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FROM THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.
Sampson County, July 20th, 1833.

Mr. HALZ: When we were together, a
short time since, I promised to send you
some account and description of the GAMA
GRASS, with the result of such experi-
ments as I had made with it.

The first notice I saw of this Grass,
was by Doctor Hardeman, of Missouri,
whose account of its wonderful production,
and valuable properties, may be found in
the 4th vol. of the American Farmer,
page 244. I considered the calculations
he made of results, visionary, and had
forgotten it.

It however, attracted the attention of
Mr. James Magoffin, of Alabama, who
purchased some seed, and has now, been
cultivating it several years. The result
of his experiments may be seen in the
4th vol. of the American Farmer, pages
30, 143, and 215. Also, in the 4th vol.
of the Southern Agriculturalist, pages
312 and 475.

Further experiments with this grass
are detailed by Mr. Wm. Ellison, in the
4th vol. of the Southern Agriculturalist,
page 494, and the 5th vol. of the same
work, page 5. To these several commu-
nications, I would refer such of your
readers as have those works, for a better
and more particular description of the grass,
than I can give them. [N. B. Such
Farmers as can afford to pay the cost of
the American Farmer and Southern Agri-
culturalist, and neglect to subscribe for
them, or one of them, do not deserve the
benefit of any improvement or discovery
in Agriculture.]

The confined results of the experi-
ments of these gentlemen show, that the
quantity of hay which this grass yields, is
far greater than any heretofore tried.—
That the quality of the hay is equal to
any other, & that both when green, & when
cured, it is greedily eaten by stock of all
kinds. Mr. Magoffin informs us, he has
actually made at the rate of ninety tons
of green hay per acre in one year—equal
to between 20 and 30 tons of cured hay.
Dr. Hardeman states, that a single root,
covering a circle, the diameter of which
was two feet, yielded at one cutting 52 lbs.
of green hay, which when dried weighed
20 lbs.; and consequently, that an acre of
ground, filled with roots equally produc-
tive, would yield more than 270 tons of
hay. However exorbitant these accounts
may appear at first, the high standing of
these gentlemen leaves no room to doubt
their accuracy. My own experiments
induce me to believe, that under circum-
stances, in all regards favorable, they
may be realised.

Of the immense value of this grass,
to us, in a hot climate, and on a sandy
soil, no doubt can exist.

I have ascertained the following facts,
with certainty. That it grows spontane-
ously and luxuriantly, in our country, on
alluvial bottom, and rotten lime stone
lands. I have planted it in a poor sandy
loam on a clay undation, (such as is the
general quality of the stiff pine lands of
our country,) and on a sand hill, origi-
nally as barren, and as arid, as the deserts
of Arabia. These soils, well manured,
produce it abundantly. Even the long
frost of 1832, (which, with me, con-
tinued from 23d May to 1st August, with the
exception of one slight rain on the 9th of
July,) did not materially affect its growth.
It may be cut as early as the 1st of May,
and the cutting repeated every thirty days,
until frost. It ought to be planted in
drills three feet apart, and two feet space
between the roots. An acre will then
contain 7,350 roots. A single root, of the
second year's growth, (on the dry sand
hill,) at three cuttings, has this year al-
ready yielded 1-2 lbs. of green hay, and
will without doubt yield at least as much
more before frost. At that rate, an acre
of pure sand hill, well manured, would
yield 55 tons of green hay, equal to a-
bout 18 tons of cured hay, of a quality
as good as the best blade fodder.

In January last, I drilled some seed,
in drills two feet apart, with seed
dropped at intervals of six inches, intended
for transplanting next fall. The whole
ground is now covered with a mass of
grass 2-12 feet high. On the 10th of
this month I cut and weighed the product
of one drill 35 feet long. It yielded 25
lbs. of green hay, which, when cured,
produced 8 lbs. of delightful forage. At
this rate, an acre would yield 15,750 lbs.
of green hay at one cutting. It may yet
be cut three times more, and consequen-
tly, the product would be 63,000 lbs. of
green hay, from seed planted in January
last. The product of old roots is from
two to three fold. These seeds are plant-
ed on pine land, with a poor sandy
loam on the surface, with a clay foundation
—well manured. I have not made any
experiment with this grass, on any other
soils than those above specified, but I
know, it grows much more luxuriantly on

alluvial bottom, and rotten lime stone
lands.

Mr. Magoffin is certainly mistaken,
when he supposes this grass is found in-
digenously, only in the western prairies.—
He furnished me with a few seeds of his
own raising. I also procured some from
Mr. Ellison of South Carolina, which
grew in Fairfield District, and some from
Gen. Owen, which grew spontaneously
on his plantation in Bladen county in
this State, on the alluvial soil of the Cape
Fear.

They are all planted near each other,
and are unquestionably, the same species
of grass. There is not the least differ-
ence between that found in this State, and
that from South Carolina. That sent me
by Mr. Magoffin, from Alabama, is a lit-
tle different in colour, being of a paler
hue, and of a little finer texture.

This grass is, without doubt, the 'Tri-
psacum' of botanists. In Elliott's Botany
of South Carolina and Georgia, vol. 2d,
page 522, two varieties are described:

1st. Dactyloides.—Root perennial.—
Stem 4 to 5 feet long.—Leaves large, 3
feet long, 1-12 inch wide.—Flowers, in
terminal spikes.—Spikes numerous.—Very
rare—have only seen it growing on the
margin of the Ogeechee river.—Flowers
from May to July.

2d. Monostachyon.—Root, perennial.
—Stem, 3 to 5 feet long.—Leaves 1 to 3
feet long, 1 inch wide.—Spike, solitary.—
Flowers in terminal spikes.—Grows abun-
dantly on the Sea Islands, (particularly
on Paris Island) and along the margin of
the salt water.—Flowers from August
to October.

For any practical purpose, there is no
difference between these two varieties.—
They are found growing together.

The following characteristics will ren-
der this Grass obvious to common obser-
vers:

It grows in tufts or bunches, measuring
about two feet across and three in height,
which tufts are composed of numerous
branches, springing from a common root,
which is tuberosus in its form for about
three inches, and terminates in many
small, but strong radicles. These branches,
in their origin, form the common
root, and have a peculiar arrangement;
being produced from two opposite sides
of the tuberosus portions only, and de-
parting from it at an angle in opposite
directions, gives to this part of the plant
a flat shape.

The leaves which (previous to the pe-
riod of flowering) all issue from the root,
are of a deep green colour, from 2 to 3
feet long, and from 1 to 1-12 inch wide,
are shaped like a blade of fodder, but are
sawed or rough on the edges, particu-
larly towards the point. The leaves com-
mence in a sheath, at the bottom, which
incloses and covers the origin of several
other interior leaves. About the last of
May, a number of flower stems shoot up
from different parts of the bunch, grow
from 3 to 7 feet high, and terminate in
one, two, or more finger-like appendages
(called by botanists spikes). The upper
end of the spike, resembles a single spike
of the tassel of Indian corn, and has a
blossom (farina) on it. These seeds, (which
vary from 3 to 5 on each spike) are im-
mediately below this tassel, and when
flowering, each has a single tag, of a deep
purple colour, resembling the silk of In-
dian corn. The tassel drops as soon as
it has shed its pollen, and then the seeds
ripen, one by one, and drop off. The
seeds are imbedded on opposite sides of
the stem, and attached together, after the
manner of the rattles of a rattle snake.

The flower stem is jointed and clothed
with leaves, much shorter than those
which proceed from the root, the sheaths
of which embrace the stem, to within a
short space of the next joint. It is chan-
nelled on alternate sides like a stalk of
corn. When full grown, it puts out bran-
ches at nearly every joint, which termi-
nate and produce seeds like the main stem.

I have been thus particular in my de-
scription, to enable persons to search out
this grass. I am satisfied it will be
the source of much wealth and comfort in
our pine country particularly. It is cer-
tainly the spontaneous product of our
own State. I know it grows in New
Hanover, Brunswick and Bladen Coun-
ties, and have been informed it is found
in Craven and in Orange, and may,
probably, on any of our alluvial bottoms.

Now is the time to search for it. It is
in bloom and more readily identified, by
the peculiarity of the seed. When not in
bloom, it very much resembles some other
grasses which are different in their na-
ture, and not so valuable. I might add
much more regarding it, but again refer
your readers to the essays above refer-
red to. Very respectfully, yours,
WM. B. MEARES.

*A well known writer in the Newbern Spectator
of the 19th inst. (H. B. C.) states that during
the last year he found the Gama grass on the shore
of the Neuse river, and that a gentleman in Flori-
da assured him that he had found it in that Terri-
tory.—[Editor of the Observer.]

Tall Men.—The Newport Spectator,
giving an account of a celebration in that
town on the 4th inst. says—"The pro-
cession was then formed under the direction
of the marshal, preceded by a steamer,
borne by two stout men, seventeen feet in
length.

MIRIAM LA BALLERINA.
OR, THE FATHER'S CURSE.

"Now by my hood, a Gentle, and no Jewess."

Merchant of Venice.

"No, no," cried the Jew Levi, while he
struck violently with his clenched fist the
table at which he had just supped, one Sab-
bath evening. "No, my daughter shall
never go upon the stage, to amuse by her
piqueries the idlers of Palermo. What
Miriam la Ballerina a dancer—holy Father
Abraham, my daughter an opera dan-
cer! and that too, when our young neigh-
bor Aaron is ready to marry her; when
she may be to-morrow the bride of the
richest merchant in the city; when—"

"I do not wish to vex or contradict you,
love," interrupted his wife; "but, however,
Miriam anxiously longs to appear at the
theatre. She feels opera dancing to be her
vocation, and she may make a large for-
tune by that means, and honestly too—
though all dancing girls have not the best
reputations."

"Hold your foolish tongue, woman,"
continued her husband; "you know, or
ought to know, that dancing girls are no
better than so many incarnate Babylonians.
I would rather, like our great Pa-
triarch, sacrifice her with my own hands,
than have her a public gazing-stock for
fools, and the common object of gossip-
ing scandal. Ichabod! Ichabod! a daugh-
ter of the tribe of Judah a public dancer!"

"But still, love," said his wife, in a
soothing tone, "David has danced before
the ark."

"Aye," answered with solemnity the old
Jew; "but that dance did not in any wise
resemble the one which Miriam is so fond
of practising; it was a grave, a measured
movement, to the slow sound of cymbals
and psalteries."

"That, my dear," answered the old lady,
"you cannot know positively. The book
of Samuel, which the Christians call the
Book of Kings, makes no more mention
of one description of dance, than of ano-
ther."

"Tongue of Satan," shouted the Jew,
worked into frenzy by this petulant opo-
sition, "would you destroy our child here,
and hereafter?"

This complimentary interrogatory effec-
tually stopped the old Jewess's mouth; she
removed the remains of their supper, and
spoke no more to her husband on that e-
vening except to remind him that the
clock of San Cypriano had sounded the
usual hour of retiring to rest.

Three months after this scene, the great
Opera House of Palermo was more crowd-
ed than it had been for years. The pit,
the boxes, the galleries, the orchestra,
were all crammed almost to suffocation;
and in one of the private boxes sat the
Ambassador of England; and his Secre-
tary of Legation, chatting about the young
debutante, who had excited so great an
interest and attracted so large an audi-
ence. "There is something in the circum-
stances of this debut," said the secretary,
"which renders la Signorina Miriam both
piquante and romanesque; her father is a
Jew, who, forsooth, piques himself upon
his Hebrew morality, and wishes to mar-
ry his daughter to a fellow of a merchant.
Instead of allowing her to become the
Tersiphoire of Sicily. Such a destiny
for a girl whose steps express the very
poetry of motion, would be too shocking!
The gentle Jessica herself has had soul
enough to spurn the dull monotony of a
bourgeois life; she has quarrelled with all
her family, cut her commercial Corydon,
and appears to-night in search at once of
celebrity and a protector."

"Diavolo!" answered or rather soliloqui-
zed the ambassador, arranging at the same
time the curls of an admirably built wig.
"The girl must have spirit; I should like
to introduce her to an English audience,
provided she would accept of me as her
compagnon du voyage. There would be
something quite oriental, patriarchal, in
being loved by a gentle Jewess, and of
the poetical name of Miriam, too! But see,
the curtain rises, and the ballet begins!"
And the ballet did begin with its pastoral
scenes and canvass vineyards, and in came
the shepherds and the shepherdesses with
their crooks and garlands of flowers, (the
only ruralities in their composition), and
danced, and grimaced, and made love, af-
ter the most approved and orthodox thea-
trical fashion; and at the third scene in
came the long expected Miriam, a tall,
dark haired damsel, "en bergere," with the
grace of Taglioni, and the figure of He-
berle. She glided forward in the most
seducing *pas seul*, which quite overcame
the diplomatic susceptibility of the Eng-
lish Ambassador.—The applauses were
rapturous, when, just at the moment as
the young dancing divinity had finished a
concluding *pirouette* of extreme diffi-
culty and exquisite grace, and remained mo-
tionless, with a half timid, half confiding
air, as if to woo the admiration of her en-
raptured beholders—just at that very mo-
ment, an old man with a long beard,
and broad-leaved hat, not in the least de-
greeted rural or Arcadian, rushed from the side
scenes to Miriam, and seized her delicate
gauze dress, which he frantically crushed
and tore. "Wretched girl," shouted he,
"could nothing prevent your exposing
yourself in these butterfly gauds to the
gaze of all Palermo? Well, then, before
all Palermo, I curse you bitterly with a
father's curse, and pray heaven that you

may end your days in rags and wretched-
ness! I curse you!" repeated he, gnashing
his teeth with fury; and although Levi
was not in the least degree an actor,
perhaps there never was uttered upon the
stage an imprecation which produced a
greater theatrical effect.

At this apparition Miriam fainted, and
her father was apprehended and carried
off as a disturber of the public peace, by
two police officers. The audience were
electrified by this unexpected *coup de the-
atre*, and the manager was in utter aston-
ishment at the anger of Levi, as his daugh-
ter had obtained a more advantageous en-
gagement by ten zecchini a night, than
any dancer since the days of La Voltapi-
edi. The male part of the audience were
unanimous in stigmatizing the Jew's con-
duct as brutal and uncalled for, towards
a daughter possessed of such faultless an-
gles; while the ladies, with that impar-
tiality which a woman always exercises to-
wards her own sex, allowed that Miriam's
figure was tolerable, but declared that she
must be a very abandoned girl indeed, to
occasion so much grief to so respectable a
parent. As for the people in the pit, at
first they appeared affected by the inci-
dent, but when they recovered from their
momentary emotion, and the manager
came forward to excuse the disappearance
of Miriam, on the ground of her indispo-
sition, hisses and cries of disapprobation
were heard on all sides, demanding the
restoration of the entrance money, as the
Jew father was not mentioned in the play-
bill, and as they had come to see a pasto-
ral ballet, and not a domestic drama.—
However, the tumult, like all other tu-
mults in this best of possible worlds, whether
political, religious or dramatic, was
at last stilled; and the ballet ended, with-
out the re-appearance of either father or
daughter.

When the Jew and Miriam returned
to their respective habitations, they both
were attacked with violent fevers, caused
by the harassing emotions, which they
had experienced. The old age of her fa-
ther sunk under the disease, but the youth-
ful strength of the Jewess triumphed over
its malignity, and that day month saw
them both fulfilling their several desti-
nies under very different auspices. Levi
was carried, with all the funeral solemn-
ities of his tribe, to the Jewish burial-ground
outside the city gates, upon the road to
Messina; and along that very road, upon
the self-same day, in the travelling car-
riage of the English ambassador, sat Mir-
iam, as the *compagnon du voyage* of his
admirer's excellency. She had heard of
her father's death, and notwithstanding
the excitement of the journey, the compli-
ments of the ambassador, and the more
delicate diplomatic attentions of the secre-
tary of legation, as the carriage drove by
the old burial-ground, its rows of cypres-
ses, and gloomy array of tomb-stones,
with their half-effaced Hebrew inscrip-
tions, she could not refrain from thinking
of the old man who had once so tenderly
loved her, and whose dying curse was
yet unrepented and unrecalled. There
is a strange influence in a father's curse;
it is not a force, a moving power, as the
mathematicians say—it is not a body, a
substance tangible or material; there is
nothing more unreal or unsubstantial
than the words, "I curse you; and yet
there are few persons loaded with the pa-
ternal anathema who have shaken off its
effects, or borne it lightly or harmlessly
through life. As for Miriam, the gloomy
recollection weighed on her mind for the
first few leagues of her journey; but long
before she had reached Messina, it was
effaced by the rapidity and luxury with
which she travelled, and by the glowing
anticipations of the glories which awaited
her in London—that paradise of pretty
opera girls, where pirouetting holds now
the same rank in public estimation, which
agitation does in Ireland. Her prophetic
fancy fondly pictured her approaching
honors; and she proudly supported upon
her shoulder the sleeping head of the
English ambassador, weighed down as it
was by politics and a meat breakfast.—
From time to time, the large dark eyes
of Ballerina met the saucy blue ones
of the secretary of legation, who reclined
in the opposite corner of the bouchée,
and who had no objection whatever to
play the first part in amatory diplomacy
during the repose of his principal. But
alas! "nuda rosa senza spina," no pleasure
is given to us poor mortals in this transi-
tory vale of tears, without a correspond-
ing proportion of sorrow and grief. The
Sicilian post-horses had the astonishing
presumption to run away with the equi-
page of the ambassador of England!—
The carriage was dashed to pieces, his
excellency escaped with a broken leg,
the secretary of legation's teeth were
smashed in a manner to render him ut-
terly incapable for ever either of saying
or signing soft things; and Miriam, bruised,
crushed, without a vestige of her former
beauty, was carried senseless to a neigh-
boring village. Her fever returned—that
night she became delirious, raved of her
father's curse, the secretary of legation,
and the opera house, and died happy in
the imaginary execution of an inimitable
pas seul. On the morrow, earth was
given to earth, Miriam was consigned to
her coffin, and the worms rioted over
their destined prey.

THE MERMAID.
A PATHETIC FISH STORY.

Hiram Coffin was an intrepid fisher-
man of Nantucket; a good looking fellow,
and withal a man of some talent in the
way of his profession. He had, by in-
dustry, amassed enough of the "world's
gear" to build him a house, and rig out a
neat little smack—which had lain "high
and dry" long after the death of his father.
Hiram took it into his head that Jenny
Gil, daughter of a veteran son of the line,
(not Jack Ketch) would make one of the
best helpmates that could be found upon
the whole island, and he therefore deter-
mined to venture within soundings, and
throw out his bait.

One evening—and it was a beautiful
evening—the pensive moon looked fondly
on the bosom of the calm waters, "the
mirror of her loveliness"—stillness reigned
—not even the gentle ripples that rol-
led up the beach, murmured loud enough
to be heard a furlong off. Occasionally a
distant splash was heard, which might
have been a dolphin or a porpoise—per-
haps a sea serpent, leaping from the bri-
ny deep—my authorities are silent upon
this important head, and much it is to be
regretted. I said that it was a beautiful
evening—Jenny walked pensively along
the yellow shore, in search of clams for
the morrow's breakfast; her thoughts were
like the sea—calm and placid—and she
often wished herself a water nymph, that
she might traverse the pathless deep, and
sport in the coral caves beneath its bosom.
Of a sudden she heard a mournful noise,
like a sigh and looking down she per-
ceived a stream of water issuing from a
hole in the sand. Experience had taught
her that the hole, the sigh, the gush, were
infallible indications of the presence of a
clam; so she began to dig for the hidden
treasure. Long did she toil, and the longer
she toiled, the more clamorous be-
came the inhabitant of the beach; at one
moment she had it between her taper fin-
gers, and then again it would slip away
with a mournful groan. Chance brought
Hiram to the spot, and with a fisher-
man's gallantry, he stooped down and
drew the shell-fish from its home. Jenny
sighed; and the clam sighed. This was
the workless eloquence of love, sigh
brought on sigh—utterance came—word
brought on word—and (happy Hiram!)
confusion brought on confusion.

Happy in the society of each other,
Hiram and his beloved Jenny wandered
along the sea beach—they made chaplets
of the sea weeds, they cracked "peppers,"
they chased each other with the "devil's
apron;" they threw stones, and they dug
clams. Pleasant is the love that meets
returns. They had not wandered more
than half a mile, when they observed
something in the sea, bobbing up and
down, as if it were dancing to Handel's
"Water Music!" The surprised islanders
glanced at each other, as if they would
have said, "shall we run?"—but they mo-
ved not, and the object in the water gra-
dually approached. As it neared the
moon shone bright upon it—it appeared to
be a beautiful female, with long flow-
ing hair, and arms and shoulders as white
as drifting snow. One lovely hand re-
mained gracefully fixed upon her breast,
while the other ever and anon dipped into
the liquid element.

Hiram looked with all his eyes—what
a heavenly being thought he—how fit for
a fisherman's wife!—Jenny saw the fire
of admiration dart from her lover's eye—
she saw it fixed in rapture upon the beau-
tiful sea-goddess, and her heart sunk with
in her. Jealousy that green eyed mon-
ster, crept into her bosom, and she turned
away and wept. Hiram chid her not, for
his soul was wrapt away in the water spi-
rit, who by this time had reached a rock
about ten yards from low-water mark, and
with a graceful bound, she threw herself
from the deep, and rested on one of its
shelves. Not a sound had broken upon
the silence for some time, until a sigh
from Jenny awakened the dormant clams,
and from the basket issued a chorus of
sighs. Hiram started from his stupor,
he thought he heard the plaintive voice
of the mermaid, and his heart was filled
with love. He went to the edge of the
sea, called on the water lady, but she an-
swered not, still preserving the same atti-
tude in which she had at first appeared.
The force of love has often been illustra-
ted, but never so finely, since the days of
Hero and Leander, as in a picture I have
seen of Hiram plunging into the waveless
deep, to the rescue of the mysterious
sea beauty. Yes—it was an act of chival-
ry and deserves to be recorded; he went
into the salt water, swam bravely, while
the disconsolate Jenny remained on
shore, wringing her hands in the agony
of despair. Nothing daunted, the heroic
Hiram skimmed lightly over the surface
of the deep, until he arrived at the rock.
There sat the water nymph in nature's
loveliness; he seized her round her waist,
and bore her triumphantly to the beach.
Jenny shed an ocean of tears, and ex-
claimed—"Ah Hiram, your vows were
all false;—you have fallen in love with
an evil one, and poor Jenny Gil is for-
gotten." "Never fear," said the honest
fisherman. I have only been out to save
the figure head of the brig *Mermaid*,
which was lost some time ago off this is-

land! Why—Jenny, odds sniggers!—
look its nothing but wood!"

Jenny and Hiram were united in the
holy bands of wedlock on the week fol-
lowing—and the wooden sea-nymph, to
this day, graces a corner of the hut.

THE WANDERER.

—It is positively asserted by all who know any
thing about the matter, that Mermaids have the
power of charming men by the soft melody of
their voices.

GOMEZ,
THE MEXICAN ROBBER.

This famous robber, with four hundred
associates, inhabited the extensive forest
of Pinal in Mexico, and committed the
most atrocious, and even guilty of the
most heartless and diabolical cruelties.
No traveller was safe, high or low, rich
or poor; and the name of Gomez spread
terror in every direction. His power
was so great that government were in-
timidated, and were unable to rout him
from his strong holds.

The following is an instance of the re-
finement and cold blooded barbarity with
which he inflicted death. A poor fellow
travelling near St. Martins, overtook a
man on the road and entered into conver-
sation with him, in the course of which
he observed that he hoped that he might
never fall into the hands of Gomez.—
"Why not?" asked his companion. "Be-
cause," continued the traveller, "he is not
only partial to robbing his victim, but he
delights in the shedding of blood, and in
the exercise of cruelty."

"And who told you that?" said his fel-
low pedestrian; "common report," said the
traveller, "and I know for certainty that
he murders every man he captures, and
washes his hands in the blood."

"Indeed," replied the other, "now you
shall be convinced, for here," said he
pointing to a path in the wood, is the
abode of Gomez, and I will take the li-
berty to introduce you to him." In vain
the traveller expressed his detestation of
all new acquaintances, and urged the im-
portance of his business; he was forcibly
conducted to the ground, and then had
the inexpressible horror of finding the
robber to be his companion.

"Here," said Gomez to some of his
gang, "bring that large chest here." It
was brought. "Now get in here," he
continued to the trembling traveller, which
being complied with, the lid was fastened
down, when Gomez said to him, "Now
Senor, you shall know how false is com-
mon report. You shall die, but your
blood shall not be spilt, neither shall I
gloat over thee, or wash my hands in the
streams of life—now starve, suffocate and
die."

The poor wretch in vain solicited mercy,
and perished while the brutal murder-
ers were laughing at his woes and gam-
bling on the chest!

ANIMAL LIFE.

The following is the scale of animal
life from the most celebrated writers on
natural history.—A hare will live 10
years, a cat 10, a goat 8, an ass 30, a
sheep 10; a ram 15, a dog 14 to 20; a
bull 15, an ox 20, a swine 25, a pigeon 8,
a turtle dove 25, a partridge 25, a raven 100,
an eagle 100, a goose 100.

PITTSBURG, July 9.—On Friday last,
the Hon. Daniel Webster, William Wil-
kins, Hartman Denny, and several other
gentlemen, walked down to the end of
Market-street, where the names of the two
steamboats which happened to be nearest
gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*.—
Mr. Webster's eye was very naturally at-
tracted to the "Boston," and he remarked
—"There is a name very familiar to me."
Yes replied Judge Wilkins, and the next
bark is the "Statesman." The Boston
Statesman is a name very familiar to us
all.

The Dutchman and his Pig.—The
teflis in te pe-te and no goot—his even
von contrarian animal as my wife Deborah
tump my wife one time, she tump too,
tump her tree time and she walk away
more quiet as if she was vasht asleep.—
But te tell! notin can satisfy te pig—
ven I tump him you vay, he runs head
vay after his tail; ten ven I tump him te
oter way he runs tail vay after his head,
and me got! after follering each other
tish half hour, here vey, as nearer te
place ve came from ten ven ve set out.

Pat's idea of Competition.—An honest
Hibernian who "takes in" a newspaper,
though unlike some Yankees that we
wot of, he does not take in the publisher,
encountered in his reading, the other day,
the word competition. "Barney," said
he, "you are a lad of letters, will you an-
swer a question that I'll be putting to ye?"
"Troth, an I will, Pat, it isn't my mo-
ther's son that would deny any thing
reasonable to Patrick O'Flynn." "Well,
thin, here's a jawbreaker of a word that
sticks in my crop intirely; Divil burn
me if I can spake it at all." "Oh Path-
rick that is competition." "And what is
competition, Barney, will you tell me,
now?" "I'll thry, Patrick." "Thry,"
will you, and so will I, Barney." "Will
you!" by Jasus, thin we have it betwene
us!"