

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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DO YOU REALLY THINK HE DID!

I waited till the twilight,
And yet he did not come—
I strayed along the brook-side,
And slowly wandered home—
When who should come behind me,
But him I would have bid;
He said he came to find me—
Do you really think he did?
He said that since we parted,
He thought of me so sweet,
As of the very moment,
The moment we should meet.
He show'd me where, half shaded,
A cottage home lay hid.
He said for me he made it—
Do you really think he did?
He said when first he saw me,
Life seemed at once divine—
Each night he dreamed of angels,
And every face was mine.
Sometimes a voice, when sleeping,
Would all his hopes forbid.
And then he waked up weeping—
Do you really think he did?

A RACE FOR LIFE, Or a Steeple Chase on the Prairies.

The first of June, 1849! Seven years ago! How stranger than fiction it seems that on this seventh anniversary of that eventful day, after traversing all the vicissitudes of experience, after boxing the compass of life's stormy sea, and shaking hands with every extremity of fortune, I should be seated at last in this quiet little *sanctum*; the hum of that mighty city, which was then the goal of all our hopes around me; the wild freedom of the illimitable prairies exchanged for the confines of a dingy office; my snorting charger discharged for this old arm chair; the badge of the pioneer laid aside for a more peaceful weapon, this "gray goose quill."

It was on this day seven years ago. Eighty-five of us, weary wanderers over the trackless prairies, were day after day and month after month toiling onward to this land of gold, whose lofty sierras and summer plains have since gath'ered to their eternal embrace so many members of that gallant youthful band. It was Sunday in the wilderness; the wagons all "corralled" on the banks of the "Little Blue," the toll-worn mule scattered around, joyfully cropping the grass under the watchful vigilance of the guard. Some of the party were bathing in the clear stream, some cooking, mending clothes, washing, lounging, or smoking, and all enjoying to the full a glorious Sunday day of rest and indulgence, when some evil genius possessed me with a sudden desire to be the first of the party to slay the long expected "buffalo," an animal we had not yet encountered, but which now began to be the constant theme of conversation and conjecture. Several of the boys were hunting turkeys in the margin of the timber, which skirted the river, so that when I saddled up my steed, and, with rifle at my saddle-bow, started out to the northward, the few who observed my departure exchanged sly winks at my probable disappointment, but never dreamed of the thrilling adventure that I was so rashly rushing into.

Although we knew that we were about the confines of the Pawnee Territories, and had indeed been warned by a convoy of trappers, whom we had met but a few days previous, returning from their distant wintering ground in the mountains, that war parties were out, yet, confident in our numbers, and the entire inability of our unpracticed eyes to detect any traces of them, we had attributed the well meant warning of the old mountaineers rather to a spirit of news mongering than anything else, and rather despised those wild Bedouins of the prairies of whom we heard so much, but had as yet failed to see.

Far away over the beautiful undulating and vernal bosom of the trackless prairies I rode gently along, on the *qui rée* for any indications of the object of my desires, but though I eagerly scanned the horizon as I proceeded, not a living thing met my eyes except a few antelopes, whose wary caution and quick perception rendered them impossible of approach upon the open prairies.

Far as the vision could reach, nought but a monotonously undulating surface of gently swelling and naked hills, covered only by the buffalo grass and flowers of every hue, extended in every direction towards the fair horizon, when the blue sky of summer kissed the distant hills glowing in the fresh verdure of the advancing season.

Struck with the voiceless solitude of this untrodden desert, I rode slowly along, lazily musing on the strange vicissitudes which so suddenly translated me from college halls to this wild scene, and had almost imperceptibly placed some seven or eight miles between me and camp, when, far in the distance, directly in front of me, I discerned a column of dust, which, as I supposed, betokened the long desired buffalo. Away went romance and reflection. The ardor of the hunter took possession of me, and hastily loosening my pistols and glancing at my rifle's lock, I struck spurs to my steed and galloped forward, never doubting that the opportunity so ardently coveted was now at hand.

Charging down the hill and across the intervening valley, I rose another gently swelling roll of the prairie, and as I gained the summit, again the moving cloud of dust met my gaze, and this time considerably nearer, and, as I closely regarded it, I perceived that it was rapidly approaching, and I began to discern the flashing of bright objects gleaming out from its obscurity. This looked less like buff-

lo. As the object, whatever it might be, continued to approach, I halted for a better view, and was not long in making out a band of mounted Indians, their snow-white shields and burnished lance-heads glancing brightly in the morning sun.

Still, however, I scarcely thought of Pawnees, but supposed it might be some hunting party of friendly Pottawatomies or Sioux; and, at all events, knowing the mettle and power of my horse, and having a retreat at pleasure, I thought I incurred no great risk by waiting for a more satisfactory inspection.—Gradually across the broad expanse of the prairie, they drew nearer and nearer, now disappearing from view in crossing some concealed hollow, and again displayed in bold relief against the sky as they surmounted some prominent ridge.

At length their distance was diminished to less than a quarter of a mile and thinking a nearer acquaintance undesirable, I turned my horse's head, with a view of riding moderately towards the camp, till they should manifest some design to pursue me; when imagine the chill of horror which curdled my blood, as I saw two smaller parties in my rear, galloping together from either side to cut off my retreat, and heard the terrible yell which all three raised, as they saw their wild manœuvre discovered, and that further silence would be useless.

Whilst the main body had continued to attract my attention by advancing conspicuously towards me, these two parties had taken advantage of the numerous hollows, which at times had concealed them temporarily from view, to diverge, and by a wide circuit, attain my rear. I, greenhorn that I was, never dreaming of this common Indian stratagem, while stupidly regarding the first and only object which attracted my gaze. The two intercepting parties were rapidly converging towards the line of my retreat, and were already within a quarter of a mile of each other, while I was no more than half the distance from the centre. The main body, with a fearful whoop, dashed on to close me in.

My horse was fleet and true, but he was also travel-worn and fatigued. How long could he distance those wild coursers of the desert, even if I escaped the immediate danger? But there was no time to deliberate. Now or never was the chance. Another moment would be too late. Grasping my rifle with a firmer clutch, and re-assuring with caressing words the frightened steed, who alone could save me from a horrible fate, I made a bold dash for the interval which still separated the detached parties, and upon which they were rapidly closing.

Nobly the gallant animal responded to the call. Snorting with terror at the wild shouts of our pursuers, trembling in every limb with the intensity of his exertions, he flew over the ground, and with the fleetness of the wind, he dashed between the approaching hordes, within a hundred yards of us on either hand.

With the energy of despair I grasped the saddle with my knees, and bent forward to assist his flying course. On, on, towards the hope of safety, fifty yelling demons hard upon our tracks, their blankets and finery flying in the wind, onward we sped, pursuers and pursued, over the broad expanse of that prairie ocean.

Soon the fleetness and blood of my American courser began to tell on the enduring but slower-footed mustangs of the Indians. Some of the worst mounted were gradually dropping to the rear, and after running two or three miles they were strung out in a long line behind me. Gradually I slackened my speed, for I well knew that the bottom and endurance of Indian horses, accustomed to traverse immense distances at a single stretch is almost without limit, and many a long mile was still before us. Again they would diminish the distance, and again I was obliged to urge my jaded steed to his best efforts.

But I was beginning to breathe freer, the first startling alarm was over, half the distance was accomplished. If my gallant grey could but maintain his tremendous exertions but four miles more I was safe. Once in sight of camp and the prudence of my wild pursuers would gladden but once at the eighty American rifles which would gleam from behind our wagon wheels.

I was descending a long but gentle inclination towards a broad level depression in the prairie which spread out about a couple of hundred yards wide at its base. My savage pursuers were for a moment out of sight behind the ridge I had crossed. I reached the foot of the hill at full speed; my steed plunged forward on what seemed hard ground; and, O, despair! sank to his belly in a treacherous swamp! Ah! can the gathering years of all futurity ever blot from my memory the despair of that awful moment? How far this seemingly impossible barrier extended up and down the rivulet which divided it, I could not guess. A terrible yell burst from the exultant warriors as they appeared over the crest of the ridge and recognized the dilemma they had too truly anticipated.

Terrible fears chilled my blood. In that brief moment, as the wild savages came charging down the hill, tumultuous thoughts of home and friends, mingled with a golden anticipations, as long cherished, of a bright future in the land of promise, came thronging in wild confusion through my teeming brain. There was one hope left, desperate as it

seemed; but there was no time for deliberation, no opportunity for choice. Resistance was madness. I was hemmed in on every side but one. Straight ahead was my only chance. I might flounder through, and, at all events suffocation or capture in the bog was no worse than instantaneous destruction where I was.

Dashing the rowels into the trembling animal, I madly urged him forward. The soil though covered with grass and apparently firm gave way at every step. Ploughing his way by gigantic efforts, now for an instant raising himself on some harder spot, then sinking to his saddle-girths, urged by my frantic exertions, terrified to phrensy by the appalling yells of the rapidly approaching enemy and the shots which began to whistle around us, the noble animal toiled gallantly on and gained the firm bank just as the dusky forms of my pursuers, infuriated at the possible loss of their prey, were clustering on the opposite side, seeking a favorable spot to follow.

Their deliberation saved me. It required a strong control of reason to walk my falling horse slowly up the hill while the Indians were floundering after me through the swamp. But I rightly judged that a little breathing time would not be wasted on him. I turned the summit of the hill just as the discomfited Indians were beginning to crawl out from the bog, and again putting spurs to my jaded horse once more we sprung forward in that mad race for life or death. Onward we rushed, over hills and valley, across streams and ravines, in head-long flight, pursuers and pursued.

The timber which marked the camp grew more and more distinct; now for a moment more concealed by an intervening hill,—and again as we flew over its summit rising nearer and clearer to view. My horse was rapidly falling—great flakes of foam flew from his mouth. Covered with mud and drenched with sweat, he still, however, toiled gallantly onward, spurning the sod of the prairie with his flying hoofs. But the goal was nearly won. Oh! if he could hold his pace a little longer! The tireless mustangs of the Indians, no match for his fleet limbs in a short stretch, now exhibited their wonderful powers of endurance. Onward they swept after us with undiminished speed, their unshorn manes and sweeping tails mingling with the flowing drapery of the wild riders and flying out upon the wind.

The timber banks of the "Little Blue," which I had so eagerly longed for, had for some moments been concealed by a long but gentle swelling ascent, the summit of which I was approaching. If from here the white wagons of our camp should be visible over the un-interrupted plain I should yet reach them.

But, oh! if another of these interminable ridges should intervene! My poor horse was on his last legs. But to perish in sight of safety, to be taken in view of the camp by these implacable savages! My brain teemed with these maddening doubts as I neared the spot which was to decide my fate, and I trembled with eagerness for the view which might consign me to despair.

I neared the summit; another bound and we went over, and flying with faltering steps down a long gentle inclination which swept away in gentle undulations to the longed for timber, still about a mile ahead. I strained my eyes for indications of comrades; and oh! rapture unspeakable! far away, but directly before me, nestling at the base of the long dark line of cotton-wood, in full view of the panting fugitive, loomed up the white circle of tents and wagon tops—dearer to my long-aching gaze than to the desert-worn pilgrim the lofty minarets and marble palaces of Eastern story.

A shout of triumph and exultation burst from my lips as I discovered the welcome scene and recognized the gate of my deliverance. I looked back. One after another savage came bounding over the ridge pressing on with the wild fury of disappointed rage. But their practiced eyes were not slow to discover my ruse, and one after another pulled up his panting steed and gazed with baffled malignity after their expected victim.

But I was saved! Covered with foam and sweat my gallant preserver burst into camp, and, as I sprang from the saddle into the midst of my startled comrades, with a groan of exhaustion he sank quivering to the earth. The faithful creature had toiled to the last; he had done his best, his powers were exhausted, and yielding at last to utter prostration, he stretched his weary limbs upon the sward, and I thought that the last race of my gallant grey was run. How I nursed him through the long night, how I covered him with my own share of blankets and supplied him carefully and cautiously with grass and water, how I trudged along on foot day after day for the next two weeks, and cherished him like a feeble child, I have not time to tell; but although many a mile he carried me in after days over these dreary deserts, and many a time brought me alongside the flying *booby* in his mad career, yet never again did I see him with fifty untamed coursers of the prairie, and his competitors and fifty pursuers yelling in his rear.

As Philadelphia is employing private men, having no regular police.

COL. FREMONT.

A friend has called our attention to a very striking testimonial to the talents and acquirement of Col. Fremont. It is found in an edition of the *Anabasis of Xenophon*, prepared by Dr. J. Robertson, and published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, in 1850. In the preface to this work, which is dated Philadelphia, August, 1850, Dr. Robertson, addressing himself to the student for whose use his book was designed, relates for their encouragement what he calls "a very remarkable instance of patient diligence and indomitable perseverance." We subjoin his narrative:

"In the year 1827, after I had returned to Charleston from Scotland, and my classes were going on, a very respectable lawyer came to my school, I think some time in the month of October, with a youth apparently about sixteen, or perhaps not so much, of middle size, graceful in manners, rather slender, but well formed, and upon the whole, what I would call handsome; of a keen, piercing eye, and a noble forehead, seemingly the very seat of genius. The gentleman stated that he found him given to study, that he had been about three weeks learning the Latin rudiments, and (hoping, I suppose, to turn the youth's attention from the law to the ministry), had resolved to place him under my care for the purpose of learning Greek, Latin and Mathematics, sufficient to enter Charleston college. I very gladly received him, for I immediately perceived he was no common youth, as intelligence beamed in his dark eye, and shone brightly on his countenance, indicating great ability, and an assurance of his future progress. I at once put him in the highest class, just beginning to read Caesar's Commentaries, and although at first inferior, his prodigious memory and enthusiastic application soon enabled him to surpass the best. He began Greek at the same time, and read with some who had been long at it, in which he also soon excelled. In short, in the space of one year, he had with the class, and at odd hours with myself, read four books of Caesar, Cornelius Nepos, Sallust, six books of Virgil, nearly all Horace, and two books of Livy; and in Greek, all *Græca Minora*, about the half of the first volume of *Græca Majora*, and four books of Homer's *Iliad*. And whatever he read, he retained. It seemed to me, in fact, that he learned by mere intuition. I was myself utterly astonished, and at the same time delighted with his progress. I have hinted above that he was designed for the church, but when I contemplated his bold, fearless disposition, his powerful inventive genius, his admiration of warlike exploits, and his love of heroic and adventurous deeds, I did not think it likely he would be a Minister of the Gospel. He had not, however, the least appearance of any vice whatever. On the contrary, he was always the very pattern of virtue and modesty. I could not help loving him, so much did he captivate me by his gentlemanly conduct and extraordinary progress. It was easy to see that he would one day raise himself to eminence.

"Whilst under my instruction, I discovered his early genius for poetic composition in the following manner: When the Greek class read the account that Herodotus gives of the battle of Marathon, the bravery of Miltiades and his ten thousand Greeks raised his patriotic feelings to enthusiasm, and drew from him expressions which I thought were embodied in a few days afterward in some well written verses in a Charleston paper, on that far-famed unequal but successful conflict against tyranny and oppression, and suspecting my talented scholar to be the author, I went to his desk, and asked him if he did not write them; and hesitating at first, rather blushing, he confessed he did. I then said, 'I knew you could do such things, and I suppose you have some such pieces by you which I should like to see. Do bring them to me.' He consented, and in a day or two brought me a number, which I read with pleasure and admiration, at the strong marks of genius stamped on all, but here and there requiring, as I thought, a very slight amendment.

"I had hired a mathematician to teach both him and myself, (for I could not teach that science,) and in this he also made such wonderful progress, that at the end of one year he entered the Junior Class in Charleston College triumphantly, whilst others who had been studying four years and more were obliged to take the Sophomore Class. About the end of the year 1828 I left Charleston, but I heard he highly distinguished himself, and graduated in 1830. After that he taught mathematics for some time, and then went to study law under a certain celebrated Senator. His career afterwards has been one of heroic adventure, of hair-breadth escapes by flood and field, and of scientific explorations which have made him world-wide renowned. In a letter I received from him very lately, he expressed his gratitude to me in the following words: 'I am very far from either forgetting you, or neglecting you, or in any way losing the old regard I had for you. There is no time to which I go back with more pleasure than that spent with you, for there was no time so thoroughly well spent, and of anything I have learned, I remember nothing so well, and so distinctly, as what I required with you.' Here I cannot help saying that the merit was almost all his own. It is true I encouraged and cheered him on, but if the soil into which I put the seeds

of learning had not been of the richest quality, they never would have sprung up to a hundred fold in full ear. Such, my young friends, is but an imperfect sketch of my once beloved and favorite pupil, now a Senator, and who may yet rise to be at the head of this great and growing Republic. My prayer is that he may ever be opposed to war, injustice and oppression of every kind, a blessing to his country, and an example of every noble virtue to the whole world."

BROOKS AND BURLINGAME.

The recent acts of the South Carolina ruffian, who has at last relieved the House of Representatives from his presence, by resigning his seat, are in strict keeping with the dastardly deed which first brought him prominently before the public. That he is at heart an ardent coward, whilst it might have been inferred from the mode and manner of his attack upon Senator Sumner, has been most conclusively established by the course he has pursued in relation to his difficulty with Burlingame of Massachusetts. It will be remembered that the gentleman referred to delivered in the House of Representatives the most eloquent speech which the expulsion resolution called forth, in which he commented upon the Sumner outrage with just and scathing severity. For this the gallant hero of the bludgeon saw proper to challenge him to mortal combat. Contrary to his expectations, in all probability, Mr. Burlingame promptly accepted the challenge, fixed the Canada side of the Niagara river as the place of meeting, and after sending Brooks word to that effect, repaired to the city of New York, on his way thither. After some deliberation and consultation with his friends, the challenger concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and declined to follow his antagonist to the spot selected, upon the absurd plea that he would have to travel some seven hundred miles through an "enemy's country," and was liable to be attacked on the way. This is essentially a back out—a showing of the white feather—for he would have been perfectly safe; not a hair of his head would have been disturbed. The true reason is, Brooks was afraid to meet Mr. Burlingame, who is a dead shot. And what will the South say to the conduct of their champion, who had the courage to strike down an unarmed Senator? According to the code of honor, he is disgraced beyond redemption. Mr. Burlingame subsequently returned to Washington, and both parties are now under bonds to keep the peace.

A FATHER AND SON WITH SIX WIVES APEACE.

The *Manchester (N.H.) Mirror*, gives a long account of the proceedings in that place and in Rutland, Vt. of two men calling themselves Dr. Lyman A. Abbott and James H. Abbott, said to be father and son, who are now both under arrest on the charge of bigamy. It is stated that they have each, within a short period, married no less than six wives. The father passed at Manchester, N.H., as the "rich old uncle" of his son, and in consequence of his representations, the tradesmen of Manchester were victimized to the amount of several hundred dollars. The career of both parties for a number of years is detailed in the *Mirror* with great minuteness. At Newark, N. J., in 1854, the elder Abbott was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts, who soon discovered that he had a wife living in Syracuse, N. Y. He was consequently arrested for bigamy, convicted and sentenced to ten years in the New Jersey Penitentiary, but was pardoned out after seven months' detention. A Miss Gardner, of Westmoreland, N. H., states that she married the same man, under the name of Dr. Lyman Andrews, in 1852. In Sussex county, N. J., in 1849, he persuaded a Miss Sherman to elope with him, and they were married by a Justice of the Peace. He was soon after obliged to abscond for threatening his wife's life in order to obtain her property. It was also ascertained that the true, original name of the "old doctor" is Aaron Andrews Abbey, and the true name of the young man James Henry Abbey—the latter being the eldest son of the former by his first wife. Both parties are held for trial.

The Committee on Elections of the United States House of Representatives have reported in favor of Governor Reeder's claim to a seat in Congress, as Delegate from Kansas. They decline to send the case back to the people of Kansas for a new election, on account of the certainty of a repetition of the disgraceful scenes which have attended previous elections there; and until the passage of an act, by Congress, by which an election can be legally held there, they recognize Governor Reeder as the Delegate elected by the majority of the citizens of Kansas.

Commodore Robert F. Stockton has written a letter withdrawing from the contest for the Presidency. His associate of the ticket, Kenneth Rayner, withdrew some time ago.—This slightly narrows the contest, one ticket being entirely out of the field. Fillmore, Fremont, Buchanan and Gerrit Smith are the only men now regularly before the people as candidates for the Presidency.

ADVICE from Key West, Florida, state that a party of 15 volunteers had attacked a band of Seminole Indians, numbering 75, on the 17th ult., and killed 17. The volunteers lost one-third of their men, but succeeded in dispersing the savages.

A LEAF FROM THE NATIONAL LEDGER.

An exchange, in a calculation of the cost of the public lands of our domain, says that the equivalent which we give for them amounts to about a hundred millions of dollars. This we believe to be an altogether inadequate estimate. That this is an immense country, and a growing one beside, and that it will inventory, as the merchants say, at a much higher figure than \$100,000,000, a glance at Uncle Samuel's real estate operations will satisfy the most incredulous. Beginning, then, in 1803, when we first began as a nation to break a portion of the tenth section of the decalogue, we purchased Louisiana from France, giving her as an equivalent \$11,250,000, besides making out for her a receipt in full for obligations of about an equal amount, for which she was previously our debtor. This satisfied us for a while, until in 1819 we paid \$5,000,000 to Spain in order to secure Florida. We then disbursed \$100,000,000 more for the extinguishment of the Indian title, an operation which was afterwards succeeded by the transfer of Texas and the acquired Mexican territory, at a cost of \$25,000,000, more. If we then sum up the figures and add \$5,000,000, which is a low estimate for the expense of surveying this extensive territory, we find the sum total to be one hundred and sixty odd millions of dollars, not counting the expense of the Florida, the Mexican, and the continued Indian wars. At the present time, say De Bow's statistics, the U. S. own fifteen hundred millions of acres of land, which are worth to it two billions of dollars. What a glorious picture is here presented of the "responsibility," according to commercial parlance, of this great nation! All these immense sums have been paid at maturity, and yet taxation has rested as lightly upon the shoulders of the people as dew upon summer foliage.

We are apt to felicitate ourselves upon living in a progressive era. We do; but whoever lives to see a century hence, when all this huge domain is under cultivation and every acre is occupied by colleges, newspaper offices, telegraph stations, model farms and machine shops, will witness the prosperity of a country teeming with a population of 500,000,000 of souls. If wickedness don't keep pace with progress in the arts, and the world is not prematurely destroyed for its presumption, the greatest country that ever had an existence upon its surface will be these United States! It is as certain as certainty itself.

A TRUE SARCASM.—THE OTHER MORNING

at Bathfield land, having just come over from Ballygraddy on his one-eyed minus-tailed shabby, which was tied to a post behind the chapel, he thus addressed his assembled congregation:—"My friends turn wild me if ye please, as the subject of our morning's meditations, to Paul's Epistle to the Romans. But I may as well tell you that some of ye knows as little about what an Epistle manes as a Connaught pig knows about plaiting a shirt front. But an epistle, let me inform ye, is neither more nor less than a letter; and that Paul wrote this letter and addressed it is evident to us all, but whether he sailed the letter, or merely stuck a wafer into it, all the commentators I have consulted have not been able to inform me. Howsoever, my friends, he did not address it to those dirty Epicurians, nor them schury Presbyterians, nor to them theeven Unitarians, nor any of them Hereticorians. No! he addressed it to you my friends—the Romans. I intend to divide my discourse this morning into three heads. The first will treat on something that I know myself, and that niver a one o' ye knows a ha'porth about. In the second place, I mane to spake to ye about something yourselves know all about, and I know nothing about myself; and in the third place I mane to spake to ye about something that neither you nor I knows anything about at all, at all. In the first place then as I was mounting my nag this morning to come to praich to ye here, I tore a thumping hole in the knay of my black trousers, and ye knew nothing about that. In the second place you know when you're going to give me a new pair, and I don't; and thirdly, we don't know what that Protestant tailor cover the way will be after charging us for this."

It is now evident that Messrs. Toombs and Douglas, in the preparation of their Kansas bill, have been acting in concert with the Missouri propagandists of Slavery. By a telegraphic dispatch from St. Louis, we learn that a hand-bill was issued on the 8th of July by Stringfellow and his associates, calling upon all good Missourians to go over into the Territory before the 1st of August, so as to be in readiness to vote at the November election. There can be no question that if the Senate bill should become a law, hundreds of the border ruffians would be enrolled by the commissioners whom the President is authorized to appoint, and, as they have repeatedly done heretofore, defeat the wishes of the actual residents.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.—An unknown passage some two miles in length was discovered in the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, on the 11th inst. This passage is said to lead to chambers far surpassing any before discovered, both in extent and magnificence, and makes the whole length of the Cave eleven miles.