THE RUTLAND HERALD.

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The Rutland Herald

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ADVERTISING

Advertisements conspicuously inserted for $1 per square (16 lines) for three weeks; 25 cents per square will be charged for each subsequent insertion.

ISLAND HOUSE,

BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

A CARD

I take this method to correct a very erroneous impression, which I regret to learn has gained a wide spread circulation, viz, that the Island House is closed. On the contrary, I am happy to inform the public that the Flag still floats, and is nailed to the mast; and the former patrons and all disposed to call at the ISLAND HOUSE, may be assured that it is still open, and a warm reception awaits them

R. SHURTLEFF.

Bellows Falls, Nov. 3, 1851 43

TROY CONFERENCE ACADEMY

The Winter Term will commence Dec 12, and continue 15 weeks

O. FAVILLE

West Poultney, Nov. 1, 1851 43

Fresco Painting.

JOHN SAWIN,

Professional Decorator of Churches, Halls, and Private residences in all the orders of Architecture, foreign Artists employed, refers to 25 Churches embellished in Mass. Conn., N York & Vt. Residence, Green field Mass.

References.

Prest. Hitchcock, Amherst College, Mass
Ex Gov. Briggs, Pittsfield Mass.
Dr Smith, Bennington, Vt
H. W. Clapp, Greenfield, Mass 43 4w

The Circassian Oil,

For the Hair—for which there has been a great call of late—and which many found impossible to obtain—has a length arrived—and is ready for customers at the Store of

SPENCER

SCHOOL BOOKS

A large supply of the Books recommended for use in Rutland Co, now on hand—and for sale to Merchants and others, at low prices H. L. SPENCER

NEW JEWELERS SHOP.

H. C. & A. W. CLARK would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Rutland and vicinity that they have opened a shop in Perkins' Block, Merchants Row, where they have for sale a good assortment *Of Watches, Watch Trimmings, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Spectacles, Fancy Goods, &c. &c.*

WATCHES CLOCKS, & JEWELRY, *Neatly Repaired and Warranted.*

RUTLAND, VT.

HOLBROOK & SMITH.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

BOOTS & SHOES,

of all kinds also Good warranted Double Soled Boots by the dozen.

Wells Rutland, Sept. 3, 1-50.

JOHN COOK

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

HATS, CAPS AND FURS,

LATE OF

212 1-2 RIVER ST. TROY N. Y.

HAVING removed his establishment to Rutland, Vt., where he is prepared to offer to

Merchants and Dealers,

throughout the State, a full and complete assortment of spring styles of

HATS AND CAPS,

made expressly for this market.

J. C. invites his friends in Rutland and vicinity and all who are in want of a good hat or cap to call and examine his extensive stock of goods, consisting of over 500 dozen Fur, Nole Seal, Silk Angola and Wool Hats. Caps of Cloth, Plush, Silk Glazed Lawn and Check of about 40 different styles, all of which will be sold at a low price. Please call at the old stand of Israel Cook. 10

W. H. SMITH,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

—AND—

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

(Rutland, Vermont.)

PATENT MEDICINES

NO CURE NO PAY.

H. L. SPENCER

Has made such arrangements that he will hereafter be supplied by the Manufacturers with all the popular

PATENT MEDICINES

of the day—many of which are warranted to give satisfaction to the purchaser or the money will be refunded. ☞ He sells and call at the "Old Patent Medicine Emporium" nearly opposite the Franklin Hotel.

NEW GOODS.

At the Store Lowdens North of the Court House, East side of Franklin Square.

JUST received a general assortment of American, English, French and German DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND HARDWARE,

which will be sold cheap for approved Credit or most kinds of Country Produce, and very much cheaper for cash, without respect to persons—insiders and outsiders—the civilized and Barbarians all the same

O. I. ROBBINS.

Rutland, May, 1851

For the Herald.

LABOR.

What a hurried and solemn stillness
Did the pulse of nature keep,
As in the early morning
I lay awake from sleep,
And hoped for something that would break
The stillness long and deep

Till I heard the first faint footfall
Echo in the street below,
And then I heard the restless tone
Louder and nearer grow,
Till it seemed as if a multitude
Were hurrying to and fro.

But now the dawn has broken,
And labor calls her train,
Up from the slumbers of the night,
In the town, and on the plain,
And life has put in motion
Her thousand wheels again.

And I bless thee, O my Father,
That I refreshed can start,
From my bed of pleasant slumber,
With a willing hand and heart,
Still in the busy scenes of life
To act my humble part

Yes, thank God for human labor,
That man can blow the ore,
And in the mighty fields of thought
Search for the hidden spoil,
O! I'd rather never known repose
Than never think, and toil.

[*For the Herald.*]

New York, Nov. 13, 1851.

MESSRS EDITOR:

We are once more in a state of feverish excitement. The U. S. Frigate Mississippi is here, and has just landed 42 of Kossuth's companions—the Hungarian patriots and exiles who were, in fact, Australian prisoners with him in Turkey. Kossuth himself announces that he designs to remain in England, as a permanent residence, but will be here, on a complimentary visit to the American people and government next week.

The Hungarian exiles are fine-looking men, and seem as if they had, indeed, seen 'service.' The Hungarian ladies are really fresh, *spiritual*, handsome and full of piquant vivacity. They all appear to be in good spirits and are sanguine in their hopes of the future.

All the wonderful stories about a quarrel between Kossuth and the commander of the Mississippi, turns out to be fabrications, manufactured in Europe by some discontented American and sent over to the press here for specific purpose. Kossuth stopped in England, to place his children at school there, having chosen that country for a home on account of its proximity to Hungary. He is determined to devote all his life and all his energies to the patriotic ambition of liberating, by pilot after pilot of republicanism, his fatherland from oppression.

We are all on the *qui vive* again for the great chief's arrival. Every tongue is full of the subject. Every journal terms with glowing accounts of startling preparations, songs, dramas, patriotic transparencies, operas, fire works, speeches, dinners, public addresses and private parties are all under way for the occasion, and Heaven only knows when or where the glorious deliverance will find a lucid interval.

Our sixth avenue railroad, just commenced in Canal St. is a curiosity.—The rail is only one inch high, and the flange of the car-wheels is to run on the *out-side* instead of the *in-side* of the rail, so the wheels will not be likely to run off, but will incline to run the other way. The rails are flush with the pavement and offers no impediment to the crossing of other wheels. It seems like an admirable arrangement for street rail roads, and as most of our avenues are to be so *railroaded* now the improvement is quite appropos.

Coroner Geer, of this city, has been pronounced by a committee of the Common Council, rather a reckless officer he is charged with making out bills and obtaining from the public treasure, pay for hundreds of inquests never held, although regularly sworn to, and established by the forgery of ficticious names as jurors upon the same. The sum thus abstracted amounts, they say, to several thousand dollars.

The Fire Annihilator lecture and public experiment on Monday evening at Tripler Hall, proved perfectly satisfactory. About 1500 speculators were present, and loudly applauded the demonstration.

A gang of forgers, moving in fashionable life, has just been ferreted out here, through the instrumentality of a boy accomplice. They had obtained large sums of money from different banks, upon the presentation of ficticious checks. The villains are of 'the upper ten,' and hence may escape punishment.

We have had several deaths lately of distinguished men. Dr. Granville Sharp Pattison an eminent physician; Dr. J. Kearney Rodgers a celebrated surgeon; Mr. Howland, a famous merchant are among the lost ones. Mary Taylor the great actress and vocalist was married a few days ago to Mr. Ewing, manager, last season, of the National Theatre.

Street preaching, in the park, on the Battery has been determined on, by several churches—to commence next sabbath.

The real Mrs. Bloomer goes to London, by the next steamer, to lecture up at $150 a week, the 'Bloomer' costume. That's all to day.

Yours truly,

METROPOLIS.

THE BOATMEN OF THE LOIRE.

The greatest interest has been excited amongst a certain class of persons by the investigation of papers of the rich capitalist who died lately in Paris, leaving behind him not only an immense fortune, the greater part of which is to be distributed in deeds of charity, but also a reputation unstained, a name honored and blessed by the poor and needy, to whom he was indeed a friend and benefactor. It appears (at least thus goes the Paris gossip,) that the said individual has kept very curious memoirs of his life, wherein are preserved the chronicles of all his transactions with the high nobleness of the country.—The numberless occasions wherein the bearer of the great names amongst the aristocracy were fain to have recourse to his assistance to extricate them from pecuniary embarrassment: the correspondence which from time to time has been going on with every member of the exiled family of Bourbons, all tending to the one soul absorbing subject of our epoch, the raising of money, are all set forth in these memoirs; which will be of the most extraordinary interest, should the family persist in having them published. This man, with the soul of a philosopher, the heart of a prince, was the son of a poor boatman who worked the ferry at Ancenis, on the Loire—a true Vendean, a Chouan to the very soul—and yet by dint of prudence and circumspection, managed to earn a living without suspicion on the part of the sans-culottes all through the Vendean war. With the steady courage of his race he would ply the oar the whole day long upon his usual beat, conveying horses, men, and baggage for the service of the republic, belying his principles, not for the sake of gain, but for the opportunity which the occupation bestowed for serving his friends, the royalist chiefs; and at night would start forth under cover of the darkness to convey arms and provisions from one bank to the other in order to assist the Vendeans to carry on the war. One night the boatmen was lying as usual waiting amongst the reeds which line the shore just above the passage at Ancenis; his oars were muffled, and himself enveloped from head to foot, for he had received intimation during the day that a family of royalists of great importance would cross the river at midnight, in order to join their party then shut up in Laval, where they were bent on making their last stand.

It was a dark and dreary night, just fitted to favor the escape of the fugitives, and the honest boatmen was forced to trust to his ear alone for the announcement of their approach.—The night was far advanced ere the well known hissing sound imitative of the screech owl, the rallying cry of the Chouans, broke upon the stillness of the night; in a moment the little black craft had cut through the water with the swiftness of an arrow towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, and without saying a word—for both speed and silence were necessary in those days—Jean Landrean proceeded to assist the fugitives on board.—The party consisted of a gentleman and lady with two infant children.—The gentleman was standing holding one of the children in his arms, while the lady was seated on a small chest with the other infant on her knee.—The rumbling sound of the *patoche*, which had brought them to the spot was distinctly heard in the distance.

The passengers soon were seated in the boat, and the boatmen proceeded to lift the chest, but all his efforts were in vain. The weight of its contents and the imprudence of the lady who had seated herself with her child upon it while waiting for the boat, had caused it to sink so deep into mud as almost to disappear amongst the high, dense reeds, and it became evident at once that it would be impossible to recover it without assistance. In the midst of this dilemma the heavy gallop of horses and the clanking of the swords of the horse patrol, who in these troublous times were ordered to pace the shore the whole night long, were heard approaching.

In a hurried whisper the gentleman bade Jean Landrean push off. 'The chest contains my fortune,' said he, 'the hopes and security of our most righteous cause, but the safety of my wife and little ones is of more importance; let us row them across, and we will return and fetch the chest when we have seen them safely landed on the opposite shore. Jean Landrean did as he was bid; he rowed the party across the river and landed them all in safety. By this time the patrol had approached close to the spot they had just quitted, and the sound of their voices could be distinctly heard. They passed on, however, without observing any trace of the strangers; but the incident had caused the lady to feel such nervous terror for her husband's sake, that she would not suffer him to leave the place of safety he had reached, in order to rush upon danger, as it were, by crossing again to the opposite bank. Jean Landrean, therefore departed alone in search of the chest taking with him ropes and tools to disengage it from the mud. He succeeded in a short space of time, and returned in high glee bearing it in triumph before him. His terror may be conceived, when, upon reaching the spot he had quitted so short a time before, he found it deserted—not a trace of the travellers he had ferried across to be seen—not a sound indicative of their presence to be heard. He wandered, distracted up and down until the dawn and the first light of day showed him traces of strife and murder, which must have taken place during the short time he had been occupied on the other side of the river. The grass and reeds were all trampled and broken, and evident tokens of scuffle and resistance to be observed as far as the entrance to the small wood which clothes the rising ground which encloses the Loire at this spot. Jean Landrean followed, through bramble and through briar, the path which had evidently been forced by the resisting fugitives, until beneath a tree he found the lifeless corpse of one of the children, lying bathed in blood, its brains having been dashed out against a tree. By its side lay the hat and cloak of the lady, all drenched in gore, but no other token of the passage of the fugitives—no other indication of the path by which the survivors had been hurried was anywhere to be observed, and Jean Landrean returned to his boat, disconsolate and broken-hearted, to begin his daily task with bitter remembrance of the past night. The chest lay concealed beneath the floor of his hut until the end of the war. Every enquiry concerning its owner was set on foot by Jean Landrean: it contained gold to an enormous amount. As much publicity as could be given to the event was promoted by the honest boatmen, but in vain. The thing remains a mystery to this hour. Jean Landrean died a wealthy man, but even on his death bed he bade his son, whom he left rich, happy and respected, to use every endeavor to discover the owner of the gold; and for many years, his son also made every research, sparing neither time nor expense to fulfill his father's dying command.

A rude cross in the wood on the spot where it is supposed the mortal struggle took place between the flying royalists and some republican soldiers—a small tombstone of white marble in the grave yard of Ancenis, raised by Jean Landrean over the corpse of the murdered babe, are all that is left to tell the story of the ill starred royalist and his unhappy wife. The chronicles of La Vendee could furnish many such an episode as this, but there are few who, like Jean Landrean, would seek to make the story known. He reverts to it, even in his will, and leaves an annuity to be bestowed forever on the oldest boatmen on the Loire, in order to commemorate the unhappy event, which, against his own desire, had been the foundation of his fortune.—Paris Cor. of the Boston Atlas.

☞ Look out, up dare, how you trow bricks—guess you want to 'kill dis nigger,' said a lusty black hod carrier, the other day, when a large brick fell from a two story scaffold upon his head and broke in two without any further damage.

'Daddy, I want to ask you a question.' 'Well, my son.' 'Why is neighbor Smith's grocer like a counterfeit dollar?' 'I can't tell, my son.' 'Because you can't pass it,' said the boy.

From Sharpe's London Magazine for Aug.

VISIT TO HOWE'S CAVE.

On the morning of August 7th, 1851, I was one of a party of eight gentlemen who rode over from Sharon Springs to Cobleskill, to visit Howe's Cave. The region through which our road lay, presented few features of interest beyond the fact that, as we approach the end of our ride, we noticed that the fields were indented with frequent circular holes, partly filled up with stones and soil. The fancy was expressed that the country had here suffered an attack similar to the small-pox, and had come off with a *pitted face*. A rude gateway, with, 'Howe's Cave' painted on its front, drew us aside from the main road, and in a few moments we alighted at the house of the great cave-explorer. We found him a pleasant, well-informed Yankee, familiar with the leading facts of geology, proud even to idolatry of his subterranean property, and with a tinge of bat-and-owlishness in his visage, which betrayed that he was more at home in doing the hospitalities of his cave than those of his hotel. We had left Sharon before breakfast, and our first item of preparation for the day's work, was to fortify ourselves internally with a heterogeneous three-meals-in-one, which opened with coffee and cucumbers, and ended with blackberries, cream-cake and custard-pie. Howe next threw open a wardrobe containing jackets and trowsers of coarse sacking, made so as to button close to the person. They had already seen much under ground service, and were thickly plastered with Stygian mud. We now began to catch the spirit of our adventure, and throwing aside our broadcloth and linen, we plunged into the overalls. A cheap leather skull-cap finished the uniform, and but for the sprinkling of spectacles and pallor, we might have been easily mistaken for a platoon of jolly hod-carriers. It was a matter of lament that we could not have then stood for a daguerreotype, and thus have furnished our wives and sweethearts with a new study in the 'Philosophy of Clothes.'

We were ready now to remove, and each armed himself with a tin lamp of the petticoat species, and half a dozen Lucifers, which he was cautioned to keep dry. The mouth of the grotto is not over fifty paces from the house.—Eight years ago, when it was first discovered, the opening was so small that visitors were forced to forego the use of their legs, and for a considerable distance to imitate the locomotion of Eve's seducer. Since then, the entrance has been so enlarged by blasting and removing the black limestone, that one walks in erect. The first feeling is that of exhilaration. It is like entering a new world without undergoing the pangs of death. A cool and delicious oxygen is welcomed to the lungs. The sound of a distant water-fall is elaborated into exquisite music by the echoing arches. As you push forward, the light of your lamp seems to be thrown back upon you by a wall of impenetrable blackness. With the solid rock on either side of you, above and beneath your desire to know what lies in front soon rises to a delightful eagerness for discovery, that would neither stop to see nor fancy a danger. The general features of the cave are soon understood. By some convulsion of nature, which happened far back in the wastes of unhistoried centuries, the rocky hills drained by the Cobleskill were rent and fissured in many places. One of these sures now forms what is called Howe's Cave. A stream of water, often swollen to a torrent, has been *rushing* its entire length for uncounted ages, wearing it deeper and broader; while the lime-water dripping through its broken roof, has displayed an amazing ingenuity and patience in the slow work of forming stalactites and stalagmites. In dry seasons, the first three miles of the cavern are traversed with comparative ease. A foot-path has been made alongside the stream, which is crossed, when necessary, on plank bridges, or by leaping. Even ladies not unfrequently leave their autographs eight miles from the entrance, without meeting with alarm or over fatigue.

Our visit to the cave was under circumstances less propitious. A heavy rain had fallen the night before, and a second shower commenced at the time of our entrance, which continued from two to three hours. It was remarked by Howe, that the cave-stream was unusually high. In several places it had already overflowed the path. Especially was this observable in a narrow passage called the Harlem Tunnel about a mile from the entrance. Yet this caused no uneasiness in any one of our party, and if our guide was disturbed, he kept his alarm to himself.—Most likely he felt no alarm; for the moment we parted from the daylight, he appeared a new and different creature. Out of his cave he was awkward and uneasy, like a sailor on pavements; but no sooner were its rocky walls about him than he straightened into a commanding presence, and gave us full assurance that he was at home. The sound of the unseen cataract came to his ear like that of a trumpet to the war-steed. With lithe limbs and unhesitating step, he led the way to the remote regions of this inner world.

A mile or so beyond the Tunnel brought us to a spot where the loose rocks have dammed the stream, and formed a deep, long pond, which has been appropriately named the Stygian Lake. Our guide now put on a new character. 'Portitor ille, Charon'—Seizing his ferry pole, he sprang into a long, low, slimy boat, and beckoned us to follow. We could now help ourselves to a reason why his chin was so badly neglected; why his eyes glared so strangely in the dismal lamplight; why his back was so partial to a sordid garment. It was that he might personate the Stygian ferryman, so as to fill out the description of Virgil:

'Cui plurima mento
Canities inculta jacet, stant lumina flamma,
Sordidus ex humero nodo dependet amictus.'

The infernal craft parted from its moorings with six hearty, flesh eating ghosts for passengers. Six, I say; for already two of our number, having either stated their curiosity or exhausted their courage, had silly slipped away and returned. We stood erect in the boat, as it moved over the sluggish waters. Our Charon soon lighted a flambeau, and holding it aloft, disclosed a rapid succession of sights, which at once amazed and delighted. The Cavern was here spanned with roof work of every conceivable pattern, and the whole was studded with countless stalactites, each differing from another in size and form:

'From its curved roof the mountain as frozen tears
Like snow or silver, or long diamond spires
Hung downward, raining forth a dazzling light.'

Now we passed between a flat ceiling, so low that we could grasp the pendent *limicles* with the hand. Now there opened in the roof so high an arch, that the flames of a torch vainly strove to reach its key-stone. Here the limicles were round and ribbed, like the rattle-snake's tail; there they had shaped themselves into graceful festoons, mocking the upholsterer's skill. Even animate creatures were imitated with startling accuracy. Infant crocodiles were weeping calcareous tears, and mute birds were roosting on the branches of trees that grew downward, like shadows thrown from the steep bank of a river. On this side stood Lot's wife, petrified in the act of taking the prohibited retrospect. Yonder, the Phrygian Niobe, 'whom, like clasping ivy, a stony shroud overgrew, moistened the rocks with her ceaseless weeping.'

The Stygian Lake may be half a mile in length, and is soon crossed.—Beyond it stretches an immense chamber, called Musical Hall. Its roof is vaulted and groined like that of a cathedral. Yet no cathedral was ever constructed with the power of playing such fantastic tricks with sound. Our Proteus guide here became ambitious, and like Salmoneus of old, undertook to rival the thunders of Jubiter. His firmament was comparatively narrow, and the fulminating machinery somewhat primitive, but there was nothing contemptible in the report of his thunderbolts. A heavy plank he raised on end, throwing his weight upon it, brought it in sudden contact with the rocky floor. The nearest arches at once caught up the sound, split it into ten thousand fragments, multiplied them into each other, until they became a deafening peal, cuffed them this way and then the other way, till they deepened into the angry bellow of an earthquake, and sent them through the long-drawn aisles of immense apartments, until every rock in those miles of cavern was gifted with the voice of thunder. We stood still with astonishment. We had not a syllable to utter; our small voices were quenched within us by the oceans of thunder that submerged us. If Jupiter Tonans could have found any fault with the report of that fulminating plank, his idea of good thunder must have been different from ours.

A second experiment in acoustic was not less brilliant. Howe had brought a mysterious box under his arm, shaped like a baby's coffin, from which he took out a violin, and resigning the insignia of Jove, he stepped abruptly into the character of Ole Bull. Howe the thunderer had petrified us into speechlessness, converted us into momentary fossils; but Howe the fiddler re-executed the old Orphean feat, and made the human rocks caper about him in wild excitement. *His* music went to the heels quicker than champagne ever went to the head. It thrilled along the tendon Achilles like electric influence. The chattering of those grave geologists, up and down that sepulchral hall, by the dim, weird light of those six pelorical lamps—'pars magna sui'—was a sight to see! And the music! That was an audience never to be forgotten. By the magic power of the place, the humble instrument was transformed into something divine. It was no longer constructed of wood, and glue, and catgut. It was now a thing of soul, and living nerve, and quick intelligence. Close your eyes, and the player was no longer Lester Howe, the cavern guide, but Ole Bull, the wild and wondrous Norwegian; more than this: the ear was misled, not with the skill of a single artist, but a thousand Ole Bulls woke the melody of a thousand instruments. Ole Bull made a mistake, when he undertook to dramatize the Falls of Niagara with his fiddle-bow. He should have tried his hand at *Howe's Cave*.—*He* was a fit subject within his grasp of his genius; and the very place was one that would have exalted, refinigorated, and idealized his genius. I can imagine nothing more sublime and beautiful in harmony, than a concert in Musical Hall, by the mighty artist of Norway.

But we have still four miles of hard walking before us, and must not tarry. Soon after leaving the boat we are confronted by a pile of immense angular rocks, thrown loosely, and rising upwards of a hundred feet. This difficult pass is inevitable. We can neither go beneath nor around it. We are obliged to pick our upward way cautiously and slowly. Every step is a study; every foot of advance is a conquest. For the rocks are wet and slippery. They are intersected with yawning chasms. A misstep might end in the splash of a broken body deep down where the sullen waters complain in the dark. It was a picturesque sight to see our party toiling in a line over these weary rocks, each surrounded by his little space of lamp light. Seldom was a word spoken. Now and then a loose rock would slip from its perch, and after bounding from cliff to cliff, with a succession of harsh grating thunders, would find its wet grave in the current below. We began now to appreciate the greatness of our undertaking. The excitement of the first three miles had evaporated; an enlarged conception of the grandeur of the cavern superadded itself to our sense of weariness, and made us solemn and mute. It was in one sense a Sabbath-day's journey—that solemn climbing of the 'Rocky Mountains!' The sermon preached by the stones, and the compact darkness, and the funeral waters, told in the words, but with more than the eloquence of Massillon, that 'God only is great!'

At the summit of these rocks was a platform—welcome to our tired feet—which served as an ante-room to various side-chambers, each curious and peculiar. These we had not time to visit.

The sermon of the rocks did not deter us from violating the sanctuary in which it was preached. We had come to geologize as well as to adore, and had brought our hammers and baskets with us, as well as our hearts and ears. We turned iconoclasts in a twinkling, and broke the images of the temple to which but a moment before we were paying devout homage. We atoned dearly for the sacrilege. While we were wasting the time in cool speculation over the anatomy of shattered stalactite, the angry waters beneath us were gathering for revenge.

The descent of the Rocks Mountains again brought us alongside the Styx. By this time we were thirsty as well as tired. The water was cool, clear, and inviting. Like Gideon's picked men of old, we lapped of it with the tongue, as a dog lappoth, putting the hand to the mouth.

Howe hurried us onward, for reasons which we afterwards understood, and we soon reached the 'Winding Way,' which, on several accounts, is the most singular locality in the cavern. It is formed by a narrow fissure in the solid lime stone, and has a smooth, dry under foot. The sides of the fissure are thickly and deeply indented. The indents answer to each other like the teeth of a steel trap, so that while passing through it, one keeps dodging from the right to the left, ceaselessly. There is no visible roof to the Winding Way; but a lamp, held over the head, discloses here and there a rocky wedge, caught in the teeth of this stupendous trap, and threatening ruin to those beneath. A sight of one of these wedges, apparently just tottering to its fall, quickened our steps with something like a general shudder. Beyond this passage there is an immense circular room, so lofty, it is said, that a rock cast has been thrown up without reaching its ceiling. The entrance to this rotunda was so nearly filled with water that our guide thought it imprudent to attempt going farther. Thinking, doubtless, that students ought to be fond of meditation, he bade us be seated in a circle, and forbear talking. He then extinguished the lamps, and for five eternal, voiceless minutes, we were entombed in a darkness so profound that one of the party ventured the opinion that charcoal would make a white mark! We were six miles from the sunshine, and so pleasant was the relighting of the lamps, that we showered blessings on the man who invented Lucifer matches.

At this point the ceiling of the cave was quite low, and covered with autographs and classic symbols, done in lamp smoke, which showed that under graduates had been here before us, and that their college feelings had survived the difficulties of the way. Here, as elsewhere, the letters of the Greek alphabet were trying hard to smoke out each other; it was hard to tell which carried the *night*. These Greek characters were a tough mystery to Howe.—They troubled him more than geology. He would have them repeated once and again. I could notice that his lips were busy the while, as if he was trying to fix them in his memory.

Our steps were turned toward the daylight. We had soon wriggled through the Winding Way, and and were near the further base of the Rocky Mountains. Before commencing the ascent, our guide told us that the water had risen twelve inches. He had climbed but a few rods, when a dull splurge, a cry, and a struggle in the current arrested his attention.