

with the most holy night, and when trembling under the influence of a thunder-storm and encircled by a rainbow. It has filled my soul with images of beauty and sublimity, and made me feel the omnipotence of God.

A day and a night was it lately my privilege to spend upon this mountain, accompanied by a poet friend. We started at an early hour, equipped in our brown fustians, and laden with well-filled knapsacks—one with a hatchet in his belt, and the other with a brace of pistols. We were bound to the extreme summit of the peak, where we intended to spend the night, witness the rising of the sun, and return at our leisure on the following day. But when I tell my readers that our course lay right up the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, where there was no path save that formed by a torrent or a bear, they will readily believe it was somewhat rare and romantic. But this was what we delighted in; so we shouted "excelsior!" and commenced the ascent. The air was excessively sultry, and the very first effort we made caused the perspiration to start most profusely. Upward, upward was our course, now climbing through a tangled thicket, or under the spray of a cascade, and then, again, supporting ourselves by the roots of saplings, or scrambling under a fallen tree;—now, like the samphire gatherer, scaling a precipice, and then again clambering over a rock, or "shinning" up a hemlock tree to reach a desired point.

Our first halt was made at a singular spot called "Hunter's Hole," which is a spacious cavern or pit, forty feet deep, and twenty wide, and approached only by a fissure in the mountain, sufficiently large to admit a man. Connected with this place is the following story. Many years ago, a farmer, residing at the foot of the mountain, having missed a favorite dog, and being anxious for his safety, called together his neighbors, and offered a reward for the safe return of his canine friend. Always ready to do a kind deed, a number of them started