the foreboding, that the unhappy man in the bed, had had his throat cut. After a short pause of awful silence, the landlord said:

"It is all over now: look for the money." "I have found it under the pillow," said the son; "it is in a leathern belt, and a pocket book."

The murderers disappeared. Every thing being now quiet, the traveller crept from under the bed, jumped out of the window, and hastened to the adjoining town to inform the authorities of what had happened.

The mayor immediately assembled the military, and in less than three quarters of an hour, the inn was surrounded by soldiers who had been summoned to arrest the murderers. The whole house seemed buried in profound silence, but on approaching the stables they heard a noise. The door was immediately broken in, and the landlord and his son were seen busily digging a pit. As soon as the murderers saw the horse-dealer, they uttered a cry of horror, covered their faces with their hands, and fell to the ground.

This was neither from repentance nor the fear of punishment, but they thought they saw before them the ghost of the murdered man, notwithstanding they heard him speak. There was some trouble in convincing them to the contrary. They were then bound, and led to the out-house, where the horrible deed had been committed, anxious to see how the enigma would be solved.

The prisoners appeared tolerably collected, at least calm and sullen; but, when, on entering the room, they perceived the body which lay on the bed, the son fell senseless to the earth, and the father threw himself upon it, with loud lamentations, clasped the bloody corpse, and exclaimed, despairingly—

"My son! oh my son! I, thy father, am thy murderer!"

The murdered man, was in fact, the youngest son of the host. Drunkenness was the only fault this young man had; and, this night, instead of being, as his father and brother supposed, in his own bed, he had gone out secretly, and had been arousing, with some of his companions, at the ale-house.

Soon becoming sufficiently inebriated, and fearing his father's anger, if he appeared before him in that state, he intended to pass the night in the detached out-house, as he had often done before. His companions had accompanied him thither, and helped him to climb up to the window. The rest required no further explanation.

Nor do we need to add, that the murderers expiated their crime with their life; and the horse-dealer, although saved, and again in possession of his plundered property, still shudders at the recollection of that dreadful night.

If you don't wish your nasal protuberance elongated by the children of Belial, never interfere in a family quarrel, or make faces at a homely woman.

The Cotton Work, and the