The Lancaster Intelligencer.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD." BUCHANAN.

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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TERMS.

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"THEY SHALL BE MINE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEAVES FROM THE BACK-WOODS."

"They shall be mine." Oh! lay them down to slumber,
Calm in the strong assurance that He gives;
He calls them by their names, he knows their number,
And they shall live as surely as He lives.

"They shall be mine." Upraised from earthly pillows,
Gathered from desert sand, from mountains cold;
Called from the graves beneath old Ocean's billows;
Called from each distant land, each scattered fold.

Well might the soul, that wondrous spark of being,
Lit by His breath, who claims it for his own,
Shine in the circle which His love, forseeing,
Destined to glitter brightest round His throne.

But shall the dust, from earthly dust first taken,
And now long mingled with its native earth,
To life, to beauty, once again awaken?
Thrill with the rapture of a second birth?

"They shall be mine." They, as on earth we knew them,
The lips we kissed, the hands we loved to press,
Only a fuller life be circling through them—
Unfading youth, unchanging holiness.

"They shall be mine." Children of sin and sorrow,
Giv'st thou, O Lord, Heaven's utmost verge to them!
No! from each rifled grave thy crown shall borrow
An added light, a prized and costly gem!

"They shall be mine." Thought falls, and fancy falters,
Striving to sound, to fathom love divine,
All that we know—no time Thy promise alters,
All that we trust—our loved ones shall be Thine.

"SHODDY."

Old Shoddy sits in his easy chair,
And cracks his jokes and drinks his ale,
Dumb to the shivering soldier's prayer,
Deaf to the widows' and orphans' wail,
His coat is as warm as the fleece unshorn;
Of a "golden fleece" he is dreaming still;
And the music that lulls him night and morn,
Is the hum, hum, hum of the shoddy mill.

Clashing cylinders, wheezing wheels,
Rend and ravel and tear and pick;
What can resist these hooks of steel,
Sharp as the claws of the ancient nick?
Cast off mantle of a millionaire,
Pestilent vagrant's vesture chill,
Rags of miser or beggar bare,
All are "grist" for the shoddy mill.

A soldier lies on the frozen ground,
While cracks his joints with aches and ails;
A "shoddy" blanket wraps him round,
His "shoddy" garments the wind assails
His coat is "shoddy," well "stuffed" with "flocks,"
He dreams of the flocks on his native hill;
His feverish sense the demon mocks—
The demon that drives the shoddy mill.

Aye! pierce his tissues with shooting pains,
Tear the muscles, and rend the bone,
Fire with frenzy the heart and brain;
Old Rough Shoddy, your work is done;
Never again shall the bugle blast
Waken the sleeper that lies so still;
His dream of home and glory past;
Fatal's the "work" of the shoddy mill.

Struck by "shoddy" and not by "shells,"
And not by shot, our braves ones fall;
Greed of gold the story tells,
Drop the mantel and spread the pall.
Out on the vampires! out on those
Who of our life-blood take their fill!
No meaner "traitor" the nation knows,
Than the greedy ghoul of the shoddy mill!

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH

DELIVERED IN THE U. S. SENATE BY

SENATOR POWELL, of Ky.,

In Reply to some Remarks made by Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts.

Mr. Powell. I tell you, Senators, that your only hope is to strike down free speech, a free press, and free ballot, in order to maintain your power. Hence it is that, although we hope, we do not much expect that you will do anything in the right direction. Your past action does not convince us that you will. Give us these three great conservative peaceful agencies; it is all we want. Let us freely canvass your administration of public affairs; let us freely investigate the conduct of your men in power; let us through the press and the tongue, on the stump and in every cabin, say what we think; let the newspapers go forth pointing to the fact, and showing to the people clearly and distinctly that you are overthrowing the Constitution; that you are plundering them of their treasure; that you are unworthy of trust, and your political days will be numbered. I tell the conservative men, the Democracy, the old Whigs, the honest Republicans everywhere—and I wish to God my voice could extend to the remotest parts of this country—to be of good cheer; and if those in power attempt to enslave them, to put chains upon their limbs, to prevent their free tongues from wagging in words of honest and burning censure against those who are striking down their liberties, if the minions of power attempt to interfere with the freedom of the press, I would advise the people throughout the length and breadth of the land to insist on freedom, and give their lives in its defence. I am for law and order; I beg, I implore, I entreat, that we may have these great constitutional agencies without blood; but before God, I shall advise the people everywhere, rather than submit to the degradation of having free speech, a free press, and free ballot taken from them, to strike the usurpers to the ground. If a free people will not fight and give their blood for these inestimable blessings they are unworthy to live as freemen, and the best thing for them would be to die, for they will have to do that or live as slaves.

I hope we will have hereafter the perfect freedom of elections everywhere; that we shall have free speech, a free press, and free ballot. These are all the weapons we ask. But if they are denied us, I shall advise the Democracy and the conservative men in every State of the Union to fight for them; I do not mean to go out of the Union, but I mean to fight for the ballot, and fight under the Constitution and laws of their country, and defend themselves by striking to the earth those who attempt to prevent them from exercising these inestimable blessings of a free people.

The Senator from New Hampshire will have to see that free speech and free press and free ballot are destroyed before he can kill the Democracy. They are not destructible articles. Strike down one by cruel and bloody tyranny, and a thousand will spring up. You may cause some of the timid to be silent; you may cause them to be afraid to go to the polls and vote; but the love of truth and of constitutional liberty is in their breast; the bold will speak it, and they will strike for it; they will vindicate it with their blood, not in seceding, but in fighting at their own hearthstones, as it were, for the liberties given them by their fathers; and we should be unworthy descendants of the noblest sires the world ever saw, unless we did stand up thus boldly for our rights.

Mr. President, I had intended to notice in a very brief manner the most remarkable effort of the Senator from Massachusetts this morning. I have heard that Senator, ever since I have been in the Senate Chamber, reading his long, illogical rhapsodies upon slavery. They are all of them much alike; all speak of the barbarism and cruelty of slavery. They are filled with a good deal of encyclopedia learning, with scraps of quotations here and there. Without meaning any disrespect to the Senator, I must say that they remind me of the rhapsodies of a man who has a nightmare. They remind me of an expression of Shakespeare:

"It is a tale
Told by an idiot-full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

In the first hour of his speech to-day, the Senator gave us a kind of rehash of the report he made from the committee on freedmen, (I believe that is its name,) touching the repeal of the fugitive slave law, in which he treated of the question of constitutional power. I will do the Senator the justice to say that his language was excellent; he does write good English; but I must also say that his report is the most illogical and unlawyer-like paper I ever read in my life, coming from a gentleman of such learning and reputation. My friend from Pennsylvania [Mr. Buckalew] put the subtle knife of truth and logic to it; he exposed its sophistry, its want of historical and constitutional truth; in a single charge he scattered it to the four winds; but we have had a rehash of it here to-day. I shall enter into no constitutional argument for the purpose of overthrowing such kind of rhapsodies. If I had any inclination to do so, the report of my friend from Pennsylvania has relieved me of the trouble. His very searching, potent, though short analysis is on your table, and it disposes of the question.

The Senator from Massachusetts to-day has quoted from Patrick Henry, and he has eulogized him very much. Certainly he does not feel any more admiration for that distinguished orator than I do. Does not the Senator know that an amendment to the Constitution has been adopted since Patrick Henry made that speech, which says that private property shall not be taken for public uses except on just compensation, and that is an answer to his whole quotation from Mr. Henry. I do not believe Mr. Henry was right in the position he assumed in the speech from which the Senator quoted. Mr. Henry was engaged at that time in making an assault on the Constitution in a slave State; he wished to reject it; he did not like it; but even if what he then stated were true, the amendment since adopted explodes the whole of the Senator's argument on that branch of the case, and Mr. Henry's argument along with it.

But the Senator has said that the way to preserve the Republic is to carry it back to the principles of its baptismal font, a beautiful expression, but what appropriateness is there in it in the way in which the honorable Senator uses it? What did our fathers do when they formed the Government? What was their status? What was their condition? When they stood around the baptismal font, and proclaimed the birth of the Constitution that carried joy and gladness to the hearts of liberty-loving men throughout the world, every minister at that altar, save those from one State, was a representative of a slave State, and four-fifths of them were slaveholders. They were the men who gave us the Constitution so much vaunted to-day by the honorable Senator. I would to God we could go back to those days when men were honest and had regard for property rights, when men were patriotic and exerted themselves in the cabinet and the field for the promotion of the best interests of their country, when our statesmen were wise and philanthropic, prudent and capacious, and took in their broad view the whole interests of the country. None of them were led off by this miserable one-idea fanaticism in regard to negro slavery or any other 'ism.' They were men of extended catholicism in all their political views. Unfortunately for us, those wise, those good, those virtuous, those great men have departed, and we now have succeeding them a set of men who are governed entirely by a single idea, and who would renounce any theory they had ever held in order to carry out that idea.

I have heard the Senator declare in this Chamber that under the Constitution we had no power to interfere with slavery in the States. To-day he tells us that it is constitutional to strike and crush slavery wherever we can find it.

The Senator swears to support the Constitution, and declares in his place that he would not assist in the execution of the fugitive slave law, a law made in obedience to the command of the Constitution. The Senator disregards the Constitution, his oath of office, and everything that should bind the conscience of a good and just man, to carry out his abolition schemes.

The Senator from Massachusetts talks as glibly about war as if he had all his life had the harness on, as if nothing had ever delighted his eyes but hacked and bruised armor and broken blades. He has talked about this war as being righteous and right; he has advocated it throughout; he has voted all the men and all the money they wanted, and to-day he eulogizes war. Now, what do you think has heretofore been the tenet of that honorable Senator? As I before said, those who have but one predominant idea are not wise counselors. The Senator has changed the whole current of his thoughts within the last few years on this subject of war.—Let me read from a most elaborate oration, very handsomely written, and replete with all the encyclopedia learning for which that Senator is so eminent, made some years ago. Let us see what the Senator then said of peace; and if everybody in this Chamber who has witnessed his conduct here does not say that he has run counter to the principles laid down by himself I will admit that I have not capacity to see the truth or to state it. Here is an extract from an oration, made by Hon. Charles Sumner, entitled The Grandeur of Nations, a few years ago.

Mr. Sumner. What is the date of it?

Mr. Powell. The 4th of July, 1845, and I would rather have it dated back at that time than now, because it expressed the Senator's ideas when everything was cool and calm and quiet, and there was not the excitement of civil war. I have a right to use it as a weapon against him. He is using this war as an instrument to destroy slavery. This is his whole object; he has none other; and I think he will get up and avow that to be the case. I am sure he will not deny it. Now, sir, let us look to what he said on war in that address:

'In our age there can be no peace that is not honorable; there can be no war that is not dishonorable.'

And those words are put in capital letters. According to his own tenets, the Senator is now urging on a dishonorable war. I do not say that is what the Senator is doing; but I say that if he uttered the truth when he made the speech from which I have just read, he is now advocating a dishonorable war, because in that speech he said there can be no war that is not dishonorable. I suppose the Senator in the course of his life has had two ideas, a war idea and a peace idea; and when he was on the peace idea he thought nothing under heaven was good but peace. I do not concur with the Senator in that sentiment, for I think there are times in the affairs of nations when it is right to go to war. I read it merely to show the Senator's inconsistency.

Mr. Sumner. The Senator will allow me to say that at the time I made that remark I had very little idea of the barbarism of slavery.

Mr. Powell. I have no doubt of that, and if the Senator would look into himself he would find that he is more barbarous than perhaps any slaveholder that ever lived. The Senator is the perfect embodiment of barbarism—the barbarism of fanaticism. I am a slaveholder; and if I believed that I had about me half the barbarism the Senator has, I should be disposed to hide from the civilized world. But, sir, let me go on with the speech from which I am quoting:

'War is utterly ineffectual to secure or advance the object at which it professes to aim. The misery which it excites contributes to no end, helps to establish no right, and therefore in no respect determines *justice* between the contending nations.'

Why does the Senator carry on this war? Just for the love of blood, havoc, public plunder, and the destruction of human life? He boldly and clearly and most perspicuously declared in 1845 that it never will effect its aim. Yet we find the Senator in that most ridiculous attitude, at war with himself. That is the barbarism that fanaticism teaches. It brings him into most striking contradiction. But I will read a little further from the honorable Senator's most elaborate speech. He says:

'Christianity forbids the whole custom of war.'

Is the gentleman, in order to carry out his one idea of destroying negro slavery, not only to overthrow the fixed and firm principles of his life, but is he to overthrow Christianity? The whole system of Christianity is to go by the board because the Senator wishes to effect through the instrumentality of arms one single object—the abolition of slavery. He is willing to forego not only his former principles about human affairs, but to overthrow the religion of the blessed Saviour himself, to bring about that, to him most desirable of all objects.

The honorable Senator from Massachusetts further says on this subject of Christianity and war:

'It was not until Christianity became corrupted that its followers became soldiers, and its priests learned to minister at the altar of the God of battles.'

I admit with the Senator that many of the clergy in his region of country have become very much corrupted, because they preach war and nothing else; but I suppose the honorable Senator is willing to see not only the church and the clergy, but everything else corrupted to carry out this one idea. I have sometimes fallen in among that description of preachers who deliver nothing but political essays. I never heard one of that description but once. When I go into a church and the minister commences preaching in that way, I sit and listen out of the respect I have for the name of Christianity. I do not rise and leave because the thing is offensive to me, but I remain until the services are concluded. But, sir, I never go back to that church again; for I think the Christian minister that does not preach Christ and Him crucified pollutes the pulpit in which he stands, and is an unworthy servant of that blessed Master who is the king of peace.

But sir, let us go on a little in this address of the Senator. Here is an extract upon civil war. The Senate will remember that these extracts that I read from the honorable Senator's speech are general propositions. He says:

'The soil trembles aghast as we contemplate fields drenched in fraternal gore, where the happiness of homes has been shivered by the unfriendly arms of neighbors, and kinsmen have sunk beneath the steel nerved by a kinsman's hand. This is civil war, which stands accursed forever in the calander of time.'

Great God! the Senator from Massachusetts says that civil war stands accursed in all the annals of time. Why, sir, he sometimes speaks of this as a war of Massachusetts. To continue:

'But the muse of history, in the faithful record of the future transactions of nations, inspired by a new and loftier justice, and touched in finer sensibilities, shall extend to the general sorrows of universal man the sympathy still profusely shed for the selfish sorrows of the country, and shall pronounce international war to be civil war, and the partakers in it as traitors to God and enemies to man.'

Here the Senator declares that those who partake in these civil wars, or in international wars, which he says are civil wars, are traitors to God and enemies to man. Why, sir, to take the Senator's own position here as true, he stands to-day a traitor to God and an enemy to man. And yet that Senator is forever prating about the barbarism of slavery. Had it not been for the eternal ringing of that word in my ear I would not have put the Senator to the cruel torture of quoting to-day his principles which he now stands up and openly violates.

The Senate will bear me witness that this is the first time since I have been a member of this body that I have attempted even to resist or cast back these accusations upon the section of the country from which I came. They are distasteful to me, but, sir, there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and I think that we have reached that point.

Let me read one other sentence from this address. The Senator says:

'A man is higher than the beasts of the field; as the angels are higher than Mars; as he that ruleth his spirit is higher than he that taketh a city, so are the victories of peace higher than the victories of war.'

That is very handsomely said, and in the main it is very true. The Senator then goes on to inveigh against standing armies. He speaks of the vast expense of maintaining them, and quotes a table of expenses of other countries; and yet that Senator is engaged here in war. When I say he is engaged in a war I will do the Senator the justice to say that he only advocates it on his lips; he advocates it here by word, by speech, by letter. He attempts to fire the hearts of the people everywhere to join in this crusade. The honorable Senator does not go where he would hear the rattle of small arms or smell gunpowder. Were I for this war as ferociously as that Senator is, I think I would take up a musket and go into the field.

I have not much faith in the sincerity of those who always preach war and never fight. It would be better for them to fight a little, and then people will think they are in earnest. The Senator is willing that other people's blood shall be shed. He is willing that a million of young men of the country shall be sacrificed. He is willing that the hard earnings of the laboring man, though his wife and children may be starving, shall be wrenched from him by the ruthless hand of the tax-gatherer in order to defray the expense of this war, and to pay the interest on the immense debt that is accruing. All these things he is willing to see for the purpose of carrying out a fanatical idea. That he boasts of; that he gloats over; but, sir, he never seeketh the battle even afar off. He does not go within sound of the drum and fife; nor is he like the war horse that smelleth the battle afar off. I repeat I have not much confidence in the sincerity of that description of patriots.

Mr. President, I have said all I intend to say on this matter. It was not my purpose to open my mouth on this amendment. I had determined to content myself with the very elaborate speeches made by my colleague, the Senator from Delaware [Mr. Saulsbury,] and the Senator from Indiana, [Mr. Hendricks,] but, sir, such were the inconsistencies of the Senators from New England to whom I have refered, such were their assaults upon my own State, that I felt called upon to say a word in their vindication. In doing that I thought it but right that I should allow the Senator from Massachusetts to look into his own mirror, and hence I have held up the speech he made some time ago to his vision.

A Midnight Adventure.

Females often possess presence of mind, and the power of self-control under circumstances of imminent peril, which seem almost foreign to their nature, and beyond the endurance of delicate organization. A striking instance of self-command, by a lady whose fears must have been powerfully excited, and whose life of affluence had probably never before given her nerves any severer test than is incident to the vexations of domestic cares, is given in a late number of Chambers' Journal. We copy the adventure, premising by way of explanation, that the lady was the daughter of a rector residing in a quiet English country village, and was upon the eve of marriage.

The wedding day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize-fight which had taken place in the neighborhood.

That night, Adelaide, who occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after all the household had retired to rest. She had a long interview with her father, and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since, had packed up her jewels, etc. She was, consequently, still dressed when the church clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. Housebreakers were mere myths in primitive Thyndon, and the bride elect, without a thought of fear, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper. 'You are come,' she said, 'to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise I beg of you.'

The fellow was astonished and cowed. 'We won't make no noise,' he replied, 'if you give us everything quietly.'

Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—not without a pang, for they were precious love-gifts, remarking at the same time, that two more masked ruffians stood at the half-opened door. As he took the jewel case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative: he 'wasn't agoing to run all risk and leave half the tin behind!' She proposed instantly that she should go herself, saying: 'I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you.' The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley they agreed to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage and entered the old rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch, keys, and desk, she gave them up to the robbers who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied that they should be when they had got the show plate spread out below, and that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate she followed them down stairs to the dining-room, where a splendid wedding breakfast had been laid to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the felows—eight in number when assembled—seated themselves and prepared to make to make a good meal.—They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed and joked; and Adelaide, quick of ear and eye, had thus time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her, as it proved. The leader, approaching her told her that they did not wish to harm her—that she was a jolly wench, regular game, and that they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give the alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they should be off all safe. To this, of course, she was obliged to assent, and then they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone, and in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family next morning may be imagined; and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeded in capturing every one of tha gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to—the 'three fingered Jack' being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared—and with truth—that he owed his life to the self-possession and judgment of his only daughter.

The only ill effect of the great trial to her nerves was a disposition, on the part of the young heroine, to listen for midnight sounds, and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but time and change of residences soon effected its cure.

William Courtland Prentice.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE, in the Louisville *Journal*, gives a very long sketch of his late son, who was an officer in the Confederate army, and was killed about a year ago, in a rebel raid to the banks of the Ohio.

He loved to seek the wildest and loneliest portions of Kentucky. Repeatedly he went far up among the bald and desolate crags of the cliffs of Dix river, a region haunted by the bear, the wildcat and the catamount. The piercing scream of the panther even then was a sound of rapture to his ear. He was ever in search of natural curiosities, and he discovered and explored caves previously unknown, in all probability, to any man of our generation, and in one of them he found immense numbers of human bones that seemed to him to have belonged to a different order of beings from any now upon our continent. He subsequently became as familiar with the Mammoth Cave as the best of its guides. An adventure of his in that subterranean realm attracted much attention four years ago. An account of it was published in our columns, and as we have often been requested to republish it, we will do so now.

TERRIFIC ADVENTURE IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.—At the supposed end of what has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from its entrance, there is a pit, dark and deep, and terrible, known as the Maelstrom. Tens of thousands have gazed into it with awe whilst bengal lights were thrown down to make its fearful depths visible, but none ever had the daring to explore it. The celebrated guide, Stephen, who was deemed insensible to fear, was offered six hundred dollars by the proprietors of the Cave, if he would descend to the bottom of it, but he shrank from the peril. A few years ago a Tennessee professor, a learned and bold man, resolved to do what no one before him had dared to do; and, making his arrangements with great care and precaution, he had himself lowered down by a strong rope a hundred feet, but, at that point, his courage failed him, and he called aloud to be drawn out. No human power could ever have induced him to repeat the appalling experiment.

A couple of weeks ago, however, a young gentleman of Louisville, whose nerves never trembled at mortal peril, being at the Mammoth Cave with Professor Wright, of our city, and others, determined, no matter what the dangers might be, to explore the depths of the Maelstrom. Mr. Proctor the enterprising proprietor of the Cave, sent to Nashville and procured a long rope of great strength expressly for the purpose. The rope and some necessary timbers were borne by the guides and others to the point of exploration. The arrangements being soon completed, the rope, with a heavy fragment of rock affixed to it, was let down and swung to and fro to dislodge any loose pieces of rocks that would be likely to fall at the touch. Several were thus dislodged, and the long continued reverberations, rising up like distant thunder from below, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero of the occasion, with several hats drawn over his head to protect it as far possible against masses falling from above, and with a light in his hand and the rope fastened around his body, took his place over the awful pit and directed the half dozen men, who held the end of the rope, to let him down into the Cimmerian gloom.

We have heard from his own lips an account of his descent. Occasionally masses of earth and rock went whizzing past, but none struck him. Thirty or forty feet from the top he saw a ledge, from which, as he judged from appearances, two or three avenues led off in different directions. About one hundred feet from the top, a cataract from the side of the pit went rushing down the abyss, and, as he was in the midst of the spray, he felt some apprehension that his light would be extinguished, but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit, a hundred and ninety feet from the top. He found it almost perfectly circular, about eighteen feet in diameter, with a small opening at one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor beautiful specimens of black silex, of immense size, vastly larger than were ever discovered in any other part of the Mammoth Cave, and also a multitude of exquisite formations as pure and white as virgin snow. Making himself heard, with great effort, by his friends, he at length asked them to pull him partly up, intending to stop on the way and explore a cave that he had observed opening about forty feet above the bottom of the pit.

Reaching the mouth of the cave he swung himself with much exertion into it, and, holding the end of the rope in his hand, he incautiously let it go, and it swung out apparently beyond his reach.—The situation was a fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him.—Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and by extending himself as far over the verge as possible without falling, he succeeded in securing the rope.—Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards to a point where he found it blocked by an impassable avalanche of rock and earth. Returning to the mouth of this cave, he beheld an almost exactly similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit, but, not being able to swing himself into it, he re-fastened the rope around his body, suspended himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top. The pull was an exceedingly severe one, and the rope, being ill adjusted around his body, gave him excruciating pain. But soon his pain was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril.

When he was ninety feet from the mouth of the pit and one hundred from the bottom, swaying and swinging in mid-air, he heard rapid and excited words of horror and alarm above, and soon learned that the rope by which he was upheld had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several moments of awful suspense to those above, and still more awful to him below, ensued. To them and to him a fatal and instant catastrophe seemed inevitable. But the fire was extinguished with a bottle of water belonging to himself, and then the party above, though almost exhausted by their labors, succeeded in drawing him to the top. He was as calm and self-possessed as upon his entrance into the pit, but all his companions, overcome by fatigue, sank down upon the ground, and his friend, Professor Wright, from over exertion and excitement, fainted, and remained for some time insensible.

The young adventurer left his name carved in the depths of the Maelstrom—the name of the first and only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries.

We visited him in Texas, in April, 1860, and passed several days with him. He invited us and a fine young friend of his to go with him into the wilderness upon a hunting excursion for a few days, and the invitation was excepted. After getting a few miles from the town, he said: 'Father, before we go further I want to show you how I can shoot my rifle; I am the best shot in Texas.' He chose his position and asked us to go off seventy-five or a hundred yards and throw a stone through the air. We said to him that he could not possibly hit it. 'As certainly,' said he 'as I touch the trigger.' A stone as large as a turkey's egg, at about seventy-five yards distance, was thrown, and scarcely had it been a second in the air when it was knocked ten yards. The experiment was repeated with the same result. His weapon was an old Kentucky rifle, of great weight and length, that he had taken with him from home. During the whole excursion, which extended many miles through a region infested by all kinds of wild animals, and often visited by the Indians, who were at that time becoming very troublesome, stealing horses and committing murders, he never missed anything, sitting, running or flying, that he fired at with his trusty weapon.

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