

in different directions for the hunt. A barking sound having been heard to issue from this cavern, it was discovered, and at the bottom of it the lost dog, which had probably fallen therein while chasing a fox. "But how shall he be extricated from this hole?" was the general inquiry of the now assembled hunters. Not one of all the group would venture to descend, under any circumstances; so that the poor animal remained a prisoner for another night. But the next morning he was released, and by none other than a brave boy, the son of the farmer and playmate of the dog. A large number of men were present on the occasion. A strong rope was tied around the body of the child, and he was gently lowered down. On reaching the bottom, and finding, by the aid of his lamp, that he was in a "real nice place," the little rogue concluded to have some sport, whereupon he proceeded to pull down more rope, until he had made a coil of two hundred feet, which was bewildering enough to the crowd above; but nothing happened to him during the adventure, and the dog was rescued. The young hero having played his trick so well, it was generally supposed, for a long time after, that this cavern was two hundred feet deep, and none were ever found sufficiently bold to enter in, even after a beautiful fox. The bravery of the boy, however, was the cause of his death, for he was cut down by a leaden ball in the war of 1812.

The next remarkable place that we attained in ascending South Peak, was the Bear Bank, where, in the depth of winter, may be found an abundance of these charming creatures. It is said that they have often been seen sunning themselves, even from the hills east of the Hudson.

We were now upon a beetling precipice, three hundred feet high, and under the shadow of a huge pine, we enjoyed a slice of bread and pork, with a few drops of genuine mountain dew. Instead of a dessert of strawberries and