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From the Boston Post.

SHOUT FOR VICTORY.

Shout! shout!! for Freeman's banner,
Again in triumph waves,
Where on the broad Savannah,
The Mexic hordes it braves.
Again the roar of battle,
Has shook the earth and sky;
And its dread thunder-rattle
Has bade the foeman fly.

Shout! for the few and trusted,
By gallant Taylor led,
Have thrice their numbers worsted,
The foeman's host has fled.
Not to the power of numbers,
The battle has been given,
His dead the red earth cumbers,
As by a bolt from Heaven.

Shout for the Freeman's thunder,
Has fill'd him with dismay,
His squadrons, rent assunder,
In shame have shrunk away.
Fame's trump shall tell the story,
To time's last lingering hour,
Of Taylor and his glory!
Of Freemen, and their power!

Where Palo Alto's waving
Its branches to the breeze,
There, every danger braving,
Our chief, it Victor sees,
La Palma de Resaca,
The thickly tangled wood,
Has witness'd freedom's banner
Pour fourth his iron flood.

At Monterey, the splendid,
The city of the King!
The fierce-waged battle ended,
Let it with triumph ring—
For here old "Rough and Ready"
With purpose firm and high;
In cool decision steady
Lead on to Victory.

At Buena Vista passes,
Once more the triumph shout!
Again, with slaughter'd masses
The foe is put to rout!
Ay, shout four battles ended—
The Hero's fame forever—
Our country's rights defended,
"Taylor surrenders never!"

Yet, pause! the slain are many,
Borne hence on glory's bier,
Nor will their brethren any,
Withold the tribute tear!
The sacrifice is fearful,
Which victory has cost,
And a whole nation tearful,
Feels each one lost, a host.

The Heroes nobly banded,
Who to their country gave!
The sacrifice demanded,
Shall rest in glory's grave!
Laurel with cypress twining,
Their verdant arms shall spread,
Their tendrils all combining
To crown each martyr's bed!

Hunting Bison in the Wilds of Mexico.

The green heights of the savannah were covered with long files of bison. It would have been more than rash for two hunters to face these numerous flocks.—There is but one way of killing a bison or two without much danger, that is, by separating them from the flock; the skill and agility of the hunter accomplish the rest. Contrary to the expectation of my two companions, the *cibolos* took the direction parallel to the river; and none of them ventured to our side.

The first European who saw a bison must have been much alarmed. The bison is larger than the common bull; a thick mane, either black or rust color, covers his shoulder or breast, and hangs down to his feet. The hind part of the animal, from the hump on his shoulders, is covered with short hair as harsh as the lion's, and like the lions, incessantly lashed by a sinewy tail. His heavy tread shakes the ground, his bellowing disturbs the air, his eyes expressive of nothing but stupid ferocity: and the black, sharp horns planted on his wide brow complete his appearance as an object of terror.

Whilst observing, not without vexation, the manoeuvres of these gigantic flocks, one of the hunters was examining, *en connoisseur*, my horse, which the darkness of the night had hitherto prevented his doing.

"*Caramba!*" said he, "this deep chest, slender legs, dilated nostrils, and thin body, announce an unusual degree of swiftness."

"My horse," I replied, with the fatuity of a man who knows the value of his possessions, "is a deer for lightness, a mule for bearing fatigue."

"And a bison for swiftness," interrupted the hunter. "Well, then, to come to the point, senor, you might render me a very great service."

"Speak! What is it?"

"You see out there that flock of cibolos looking as if they avoided us. Since your horse is so swift, gallop boldly up to the cowards, and fire once or twice as close to them as possible; you will wound one at least; the entire band will pursue you, but you will easily outstrip them. The most active, consequently the strongest, will alone keep up with you, and we will manage them."

"Are you serious?" I asked. The hunter looked at me with astonishment. "If my horse were to fall?"

"He will not fall."

"But if he should fall?"

"Why, in that case you would have very slender chances of escape. Yet even that has been known; but should you fall so gloriously, I promise to make a fearful massacre of cibolos in your honor."

"Listen," said I, "there are a thousand things I would do for you in preference to this. I involuntarily hunted a tiger a few days ago, a bear last night, and I do not care now to allow myself to be hunted by a bison. Everything considered, I prefer lending you my horse."

"I did not venture to ask such a favor; and, besides," naively added the hunter, "I thought to please you by proposing this diversion to you."

I thanked him for his kind intentions; and, although delighted to escape this dilemma, I gave him the rein of my horse with a sigh. The buccaneer began by unsaddling him, folded up four times the blanket which he used as a cloak, and fastened it on the horse's back, by means of the long *faja* of China crape rolled round his body. Then taking off his *calzoneras*, doe-skin boots and jacket, he remained with bare feet, in short drawers and shirt sleeves.

"As the game I am going to play is a somewhat ticklish one," said he, "i cannot give the horse and myself too much freedom of motion, and you will see what can be done with an animal properly arranged."

Thus equipped, and having hung a species of rapier, very thin and sharp, to his saddle, the hunter sprung on the horse's back, and ascertained that in case of necessity the faja might be used as stirrups and bear the entire weight of his body, thus enabling him to leave the reins perfectly free. Then with a dexterity which must have equalled that of the ancient Numidians, he pulled up his horse, urged him forward, stopped him, rolled up in his left hand the *cabresto*,* of which he held one extremity, galloped off like an arrow, and returned to my side with the same rapidity.

"You do not know the value of such a horse," said he, "and I almost reproach myself for depriving you of an opportunity of knowing what a treasure you possess."

I must confess that the animal did not seem the same in the hands of this wild rider; I, however, earnestly entreated the hunter not to expose him too much to the horns of the bisons.

"We run the same risk," replied the buccaneer, laughing. He then gave us his instructions. We were to lie flat on our stomachs, gun in hand, on the slope bordering the river, and watch through the long grass the movements of the animals he should drive towards us. "However," he added, "before placing yourself in ambuscade, you will have time senor, to witness such a race, as you will rarely have an opportunity of seeing. I wish to show you what may be expected of a good horse mounted by an expert hunter."

He then rushed off in the direction of the flock of cibolas, whose distant bellowing came to us with the breeze. I remained standing on the edge of the river, in order to lose nothing of the interesting sight promised me The hunter began by making a great circuit, clearing with imperturable ease the prickly fix-trees and the inequalities of ground with which the plain was studded; the horse seemed rather to fly than run, and neighed joyfully; the rider then disappeared behind a hill of some little elevation. Meanwhile the buccaneer's daring companion had set in the ground a willow branch, surmounted by a checked scarlet handkerchief.—I asked if this was a signal for his comrade.

"No," replied the hunter. "Bisons are like bulls, red irritates them. If Joaquin gets away one or two, this handkerchief will infalliably attract them here, and we can then kill them. Be careful to aim at their muzzles at the moment they spring on us."

"Is it then indispensable," I asked the buccaneer, "to attract them just here?"

"It is my trade," replied the buccaneer, who, like Matasiete, forgot that I was not a hunter by profession. As he ceased speaking, we remarked a sort of shudder and agitation in the ranks of the flock of bisons which covered the lower slopes of the hill behind which Joaquin had disappeared. The rash hunter had just ascended the opposite height. When he reached the summit, he uttered two shrill screams, which were answered by proprolonged roarings, then rushed from top to bottom of the hill like a piece of rock breaking away, and disappeared amid that thick forest of horns and black manes.—The frightened flock made an alarming movement towards our signals; but soon dispersed in various directions, broken up into numerous groups. I then saw Joaquin, safe and sound, gallop into the midst of the space he had cleared. Two bisons of gigantic size seemed the leaders of one of the columns detached from the principal flock, and the hunter seemed to direct his attack against these two monstrous beasts. Hovering in the rear of the battalion with a lightness and audacity almost miraculous, Joaquin by turns appeared and disappeared without the two leaders quitting their companions. At last there was an almost imperceptible space left between the little troop and its buffalo conductors. Swift as lightning, the hunter rushed into it; but either he had presumed too much on the agility of his horse, or it was a scheme of his ferocious antagonists, for I saw with inexpressible anguish the waves, for a moment divided, close again, and the unfortunate buccaneer pressed as in a gulf, whose yawning mouth had suddenly closed upon him. I forgot the horse to think only of the man, and I exchanged a look full of anxiety with poor Joaquin's companion. The bronzed cheeks of the hunter were tinged with a death-like paleness; rifle in hand, he was about to rush to the assistance of his comrade, when he uttered a scream of joy and stopped short. Violently pressed between the horns of two bisons who had at last left the column they headed, Joaquin was standing on his horse, who was protected from their horns by the thick woolen blanket wrapped round him. Whilst the compact group was thus advancing towards us, the buccaneer drew out his rapier, put one foot on the bison's woolly shoulders, stabbed him, and, as the animal made a last effort not to die unrevenged, he sprung hastily to the ground It was time, for at that moment my poor horse, lifted up by the bison's head, fell to the earth with great violence. This saved him. He thus escaped from his two enemies; and, almost immediately getting up, he galloped off, pursued by the two cibolos. Joaquin ran along on a parallel line with his steed, whose reins he had never lost hold of, gradually came up to him, seized his horse's mane, gave a spring, and seated himself in his saddle with a shout of triumph.

"Our turn comes now!" said the hunter who had remained with me, taking up his post at the sight of the two bisons, who, intent on the pursuit of the horse and its rider, came towards us at an unsteady pace, whilst the rest of the flock, deprived of its two leaders, took flight among the hills.—We threw ourselves on our stomachs on the sloping bank of the river and awaited the two cibolos, who, discouraged, stood still for a second, bellowing with rage, and tearing the ground with their horns. The buccaneer then shook violently the scarlet handkerchief at the end of his stick.—At sight of the detested color, the two animals seemed to salute with ferocious joy an object which at least did not fly from their attack; they sprung towards us. Joaquin had ridden of; his part was played.

It would be difficult to form an idea of the terrific aspect of the wounded bison. At each movement streams of blood poured from him, dyeing the waves of his black mane; a bloody foam reddened his nostrils, the formidable snorting of which came gradually nearer to us. The other bison preceded him, gazing with his stupid and ferocious eyes at the handkerchief, which the breeze of the river alone stirred; for the hunter had, like myself, his rifle in his hand. A minute more, and we should have had to defend ourselves from these two irritated beasts. Fortunately, a few seconds later the wounded bison fell heavily and expired.

"Fire!" exclaimed the hunter.

Hit on the head by three bullets, the other bison stopped, fell, and struck against the earth, almost at the top of the bank which protected us. Joaquin trotted up to us, cool, and smiling like the horseman in the ring, who has been displaying all the qualities of his horse. He examined the last fallen cibolo.

"You have lodged your two bullets in his head," said he. "That is not amiss for a beginner. For my part, I will never hunt the bison again except on horseback."

"Not with mine, I hope!" I hastened to answer; "for it is is a miracle that the poor animal escaped from the horns of the cibolos."

"I intended doing more with your horse; but the first time I have an opportunity of mounting myself properly, I shall not fail to do so.

*The long cord which serves at once as lasso and as halter, is called *reata cabresto*, or *cabresto*.

AN INCIDENT AT BUENA VISTA.—During the most gloomy hour of the fight, Sergeant Joseph Langford, 1st Mississippi regiment, was shot through the thigh. Unable to stand, he sat upright, and shot dead, with his pistol, a lancer as he approached him. While engaged in reloading, another lancer trotted past him and raised his lance to drive it into a wounded lieutenant, a few feet from him. Before the weapon was huarled, however, Langford threw his pistol and struck the lancer a stunning blow on the nape of the neck. This action saved the lieutenant, but proved fatal to the magnanimous Langford; for, staggering, the Mexican turned and drove his lance into the forehead of the wounded man, coming out back of his ear. Just at this moment, four men, who were approaching with a horse to carry off their comrade, shot the Mexican at the moment he had disengaged his lance, and he tumbled across the body of the prostrate Mississippian.

☞Troubles are like hornets, the less ado you make about them, the better—for your outcry will only bring out the whole swarm upon you.

Mexican Agriculture.

A Correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Buena Vista, near Saltillo, Feb 10, gives the following description of Mexican agriculture, which, as will be seen, is yet in a very primitive state:

"The chief agricultural productions from the Presidio to Monclovia, are corn, sugar and cotton; of the latter not much is grown, as there are no gins or factories and but little demand for it. It grows finely, the stalk being never killed by the cold of winter. It might be profitably cultivated, if there was a demand for it.

Sugar grows finely, and only needs a little care and adequate machinery to enable the inhabitants to produce large quantities of it. It is not grained as with us, but when in syrup is run into moulds resembling small loaves of sugar, called *piloncces*, weighing about one pound.

Corn grows well and yields abundantly. Two crops of it are made in a year, if the occupant of the ground is not too lazy to tend it. The first is planted in March, and gathered in June and July. The second is planted in July or the 1st of August, and gathered in November and December.—When we arrived at Monclovia, the 1st of November, roasting ears and green fodder were abundant for ourselves and horses, from the second crop. This is the principal crop of the year, as it is less liable to injury from the vicissitudes of the weather than the first crop. The yield of the corn is about fifty bushels to the acre in a tilled field. With good culture the quantity would be increased very considerably.—The stalks grow to an enormous length. I have seen them often around Monclovia so tall, that when sitting on my horse which is full sixteen hands high, I could not reach the ears of corn.

In the vicinity of Monclovia, wheat is grown. The country begins to be elevated, and beyond it, sugar cannot be profitably raised.

A well known physiological fact is continually presented to notice; that is, that latitude alone does not govern the production. Wheat cannot be raised, profitably, in Louisiana. Yet, here, in latitude 25 and 26 deg., several hundred miles farther south than Louisiana, it is grown to perfection. So are apples and peaches. This is owing to the elevation of the country above the level of the sea.

At Cienegas, a village fifty miles west of Monclovia, large quantities of excellent wheat are raised. There are two flouring mills at Monclovia, propelled by the stream which passes through the town. The best Mexican flour is not equal in appearance to the American article. It is generally sold without being bolted at all, We use large quantities of this unbolted flour in the army. It makes a very sweet, palatable, and healthy brown bread. It is, however, hard to take down, and the soldiers generally dislike to use it, as they said they did not like to be fed on so much bran, to so little flour.

The Mexicans keep small sieves in their houses, to separate the bran from the flour. It then makes a light bread, and I must say, I have never eaten sweeter bread than is made by the bakers in Monclovia and Parras.

Oats and rye are not grown in Mexico. Corn is not generally fed to horses. When they are fed with grain at all, it is generally with barley, which grows finely. But little of it is raised however.

Nearly all descriptions of vegetables grow finely, With most kinds, a person may select his own time for planting.—Fresh peas, lettuce, beans, &c., may be had the year round, by planting them repeatedly. I saw peas six inches in length growing at Arras, the 16th December, which were planted for a winter crop, As the climate is so propitious and all plants have to be raised by irrigation, a planter or gardner may select his own time for planting.

It might not be profitable to plant corn in the fall; but there is a wide range from February to August, to put into the ground and still have a good crop.

Oranges grow beautifully and magnificently; but to our great disappointment, they are all of the sour kind. Sweet oranges are cultivated farther south, and in lower plains and valleys, near the sea coast.

An execution to be levied on Irish potatoes, if sent into Mexico, would be returned, "not found in the bailiwick."—They cannot be profitably raised. By the aid of a search warrant, and a magnifying glass, I did find a few in Saltillo. They were the size of marbles and pigeons eggs, and were of little account to eat.

Pumpkins and a variety of squashes, grow abundantly, and are much used.—As a general thing, very few vegetables are used by the Mexicans, except red pepper.

The farming utensils of the Mexicans are of the rudest description. It has been well said, that they seem to be opposed to change of every kind, except in their governors and government. The same utensils which were used by Cortez, at the conquest, in the sixteenth century are used at this day in Mexico.

Riding, on the tenth of December, up the valley in which Parras is situated, I came to a field where they were sowing wheat. The sower was sowing the wheat broadcast on the unplowed ground.—Twenty-three plows followed each other, on the same land, plowing the wheat in. A contrivance of a harrow levelled the ground after the plows. Each plow was drawn by two oxen. The plows were of the same pattern used by the Romans 2,000 years since; made of the fork of a small tree, one prong was cut long enough to fasten the oxen to; the other prong off about four feet long, and sharpened at the end, and a single stick fastened into the fork and projecting back, made the handle. This was the whole plow—lock, stock and barrel. When a forked tree cannot be found, the short stick is morticed into the long one. The short prong was the coulter—the long one the beam. This was fastened by a raw-hide thong to the ox-yoke, which, in turn, was fastened in front of, and to the horns of the oxen, by another raw-hide thong. The handle was held by a pæon, armed in the other hand with a long pole, with a sharp goad in the end of it, which he unsparingly plunged into the oxen to quicken their speed, or to change their direction.

Some of the better plows have the coulter shod with a piece of iron, resembling a bull tongue, eight inches long, and tapering from thence to two inches at the point. This is the greatest improvement made upon the plow.

The ground is never thoroughly broken up, and is only scratched into furrows a few inches deep. Efforts have been made to introduce better plows, and some have been brought from the United States. But the Mexicans did not like to use them. They were soon broken or thrown aside as useless, because no one would plow with them.

The harrow was as simple a contrivance as the plow, and consisted of a single stick of square timber, the size of a joist, fastened in two places with a raw-hide rope to keep it square to the front, and drawn by a yoke of oxen to level the ground.

The *matate*, or stone corn mill, used for preparing tortillar, is the same article that was used by the Indians at the conquest of Mexico.

Their hoes are clumsy, rough machines, decidedly worse than the meanest hoe in Old Virginia—and that is as bad a description as I know how to give them.

Their axes are long and clumsy, with blades about three inches wide, and resemble the upper part of a pickaxe or grubbing-hoe. It looks remarkable that they should ever be able to peck a tree down with one. The great superiority of the American ax is so evident, that some few venturesome persons have commenced the use of them.

A Mexican cart is the most unique of all their inventions. It has not a piece of iron in or about it. It is constructed entirely of wood and rawhide. The axle-tree is a rough hewed log, round at the ends. The wheels are made of knotty live oak, two feet and a half through the hub, and trimmed down to seven inches in the tread. Two slabs of the same width are planted on to the centre piece, to give rotundity to the wheels. A heavy tongue is morticed into the axle, and has a wooden pin inserted through the upper end, by which to fasten it to the yoke.—The body is made of wooden poles, inserted into rough saplings eight feet long.—This is used for hauling wood, &c. When they wish to haul corn, cornstalks are placed across the wooden poles and lashed tightly to them, with strips of rawhide.—When wheat or shelled corn is to be carried, they line the inside of the stalk bed with matting made of the *palmitla*, which resembles the material of which gunny bags are made.

The ox-yoke is a piece of timber five inches wide and three inches thick, slightly indented near each end. This is tied in front of and across the horns, with a piece of tough raw hide. Another piece fastens the yoke tighdy to the tongue of the cart. A strong rope of rawhide, of sufficient length fastens their yoke to the tongue of the cart.

The driver moves along by the side of the cart, sometimes on foot and sometimes riding an ugly, ill-looking mustang, with a long ox-goad in his hand. He uses this freely, and when he wishes to "file left," he pops this goad into the off ox, who screws his tail and runs around his fellow, and changes the direction of the cart.—They move more briskly than the American oxen. This is no wonder, for they are all taught to "walk Spanish."

They haul very large loads in these carts, and travel as fast as horse teams usually do on a journey.

A Mexican frequently carries his wife and children in these carts. He then puts a raw hide on the bottom, to keep the children from falling through, and puts another over the top for a cover—when, in crawls the whole family. As soon as all's set," he hisses at his oxen, as a bear hunter would do when close on bruin, and off starts the contrivance with a full band of road music, produced by the outlandish schreeching of a Mexican cart.

A STEADY MAN.—"My dear," said a lady one day to her husband, "Mr. S—— seems to be a mighty steady sort of man."

"You are exactly right, my love; Mr. S—— is indeed a very steady man, and if he was only a leetle steadier, he'd stand right still."