



THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

It is calm on the face of the deep,
 Light is the last look of day in the west,
 Only the beams of its parting glance sweep
 A path that conducts to the land of the blest;
 Blue and green is the sea as it flows
 As just heaving its tide to the shore;
 Blue and blue is the sky as it glows
 Hours that tell us that daylight is o'er.

Rock that hangs o'er the wave,
 Surge heaves and tosses its snow-wreathes
 Takes, gilt with sunbeams, the flowing tide
 Gems that in gardens of sorcery grow;
 Rock, and I watch the light fade,
 Water and fainter, away in the west,
 How I can catch through the mantle of shade
 Glimpses of the far distant land of the blest.

For a home in that land of the soul,
 Hearts always warm glow with friendship and love,
 Ever cloudless still cheerily roll,
 A page of eternity blazing above;
 Friendship unbroken, and loves ever true,
 As on a gay dream of pleasure and rest,
 In the fresh turf, the sky purely blue,
 Smile and arch o'er the land of the blest.

Be of light now is crossing the sea,
 First star is lighting its lamp in the sky;
 At a sweet voice is calling to me,
 And on that pathway of brightness to fly;
 The wave is a green sunny isle,
 The last cloud of evening now shines in the
 And that Spring ever wooed with her smile;
 It is—the bright happy land of the blest.

IMPROMPTU BUFFALO RIDE.

To my feet, flinging aside my blanket. A
 back was before me. Away to the West,
 My eye could reach, the prairie seemed in mo-
 tion, and I rode over its undulating outlines,

as though some burning mountain was pouring down its
 lava upon the plains. A thousand bright spots flashed
 and flitted along the surface like jets of fire. The
 ground shook, men shouted, horses reared upon their
 ropes neighing wildly. My dog barked and howled,
 running around me. For a moment I thought I was
 dreaming, but no, the scene was too real to be mis-
 taken for a vision. I saw the border of the black wave
 within ten paces of me, and still approaching. Then
 on I not until then did I recognize the shaggy crests and
 glaring eyeballs of the buffalo. "God of heaven! I
 am in their track! I will be trampled to death!" It
 was too late to attempt to escape by running. I seized
 my rifle and fired at the foremost of the herd. The
 effect of my shot was not perceptible. The water of
 the Arroyo was dashed in my face. A huge bull, ahead
 of the rest, furious and snorting, plunged through the
 stream and up the slope. I was lifted and tossed high
 in the air. I was thrown rearwards, and fell upon a
 moving mass. I did not feel hurt, not stunned. I felt
 myself carried onward on the backs of several animals,
 that in the dense drove ran close together. These,
 frightened at their strange burthen, bellowed loudly, and
 dashed to the front. A sudden thought struck me, and
 fixing on that which was most under me, I dropped my
 legs astride of him, embracing his hump, and clutching
 to the long woolly hair that grew upon his neck. The
 animal "routed" with extreme terror, and plunging for-
 ward, soon headed the band. This was exactly what
 I wanted; and on we went over the prairie, the bull
 running at top speed, believing, no doubt, that he
 had a panther or a catamount between his shoulders. I
 had no desire to dash him of this belief; and lest he
 should deem me altogether harmless and come to a
 halt, I slipped out my bowie, which happened to be
 "handy," and poked him up whenever he showed
 symptoms of lagging. At every fresh touch of the
 "spur" he roared out, and ran forward at a redoubled
 pace. My danger was still extreme. The drove was
 coming on behind, with a front of nearly a mile. I
 could not have cleared it if the bull had stopped and left
 me on the prairie. Notwithstanding the peril I was in,
 I could not resist laughing at my ludicrous situation;
 I felt as one does when looking at a good comedy.
 We struck through a village of "prairie dogs." Here
 I fancied the animal was about to turn and run back.
 This brought my march to a sudden pause; but the buff-
 alo usual y runs in a "bee line," and fortunately mine

made no exception to the law. On he went, sinking to
 the knees, kicking the dust from the conical hills, snort-
 ing and bellowing with rage and terror. The "prairie
 bluffs" were directly in the line of our course. I had
 seen this from the start, and knew that if I could reach
 them I would be safe. They were nearly three miles
 from the bluff where we had bivouacked; but in my
 pride I fancied them ten. A small one rose over the
 prairie, several hundred yards nearer than the main
 heights. Towards this I picked the foaming bull in a
 last stretch, and he brought me cleverly within a hun-
 dred yards of its base. It was now time to take leave
 of my ducky companion. I could have slaughtered
 him as I leaned over his neck. My knife rested upon
 the most vulnerable part of his huge body—No, I would
 not have slain that buffalo for the Koh-i-Noor. Un-
 twisting my fingers from his thick fleece, I slipped down
 over his tail, and without as much as saying "good
 night," ran with all my speed towards the knoll. I
 climbed up, and sitting down upon a loose boulder of
 rock looked out over the prairie. The moon was still
 shining. My late companion had halted not far from
 where I had left him, and stood glaring back with a
 look of extreme bewilderment. There was something
 so comical in the sight that I veiled with laughter as I
 sat securely on my perch—[The Scalp Hunters; or,
 Romantic Adventures in Northern Mexico

CATANIA.

Catania is situated in a valley near the foot of Mount
 Etna, and contains a population of about 47,000 souls.
 The city is built almost entirely of lava—even the walls
 that surround it are built of this material. Shortly after
 the destruction of the ancient city, (A. D. 1693,) the
 survivors reared the modern Catania upon its ruins—
 The streets of the new city are regularly and handsomely
 laid out, are straight and wide, and are paved with
 the lava of Etna. The attachment of the people to
 their native soil and their habituation to the dangers of
 the volcano, are the reasons assigned for building the
 new city on the same old site. The edifices are noble
 and costly, and the university enjoys a very high reputa-
 tion. Catania has very little commerce. The heavy
 deluge of Etna has filled up its harbor and the Spaniards
 of the Government are too scanty to restore it.
 St. Agatha is the patroness of the city, and on every
 emergency her intercession is implored.