

"UPS AND DOWNS."

BY E. A. W. H.

Men talk of their "ups" and their "downs,"
And a wonderful racket they make;
And women in boroughs and towns
To talk of them off lie awake.

I have only to mention of mine,
That some have fewer, some more,
And the medium's the thing, I opine,
So I'll keep discontent out of door.

I have had but a precious few "ups,"
While my "downs" count a million or so,
But one who on charity sups,
Might envy my station e'en now.

These words can be strangers to none,
Yet few on their import agree,
For what is the "up" of the one,
The "down" of another might be.

From the Olive Branch.

My Second Mother.

BY CLARY P. WOOD.

It was not yet the dawn of a fair May-day when my father came to the crib where slept sister Lizzie and I, and in a voice so sad, so full of tears that I shall not forget it until my dying hour, said—'Awake, awake, my darlings, come and kiss your dying mama a last good-bye.'

Lizzie was two years older than I, and she sprang upon the floor without uttering a word, fully comprehending, as she has since told me, the mournful purport of his words, but I, alas! did not. I locked my hands behind the neck bent over me with such tenderness; he took Lizzie on one arm, and thus we went into the room where lay my fair, young mother, breathing the short remnant of her life away.

The lamp burned dimly; my grandmother sat at the bedside rocking to and fro in a sorrow too deep for words.

Two of my aunts were sitting upon the sofa, both weeping, while the old physician stood by with folded arms, as if he had done all that mortal skill could do to preserve a life so valued and so precious.

As we approached the bedside she opened her eyes—they were wondrously beautiful, and their blackness contrasted so vividly with the deadly pallor of her cheek, as to startle even me, child as I was. At sight of us her face became radiant with an expression of such hopeful, pious trust that I am assured she felt that he who watches over the widow and the orphan would not forget her motherless babes! She raised her hands, and we nestled down one on either side of that poor, dying form, like little birds creeping beneath the shelter of their mother's wing.

Suddenly, in a voice of thrilling sweetness, she began to sing a verse in the hymn commencing: 'Hark my soul it is the Lord.' The words—

'Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.'

Sank into the hearts of the sorrowing listeners. She ceased singing, and the room was filled with the irrepressible sobs of the mourners, who wept as if there would be no comfort, nor hope, nor joy left upon earth since one so good, so well-beloved must be taken away. Then she said in a clear voice, 'Let us pray.'

All bent in humble reverence, and there arose a petition to the Heavenly Father who doeth all things wisely and well.

She prayed her children might be spared as much as was possible in this sinful world from wrong and temptation—'but although they must be deprived of her care, they yet might find those who would watch over them with patient tenderness. For my father she most earnestly plead; in every word was breathed the most undying devotion. The prayer ceased; a solemn hush fell like the mantle of death upon us all. The gay twittering of the birds came in with the soft perfume of flowers, through the open windows, but they brought us no balm. Within that room no sound was made, till I raised my head in affright at a stillness so terrible to my young spirit. I smoothed the black hair that lay in waves as bright and soft as silk about the pillow, and I pressed a kiss upon those lips, those loving lips that for the first time in my short life received my kiss without return. Alas, my mother was dead, and with a heart-breaking sigh, my father removed me, crying and sobbing I scarce knew why.

Five quiet, happy years glided by, almost unobserved by Lizzie and I, so contented were we with the kind attention of those around us. We were petted almost beyond our desire, we knew no care, nor trouble. My grandmother lived with us.

She was wealthy, still young, and a very fine looking lady, tall, stately and dignified as an empress,—we looked up to her with admiration and awe. About this time accident threw her in the way of her first love, a gentleman of high position and great moral worth, from whom she had been separated in earlier years by the machinations of interested parties. Now she married him, and for a second time we were left motherless.

It was not long after this, that one evening our father took us upon his knee and whispered in our ears that on the morrow he was to bring us a new mamma. That night we wept ourselves to sleep, for in our young minds had been poured such frightful tales of the cruelty of step-mothers, that we were quite convinced all happiness and peace for us were at an end.

'Our Father will never love us any more,' whispered I to Lizzie, as she clasped me tightly in her arms. 'No, and she will not let him if he would,' returned my sister with a sigh.

'We shall be obliged to go cold, and hungry, and in the dark to bed.' 'Yes, and not one to kiss, nor to bless us.'

'I'll not love her nor call her mamma. Will you, Lizzie?'

Lizzie made no other reply than her tears, and thus we fell asleep.

The following morning our father had departed ere we awoke. Mrs. Stockton, the house-keeper, came in with our best embroidered frocks and white pinafores in her arms.

At first we found her stern and silent—to our childish questionings she vouchsafed no reply.—'But do tell us about her,' persisted Lizzie clinging to her dress in despite of her endeavors to get away. 'Foolish child, you will know all you wish, too soon for your own good,' said she sharply, snatching her skirt from Lizzie's grasp, then she added with more gentleness, 'She is a very handsome young widow, I'm told, whom your father met at Judge F.'s last winter. Now be very careful and keep tidy or she will not love you.' 'But has she any little girls?'

'No, she buried her only child last winter.'—Now be good children and don't soil your dresses,' and away she bustled to superintend the domestic affairs, for a notable housewife was Mrs. Stockton.

It was a bitterly-cold day in mid-winter; a long, a weary day it was to Lizzie and I, for we were alone excepting the servants, and they gave us no cheering words, but carried on their preparations for a grand banquet with great diligence, occasionally looking toward us with such pitiful eyes, and such ominous head-shakings as caused our young hearts to beat with a terror undefined. Many and many a time during that wearisome day did we scratch the frost-work from the window panes and send forth anxious glances for one we so much dreaded to see.

It was quite dark ere the merry tinkle of the sleigh-bells, and the crunching of the horses' feet in the hard snow, announced their approach.—'They have come,' whispered Lizzie, while her cheek grew white, and she drew me closer to her side.

Thomas threw wide the hall door to usher in the new mistress, and we could hear father speaking in tones so cheerful and animated as half to reassure us.

'Where are Lizzie and Cary?' said he, as he met Mrs. Stockton and the servants full of cringing welcomes, anxious to propitiate the new authority, while for the first time his darlings failed to meet him at the door.

'They are in the parlor, waiting for you, sir,' said Mrs. Stockton, gravely.

'Come this way, Charlotte,' we heard him say, and the next moment our shrinking eyes beheld a small figure clad in a deep mourning dress, which was relieved by the finest and whitest of laces and muslins.

'These are my little girls,' said our father leading us up to her. 'May they comfort you, in a measure, for your own buried child.'

The lady kissed us again and again, and I saw tears rolling like unstrung beads down her black dress.

The hearts of children expand as readily as flowers to the genial sunshine before words and deeds of love. The sweet look of her soft brown eyes, the mournful sadness that fell like a veil over her face, as my father alluded to her lost darling, and the tender manner in which she gathered us to her yearning bosom, conquered in a moment our fears, and dispelled our rebellious intentions at once and for ever.

We returned her kisses, we called her 'mamma,' we promised to love her evermore, while my father turned away to conceal the dew of happiness that rose to his eyes at the scene.

It is almost a proverb that step-mothers are hard and unloving toward their charges. For the sake of humanity let us hope that many are condemned, for the short-comings of a few. Be that as it may I never hear or read the hard words that are so freely cast upon this unenviable class,—whose best reward is too frequently nought but ingratitude and misconception—but I am ready to return thanks that upon Lizzie and me were bestowed a good and patient Second Mother.

The Earthquake at Naples.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Naples, gives an account of the great earthquake which recently afflicted Southern Italy, and caused the destruction of many thousand lives and an untold amount of property.—He says:

On Wednesday evening (16th December) I was sitting in a salon in our residence here on the Chiaia, situated on the immediate shore of the Bay, when one of our servants rushed into the room to ask what was the matter, supposing that we had knocked violently at the door of the room. Immediately the windows and doors began to rattle in the strangest manner. Imagining that it might proceed from one of those sudden coups de vent so frequent in this climate, I opened the windows and walked out on the balcony. The atmosphere was still, the most profound calm prevailed, not a cloud could be seen. It was a splendid starlight night. I returned into the salon, and in a few seconds felt the floor alternately sinking and rising and affected like that of the cabin of a vessel which rolls and pitches. In the next room, where two young ladies had just gone to bed, I heard that they had found it difficult to keep in bed. The maid who attended them said the walls were falling. I looked at a large bronze chandelier suspended from the centre of the ceiling of the salon, and, to my astonishment, saw it swinging exactly like a lamp suspended in the cabin of a vessel in a storm.

The character of the phenomenon was no longer doubtful. I looked at my watch, the hour was a quarter past 10 exactly. As the most exact means of estimating the undulation, I observ-

ed the movements of the large chandelier. This is a large bronze lustre, weighing 400 lb. or 500 lb. The distance from its point of suspension to the lowest point of its axis is about ten feet. Its motion at first seemed to be that of a pendulum, the arc of vibration of the lowest point being about two feet, but this immediately changed to the motion of a conical pendulum; the lowest point of the axis described a circle, or rather an ellipse, the major axis of which is about two feet. It appears, therefore, that the phenomenon began with a tremulous movement of the foundation of the house, manifested by the rattling of the doors and windows, and that this, after a short interval, was succeeded by two undulations, propagated, as it would seem by the conical swing of the lustre, in two directions.—All that I have here taken so many lines to describe took place within two, or at the most three minutes. Of course, the lustre once thrown into a state of oscillation continued to swing for a much more considerable time.

Such being what I witnessed personally, I ascertained afterwards that similar phenomena were presented in other apartments in the hotel. The swinging of the lustre was even greater, but this arose no doubt from the circumstance of their being smaller and their line of suspension shorter. The bells of the hotel were all set a ringing. The pendulum of a large house clock standing in the hall rattled against the clock-case. A gentleman lying asleep upon a sofa on the ground-floor, was flung off upon the floor. A man-servant of ours occupied a neighboring apartment with his wife and two children. The bed of one of the children was overturned, and a lamp standing on the table was thrown on the floor.

The population generally, soon after the shock, went out into the squares, places, and other open spaces. The wealthier classes ordered out their carriages, in which they passed the chief part of the night in driving on the Chiaja road, which runs along the borders of the bay, wide enough to keep clear of falling houses. The people who filled the squares and other open spaces, lighted fires and passed the night around them. Many families had chairs and benches brought from their apartments into the Piazza Reale, and Largo de Castello, the Santa Lucia, and other like places, where they sat during the night awaiting a recurrence of the shocks. In some houses the thin partitions which divide room from room and the ceilings were cracked; some damage is also said to have been done to the British Hospital. On the night succeeding the phenomenon, the population, imagining that a repetition of the shocks might be expected about the same hour, crowded again into the squares and open spaces, where they passed part of the night.

At the Royal Observatory on the Capo di Monte, two astronomical clocks, the pendulums of which vibrate in the plane of the prime vertical (that is, east and west) were stopped. Other clocks in the Observatory, however, continued to go regularly. The employees of the Observatory estimated the continuance of the first shock to be five and that of the second twenty-five seconds. They considered the direction of the undulations to be from south to north. They perceived two other slight shocks at 3 and 5 o'clock in the morning of Thursday.

Whether the state of the atmosphere has any connection with or dependence upon this class of phenomena is not certainly known. Here the weather for six weeks back has been like that of June in London. The rain has fallen, and the sunshine has been almost uninterrupted. The sirocco has alternated with the VENT DI TERRA, the one corresponding to our warm southwest wind, and the other to our cold northeast. Vesuvius has been very active, throwing up constantly showers of incandescent matter, which at night presents from time the appearance of what is called the 'bouquet' in artificial fireworks. A slight eruption of lava took place last week, and it has been observed that the activity of the volcano was considerably abated for two days before the shock.

P. S.—A few particulars of the disasters in Calabria are given in the official journal. It appears that the telegraphic wire has been broken between Eboli and Sala, both in the line of country I have indicated. News however, has been received from the latter place, where the walls of the prison and barracks have been cracked; three persons were killed. At Atessa, a town near Sala, half the houses are reduced to ruins. In Padula, another town in that district, more than one hundred houses have been thrown down, with an unknown number of persons buried under them. In La Polla, another town of that neighborhood, the disasters have been enormous and the victims numerous, but unascertained; among them, however, is included a brigade of gendarmes. In Auletta, Petrosa, and Caggiano, ruin and death have occurred to an unknown extent. In Salerno, many buildings, including two churches, the intendancy's palace, and the barracks of the gendarmes, are gravely damaged. Near Salerno, a church and belfry have fallen, killing two ladies. In Campagna, numerous houses are cracked, including that of the superintendent. In the Basilicata at Polenza, the disasters have been extensive. Numerous buildings have been thrown down, burying unknown numbers beneath their ruins. A broken telegraphic dispatch from Bari and Campo Basso has excited great alarm, as it would appear to signify that all the inhabitants of one of these places have been destroyed.

Another Clerical Notable--Dr. Cumming.

Dr. Cumming has a name. Carriages with strawberry leaves deposit high-born ladies at his chapel. Lord John Russell goes to hear him.—Actually, he has preached before the Queen.—So the chapel is crammed, as if there was something wonderful to see and hear. I confess I am of a contrary opinion. I cannot—to quote the common phrase of religious society—"sit under"

Dr. Cumming. I weary of his Old Testament and his high-dried Scotch theology, and his Romanist antipathies, and his millennial hopes.

'You tell me, doctor,' I would say to him, 'that I am a sinner—born in sin, and shapen in iniquity—that I am utterly and completely bad. Why not, then, speak to me so as to do me good? I care nothing for the Pope. Immured as I am in the business of the world—with difficulty earning my daily bread—I have little time to think of the Millennium, or to discuss whether the Jewish believer, some two thousand years ago, saw in his system anything beyond it and above it—anything brighter and better than itself. The student, in his cell, may discuss such questions—as the schoolmen of the middle ages sought to settle how many angels could dance on the point of a needle—but I, and men like me, need to be ministered to in another way. Men who preach to me must not wrestle with extinct devils, but with real ones. What I want is light upon the living present, not upon the dead and buried past. Around me are the glare and splendor of life—beauty's smile—ambition's dream—the gorgeousness of wealth—the pride of power.—Are these things worth living for? Is there anything for man higher and better? and, if so, how can I drown the clamor of their seductive voices, and escape into a more serene and purer air.'

And how am I to know that these professing Christians, so well dressed, listening with such complacency while Dr. Cumming demolishes Cardinal Wiseman—are better than other men? As tradesmen, are they upright? As members of the commonwealth, are they patriotic? As religious men, are their lives pure and unspotted from the world? I want not theories of grace, but what shall make men practically do what they theoretically believe. It is a human world we live in. Every heart you meet is trembling with passion, or bursting with desire. On every tongue there is some tale of joy or woe. If, by mysterious ties, I am connected with the Infinite and Divine, by more palpable ties I am connected with what is finite and human; and I want the preacher to remember that fact. The Hebrew Christ did it, and the result was that his enemies were constrained to confess that "never man spake like this man," and that the "common people heard him gladly." Dr. Cumming preaches as if you had no father or mother, no sister or brother, no wife or child, no human struggles and hopes—as if the great object of preaching was to fill you with Biblical pedantry, and not to make the man better, wiser, stronger, than before. Perhaps it may be because this is the case, that the church is so thronged.

You need not tremble lest your heart be touched, and your darling sin withered up by the indignant oratory of the preacher. He is far away in Revelation or Exodus, telling us what the first man did, or the last man will do; giving you, it may be, a creed that is scriptural and correct, but that does not interest you—that has neither life, nor love, nor power—as well adapted to empty space, as to this gigantic Babel of competition, and wrong, in which I live and move.—[The London Pulpit.]

Table

CONTAINING A SUMMARY OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1868. G. S. L. CITY.

BY W. W. PHELPS.

Monthly Mean.		Barometer.	
6 a.m.	9 a.m.	3 p.m.	9 p.m.
25.548	25.503	25.548	25.562.
Monthly Mean.		Thermometer attached.	
6 a.m.	9 a.m.	3 p.m.	9 p.m.
44	45	49	49
Monthly Mean.		Thermometer detached.	
6 a.m.	9 a.m.	3 p.m.	9 p.m.
34	43	49	44
Monthly Mean.		Wet Bulb.	
6 a.m.	3 p.m.		
39	42		

Highest and lowest range of Barometer during the month:—	Highest and lowest range of Thermometer during the month:—
Max. 25.962 Min. 25.103	Max. 68 deg. Min. 23 deg.

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- 1—Fair and cool.
- 2—Clear and springy.
- 3—Clear and warm.
- 4—Clear; prospect fine.
- 5—Beautiful and warm.
- 6—Cool and clear; wind strong.
- 7—Clear and pleasant.
- 8—Clear and warm.
- 9—Cloudy; hazy and warm.
- 10—Partially clear.
- 11—Variable and stormy appearance.
- 12—Cloudy and rain at intervals.
- 13—Cloudy, misty and windy.
- 14—Snowy and stormy all day.
- 15—Eclipse; new moon 4 h. 44 m. a.m.; stormy; snow 9 in.
- 16—Hazy; storm near.
- 17—Cold stormy day; snowing.
- 18—Cloudy; spitting snow.
- 19—Snowing through the day—3 in.
- 20—Clear partially.
- 21—Hazy and somewhat fair.
- 22—Clear and hazy; snow 3 in.
- 23—Partially fair; south wind.
- 24—Variable and cloudy.
- 25—Strong wind and snowing at 6 p. m.
- 26—Snow 2 in. a.m.; partially clear.
- 27—Clear and cloudy at intervals.
- 28—Cloudy; rain in the evening.
- 29—Clear and warm; full moon 4 h. 29 m. a.m.
- 30—Partially clear and warm.
- 31—Thin haze and warm.

Amount of snow fallen, during the month, 17 inches; snow and rain water measured 2 inches and 350 thousandths.