

MISCELLANY.

From Hood's Comic Annual.

Bachelor's Complaint.

They're stepping off, the friends I knew—
They're going one by one;
They're taking wives to tame their lives,
Their jovial days are done.
I can't get one old crony now,
To join me in a spree;
They've all grown grave domestic men—
They look askance at me.

I hate to see them sobered down;
The merry boys and true;
I hate to see them smirking now
At pictures fancy drew.
I care not for their married cheer,
Their puddings and their soups;
And middle-aged relations round
In formidable groups.

And tho' their wifes perchance may have
A comely sort of face,
And at the supper table's end
Conduct herself with grace;
I hate the prim reserve that reigns,
The caution and the shape;
I hate to see my friend grow vain
Of furniture and plate.

O! give me back the days again
When we have wandered free,
And stole the dew from every flower,
The fruit from every tree.
The friends I lov'd, they will not come—
They're all deserted me,
They sit at home and toast their toes,
Look stupid and sip tea.

By jove! they go to bed at ten,
And sup at half past nine—
And seldom do they now exceed,
A point or so of wine!
They play at whist for sixpences,
They very rarely dance,
They never read a word of rhyme
Nor open a romance!

They talk, forsooth! of Politics,
Of taxes and the crops;
And with their wifes they lag about,
For patterns at the shops.
They're skill'd in butter, cheese and soap,
And learn'd in butcher's meat,
And know exactly what they pay,
And every thing they eat.

And then they have children, too,
To squall through thick and thin,
And seem right proud to multiply
Small images of sin:
And yet, you may depend upon't,
Ere half their days are told,
Their sons are taller than themselves,
And they are counted old.

Alas! alas! for years gone by,
And for the friends I've lost,
When no warm feeling of the heart,
Was chill'd by early frost;
If these be Hyman's vaunted joys,
I'd have him shun my door,
Unless he'll quench his torch and live
Henceforth a Bachelor!

CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM BY THE CRUSADERS.

Extract from an unpublished work.

The thirteenth of July, 1067, was clear and unclouded, as had been nearly every day since the Christian army first sat down before Jerusalem, and the sun poured his scorching rays with overwhelming violence on the holy city and the encircling camp of the crusaders; more than a month had elapsed since the allied chiefs of the crusading army resolved to try the effect of a siege upon the infidel garrison, but the city still held out, and it now became evident to all that the attempt to reduce the enemy by famine would be vain; indeed, the scarcity of provisions was far greater in the camp of the besiegers than among the besieged; and the intense heat of the sun, combined with the absolute want of water, was most intolerable. The commanders saw the soldiers of their army dying by hundreds, and the spirit of the survivors fast melting away under the burden of their increasing privations; and, at last a council of war, at which were present nearly all the nobles of the army, and the officers of the two great orders, the knights, templars and the knights hospitalars, it was decided that a final attempt should be made to take the city by storm; and Thursday, the thirteenth of July, was the day appointed for the assault.

In order to be enabled to contend with greater advantage with the defenders, several huge wooden machines or towers had been constructed by the Christians, of height sufficient to overlook the walls of the city; they were separated into three divisions, which were filled with soldiers and engineers; the upper floor was provided with a moveable drawbridge sufficiently long to connect the tower with the ramparts, which would enable the besiegers to enter the city, in case they should gain possession of a part of the wall.

The attack, which was commenced with great violence early in the morning, was continued through the day with unabated vigor; but the assailants were much surprised and mortified to find at the evening, that their continued and violent assaults had produced little or no effect upon the fortifications of the city, owing to the obstinate and well-sustained defence of the enemy.

Several of their largest towers had been entirely consumed by the terrible and mysterious Greek fire, which was hurled continually from the city upon the dismayed soldiery & their huge wooden habitations. So closely had every part of the defences been guarded by the enemy, that, as yet, not one Christian soldier had succeeded in gaining the ramparts of the city, though numbers had perished in the attempt. One young knight of the order of the templars, who had vowed to be the first who should place his foot on

the ramparts, had been twice repulsed by the infidels, on the very point of fulfilling his vow.

The attack was recommenced the following morning, but with less vigor than upon the preceding day. The crusaders, however animated by the exhortations and assurances of the monks and religious orders who accompanied the army, continued to press the assault gallantly for several hours, when, seeing no prospect of success, and disheartened by so many repulses, they began to think of abandoning the attempt entirely leaving to wretched or abler hands the task of wresting the holy city from the grasp of the unbelievers.

At this critical point of time an event occurred which whether the contrivance of some of the more crafty chiefs to inspirit their dismayed forces, or proceeding from another cause, had most powerful effects upon the minds of the disheartened soldiery. On a sudden the form of a knight, clad in glittering armour appeared, in full view of the whole Christian army, on the summit of Mount Olivet. He seemed by his gestures to urge them to renew the assault. A shout arose from the crusading army at the sight, and rushing back to the walls, with loud cries of "St. George!" they resumed the attack with tenfold violence.

A great number, among whom were the young templars Engelbert and his brother Rudolph, with many of the bravest commanders took possession of one of the wooden towers; and the defenders of the rampart, surprised at their unexpected and furious onset, gave way. Godfrey of Bouillon followed by several other commanders and nobles, was hastening to take possession of the wall by means of the moveable bridge, when Engelbert, regardless of the laws of chivalry, and the respect which he owed his chief, suddenly rushed by him, and stood on the rampart; the duke astonished at his presumption, paused for a moment, and Rudolph also passed by him, and joined his brother.

The two brothers, the duke and his followers, hastily descended into the city; a few of the first were immediately cut down by the Saracens, among them was the gallant Engelbert, but after a short contest he succeeded in repulsing the enemy; and Godfrey, accompanied by a few of the most distinguished warriors, leaving the remainder to preserve the entrance galloped forward toward the gate of St. Stephen, to admit the soldiers without.

In the meantime Engelbert had been dragged wounded and covered with blood, from the ranks of the enemy by his brother, who vainly endeavored to stanch his numerous and deep gashes.—Engelbert in vain entreated him to leave him, and go to the aid of his weary and hard-pressed companions in the unequal contest, which they were now sustaining with the rapidly increasing force of the enemy.

"I have lived long enough Rudolph," said the expiring knight, I have fulfilled my vow, but I shall never see the holy city in possession of the soldiers of the cross, I shall never worship at the tomb of the Savior; but Scorowski returned the like answers.

Catharine, reclining on a sofa, listened with the greatest attention; every phrase of Scorowski vibrated on her ears; and the Czar still more aroused her, by saying, in a tone which indicated that he was interested in the conversation, "Catharine attend to that! do not you comprehend?" Catharine on this changed color, her voice faltered, she could scarcely reply. "But," added the Czar with emotion, "if you do not comprehend, I do. In a word, this man is your brother!—Come," said he to Charles, "kiss the border of her robe, and her hand in quality of Empress; after which embrace her as your sister!" At these words, Catharine grew quite pale; and the power of speech forsook her; she remained for some time in a state of insensibility. When she recovered, Peter affectionately said, "What great harm, then, is there in this adventure? Well, I have found a brother-in-law! If he is a man of merit, and has any abilities, we shall make something of him. Console yourself, then, I beg of you; for I see nothing in all this that ought to give you a moment's uneasiness. We are now informed of an affair which has cost us many inquiries. Let us depart."

Catharine rising up, requested to embrace her brother; and begged the Czar to continue his kindness to him and to his sister. It is not known by what accident Scorowski discovered that his sister had risen to the throne. The emperor assigned him a house and a pension; he was required to keep himself quiet, and to enjoy his fortune in private. Catharine was not much pleased, however, with the circumstances that conducted to this development. She felt herself internally humbled, by a discovery which pride and self-love considered as a degradation to the exalted dignity of her station.

An envoy extraordinary from Poland to the court of Russia, returning to Dresden, stopped at an inn in Courtland, where he was witness to an interesting quarrel between one of the ostlers and several of his comrades, who were inebriated. One of them swore much, and threatened, in low tone of voice, to make his antagonists repent of their insolence, having relations sufficiently powerful, he said to punish them.

The minister, surprised at the decisive manner in which the domestic spoke, inquired his name and past condition; and was told, that he was an unfortunate Pole, named Charles Scorowski, whose father, supposed to have been a gentleman of Lithuania, dying early, had left his son in a miserable situation, with a daughter, who had been for some time lost.

This answer excited curiosity in the minister, who imagined he perceived, in the rustic features of this ostler, some resemblance to those of the Empress Catharine, which were nobly formed, according to universal report.

This adventure struck the Polish minister so forcibly, that he jocularly wrote an account of it to a friend who resided at the Russian court.

It is not known how this letter fell into the hands of the Czar; but it is certain that he took a memorandum of it in a small book which he always carried to assist his memory. He sent an order to Prince Requin, governor of Riga, to discover Charles Scorowski; to entice him to Riga under some fair pretence; to seize him, without offering the smallest insult; and to send him, under a strong guard, to the Chamber of Police,

which he had ordered to revise a decree passed against this imaginary prisoner.

This order, which appeared like an enigma to the governor, was punctually executed; Charles was brought prisoner, and the Chamber pretended to proceed against him, with all the forms of law, as against a quarrel and a promoter of strife. He was afterwards sent to court under a guard, with the supposed informations which substantiated the offence of which he had been accused.

Scorowski, under great apprehension for his fate, though he believed himself to be perfectly innocent, was presented to the judge, who lengthened out the process, in order that he might more easily examine the prisoner, whom he had orders to sound thoroughly. The better to succeed in this design, he kept spies around him, to catch any marked word that might escape; and private inquiries were made in Courtland, which proved most clearly that this domestic was the brother of the Empress Catharine.

The Czar convinced of the truth of this circumstance, caused it to be intimated to Scorowski, that, as the judge was not disposed to treat him with much indulgence he could do nothing better than present a petition to his Sovereign; and that the means of doing this would be rendered easy, as not only access to the throne would be procured for him, but also protectors sufficiently powerful to ensure the success of his request. Peter who had artfully contrived every thing for a scene amusing to himself, but humiliating to the pride and haughtiness of Catharine, sent word, that on a certain day he would go *incognito* to dine with Chapelow, the steward of his household, and that after dinner he would give an audience to Scorowski.

When the appointed time arrived, this rustic did not appear intimidated at the majesty of the monarch; he boldly presented his petition; but the Czar paid most attention to his figure and appearance. He asked him a number of questions, to which the rustic replied with so much precision, that it appeared Catharine was really his sister. Nevertheless, to remove all suspicion, the Czar left him abruptly, desiring that he would return next morning at the same hour; and this order was accompanied with a promise, that in all probability he would have no cause to be displeased with his expected sentence. The Czar, supping with the Empress that evening, and said to her, "I dined to-day with Chapelow, and made a most excellent repast; I must take you thither some day." "Why not to-morrow?" she replied. "But," rejoined the Czar, "we must do as I did to-day; surprise him when he is about to sit down to dinner, and dispense with our attendants. Next day Peter and Catharine being accordingly at dinner with Chapelow, the petitioner was introduced, who approached with more timidity than he had shown before. The Czar affected not to recollect the subject of his prayer, repeating the questions of the preceding day; but Scorowski returned the like answers.

Catharine, reclining on a sofa, listened with the greatest attention; every phrase of Scorowski vibrated on her ears; and the Czar still more aroused her, by saying, in a tone which indicated that he was interested in the conversation, "Catharine attend to that! do not you comprehend?" Catharine on this changed color, her voice faltered, she could scarcely reply. "But," added the Czar with emotion, "if you do not comprehend, I do. In a word, this man is your brother!—Come," said he to Charles, "kiss the border of her robe, and her hand in quality of Empress; after which embrace her as your sister!" At these words, Catharine grew quite pale; and the power of speech forsook her; she remained for some time in a state of insensibility. When she recovered, Peter affectionately said, "What great harm, then, is there in this adventure? Well, I have found a brother-in-law! If he is a man of merit, and has any abilities, we shall make something of him. Console yourself, then, I beg of you; for I see nothing in all this that ought to give you a moment's uneasiness. We are now informed of an affair which has cost us many inquiries. Let us depart."

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to the display of talent; many of the most virtuous and noble characters recorded in our history have been lawyers. I am sorry however, to add, that some of the greatest rascals have also been lawyers; but of all the rascals of lawyers I ever heard of, the greatest is one T. who lives in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The gentleman fired at the charge, said very angrily, "I am Mr. T. sir." "And I am Mr. Sheridan" was the reply. The jest was instantly seen; they shook hands, and instead of voting against the factious orator, the lawyer exerted himself warmly in promoting his election.

Isaac Bissett, commonly called "Uncle Isaac," who died in this town recently, at a very advanced age, continued the habit of smoking a pipe of tobacco daily until the morning of the day that completed his 83d year. On this day he sat in his chimney corner with his pipe in his hand, and addressing it, said:

"This blessed day I'm eighty three
So faithful pipe I'll set you free:
The venerable old man abstained from the use of the pipe exactly one year.
On the day that he was 84, he resumed the cheerful pipe, and as he charged it, gave the following sentiment:

"This blessed day I'm eighty four
And I'll take one whiff more,
And he continued the moderate use of smoking until the day of his death.
Lynn Messenger.

There is an eastern story of a person who taught his parrot to repeat the words, "what doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price of ten rupees. A mogul asked the parrot, "are you worth 100 rupees?" The parrot answered, "What doubt is there of that?" The mogul was delighted and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all he could say. Ashamed now of his bargain, he said to himself, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed as usual, "What doubt is there of that?"

SALE OF Michigan Road Lands.

THE undersigned commissioner of the Michigan Road, will at the town of LOGANSPORT, on Monday the 15th of October, commence the sale of the Michigan Road Lands in the state of Indiana, to the highest bidder in tracts as the United States' Lands are sold.

For a full description of these lands, see the advertisement of the late sales at South Bend on the 4th of June last past. Owing to the alarm on account of the Indian war, at that time much valuable land was not examined, and but few persons attended the sales; and since then both the Michigan Road and the Wabash and Erie Canal have been put under contract, and the works are progressing; those who wish choice selections in that interesting part of Indiana, will do well to examine and attend the sales. None need stop on account of the rumors of the Indian war, as there is not the remotest probability of danger in that section of the country. Immediately after the conclusion of the sales, an office will be opened for entering the lands that remain unsold.

WILLIAM POLK, Com.
Vincennes, Aug. 13, 1832, 33-1s

P. JAMES, Pres't
of the board of Trustees.

Sept. 29, 1832. 37-3w

Rising-Sun Seminary.

THE Trustees of Rising Sun Seminary have the pleasure of informing the public that Mr. Daniel D. Pratt, A. B. will take charge of the Seminary the ensuing session. Mr. Pratt is a graduate of Hamilton College, New York and well qualified to teach the branches generally taught in Colleges; and who will procure a sufficient number of assistants to teach all the scholars that may offer. The session will commence on Monday the 15th of October next. It is desirable that persons designing to enter this school would commence with the session.

P. JAMES, Pres't
of the board of Trustees.

Sept. 29, 1832. 37-3w

SALT.

THE subscriber having about 200 lbs. 1st quality Kenhawa Salt on hand, begs leave to inform the public that he will sell at 37 1-2 lbs. per Bushel by the Bbl, reweigh, and take 30 lbs. for the Bbl.

WILLIAM V. CHEEK.
Wilmington, Sept. 23d, 1832. 37-1f

JOHN CALLAHAN

Sept. 4, 1832. 34-1f

LAW NOTICE.

AT MOS LANE, Attorney and counsellor at law, will, in future, give his undivided attention to his profession—may be consulted at his office, on high street, near the clerk's office, at all times, except when at Court—will attend the Circuit, Probate, and Commissioners' Courts, in the County of Dearborn. The Circuit Courts in Franklin, Switzerland, Ripley and Decatur counties. The Supreme and District Courts at Indianapolis. And will attend to business of Importance, either civil or criminal, in any other court in this, or adjoining states. He trusts that his long and successful practice, will insure him his former liberal portion of professional business, when the public shall be assured, that all business entrusted to his charge, shall receive his prompt attention, and best efforts, to bring it to a speedy and successful close.

AMOS LANE.

Lawrenceburg, June 13th 1832. 24-2

DICKERSON & WILLIAMSON.

Cincinnati, June 8, 1832. 28-3m

To Printers.

THE subscribers have commenced an establishment for the manufacture of Printing Presses from Super-Imperial to Medium size, of approved construction, the workmanship and materials of which they warrant equal to any made in the western country and which they will sell on liberal terms. Persons wishing to purchase, are invited to call and examine, at the manufactory on 5th street, between Elm and Plum streets, Cincinnati.

W. N. ROGERS.

Cincinnati, June 8, 1832. 28-3m

LAWRENCEBURG

CHAIR MANUFACTORY

THE subscriber takes this method to inform the public in general that he has established the chair making business, on High street, opposite the market house, where he will keep constantly on hand a large and splendid assortment of