

CAROLINA BEACON, AND METROPOLITAN OMNIBUS.

VOL. I.

RALEIGH, NORTH-CAROLINA, TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1840.

NO. 3.

THE CAROLINA BEACON, AND METROPOLITAN OMNIBUS.

—BY EDMUND S. ZEVELY—
Is published every Friday, in Raleigh, N. C.

CONDITIONS.
The Beacon and Omnibus will be sent to any di-
rection at \$2.00 per annum, in advance. \$5 will
pay for three copies one year.

No paper sent unless paid in advance.

All Postmasters are our Agents.

Advertisements will be inserted at 50 cents per
square for the first, and 25 cents for each subsequent
insertion. One square, per year, \$5; for six months,
\$3. Greater lengths in proportion. All cash.

Correspondents are requested to address their
letters to EDMUND S. ZEVELY, Editor and Publish-
er; and all letters on business must be post paid.

BEACON & OMNIBUS.

Office, at the South-West corner of the State-House Square.
INDEPENDENCE!

**THE DELAY AND OTHER MATTERS EX-
PLAINED.**—As a friend happily observed to
us some days since with reference to the
Beacon—calling to mind an almost forgotten
apothegm or geometrical corollary,—
“large bodies are hard to start.” Such in-
deed has been our experience in this case.
And now, that we are at length properly un-
der weigh, we find the press of miscellane-
ous and personal original articles so great,
that we are unwillingly compelled to insert
less of news matters, &c., in this number
than is our wish and intention to do here-
after. There is, however, nothing particu-
larly wonderful astir now-a-times, aside from
what may be found scattered through this
paper. Read, therefore, oh reader!

**NORTH CAROLINA DELEGATION IN CON-
GRESS.**—Of the North Carolina delegation
in Congress, we as North Carolinians have
just cause to be proud of six individuals;
and alas! out of the fifteen, of six only!
These are Hon. Messrs. Robert Strange,
Kenneth Rayner, Edward Stanly, Edmund
Deberry, James Graham, and Lewis Wil-
liams. We speak not now as a politician;
we look at the men alone, and at their endeav-
ors to do their duty as Representatives of
the people of a State. Mr. Strange, the
only “democrat” (loco-foco) whom we can
persuade ourself to include in this selec-
tion, is distinguished for his urbane man-
ners, his profound and classical information,
and for not being a brawling, unreason-
able abuser of every thing appertaining to
the Whigs, or not emanating from, or wholly
approved by the leaders of “the party,” in
Washington. At home, his most intimate
personal friends are Whigs, conclusively
showing the correctness of what is here
said. In his official capacity, he now and
then oversteps the mark at which his bet-
ter judgment would bid him stop, but in the
main he is respected as well by his politi-
cal foes, as by his political friends. We
should perhaps include the Hon. Bedford
Brown, and we admit he is (next to his col-
league, Mr. Strange) entitled to a more re-
spectful notice than either of the other gen-
tlemen we have omitted, but he has render-
ed himself odious by an over-wrought zeal,
and by indulging too greatly in that dis-
reputable practice of vulgar abuse, so com-
mon among his political brethren, who are
destitute of all refined feelings and honora-
ble motives, but permit themselves to be
blindly led on in the harness of party.

We were disposed to notice in detail the
five gentlemen of the House of Representa-
tives above named, we might justly allude
to the successful debut of the one, and his
abilities displayed;—the bold, untiring, man-
ly course pursued by the second; the high
station which a third has for years main-
tained; the frank and honorable character of
the fourth; and the firm and considerate course
of conduct of the last, which united with
the requisite abilities, have been the means
of continuing him a member, until he now
is well known by the honorable title of “the
father of the House.” North Carolina may
well be proud of such men.

But were we, on the other hand, to at-
tempt a candid notice of Messrs. Bynum,
Shepard, McKay, Hawkins, Montgomery,
Hill, Fisher and Connor, what a miserable
picture would we be compelled to draw!
There would scarce be a redeeming point
in it. It would be a horrid conglomeration
of cupidity, stupidity, and meanness—sick-
ening the soul, and horrifying the senses.—
If out of these eight worthies united, there
could be squeezed a drop of any thing that
was good and commendable, it would either
be extracted from Mr. Fisher, who we be-
lieve has been innocently led into the snare
by pinning his faith to the skirts of J. C.
Calhoun, or from Mr. Hill who is a novici-
ate, and may reasonably be supposed not yet
to be hardened in sin as are his lost, un-
done, and benighted comrades in loco-foco-
ry and corruption, here designated. Heav-
en have mercy upon their sinful souls.—
Amen.

GEN. W. H. HARRISON.
*Of his house and farm, personal appear-
ance, habits and manners—by one who
has seen and ought to know.*

The “Farmer of North Bend” by which
name Gen. Harrison is familiarly known,
has received the cognomen from the situa-
tion of his house and farm at a bend in the
Ohio river so called, about fifteen miles be-
low Cincinnati, and a few miles above the
Mouth of the Big Miami, the boundary line
between the States of Ohio and Indiana.—
From the city of Cincinnati, to North Bend
there extends one of the best natural roads
in the country, the entire distance near the
bank of the river, and at the point it leaves
the river and turns farther into the country.
Here also the “White-water Canal,” a work
now in progress of completion from Cincin-
nati to Batavia, Indiana, and thence to In-
dianapolis, the seat of Government, diverges
from the river, and strikes out into the coun-
try, and for this purpose a tunnel of perhaps
half a mile in length is necessary. This
tunnel is within a quarter of a mile of Gen.
Harrison’s dwelling and the land around
and about it is owned by him.

The traveller on the Ohio river will not
be able to get more than a mere glimpse of
the house from the hurricane, deck of his
boat, unless at a season of high water, owing
to the bank of the river at this point being
very high and bluff. The General lives in
a plain house, or rather three houses jum-
bled together; the centre building being a
two story white frame, with a black roof,
fronting towards the river, and the other two
being also two story white frames, but with
red roofs, and they have their sides jammed
up against the gable-ends of the main or
centre building, so that the gable-ends of
these two outside buildings front on the river.
A few shade trees are ranged around
in front of the House, and in the rear is a
garden with a white paling fence—having
still in the rear and at the sides of that, an
extensive orchard. In front of the House,
to the canal and road at the river bank a dis-
tance of 150 or 200 yards, extends a beauti-
ful green lawn, comprising several acres
in extent, and may be used as beneficially
for a pasture, as it is ornamental, and pleas-
ing to the eye. Here he has constantly re-
sided since he closed his services as Major
General in the American army of the late
war, excepting the period when Senator or
Representative in Congress, or on a foreign
mission.

Gen. HARRISON lives in this plain house,
furnished in a plain but substantial manner,
precisely as all plain, substantial, republican
farmers, and Americans, ought to live. He
is distinguished for his hospitality, and his
plentiful table is seldom without a guest.—
His dress is such as neither to be unfit for
the parlor or the farm. He is tall and thin
in person, sharp-featured, walks erect, moves
briskly; and has less the indication of age
than is usual in persons of his years. He
retains his hair, which is slightly silvered;
but there is a stiffness in his limbs, said to
have been caused by exposure to the severi-
ties of a winter on our north-western fron-
tier during the last war. His eye is bright,
quick, piercing. His manner frank, jovial
and unaffected.

His farm is small, employing from two to
four hands in its culture; and among these
the old General associates as freely
and is equally popular as among states-
men or professional men, whose perception,
habits and manners are more refined. He
is never idle—always doing—ever active—
up with the sun. He possesses the happy
talent of making himself agreeable in any
company, (for which his extensive and varied
information and experience eminently
qualify him,) and all who have had the
pleasure of his acquaintance, have been pleas-
ed with the man—the General—the Coun-
ty Clerk—and—the President of the
United States, that is to be!

Oh, you miserable mortals, are you
not ashamed to be outlived by frogs, beetles,
and such vermin? We have just been read-
ing sundry accounts of long lived animals
without anything to eat. For instance, of
a beetle which had been above three years
without eating, and seemed not particular
how long it lived; and of a spider which
had also been kept one year on the same
abstemious regimen, and yet was going on
living as usual. Frogs, it is well known,
can live as well without food as with it. Oh,
you miserable mortals;—that you cannot
live for a single day without pounds of food,
and we can’t reckon how many cubic feet
or inches of air!

READER! turn this sheet about; eye it
well; is it neat and tidy? To-be-sure it
is. Now examine its contents; are they
not superb, magnificent, pretty good! Look
at the terms of the paper; and subscribe to
the Beacon and Omnibus!

“Weep ye daughters of Zion! Mourn,
oh! Israel!” the edict has gone forth that
no “Republicans” shall read the Beacon!—
Bear it, ye breezes, on your balmy wings—
toll it, ye bells, from your church-tops—cry
it, ye erriers, from your brazen lungs—whirl
it, ye locomotives, from the centre to the
ends of the earth! the Loco focos are quav-
ering and shaking with fear at what is com-
ing in the Beacon! TRUTH is coming in
the Beacon, and truth they cannot abide.

We received a few weeks since a
neatly printed invitation in the following
words:

The President and Directors of the Wilming-
ton and Raleigh Rail-Road request the plea-
sure of your company at Wilmington on Wed-
nesday the 21st of April, at the celebration of
the completion of their road.
Wilmington, N. C., March 4, 1840.

In respectfully declining the honor of ac-
cepting this very polite invitation, we had
at first framed together a very choice bit of
an apology; but “sober second thoughts”
induce us candidly to confess that the rea-
son we did not show ourself in Wilming-
ton was, that we did not happen to have a
clean shirt convenient! Most lamentable
catastrophe!

Home!—What a magic in that short
monosyllable! What a world of feeling and
of thought does it give rise to! The mid-
night murderer of the high-way robber, hard-
ened in villany, shrinks from the sound.—
The recollection of “HOME,” and of his
childhood, sends a thrill through his frame,
and for a moment he is a reformed being.
The lone prisoner in his cell hears the word
“HOME,” and his manhood forsakes him.—
While that magic word is whispered in his
ear, he is a very child. The traveller on the
trackless ocean thinks of “HOME,” and
his spirits are cheered; the Christian on the
ocean of life looks forward with confidence
to that long last home—that “bourne whence
no traveller returns.” But listen to the art-
less child, when after a long absence it
again arrives within view of the well known
habitation, with a feeling of heartfelt and
unfeigned joy, exclaiming:—“Yonder is
home!” Ye Gods! who would not be mov-
ed to hear such an exclamation, when him-
self far from the scenes of his childhood!

Blessed is the wooling
That is not long a doing.

Young people, and old people too, when
they are matrimonially inclined, should al-
ways make quick work of it. They should
go about the matter seriously, and with en-
ergy, in a business-like manner: for mat-
rimony, now-a-days, has got to be quite an
every day business matter—and all business
should be done promptly and with as little
complexity as possible. It is by no means
improbable that the old custom of purchas-
ing, or paying a kind of bounty, for a wife
should again come into vogue. We read in
the Bible that camels, horses, cattle, and
other commodities were exchanged for wives,
and in the early history of Virginia, when
the dear angels were so scarce, that several
cargoes were specially imported from the
mother country, a stated quantity of tobac-
co paid over; would secure to any bachelor
a partner for life. So it may be again ver-
ily likely, judging from the importance at-
tached to gold in match-making now-a-times.

Love is a kind of legerdemain,—
mere juggling, a fascination—men fall in
love with the gentle sex in a variety of ways
—say those who have writ books on love
matters. Young ladies will affect many lit-
tle irresistible flatteries, such as setting
out themselves after the best fashion; by
pleasant carriage affability; sweet smiling
upon all, &c.—and in the Bible we read of
the daughters of Zion, that “they minced
as they went, and made a tinkling with their
feet.” So it seems to have been the nature
of women since their creation;—and to say
the truth, what can they not effect by such
means?

Whilst nature decorates them in their best attire
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.”
When art shall be annexed to beauty, when
wiles and guiles shall concur;—when they
show their fair hair, fine foot, fine stock-
ings, fringes, lace, embroidery, &c.—’tis
but a springle to catch wood-chucks. By
such little matters, as these, they conquer
the sterner sex—rough, blackguard man;—
and in this they are perfectly excusable:—
they must speak some way, and as custom
forbids them from pouring with their mouths,
they speak in their gait; they speak in
their eyes; they speak in the carriage of
their bodies.

We shall ever uphold the rights of sweet,
gentle, soft, lovely, angelic woman. Where-
ever she leads, we will follow; whatever
she does will meet with our support.

STORM COMING.—A certain doctor’s ma-
lignity is looting over the “Beacon and
Omnibus.” Have patience.

LETTER FROM STOKES—NO. 2.

The people up here nearly all believe, Mr.
Beacon, that you write your own “letters
from Stokes;” so I must drop the w which
I so consequentially sported, a la editor, in
my first. I am now in the county-seat, the
metropolis, of this goodly county. In pass-
ing from Salem here, a distance of fourteen
miles, you travel eight or ten miles without
seeing the sign of a habitation; and so you
may imagine I had a dreary time of it. Ar-
rived, however, one has ample opportunity
for getting into comfortable quarters, there
being several very tip-top “taverns” here.
The town itself is rather a crooked affair;
I have been marching about it with the vain
endeavor of, in some manner, reducing
things to some system as regards the plan,
and so you and your readers must content
yourselves with rather an unsystematic
sketch of Germanton.

Germanton is situated in an out-of-the-
way place—chosen, undoubtedly, for pur-
poses of convenience to the citizens, with
the view of a central position in the county,
though it is yet far south of the centre.—
The northern portion of the county is, how-
ever, far less densely populated than the
southern portion. The town is built upon
a sort of promontory of high ground jutting

here yet, (and a good many fine ladies in
the bargain,) but the times have changed,
and the “boys” now-a-days don’t appear to
have the spirit or the liberality of their fath-
ers. However, as it is, for real enjoyment
and to find real hospitality, I would recom-
mend every body to Germanton. Striking
a circle of ten or twelve miles, or less, with
this place for the centre, you can draw to-
gether within that space, as clever a set of
people, and as pretty and lively a set of girls,
as is to be found any where in the country,
in the same space, if not more thickly set-
tled than is the country hereabouts.

Germanton is supplied with its mails al-
together by horse-routes—no public carriage
of any kind running to or from the place.—
Near here is the great “marble” quarry,
which “once upon a time” created such a
sensation in the county. The people about
here are on the qui vive to hear what you
have to say about the “marble mania” as
you term it.

From here, I take a turn round by the Sa-
ratorown and Rivot mountains to Bethania,
from which latter place my next will hail,
giving touches of mountains, rocks, cata-
racts and politics. Then will come sketch-
es of Bethania and Bethabara—alias Houser-
town and Oldtown—after which, I shall
make a “blue streak” for the next county.

“DON’T DO THAT.”—MURDER!—We are
informed by letter from Washington, that
“some time-serving Whigs in the House of
Representatives, ignorant as they are nar-
row-minded, have intimated, in a very plain
way, the determination of advocating in
Congress a general reduction of salaries in
the public Departments, under pretence of
economy and a regard for the public weal.”
We protest against such a step, most finan-
cially! It is possible that we may want
an office ourself one of these years,—if
we should happen to get tired of our pres-
ent “laborious duties.” Economy! Non-
sense!

ARTESIAN WELLS.—Whilst connected with the Fayetteville Observer, the Editor of the Beacon and Omnibus made certain enquiries respecting the bored wells of the south-west, which has elicited the following letter, and which we copy with pleasure from the Observer, because it appears to have been written by an able hand, and cannot be otherwise than interesting to a majority of our readers.

Linwood, Marengo County, Ala.,
February 9, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR: I have been desirous to write you for
some time, and with great pleasure avail myself
of the opportunity presented by your editorial request
in the Observer of the 22d ult. on the subject of the Ar-
tesian Wells of Alabama, &c.

That you may the better understand the charac-
ter of these Wells, I wish first to give you a brief sketch
of the region of country in which they are found.
A belt of limestone lands passes from East to West
through this State, and for some distance into the
State of Mississippi. Its average width may be
some twenty miles or more. This district of country
is based on a lime rock varying from 100 to perhaps
1000 feet in thickness. Borings have been made 7
and 800 feet without getting through it. This rock is
near the consistence of chalk, of a light yellow colour
at the surface, and for a few feet below, then chang-
ing to a light blue colour, which continues through
the remainder of the mass. Wherever it creeps out
to the surface or within a few inches of the surface, it
forms the *Prarie* soils, and when to within the dis-
tance of one or two feet to twenty, forms the *Cane
Brake* soils. When its depth is so great that its in-
fluence is lost at the surface, sandy land prevails.
The difference between the *Prarie* and *Cane Brake*
soils consists in the former having a thin soil and no
reeds, while the latter has a deeper soil and is clothed
with a luxuriant growth of Cane and trees of large
size and great variety. The most striking feature of
the *Prarie* is their peculiar appearance; the rock ap-
proaching so near the surface as to prevent the growth
of trees. They are however always verdant in Sum-
mer, and abound with flowers, various and some of
them beautiful. These soils are formed by a combi-
nation of the superficial rock with vegetable matter,
and sometimes an admixture of clay. There is very
little silicious matter to be found in them.

It will readily occur to you, that when this rock
approaches so near the surface and forms an imper-
meable barrier both to the ascent and descent of wa-
ter, that springs of water will rarely occur. Cisterns
were at first resorted to, and are still much used, but
have been found a precarious resource in long droughts.
Bored wells are therefore necessarily used as the only
means of obtaining an abundant and unfailing supply
of pure water. In all the sandy land, water is ob-
tained from Springs and Wells of the usual depth.
In boring these Wells it is necessary to penetrate the
rock. A few feet beneath it is invariably found a
stratum of sand-stone varying from three to fifteen feet
in thickness, and when this latter is gone through,
water is obtained. The water ascends through the
aperture made in the rock, and sometimes stops to
find its level at a depth of twenty to thirty feet below
the surface, when it is used as a common well or
pump. Very often it rises several feet above the
surface and flows out in a constant stream. In this case,
a wooden tube, as in the common pump, is inserted
into the rock at its surface, into which the water en-
ters as it passes out of the rock and passing up this
tube is discharged as by the pump.

You ask if this water can come from the Ocean?
Certainly not. It must have its reservoir on a level
with its point of issue, and of course must come from
the hills or mountains above. For this is an elevated
country, perhaps as much so as Orange county in
your State. The sandy land is quite as broken. The
Prarie and *Cane Brake* beautifully undulating. There
is very little flat land.
That there are streams of running water at various
depths under ground there can be no doubt. In many
places they can be seen. At the driest period last
Summer, a gentleman penetrated a cave near
Blount Springs, at the base of a mountain some three
or four hundred yards, and in the distance crossed
two running streams, one of them several feet deep,
and with a strong current. There is a spring break-
ing out of the ground at Huntsville, which forms at
once a navigable stream for boats. I have seen a
spring gushing out at the base of the Blue Ridge, two
feet or more in volume, and several quite as large in
this State.

I believe the theory of geologists is, that there are
regular strata of rock dripping from the mountains to
the sea, and in the intervals between that water is
constantly descending.
The water from bored wells is as limpid and pure
as you could wish, but the temperature is higher than
it is in good spring and well water. The cost is \$1
per foot for the first five hundred; \$3 per foot for the
sixth hundred; \$6 per foot for the seventh hundred;
which would make a boring of seven hundred feet
cost \$1400.

I see Mons. Arago, a French Savan, has been
making some theoretical experiments on the
temperature to be about 1 deg. for every 80 feet. The
temperature of a well now, being bored near
the gates of Paris, at the depth of 1584 feet is 92.4 deg.
He thinks if they can go 100 metres lower, they will
have a permanent hot spring. (I have seen it stated
somewhere, though not on satisfactory authority, that
2000 feet is the limit of volcanic fire.) I understand
that the country around Paris, where bored wells are
common, is based on a rock greatly resembling ours.

OURSELF AND OUR PAPER.—With many
modest blushes, we this week present some
of the notices which cotemporary prints
have been pleased to take of us and our
new-born bantling, the “Beacon and Om-
nibus,”—to show in what light we are view-
ed abroad, and by those who, it may well
be supposed, have no particular interest in
our well-doing. Whether in these notices
there is mixed up any “soft sawder” or not,
we are unable to say, neither matters it;—
and in the language of Gen. Jackson be-
fore the Mississippi Legislature—we thank
all “from the bottom of our heart!” (See
fourth page.)

The “Beacon and Omnibus” may be
had either of the carrier, or at the office, at
“six-pence” (64 or 5ct. piece, as may be)
per copy.