

MISCELLANY.

Declaration for Assault and Battery.

The pleadings state of John a-Gull,
With envy, wrath, and malice full; [geon.
With swords, knives, sticks, staves, fist and blud-
Beast, bruised, and wounded John a-Gudgeon.
First count: For that with divers jugs,
To wit: Twelve pots, twelve cups, twelve mugs,
Of certain vulgar drink called toddy,
Said Gull did slue said Gudgeon's body,
To wit: His gold laced hat and hair on,
And clothes which he had then and there on,
To wit: Twelve jackets, twelve surtouts,
Twelve pantaloons, twelve pairs of boots,
Which did thereby much discompose
Said Gudgeon's mouth, ears, eyes and nose,
Back, belly, neck, thighs, feet and toes;
By which and other wrongs unheard of,
His clothes were spoil'd and life despair'd of.
Anstey's Pleader's Guide.

A Baker, once into his basket did peep,
And perceiv'd a young child, lying in it asleep;
A wit passing by his astonishment heeded,
And archly observ'd, he found more than he
needed,
The Baker replied, "Nought on earth can be
true,
For he that kneads bread, needs no children I'm
sure."

OREGON.

The following description of this portion of the country, is rendered more interesting by the circumstance that Gen. Floyd's Bill providing for its occupation, will be brought up at the present session of Congress—*Rich. Compiler.*

OREGON TERRITORY.

This territory bounds the vast dominion of the U. States, on the West. It extends from the 42d to the 49th degree of latitude, and from the 115th to the 125th parallel of longitude west of London. It is bounded on the north by a narrow belt of land, which separates our possessions from those of Russia, on the east side by the Rocky Mountains, on the west by the Pacific, and on the south by the Republic of Mexico. It is about 695 miles in length by 400 hundred in breadth, and contains 375,000 square miles, which, if all sufficiently fertile, would support a population of five or six millions.—This immense territory is almost unknown.—For the little knowledge we possess, we are principally indebted to the discoveries of Clark and Lewis, which did not extend much further than the banks of Columbia river and its tributaries. The name of this river was changed at the last session of Congress, into Oregon, which signifies in the native Indian language "the river that flows to the west." It has four great branches, by which it is supplied; the north branch, which still bears the name of Oregon, Lewis and Clark's branches, which are each large rivers, 900 miles in length; and the Multnomah, or east branch, heads in the same mountain with the Colorado, and the Rio del Norte, which empty into different oceans: the latter into the Atlantic by the Gulf of Mexico, the former into the Pacific by the Gulf of California. The Oregon after receiving the Multnomah, which is 1000 miles in length, increases from one to five miles in breadth, and meets with the Pacific in 46 degrees 15 minutes of latitude. A branch of the California mountains run parallel with the sea cost 100 miles distant, in a due course north and south. The country between this and the Rocky Mountains is uneven, being a succession of hill and dale, of which some of the latter are very fertile.—The ground is for many miles covered with a beautiful growth of timothy and clover, which will be seen in the next century, covered with droves of cattle and sheep, feeding on the luxuriant herbage, and belonging to men in a state of civilization. From the scarcity of wood, if stone coal does not abound, this country would be more suitable for a grazing and manufacturing than an agricultural community. One fourth part of this territory, that part that contains the Oregon State; and the city of Oregon, will arise on its banks, which shall rival New York or Philadelphia in their wealth or population.—The inhabitants of this territory, will enjoy a fair share of the lucrative profits of the fur trade, which is now principally monopolized by the British. They can also carry on a profitable trade in leather or hides, which they may in the same abundance procure at the Republic of Buenos Ayres, from the numerous flocks of cattle which will feed on their plains. The wild sheep of the Rocky Mountains is indigenous in the Oregon territory. The wool is represented as fine and silky, and capable of being made into the finest of broad cloths. This might be made a source of profitable manufacture, with other woolen goods sold on such terms as would supply the use of those of European manufacture. There are many other inducements which will call the attention of Congress, at the present session, authorizing a military post to be established at the mouth of the Oregon river.—This if passed, would have a good effect in preserving a large portion of the fur trade for our citizens, as I stated before. This branch is very valuable, and if no

other consideration was in the way, would induce Congress to overlook all local prejudices and establish it, which will be the first grand step towards the settling and consequently civilization of the country.

The Abate Ciappe was as gay and gallant a gentleman as ever wore that dubious title and the *petit collet*. He was one of those sensualists, however, who are so more from vanity than propensity; and to show how minor passions will at times gain the end as successfully as fuller and more worthy ones, Ciappe's selfish gallantry had seldom or ever met with a repulse. The Abate's delight was not in any individual enjoyment, but in the sum; and accordingly to have the full measure of this, he kept a written account of his intrigues, specifying the parties, how gained, their character, anecdotes respecting them, the money paid, &c. In this manner, I am almost ashamed to relate, the whole female world of Naples came into Ciappe's books; and, as it was not beauty that moved him, but a whim resembling that of Don Giovanni; from whence I suppose he took the hint, to add another name *alla tua lista*. He went systematically and successively to the task that his vanity had set him and spared neither pains nor money to effect it. At the eve of an industrious life, Ciappe's complacent reflections looked over every rank and order in Naples, from the Princess to the Bourgeoisie, and coul'd say to each,—"thou art in my books."

Ciappe, I dare say, was not the first of these seafarers Doddingtons; however, his diary and himself were not doomed to pass to the oblivion they deserved. It happened unluckily for the Abate one night, that a cavalier, on emerging from the *terzo piano* of a house in one of those steep and narrow streets that descend, or rather fall, from the heights of St. Elmo, down to the Toledo, was encountered by a bravo-barber, who seized him by the shoulders, ere he was aware, deliberately pulled off his cravat, as if he was about to shave him, and then cut his throat with a razor. Not a stiletto was in the case, to preserve even the romance of the story: the truth is, as it is told.

Ciappe was known to be the cavalier's rival with the dame, and on the barber's (who was caught) being questioned, and at the same time tortured to confess who instigated him, he said as they had put into his mouth, Ciappe. This was testimony enough, and poor Ciappe was condemned to die. The fact was that the barber had been mad, and his cutting of the throat was a frolic; moreover, Ciappe was a man likely to cut a throat for no woman. The court after condemnation became convinced of this and he would certainly have been spared, but the police in seizing his papers, had laid their hands also on the Abate's diary. It

was a document extremely curious and interesting, and the gentlemen superiors of the police spent hours in laughter over its contents. The

circumstance got wind—it ran in whispers around Naples that the Abate Ciappe had kept a journal of all his *bonnes fortunes*. A thousand females and upwards were aghast; they communicated their fears to one another—was easily done; they read a similar disaster in each other's countenance. A league was formed between the unfortunate Abate's army of mistresses; some from their pulses, others from behind their counters; the latter be it remarked, ten times as vindictive.

Ciappe's liberation was already resolved upon, when a deputation from the frail assemblage of fair, waited on the minister, and demanded

peremptorily the Abate's journal and his head; a revolution was threatened in case of denial. The minister knew too well the irresistible influence of all the wives of Naples; he instantly conceded the point. The dreaded journal was given, and the poor Abate, the deserved victim of his licentious vanity suffered under the guillotine for a crime that he had never committed

The death of near friends is an affliction to which the mind becomes but slowly reconciled. The burial of a stranger arrests the attention.

The departure of those with whom we have been in habits of daily or occasional intercourse affects us still more sensibly, and reminds us strongly of that verge on which we are tottering.

But it is only when a near and dear friend is consigned to the solemn silence of the grave, that we feel the full force of that sickening sorrow, which hangs heavily on the heart,

as though it would press it into that narrow space over which the spirit dwells in mournful suspense. There is an indescribable sensation of gloom attending such a scene, when, for the last time, we gaze on the features so pale, cold, and altered—when the grave is closed up, and the last sacred rights are finished. How unwilling the heart admits that here end the feelings and affections to which it has so long clung!

that all the little indulgencies and kindness of which we have so long partaken—the pleasures and sympathies mutually given and received—that they are all here to terminate—and how anxiously the mind seeks for some assurance that this is not a final and eternal separation, and admits the belief of a power that is able to take away in some degree the sting of death; and rob the grave of an agony which, without such a belief would be indeed insupportable.

Philad. Evening Post.

Ossian's Address to the Sun.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams. O

Sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in thee; the moon, cold, and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone; who can be a companion of thy course!

The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean sinks and grows again. The moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies;—thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm.

But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he be-

holds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow

hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season: thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when, it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

Needle Making—I will attempt to give you some idea of needle making. The wire is first cut at a suitable length for two needles. Each end is sharpened by taking fifty or one hundred between the fingers and rolling the points on a revolving stone. The needle is then placed on a die, exactly in the centre, and one blow makes two eyes, and at the same time cuts the wire nearly in two between the eyes. This was done with so much rapidity, that I asked how many times the die fell to make the eyes, not perceiving that the boy took up a new one at every blow. The needles are then parted and you have two in an unfinished state. The needle while heated red hot, is thrown into cold water, and afterwards is bro't into a spring temper by being rolled in plates of hot iron. Each needle is then fixed at the eye, and last of all receives the polish in the same way, is pointed only on a finer stone. In the last room I visited, were fifteen or twenty young girls from ten to fourteen years of age, busy in counting them out, putting them into papers, and labelling. The principal part of the work is done by boys, who from their appearance must be poorly paid.—*Chris. Spectator.*

Indiana.—When the French visited this country, it was inhabited by various tribes of Indians, who, divided among themselves by party animosities, were unable, if they were willing, to oppose the settlement of the new comers. The principal tribes were the Kickapoos, the Pienkashaws, the Mosquitos, and Ouitanous, whose warriors amounted to upwards of 2000. It is said that the country lying between the Mississippi and the Wabash, being claimed by the Indians on both these rivers, it was mutually agreed that it should become the prize of the victors in a pitched battle. The ground on which Fort Harrison now stands was chosen as the theatre of the combat: upwards of one thousand warriors entered the lists on each side. They fought from the rising to the setting sun—when the Indians of the Wabash were declared conquerors, having 7 surviving, while the warriors of the Mississippi were reduced to 5. The bodies of the slain were collected and interred in the neighboring mounds.

Such is the traditional account, no doubt embellished in its progress downwards, of an engagement that appears, from other proofs, to have taken place in that vicinity, and to have resulted in the destruction of many human beings

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I rise, sir, for information, said a very grave member of a legislative body, who then made no great figure in the business in which he was engaged, but has since far outgrown, in political importance, both his own and his neighbor's expectations. I am very glad to hear it, said a bystander, for no man wants it more.

I suppose, said a quack while feeling the pulse of his patient, that you think me a fool. Sir, replied the sick man, I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse.

Count Mahoney being once asked by the Pope, if he understood French. Yes, please your holiness, said the honest Hibernian, if it were spoken in Irish.

In Flanders, a tiler fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, and killed him without injury to himself. Upon the issue of a trial commenced by the next of kin to the deceased, the judge decided that the complainant should go to the top of the same house and fall upon the tiler.

Part of two stories.—An old gentleman, notable for his truth and veracity, once told some enterers, of his extraordinary activity when a youth. He was once, he said, going out to mow, and a deer jumped across the road. He pursued him, and after a hard chase, succeeded in catching him by the hind legs and killing him. The tads expressed more surprise at the relation than was expected, and he qualified it, by saying that a crust of snow through which the deer's feet broke, while his were large enough to keep him up, gave an advantage, without which, he might not have been able to overtake so fleet an animal. Ah! but, said they, we thought that you were going to *mow*! He considered a minute, then said, I have a part of the *mow* to

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