

Let us enter. The lamps are lighted, and the guide is descending the 96 steps which lead down to the real entrance. As we follow down, we hear the humming insects and birds singing a farewell song for us moving into the darkened avenue that leads to regions of awful silence. A hundred yards in we reach the "Iron Gate" and while the guide is unlocking it, we are told to keep back, or our lamps will be blown out by the rush of cold air at this point. For six months, during summer, the cave exhales, and inhales six during the winter. The wind is perceptible only at this place, and is especially strong during the day. It is caused by the cold air of the cave rushing out to fill space left by the heated air outside rising. The iron gate, about the size of an ordinary door, is locked as soon as we are in, so as to exclude all visitors but those who have a right to enter.

We are now moving along the "Narrows." Splendid walking but the way is not wide. At some points the pick-marks are on the sides of the wall, as if made the day before; you walk over the logs, through which water was conveyed and lye in 1812-14; the latter are in a good state of preservation while the former show signs of decay. We have now reached the "Rotunda", said to be immediately below the dining-room of the hotel. This vast room, almost circular, is 175 feet in diameter and 100 high. From it to the right passes, a magnificent avenue "Audubon's" extends nearly a mile; but as it is not included in our route we shall pass on, continuing our course along the main cave. At half a mile in, we see to our left a great mass of loose rocks, which the guide informs us is the "Corkscrew" which we will understand better when we come through it on our return. Passing "Kentucky Cliffs" we arrive at the "Methodist church" where itinerant preachers told the story of the Cross to the miners in 1812-14. The pulpit is a ledge of rock 25 feet from the floor; the seats are old logs lying about on the rocks just as they were left 75 years ago. The "church" or space is 80 feet square and 40 high. "Move on" the guide says, for we are not allowed to linger too long in the cool air. He tells us the rule is "Rest little but often." Our attention is directed to the foot-prints of the "oxens in 18 and 12" and we are told, if we look close enough we shall see "a good many deer feet as well." We are now opposite the "Gothic gallery" and observe some 15 to 18