

THE THUNDER CLAP.

BY REV. J. KENNEDY.

The reliance which the heart places in childhood upon a mother's love, can only be surpassed by that trust which piety in riper year, reposes upon its God. There is no apprehension that cannot be lulled in the refuge afforded by a mother's arms, nor is there any anguish that cannot be mitigated when the heart reposes upon her bosom.

This, it is true, is a topic upon which much has been said, and that too by some of the most forcible and elegant writers; yet it is a subject in the elucidation of which no eulogy can transcend. Neither poet nor painter can give to their delineations the brilliancy of the diamond, so a mother's love in the consequent trust of her child, are among those strong features of nature which no panegyric can perfectly portray. It is in allusion to a mother's love, that the Almighty commends to us a mindfulness of his own absolute affection.—How deeply wretched, then, must that child be, who, in an hour of suffering turns in vain to the refuge which nature ordinarily renders the stronger, because of the feebleness of the one who needs the succour.

These reflections were strongly forced upon my mind some time since, upon my being requested by an afflicted father, to accompany him to his dwelling, for the purpose of administering Christian baptism to his son. When I entered the room, I found the mother weeping over the child, who appeared to be scarcely six years of age, though I afterwards ascertained he was nearly nine. He had a full fair face, and a fine black eye. He was in every respect a beautiful boy. I soon perceived that his eyes were fixed, and he was entirely regardless of every thing around him, while death could not be distant. Never had I seen a child in suffering for whom I had so strong a sympathy. His mother informed me that he had been a very healthy and active child; until he was about five years of age, since which time, nearly four years, he had scarcely grown any, nor had he ever spoken. "I have always," continued the mother, "from my earliest years, been filled with horror upon hearing thunder. Often have I gone through the house in the greatest dismay, seeking to hide myself where I might not perceive the lightning, nor hear the thunder. I knew it was all foolishness in me, but I yielded to my fears.

One afternoon, about four years ago, I was alone with my little boy when a heavy storm arose, and I was affrighted at the sound of the thunder. Taking the child by the hand, I ran trembling and weeping from one corner of the room to the other, until almost frantic, I sat down and pressed my child to my shuddering bosom. A dreadful clap of thunder pealed above us, and I gave a fearful shriek. I felt the convulsive pressure of his face to my bosom, and while the lightning was still gleaming through the room, I turned up his face. His eyes were fixed, and from that day he has never spoken, while he has only lived to wander through our house a little maniac, nor has he ever known me since he was distracted by his mother's fear." A few days after this recital, we laid the corse in a grave to which he was the victim of a mother's terror.

CHRISTIAN HONESTY.—In the last war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was out on a foraging party. On perceiving a cottage in the midst of a solitary valley, he went up and knocked at the door: out came a Hernhuten, better known by the name of United Brethren, with a beard silvered by age. "Father," says the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troopers a-foraging." "Presently," replied the Hernhuten. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley. "There is the very thing we want," says the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide; "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at the distance of a quarter of a league farther, they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer upon this says to his conductor, "Father, you have given to yourself and us unnecessary trouble: the first field was much better than this." "Very true, Sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine." This stroke, says the author who relates it, goes directly to the heart. I defy an atheist to produce any thing like this. And surely he who does not feel his heart warmed by such an example of exalted virtue, has not yet acquired the first principles of moral taste.

PARIS FASHIONS.—*Ensemble de Toilette.*—Neglige perjuoir of pink-jaconet, trimmed round with a very small low flounce, small sleeves tight to the elbow, small collar of plaited muslin; slippers of puce morocco, trimmed with plaited ribbon. Plaited cuffs.

Town Neglige.—A Scotch silk pelisse, with very small cheeks of white and grenat, black taffety scarf, a Paris point collar, bonnet of sown straw, edged and trimmed with violet-coloured velvet, with a bouquet of heartseases on the side; grey and black bottines, Swedish gloves, glace silk parasol.

Town Toilette.—A Scotch silk dress-chine, with two flounces, tight sleeves; a mantilla of the same; a capote of emerald green crape, without flowers, and bordered with a ruche of crape. Grey bottines, Swedish gloves, point collar and cuffs, white taffety marquis.

Evening Neglige.—A dress of gros Royale, black ground, with

a flowering pattern, a wide flounce, short tight sleeves; long gloves of peau rosee, English lace, with pompous roses; English lace handkerchief, black satin shoes; one bracelet.

Evening Toilette.—Dress of point crape d'Orient, trimmed with a puffing, short sleeves, with three puffings; corsage draped en cœur, white gloves and shoes, pearls in the hair and round the neck; a bouquet of spirea.

IRISH LAMENT.—The lament over the dead body of a relative or friend is of ancient origin. The following lament was uttered by an old and attached nurse in a family, and addressed to the corpse of the master, whom she had in his infancy loved and nourished.

"Ah! ah! why did you die and leave us?—I rocked your cradle,—I nursed your children,—I must follow in your funeral! Your children are about me! I see my child's children; but I see not my child! I remember your face in youth—its brightness was manly like the sun's—it made daylight around me! I remember your form in the dance, and strong was your arm when you wrestled with the young men. Oh! none was like my son to me! and all your days were pleasant until the destroyer came; then your young cheeks grew pale, and the light left your eyes, and I laughed no more! I baked your marriage-cake—warm was your heart, and warm the hand that pressed poor old Norah's! All, all, now is cold and desolate!"

CHARITY.—The lowest order of charity is that which is aimed with relieving the immediate pressure of distress in individual cases. A higher is, that which makes provision, on a large scale, for the relief of such distress; as when a nation passes on from common almsgiving to a general provision for the destitute. A higher still is, when such provision is made in the way of anticipation, or for distant objects; as when the civilization of savages, the freeing of slaves, the treatment of the insane, or the education of the blind and deaf and mutes, is undertaken. The highest charity of all is, that which aims at the prevention rather than the alleviation of evil. It is a nobler charity to prevent destitution, crime, and ignorance, than to relieve individuals who never ought to have been made destitute, criminal, and ignorant.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.—Tell me not of the trim, precisely-arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good German has it, "the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall," tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days; of the tranquil, unanxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts.

MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.—His Lordship had to receive a parcel by the "London Parcels Delivery Company," established for about two years, and making enormous profits—but through some neglect of theirs, his Lordship had to complain; but instead of obtaining redress, they treated his application with indifference. His Lordship departed, remarking that he would make it an expensive and troublesome affair to the company, and has kept his promise to the very letter, for what think you he did? Started an opposition, and called it the "Metropolitan Parcels Delivery Company," the result of which is, that he has seriously damaged his opponents.

MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.—Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something with every body, and every thing with some. Be guarded in discourse; attentive and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practise strict temperance; and in all your transactions remember the final account.

CELEBRATED CARRIAGE MATCH AT NEWMARKET IN 1750.—A match was made between the Earls of March and Eglinton with Theobald Taaffe and Andrew Sprowle, Esqs. for 1000 gs. The conditions of the articles were, to get a carriage with four running wheels, and a person in or upon it, drawn by four horses, nineteen miles in one hour. Their Lordships were to give two months notice what week it should be done in, and had the liberty of choosing any one day in that week, which was performed on Newmarket heath on the 29th of August, in fifty-three minutes and twenty-seven seconds. The horses were all thorough-bred, and trained for running, the two leaders, including riders, saddles, and harness, carried about eight stone each; the wheel horses about seven stone each. The carriage, with a boy on it, weighed about twenty-stone. The horses had all bolsters to preserve their shoulders.

The traces, by an ingenious contrivance, run into boxes with springs when any of them hung back, to prevent the traces getting under their legs. A rope went from the further end of the carriage to the pole, and brought back under it kept the pole steady. By the side of each wheel there were tin cases with oil dropping on the axle-tree, to prevent its firing. The boy placed on it was only to fulfil the articles.

FEARFUL CONFLAGRATION.—The *Federal* of Geneva gives some details of a calamitous conflagration at Sallanches, on the 21st ult. Forty individuals were either dead or dying of the injuries they had received. Upwards of fifty were known to be dreadfully mutilated, and more than one hundred had disappeared without their fate being known. Not more than four or five houses, at the extremity of the town, have been preserved; the rest, 250 in number, are only ruins. The powder magazine was burnt down to the vault which covers the powder, and none dare to approach it. Such was the intensity of the fire, that not only was the church entirely destroyed, but the bells were partly melted. Every thing is consumed, and it was in attempting to save some part of their property that most of those persons who have perished met their fate. The late inhabitants of Sallanches have become wanderers, without homes, clothing, or food. The residents in the neighbouring villages have rendered them some succour, but are far from being able to supply all their wants. The town was destroyed by a similar cause three hundred and twenty-one years ago, and at the same time (Easter); in that year the spring had been unusually dry, and all the water-courses were dried up.

THE DRAWING ROOM.—If an inhabitant of some remote country, governed by patriarchal institutions, of simple habits, and primitive notions of life, could have been suddenly dropped, on Monday last, in the centre of St. James's street, his astonishment would have exceeded all measure of expression. The blaze of jewels, the magnificence of the countless equipages, and the endless varieties of form and colour called up by the invention of man to set off poor humanity in a flood of light, must have been quite paralyzing to him. He might naturally wonder what object had called such a splendid congregation together; and when he had learned it was to celebrate the birthday of a young Queen, he must have been struck with involuntary awe at the thought of the grandeur of her inheritance. A Queen surrounded by such lustrous homage, might be expected, without any great stretch of the imagination, to drop diamonds and pearls, like the girl in the fairy tale, every time she opened her mouth.

PROFESSOR JACOB'S GALVANO-PLASTIC PROCESS.—By this ingenious process, copper dissolved by a galvanic current again crystallizes and deposits itself upon the models or moulds placed in the apparatus, and produces in the utmost perfection, and with the most minute precision, the moulds or impressions of bas-reliefs, medals, carvings, &c. which one may wish to multiply.

ENGLISH IDEAS.—An English lady, on arriving at Calais, on her way to make the grand tour, was surprised and somewhat indignant at being termed, for the first time in her life, a foreigner. "You mistake, madam," said she to the libeller, with some pique, "it is you who are foreigners; we are English."

We should not forget that every person, however degraded by folly and vice, still claims the privilege of a fellow creature, and as such, is more entitled to our compassion than deserving of our scorn.

EDUCATION.—Gardeners know that plants can be brought up on water, air and light, without earth, and they will flower, but bear no fruit. So is it with those in whose education there is no proportion of solid matter.

To the Publisher of the Pearl.

In a recent number of the *Haligonian*, I read a notice of certain proceedings of "The Literary and Scientific Society," which requires some remark. The notice was founded on a lecture delivered by Mr. J. A. Bell (a typographical error made the name of the lecturer, Mr. Bill.) The error which I more particularly wish to allude to, is the assertion, that some of the members objected to "the principle, that Commerce had benefited the cause of civilization." The fact is, that no one present at the lecture, made any such absurd objection. Objections to some general remarks were made, as follows: "That it might be doubted whether mere commerce, except as a means rather than a cause, should get extreme eulogy as the civilizer of the world,—and that, on account of the known evils caused in certain instances, some drawbacks should be made from the glowing pictures given of the benefits of Commerce." This is very different, indeed, from the objection stated in the *Haligonian*; none, I should suppose, capable of speaking for two minutes on the subject, would dream of denying the general principle, that Commerce had greatly benefited civilization, although few would doubt that in certain cases, serious evils had resulted from the system in existence. Thinking accuracy of consequence in matters like the above, I have thought well to pen these remarks.

ONE OF THE MEETING.