



POETICAL

HURRAH FOR "ROUGH AND READY."

TUNE—"Dan Tucker."—Palo Alto Metre.
 When Washington and Jackson dead,
 Folks thought our race of heroes dead,
 But freedom to her soil still steady,
 Sent gallant Taylor, "the Rough and Ready."
 Hurrah, hurrah,
 Hurrah, hurrah,
 Both night and day with voices steady,
 Shout for our gallant "Rough and Ready."

A noble son of old Kentucky,
 With a heart like a lion, an eye like a buck,
 A head as clear as her skies so free,
 And frame as tough as her hickory tree.
 Hurra, hurra, &c.

In eighteen "12" 'gainst twelve to one,
 He bravely saved Fort Harrison,
 And made Mianna's red skin fly,
 From the lead of his guns, and the fire of his
 eye.
 Hurra, hurra, &c.

At Florida in '37,
 With five hundred men—the foe eleven,
 He burnt red Alligator's Toby,
 And conquered at Lake Okechobee.
 Hurra, hurra, &c.

There Thompson, Brooks, and a hundred fell
 Mid the roar of the storm and the Indian yell,
 But Taylor gave the cats such cracks,
 That they flew from the field like the fur from
 their backs.
 Hurra, hurra, &c.

At last against the lurking foe,
 The pride of Bandit Mexico,
 He met them five to one quite handy,
 And gave them Yankee Doodle Dandy.
 Hurra, hurra, &c.

He covered Palo Alto's grass,
 And Resaca de la Palma's Pass,
 With heads and limbs, and being winner
 He fed his troops on Arista's dinner.
 Hurra, hurra, &c.

And next he led his gallant way,
 Up to the heights of Monterey,
 He made Ampudia's host bite the earth,
 And showed them a Yankee Taylor's worth.
 Hurra, hurra, &c.

Again in Buena Vista's vale,
 He poured a gust of iron hale,
 And made Santa Anna fly with his flag,
 But a little more grape from Capt. Bragg.
 Hurra, hurra, &c.

And when these glorious fights were o'er,
 And our hero touched Orleans shore,
 We hailed him with praises north and south,
 From grateful tongues and the cannon's mouth.
 Hurra, hurra, &c.

Then hail to Zach the first of men,
 With sword, or word, or with the pen,
 For the people he's been true and steady,
 And they'll always find him Rough and Ready.
 Hurra, hurra, &c.

The soldier's friend in camp or fight,
 The people's shield in every right,
 No faction his, fame its own call,
 Whose worth is in the hearts of all.
 Hurra, hurra, &c.

OLD ROUGH AND READY.

TUNE—"Rustin the bow."
 Come Whigs to the Flag that streams o'er us,
 That waves not o'er men that can yield,
 Join the ranks—there's a Hero before us,
 A Caesar in Council and Field.
 A Caesar, &c.

Those who fatten on spoils he may please not
 They ask, "What great merits are his?"
 We'll tell in a word what he is not,
 He has told us himself what he is.
 He has told us, &c.

He is not a pompous Court-bred man,
 A foppish, a parasite thing,
 That robs, and then slanders the Red man,
 And worships and praises a King.
 And worships and praises, &c.

He had told us on Rio del Norte,
 Our fair fields he would not resign,
 Nor while standing on 54 40,
 Get frightened and take 49.
 Get frightened, &c.

Santa Anna the Lion awakened,
 Whom they sent to enervate his lair,
 May Cass—Santa Anna the second,
 The fate of the first one beware.
 The fate of the first, &c.

Then a "little more grape" let us give them,
 These foes of country at home,
 Their fire sides wait to receive them,
 May they keep them for ages to come.
 May they keep them, &c.

But the breaches of State who shall mend them?
 The holes these sleek vermin have gnawed,
 A man of the trade we will send them;
 One Taylor made breaches abroad.
 One Taylor, &c.

Then Whigs let us all rally round him,
 Home treachery leads him to fame,
 In the toils they wove him, we found him,
 And we'll teach them there's strength in his
 name.
 And we'll teach, &c.

Stick to the Boat.

During the blow on the Lakes not very
 long ago, a passenger upon one of our
 vessels, became very much frightened,
 and all, in reality, stood a very even
 chance of going to Davy Jones's locker.
 He, believing that all was lost, went be-
 low and offered up a feeling prayer, af-
 ter which he came on deck, but the
 storm had not abated in the least.

At this juncture he met the cook, a
 worthy descendant from "Afric's sunny
 fountain," and a wave of more than usual
 force striking the boat, he exclaimed,
 at the same time taking his hand, "Good-
 bye—meet me in Paradise."

The negro somewhat astonished, re-
 plied, "Thankee, thankee, sir, but I ain't
 g' wine. I sticks to de boat anyhow."

WE'LL CARRY BRAVE ZACH OF OLD VIRGINIA.

TUNE—"Oh! carry me back to old Virginny."
 Oh! freemen wake throughout the nation,
 There's no time for delay,
 Prepare your hearts the tale to tell,
 On next November day!
 Swear to our country's Genius,
 That Whigs shall sway once more!
 And carry brave Zach of Old Virginny,
 Of Old Virginia's Shore;
 We'll carry brave Zach of Old Virginia,
 Of Old Virginia's shore!
 Oh! carry brave Zach of Old Virginny,
 Of Old Virginia's Shore.

From the great state of Washington,
 And Harrison he comes,
 Their noble spirits wave him forth,
 Crying, onward from their tombs!
 Like them our nation's peace and bliss,
 His wisdom will restore!
 Then carry brave Zach of Old Virginny,
 Of Old Virginia's Shore!
 Then carry brave Zach, &c.

He brings not his victorious fights,
 To back his noble claim,
 He calls not war's ensanguined fights,
 Men's passions to inflame!
 A master mind, a patriot heart,
 He bears unto the core,
 Then carry brave Zach of Old Virginny,
 Of Old Virginia's shore, &c.

Liken Cincinnati from the camp,
 He ever sought the plough;
 And prized more high than soldier's plume,
 The honest sweat of brow!
 And there his mighty mind caught in,
 His country's laws and love!
 Then carry old Zach of Old Virginny,
 Of Old Virginia's shore!
 Then carry brave Zach, &c.

Free from ambitious artifice,
 Or power hunter's game!
 The country's good, the peoples' bliss,
 Alone are all his aim!
 The Natives and the Loco's tried,
 In vain to bribe him o'er!
 And we'll carry brave Zach of Old Virginny,
 Of Old Virginia's shore,
 And we'll carry brave Zach, &c.

With eagle eye he penetrates,
 The schemes of foreign foes!
 He looks through plotting parties plans,
 Like the sun through April snows!
 Such worth his country's seat shall fill,
 And New York's boy fill more (Fillmore.)
 For we'll carry brave Zach of Old Virginny,
 Of Old Virginia's shore,
 We'll carry brave Zach of Old Virginny
 Of Old Virginia's shore!

Using up a Gang of Robbers.
 The Western hunter (though rarely) has
 been set upon by robbers, for the pack
 of furs he was carrying upon his back
 to some of the seaport towns to dispose
 of; but as the fur hunters are generally
 on foot, and from habits of watching
 about for either hostile Indians or ani-
 mals, are always on their guard, and as
 the robbers well know that they are to
 a man riflemen who seldom miss their
 mark, they avoid them. During my ram-
 bles in the wilds and fastnesses of
 California, I have become acquainted
 with many of them, some from the
 back settlements of the United States,
 others from California. I have hunted
 for months with them, and witnessed
 some conflicts between them and wild
 animals, in which the utmost daring
 and recklessness were exhibited by the
 hunter. These are not the men that rob-
 bers like to encounter, but I have said
 they take a liking to the valuable packs
 of furs, which, if they find any facility
 for obtaining, they may make the at-
 tempt upon. It is the very climax
 of cruelty to plunder those poor fellows
 of packs which were procured only by
 outlaying for months in the depths of
 the forest, and wilds of the country, and
 not unfrequently in the hunting grounds
 of a tribe of hostile Indians.

I once hunted three months in the
 company of a hunter well known in Cal-
 ifornia. In idea, he was wild and im-
 aginative in the extreme; but in his acts
 of daring, &c., the most cool and philo-
 sophic fellow I ever knew. A commere-
 ciant, or merchant at San Francisco,
 on whose veracity I know from experi-
 ence I can depend, told me the follow-
 ing story of this man, which will at
 once illustrate his character.

This hunter, some months before I
 had fallen in with him, making the best
 of his way down the valley of the Tule
 Lakes, from the interior with a heavy
 pack of furs on his back, his never er-
 ring rifle in his hand, and two dogs by
 his side. He was joined at the north-
 most end of the valley by the merchant
 I have spoken of, who was armed only
 with a sword and pistol. They had
 scarcely cleared the valley, when a party
 of robbers rode out before them. There
 were four whites fully armed, and
 two Indians with their lassoos, coiled
 up in their right hands, ready for a
 throw.

The hunter told the merchant who
 was on horseback, to dismount instantly
 and to "cover." Fortunately for them,
 there was a good deal of thicket, and
 trunks of large trees that had fallen,
 were strewn about in a very desirable
 manner. Behind these logs the mer-
 chant and the hunter took up their
 position, and as they were in the act
 of doing so, two or three shots were fired
 at them without effect. The hunter coolly

untied the pack of furs from his back and laid them before him.

"Its my opinion, merchant," said he,
 "that them varmints there wants either
 your saddle-bags or my pack, but I re-
 con they'll get neither."
 So he took up his rifle, fired, and the
 foremost Indian, lasso in hand rolled off
 his horse. Another discharge from the
 rifle, and the second Indian fell, whilst
 in the act of throwing his lasso at the
 head and shoulders of the hunter, as he
 raised himself up from a log to fire.

"Now," said the hunter as he re-load-
 ed, laying on his back to avoid the shots
 of the robbers, "that's what I call the
 best of the scrimmage, to get them
 brown thieves with their lassoos out of
 the way first. See them rascally whites
 now jumping over the logs to charge us
 in cover."

They were fast advancing, when the ri-
 fle again spoke out, and the foremost fell;
 they still came on to within about thirty
 yards, when another fell, and the re-
 maining two made a desperate charge
 close up to the log. The hunter from
 long practice was dexterous in loading
 his gun.

"Now, merchant," said he, "is the
 time for your pop-guns," meaning the
 pistols, "and don't be at all nervous.
 Keep a steady hand, and drop either
 man or horse. A man of them shant
 escape."

The two remaining robbers were now
 up with the log, and fired a pistol shot
 at the hunter, which he escaped by
 dodging behind a tree close to him, from
 which he fired with effect. As only
 one robber was left, he wheeled round
 his horse, with the intention of gallop-
 ing off, when the pistol bullets of the
 merchant shot the horse from under him.

"Well done, merchant," said the hun-
 ter, "you've stopped that fellows gallop."
 As soon as the robber could disengage
 himself from his fallen horse, he took to
 his heels, and run down a long sloping
 ground as fast as he could. The hun-
 ter drew his tomahawk from his belt,
 and gave chase after him. As he was
 more of an equestrian than a pedestrian,
 the nimbleness of the hunter shortened
 the distance between them, and the last
 of the robbers fell.

Thus fell this dangerous gang of six,
 by the single hand of the brave hunter,
 and as the "commerciante" informed
 me, he acted as deliberately as if he
 were shooting tame bullocks for the
 market. The affair was rather advanta-
 geous to the hunter, for on searching
 the saddle-bags and pockets of the rob-
 bers, he pulled forth some doubloons
 and some dollars, with other valuables
 they had, no doubt, a short time pre-
 viously taken from some traveller. The
 saddle-bags, arms and accoutrements of
 the four white men were packed up,
 and made fast on the saddles of two of
 the horses, the hunter mounted a third,
 the merchant another, his horse being
 shot, and thus they left the scene of ac-
 tion—the bodies of the robbers to the
 wolves which were howling about them,
 and entered San Francisco in triumph.

Curious Anecdote of a Dog.
 The following anecdote was told to us
 by an eye witness of the incidents, which
 occurred a few days ago, in St. Albans,
 Vt., in the presence of several respecta-
 ble citizens of that village, who are
 ready to vouch for their literal truth.—
 A gentleman, passing from his house to
 his office, was going up the principal
 street of the village, in company with
 his dog, an animal of unusual size, when
 the dog, observing an affray in the street
 between two other dogs of unequal sizes,
 walked up to the combatants, and taking
 the part of the lesser, (a stranger in the
 village, by the by,) immediately drove
 the assailant from the ground. The
 gentleman passed on with his dog, and
 having arrived at the door of his office,
 a distance of some thirty or forty rods
 from the affray, stood talking with sev-
 eral persons present, when the following
 scene occurred. The little dog came
 running up from the direction of the re-
 cent squabble, having a piece of meat
 in his mouth, which he laid down on the
 sidewalk, directly before the nose of the
 big dog, his ally and deliverer. "Bluch-
 er" picked up the meat and ate it with
 great deliberation, the bearer of the
 collation standing by and wagging his
 tail with manifest delight until the meal
 was over, when he wheeled about and
 departed. The spectators having heard
 the story of the rescue, looked at each
 other with surprise, and each made his
 comments in his own way, the substance
 of most of their speeches being "that
 it was certainly very remarkable for a
 dog!" "Remarkable for a dog!" ex-
 claimed the oldest of the by-standers,
 a rather cynical person, and a shrewd
 observer of men—and dogs: "remarka-
 ble for a dog! it is an instance of grate-
 itude which would be very remarkable
 for a man!"

Cæsar's Wife.

Most of our readers have heard the
 saying "a soldier's bravery, like Cæsar's,
 wife should be beyond suspicion." The
 following, which we take from the life
 of that great Roman, recently published,
 will explain the allusion:

Clodius was one of the men whose
 names occur most frequently in the histo-
 ries of those times; a man who dis-
 graced his talents by the lowest person-
 al vices and by the prostitution of his
 great wealth and eloquence to the worst
 purposes of sedition.

This Clodius had a passion for Pom-
 peia, Cæsar's wife. Pompeia was close-
 ly watched by Cæsar's mother, Aurelia.
 In the year when Cæsar was prætor, a
 favorable occasion for their meeting
 seemed to offer, in the celebration of the
 mysteries of the Good Goddess, which
 was held at Cæsar's house, and attended
 only by women. The Romans allowed
 no man—not even the master of the
 house—to be present at these mysteries;
 even the pictures and images of men
 were covered. The absence of men, the
 music and dancing, and other entertain-
 ments, afforded the opportunity for a
 young female slave of Pompeia to admit
 Clodius, a beardless youth, disguis-
 ed as a female musician. The slave
 left him to inform her mistress of her
 arrival.

As he was afraid of exciting suspicion
 by remaining alone, he wandered through
 the darker parts of the apartments,
 where he was met by one of Aurelia's
 slaves, who put some questions to him,
 taking him for a woman. His voice be-
 trayed him; and the affrighted slave ran
 to the company, crying that there was a
 man in the house. Immediately Aure-
 lia put a stop to the mysteries, veiled
 the statues and symbols of the divinities,
 closed the gates, and searched every
 part of the mansion with torches. Clo-
 dius was found in the chamber of the
 slave that admitted him. All the wo-
 men gathered around him and drove him
 from the house. Cæsar immediately
 divorced Pompeia.

Both Aurelia, Cæsar's mother, and
 Julia, his sister, related the story.—
 When Cæsar was called upon for his tes-
 timony, he replied with his characteris-
 tic caution, that he knew nothing about
 it. Being asked, "why then have you
 divorced Pompeia?" he replied, "because
 Cæsar's wife should be not only free
 from crime, but beyond suspicion."

Newspapers.

The following sketch many will recognize as
 from the prolific writings of the late Willis
 Gaylord Clark. He indulges his off hand style
 with usual felicity. It will be perused with
 interest:

"Commend me to a newspaper. Cow-
 per had never seen one of our big sheets,
 when he called such four-paged folios,
 "maps of busy life." They are more;
 they are life itself. Its ever sounding
 and resistless vox populi thunders
 through their columns, to cheer or sub-
 due, to elevate or to destroy. Let a
 scoundrel do a dirty action, and get his
 name and deed into the papers, and then
 go into the street, Broadway for exam-
 ple, and you shall see his reception.
 Why does every passer-by curl his lip,
 and regard him with scorn? Why is
 he shamed, as if a noisome pestilence
 breathed around him! What makes
 every man observe him with a contempt-
 ous leer? Because they have seen the
 newspaper, and they know him. So, in
 a contrary degree, it is with honorable
 and gifted men. The news prints keep
 their works and worth before the public
 eye; and when themselves appear, they
 are the observed of all observers. Hats
 are lifted as they approach, and stran-
 gers, to whom they are pointed out,
 gaze after them with reverence. Suc-
 cess to newspapers! They are liable
 to be abused—as what blessing
 is not!—but they are noble benefits,
 nevertheless. What an endless variety
 of subjects, too, do they contain! Now
 we are entertained with original disserta-
 tions on numerous important subjects;
 then, to use the quaint old catalogue of
 Burton, "come tidings of wedding
 makings, entertainments, mummies, ju-
 biles, wars, thefts, murders, massacres,
 fires, inundations, meteors, comets,
 spectrums, prodigies, ship-wrecks, prac-
 tices, sea-fights, law-suits, pleas, laws,
 proclamations, trophies, triumphs, re-
 vels, sports, plays, then again, as in a
 new shifted scene, treasons, cheating,
 tricks, robberies, enormous villainies of
 all kinds, funerals, burials, new discov-
 eries, exhibitions; now comical, then
 tragical matters. To-day we hear of
 new officers created, to-morrow of great
 men deposed, and then again of fresh
 honors conferred; one is let loose, another
 imprisoned, one purchaseth, another
 breaketh; he thrives, his neighbor turns
 bankrupt; now plenty, then again, dearth
 and famine, one runs, another rides,
 wrangles, laughs, weeps, and so forth.
 Thus we do dailey hear such like, both
 public and private news."

ANECDOTE OF GEN. TAYLOR.

WASHINGTON, July 2.

While Gen. (then Cbl.) Taylor, was
 serving in Florida, he captured many
 negroes in his conflicts with the Indians.
 Many of these negroes were claimed by
 persons in Georgia and Alabama, from
 whose service or from the service of
 whose fathers it was contended they had
 escaped. Agents on behalf of the claim-
 ants were dispatched to Col. Taylor,
 seeking to recover them. Proof of iden-
 tity of the persons claimed as slaves
 was proffered, and the right of prop-
 erty insisted upon. Col. Taylor refused
 to allow the claim, or even to examine
 it. He had come to Florida to serve in
 the army against the Indians, not to act
 as a negro-catcher. His commission he
 said gave him no judicial powers, and
 he could not assume to determine mat-
 ters beyond his province.

The disappointed and enraged appli-
 cants, after having tried in vain other
 means to operate upon Col. Taylor fa-
 vorably, carried their complaints to the
 Secretary of War. He entertained their
 view of the case. In consequence, an
 order issued from the Department was
 addressed to Maj. Gen. Jessup, then
 commanding in Florida, directing the
 surrender of the captured negroes to the
 agent of the claimants. A similar
 order was issued to Col. Taylor. The
 following is his reply, as copied from the
 record in the War Department:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE SOUTH,
 Tampa, (Florida,) June 2, 1838.

General—I have the honor to acknowl-
 edge your communication of the 10th
 of May, 1838, accompanied by one of
 the 9th, from the Commissioner of In-
 dian Affairs addressed to Capt. Cooper,
 acting Secretary of War, on the subject
 of turning over certain negroes cap-
 tured by the Creek warriors in Florida, to
 a Mr. Collins their Agent, in compliance
 with an engagement of General Jessup.

I know nothing of the negroes in ques-
 tion, nor of the subject farther than
 what is contained in the communication
 above referred to; but I must state dis-
 tinctly, for the information of all con-
 cerned, that while I shall hold myself
 ever ready to do the utmost in my pow-
 er to get the Indians and their negroes
 out of Florida, as well as to remove
 them to their new homes west of the
 Mississippi, I cannot for a moment con-
 sent to meddle in this transaction, or to
 be concerned, for the benefit of Mr. Col-
 lins, the Creek Indians, or any one else;
 or to interfere in any way between the
 Indians and their negroes, which may
 have a tendency to deprive the former
 of their property, and reduce the latter
 from a comparative state of freedom to
 that of slavery; at the same time I shall
 take every means to obtain and restore
 to his lawful owner, any slave among
 the Indians who has absconded or been
 captured by them.

Very respectfully, I have the honor
 to be, General, your obdt serv't,
 Z. TAYLOR.

Brev. Brig. U. S. Army, commanding.
 Gen. R. Jones, Adj. Gen. U. S. Army,
 Washington, D. C."

Here General Taylor showed himself
 as firm in resisting what he considered
 an illegal and disgraceful order of the
 Department, as he had been previously
 to the importunities or threats of the
 slave-hunters. His commission was in
 the power of the President to revoke at
 any time: his honor was above the
 reach of the President; it was dearer to
 him than all commissions.

Insanity of Louis Philippe.

The Paris correspondent of the Bos-
 ton Atlas gives the following interesting
 extract from a letter written by a French
 lady, who had an interview the other
 day with the Ex-Royal Family at Clare-
 mont:

"I was ushered into a drawing room
 on the ground floor, wherein were seated
 the Queen and the Dutchess de Nemours.
 Her majesty was occupied in
 writing, while the fair young dutchess
 was engaged upon some kind of needle
 work, which from its bulk and homely
 appearance, certainly did not present
 any of the peculiarities of a lady's fan-
 cery work. Up and down upon the grav-
 el-path before the long windows of the
 apartment strolled, or rather shuffled an
 aged man bending his shoulders to the
 sun, and leaning upon a huge knotted
 stick. He was followed by a large spaniel,
 who seemed to subdue his pace to
 that of his master; and, altogether the
 picture thus presented was one of the
 most forlorn and melancholy descrip-
 tion. I cannot tell you how greatly I
 was shocked when this aged man enter-
 ed through a glass door, shivering and
 complaining of the cold, and I recognis-
 ed the features of our King, Louis
 Philippe. His face is much bloated,
 and he is older by ten years than when
 I saw him in January last. He knew
 me, however, on the instant, and endea-

vored to join in conversation, but soon
 sank into a *fauteuil* by the fire, and
 seemed presently to be absorbed in deep
 thought. The Queen was cheerful
 enough, almost gay. Her excessive de-
 votion has created a degree of fatalism
 in her mind like that of the orientals.
 She beholds every thing which has hap-
 pened as the will of God, and complains
 not. It is believed that she even re-
 gards it as an expiation, and accepts it
 in a chastened spirit, accordingly. I
 will not tell you the general impression
 which prevails in the Royal household
 with regard to the King, but it is such
 as to make one regret that he met not
 his death on the threshold of the Tuil-
 leries, so that his body might not thus
 have outlived his soul!" Our readers
 will easily perceive the nature of the
 catastrophe at which the fair writer
 hints. If true, what an awful lesson
 will it prove to the pride and vain glory
 of man, and to his boast in the excess
 of his cunning, and in the power of his
 intellect.

The Product of Labor, the only Real Wealth.

Agriculture is the foundation of wealth.
 The Sea renders her tribute; but the
 earth presents to skill and industry,
 richer, and infinitely more varied pro-
 ductions. Money is not wealth. It is
 only the representative of wealth. Money
 is coveted because it can command
 labor; but of what use would it be if labor
 could not be commanded.—What
 would it avail to possess all the riches
 of Potosi, if thereby we could not ac-
 quire the products of agriculture? What
 are manufactures concerned in
 but these products? What freights the
 barques of commerce in their liquid
 flight, threading every channel, and
 whitening every port, but the products
 of agriculture? Where does the govern-
 ment derive its revenues, but from the
 fruits of agriculture? What consti-
 tutes the wealth of the country, but her
 cotton, hemp, sugar, rice, tobacco, wool,
 wheat, beef and pork? Agriculture
 only, can be considered the creator of
 wealth. The merchant, the manufac-
 turer, the sailor, the various artisans
 and tradesmen perform their part in
 making the products of agriculture more
 valuable in transporting them, so that
 the advantages of the climate are equal-
 ized, and in putting them in a condi-
 tion for use; but agriculture alone pro-
 duces. Like the leader of Israel, she
 strikes the rock, the waters flow, and
 a famishing people are satisfied. Agri-
 culture is the commanding interest of
 the country, with which no single in-
 terest of a secular nature combined, can
 be brought into competition.

Shocking Accident.

The Rochester Advertiser reports that
 a melancholy accident occurred at
 Springfield, Livingston county, N. Y.,
 a few days since. It seems that while
 a number of men were engaged with
 pikes, in the act of raising a bent, two
 boys were wrestling near by, and one
 of them was violently thrown to the
 ground. His father, who was engaged
 on the frame, seeing his son prostrate
 and helpless, went to his assistance, and
 upon taking him in his arms, exclaimed,
 "My God, he is dead!" It was imme-
 diately ascertained that the boy's neck
 was broken by the fall. The men, upon
 this shocking announcement, immedi-
 ately relaxed their hold, and the frame fell,
 crushing six of them beneath its heavy
 timbers, not one of whom survived the
 injuries received. The father of the boy
 escaped uninjured.

Have Insects a Language?

There seems to be reasonable ground to
 infer that insects communicate their
 ideas and wishes to each other. Dr.
 Franklin relates the following from his
 own observation:

He found some ants feasting on some
 molasses in his closet. He took them
 out, and suspended the pot by a string
 from the ceiling. One ant remained
 and after eating its fill, found its way
 up the string, on to the ceiling, and
 thence along the wall to its nest. In less
 than half an hour, a great company of
 ants sallied out of their hole to the ceiling,
 and crept down the string upon the
 pot. This was done by others, till the
 molasses was all consumed; one body
 passing up the string from the sweet,
 while another passed down it. The Dr.
 inferred that the first ant had communi-
 cated to its comrades the new position
 of their delicacy, and directed them to
 the only accessible road to it.

"There are two things," says
 Mrs. Parrington, "that should be at
 home every evening at dark—cows and
 women—especially if there are nur-
 sing babies in the house."

—The Locos are explaining how Mr.
 Clay was defeated in the Whig Con-
 vention. Old Zack will show them how