

NIGHT AMONG THE HILLS.

So still! So still! The night comes down on vale and hill! So strangely still, I can not close My eyes in sleep! No watchman goes About the little town to keep All safe at night. I can not sleep!

So dark! So dark! Save here and there a flitting spark, The firefly's tiny lamp, that makes The dark more dense. My spirit quakes With terrors vague and undefined! I see the hills loom up behind.

So near! So near! Those solemn mountains, grand and drear, Their rocky summits I do not wish to see Like sentinels to guard the land? Or jollars, fierce and grim and stern, To shut us in till day return!

I hear a sound, —chirping faint, low on the ground: A sparrow's nest is there. I know The birdlings flew three days ago; Yet still return each night to rest And sleep in the forsaken nest.

No fear! No fear! —Sleep, timid heart! Sleep safely here! A million helpless creatures rest Securely on Earth's kindly breast: While Night her solemn silence keeps. He wakes to watch who never sleeps.

ON MOUNT ETNA.

Among the wondrous sights on the earth, the volcano of Etna will always hold a just pre-eminence. Renowned by past and present history, sublime by its elevation, its form, and the awful secrecy of unknown terrors which lie concealed within its bosom, the Sicilian volcano will always be viewed with the deepest, the most solemn awe.

It was with such feelings and with such thoughts as these, that I began to ascend the volcano on the morning of the 5th of May, 1849. I had left Catania on the day before, in order to visit this wonderful spot. I did not wish to glance carelessly upon it;—no; for to me there was always something reverent, something almost divine, in connection with this great mass of upheaved lava, which led me to look earnestly at its rugged sides. I wish to ascend, to view from its summit the fairest regions on earth; to glance down, down into those unfathomable depths, where fire, fire in all its terror, forever dwells, forever struggles!

It was with slow steps that I ascended the cone, after the patient and hardy ponies had been dismissed. I had been an invalid, and the fatigue of climbing up the steep and rocky declivity might well have daunted me. But after many restives and many haltings, I was able to attain the summit. The summit! Good heavens! can I ever forget the delirium, the transport of joy, which the boundless prospect there awakened within me? Can I ever forget the glimpse which I first caught of all the glories and all the horrors of nature mingled together in such fearful union?

Far away on one side spread the fertile plains, the green meadows, and the gentle valleys of Sicily. There were streams glancing and flashing in the sun as they wandered to the sea, with ten thousand labyrinthian turnings; lakes whose glassy surface showed not a ripple, not a ripple; there were terraces upon the sides of a hundred hills, where vineyards were planted, and where the trellised vines passed along, all blooming; there were groves of orange-trees, and the dark-green foliage of which the golden oranges peeped forth like the flashes of phosphorescent light in a midnight sea; there were long avenues of cypresses, of acacias, of noble trees of many kinds, amid which kingly assemblage at times could be seen the noble summit of some stately palm, as it towered on high above the others.

And the sea—the wide, the boundless, the deep-blue Mediterranean—there it spread away, on the other side, as far as eye could reach, spreading away as far as thoughts could run—glorious as

"The Dashing, Silver-flashing, Surges of San Salvador."

But turn aside—and there, beneath, far beneath, lies an abyss like that of which Milton has sung in sublimest mortal strains.

I paused upon the brink, and, shuddering, I gazed down—down! The thick and funeral volumes of tortuously-ascending smoke came seething upward as from a cauldron. It escaped from a myriad crevices in the rocky, precipitous sides; it poured forth from behind projections; and united with the vast mass which came sublimely upward from the unfathomable depths.

Here, upon the sandy, rock edge, where sulphur, and crumbled lava, and pumice-stone, were all mingled together to form a horrid soil, here I sat and looked down. From the scene beyond, from that glimpse of earth, which made it seem like heaven; from that vision of all that was most lovely and all that was most overpowering; to turn and gaze into a volcano's awful depths—what a change!

Involved in a thousand thoughts I sat there, thinking myself alone, when a sudden grating struck my ear. I was startled exceedingly, and turned around. The place where I had been sitting was a peninsular projection of the cliff which formed part of this infernal chasm. Upon the narrow strip of land which joined it to the other cliffs—upon the isthmus—I saw a mild-looking, middle-aged gentleman approach me.

He was dressed in plain black clothes, and in his hand he held a light stick. "I beg your pardon, signor," said he, in a polite manner, and with great softness of tone; "I beg your pardon for intruding myself upon your company. But it is not often that I see any visitor so far up."

"My dear sir! I beg you will make no excuses," I replied; "I was just admiring this scene below."

"Ah! yes, 'tis a glorious sight," "Glorious! say rather, a terrible one."

"Terrible, perhaps, to you; but do not be surprised if I say that to me it is lovely, absolutely lovely!" And he spoke, a smile of bewitching beauty crossed his features.

"I suppose your tastes are different from those of many people, signor. I have not such feelings. But may I ask you if you are often here?"

"Oh, yes! I live here," he replied, waving his stick around. "I live here."

I thought that he meant me to understand that his home was on the mountain where very many villas are situated.

"And I should suppose," I continued, "that you are often on the summit."

"Oh! yes, I am here always."

"Always with a strange fascination it has for you?"

"It has! it has!" said the gentleman. "Oh! a fearful!"—and his voice grew low and hollow—"a terrible fascination!"

I was silent. "I will tell you," said he, sitting closely by my side and turning his eyes full toward me, "I do not wish you to inform any one. Promise me that you will not."

I had not noticed his eyes before, but I saw now that within their depths there gleamed a strange and sinister light.

I promised him, and at the same time I unasily drew nack farther from the edge.

"Well, then, signor," said he, "I am king here! I rule Mount Etna!"

"Yes?" I answered, a little alarmed at his words, and attempted to smile.

"Yes, I am king here. In me you see the being who causes the lava to pour forth and overwhelm the regions below. I have lived here for centuries. The spirits of the deep obey me. See!"

He leaped up from the ground. There was a fearful fire in his eye, his nostrils were dilated, his pale face became as white as marble, and as bloodless as snow that on either cheek there glowed a deep red spot.

"See!" he shrieked wildly and loudly, "spirits of the deep, arise! Ha!—you—see them!—they are coming—in clouds—enrobed in thunder-garments—see!"

I leaped from the ground; I gazed at him.

He threw off his hat wildly, and it fell far down in the abyss. He flung off his coat and threw it away.

"Signor," said I, in hopes that a mild tone might make him calm, "signor, the winds obey you. Let us go."

"Go? Where? Is not this my home? Is not this my palace? Saw you not my servants? You are my guest!"

"Will you not sit down and tell me about your home?" said I, snuddering.

"No! there are secrets that can never be spoken. Can you understand them? Who are you, a mortal, that you dare ask?"

I walked slowly toward the narrow passage of land—the bridge. But he saw me and stood upon it. I could not go.

"Can this all be pleasantry?" thought I. An awful thought passed through me which froze my heart's blood.

Pleasantry! There he stood, my wild companion, his eyes blazing, fixed piercingly on me, his hands clenched, his mouth foaming, every sinew in his body worked up. He stood screaming, laughing. Oh God! I was alone with a maniac!

"You are to go with me," he cried. "Where?"

"There. I have come to carry you to my home." He pointed with a cold, snake smile down toward the unfathomable abyss whence ascended the terrible column of inky and suffocating smoke.

I gazed at him, for there was some element of fascination in his glassy stare which forced me, to gaze. There was a cold smile upon his lips, which were all bloodless, and discolored, as they parted, his mouth and tightly-shut teeth.

"There is my home—there; and I have come to take you with me. Ha! ha! how happy you will be! Come!"

Still I gazed, while my heart throbbled with slow but terrible pulsations.

He advanced one step toward me. I looked all round. The spell was broken which enchained my gaze. I looked all around—at the bine sky above, at the scorched earth around, at the horrible chasm beneath. There was no hope Oh! could I but leap the space which separated me from the main cliff! Could I but do it—but I could not! There was no hope!

"What do you not answer?" he cried, suddenly lashed into fury by my silence, and stamping his foot in frenzy upon the rock. "Do you not answer? Then I must carry you with me."

The maniac sprang toward me.

With all my energies roused into frantic action, with every sinew braced and every muscle contracted, I planted my feet backward against a small angular rock which projected above the loose, sandy soil, and endeavored to meet the shock. With a wild scream, which arose thrillingly into the air, his eyes all bloodshot, his mouth foaming, on he came. He struck me—his arms surrounded me in a fearful embrace, his hot breath came burning upon my cheek. I stood firm, for despair and all the bitterness of death had given no place to fear and timidity, but had bestowed upon me the coolness of one in an ordinary situation. I threw my left arm beneath his, my right I passed over my neck and around upon his back, thus seeking to press him to the earth.

It was a moment of horror such as no mortal tongue could ever tell. A struggle with a maniac! To be on a small surface of a rock, while three thousand feet beneath lay the abyss of untold horrors! At this hour my heart beats more forcibly even as I think upon the time.

Thus we stood, breast to breast, face to face—the madman and I—he with his arms encircling me; I seeking to save myself. He pressed me toward the edge of the cliff. He plunged his feet deep into the ground; he laughed merrily, and screamed, as he tried to destroy me. But against that rock my feet were firmly braced, and I held him tightly, and I pushed him, and I sought to hurl him from me! Eurl him from me! as well might the hungry tiger, be hurled from his prey.

Oh! the agony of that struggle! I

know not how long it was, but to me it seemed like many hours. The wild eyes of the madman gazed at mine all the time, and I found it impossible to look away. His fearful face, all white, all ghastly, was upturned toward me, as he shouted in his fiendish, mocking laughter.

"Oh, Heaven! Oh, horror! Can this, will this endure forever?" cried I in the agony of my fear. The maniac howled with derisive shouts. I felt that I was growing weaker. But he was a madman; and would he grow weaker also? A thousand thoughts fled through me.

Suddenly the maniac gave one fearful plunge. It was with the strength of a giant that he seized me. He raised me from my feet. The rock, the saving rock—I had lost it; I was gone. I threw my arms high into the air, and my scream of terror ascended in unison with the maniac's mocking yell.

"Down! down! to the bottomless pit To the home of fire and brimstone! To the endless horrors of burning lakes!" he screamed as he gave a bound toward the edge of the cliff.

Inspired by a sudden gift of super-human strength, by a partial possession of even a madman's power, I caught him by the throat, and even on the very edge, even in sight of the abyss, I sprang back, I bore him back. I brought him to the ground. Falling heavily upon him, I held his throat still in a fierce grasp, while his own arms were wound tightly around my neck, and his legs around mine. I felt his hot breath from his open mouth as his cheek lay pressed against my face; I heard him grate harshly, and drew my head violently away, as he sought to seize me with his sharp teeth.

In our frantic struggles on the ground we rolled wildly about, and the dust from sulphur and from pumice-stone ascended around us in suffocating clouds. I was half insane. I was struggling for life. I caught up a handful of the fire-choking dust and, rubbing it violently over his open mouth, it went into his nostrils and lungs. He gave a jerk forward in agony. Amid the clouds of dust around I could not see where we were. He held me by the hair as he sprang; a moment after and a fearful head was straining there, holding my head down with irresistible force.

Another moment and I arose, while wild and high arose the shriek of the maniac as he fell down—down—into the abyss!

Broncho Sam as an Equestrian.

Speaking about cowboys, Sam Stewart, known from Montana to old Mexico as Broncho Sam, was the chief. His special delight was to break the warlike heart of the vicious wild pony of the plains and make him the servant of man.

There may be joy in a wild gallop across the boundless plains in the crisp morning on the back of a fleet broncho; but when you return with your ribs sticking through your vest, and find that your nimble steed has returned to town two hours ahead of you, there is a tinge of sadness about it all.

Broncho Sam, however, made a specialty of doing all the riding himself. He wouldn't enter into any compromise and allow the horse to ride him.

In a reckless moment he offered to be \$10 that he could mount and ride a wild Texan steer. The money was put up. That settled it. Sam never took water. This was true in a double sense. Well, he climbed the cross-bar of the corral gate, and asked the other boys to turn out their best steer, Marquis of Queensbury rules.

As the steer passed out Sam slid down and wrapped those parenthetical legs of his around that high-headed, broad-horned brute, and he rode him until the feet-footed animal fell down on the buffalo grass, ran his hot red tongue out across the blue horizon, shook his tail convulsively swelled up and fluffed.

It took Sam just four days to walk back.

A ten dollar bill looks as large to me as the star spangled banner sometimes, but that is an avenue of wealth that had not occurred to me.

"I'd rather ride a buzz saw at \$2 a day and found."

French and English Customs.

Marquis Tseng, the Chinese Ambassador to France says the French and English are both fond of lauding their own national customs and finding flaws in those of other countries. My French interpreter jeered at the English, and my English interpreter ridiculed the French. A Chinese going to Europe suffers from two difficulties to which he finds it very hard to accustom himself. One is the confined nature of the house accommodation, the other is the high price of everything. In the West the cost of ground for building purposes is enormous, and the consequence is that people are obliged to live in houses eight or nine stories high. Not only this, but so sparing are they of land in constructing their houses that there are generally one or two pits underground, which serve as kitchens and wine cellars. Their parks and gardens, however, are laid out on a most extensive scale, and care is taken to copy nature in all its wild simplicity. These resorts of amusement and pleasure vary in size from one to three miles in circumference. Here they show no disposition to stint themselves in the matter of land, and bestow much care upon the neat arrangements of such places, thereby embodying the maxim transmitted by Mencius, that "if the people are made to share in the means of enjoyment, they will cherish no feeling of discontent." Both France and England are as one in the above respect. The English excel in their use of ways and means for the acquisition of wealth; the French delight in extravagance and waste. With the former, the result of the general eagerness to get rich is that everything, however inferior in quality, is high-priced, while with the latter extravagance has become a national habit, and prices know no bounds. Such is the difference between the two countries—a difference, however, which entails the same inconvenience upon the traveler in either case.

Trained to Hunt Men.

"And these are the bloodhounds I hear so much about?" I remarked to my conductor.

"Yes, they are the famous bloodhounds, that is, as much bloodhounds as you will find in Texas. They are simply foxhounds trained to hunt men."

"Do you keep them shut up all the time?"

"Yes, they would make it lively for the boys if they got out."

"How often do you have occasion to use them during the year?"

"Not more than two or three times. Convicts will not leave when they know good hounds are on hand."

"Do you have difficulty in properly training your hounds?"

"Oh, no; that is about the only sport there is. Here comes the puppies. We will give them a run and let you see how it is done."

A trusty was sent down the lane and over the fence, through a large field for deer life. When he had accomplished about half a mile, or half his circuit, the puppies, three six-months-old hounds, were put on his track, and they started, nosing the ground and yelping as they ran. On they kept, over fences and through stubbles and ditches, never ceasing their noise. Sometimes they would run over the trail where the trusty had made an abrupt turn, but soon they would return to the spot where they had lost the scent and cautiously felt their way until certain they had the trail, when they would be off again. The trusty was a long distance runner, but the soft ground made his impromptu track heavy, and he lagged as he approached the end of his run, evidently fatigued.

The dogs gained on him rapidly and were yelping close upon him. He was ordered to run to a tree or fence and get out of their way, so that they would have to find him by the scent. He first tried to climb a high gate post, but the dogs, with their noses to the ground, were upon him almost and forced him to take shelter in a wagon which was standing in the yard, when he hid himself in the bed just as the dogs came to the gate. They looked up the gate post and smelled around a little, then without delay followed the trail direct to the wagon and discovered their prey lying panting like a tugboat. I looked at the perspiring convict, and my heart smote me for being the cause of his race, but I soon found out it was a great privilege enjoyed by but few, and giving the puppies a race was considered by them the very essence of pleasure. The convict took an old blanket in his hand and alighted on the ground where the dogs fought him. He fiercely, making vicious springs for him. He repulsed them by buffeting them with the blanket, jumping away and thwarting them in any manner without hurting them. Finally, one of the dogs fastened his teeth in the convict's coarse pants, at a point where the most cloth was used in making, and holding on with unyielding tenacity, was swung round and round, with vigor, until tired. The dogs were then taken by a guard, and the convict went away highly pleased with his sport.

"Will you please exchange these gloves?"

This was addressed by a lady wearing a sealskin cloak to the saleswoman at the glove counter of a large dry goods store.

"We cannot exchange them," was the reply, after they had been critically examined.

"Why not? I bought them for your best gloves, and the moment I put them on they tore at the thumb."

"Then why did you not bring them here without wearing them?"

"I did not wear them," was the answer.

"Both, certainly have been on, and they look as though they had been worn some time" was the emphatic remark of the saleswoman.

"Well, I bought them to wear last evening, and not having any others, I, of course, had to wear them."

"The gloves were six-button, tan-colored kid, not only torn at the thumb, but wrinkled at the wrist and very much stretched out of shape, and the fingers were considerably soiled. In fact, they looked as though they had been worn a week. The saleswoman looked at them again and finally took them to the manager of the department for his decision, and he also declined to exchange them."

"Do you have many such customers?" a looker on inquired.

"Not many. We warrant our best gloves, and if they break in putting them on or are damaged in any way, we gladly exchange them for another pair, provided they do not look soiled from wear."

"In a number of pairs of gloves, say 100, are many of them likely to be imperfect?"

"Oh, no."

"Are many gloves torn in trying them on?"

"Not many," she replied, smiling, and perhaps having an eye to the interest of the business of her employer.

"Then how do you account for the damaged gloves that are sold occasionally?"

"Oh, they are collected during the year," she answered, shrugging her shoulders.

"Where are you going Mary?"

"Across the street to lunch with Nettie Blank."

"Are you sure there are no strange characters lurking around?"

"I have looked out of all the windows and cannot see any one except, of course, the detectives."

"Have you notified them that you wished to get out?"

"Yes, and they promised to be on the alert."

"You have your revolver and bowie knife and police rattle in your pockets, of course?"

"Yes, ma."

"Well, you may go, but don't stay long, for it looks like rain and your cartridges might get damp."

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast; and 'tis that which crowns a welcome.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Pretension is nothing; power is everything. The trial is not fair where affection is judge.

Better break thy word than do worse in keeping it.

Candor is a virtue often affected to cover hypocrisy.

Sadness is a disease, the best remedy for it is occupation.

True happiness does not abide with wealth or indolence.

Indolence is the rust of the mind and the inlet of every vice.

The cause of our grandeur may become that of our ruin.

When our hatred is too keen it places us beneath those we hate.

Eloquence may serve us, but plain words accomplish them.

Do not impose too much upon patience and change it to fury.

A father's blessing cannot be drowned in water nor consumed by fire.

The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.

With God, even across the sea; without him, not even to the threshold.

The winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.

The breath of him who wishes to satisfy every one must be hot and cold.

The man has not lived in vain who plants a good tree in the right place.

The utility of virtue is so plain that the unprincipled feign it from policy.

He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please.

We shall all be perfectly virtuous when there is no longer any flesh on our bones.

No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.

No action will be considered as blameless unless the will was so, for by the will the act was dictated.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul.

One of life's hardest lessons from the cradle to the grave is waiting. We send out our ships, but cannot patiently await their return.

Foundations are good, and paths are good; but they are not enough. Foundations are made to build on; paths are made to walk in.

Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of what he should be. Men walk as prophets of the next age.

Self-control is promoted by humanity. Pride is a fruitful source of uneasiness. It keeps the mind in disquiet. Humility is the antidote to this evil.

The permanency of marriage is indispensable to the security of families; and families are beams and girders which hold together the State.

No one loves to tell a tale of scandal to him who loves to hear it. Learn, then, to rebuke and silence the detracting tongue by refusing to hear.

We must look downward as well as upward in human life. Though many may have passed you in the race, there are many you have left behind.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

He who is conscious of his ignorance, viewing it in the light of misfortune, is more wise than one who mistakes superficial polish for real knowledge.

Love in its varied phases, can acquire purity or dignity only when guided by an inward power over ourselves that is the very gem of virtue.

It is as absurd to pretend that one cannot love the same woman always, as to pretend that a good artist needs several violins to execute a piece of music.

It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one than a little; a great deal may rouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

Try to be happy in this very present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come; as though that time should be of another make from this, which is already come, and is ours.

Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty, insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

Religion is a necessary, an indispensable element, in any great human character. There is no living without it. It is the tie that connects man with his Creator and holds him to his throne.

Real merit of any kind cannot be concealed; it will be discovered and nothing can depreciate it but a man's showing it himself. It may not always be rewarded as it ought; but it will always be known.

Habit, if wisely and skillfully formed, becomes truly a second nature, as the common saying is; but unskillfully and unmethodically directed, it will be as it were the ape of nature, which imitates nothing to the life, but only clumsily and awkwardly.

Work every hour paid or unpaid, see only that thou work, and thou shalt not escape thy reward. Whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only it be honest work, done to thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the same as well as to the thought. No matter how often defeated, you are born to victory. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.