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REVIEWS.

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Of Advertising.—Advertisement not exceeding one square, will be neatly inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR, and twenty-five cents for each succeeding publication. Greater length in the same proportion.

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Below will be found a description of the "Great Kentucky Cavern," which will be followed, from time to time, with descriptions of such other works of nature or of art, which are deemed of interest, the most interesting of which will generally be accompanied by an Engraving.

SUBTERRANEAN WONDERS.

THE GREAT KENTUCKY CAVERN.

Give me ye powers, the wondrous scenes to show,
Conceal'd in darkness, in the depths below.

A very interesting account of this stupendous cavern, which is unparalleled in the history of subterranean wonders, is given by Dr. Nahum Ward, who published it in the Monthly Magazine of October 1816. It is situated in Warren county, and in a territory not mountainous, but broken, differing in this respect from all the other caverns hitherto known. The Doctor, provided with guides, two large lamps, a compass, and refreshments, descended a pit forty feet in depth, and one hundred and twenty in circumference; having a spring of fine water at the bottom, and conducting to the entrance of the cavern. The opening, which is to the north, is from forty to fifty feet high, about thirty in width. It narrows shortly after, but again expands to a width of thirty or forty feet, and a height of twenty, continuing these dimensions for about a mile, to the first hoppers, where a manufactory of sulphur has recently been established. Thence to the second of these hoppers, two miles from the entrance, it is forty feet in width, and sixty in height. Throughout nearly the whole of the distance handsome walls have been made by the manufacturers, of the loose lime stones. The road is hard, and as smooth as a flag pavement. In every passage which the Doctor traversed, the sides of the cavern were perpendicular, and the arches, which have bid defiance even to earthquakes, are regular. In 1802, when the heavy shocks of earthquakes came on which were so severely felt in this part of Kentucky, the workmen stationed at the second hoppers, heard about five minutes before each shock, a heavy rumbling noise issue from the cave, like a strong wind. When that ceased, the rocks cracked, and the whole appeared to be going in a moment to final destruction. However, no one was injured, although large portions of rock fell in different parts of the cavern.

In advancing into the cavern, the avenue leads from the second hoppers, west, one mile; and thence, south-west, to the chief area or city, which is six miles from the entrance. This avenue, throughout its whole extent from the above station to the cross-roads, or chief area, is from sixty to one hundred feet in height, of a similar width, and nearly on a level, the floor or bottom being covered with loose lime stone, and sulphur earth. "When," observes the Doctor, "I reached this immense area, (called the chief city) which contains upwards of eight acres, without a single pillar to support the arch, which is entire over the whole, I was struck dumb with astonishment.—Nothing can be more sublime and grand than this place, of which but a faint idea can be conveyed, covered with one solid arch at least one hundred feet high, and to all appearance entire."

Having entered the area, the Doctor perceived five large avenues leading from it, from sixty to one hundred feet in width, and about forty in height. The stone walls are arched, and were from forty to eighty feet perpendicular in height before the commencement of the arch.

In exploring these avenues, the precaution was taken to cut arrows, pointing to the mouth of the cave, on the stones beneath the feet, to prevent any difficulty in the return. The first which was traversed, took a southerly direction for more than

two miles; when a second was taken, which led first east, and then north, for more than two miles further. These windings at length brought the party, by another avenue, to the chief city again, after having traversed different avenues for more than five miles. Having reposed for a few moments on slabs of limestone near the centre of this gloomy area, and refreshed themselves and trimmed their lamps, they departed a second time, through an avenue almost north, parallel with the one leading from the chief city to the mouth of the cavern; and, having proceeded upwards of two miles, came to the second city. This is covered with a single arch, nearly two hundred feet high in the centre, and is very similar to the chief city, except in the number of its avenues which are two only. They crossed it over a very considerable rise in the centre, and descended through an avenue which bore to the east, to the distance of nearly a mile, when they came to a third area, or city, about one hundred feet square, and fifty in height, which had a pure and delightful stream of water issuing from the side of a wall about thirty feet high, and which fell on a broken surface of stone, and was afterwards lost to view.

Having passed a few yards beyond this beautiful sheet of water, so as to reach the end of the avenue, the party returned about one hundred yards, and passing over a considerable mass of stone, entered another, but smaller avenue to the right, which carried them south, through a third, of an uncommonly black hue, somewhat more than a mile; when they ascended a very steep hill about sixty yards, which conducted them to within the walls of the fourth city. It is not inferior to the second, having an arch which covers at least six acres. In this last avenue, the extremity of which cannot be less than four miles from the chief city, and ten from the mouth of the cavern, are upwards of twenty large piles of sulphur earth on the one side, and broken limestone heaped up on the other, evidently the work of human hands.

From the course of his needle, the Doctor expected that this avenue would have led easterly to the chief city; but was much disappointed when he reached the extremity, at a few hundred yards distant from the fourth city. In retracing his steps, not having paid a due attention to mark the entrances of the different avenues, he was greatly bewildered, and once completely lost himself for fifteen or twenty minutes. Thus, faint and wearied, he did not reach the chief area till ten at night; but was still determined to explore the cavern so long as his light should last. Having entered the fifth and last avenue from the chief area, and proceeded south-east about nine hundred yards, he came to the fifth area, the arch of which covers upwards of four acres of level ground, strewn with lime-stones, and having fire-beds of an uncommon size, surrounded with brands of cane, interspersed. Another avenue on the opposite side, led to one of still greater capacity, the walls or sides of which were more perfect than any that had been noticed, running almost due south for nearly a mile and a half, and being very level and straight, with an elegant arch. While the Doctor was employed, at the extremity of this avenue, in sketching a plan of this cave, one of his guides, who had strayed to a distance, called on him to follow. Leaving the other guide, he was led to a vertical passage, which opened into a chamber at least 1800 feet in circumference, and the centre of the arch of which was 150 feet in height.

It was past midnight when he entered this chamber of eternal darkness; and when he reflected on the different avenues through which he had passed since he had penetrated the cave in the morning, and now found himself buried several miles in the dark recesses of this awful cavern—the grave, perhaps, of thousands of human beings—he felt a shivering horror. The avenue, or passage, which led from it was as large as any he had entered; and it is uncertain how far he might have travelled had his lights not failed him. All those who have any knowledge of this cave, he observes, conjecture that Green River, a stream navigable several hundred miles, passes over three of its branches.

After about the lapse of an hour, he descended by what is called the "passage of the chimney," and joined the other guide. Thence returning to the chief area or city, where the lamps were trimmed for the last time, he entered the spacious avenue which led to the second hoppers. Here he met with various curiosities, such as spars, petrifications, &c.; and these he brought away, together with a mummy which was found at the second hoppers. He reached the mouth of the cave about three in the

morning, nearly exhausted with nineteen hours of constant fatigue. He nearly fainted on leaving it, and on inhaling the rapid air of the atmosphere, after having so long breathed the pure air occasioned by the nitre of the cave. His pulse beat stronger when withinside, but not so quick as when on the surface.

Here the Doctor observes that he has hardly described half the cave, not having named the avenues between its mouth and the second hoppers. This part of his narrative is of equal interest with what has been already given. He states that there is a passage in the main avenue, upwards of nine hundred feet in a very narrow defile, like that of a trap door. By sliding aside a large flat stone, you can descend sixteen or eighteen feet in a very narrow defile, where the passage comes on a level, and winds about in such a manner, as to pass under the main passage without having any communication with it, at length opening into the main cave by two large passages just beyond the second hoppers. This is called the "glauber-salt room," from salts of that kind being found there. Next come the sick room, the bat room, and the flint room, together with a winding avenue, which, branching off at the second hoppers, runs west and south-west for more than two miles. It is called the "haunted chamber," from the echo within: its arch is very beautifully incrustated with lime-stone spar; and in many places the columns of spar are truly elegant, extending from the ceiling to the floor. Near the centre of this arch is a dome, apparently fifty feet high, hung in rich drapery, festooned in the most fanciful manner, for six or eight feet from the hangings, and in colours the most brilliant. By the reflection of one or two lights, the colours of spar and the stalactites have a very romantic appearance. Of this spar a large cellar, called "Wilkins' armed chest," has been formed in the centre of the avenue, and encircled with many smaller ones. The columns of spar, fluted and studded with knobs of spar and stalactites; the drapery of various colours superbly festooned, and hung in the most graceful manner; these are shown with the greatest brilliancy by the reflection of the lamps.

In the vicinity of the "haunted chamber," the sound of a cataract was heard; and at the extremity of the avenue was a reservoir of water, very clear and grateful to the taste, apparently having neither inlet nor outlet. Here the air, as in many other parts of the cave, was pure and delightful. Not far from the reservoir, an avenue presented itself, within which were several columns of the most brilliant spar, sixty or seventy feet in height, and almost perpendicular, standing in basins of water; which, as well as the columns, the Doctor observes, surpass, in splendor and beauty, every similar work of art he had ever seen.

Returning by a beautiful pool of water, the Doctor came to the second hoppers, where he had found the mummy before alluded to. It had been removed from another cave, for preservation, and was presented to him by his friend Mr. Wilkins, together with the apparel, jewels, music, &c. with which it was accompanied. It has since been placed in the Washington museum, the proprietor of which thinks it probable that this mummy is as ancient as the immense mounds of the western country, which have so much astonished the world.

FEMALE CHARACTER.

We cut the following justly merited and well expressed compliment to the fair sex from the Star; and notwithstanding it has already been extensively copied—as indeed it deserves to be—we take pleasure in presenting it to our readers. Major Noah, as an editor is not surpassed in this country. Since his first appearance some twenty years since, as an editor of the long since departed Advocate, which, in comparison with the papers of the present day, was a mere seven by nine affair, we have been familiar with his course, and though at times offended at his politics, we have never failed at being amused by the genuine humour and sparkling wit that always characterizes his racy and pungent paragraphs, nor in being benefitted by his practical, good sense, or improved by the spirit of true benevolence and philanthropy, and the really christian principle, which seems to exercise its influence upon his heart, and which dictated the following just and beautiful remarks:—"A young lady, of wealthy connections, and beloved by a numerous circle of friends, died a few days ago, from illness, it is thought, occasioned by a too close application as a class teacher to a Sunday School. Soldiers who die on the field of battle, are honored with monuments

and public demonstrations of respect, but how few among females, who perish in the noble cause of humanity, are consecrated in history or remembered, excepting in the affections of bereaved friends. It sometimes the lightness and extravagance of women are censured; if their weakness and follies are magnified, we owe it to justice to record their virtues, their humanity, their noble efforts in the cause of charity and religion. They are at present the pillars of the Church, the patrons and protectors of most of our charitable institutions. Nothing subdues their energy in a good cause; they brave the "peltings of the pitiless storms," the dangers of disease, nay, even the terrors of death, rather than fail when beckoned on to the fulfillment of good deeds. Mahomet contended that women had no souls. Had he allowed them the privilege to which they were entitled by nature, and their just influence in society, he would have discovered that their souls are of more pure and ethereal character than those of the 'lords of the creation.' It is one of the beautiful traits in the character of Frenchmen, that his nearest and dearest and surest counsel, in all his affairs, is his wife; on all occasions she is consulted. It should be so with us."

WHAT IS DEATH?

And what is death? Death has been styled the king of terrors. But to whom? To none, surely, except the wicked and superstitious. To the disciples of enlightened piety,—the "followers after righteousness and truth," death is really the highest happiness. "Man dives in death in brighter worlds to rise; the grave's the subterranean road to bliss."

But what is death? Death is an exemption from the toils, the perplexities, the various ills, that "flesh is heir to." It is the enlargement of the soul, from the narrow limits of mortality;—from the oppressive restraints of an existence circumscribing its enjoyments, its observation and intelligence; to the bounded confines of a single locality;—a mere point;—death is the enfranchisement of the soul from this straightened state of inadequate enjoyment, to the glorious freedom of the Sons of God;—the freedom of ranging where it wills throughout the boundless field of creation; of visiting, pursuant to its own desire, every portion of that illimitable expanse; and of enjoying the ineffable delight of unconfined observation and knowledge.

While connected to the body, with no other avenues of intelligence than the corporeal senses, the soul, in the exercise of its powers, is much restricted. The body, composed of material matter, and hence subject to the attracting influence of gravitation, naturally preponderates, in common with every other affianced substance, to its maternal earth; and by no possible effort, can be disengaged from this connection. The soul, therefore, inseparably conjoined to its material tenement, participates in this restriction, and, except some indistinct perceptions of the adjacent heavens, in its views of exterior nature, is confined entirely to terrestrial objects. And even of these objects, of this world's garniture, and occupants, there are, doubtless, many things existing, whereof, from the destitution of organs to apprehend them, we are utterly ignorant. "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen."

Put up within its opaque abode, with only five, small, imperfect openings, thro' which to look upon surrounding nature, and many of these objects, indubitably, from their minuteness, or immaterial nature, being unrecognizable by our bodily organs, the soul, in this almost entombed state, looking abroad only through a medium so contracted and imperfect as the corporeal senses, and upon objects subtle beyond sensorial perception, must necessarily remain totally unapprised of numerous existences, even in immediate proximity to our own persons.

But what is death? Death is the breaking down of this intervening partition between the soul, and undiscovered existences; imparting to that spark, immortal, the unrestrained exercise of its perceptive powers: it is the disengagement of intellectual light from material darkness; it is that benign agency whereby the soul, as the butterfly from the chrysalis, is set at large, to roam, observe, rejoice, in the plenitude of its new-born being. This, when the good man yields his breath, for the good man never dies, is, under the Adorable Supreme, the work of Death.

LADIES' ALBUMS.

The Album is a very pretty book; it catches many fine scraps of writing. The loving swain will sometimes select this mode to discover his affection: but you may go

further, and detect the character of all men who write for it: for writing is but talking with the pen and ink, and talking is the expression of one's ideas. I will therefore give you an index to the character of those who write for an album:

If the author be of a phlegmatic, thinking turn of mind, admiring the operations of the laws of nature more than those of art, his piece will partake of utility; if of a refined sensibility and good education, his sentiments will combine rhetorical elegance, a delicate compliment, and a hint for intellectual improvement; if wanting refinement and a delicate sensibility, but would wish to appear to possess both, his piece will be bombast, and express so grossly his love of learning and beauty, as to show his character and want of each; if a lady's man his piece will inaccuracies in grammar, show a display in great and pretty words, without ideas, and all confusion; if a plain honest man, without affectation or any eccentricities, or strong points of character, his piece will be characterized with good sense, be short and comprehensive. The Album is a valuable part of a lady's paraphernalia; it serves to relieve an hour's ennui, and exposes the character of those who write in it, which to them is an important kind of information. And it affords the best and most delicate opportunity to become acquainted with any favorite they may wish, without being charged with too much curiosity or fondness. It is considered a compliment by the gentlemen to be asked to write in an album. It argues a favorable opinion, and a desire to become more acquainted. I would advise all young and unmarried ladies to possess an album.

Mankind believe or disbelieve according to their habits; that, which appears impossible to one, creates wonder that any doubt can be entertained of it by another. The most extravagant flights of imagination would find credit sooner than a very common operation of nature, when related to some millions of inhabitants of various parts of this globe; who judging from their own habits, and confined in their own means of information and experience, conceive it to be utterly impossible, while as many, or more, are as much astonished at its being doubted. The circumstance alluded to is frost, which to millions of inhabitants of the torrid zone, in Asia, Africa, and America, is so completely unknown, that it would require much ingenuity to invent a tale which they would have more difficulty in believing, than that of water, or large rivers, becoming so solid as to admit of men and beasts to travel upon the surface of the earth, without sinking or even wetting their feet. By way of illustrating this fact, permit me courteous reader, to tell you a sailor's story.

A sailor, who had been many years absent from his mother, who lived in an inland country, returned to his native village, after a variety of voyages to different parts of the globe, and was heartily welcomed by the old woman, who had long considered him as lost. Soon after his arrival, the old lady became inquisitive, and desirous to learn what strange things her son John had seen upon the mighty deep. Amongst a variety of things that Jack recollected, he mentioned his having frequently seen Flying Fish. "Stop Johnny," says his mother, "don't try to impose such monstrous impossibilities on me, child: for in good truth, I could as soon believe you had seen flying Cows; for cows, you know John, can live out of the water. Therefore tell me honestly what you have seen in reality, but no more falsehoods Johnny."

Jack felt himself affronted; and, turning his quid about, when pressed for more curious information, he said, prefacing it with an oath, mayhap, mother, you won't believe me, when I tell you that, casting our anchor into the Red Sea, it was with difficulty we hoisted it up again: which was occasioned, do you see, mother, by a large wheel hanging on one of the flukes of the anchor. It appeared a strange old Grecian to look at, so we hoisted it in, and our captain do ye mind me, being a scholar, overhauled him, and discovered it was one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels, when he was captured in the Red Sea. This suited the meridian of the old lady's understanding, "Ay, ay, Johnny," cried she, I can believe this, for we read of it in the Bible, but never talk to me of Flying Fish."—Harriott.

Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose, as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to heaven, in grateful adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow.

Silence sometimes bespeaks wisdom.