

It is also passing from the land to the sea, and from the sea to the land, from mountains to valleys, and from valleys to mountains, either in the gentle breeze, the violent tempest, or the destructive tornado.

Nor are its moderate or its rapid marches, without their uses. Wherever and however it travels, it carries upon its wings, health, animation, fragrance, or some other blessing for the animal and vegetable creation, especially for man.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

I was never a man of feeble courage.—There are few scenes either of human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in front of battle, when swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents of the air—I have sat on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rending its oaks from their rocky clefts and scattering them piecemeal, to the clouds—I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not of danger—but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness—I have called pride to my aid. I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but it avails me nothing—at the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks, quivers, gasps, and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a child of ten years. I had a little cousin—a girl of the same age with myself, who had been the companion of my childhood. Strange, that after the lapse of almost a score of years, that countenance should seem so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature—her large eye flashing like a beautiful gem; her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheek glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the wooded hill or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her little hands in the very ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things were beautiful and happy like herself.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some time at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer's morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censor of

the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods and the waters of the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and the dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses, scattered down by the hand of a Peri from the far off gardens of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favourite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolicsome wanderings.—The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquillity continued until noon. Then, for the first time, the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest. Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became distinctly visible, and, the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds as it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner-fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm, and the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible.—As the only resort we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall ragged precipice. Here we remained and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshalling themselves like fierce giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break.—A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl raised her fingers to the precipice that towered above us. I looked up and an amethystine flame was quivering upon its grey peaks—and the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations and a roar like groan filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown, I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible, I know not, but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of the cloud coming in fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I arose, and looked trembling and almost deliriously around. She was there—the dear idol of my infant love—stretched out upon the wet, green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of death had been. At first I clasped her to

my breast with a feeling of agony, and then laid her down and gazed into her face almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright dishevelled ringlets clustered sweetly around her brow, the look of terror had faded from her lips, and an infant smile was pictured beautifully there, the red rose tinge upon her cheek was lovely as in life, and as I pressed it to my own, the fountain of tears was opened, and I wept as if my head were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed—I only know, that I remained weeping until the coming on of twilight, and that I was then taken tenderly by the hand and led home, where I saw the countenances of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by upon their wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still comes over me, at times, with a terrible distinctness. The old oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and its hollow trunk, looking upwards to the sky as if 'calling to the clouds for drink,' is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me—thoughts of the little innocent being, who fell by my side like some beautiful tree of Spring rent up by a whirlwind in the midst of its blossoming. But I remembered, and oh! there was joy in the memory—that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sun-lit waters are never broken by the storm breath of Omnipotence.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from the thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me—my fear has assumed the nature of an instinct, and seems indeed a part of my existence.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

Continued.

Several years afterwards, an old woman, who long had filled the place of a sick nurse, was taken very ill, and was attended by a medical member of the club. To him with many expressions of regret, she acknowledged that she had long before attended Mr. —, naming the president, whose appearance had surprised the club so strangely, and that she felt distress of conscience, on account of the manner in which he died. She said, as his malady was attended by a light headedness, she had been directed to keep a close watch upon him during his illness. Unhappily she slept, and during her sleep the patient had awakened and left the apartment. When on her own awaking, she found the bed empty, and the patient gone, she forthwith hurried out of the house to seek him, and met him in the act of returning. She got him, she said, replaced in the bed, but it was only to die there.—She added, to convince her hearer of the truth of what she said, that immediately