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A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

**MAMMOTH CAVE**

OF

KENTUCKY,

THE

NIAGARA RIVER AND FALLS,

AND THE

**FALLS IN SUMMER AND WINTER;**

THE

PRAIRIES,

OR LIFE IN THE WEST;

THE

**FAIRMOUNT WATER WORKS**

AND

*Scenes on the Schuylkill, &c. &c.*

TO ILLUSTRATE

**BREWER'S PANORAMA.**

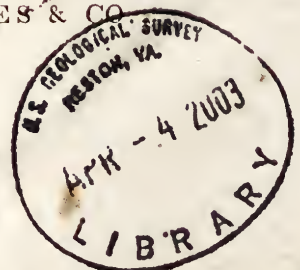
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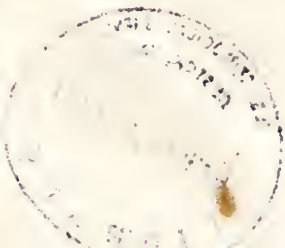
1850.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE world has but one Niagara, and but one Mammoth Cave, and the Prairies are her own. All three of them are remarkable for their vastness, though in all other respects they differ entirely from each other—the one roaring through narrow channels, dashing among the rocks, and leaping from the mighty precipice with the noise of thunder, throwing up the spray, to be converted into a beautiful bow for the decoration of its brow, with streams of silver and myriads of diamond drops, reflecting all the colors of the prism in ever-changing and fantastic forms, as if they were toys for the sunbeams to sport with,—the other, deep under ground, with its appalling darkness, its oppressive silence, its unknown immensity, and the painful sense of loneliness with it, is adapted to awaken emotions of the deepest sublimity and awe. And then, again, the vast Prairies, with their thousands of acres covered with beautiful flowers, and wild and luxuriant grass, waving in the wind like the sea in a gentle swell, or stretching far away before the eye, like a downy carpet varied and interspersed with flowers, fit for a fairy queen or giant king to dance upon. As all three of them are admirable subjects for Panoramic exhibition, affording as they do, opportunity for bold effect and power of perspective, being also great national objects, they have been selected for this truly great national production. American wonders, transferred with such correctness to the glowing canvas, by an American artist, could not fail, (it is presumed,) to secure the patronage of an enlightened community. There is this difference, however, between them. The tourist or traveller visiting Niagara, can see the whole. It is enlightened by the splendors of the noonday sun, and his eye can take in the size, form and color of every object. And so in part with the great Prairies of the West—but far otherwise with the Mammoth Cave. The dim torch which the visitor takes with him into that inky darkness, does little more than render the darkness visible; it falls far short of dispersing the gloom, so as to enable the spectator to form any thing like an adequate idea of its great dimensions, its various halls, or the singularity of the objects they contain. At the time these drawings were made, the different parts of the

Cave were illuminated (by permission of the proprietor, Dr. Croghan,) with hundreds of lights, of various kinds, placed at different points, so as to give the best effects, and the views are thus given. We can therefore form a more correct opinion of the form and appearance of this Panorama, than can be obtained by a visit to the Cave itself. There have been caught in the rivers of the Cave, fish without eyes, furnishing a beautiful illustration of the truth, that the Creator makes nothing in vain; for what would be the use of eyes where not a ray of light exists? Many specimens from the Mammoth Cave, including these eyeless fish, to be seen at the Hall, free, from 10 to 12, and from 1 to 2½ o'clock, daily.

A view taken from Boston Common is shown, to enable the spectator to judge for himself of the correctness of this Exhibition.

A Panorama view of "Fairmount Water Works." It lingers on the mind, like a dream of fairy land.

Again: we are transported to the icy world, where old Niagara, with its everlasting roar, rushes on in its relentless course, plunging down amid the icy foam, while millions of sparkling rays reflected from the sunbeams, form lovely rainbows, sporting amid the frozen mist, and the surrounding trees covered with foliage of ice. The fall has robbed them of their coat of green, and clothed them in garments which sparkle and glitter like diamonds. The effect of this upon the beholder is most awfully sublime and utterly indescribable. The sublime, arising from obscurity, is here experienced in its greatest force. The eye, unable to discover the depth of the Falls, or even to penetrate the mist that seems to hang as a veil over the amazing and terrific scene, gives place to the imagination, and the mind is instinctively elevated and filled with majestic dread. Here is

"All that expands, yet appals."

"And such was that rainbow, that beautiful one,  
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone, the sun;  
A pavilion it seemed, with a Deity graced,  
And justice and mercy met there and embraced."

# PANORAMA.

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The Exhibition commences with a VIEW TAKEN ON BOSTON COMMON. This is given that the audience may be the better able to judge for themselves of the correctness of the other parts of the Exhibition. You see the State House, the old Elm Tree, the lofty Fountain, Park Street Church, and other well known objects. After which,

FAIRMOUNT WATER WORKS, near Philadelphia, on the Schuylkill River.

Fairmount furnishes one of the most beautiful and useful combinations of nature and art to be seen in the whole country. Philadelphia had for many years suffered greatly for good water. Two attempts were made to furnish a supply from the Schuylkill, by means of very powerful steam engines. But experiments, which were conducted on an extensive scale, proved that a sufficient supply could not be obtained in this manner. Accordingly, in 1819, another plan was adopted, which has operated in the most successful manner, and which continues to furnish the city with an abundant supply of good, sweet, fresh water. A dam was built across the Schuylkill. From the water thus raised, a stream was caused to fall on large wheels; these wheels, in their evolutions, worked machinery, by means of which, the water of the river was forced up into vast, artificial reservoirs, capable of holding 25,000,000 of gallons. From these, the water is conveyed by pipes throughout the city and suburbs of Philadelphia. The aggregate length of these pipes is 100 miles. The daily consumption of water which passes through them is 4,000,000 of gallons. The reservoirs are sufficiently large to contain a supply for ten days. The whole cost of the works was nearly a half a million of dollars. Upwards of \$60,000 are annually received for the use of the water. From the experience of years, it is found that there

is sufficient power to raise many times as much water as the city can possibly require for its consumption, and hence, that there is a surplus power applicable to other purposes.

Fairmount is a great place of resort. The views of the Schuylkill and the surrounding country, from the top of the reservoir, the refreshing coolness of the place in a warm day, the beauty of the numerous fanciful fountains, throwing up their silvery jets, which break and sparkle in the sun like brilliant diamonds, with the interest and immense utility of these vast arrangements when viewed as a magnificent work of art—all combined, serve to render this a place of great attraction. Numerous omnibuses are constantly running to and from the city, a distance of two miles, which convey, at a low rate, a great number of persons to see these important works. On the Panorama are given a number of views of Fairmount and vicinity, taken from the most favorable positions for picturesque effect. The long dam, with its beautiful fall, the high reservoir, the gardens, with their statuary and leaping fountains, the building containing the machinery for throwing the water into the reservoir, and the noble river, are presented before the spectator with great distinctness. Next comes

**THE PRAIRIES.** The prairie, or great plains of our western country, are considered by all as objects of curiosity and interest, because they are *sui generis*; they belong exclusively to our country, and chiefly to the western portion of it.

There are several kinds of prairie, differing very greatly in appearance, extent and fertility. The first which is exhibited in our Panorama, is known by the name of the "*Mound Prairie.*" It consists of a level plain of great extent, its surface varied with a number of conical hills of from twenty to sixty, and even a hundred feet in height. The most popular belief is, that these hills, or *mounds*, have been thrown up by the Indians at some former period, either as burial places, or as receptacles for the deposit of various articles of value. Some geologists who have visited these regions, express the opinion that they are natural elevations of the soil, or "*butes*;" and that the former owners of the land had nothing whatever to do with their construction. Be this as it may, it is certain that several very similar elevations, in the vicinity of St. Louis, and also some near Natchez, Mississippi, upon being excavated, were found to contain many things which had evidently been deposited in them by the aborigines; among which were skeletons, bows and arrows, stone axes and arrow heads, and a variety of culinary and other implements. It is probable that the mounds spoken of were family cemeteries, and the implements found with the skeletons, the property and household furniture of the deceased.

There is another character of plain, called the "*Rolling Prairie.*" No mounds or other remarkable elevations appear

here, but there is a gradual and very perceptible undulation in the soil, which produces, at a distance, a very fine effect. Wind storms are here very prevalent, and the tall and rank prairie-grass bending and swaying in the blast over the uneven and billowy surface, presents a striking similarity to the ocean, particularly in situations where (to use an expression common among the Western hunters) "*the blue bowl is turned over you,*" i. e., where the prairie is so extensive that the horizon is distinctly seen, and nothing is visible but the vault above and the grass under your feet.

This kind of prairie is uniformly preferred by squatters and settlers, on account of its superior productiveness. The soil is much richer than that of the other plains, and yields the most abundant crops in return for comparatively light labor. Although not a tree of any description rears its trunk on these wide prairies, it is, nevertheless, a remarkable fact, that under the surface, at the depth of from twenty to sixty feet, timber is frequently found; large trees, in a good state of preservation, lying horizontally; and what is more singular still, these trees, so buried beneath the earth, are of a kind the *genus* even of which is not found in the region, nor indeed within the limits of the territory of the United States. They are *Palms!* and characterized by the soft, spongy wood and scaly bark of this exclusively *tropical* production. By what mighty revolution of the earth these gigantic exotics have been deposited in the bowels of our Western soil, we can, of course, only conjecture.

The Panorama shows a party of emigrants travelling over the prairie on a journey to the far West. They have large, covered wagons to convey their provisions and baggage, drawn by horses or oxen. These wagons are called by Western men, "Prairie schooners;" are made in the strongest and most substantial manner, and of well-seasoned wood, in order to resist the hardship to which they must necessarily be exposed, as well as the extreme dessication which takes place on the upper plains. We have known instances of wagons falling absolutely to pieces from the dryness of the atmosphere, the wheels running off, and the axles shrinking to such a degree as to render them almost valueless for their appropriate use. The wagons also serve an admirable purpose to the emigrants in lieu of tents, furnishing as comfortable sleeping apartments as could be desired.

The third and last class, is the *Flat Prairie*. It is usually almost as level as a race-course, abounding in tall and luxuriant grass, invaluable for cattle, but not possessing so eligible a soil for cultivation; hence settlers usually avoid it, and choose the undulating or rolling prairie. The flat plains are covered, during the spring and summer, with a vast variety of the gayest and more beautiful of Flora's gifts; there is, indeed, a perfect wilderness of flowers, many of them of the most brilliant colors;

and the contrast which is formed by the intermingling of these with the polished green of the tall and waving grass, presents a scene of quiet beauty and loveliness, which is rarely observed in any other situation.

On the flat prairies, occasional belts of heavy timber occur to vary the monotony of grass and sky, but you may frequently travel in other directions, for many weeks together, over what may be aptly called a vast *sea* of grass, with a free and unobstructed horizon all around you; and in this great extent, not one arborescent plant shall greet the eye, if we except the fringe of willows which usually margins each little stream meandering through the great, and seemingly interminable wilderness. In the autumn and winter, the grass being at those seasons very tall and dry, travelling over the prairie is often rendered dangerous by extensive conflagrations occurring upon them. These are sometimes the result of accident or carelessness; but more frequently the grass is fired by the Indians for the purpose of improving the pasture of the following spring, upon which subsist vast herds of Bisons, and other wild graminivorous animals, upon the chase of which, many tribes depend for an annual supply of food.

There are few scenes more grand and awfully terrific, than are exhibited when the surface of these immense plains is wrapped in one broad sheet of flame. The destroying element crackles and roars on its course, the forked flames leaping among the tall and withered grass, and rushing over the prairie almost with the speed of a race-horse. But for an expedient as curious and ingenious as it is effectual, parties of emigrants and others, travelling upon these plains at the time of a conflagration, would, in every instance, inevitably perish by one of the most frightful and agonizing of all deaths. The expedient is this: When an emigrant party perceives the fire approaching from a great distance, every member of it is instantly set to work to burn the grass in various places in and around the encampment, extinguishing the flames within, as the fire begins to spread out in every direction around, until a large space is thus cleared of the combustible matter, within which the party remains in perfect safety. Fire is thus made to "fight fire," the flames kindled by the travellers meeting those of the main conflagration, and the whole is soon extinguished for want of aliment.

NIAGARA RIVER, (including all the scenes between the two great Lakes,) renowned the world over for its mighty Cataract, now glides before the eye.

"The roar of waters! From the headlong height,  
Niagara cleaves the wave-worn precipice;  
The fall of waters! rapid as the light,  
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss;  
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,



And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat  
Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round  
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain  
In an eternal April to the ground,  
Making it all one emerald ;—how profound  
The gulf !—and how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
Crushing the cliffs, which downward worn and rent,  
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* Look back !

Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,  
As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,  
Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,  
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,  
An Iris sits, amid the infernal surge,  
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn  
It steady dies, while all around is torn  
By the distracted waters, bears serene  
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn,  
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien."

The Niagara river opens with a view on Lake Ontario. This Lake is the most eastern of that great chain of inland seas, which extends for so many hundreds of miles across the continent of North America. It receives the waters of the more western Lakes by the Niagara river, and discharges them through the Saint Lawrence into the Atlantic ocean. It is four hundred and eighty miles in circumference. The boundary line between Canada and the United States runs through the middle of it. In some places it is six hundred feet deep, and throughout its whole extent it is navigable for vessels of the heaviest tonnage. A somewhat singular circumstance is, that its surface is three hundred and thirty-four feet below that of Lake Erie, with which it is connected by the Niagara river and the Welland canal.

**FORT GEORGE AND FORT NIAGARA.** Fort George is an old fortress, built of turf and earth, which, after standing a number of years, is now rapidly going to decay. It was of considerable importance during our last war with England, and was at different times in possession of each of the opposing parties. It stands on the Canada side of the river. On the opposite side of the river is seen Fort Niagara, occupying a very conspicuous and commanding position. It has seen hard service, having been at different times in possession of the French, English and Americans, who have successively conquered it after terrible conflicts. It has been the scene of wild and romantic

adventures, which would furnish material of thrilling interest for the novelist or the poet. It was built in the year 1678, by M. de La Salle, an officer of the French army.

**YOUNGSTON.** This is a very pretty town containing several hundreds of inhabitants, with its vicinity ornamented with elegant mansions and beautiful farms. It is distinguished as being the first place burnt by the enemy in revenge for the destruction of Newark.

Broek's Monument in the distance, and Queenston Heights.

Standing here, you have a view of the Queenston Heights, and Brock's Monument, four miles in the distance.

**LEWISTON** is a beautiful and thriving village, which was named in 1805, after Mr. Lewis, Governor of the State of New York. Classical associations cluster around it. It was burnt by the British in 1813, but in 1815 the inhabitants returned, and it is now in a flourishing condition. It is on the east side of the Niagara River, at the head of navigation. It has a good steamboat landing, from which boats regularly ply to various places on Lake Ontario. It has a communication by railroad to Buffalo, by Niagara Falls, which connects with the Lockport and Niagara Falls Railroad.

**QUEENSTON** is a small, irregular, quaint-looking village, more known, perhaps, from the battle which was fought in its neighborhood, than for any important objects which it contains. The next scene upon the canvas is a view of

**BROCK'S MONUMENT.** In the foreground, ascending the heights, and looking back far off in the distance, is seen the Niagara river, wending its way through the country, till lost in Lake Ontario. Formerly we could ascend this Monument, and have one of the finest views in the world; but it has been destroyed by persons unknown, and is now a ruin. It was built of a soft, white stone, which was quarried from a mountain in the neighborhood. Its base is twenty feet square, supporting a round shaft which rises one hundred and twenty feet from the ground. Its cost was about eight thousand dollars. It was here that the battle of Queenston Heights was fought, which resulted favorably for the British, though at the sacrifice of that gallant officer, Major General Sir Isaac Brock, who was slain in the action. He did not fall in the precise spot where the Monument stands, but about eighty rods down the hill, on the north-western side. He was marching bravely at the head of his men, cheering them on to action, when he received his fatal wound and fell. This Monument, erected to his memory, was greatly injured on the 17th of April, 1840, by an attempt of some evil-minded persons to blow it up with gunpowder. The circular stairs by which travellers were accustomed to ascend to its

summit were destroyed, stones were forced from the wall, and the Monument rent throughout its whole length. Since then, contrary to the expectations of many, a part of it has fallen, so that it now presents a picturesque, but very ruinous appearance. We next arrive at the

**DEVIL'S HOLE**, a deep, dark, terrific chasm, in the rocky bank of the river on the American side. The gloomy grandeur and historical reminiscences which invest it, render it an object of much interest. A most wild, rugged and lofty cliff rises above it, over which a small stream called Bloody Run pours its waters into the dark and fearful chasm below. In 1759, a party of French and Indians pursued a company of English soldiers, and drove them at the point of the bayonet over this rock. They were all dashed to pieces in their fall but one. This was a poor fellow, who very fortunately was caught in the friendly arms of a tree. His enemies not suspecting such a merciful interposition, without making any particular examination of the condition of their enemies, soon departed from the fatal spot. The rescued soldier, though severely wounded by the adventure, then left the tree, climbed cautiously up the high and difficult bank, and succeeded in making a safe retreat.

**THE WHIRLPOOL.** This is formed by a short bend in the river, by which the rapid waters coming down from the Falls are suddenly arrested and thrown back upon those which are behind. In the effort to find an outlet, an immense circular eddy, or whirlpool, is created, which, by its roaring, foaming and ceaseless gyrations, may well remind one of the famous Mæstrom on the coast of Norway. It is said that logs, trees, and other floating objects, have sometimes been whirled around in these eddying waters for weeks, before they found the outlet and passed down the river. The poet's description of it is by no means hyperbolic:—

“ Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,—  
There, gathering triple force, rapid and deep,—  
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.”

**THE WIRE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.** A fine view of this international thoroughfare, in its completed state, passes before the eye. This bridge, constructed of iron wire, is 800 feet long, about 10 feet wide, and the height above the water is about 200 feet. It is capable of bearing the heaviest carriages and wagons. The first person who crossed was Mr. Eliot, the architect, and the second was his wife. It is a very important work, as it opens an easy communication between the United States and Canada.

Standing on the American side, and a little below the Suspension Bridge, and looking up the river, you will see the Falls of Niagara in the distance, two or three miles from you. Nearly

all the Falls can be seen from this point. Crossing over from the American shore, we next arrive opposite to the Ferry landing, where the little boat, the "Maid of the Mist," plies; over on the Canada side and up to the jaws of the Great Horse-Shoe Falls, this portion of the Niagara river is called the "Swift drifts." Passing on a little beyond on the bank on the Canada side, and on a level with the edge of the Falls, we see beyond the American Rapids, and bridge from the main land to Bath Island; from thence to Iris, or Goat Island, and the village of Niagara, formerly called Manchester, with the Cataract House, Eagle Hotel, Falls House, &c.

**THE BANKS.** The banks of the stream are high and precipitous, showing the various rocky strata of which they are composed. Its naked aspect is slightly relieved, however, by the diversified coloring of its component parts; and still more by the numerous little silver rills which trickle down its rocky surface.

At the distance of between one and two miles above, by crossing over to the American side, we have a good view of the bridge about which so much has been said within the last year or two. It is a fine structure, built entirely of iron wire, and is called the "International Suspension Bridge," from the circumstance of its forming a highway between the possessions of the United States and those of her Britannic Majesty. This bridge was completed in the latter end of last year, and occupied nearly twelve months in building. Its cost was \$15,000. The first person who crossed upon it was the architect, Mr. Charles Ellet, and the second was his wife. The span of the bridge is 800 feet; the width 9 feet 9 inches, and the height from the water about 200 feet. Standing on the American side, and looking under the bridge, we have a distant though very good view of the Falls. The Cataract presents a very beautiful appearance from this point, but it is necessary, in order fully to appreciate its awful grandeur, to approach it much more nearly.

Crossing to the opposite, or Canada side, stands the noble building called the Clinton House, near which is seen the Ferry Landing, having a staircase leading down the bank, about six rods below the Falls. From the top of these stairs the visiter may enjoy a scene of surpassing grandeur. The deep green river beneath, the awful rocky precipice, the mighty floods rolling and tumbling from the heights above, and the wild romantic and variegated scenery around, form a *coup d'œil* impossible to be described. Here is seen, floating like a sea-gull on the turbulent and yeasty waves, the little steamer called the "Maid of the Mist," a small but excellent boat, built expressly for navigating these wild and agitated waters. Since this little craft was provided, visitors have been furnished with opportunities of inspecting many interesting scenes that otherwise would have escaped their view altogether.

On the Canada side, the singular looking building called the Pagoda, is seen, and near it the Ferry Railway. On this side of the river, from near the Clifton House, you have a fine view of the American Falls. The water above is seen roaring and foaming on its course, bounding from ridge to ridge, until it sweeps over the mighty ledge and falls below. From beneath, it boils up like a sea of white foam; the spray rises in clouds, which hang overhead like a judgment, or are wafted away in fleecy masses by the wind, the rays of the sun falling upon the innumerable particles, causing them to glitter and scintillate like diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; while the beautiful bow of promise hangs suspended in the midst, like an angel of mercy floating over the infernal pit. This is emphatically the home of the rainbow, it being always visible whenever the sun shines. Most visitors prefer looking at the Falls in the glow of brilliant sunshine; but there are many who select the quiet, calm moonlight for this purpose. Others again seek them in storm and tempest, when the awful surges are lashed into foam, and the roar of the cataract overpowers all other sounds. The view is magnificent and glorious in all these aspects, and the effects produced on the mind are various as the ideas and feelings of the spectators.

Looking a little above the American Falls the bridge is seen leading from the shore to Bath Island, from which you have a magnificent view of the rapids. The water drives with such immense impetuosity and force that it seems incredible that the bridge could have been constructed here. Here it is, however, and by it you are furnished with an opportunity of visiting Bath, and by another similar bridge leading from it, Iris, or Goat Island. These islands form lovely and sylvan retreats, being covered with the most luxuriant growth of forest trees, wild vines, &c., and having beautiful foot-paths intersecting them in every direction.

At the lower end of Iris Island is seen a long covered passage called the Biddle staircase, erected at the expense of Nicholas Biddle, Esq., the celebrated financier, by which a safe though somewhat tiresome passage is afforded to the various scenes of interest at the foot of the Island. It was here that Sam Patch made two successful leaps from a platform ninety-seven feet high, in the autumn of 1829. This daring but silly personage subsequently made two leaps at the Genesee Falls, from a still higher elevation, the last of which from a height of 125 feet, proved fatal. He was seen no more.

Upon leaving the Bridge from Bath Island, turning to the right and passing along the bank of Iris Island, the narrow ridge, called the Hog's Back, is seen. It was here that two persons, a young man and a little girl, recently lost their lives by falling in the powerful current, from which they could not extricate themselves, and in a few seconds disappearing by being whirled over the Falls.

The Central Fall is formed by a small portion of the river, cut off by Prospect Island from the American branch, which rolls in a clear, beautiful, and sparkling volume to the precipice, where it bounds away in a smooth and almost unbroken sheet.

Behind this cascade and under the rock is the celebrated spot called Ingraham's Cave, or Cave of the Winds. This wonderful cave has been several times visited and explored, but tourists usually eschew it because of the great peril which is necessarily encountered by those who attempt to enter it. It is near one hundred and twenty feet wide, and about thirty deep. The sparkling and foaming torrent shoots off far above, dashing the spray in such abundance over the person of the adventurer that in a moment he is completely drenched. A wall of rock rises frowning on one side, the falling sheet arches the other. The bottom of the cave is composed of loose stones or shale, which have fallen from above, and slopes gradually down to the front, where it terminates in a precipice thirty-four feet high from the water's age. The thick spray rolls ceaselessly along the floor, curls up the arching wall, and flies across the roof, while constant and fierce winds commingle and roar through it incessantly in unison with the sullen and deep bellowings of the ever-falling torrent.

The water on the American side falls one hundred and sixty-four feet, and on the Canada side one hundred and fifty-eight feet. The fall on the Canada side, embracing the largest channel of the river, is called, from the shape of the precipice, the "Crescent, or Horse-Shoe Fall," and near to this is situated the Terrapin Bridge, three hundred feet in length from Goat Island, and projecting ten feet over the falls. Near the termination of this bridge, in the water and among the rocks on the very verge of the tremendous precipice, stands a stone edifice called Prospect or Terrapin Tower. It is forty-five feet high, having winding steps to the top. From here a most magnificent view of the fall is obtained, but from its startling proximity to the awful brink, many persons forget, or fail to appreciate, the sublimity of the scene, being overpowered by terror induced by the frightful contiguity. To one possessing a strong head and firm nerves, the view from the tower is the best that can be obtained. The eye, unable to discover the bottom of the falls, or even to penetrate the mist that hangs like a veil over the terrific scene, gives place to imagination, and the mind, while occupied and intensely interested, is filled with dread, or raised to a fearful and wild enthusiasm.

The Horse-shoe Fall, (so named from its crescentic form, somewhat resembling a horse-shoe,) is the most extensive sheet, and usually attracts more notice than either of the falls. There is a striking singularity in the varied appearances of this fall, it presenting three peculiar and distinct aspects, according to the situation from which it is seen. From one position, its form is like

a horse-shoe; from another, it appears triangular; and from a third, it presents three sides of a hollow square. In the centre of the falls, the water is of a pure and lustrous green color, peculiarly soothing to the eye which has been dazzled by the brilliant white of the angular masses, and by the foam and spray dashing and flashing up from below.

Table Rock is a large mass of granite, projecting about forty or fifty feet over the bank. An opportunity is afforded of passing under the Great Falls at this place, and although at first sight the adventure seems fraught with extreme peril, it is nevertheless a perfectly safe exploit, the only penalty being a thorough drenching, which all who make the trip must consent to submit to. India rubber dresses are, however, provided for such as desire to see the under portion of the sheet, and it is now not uncommon for large parties of ladies and gentlemen to adventure the passage, and to remain for a considerable time under the fall.

Below the termination of Grand and Navy Islands, the river becomes compressed into a comparatively small space, and the immense mass of water which is constantly pressing down towards the falls, causes here what is called the Rapids. These Rapids constitute a very important part of the grand and unparalleled curiosities of this river. Were they any where else, they would of themselves be considered more wonderful and beautiful, than many other objects which the curious travel hundreds of miles to behold. Many visitors express themselves more amazed and delighted with the rapids, than with the falls themselves.

**WINTER SCENERY.** The surrounding scenery on both sides of the river, is in good keeping with the magnificence of the falls. It is just what it should be,—grand, striking and unique. By most visitors it is only seen in summer. But in the winter it is also inimitable and indescribably beautiful. The trees and shrubbery on Goat, and other islands, and on the banks of the river near the falls, are covered with transparent sleet, presenting an appearance of “icy brilliants,” or rather of millions of glittering chandeliers, of all sizes and descriptions, and giving one a most vivid idea of fairy land.

“For every shrub and every blade of grass,  
And every pointed thorn seems wrought in glass;  
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,  
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.”

The scene presents a splendid counterpart to Goldsmith's description of the subterranean grottos of Paros and Antiparos. The mist from the falls freezes upon the trees so gradually and to such thickness, that it often bears a most exact resemblance to alabaster; and this, set off by the dazzling colors of the rainbows that arch the river from twenty different points, seems, by

natural association, to raise the imagination to that world, where the streets are of pure gold, the gates of pearl, and night is unknown.

“ Look, the massy trunks  
 Are eased in the pure erystal ; branch and twig  
 Shine in the lucid covering ; each light rod,  
 Nodding and twinkling in the stirring breeze,  
 Is studded with its trembling water-drops,  
 Still streaming, as they move, with colored light.  
 But round the parent stem, the long, low boughs  
 Bend in a glittering ring, or arbors hide  
 The glassy floor. O! you might deem the spot  
 The spacious cavern of some virgin mine,  
 Deep in the womb of earth, where the gems grow !  
 And diamonds put forth radiant rods, and bud  
 With amethyst and topaz, and the place  
 Lit up most royally with the pure beam  
 That dwells in them ; or, haply, the vast hall  
 Of fairy palæce, that outlasts the night,  
 And fades not in the glory of the sun ;  
 Where erystal columns send forth slender shafts,  
 And crossing arches, and fantastie aisles  
 Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost  
 Among the erowded pillars.”

The winter scenery about the falls is peculiar, a sight of which is worth a journey of thousands of miles.

**THE FALLS BY MOONLIGHT.** The winter scenes of the falls of Niagara by daylight, and also by moonlight, are here faithfully portrayed. The enthusiastic admirer of nature arrives at the “ultima thule” of all that is desirable, awful, grand, magnificent, sublime. This caps the climax—the soul takes in at once the immensity of imagination, and scenes are branded upon the memory that can never be forgotten. Even this, the representation of the reality, gives a new impetus to the soul; it swells with the importance of itself in the scale of created matter. “Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?”—thy works praise thee, and shall not we adore?



## A MAP OF THE MAMMOTH CAVE,

From which a bird's eye view will be obtained of the direction, number, and relative size of the different avenues and halls of this subterranean world, so far as they are known. It must be remembered that but a small part, in comparison with the whole, has ever been explored. It has been estimated that the length of all the different avenues and branches, when added together, would make more than SIX HUNDRED MILES.

### INTERESTING FACTS.

1. Accidents of no kind have ever occurred in the Mammoth Cave.

2. Visitors, going in or coming out of the Cave, are not liable to contract colds; on the contrary, colds are commonly relieved by a visit to the Cave.

3. No impure air exists in any part of the Cave.

4. Reptiles, of no description, have ever been seen in the Cave; on the contrary, they as well as quadrupeds avoid it.

5. Combustion is perfect in all parts of the Cave.

6. Decomposition and putrefaction are unknown in all parts of the Cave.

7. The water of the Cave is of the purest kind; and besides fresh water, there are one or two sulphur springs.

8. There are two hundred and forty-six Avenues in the Cave; forty-seven Domes; eight Cataracts, and twenty-three Pits.

9. The temperature of the Cave is 59° Fahrenheit, and remains so uniformly, winter and summer.

10. No sound, not even the loudest peal of thunder, is heard one quarter of a mile in the Cave.

THE  
MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

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The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is situated in Edmonson County, between the cities of Louisville and Nashville, and about ninety miles from each. Green River approaches to within half a mile of it, the recent improvements in the navigation of which, by the construction of locks, dams, &c., enable steamboats, at all seasons, to ascend the river to a place called "Bowling Green," within twenty-two miles of the mouth of the Cave, and for the greater part of the year they can approach to within a much shorter distance.

When the tourist leaves the stage-road, he passes through some of the most beautiful and romantic scenery, consisting of hill and dale, interspersed with woodland, for about six miles, when he suddenly comes in view of a large and handsome hotel, in the immediate vicinity of which are many neat and pretty cottages embosomed in a very picturesque and lovely country. They are designed for the accommodation of the visitors who frequent

**THE HOTEL.** This is a commodious edifice, two hundred feet in length, and forty-five in width, with two piazzas sixteen feet wide, one above the other, extending the whole length of the building. This Hotel is kept in handsome style, and furnished with the various luxuries of the seasons. Every thing is done by the attentive and gentlemanly host to render the visits of his guests both pleasant and instructive. Leaving the Hotel, we next have a view of the

**RAVINE AND CAVE HOUSE.** The Cave is about two hundred paces from the Hotel. As you advance towards it you pass down a beautiful and picturesque dell, shaded by various kinds of forest trees, ornamented with graceful, pendant vines. Having arrived at the Cave House, erected by Dr. Croghan, the proprietor of this wonder of the world, you obtain lights and

guides, and whatever else may be needful for your dark and under-ground expedition. Passing by old furnaces, tubes, and other ruins of saltpetre works and huge mounds of ashes, you turn a sharp angle to the right and come suddenly upon

**THE ENTRANCE**, which opens before you like the deep black mouth of Tartarus. You now perceive a sensible change in the temperature. The mercury falls. The air of the Cave, as it greets your face, leaves a pleasant sensation of refreshing coolness. As you continue to descend some irregular stone steps the light fades, the gloom deepens. Nought is heard save your own footsteps and the sound of water as it leaps from the precipice overhead and dashes at your feet on the rocks below. Let us enter. What a world of darkness! How impressive! How dismal! What a strange sensation comes over us! How little can be seen even with all our torches. Let us turn and take a

**BACK VIEW, LOOKING OUT OF THE CAVE.** Even the light of day appears dim, as if it were evening twilight. A beautiful stream of water falls over the mouth of the Cave, as if it were the remnant of a graceful curtain which had formerly concealed this wonder from the gaze of man. But the curtain is drawn aside now, and the marvels are accessible.

It is said that near here the workers in saltpetre had disinterred human skeletons of great size. One was taken up some years ago; but to allay the fears of the workmen their employer was obliged to commit it again to its resting-place, but not till some curious antiquary had removed its head to grace his cabinet.

After passing a little farther in, we reach

**THE GREAT VESTIBULE**, an immense hall, covering an acre and a half, with a dome lost in the inky darkness, a hundred feet high, unsupported by a single pillar. By kindling some fires with the ruins of saltpetre works, the vast dimensions of the chamber are faintly relieved to the straining eye. "Far up above your head is seen the grey ceiling rolling dimly away like a cloud, and many buttresses bending under the weight, curling and toppling over their base, begin to project their enormous masses from their shadowy wall." Two avenues enter at its opposite extremities, but at right angles to each other. They have a flat roof, as level as if finished by the trowel of the mason, and are one hundred feet wide and five hundred long! About half a mile farther in the Cave we come to the

**KENTUCKY CLIFFS**, which derive their name from their resemblance to certain famous cliffs on the Kentucky River. From these we pass on half a mile or more, and enter

another immense saloon, which has very appropriately been styled

**THE CHURCH.** Here is a pulpit, apparently hewn out of the solid rock, with a gallery immediately behind it of sufficient dimensions to receive a large organ and accommodate a full choir of singers. The area of this Church is three hundred feet in circumference, and its ceiling sixty-three feet high. In this subterranean cathedral, far away from the glare of day and the bustle of life, Divine worship has frequently been held. Such is the peculiarity of its structure or the nature of the atmosphere, that with comparatively little effort the preacher is enabled to make himself heard by the most distant of his congregation. Concerts have been held here, the music of which is said to have produced singularly fine effects. After leaving the Church, the next point of interest we arrive at is

**THE ACUTE ANGLE,** which is formed by the avenue dividing here into two passages, one of which is the continuation of the main Cave, whilst the other conducts us to the

**GOTHIC AVENUE,** which derives its name from the antiquated, gothic appearance of its compartments. It is nearly fifty feet wide, fifteen feet high, and two miles long. In many places the ceiling is so smooth and white that it is difficult to believe that the trowel of the plasterer has not been laid upon it. A good road extends through it, and so desirable is the temperature, purity, and salubrity of its atmosphere as to render it a most desirable promenade for invalids.

In one of the recesses of this Avenue were seen, as late as the year 1813, two mummies in a good state of preservation. One was a female, and in front of her was placed her extensive wardrobe. She was in a sitting posture, with her arms folded across her breast. In that dark and silent sepulchre they had probably been for centuries, and there they ought to be now. But by curious and almost sacrilegious hands they have been borne away, but where, it is impossible to tell.

This Avenue is sometimes called the Haunted Chamber, owing to the circumstance of a miner, who, after getting lost here, imagined, under the influence of his own fears, that it was filled with malignant fiends, into whose hands he was doomed to be delivered. After he was missed, his companions (who were slaves) went in search of him. When the terrified miner saw their swarthy forms and flashing torches in the distance, not being able to recognize them, they only served to confirm him in his apprehension that the place was invested with demons. He ran terror-stricken from them, put out his own light, stumbled and fell upon his face, where he lay calling for mercy, until they came up to him, and by dint of much pulling, shak-

ing, and persuasion, they convinced him that those whom he imagined were malicious fiends, were in reality his best friends, and that instead of this chamber, it was his own brain that was haunted.

**REGISTER ROOMS**, the ceiling of which is as smooth and white as if made so by the hand of art. This ceiling, as if it were the leaf of a great folio, is the Register of the Cave, for on it have been traced with the smoke of candles, thousands of names, many of which will no doubt remain long after those who traced them shall be forgotten. Passing on a little farther, we next enter

**THE GOTHIC CHAPEL**, a hall of surprising and almost overwhelming grandeur. It is elliptical in form, and eighty by fifty feet in width. Immense stalagmites are found at each end, which nearly close the passages by which it is entered. In addition to these, there are two rows of smaller pillars extending from the ceiling, at about an equal distance from the wall on each side, which run its entire length, and which impart to it a very gothic aspect. When lighted up, as it sometimes is, for the gratification of visitors, by numerous lamps judiciously arranged, it presents a scene of surpassing magnificence, and one which cannot fail to awaken emotions of profound solemnity and awe. At such times, its resemblance to the old gothic cathedrals of Europe is very striking. Not far from this is

**BREWER'S STUDIO**, a small room, to which the Artist of this Exhibition has given his name. He carved a bust and painted his name near the entrance, and finished many of his sketches in this place.

**DEVIL'S ARM CHAIR**. This is no cane nor rush-bottom article, neither is it a rocker made after the latest pattern, but an immense, solid stalagmite, with the centre formed into a capacious seat. Visitors are accustomed to "try it," and whilst sitting there, they drink of sulphur water, dipped from a small, natural basin in the rock near their feet. If, during their pilgrimage through life, this is the only place where they come upon "Satan's seat," they should regard themselves as blessed beyond the common lot of mortals.

**LOVER'S LEAP**. This is a large, prominent rock, tapering to a point, which projects over a dark and dismal hollow, one hundred feet deep. Ladies sometimes ask their lovers to take the leap, but they all love—life and limb too well to attempt it.

This terminates the Gothic Avenue. We now return back to the main cave, or grand gallery, through uninteresting scenery of more than a mile, and arrive at the

**GIANT'S COFFIN.** It is a huge rock, whose resemblance to the shape of a coffin is so striking, as always to arrest the eye of the visiter. It occupies a very conspicuous position, at a point where all must pass around it, when leaving the main cave to visit the rivers and various other wonders beyond. The passage at this place is a hundred feet wide, and nearly as many high. Over head is a very curious formation. The black incrustation of the rock has assumed the shape of an animal, which suggests the idea of his having perched there for purposes of prey, or to watch the huge coffin immediately below.

**THE STAR CHAMBER.** This is one of the most brilliant rooms in the whole cave. Elegant and sublime objects present themselves in every direction. Splendid formations of transparent gypsum cover the walls and the ceiling. As the latter swells up into a magnificent dome, when the light of the torches reaches the beautiful crystalizations which ornament it, they are reflected back to the eye, as if myriads of stars had made their appearance to ornament the place. The illusion is so perfect, that it requires but little exercise of the imagination to fancy an opening in the ceiling, through which you are looking out upon the burning orbs which are sparkling in the far off dome of heaven. As the spectators move about with their torches, the whole cave seems filled with glittering objects, which, together with the vast size of the chamber, and the snowy whiteness of its sides and floor, make it almost equal in splendor to the gorgeous halls of the Arabian Nights.

**THE CHIEF CITY OR TEMPLE.** This is formed by an immense dome, which rises one hundred and twenty feet high, and covers an area of two acres. A singular illusion is produced here. As the spectator walks from one extremity of the vault to the other, the dome over his head appears to follow him. Immediately under the dome is a large collection of rocks, which rise on one side almost to the ceiling, and which has been named the Mountain. By ascending to the summit, the best view of this stupendous temple is obtained. Mr. Lee, in his description of it, says:

“The Temple is an immense vault, covering an area of two acres, and covered by a single dome of solid rock, one hundred and twenty feet high. It exceeds in size the Cave of Staffa, and rivals the celebrated vault in the Grotto of Antiparos, which is said to be the largest in the world. In passing through from one end to the other, the dome appears to follow like the sky in passing from place to place on the earth. In the middle of the dome there is a large mound of rocks rising on one side nearly to the top, very steep, and forming what is called the *Mountain*. When first I ascended this mound from the cave below, I was struck with a feeling of awe, more deep and intense than any

thing that I had ever before experienced. I could only observe the narrow circle which was illuminated immediately around me; above and beyond was apparently an unlimited space, in which the ear could catch not the slightest sound, nor the eye find an object to rest upon. It was filled with silence and darkness; and yet I knew that I was beneath the earth, and that this space, however large it might be, was actually bounded by solid walls. My curiosity was rather excited than gratified. In order that I might see the whole in one connected view, I built fires in many places with the pieces of cane which I found scattered among the rocks. Then taking my stand on the Mountain, a scene was presented of surprising magnificence. On the opposite side, the strata of gray limestone, breaking up by steps from the bottom, could scarcely be discerned in the distance by the glimmering light. Above was the lofty dome, closed at the top by a smooth, oval slab, beautifully defined in the outline, from which the walls sloped away on the right and left into thick darkness. Every one has heard of the dome of the Mosque of St. Sophia, of St. Peter's, and St. Paul's; they are never spoken of but in terms of admiration, as the chief works of architecture, and among the noblest and most stupendous examples of what man can do when aided by science; and yet when compared with the dome of this Temple, they sink into comparative insignificance. Such is the surpassing grandeur of Nature's works."

A CASCADE is seen here, which, as it reflects the light of the various torches, appears like a stream of silver, the sound of whose waters fall strangely on the ear amid the gloom and silence of this deep subterranean temple. Returning back to the Giant's Coffin, we enter the opening at the foot of the same, and commence our journey over the rivers. The first place we arrive at is

THE LABYRINTH, a narrow, circuitous passage, about five feet wide, which, after many ascents and descents, twistings and turnings, and which might well remind one of the famous Labyrinth of Egypt, finally terminates at

GORIN'S DOME. This is regarded as one of the chief wonders of the Cave. The following description of it is taken from "Rambles in the Mammoth Cave," an interesting and instructive volume, which ought to be read by all those who desire to obtain a correct idea of this Wonder of the World without visiting it, or without seeing the Panorama.

"Arrived at Gorin's Dome, we were forcibly struck by the seeming appearance of *design*, in the arrangement of the several parts, for the special accommodation of visitors—even with reference to their number. The Labyrinth, which we followed up, brought us at its termination to a window or hole, about four feet square,

three feet above the floor, opening into the interior of the dome, about midway between the bottom and top; the wall of rock being at this spot, not more than eighteen inches thick; and continuing around, and on the outside of the dome, along a gallery of a few feet in width, for twenty or more paces, we arrived at another opening of much larger size, eligibly disposed, and commanding, like the first, a view of very nearly the whole interior space. Whilst we are arranging ourselves, the guide steals away, passes down, down, one knows not how, and is presently seen by the dim light of his lamp, fifty feet below, standing near the wall on the inside of the dome. The dome is of solid rock, with sides apparently fluted and polished, and perhaps two hundred feet high. Immediately in front, and about thirty feet from the window, a huge rock seems suspended from above and arranged in folds like a curtain. Here we are, then, the guide fifty feet below us. Some of the party thrusting their heads, and in their anxiety to see, their bodies through the window into the vast and gloomy dome of two hundred feet in height. The window is not large enough to afford a view to all at once, they crowd one on the top of the other; the more cautious, and those who do not like to be squeezed, stand back; but still holding fast to the garments of their friends for fear they might in the ecstacy of their feelings leap into the frightful abyss into which they are looking. Suddenly the guide ignites a *Bengal light*. The vast dome is radiant with light. Above, as far as the eye can reach, are seen the shining sides of the fluted walls; below, the yawning gulf is rendered the more terrific by the pallid light, exposing to view its vast depth, the whole displaying a scene of sublimity and splendor such as words have not power to describe."

**THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.** This pit terminates also the range of the Deserted Chambers, and was considered the Ultima Thule of all explorers, until within the last few years, when Mr. Stephenson, of Georgetown, Kentucky, and the intrepid guide, Stephen, conceived the idea of reaching the opposite side, by throwing a ladder across the frightful chasm. This they accomplished, and on this ladder, extending across a chasm twenty feet wide and near two hundred deep, did these daring explorers cross to the opposite side, and thus open the way to all those splendid discoveries which have added so much to the value and renown of the Mammoth Cave.

**HUMBLE CHUTE.** This is a small archway, so low and narrow, that for a distance of sixty yards visitors have to crawl on their hands and feet into

**WINDING WAY.** A channel in the rock, which, judging from appearances, must have been wrought through by the action of water. If so, when was it done? Imagination staggers



at the immense distance of time when it was effected. It is eighteen inches wide, varying from three to seven feet deep, expanding above, however, so as to admit the free use of one's arms, and one hundred and five feet long. It is exceedingly tortuous, a "perfect zig-zag, the terror of the Falstaffs and the ladies of 'fat, fair and forty,' who have an instinctive dread of the trials to come, and are well aware of the merriment that their efforts to *force a passage* will excite among their companions of less length of girdle."

From the Bandit's Hall diverge two caves; one of which, the left, leads you to a multitude of domes; and the right, to one, which, *par excellence*, is called the Mammoth Dome. Taking the right, we arrived, after a rugged walk of nearly a mile, to a platform, which commands an indistinct view of this dome of domes. It was discovered by a German gentleman and the guide, Stephen, about two years ago, but was not explored until some months after, when it was visited by a party of four or five, accompanied by two guides, and well prepared with ropes, &c. From the platform, the guides were let down about twenty feet, by means of a rope, and upon reaching the ground below, they found themselves on the side of a hill, which, descending about fifty feet, brought them immediately under the Great Dome, from the summit of which there is a water-fall. This dome is near four hundred feet high, and is justly considered one of the most sublime and wonderful spectacles of this most wonderful of caverns. From the bottom of the dome, they ascended the hill to the place to which they had been lowered from the platform, and continuing thence up a very steep hill, more than one hundred feet, they reached its summit. Arrived at the summit, a scene of awful grandeur and magnificence is presented to the view. Looking down the declivity, you see far below, to the left, the visitors whom you have left behind, standing on the platform or termination of the avenue along which they had come; and lower down still, the bottom of the Great Dome itself. Above, two hundred and eighty feet, is the ceiling, lost in the obscurity of space and distance. The height of the ceiling was determined by E. F. Lee, civil engineer. This fact in regard to the elevation of the ceiling and the locality of the Great Hall, was subsequently ascertained, by finding on the summit of the hill, (a spot never before trodden by man,) an iron lamp!! The astonishment of the guides, as well as of the whole party, on beholding the lamp, can be easily imagined; and to this day they would have been ignorant of its history, but for the accidental circumstance of an old man being at the Cave Hotel, who, thirty years ago, was engaged as a miner in the saltpetre establishment of Wilkins and Gratz. He, on being shown the lamp, said at once that it had been found under the crevice pit; (a fact that surprised all,) that during the time Wilkins & Gratz were engaged in the manufacture of saltpetre,

a Mr. Gatewood informed Wilkins, that in all probability, the richest nitre earth was under the crevice pit. The depth of this pit being then unknown, Wilkins, to ascertain it, got a rope of 45 feet long, and fastening this identical lamp to the end of it, lowered it into the pit, in the doing of which the string caught on fire, and down fell the lamp. Wilkins made an offer of two dollars to any one of the miners who would descend the pit and bring up the lamp. His offer was accepted by a man, who, in consequence of his diminutive stature, was nicknamed Little Dave; and the rope being made fast about his waist, he, torch in hand, was lowered to the full extent of the forty-five feet. Being then drawn up, the poor fellow was found to be so excessively alarmed, that he could scarcely articulate; but having recovered from his fright, and again with the full power of utterance, he declared that no money could tempt him to try again for the lamp; and in excuse for such a determination, he related the most marvellous story of what he had seen—far exceeding the wonderful things which the unexampled Don Quixote de la Mancha declared he had seen in the deep cave of Montesinos. Dave was, in fact, suspended at the height of two hundred and forty feet above the level below. Such is the history of the *lamp*, as told by the old miner, Holton, the correctness of which was very soon verified; for guides having been sent to the place where the lamp was found, and persons at the same time stationed at the mouth of the crevice pit, their proximity was at once made manifest, by the very audible sound of each other's voices, and by the fact that sticks thrown into the pit fell at the feet of the guides below, and were brought out by them.

The quantity of nitrous earth contained in the Cave, is "sufficient to supply the whole population of the globe with saltpetre."

"The dirt gives from three to five pounds of nitrate of lime to the bushel, requiring a large proportion of fixed alkali to produce the required crystalization, and when left in the Cave becomes re-impregnated in three years. When saltpetre bore a high price, immense quantities were manufactured at the Mammoth Cave; but the return of peace brought the saltpetre from the East Indies in competition with the American, and drove that of the produce of our country entirely from the market. An idea may be formed of the extent of the manufacture of saltpetre at this Cave, from the fact that the contract for the supply of the fixed alkali alone for the Cave, for the year 1814, was twenty thousand dollars."

"The price of the article was so high, and the profits of the manufacturer so great, as to set half the western world gadding after nitre caves—the gold mines of the day. Cave hunting, in fact, became a kind of mania, beginning with speculators, and ending with hair brained young men, who dared, for the love of adventure, the risk which others ran for profit." Every hole,

remarked an old miner, the size of a man's body, has been penetrated for miles around the Mammoth Cave, but although we found "*petre earth*," we never could find a cave worth having.

**GREAT RELIEF HALL.** And a great relief it is, too, for here you can breathe freely, and move about without being obliged to place yourself in any unnatural, constrained position. It is very high and wide, but not long. Its effect upon the visiter is probably increased from the gauntlet he has just run in the Winding Way.

**RIVER HALL AND DEAD SEA.** These have been so graphically described by a lady, that we shall avail ourselves of her language.

"The River Hall descends like the slope of a mountain; the ceiling stretches away—away before you, vast and grand as the firmament at midnight." Going on, and gradually ascending and keeping close to the right hand wall, you observe on your left "a steep precipice, over which you can look down, by the aid of blazing missiles, upon a broad, black sheet of water, eighty feet below, called the Dead Sea. This is an awfully impressive place; the sights and sounds of which, do not easily pass from memory. He who has seen it, will have it vividly brought before him, by Alfieri's description of Filippo: 'only a transient word or act gives us a short and dubious glimmer, that reveals to us the abysses of his being—dark, lurid and terrific, as the throat of the infernal pool.' Descending from the eminence, by a ladder of about twenty feet, we find ourselves among piles of gigantic rocks; and one of the most picturesque sights in the world, is to see a file of men and women passing along those wild and scraggy paths, moving slowly—slowly, that their lamps may have time to illuminate their sky-like ceiling and gigantic walls—disappearing behind high cliffs—sinking into ravines—their lights shining upwards through fissures in the rocks—then suddenly emerging from some abrupt angle, standing in the bright gleam of their lamps, relieved by the towering, black masses around them. He, who could paint the infinite variety of creation, can alone give an adequate idea of this marvellous region.

**LAKE LETHE.** Here are often two boats, and the parties which have reached this point by two different routes, one of them having come *down* the

**BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER STYX.** This is a dangerous "natural bridge," thrown over the dark and sullen waters of a river eighty feet high. Visitors often separate here; one party takes to the boat for an excursion on the water, whilst those left behind ascend the bridge. As the party on the water

are seen from this point, their torches glare like the fiery eyes of some unearthly monster, whilst the boat and passengers, being but indistinctly seen, serve to increase the illusion. "The scene is so strangely funereal and spectral, that it seems as if the Greeks must have witnessed it, before they imagined Charon conveying ghosts to the dim regions of Pluto." The voyages in the little boat, as seen from the bridge, do indeed

" Skim along the dusky glades,  
Thin, airy souls and visionary shades."

If you turn your eyes from the canoe to the parties of men and women whom you left waiting on the shore, you will see them by the gleam of their lamps, scattered in picturesque groups, looming out in bold relief from the dense darkness around them.

Having passed the Styx, (much the smallest of the rivers,) you walk over a pile of large rocks, and are on the banks of Lethe; and looking back, you will see a line of men and women descending the high hill from the Cave, which runs *over* the river Styx. Here are two boats, and the parties which have come by the two routes, *down* the Styx or *over* it, uniting, descend the Lethe about a quarter of a mile, the ceiling for the entire distance being very high—certainly not less than fifty feet. On landing, you enter a level and lofty hall, called the Great Walk, which stretches to the banks of the Echo, a distance of three or four hundred yards. The Echo is truly a river; it is wide and deep enough, at all times, to float the largest steamer. At the point of embarkation, the arch is very low, not more than three feet, in an ordinary stage of water, being left for a boat to pass through. Passengers, of course, are obliged to double up, and lie upon each other's shoulders, in a most uncomfortable way, but their suffering is of short duration; in two boat lengths they emerge to where the vault of the Cave is lofty and wide. The boat in which we embarked was sufficiently large to carry twelve persons, and our voyage down the river was one of deep, indeed, of most intense interest. The novelty, the grandeur, the magnificence of every thing around, elicited unbounded admiration and wonder. All sense of danger, (had any been experienced before,) was lost in the solemn, quiet sublimity of the scene. The rippling of the water, caused by the motion of our boat, is heard afar off, beating under the low arches and in the cavities of the rocks. The report of a pistol is as that of the heaviest artillery, and long and afar does the echo resound, like the muttering of distant thunder. The voice of song was raised on this dark, deep water, and the sound was as that of the most powerful choir. A full band of music on this river of echoes would indeed be overpowering. The aquatic excursion was more to our taste than any thing we had seen, and never can the impression it made be obliterated from our memories.

The Echo is three quarters of a mile long. A rise of the water of merely a few feet connects the three rivers. After long and heavy rains, these rivers sometimes rise to a perpendicular height of more than fifty feet; and then they, as well as the cataraacts, exhibit a most terrific appearance. The low arch at the entrance of the Echo, cannot be passed when there is a rise of water of even two feet. Once or twice parties have been caught on the further side, by a sudden rise, and for a time their alarm was great, not knowing that there was an upper cave through which they could pass, that would lead them around the arch to the Great Walk. This upper cave, or passage, is called Purgatory, and is, for a distance of forty feet, so low that persons have to crawl on their faces, or, as the guides say, *snake it*. We were pleased to learn that this passage would soon be sufficiently enlarged to enable persons to walk through erect. This accomplished, an excursion to Cleveland's Avenue may be made almost entirely by land, at the same time that all apprehensions of being caught beyond Echo will be removed. It is in these rivers, that the extraordinary white eyeless fish are caught—we secured two of them. There is not the slightest indication of an organ similar to an eye, to be discovered. They have been dissected by skilful anatomists, who declare that they are not only without eyes, but also develop other anomalies in their organization, singularly interesting to the naturalist. "The rivers of Mammoth Cave were never crossed till 1840. Great efforts have been made to discover whence they come and whither they go, yet they still remain as much a mystery as ever—without beginning or end; like eternity."

"Darkly thou glidest onward,  
Thou deep and hidden wave!  
The laughing sunshine hath not look'd  
Into thy secret cave.

Thy current makes no music—  
A hollow sound we hear;  
A muffled voice of mystery,  
And know that thou art near.

No brighter line of verdure  
Follows thy lonely way;  
No fairy moss, or lily's cup,  
Is freshened by thy play."

PASS OF EL-GHOR is next presented upon the Panorama. After this

CROGAN'S HALL comes next into view. It is sixty feet in diameter, and between thirty and forty feet high. This Hall is ornamented in a style of superb grandeur. Vast sheets of stalactites, ten and fifteen feet long, are suspended from the rocks, shining in the light of the torches like sheets of ice glistening in

the sun. A very beautiful effect is produced by the rock near the floor, which first projects or bows out and then regularly recedes in a graceful curve, as if to form a natural divan. At intervals, stalactites of various forms hang around the circular projection, and behind them stalagmites are seen shooting up from the floor in fanciful shapes, some of which are almost transparent. Immediately in the centre of the hall a large stalactite hangs down from the roof, and directly under it a corresponding stalagmite rears itself from the floor, as if they were making an effort to touch each other. The latter is a foot in diameter, three feet high, of a rich amber color, and perfectly smooth and transparent. A romantic cascade comes pouring down from the roof, the waters of which leap into a deep pit on the right and disappear. A merry party are here seen upon the picture engaged in dancing. Furnished with light by their flaming torches, and supplied with music by their own voices, accompanied with the sound of falling waters, they have engaged with spirit in this exhilarating amusement. Leaving this hall and gradually descending about sixty feet, you arrive next at the

**CITY OF THE TOMBS.** This is the largest room in the Cave, embracing an area of between six and seven acres! It is covered by an immense lofty dome. A few lofty columns are seen extending from the floor to the roof, as if they were pillars for the support of the latter. Numerous masses of rock, of various shapes and sizes, are seen in different parts of the hall, whose general appearance so nearly resembles *tomb-stones* as to give this place the sombre aspect of a city of the dead. It might well be regarded as the Cemetery of the Cave—the burial-place of some lost race. A walk of a mile farther brings you to

**SAINT CECELIA'S GROTTTO.** This chamber, more than half a mile long, is beautifully ornamented with a large number of graceful columns, which spring from a broad base and then taper regularly towards the top. Besides their delicate, mast-like appearance, they are all thickly frosted with a snow-white substance resembling pulverized marble. As the torches shine upon them, thousands of crystalized points reflect their rays, as if these pillars were covered with spangles of silver, the effect of which may be more readily imagined than described. Passing through

**SILLIMAN'S AVENUE** and the **GREAT WESTERN VESTIBULE**, we are next presented with

**MARTHA'S VINEYARD**, so called from the stalactites having assumed the form of bunches of grapes. They are as round as marbles, as smooth as glass, and grouped in clusters precisely like the *Isabella*, or *sweet-water*; but alas! they contain nothing that will "make glad the heart of man." The Jews found

it much easier to "suck honey out of the flinty rock," than the thirsty traveller will to obtain a refreshing beverage from the petrified grapes of this underground vineyard.

**SNOW-BALL ROOM.** This hall is about two hundred feet long. The formations here are entirely different from anything we have yet seen. The appearance of the place is as if it had been a play-room for boys, when snow was on the ground, and they had amused themselves by throwing thousands of them against the ceiling, whilst as many more are scattered about the floor. Their appearance is peculiarly beautiful and unique.

**CLEVELAND'S CABINET,** which is next presented before the eye upon the canvas, is said to be "the crowning wonder and glory of this subterranean world." No language of ours can adequately describe it. Imagination can scarcely conceive the fantastic variety, the extreme delicacy, and the unparalleled beauty of the formations which every where meet the eye. It might well be fancied to be a hall, fitted up as a place of resort for fairies, with vines, flowers, fruits, gems, and various singular architectural ornaments, arranged in the greatest profusion and gorgeousness. As a substitute for any farther description of our own, we insert the following graphic account from the "Rambles in the Mammoth Cave."

"Returning from the Holy Sepulchre, we commence our wanderings through Cleveland's Avenue—an avenue three miles long, seventy feet wide, and twelve or fifteen feet high—an avenue more rich and gorgeous than any ever revealed to man—an avenue abounding in formations such as are no where else to be seen, and which the most stupid observer could not behold without feelings of wonder and admiration. Some of the formations in the avenue have been denominated by Professor Locke *oulophilites*, or curled leafed stone; and in remarking upon them he says, 'They are unlike any thing yet discovered; equally beautiful for the cabinet of the amateur, and interesting to the geological philosopher.' And I, although a wanderer myself in various climes, and somewhat of a mineralogist withal, have never seen or heard of such. Apprehensive that I might, in attempting to describe much that I have seen, color too highly, I will in lieu thereof offer the remarks of an intelligent clergyman, extracted from the *New York Christian Observer* of a recent date: 'The most imaginative poet never conceived or painted a palace of such exquisite beauty and loveliness as Cleveland's Cabinet, into which you now pass. Were the wealth of princes bestowed on the most skilful lapidaries with a view of rivaling the splendors of this single chamber, the attempt would be vain. How, then, can I hope to give you a conception of it? You must see it; and you will feel that all attempt at description is futile. The Cabinet was discovered by Mr.

Patten, of Louisville, and Mr. Craig, of Philadelphia, accompanied by the guide Stephen, and extends in nearly a direct line about one and a half miles (the guides say two miles). It is a perfect arch, of fifty feet span, and of an average height of ten feet in the centre—just high enough to be viewed with ease in all its parts. It is incrustated from end to end with the most beautiful formations, in every variety of form. The base of the whole is carbonate (sulphate) of lime, in part of dazzling whiteness, and perfectly smooth, and in other places crystalized so as to glitter like diamonds in the light. Growing from this, in endlessly diversified forms, is a substance resembling selenite, translucent, and imperfectly laminated. It is most probably sulphate of lime, (a gypsum,) combined with sulphate of magnesia. Some of the crystals bear a striking resemblance to branches of celery, and all about the same length; while others, a foot or more in length, have the color and appearance of *vanilla cream candy*; others are set in sulphate of lime, in the form of a rose; and others still roll out from the base in forms resembling the ornaments on the capitol of a Corinthian column. (You see how I am driven for analogies.) Some of the incrustations are massive and splendid; others are as delicate as the lily, or as fancy work of shell or wax. Think of traversing an arched way like this for a mile and a half, and all the wonders of the tales of youth—‘Arabian Nights’ and all—seem tame compared with the living, growing reality. Yes, *growing* reality; for the process is going on before your eyes. Successive coats of these incrustations have been perfected and crowded off by others; so that hundreds of tons of these gems lie at your feet, and are crushed as you pass, while the work of restoring the ornaments for nature’s *boudoir* is proceeding around you. Here and there, through the whole extent, you will find openings in the sides, into which you may thrust the person, and often stand erect in little grottoes, perfectly incrustated with a delicate white substance, reflecting the light from a thousand different points. All the way you might have heard us exclaiming, ‘Wonderful, wonderful! O Lord, how manifold are thy works!’”

A similar declamation might be used with reference to the next hall upon the picture, called

**PARADISE.** The name is suggestive of whatever the imagination can conceive as rich, beautiful, and gorgeous. When we remember the appropriateness with which the halls, avenues, and waters of this wonderful Cave have been named, we shall readily suppose that any place here called “Paradise” would be remarkable for the imposing grandeur of its appearance. In this instance our supposition would not be erroneous.

**SERENA’S HARBOR,** which, in consequence of the loose rocks around, is somewhat difficult of approach, is by some re-



garded as the "crowning object of interest." It is of a circular form, twelve feet high, and about forty feet in circumference. Although small in comparison with many other apartments of this vast Cave, it yet exceeds many others in its singular beauty of appearance. Its roof, sides, and floor are formed of "one perfect, seamless stalactite of a beautiful hue and exquisite workmanship. Stalactite matter hangs down from the ceiling in vast blades or folds nearly half way to the floor, giving the impression that drapery, which had been hung there on some festive occasion, had been petrified, and had thus been converted into permanent curtains and ribbands of the most beautiful marble. As if to increase the illusion, there is opposite to the door a projection of a stone canopy, most elegantly ornamented, as if that had been the resting place of some fairy bride, or May Queen, on the joyous occasion for which this arbor had been so elaborately ornamented. As in the ancient temples of Egypt, so here every thing is as fresh and new as if the last touch of the artist had been just given. Indeed, it seems not yet quite finished, for the pure water is still trickling down its narrow thread-like channels, as if to polish and varnish the delicate forms of some of the ornaments.

The last scene in this great Cave, which is presented on the Panorama, is

**FAIRY-GROTTO.** Here a vast number of stalactites are seen in every direction, extending, at irregular distances, from the roof to the floor. They are of various sizes and of peculiar shapes. Some are straight like eaves; some crooked like the gnarled limbs of old trees; some are grooved, which gives them the appearance of irregularly fluted columns; others are solid near the roof, but lower down are divided into many small branches, as if the trees from the surface of the ground above had shot their roots down into this hall, where they had mysteriously been transformed into stone. They appear like inverted, petrified trees. When these stalactites are illuminated by numerous lights, the whole grotto presents an extraordinary scene of wild and strange beauty.

**STEPHEN, THE GUIDE.** And now let us say a word about the handsome, good humored, intelligent Stephen, the most complete of guides, the presiding genius of this territory, whose name is identified with its history—he, we say, deserves more than a passing notice. Steve, where art thou? He is a middling-sized Mulatto, "owned," as they say there, of handsome, bright features, scarcely out of his teens, and he has been a guide in this strange region for twelve years, during which time he has occupied himself so frequently, especially in the fall of the year, in exploring the various passages of the cavern, that there is now no living being who knows it so well; and it has

become to be a fixed fact that seven-eighths of the discoveries made have been the result of his courage, intelligence, and untiring zeal. He is extremely attentive and polite, particularly so to the ladies, especially if they be any ways good looking, and he runs over what he has to say with such ease and readiness, and mingles his statement of facts with so lofty language, to which his race are so inclined, that all classes, male and female, listen with respect, and involuntarily smile at his remark. His business as guide has brought him so often in contact with the intellectual and scientific, that he has become acquainted with every geological specimen in the Cave, and having a prodigious memory, has at his tongue's end every incident of interest that has transpired during his administration, calling even to his recollection any one who has ever visited the Cave. And take it all in all, his services are quite indispensable, and very many are the grottos which cannot fairly be seen without him to start a Bengal light on this rock, or to tell stories at dinner hour in the silent valley around a cool spring of water, or ready at your elbow to remind you that you are examining "a specimen of gypsum." Long life to Stephen!

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*From the Christian Register.*

MR. EDITOR:—The very interesting account furnished by Miss Harrison, of Cincinnati, of a visit to this remarkable cave, may leave on some minds the impression that the exploring of the cave is attended with danger. If so, let its readers be assured that there is not the least danger from the rivers, except when at certain seasons they are unusually full;—which times are well ascertained beforehand, and of which the amplest information is furnished to visitors. None should on this account be deterred, as they have opportunity, from visiting this most wonderful place.

Yours, &c.,

F. A. W.

*Brighton, August 31, 1848.*

Passing from the first division of the cabinet, which had arrested our attention, we came to what is called the snow-ball chamber, not from any definite division between it and the rest of this grand gallery, but from the arching vault here changing from the display of the lily-like incrustations I have described, to that of an appearance of myriads of snow-white globular formations, thickly encrusting every spot, and irresistibly suggesting the idea of a vast bower, roofed over with blossoms of the snow-ball. Here again the guide illuminated the scene with one of his Bengal lights, when the reflection became almost painfully dazzling. Words are faint to portray the beauty and splendor of the scene, so I must leave it to your imagination.

As I gazed around on those fair scenes in silent wonder, I could not help reflecting how the vivacious imagination of the ancient Greeks would have peopled them with ærial beings, and furnished forth a whole host of deities, to preside over these varied wonders. Or if the poetical mind of later ages had caught the rumor of the existence of such a subterranean world as this, it would have imagined it the peculiar realm, the undisputed domain of Oberon and Titania, with all their hosts of subject fairies—where they could sport, and frolic, and work their gay enchantments, undisturbed by the vulgar gaze of mortal eyes. The vivid, but more sombre imagination of the orientals, would have probably placed here good and powerful genii, and wicked enchanters, waging a perpetual warfare of spells and incantations, to accomplish their opposite purposes, of good and evil. Indeed, if the twilight day of graceful superstitions had not long gone by, the whole region here, above and below ground, would be considered enchanted land, and the heroic daring that ventured to explore its wonders, would be exalted almost to deification.

Satisfied with the scene of beauty here exhibited, and beginning at last to feel fatigue and exhaustion, from the unusual demands made upon our energies, some of our party here sat down to rest and indulge themselves more at leisure in the contemplation of the scene, while four of the party, including Mrs. S., went forward with the guide, determined to see the utmost that could be seen.

Cleveland's cabinet is said to be three miles in length, beyond which, there has not yet been much discovered to reward the toil of exploring. We that were left behind, enjoyed ourselves to our hearts' content, on examining more at our leisure the beautiful and varied incrustations on the walls, and turning up fragments on the floor in search of specimens to carry away—we having obtained this privilege as a special favor from the proprietor, to some old acquaintances of his in our party, though the general rule prescribed to visitors is positively against such abstractions.

It was here I took the opportunity of venturing far enough from the rest to lose entirely the light of their lamps, and the sound of their voices, in order that I might feel the awful sublimity of the deep solitude, darkness and silence, that must have reigned unbroken here through long revolving ages. It was impressive indeed. There is no solitude, darkness and silence like this on upper earth. Not the faintest straggling ray was to be detected in any direction, not the slightest breath of sound was to be heard, not even so much as the stirring of an insect's wing, to break the deep and awful repose. It was silence that might be heard, and darkness that might be felt, for the senses of sight and hearing became powerfully impressed with the total absence of their usual stimulants. Never shall I forget the emotions I

felt in those few brief minutes of total isolation from sight and sound, and the companionship of kindred beings.

Our friends who had gone forward, returning in the course of an hour, we all began to retrace our steps. And now some anxiety began to arise in our minds, with regard to the rivers. For my own part, I had been so completely absorbed in the wonders of Cleveland's cabinet, that I forgot the rivers, until we were directing our steps towards them again. On ascertaining the time, we found that two hours more than we had allotted, for going and returning, had elapsed, and now it was desirable to make all possible haste in retreading our steps. A difficulty, however, arose. Miss P., from exhaustion, found it impossible to keep up with the guide, and it was therefore agreed that some of us should proceed forward with him and cross the rivers, while Miss P. should proceed more leisurely, another lady of the party and Mr. H. remaining with her, as the latter insisted he remembered this part of the cave well enough to guide the ladies to the rivers. They were urged to be at the river bank by the time the boat returned from taking the first division of the party across. As I followed closely the footsteps of the guide, and observed him narrowly, I found he began to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness as we approached the rivers. He began at length to utter exclamations indicative of this feeling. Having been gone two hours longer than he had supposed it might be safe to remain beyond the rivers, now that they were on the rise there were some grounds for his apprehensions, which I fully shared. As we actually approached the river bank he seemed much agitated, when a loud sound of rushing, roaring waters burst upon our ears, and he exclaimed, with a startling gesture, what is that? what can it mean? I never heard it so before! It seemed as if some swollen river above ground had broken through all impediments, and was pouring into the cave to engulf us before we could make our escape.

I asked the guide if he did not think it possible to cross. He said the river had risen so much that it would be difficult and dangerous, and perhaps impossible, and he did not know what to do. Some inquiry was then made about the passage called purgatory. His answer conveyed to me the impression that it was exceedingly difficult for him, and almost impossible for ladies, being, as I understood the description, a process something between swimming like a fish and creeping like a serpent, through holes and cavities in the rock. For a moment, there was a pause and hesitation as to what we ought to do. In that pause, I, for one, felt that our chance of escape was lost, and I suppose the rest were similarly impressed. One of the gentlemen, however, Mr. S., with great decision of manner, called to us to get into the boat and make the attempt, as nothing was to be gained by hesitation and delay. He and his wife and two gentlemen, with myself, constituted what I may call this forlorn

hope. The guide silently, but in evident excitement, took the oar, and we commenced our doubtful voyage. After receding from the shore, I looked anxiously on the right hand and the left, to see if I could recognize any of the landmarks I had seen when passing before, so as to form some idea of what difference there might be in the height of the water, but saw no indication that would give any satisfaction. As we approached the low arched passage, our anxiety became great to see if it now would admit our boat.

To our great relief as we advanced, we saw it would admit of our entering, though the space between the rock and water was much diminished; but our suspense was not yet ended, for we could see the whole at a glance, and did not know but there yet might be some part of the roof too low to admit of our passing. At length, however, our boat shot from under the low arch, when we raised ourselves up and breathed more freely. The ledge of rocks, where we had some difficulty before, was now entirely submerged, not a trace of it being seen. On arriving safely within sight of the shore, the guide, for some reason which I do not even now understand, insisted on our getting into another boat which lay there, which we did, expecting him to return immediately for our friends; but this, he said, he would not do unless one of the gentlemen would return with him, to help him row. All felt that this was hazardous, but Mr. S. promptly said he would go, while his young wife made no selfish remonstrance, but acquiesced, and even exhorted him to go. Mrs. S. and myself were left sitting in the boat, while the two gentlemen who remained with us got out, and stood upon a rock that shelved from the side of the Cave to the water, and that barely afforded them a footing to watch in deep anxiety the rising tide. One of them scored a mark upon the rock, three or four inches up from the margin, and in the time we sat there it was under water. Having this evidence of the rapidity with which the water was rising, our anxiety for the fate of our friends became very great. We felt, also, that our own escape was not secured, as, if the guide should be prevented from returning, we should find it impossible to explore our way out ourselves, especially as we were without oil to renew our lamps. It would have removed this anxiety, if we had reflected that other guides would probably be sent for us, if we were not forthcoming at the expected time. At any rate, this did not occur to me then. While sitting here in anxious suspense, our conversation was about our critical situation, with frequent pauses to listen whether our friends might be approaching. Two or three times we thought we heard them, but were sadly disappointed on finding that it was only the deep gurgling echoes of the rock and water that we heard. As I now recollect the scene, it was thrilling and impressive in the extreme. Mrs. S. sat in the boat with folded hands and bowed head, insisting in a tone of self-re-

proach that the danger in which we were involved was all her fault; that she had urged them to cross the rivers, and if we were not all rescued it would be entirely her fault. It was a beautiful personification of patience, resignation, and humility, and my admiration was deeply excited even in these moments of fearful suspense. At last, she caught the sound of her husband's voice at a great distance, and long before we could see them, cheering us with assurances of their safety.

Nothing could exceed the change that took place in our feelings on hearing these welcome sounds. Mrs. S. sprung from her seat and clasped her hands in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy, exclaiming he is safe! he is safe! I am so happy! I am so happy!

Never shall I forget the emotions of that hour. It was one calculated to try the very depths of the soul, and I believe that tears of gratitude and joy sprung to the eyes of more than one of the party when we were all reunited again.

We had yet, however, some pretty formidable difficulties to encounter. We had not walked but a few steps on terra firma, before we discovered that the greater part of our path between the two rivers, where we had walked on solid ground in going, was now two feet under water, and there was no alternative but to ford this deep water. The guide here paused, looked round, and said the gentlemen must carry the ladies, and, enforcing precept by example, picked me up, who happened to be nearest to him, and rushed into the water with me almost before I was aware.

The gentlemen all followed suit, each picking up a lady and marching valiantly into the water, except one, upon whom they had piled the shawls and baskets, and other baggage we had carried along. We had many a laugh, loud and long, at this scene afterwards.

One of them promised me a drawing of it, but he has not yet fulfilled his promise, or I would submit it to your inspection, in order that you might form a just idea of the scene.

It was twelve o'clock at night, and we had crossed the last river and felt ourselves once more really on terra firma, when we saw glancing lights and heard voices in the distance.

It proved to be three guides, whom the proprietor had sent for us, who told us that the anxiety about us at the hotel had been so great, that some of them, our friends especially, who had returned from the rivers, could not sleep till something was ascertained with regard to us, and that the proprietor, Dr. C., was very much provoked at our venturing to cross the rivers that day.

Nothing, however, could now damp our joy, and attaching ourselves to the different guides we all made our way out as fast as possible, being exceedingly anxious for rest and repose, having been at least fifteen hours in the cave, and almost worn out with fatigue and excitement. We retired to rest, but I, for one,

could not sleep, so vividly was my imagination impressed with dark waters, deep pits, and rocky precipices. When we assembled again in the morning in the parlor, the Doctor himself took us to task, for inducing the guide to disobey his orders. We took care to take all the blame on ourselves, exonerating the guide from all censure whatever.

In conversing on this subject afterwards, some of our party thought it would be best not to speak of the danger we had incurred, as it was entirely our own fault, and might deter others from visiting and exploring the cave. But I think the spice of danger that may be mixed up with the adventure, would only be an incentive to many, and give it a zest that it would not otherwise have. To say the truth, however, I think that no danger whatever need be necessarily incurred by any one in exploring the Mammoth Cave, and I myself would gladly repeat and extend the exploration another time, only I would like it to be in fair weather.

After breakfast, we equipped ourselves again to visit some of the wonders of the main cave, a small part of which we had seen the day previous. We found this quite a different undertaking from that of yesterday; the walking in every part being dry and comparatively easy, though there are ladders to climb and descend occasionally. I would have been glad to spend days instead of hours in exploring the main cave, so grand and wonderful are its vast halls and galleries, and so impressive and interesting is it in every part. I cannot pretend to conduct you through all its parts in regular succession, but will endeavor to give you as vivid an idea as I can, of some of its majestic scenery. Passing again the hoppers and vats and artificial walls I described yesterday, we notice as we pass along, that the rocky walls resemble in some places stupendous river cliffs channeled out by the waters, through the slow lapse of years. Soon after, we come to a vast expansion of the roof and walls of the cave, to which the name of "the church" has been given. A huge, rocky protuberance on one side serves the fancy for a pulpit, and something like a gallery seems hollowed out from the walls beneath the roof. The hint given by nature has been taken, and public worship has more than once been celebrated here. Passing from this through a long and lofty gallery for a considerable distance, we turned out of the main cave again, in order to visit Goran's dome, which is one of the places to which visitors are always led. We here lost sight, for a time, of the lofty ceilings and cliff-like walls, which gave to the main cave its air of nobleness and grandeur, though many of the chambers and galleries are still wide and spacious. In one of these, we were shown the niche in the wall where a mummy was once found, of what nation or race is utterly unknown. Soon after examining this, we came to the first stalagmites and stalactites we had seen in the cave. The former are those which reach

from the roof to the ground. The latter are those which seem to hang suspended from the roof. On examining these, we could see the drops of water by which they are formed, trickling down and suspended from their points. Frequently along here we came to little springs that seemed to well up out of the solid rock of the floor, the water standing in their little basins as pure as crystal, and quietly flowing away in little rills to some unknown reservoir. Some of the stalagmites are pillars of great size, dark, rough and knotty, like the bodies of mighty oaks placed there to support the vast roof. This, through all this branch, is between six and eight feet high, and for the most part, smooth and uniform as a plastered ceiling. This is disfigured by hundreds of names of visitors, done by the smoke of lamps, a barbarism which not one of our party would imitate. One wide hall, where the ceiling is most convenient for this purpose, has received the name of the register room on this account. Many stalagmites now occurred as we passed along, most of them having some particular name appropriated to them, from the objects they are thought most to resemble. Some of these are Hercules' pillar, the blacksmith's shop, the arm chair, and the elephant's head. Not far from these is the lover's leap, which is a rock projecting twenty or thirty feet over a deep, dark pit. A leap from it would be, literally, one in the dark. Omitting an account of our various windings and turnings, which I do not know that I remember well enough to relate accurately, I will proceed to give you a description of Goran's dome. The approach to it is exceedingly crooked and narrow, descending most of the time; indeed, the path to it begins by a steep ladder. After many turnings, windings and descents, we found our career arrested by a rocky wall across our path, in which a large aperture appeared. Two at a time only, could look into this, holding their lamps inside at arm's length.

At first, when I looked in I shuddered and drew back, so deep and dismal seemed the gulf below, and so vast the height above.

It seemed to me that we were standing on a platform projecting over the vast gulf below, but walled up at the verge with the aperture through which we looked, broken through this wall. For a few minutes here we missed our guide. On looking in again, we found that he had descended by some path to us invisible, and was kindling a Bengal light upon a ledge of rock projecting far below us from the side of the fearful gulf. When its blaze illuminated the vast cavity, the sight was indeed thrilling to the nerves. Just opposite to us a huge mass of columnar looking rock seemed projected over the deep abyss below, having its base in the same plane as that on which we stood. As we gazed in, the sound of dripping and trickling water and low gurgling murmurs, as of a deep lake or river, came to our ears from below.



The abyss is said to be ninety feet deep from where we stood ; the height above I did not hear stated.

After leaving this almost terrific scene, we turned again to our delight into the grand and lofty galleries of the main Cave. Again we had on both hands the stupendous cliff-like walls, while the ceilings seemed pictured over with various figures, which fancy easily shapes into representations of known and familiar objects. A panther in the act of springing on his prey, —an old man stooping down to reach something below—an Indian warrior with his single scalp-lock—a serpent with his folds, and some others, are very perceptible to the fancy when once pointed out. But no scene in the whole Cave impressed me more deeply, or remains pictured more vividly on my mind, than that which is known as the star-chamber. Here, as I leaned against the perpendicular wall on one side, and looked up to view the lofty ceiling, it seemed to have disappeared, allowing the vision to rise suddenly to the midnight sky. After gazing awhile, our lamps being removed, we could see what seemed to be the glimmering of stars through a dense veil of clouds of midnight blackness! The illusion is wonderfully complete, and the impression of the whole scene is intensely interesting. This singular and wonderful effect is said to be produced by a black moss which incrusts the ceiling, interspersed with white points of the rock, not covered by it, which look brilliant by contrast with the blackness of the rest. Four miles from the entrance of the Cave is the magnificent hall called the temple. I heard the area of this common hall variously estimated from four to eight acres. Only imagine it, a rocky dome, sixty feet in height and covering a space of more than four acres, and this under ground four miles from the light of day. I must leave the picture to your imagination, for words are too feeble to convey an adequate impression of its grandeur. Returning through the long majestic galleries and magnificent halls of the main Cave, our impression of its grandeur and sublimity rather increased than diminished. We all grew thoughtful, and walked along in silent contemplation. Thoughts of the great Architect were crowding our hearts, and such must be the effect of these wonderful scenes in every mind that is not utterly callous.

Approaching on our return towards the entrance, the guide extinguished all our lamps, and caused us to observe the beautiful appearance of daylight at opening. It was more like the most brilliant and silvery moonlight than any thing else. At length, about four o'clock in the afternoon we emerged to the full light of day, and taking our seats near the mouth of the Cave, we indulged ourselves in a long resting spell, and in enjoying at our leisure the beautiful scenery around us. Thus I have endeavored to fulfil my promise. I know that my descriptions are exceedingly imperfect, but my object has been to carry

you along with me, and make you feel and see as I felt and saw. I believed that I could in this manner give you a more vivid idea of this astonishing scene of wonders, than I could have done by the most labored and dry detail of distances and names in guide-book style. At some future time I hope to visit it again, for I am not half satisfied with the comparatively slight examination we made of its wonders.

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### MAMMOTH CAVE.

[We knew that GEORGE D. PRENTICE had recently visited the "Mammoth Cave," but we were not aware that "Amelia" had made one of the party. A late Louisville Journal contains poems on the subject of the subterranean wonder from both these true worshippers of the beautiful and the sublime. We cannot refrain from giving our readers a few extracts from each. We commence with Mrs. WELBY.]

Hush! for my heart-blood eurdles as we enter  
 To glide in gloom these shadowy realms about ;  
 Oh, what a scene! the grand globe to its centre,  
 To form this awful cave, seems hollowed out!  
 Yet pause—no mystic word hath yet been spoken  
 To win us entrance to this awful sphere—  
 A whispered prayer must be our watchword token,  
 And peace—like that around us—peace unbroken,  
 The passport here.

\* \* \* \* \*

The glittering dome, the arch, the towering column,  
 Are sights that greet us now on every hand,  
 And all so wild—so strange—so sweetly solemn—  
 So like one's fancies formed of fairy land!  
 And these then are your works, mysterious powers!  
 Your spells are o'er, around us, and beneath,  
 These opening aisles, these crystal fruits and flowers  
 And glittering grotts and high-arched beauteous bowers,  
 As still as death!

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh silent cave! amid the elevation  
 Of lofty thought could I abide with thee,  
 My soul's sad shrine, my heart's lone habitation,  
 Forever and forever thou should'st be!  
 Here into song my every thought I'd render,  
 And thou—and thou alone—should'st be my theme,  
 Far from the weary world's delusive splendor,  
 Would not my lonely life be all one tender,  
 Delicious dream?

\* \* \* \* \*

## MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

[In giving his own poem, Mr. Prentice gallantly remarks: "It is honor enough for us to supply the foil to Anielia's diamond." After some lines magnificently descriptive of the Cave, and the emotions inspired by it, follow these reflections—philosophical as glowing and beautiful !]

All day, as day is reckoned on the earth  
I've wandered in these dim and awful aisles,  
Shut from the blue and breezy dome of Heaven,  
While thoughts, wild, drear and shadowy have swept  
Across my awe-struck soul, like spectres o'er  
The wizard's magic glass, or thunder clouds  
O'er the blue waters of the deep.  
And now I'll sit me down upon yon broken rock  
To muse upon the strange and solemn things  
Of this mysterious realm.

All day my steps  
Have been amid the beautiful, the wild,  
The gloomy, the terrific. Chrystal founts  
Almost invisible in their serene  
And pure transparency—high pillar'd domes  
With stars and flowers all fretted like the halls  
Of Oriental monarchs—rivers dark  
And drear and voiceless as oblivion's stream  
That flows through Death's dim vale of silence—  
Gulfs all fathomless, down which the loosened rock  
Plunges, until its far-off echoes come  
Fainter and fainter like the dying roll  
Of thunders in the distance—Stygian pools  
Whose agitated waves give back a sound  
Hollow and dismal—like the sullen roar  
In the volcano's depths—these, these have left  
Their spell upon me, and their memories  
Have passed into my spirit, and are now  
Bleat with my being till they seem a part  
Of my own immortality.

God's hand,  
At the creation, hollowed out this vast  
Domain of darkness, where nor herb nor flower  
E'er sprang amid the sands, nor dews nor rains  
Nor blessed sunbeams fell with freshening power,  
Nor gentle breeze its Eden message told  
Amid the dreadful gloom. Six thousand years  
Swept o'er the earth ere human footprints marked  
This subterranean desert. Centuries  
Like shadows came and passed, and not a sound  
Was in this realm, save, when at intervals,  
In the long lapse of ages, some huge mass  
Of overhanging rock fell thundering down,  
Its echoes sounding through these corridors  
A moment, and then dying in a hush

Of silence, such as brooded o'er the earth  
 When Earth was chaos. The great Mastadon,  
 The dreaded monster of the elder world,  
 Passed o'er this mighty cavern, and his tread  
 Bent the old forest oaks like fragile reeds,  
 And made earth tremble—Armies in their pride  
 Perchance have met above it in the shock  
 Of war, with shout and groan and clarion blast,  
 And the hoarse echoes of the thunder gun—  
 The storm, the whirlwind, and the hurricane  
 Have roared above it, and the bursting cloud  
 Sent down its red and crashing thunder-bolt—  
 Earthquakes have trampled o'er it in their wrath,  
 Rocking Earth's surface as the storm-wind rocks  
 The old Atlantic—yet no sound of these  
 E'er came down to the everlasting depths  
 Of these dark solitudes.

How oft we gaze  
 With awe or admiration on the new  
 And unfamiliar, but pass coldly by  
 The lovelier and the mightier! Wonderful  
 Is this lone world of darkness and of gloom,  
 But far more wonderfully yon outer world  
 Lit by the glorious sun. These arches swell  
 Sublime in lone and dim magnificence.  
 But how sublimer God's blue canopy  
 Belcaguered with his burning cherubim  
 Keeping their watch eternal! Beautiful  
 Are all the thousand snow-white gems that lie  
 In these mysterious chambers gleaming out  
 Amid the melancholy gloom, and wild  
 These rocky hills and cliffs, and gulfs, but far  
 More beautiful and wild the things that greet  
 The wanderer in our world of light—the stars  
 Floating on high like islands of the blest—  
 The autumn sunsets glowing like the gate  
 Of far-off Paradise—the gorgeous clouds  
 On which the glories of earth and sky  
 Meet and commingle—Earth's unnumbered flowers  
 All turning up their gentle eyes to Heaven—  
 The birds, with bright wings glancing in the sun,  
 Filling the air with rainbow miniatures—  
 The green old forests surging in the gale—  
 The everlasting mountains, on whose peaks  
 The setting sun burns like an altar-flame—  
 And ocean like, a pure heart rendering back  
 Heaven's perfect image, or in his wild wrath  
 Heaving and tossing like the stormy breast  
 Of a chained giant in his agony.

