

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Tail's Magazine. INVOCATION OF THE EARTH TO MORNING. Wake from thy azure ocean-bed, Ob! beautiful sister, Day!

From the Rail Road Journal. TO PROMOTE FRUITFULNESS IN TREES. A correspondent to the Genesee Farmer, under the signature of Umas, recommends a vigorous growth to young trees, that they may acquire size and strength, and not exhaust themselves by early fruitfulness.

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Umas says: When trees are young, their roots expand and run near the surface of the earth. If the ground be cultivated, the earth is warm and light, and the roots absorb much nourishment, and a rapid growth of young wood is the sole consequence.

A GENTLE REPROOF. There is no sound which grates more harshly on the ear of a man of a feeling, generous disposition, than to hear a brutal husband speak harshly to an amiable wife.

tell an affecting tale of patient suffering under unmerited abuse. Zachariah Hodgson was a naturally an ill-natured man. It was a want of reflection, more than a corrupt and ungenerous heart, that led him to consider his wife in the light of an inferior being, and to treat her more like a slave than an equal.

One day as Zachariah was going to his daily avocation after breakfast, he purchased a fine large cod-fish, and sent it home with directions to his wife to let it cook for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it, or fried it, or made it into chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?" "Yes, my dear." "I should like to know how you have cooked it—I will bet any thing you have spoiled it for my eating." (Taking off the cover.) "I thought so. What in the d—'s name possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried." "You did not think any such thing. You knew better—I never loved fried fish.—Why did you boil it?" "My dear, the last time we had fresh fish you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it better fried. I did it merely to please you. But I have boiled some also." "Saying she uttered a cry, and hid the shoulders of the Cod nicely boiled, were neatly deposited on a dish: a right which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-humour of her husband."

"A pretty dish this," exclaimed he,—"Boiled fish!"—Craps and porridge. If you had not been one of the most stupid of women-kind, you would have made it into chowder." His patient wife, with a smile, immediately prepared a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favourite dish." "Favourite dish indeed!" grumbled the discontented husband. "I dare say it is an unpalatable wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish at her husband's right hand, and there was a bullfrog of portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out full length. Zachariah sprang from his chair not a little frightened at the unexpected appearance.

"Why dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner." Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst out into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong—and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such another lesson.—And he was as good as his word.

roads from the shore. At this crisis, the rock entirely covered with water, and the waves dashing against his legs, when "hope itself departed," the boy hove in sight, and arrived just in time to save Mr. Stedman, who had grown faint and dizzy, from yielding to what seemed an inevitable fate.

A valuable Salt Spring has been discovered by boring, near Pittsburg, on the opposite side of the Monongahela river. The depth reached by this process was 628 feet, and the stream of salt water rises to a height of thirty feet above the level of the earth, and at the rate of seven thousand gallons in 24 hours, of strength sufficient to make twelve or fifteen barrels of salt.—The following is the account given in the Pittsburg Gazette, of the progress of the boring through the various strata of coal, clay, late, sandstone, &c.

In boring they struck the first rock, a kind of slate, at the depth of thirty-three feet which contained for eighty-eight feet, variegated in colour, some red, like red chalk; some perfectly white, all pretty much alike in substance. They then came upon sand stone, of a grayish red colour, which continued with occasional interruptions, for ninety feet. They next came upon another vein of slate, very much like the first, and variegated in the same way; and immediately below this they found a stratum of limestone seven feet thick, the only limestone discovered. From this down to about 390 feet they passed, generally through a kind of rotten, dark grey sand stone, with occasional shells of hard sand stone, with portions of iron.

Found gas at every vein of coal, except the first, which continued to discharge three or four weeks from each vein. Mr. Murray thinks that the gas now discharged would light an establishment larger than the Exchange Hotel in this city.

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA. From Sketches of France, Italy, and Switzerland, by an American Painter.—On Monday morning we went out to see the principal curiosities of Pisa, which are clustered in one spot, and first we visited the much celebrated leaning tower. This tower is the Campanile or bell tower of the Cathedral, and is customary in Italy, is a separate structure from the church. It is a circular tower, about 190 feet in height, consisting of seven colonnaded stories, and inclines from the perpendicular 16 feet.

The following is an instance of the refinement 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 conversation with him, in the course of which he observed that he hoped he might never fall in the hands of Gomez.

"Why not?" asked his companion. 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 fellow 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."

Umas was a Pequot by birth, and his ancestry, both on the paternal and maternal side, was royal. His wife was Tatobam, the daughter of a sachem, of that tribe. He had himself been a sachem, probably under Sassacus, the Pequot king, but on account of some circumstances which are unknown, he was found in open rebellion against him when the English commenced their first establishment in Connecticut.

The friendship of Umas was of immense benefit to the inhabitants of this state, and especially to the first settlers of this town.—The establishment of their camp in its vicinity, was a bulwark against their savage enemies. Their spies always gave notice of their approach, and more than once, premeditated attacks upon our ancestors in this place, were thwarted by the discovery of the Indian settlements.

We last hear of Umas in 1680. He was then very old, and probably died in obscurity. He was buried in a pleasant grove near Norwich falls. The following inscription we have frequently read upon the slab which covers his grave:

For beauty, wit, for sterling sense, For temper mild, for eloquence, For courage bold, for things warlike, He was the glory of Mohegan Whose death has caused great lamentation, Both in ye English and ye Indian nation.

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 were 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.

"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 common 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; nor starve, suffocate and die."

"The poor wretch in vain solicited mercy, and perished while, the brutal murderers were laughing at his woes, and gambling on the chest!"

From the National Intelligencer. PUBLIC SPIRIT.—STEAM MILL. Leonardtown, Md. July 17. 1833. Yesterday, a large number of planters and farmers, and other citizens in the vicinity of this place, attended to witness the starting of Mr. H. G. S. Key's steam mill, just completed. A general invitation had been given, and it was gratifying to see the warm interest taken in behalf of this new experiment, it being the only steam mill, erected in any of the lower counties of the Western Shore of

Maryland, or on the waters of the Potomac river, below the District of Columbia. At three o'clock, P. M. the hour appointed for starting the engine, Governor Thomas, who had politely attended on the occasion, threw in the first handful of grain, expressing his anxious wishes for the success of this enterprise, and his confident belief of the public advantage to result from it; and at the same moment, the signal being given, the machinery commenced its works in beautiful style, evincing perfect harmony in all their parts, to the admiration of the numerous spectators. The whole arrangement of the establishment, and credit to the enterprising projector, and the execution to his efficient and industrious workmen.

This manufactory is destined to be of incalculable benefit to the surrounding country, either on the Maryland or Virginia shore of the Potomac. Its location is at Leonardtown, a thriving, prosperous village, immediately on Britain's bay, a few miles from Hackensack island, with navigable water for steamboats and bay craft up to a wharf about to be built at the door.

The consequent improvement of lands adopted to its application, by the free use of plaster, should stimulate the agriculturists of St. Mary's and Charles, at least, to avail themselves of the proffered advantages; for all those lands where good and genuine plaster has been judiciously used, it has proved efficacious. The writer of this is a witness to its beneficial effects upon high, upon low land, as well as upon river bottoms, whether of salt or fresh water.

When the mill had been in operation a sufficient time for all present to examine the machinery, the work done, &c. the company amongst whom were a number of ladies, whose laudable curiosity had induced them to grace the mill with their presence, which prompted innumerable applications, from the bystanders in waiting, for the station of miller, believing that if such were to be the custom there would be no danger of starving; were invited to partake of refreshments which had been liberally provided by the hospitable landlords; after which a few remarks were made by Col. JENSEN, commemorative of the occasion, and deservedly complimentary to the enterprising proprietor. The company dispersed with gratified feelings. How much more than if they had been called together to witness the bickerings of political contest, is for those to appreciate who enjoyed them. The thanks of all who were present are due to Mr. KEY, as well as the community who will be benefited by his enterprise. That he may be abundantly remunerated for his large investment in a defatigable industry, and public spirit, is anxiously desired by

A MARVELLOUS STORY. I was bred up in the dislike of the marvellous, or the stupid wonderful, as my uncle called it. I must relate an anecdote in point. Some gentlemen were dining together, and relating their travelling adventures; one of them dealt so much in the marvellous, that it induced another to give him a lesson.

"I was once," said he, "engaged in a skirmishing party in America; I advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Indians in pursuit of me; the horrors of the tomahawk in the hands of angry savages, took possession of my mind; I considered for a moment what was to be done; most of us lose life, and mine was both precious and useful to my family; I was swift of foot, and fear added to my speed. After looking back—for the country was an open one—at length perceived that one of my enemies had outrun the others and the well-known saying of 'Divide and conquer,' occurring to me, I slackened my speed, and allowed him to come up; we engaged in mutual fury; I hope none here (bowing to his auditors) will doubt the result: in a few minutes he lay a corpse at my feet in this short space of time, the two Indians had advanced upon me, so I took again to my heels,—not from cowardice, I can in truth declare, but with the hope of reaching a neighbouring wood, where I knew dwelt a tribes friendly to the English; this hope, however, I was forced to give up; for on looking back I saw one of my pursuers far before the other. I waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Indian shared the fate of the first. I had now only one enemy to deal with; but I felt fatigued, and being near the wood, I was more desirous to save my own life than to destroy another of my fellow-creatures; I plainly perceived smoke curling up amongst the trees, I redoubled my speed, I prayed to Heaven, I felt assured my prayers would be granted—but at this moment the yell of the Indian's voice sounded in my ears.—I even thought I felt his warm breath—there was no choice—I turned round—Here the gentleman, who had related the wonderful stories at first, grew impatient at his endurance; he called out, 'Well, sir, and you killed him also?' 'No sir, he killed me.'

A candidate for office in Missouri, in an electioneering paper says:—"By nature and by habit, I am temperate and retiring; my constitution and faculties are unimpaired; my circumstances though humble are yet independent; my calling is that of a farmer; I reside in the county of St. Charles, and I am married." The qualifications of the lady to be the wife of so accomplished a gentleman, should have been stated also.

The editors of News, and Wh... are solicited to July 21.

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