

cream, however, we were furnished by venerable dame Nature with a thunder-storm. It was one that we had noticed making a great commotion in the valley below. It had, probably, discovered two bipeds going towards its home, the sky, and seemed to have pursued us with a view of frightening us back again. But, "knowing that Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," we awaited the thunder-storm's reply to our obstinate refusal to descend. The cloud was yet below us, but its unseen herald, a strong east wind, told us that the conflict had commenced. Presently, a peal of thunder resounded through the vast profound, which caused the mountain to tremble to its deep foundation. And then followed another, and another, as the storm increased; and the rain and hail poured down in floods. Thinking it more safe to expose ourselves to the storm than remain under the pine, we retreated without delay, when we were suddenly enveloped in the heart of the cloud, only a few rods distant. Then a stroke of lightning blinded us, and the towering forest monarch was smitten to the earth. We were in the midst of an unwritten epic poem about that time, but we could not appreciate its beauties, for another peal of thunder, and another stroke of lightning, attracted our whole attention. Soon as these had passed, a terrible gale followed in their wake, tumbling down piles of loose rocks, and bending to the dust, as though in passion, the resisting forms of an army of trees; and afterwards, a glorious rainbow spanned the mountain, appearing like those distinguishing circles around the temples of the Mighty and Holy, as portrayed by the painters of old. The commotion lasted for an hour, when the region of the Bear Bank became as serene as the slumber of a babe. A spirit of silent prayer was brooding upon the earth and in the air, and with a shadow of thoughtfulness at our hearts, we resumed our upward march.

Our next halting place was upon a sort of peninsula called