

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."

TERMS—\$2 IN ADVANCE

VOL. VIII.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C., JULY 5, 1854.

NO. 36.

THE SUMTER BANNER.

IS PUBLISHED
Every Wednesday Morning
BY
Lewis & Richardson.

TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS in advance. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the expiration of six months or Three Dollars at the end of the year.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietor.
Advertisements inserted at SEVENTY-FIVE Cents per square, (12 lines or less) for the first, and half that sum for each subsequent insertion. (Official advertisements the same each time.)
The number of insertions to be marked on all Advertisements or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.
ONE DOLLAR per square for a single insertion. Quarterly and Monthly Advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and sent monthly the same as new ones.

LOVE AND SPITE; OR, THE BURNT BOUQUET.

But the next day passed, and the day following—still Charles came not. Flora began to be a little uneasy.— On the third he passed her in the street with a distant bow. He looked wretchedly, however—and this gave his laughly mistress no slight satisfaction. Confident in the power of her charms, she had not the least fear of losing him; but that she should yield, or make the smallest advance towards a reconciliation, was unthought of. Though she had wounded his feeling in the point most sensitive to a lover and a man of honor, it was his business to sue for pardon; and Flora had in her own mind determined upon the time and place that was to witness her triumph.

There was in a day or two to be a large party at the house of one of Charles's intimate friends. Though he had not appeared in company since their quarrel, there he must certainly be; and Flora—who really longed for a renewal of the intercourse—looked forward to the party with the greatest impatience.

A few hours before it was time to commence her toilet, she threw herself on the sofa before the fire, in her chamber; and gave herself up to happy recollections of the past and hopes for the future. The beautiful dress in which she was to appear was laid across the bed; her maid had arranged on the dressing table the flowers, laces, and jewels, that were to adorn her hair, neck, and arms; and the young beauty—ever lovelier than ever in her careless *disabille*—had thrown one fair hand across her brow, and was occupied in weaving a golden web of future happiness in the busy loom of her own phantasy.

She thought of Charles—of the deep and ardent passion with which she had inspired him; of the noble, generous nature which must make the happiness of all concerned with him; of his talents and acquirements, that necessarily must work their way to independence, if not wealth. And, with a sigh over his present poverty, and another over his strong self-will, she jumped over the difficulties in their path, and pictured herself the presiding genius of his home—the wife that shared his inmost thoughts and feelings—his comfort in the hour of sorrow, and his sympathizing friend in that of joy, until tears of happiness bedewed her cheeks, and she felt that at that moment she could sacrifice anything for his sake. Just then the door opened, and her maid ran in, breathless with delight.

"Oh, Miss Flora! The most magnificent bouquet! Not one like it in the whole blessed winter! Eight camellias, besides roses and *minuettes*; and—and I don't know what besides!" And she laid the costly offering before her happy mistress.

In an instant she decided it came from Charles; and, though much more gorgeous and expensive than those he was in the habit of sending, she saw in this an indication of his anxiety to atone for the offence he had given her. She was lost in admiration of its beauty, and had just decided that one of the splendid white camellias might be withdrawn, without injuring the symmetry of the arrangement, to adorn her dark hair, when, in a moment of silence—during which she was indulging in some very tender thoughts of the donor—the maid suddenly exclaimed that she had dropped the card the boy had given; and, leaving the room, returned directly, and placed it in Flora's hand, who read, "For Miss Ormsby, with Mr. Boswell's compliments."

The revulsion of feeling was too great for Flora's temper. Her eyes flashed, and, with an exclamation of

deep disgust, she flung both card and flowers into the fire that was blazing before her. The maid wrung her hands in despair, and tried to save them from the flames; but Flora prevented her; and stood enjoying their destruction, until they were entirely consumed. Soon afterward she commenced the labors of the toilet. The maid sighed deeply, as she placed the artificial flowers in the hair that was to have been adorned by the camellias; and, after she had arranged every fold of her costly dress, and placed the rich head-kerchief and fan in Flora's hand, she ventured to sigh forth—

"Now if you had but the flowers, Miss Flora, you would be the completest dressed lady there!"

"I would not have carried them for the world!" said Flora; and, with a triumphant glance at her beautiful face in the mirror, she was soon in the carriage.

Her eyes wandered restlessly round the brilliant assembly as she entered the room on her father's arm—but no Charles met her view. At last, after working her way through the folding doorway, she saw him standing in close conversation with a gentleman—so much engrossed by it in fact, that it was some time before he perceived her; and then he merely bowed, and continued his conversation. Flora felt much provoked; and at that moment Mr. Boswell joining her, she bestowed on him one of her most bewitching smiles—said she was just beginning to think the party stupid, but would certainly find it pleasant now; and, on his expressing some surprise at not seeing the flowers he had sent her, she regretted deeply she had not received them, and suggested that they had probably been left at another house in mistake. Very soon after she allowed Mr. Boswell to lead her to a seat in a corner of the room, and to monopolize her conversation during the greater part of the evening.

Three times in the course of it her eye met Charles's—but there was no apparent jealousy in the glance; his eye rested inquiringly upon her, and she at once coldly averted hers. A week before, how different it had been! How sweet was even the momentary interchange of sentiment that a glance conveyed! But, still determined that even by a look she would not make the first advance towards a reconciliation, she only flitted more desperately with Mr. Boswell than before, and had rarely appeared in more brilliant spirits.

But, oh! the storm that raged within that fair and seemingly tranquil heart—the storm of anger, of disappointment, of battled hope! But, amidst it all, she preserved the same gay exterior, and no being could guess that while she exchanged a bright repartee with one, affectionate adherer with another, and a gentle reply to the soft speeches with which Mr. Boswell was regaling her, she was almost suffocated with the violence of the feelings she so perfectly repressed.— But when the restraints of society were removed—when, after throwing off her gay apparel, she dashed herself on the bed in a paroxysm of indignation against him of whom a few hours before she had thought so tenderly—all her former love seemed turned to hatred—and how to be most fearfully revenged on him was her only thought.

"Have you heard the news, Charles?" said young Stanley, as he entered his friend's office, a few days after the incidents we have related. "Flora Ormsby is engaged to Mr. Boswell!"

It was well that Charles was seated in his large office chair, or he certainly would have fallen. At length he staggered forth—

"Are you sure of this, Stanley?" "Sure! Why, I heard it from Boswell himself, man! Never saw a fellow so delighted in my life. It is as fixed as fate—and certainly no one can be surprised at it, after the way in which she has received his attentions all the winter. It is a capital rat!"

She will do the honors of his grand new house elegantly, and there is no end to the parties she will give—such a fine, dashing, spirited creature as she is! But I see you are hard at work!"—for Charles had again bowed his head over the parchment with which he had been occupied when Stanley entered—and I will not disturb you! I only looked in to tell you the news?"

And Charles was left alone—alone with his breaking heart—the beautiful fabric of his once imagined happiness shivered to atoms at his feet.

Could this indeed be true? Could she, who but little more than a week before had been his pledged wife—whose vows were still his, and from whom, though for a while estranged, he had never dreamed of withdrawing his allegiance—thus gave him up without a single look endeavoring to recall him?

His first impulse was to rush to her—to reproach her with her cruelty, her

treachery, and to let her witness the agony she had caused. But his pride—that pride which in their last interview she had so wounded, and which had determined him, though suffering deeply under their estrangement, to wait for some sign to show that she regretted it also—restrained him, even in that moment of desperation, from such an outbreak.

Then came the humbling question—had she really ever loved him? And when the first burst of anguish was over, and he was able to review the past more calmly, he began to doubt whether he had not from the first been the mere victim of her coquetry; whether she had not from the first been sporting with his affections, and leading him to pour out upon her the dearest feelings of his heart, only for the pleasure of breaking it at last.

As Charles had been prevented from revealing to any one his happiness, his misery was now equally his own; and, carefully burying it within his own bosom, he soon re-appeared among his friends, a shade paler and more serious than before, but outwardly exhibiting no traces of disappointment. Thus Flora was deprived of one great source of triumph; but though she saw him unsmiling, she knew him too well to doubt that he suffered deeply—and this consciousness enabled her still to act her part with spirit.

In her acceptance of Mr. Boswell, who had addressed her when her anger against Charles was at its height, her first thought was the blow it would inflict upon him; but the delight with which he received her assent, the joy of her parents at the match, and the splendid establishment that a marriage with him would secure, was not without its effect upon her. As Mr. Boswell had remarkably soft and insinuating manners, and was really much in love with her, she hoped to be able to govern him completely; she therefore tried to forget that he was neither young, handsome, nor interesting; and, pleased by the constant flattery of her new admirer, and his perfect submission to all her caprices, and kept in a constant whirl of excitement by the preparations that were rapidly making for her marriage, she believed that her love for Charles was completely annihilated by his misconduct.

But Flora had ventured on a dangerous experiment. The wedding festivities were hardly over before she began to discover that the quiet, obedient Mr. Boswell was not quite the submissive husband she expected him to be. It was true he was never tired of adorning his youthful bride—but he showed a strong disposition to monopolize her society himself. He did not choose that she should flirt and dance with gay admirers, as she had done in the days of her untried girlhood, or that every evening they had no engagement out, she should assemble round her a young and giddy circle, instead of devoting her time to him. And as she from the first showed that his wishes did not influence her conduct in the least, he soon found ways and means to reduce her to obedience.

The first serious quarrel—which occurred within two months after their marriage—effectually proved who was to be master. They had received an invitation which Mr. Boswell wished should be declined. His wife, after vainly endeavoring to alter his determination, quietly sent her acceptance, hoping some lucky chance might take him out of the way on the appointed evening, when she could well have his displeasure, after having enjoyed the pleasure she coveted. Contrary to her hopes, her husband remained at home, and, after presiding at the table, she was just going up to dress when he inquired why she was leaving him.

"To dress for Mrs. Marsh's!" said Flora, carelessly; "you need not go if you do not want to; but as I have a particular desire to be there, I shall go alone!"

"I thought I requested you to decline that invitation?" replied her husband; "did you not understand me so?"

"Oh, perfectly!" said Flora; "but as I wished to go, I thought proper to accept it!"

And, passing before her husband as she spoke, she rang for lights in her dressing room.

"There is no need of dressing Flora! You can not go to this party!"

"Cannot?" she repeated; "why, I pray you?"

"Because I do not wish it! Is not that a sufficient reason?"

"By no means!" said Flora. "If your wishes are unreasonable, you surely cannot expect a reasonable woman to yield to them! I have promised to call for Blanche and Lucy Jameson; and therefore I must go! And, with a smile of triumph, she left the room. Tell Smith to have the carriage at the door at nine," she said to a servant whom she met in the entry, and then

hurried up stairs.

When the toilet was completed, she again descended to the parlor, where her husband was sitting reading the newspaper, and as he showed no signs of displeasure in his face, she concluded he had yielded, and therefore addressed him as though nothing had happened.

"And you think I look well to-night?" she said, as he was assisting her to enclose a bracelet on her arm.

"Charmingly, my love!" he replied.

"I am much gratified by your appearance; those garnets are exquisitely becoming to your lovely neck!"

"But I wonder the carriage does not come!" said Flora. "I ordered it at nine."

"The carriage?" exclaimed her husband. "What can you want with the carriage?"

"Are you crazy, Mr. Boswell? To go to Mrs. Marsh's, of course!"

"I told you before, Flora, that you were not to go there—so make yourself comfortable, my love, and we will have a pleasant evening together!"

In vain Flora stormed—in vain she essayed, finding the carriage was unobtainable, to set out on foot by herself. The doors were locked and the servants deaf to her commands. In vain she tried entreaties, reproaches, tears, and finally hysterics. Mr. Boswell was immovable, and what is more, imperturbable. He sat reading his paper, and did not seem to hear a word. At last his wife threw herself upon a sofa, completely exhausted by the violence of her passions, and wishing—oh, how bitterly!—that she had never married him.

"You see, my love," he said, when all was quiet save a few hysterical sobs show needless, it is to agitate your self in this manner! You have spoiled a very pleasant evening, and gained nothing by it but a very disfigured face!"

"Cruel man!—I hate you!" exclaimed the wife.

"You will change your mind to-morrow, my dear!" replied the husband. "You hated me when you burned a bouquet I once sent you—and yet next day loved me well enough to consent to marry me! I understand the whole matter, perfectly, my love, and I hope by this time you know that I am master here!"

But we need not follow Flora further in her wretched career. It was in vain she tried to circumvent her husband by her cunning, or to destroy his happiness by her evil temper. He seemed armed at all points in the most perfect impunity of insensibility—not even a look was vulnerable to her attacks. She is, therefore, her own tormentor, and by turns a victim to her content, to *coquetry*, and to morbid melancholy. Her beauty is gradually fading, and her interest in life apparently gone. She has, too, the misery of seeing Charles rising rapidly in his profession, to which, after his cruel disappointment, he devoted himself with tenfold diligence; and recently, by his marriage with a beautiful and amiable woman, proves how entirely she is forgotten. But in the daily trials she has to encounter, not the least is the self-reproach that fills her heart when she remembers how unwilfully she threw away her own happiness, and how fatally—in seeking to avenge her wounded pride upon another—the punishment has recoiled upon herself.

Forth Banner.
Wonders of Geology.

BY J. C. RICH, M. D.

"O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!"
"And therefore as a stranger give it welcome."
"There are more things in Heaven and earth than our philosophy can dream of."

In the discourse before me, I adopt the nebular theory, of the formation of the planetary system, by Herschel; it is in accordance with my views; it walks hand in hand with my contemplations.

In accordance with a natural law, the sun could not act on or effect, sensibly, an attempted mass of gaseous, or nebular matter; as soon as the globe had acquired, from its rapid evolutions, a certain degree of solidity then it was that the sun began to take effect upon it.

I contemplate that the entire crust of our globe, was solid ice just about the period of the highest degree of its solidity, the result of condensation, by cooling or otherwise. The sun in the nebular, or gaseous state, may not have had the heat, or power, which it possessed after its condensation; therefore, we may, not without good ground, go back to the period of the earth's history, when its surface was composed of solid ice; and that when first the sun commenced the

process of melting it down into a liquid state, viz: that of water.

I contemplate that the earth is endowed with the principle of life; that the signs of the life thereof, would be imperceptible to our senses—that is to say, in a latent state, were it not for the irritation of the sun upon its surface; that its productions, to wit: the vegetable, and animal kingdoms as well as thunder, lightning, dew, wind and rain, are but its signs of life,—the result of the irritation produced by solar heat; and as evidence of this proposition, so far as the polar regions of the globe have been explored, there exists nothing of the kind. It is scarcely necessary to mention in this place, the fact, that animal and vegetable life, as well as meteoric, and aerial phenomena, diminish, from the central line, towards the poles, until they, at a certain line, entirely cease to exist.

I therefore further contemplate, that the meeting of the icy surface of the globe, was the first step of the operation of the force of the law in question, by way of preparation for sterner resistance against the power of the burning sun. The turning of the water into air, was the next step, which was only a preparation for the growth of vegetable and animal matter. These processes, first commenced in the regions of the central, or equinoctial line; and as evidence that at one period, there was but little or no air, geology informs us that the first productions of the earth, existed, and required for their existence, but very little of that element. The second required more; and so on, till in the present geological Epoch, the highly organized mammalia require an atmosphere, for their existence, to extend to the height of some forty eight miles.

I contemplate that the water on the earth has been, and is even now, diminishing in the same ratio, that the atmosphere has been, and is even now, increasing; that one period of time the body of water was very narrow between the North and South margins of ice; and that in the same ratio that the air was increased in quantity, the process of the melting down of the ice on each side of the central line, under the sun, became slower in its progress, inasmuch as the air, in the ratio of its growth, (albeit, to us it appears transparent) shut out the fiery heat and light of the sun; yet still, I contemplate that the sun will continue to expand the solid matter of the earth and all the planets, first, into a liquid state, and then into a gaseous state, until their surfaces became blended in contact with itself; then will there be again composed, one vast nebulae mass, of all the worlds in the arch of universe. The process is slow and progressive. After the water is all converted into air, this air will become attenuated by degrees, more and more, and will, eventually, become unfit to sustain animal and vegetable life.—Mammalia will degenerate down in the scale of zoophytic existence; then the solid granite itself, and all the flinty monuments, constituting the consolidated earth, will, by the same process, be converted into a liquid state, which will, by the same process, assume the gaseous, and will eventually fill up the space of 9,600,000 miles—the distance from our globe to the sun. What power will then twirl off this mighty nebulous mass of matter, again, into rapid motion condensing it, on the principle of a mechanical law, into worlds, is head work for the gods.

So much in the form of preliminary remarks, essential, in order to attempt the answers to the following geological interrogatories propounded, and which, as yet, by the scientific world, have never been answered; at least, have never been satisfactorily.

QUESTION I. What is the cause of Oceanic Currents?

ANSWER. On a principle of Natural Philosophy, heat, expands all bodies; and as fire, on one side of a kettle containing water, forms a current of the same therein, (i. e.) makes the kettle boil, to use a more domestic phrase; the *volubis operandi* of which is, alternate expansion of the watery molecules on the side of the kettle next to the fire; thus, locomoting and forming a current, so the sun, acting on the water in the region of the equinox, does, in like manner, form a current. This current is imperceptible, except when some impediment, like the North American continent, concentrates its force, and thereby makes it visible.

If the coasts of Central and North America as well as all the West Indies, were out of the way of the current of the Atlantic Ocean, in all pro-

bability, the gulf stream would never have been heard of, much less laid down in our charts; for those coasts, and islands, do concentrate the entire current of the vast Atlantic Ocean, into one small stream, some three hundred miles in breadth becoming visible in the gulf of Mexico, and traversing the coast of North America till it reaches Norway, whence repulsed by the Scandinavian coasts, it turns North-west towards Greenland, and dies away in the North ocean.

Time was, when this same Gulf stream, passed over this continent depositing in the middle and northern states, vast quantities of vegetable matter from the mouths of great rivers, in tropical continents, to be formed into coal by the process of spontaneous combustion, and on its return from the Northern hemisphere, brought icebergs, studded with rich jewels, and boulders, which were deposited in its course. The stream, I contemplate, was then imperceptible. I deem it needless to illustrate, by any further familiar example, on the principle of Natural philosophy, the theory in question, to wit: oceanic currents; since it may readily be conceived to be, as an axiom, already demonstrated (i. e.) demonstrates itself.

QUESTION II. Why are boulders found, invariably, as seemingly having drifted in icebergs in a direction, from the poles towards the equator?

ANSWER. Boulders, in icebergs, followed the current which now runs deep and powerful, being composed of condensed molecules, invariably, from North, towards the equator, unless thrown out of its course by continents or islands. In the early periods, the wind had no influence on the course of the drift, in as much as there was but little air, hence it is, their direction was less deviating than that of the icebergs of the present day in the Northern ocean.

QUESTION III. Why are boulders not found near the Equinoctial line?

ANSWER. Time was, when the sun had not melted down the ice so far on either side of the Equinox; but that the water, or ocean was quite narrow; so it is evident enough that the current, at that time, was more rapid, and so it follows that icebergs rode in it, quite to the equinoctial line, and returned again towards the poles, without having had time to melt, and deposit their contents, to wit: boulders &c., until they arrive, on their return, to within a certain distance from the equator.

QUESTION IV. How did tropical animals and plants ever find their way to England and France, and to the frozen regions of Siberia?

ANSWER. The icebergs, in all probability were much larger, at the period of time, in which, the North and South margins of ice, or the frozen regions, were nearer the equinox; and the current being, thence more rapid in its motion, these islands of ice, could have floated to tropical lands, and may have run into the mouths of great rivers, and have been wedged up there for a short time, so that immense quantities of plants, branches, and so forth, besides, elephants, rhinoceroses, and every kind of tropical animals may have collected and congregated upon them; and so soon as they become loose by diminishing in size, from the heat of the vertical sun melting them, the current may have taken them Northward, and deposited them in the mud, in England and in France. It was but seldom that Cuvier found an entire skeleton; there was nothing almost, but a heterogeneous mass of bones. The deposit in Siberia, it appears, was of more recent date, in as much as, 1st. Siberia is further from the equinox. 2nd. the animals are (many) still in a state of preservation. I contemplate that the deposits in France and England, at one period of time, to wit: when it was as cold as it now is in Siberia, could have also been found in a state of preservation.

There are very few deposits in Siberia, in comparison to the immense quantity found in France and in England. This I contemplate, is owing to the circumstance of the latter countries being situated nearer to the tropical regions, than the former, and hence more convenient depositories.

I am aware that it is the opinion of many geologists, that the tropical deposits in England and in France generated and flourished there; but there is no evidence of this, only that such remains are found there. Some, the Hyena, for instance, may have out-lived others and preyed upon their dead bodies; but there is no evidence that the climate was congenial to them.

Astronomy, and common sense scoff at the idea, viz: that the poles of the globe have been shifted.

QUESTION V. It is a question with geologists whether the coal lamella, so abundantly distributed over the globe, were the deposits of drift, or otherwise; wherefore in what manner

were they formed?
ANSWER. The current of the ocean hitherto, by geologists, and geographers, are supposed to be produced and influenced alone by the winds. They appear not to be aware, or to suspect that the currents have their origin in the expanding heat of the tropical sun; and this is the reason why the drift formations present so many phenomena, to them, that are utterly incomprehensible.

The current running from the equator towards the poles, was composed of light and expanded water; and the drift of the current was composed, *in toto*, of light vegetable matter, in lamellated and regular masses, devoid of all foreign substances, (i. e.) substances whose specific gravity would cause them to sink—and now constitute the coal beds whithersoever they were deposited. The other current ran from the poles towards the equator, and was composed of heavy water; and the drift that followed this current, was for the most part underneath the surface of the water and was composed of icebergs, containing the various metallic substances, boulders, conglomerate &c. Huge masses of this kind, riding in the current, underneath the surface of the ocean, would ascend the sides of high mountains, grate on their flinty pinacles and crags, roll over, descend, and then go onward in their course.

Lyell, Richardson, and others, supposed that from the perfect and unbroken state of preservation in which many species of tender birds and limbs of plants are found, in the coal beds, they are not accumulated on the principle of the drift formation; and Richardson states, as further objection to the drift principle, that "the coal in that case would have been mixed with foreign substances, which is not the fact." "The uniform thickness of each coal seam (wonders of Geology by the author of Pat Par) presents another difficulty. By being washed away, the vegetable matter deposited, would have been found disposed in unequal layers, heaps, and hillocks, which is far from being the fact. The greatness two, of many of the seams, forbids the supposition of so violent action as that which the drift theory supposes. The enormous depths of many of the seams is likewise considered an insurmountable objection."

In our ignorance of the cause of the oceanic current; and thence our ignorance of the fact, to wit: that there are two kinds of drift very different from each other in all their aspects and characteristics, and having for their cause of difference, the difference in the currents, will may raise up insuperable objections to the Drift origin of the coal formations, rest quietly in ignorance on them, (which is worse than ignorance) conclude that the earth had received at one time or another, a most immaculate pelting, and made turn over on the wrong side, in order that we might account for the immitable state of the preservation of tropical elephants, fruits, buds, and boughs of *Sigillariae Sigmarinae*, and other species of vegetable matter in coal seams, and in the frozen regions of Northern climes.

Whoever has been a fisherman or a hog-minder, in Santee swamp, or (perhaps) almost any other swamp, after a freshet, in all probability, may have had "ocular demonstrations" of the principle of the deposits of trash flakes. There are no brick bats, or "foreign substances" in these layers; and there is as much uniformity in their thickness, as in the coal beds generally. We find acorns, hickory nuts, crab apples, pumpkins, buds, and branches of trees, delicate in texture, yet unbruised by the violence of the drift principle.

Another objection (they tell us) to the drift theory, is that clusters of tall forest trees, standing erect as they grew, in a state of coal are found (perhaps) in England. They might, as well tell us that the char-coal, which our black smiths use in their forges, and make themselves, is another objection to the Drift theory.

Many deposits of vegetable matter, by the rarified current, an appellation, which in this place, I find necessary to coin, may have been made in certain valleys amidst the forest trees, so that in process of time, the tops of the trees may have been covered; and then the process of spontaneous combustion may have begun, and converted the entire mass into coal. This process might (it is not a very great stretch of imagination to conceive it) go on in Santee Swamp, or any other swamp, were it not for the frequent repetition of the freshets. So the answer to the question before me, is that the matter which formed the coal beds in various parts of the bowels of the earth, drifted in loose flakes, from the central line

(CONTINUED ON FORTH PAGE.)