

MISCELLANY.

An entertainment was recently got up at the Theatre, by the charitable citizens of Cincinnati, for the relief of the suffering poor. The following beautiful and appropriate Epilogue, written by Mrs Hertz, of Covington, Ky., was recited on the occasion. It is no faint praise to award to this lady, poetic talent equal to any of her fair countrywomen.

Epilogue.

We've met in Fancy's dedicated hall,
But not alone at Pleasure's syren call:
Here, in this temple, where the tragic Muse,
Her dark locks heavy with Olympian dews,
So oft, in all the pomp of visioned woe,
Has bid the holy drops of pity flow,
We've gathered—by a nobler purpose led,—
To dry the tears by real misery shed.

An angel spirit o'er the scene presides,
Around these walls, with sheltering wing, she
glides.

Oh, Charity! thou Hierarch of heaven,
To thee, this night, our offerings are given.

Accept the fragrant incense of the heart,
The flowers of nature and the gems of art.

Has Music charmed us, with her tuneful tongue?

Thy seraph strains with *hers*, responsive rung.

Has Eloquence enchain'd the captive soul?

Thy inspiration bade the numbers roll.

Sweet is the melody of choral song,

When beauty's lips the dulcet notes prolong;

But sweeter still, the helpless orphan's prayers.

The lonely widow's, who our bounty shares.

Rich are the tones of rhetoric—but still

More rich, ennobling, are the sounds which

thrill.

In Pity's ear, when grateful want receives

The boon which penury's keen pang relieves.

Hark! in the stillness of the wintry night,

What wild alarm breaks? What flashing light

Streams, like war's banners, through the mid-

night gloom?

Ah! many a trembling victim reads its doom,

In that destroying element's red glare,

Written in lines of desolation there.

Where shall the houseless, homeless wanderers

wend?

Heaven's cold, unsheltering arches o'er them

Unpiled misery weeps. Oh! thou, whose

power

Hast winged and sanctified this festive hour,

Celestial Charity! these woes arrest,

Clasp the pale mourners to the pitying breast,

Bind up each wound by human suffering made'

And gild with cheering beam affliction's dark

est shade.

From the Illinois Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Editor—I am that unfortunate personage, to whom all the mischief is attributed, that is perpetrated in this mischievous world. Alas! that I should live to this day, to see the dreadful aggregate continually accumulating, and the burthen never lightened! I am not the wandering Jew, yet I have lived from the earliest ages. Contradictory as it may seem, I escaped the general fate of mankind, at the flood, and have existed, ever since, in a kind of outlawry from the sympathies of human nature, and the principles of social intercourse. I have been abused and traduced and misrepresented, time out of mind, for every body's bad deeds have been laid upon my broad shoulders. My meritorious actions have been as industriously concealed, as my alleged faults have been exaggerated. I discovered the longitude, the philosopher's stone, and the principle of perpetual motion; I wrote Junius' letters; but never had any credit for either of these things; on the contrary pretenders have been continually setting up their claims, and endeavoring to rob me of my own proper merits. I am the *great unknown*, and there was one time a few years ago, when I thought the world was growing weary of persecuting me, and was about to crown me with enduring laurels; but this would have been too good a fate for me, unfortunate as I am! Sir Walter Scott stepped in, at the critical moment, when the suffrages of the public were about settling down upon myself, and bore them away by universal consent. Thus it has always been with me. I have had a dog's life of it; and have enjoyed existence no more than an owl in a hollow tree, a frog in a solid rock, a bachelor in the grand clastic, or a married man in a smoky house, with a scolding better half.

You have no doubt already guessed who it is that is addressing you. I am that unfortunate Mr. *Nobody*, who is blamed with every pitiful meanness, every villainous felony, every direful deed of scoundrelism for which no legitimate parent can be found. I am the putative wrongdoer in every anonymous perpetration of crimes or mischiefs.

I happened the other day to pop my mind—I have no body, you know—into a pleasant company, consisting of some half dozen married ladies, who in the absence of their less honorable halves, were consoling themselves with the amiable and innocent amusement of sipping tea, and talking charitably of their neighbors.

'Do you belong to this new society?' said one.

'Me! no indeed—nor any body else that I associate with.'

'What a silly project!' exclaimed another. 'Only think how absurd for a parcel of grown people to write letters to one another and then to meet together to read them!'

'It is quite ridiculous; and then to pretend to such a mighty mystery,' said the first speaker.

'I doubt whether it's respectable,' exclaimed an old lady, 'for *Nobody* belongs to it.'

Thinks I to myself, I am much obliged to you, ladies, for your good opinion of me—but you are all out of it, for I do not belong to any society in the world; a pleasant evening to you, ladies.

I passed on, to a room where a number of gentlemen were playing cards. What an uproar! What a horrible pandemonium.

'Cheating! some rascal has cheated!'

'No cheating at all, sir; mere accident!'

'That's not true—the loo was mine, but some rascal has slipped a card in my hand!'

'It was not I.'

'Nor I.'

'Nor me.'

'It was nobody.'

A pretty pack of rouges, thought I to myself, to be shifting their iniquities upon my shoulders. Well—I know one thing—I'm too honest to be caught in a card room; so good night.

Two well dressed men stood parleying in the street. 'Is the forgery suspected?' said one.

'Not a breath of it.'

'Has there been no intimation?'

'Nobody has dropped a hint.'

A pair of rogues! they know more of it than I do; I never dropped a hint on the subject.

A pair of young lovers sat upon a sofa. The gentleman had taken the lady's hand and was gazing at her blushing face, as if that look was his last.

'Will you have me, Lucy?' said he.

'I don't know.'

'If you don't know, who does?'

'Why—*Nobody*.'

Now, bless the girl, I knew no more about the matter than Pythagoras, who, unless he survives by the principle of transmigration, has been dead these many centuries.

'Come tell me, Lucy; why be ashamed, *Nobody* is present.'

There it is again! Must I be the witness of every marriage contract? I was present, sure enough, but what of that—cannot a blushing Miss say 'yes' without my sanction? A pretty time I should have of it, to be obliged to listen to all the fooleries of courtship. The young lover began to fear, I suppose, that if he asked a third time, his mistress would consent; so he changed the subject.

'Who was that, Lucy, whispering to you last evening, with his cheek touching, or almost touching, yours?'

'*Nobody*.'

Now, that was a downright fib—the baggage! the coquette! I never touched a woman's cheek in my life—women are not so fond of *Nobody*'s cheeks as that comes to; and besides, I'm as modest as the moon, as reserved as Diana, as distant as the pole—not the Polish Poles—but, the north and south poles.

'Don't tell me that, Lucy,' rejoined the youth, 'for I saw it.'

'Well, it was nobody—but Charles Saunders.'

That will do; that lets me out. Mr. Charles Saunders, it seems, personated *Nobody* on this occasion. Good night to you, Lucy; and good luck to you, Mr. Lover. Ask her again, and she will say yes; there's no mistake. She will marry you, and love nobody—but Charles Saunders. That is not an uncommon case.

A boy at the next house I happened to pop into was reading. He found out that the sun was a luminous body, very hot, and a great many times larger than the earth. Off he ran to his mother.

'Mother isn't the sun a luminous body? Isn't it a great many times larger than the earth?'

'Yes, my darling!'

'And an' it mighty hot?'

'Yes, my dear; who told you all that?'

'*Nobody*.'

The young reprobate!

'How did you find it out, then? by your own genius?'

'I don't know who *Jenes* is; I first found it out myself. Any body might see that the sun was a luminous body, and larger than the world and mighty hot.'

'My dear boy, you have a penetrating mind; you are another Columbus, a second Newton; I foresee that you will be a great philosopher.'

I foresaw very differently. I foresaw in that lad a promising candidate for the penitentiary, where he will certainly take a degree unless his luck shall be better than his principle. What! steal an idea and palm it off as his own! after a deliberate falsehood, and be praised for it! Well, it is but the way of the world. So they go on; cheating, deceiving, slandering, fibbing, and charging it all upon the only really inoffensive, silent, honest being in the world, to wit:

Your humble servant,

NOBODY.

The Washington Globe, although not a year old, has 3,500 subscribers.

From the *Globe*.

TO THE HON. HENRY CLAY.

SIR—I congratulate you, on the auspicious prospects of your elevation to the highest point of other men's ambition. The late proceedings of the Convention, at Baltimore were singularly appropriate, and consistent with the principles and motives of its members. Since the celebrated band of patriots which convened at HARTFORD, in the last war, there has been no assembly of the AUGUST FEDERAL PARTY, which for talents, zeal and energy, equal that which has honored itself by your nomination to the Presidency. Public expectation has not been disappointed, and the nation is satisfied. No American citizen, extensively acquainted with the course of public affairs in this country, for the last fifteen years, can doubt the propriety of recent events, or your fitness and qualifications to be the leader of the Federal party, nor your fidelity to its principles and measures. Your courtly manners, the proudest ambition, the most elevated feeling of self importance, with the highest toned principles of government;—There is something truly gorgeous in your political aspirations and character. A nation wearied with its democracy and its plain republican habits and government will hail your accession to the chair of Washington and Jefferson, as a new era in its annals, and celebrate it with all the splendor of European magnificence. Other nations will participate in the general joy. The House of Peers, in England, in the plenitude of its power, will decree honors to your name. A mighty influence, moral and political will parade the eastern continent and the Holy Alliance will find a sanction for its measures, in the maxims and policy of this new republic.

That you will be elected, over the Military Chieftain whom the Democracy of the country has placed at the head of our public affairs, no reasonable man can doubt. Public opinion is sickened with the simplicity of the times, and popular sentiment discards the inconvenience of constitutional restraints. The Anglo-Journal of this city, the herald and prophet of your triumph, has announced the event as worthy the Gods. Already the steeds of Apollo have been harnessed to the Chariot of the Sun, & the Celestials are in waiting to convey you to the temple of fame. But this is rhapsody and declamation. "Let facts be submitted to a candid world." You are certain of the Electoral votes of Maine, 9; New-Hampshire, 8; New York 36; Pennsylvania, 28; Virginia 24; North Carolina, 15; South Carolina, 11; Georgia, 9; Illinois, 3; Missouri, 3; Tennessee, 11; Alabama, 5; and Mississippi, 3—total, 140—which is sufficient to secure your election. Besides the following States, which as they are unnecessary, may be considered as doubtful, viz: N. Jersey, 8; Maryland, 11; Ohio, 16; Indiana 5; Kentucky, 14; and Louisiana, 5—total 59. Making a grand total, which your friends consider certain, of 199 Electoral votes. Let no man call this vain boasting, or the estimate of a sanguine calculation. Nothing but the fiat of heaven can disappoint your hopes, or change the computation of numbers. You are now only not the President elect. The fates have decreed the overthrow of this administration of "war, pestilence and famine," the legitimate successor of "intrigue, bargain and management," and the return of that bright resplendence of political glory, which surrounded by its own attributes and directed by your presiding genius will place the prosperity of the nation beyond the reach of republican interference and democratic familiarity.

Considering, therefore, your election to the Presidency, as too certain for any human agency to prevent, the necessary preparations should not be neglected. Mr. Webster, of course, will be your Secretary of State. Deeply versed in the principles and policy of the party to which your fortunes are now allied, the known character and influence of the man and his devoted patriotism in the last war, have designated him as your prime minister, and the nation expects it. Your Secretary of the treasury must come from New York. That State having given you the largest electoral vote, and collecting within itself more than half the public revenue, will claim a situation in your Cabinet, and the claim will be respected. Judge Spencer understanding the culture of silk, the most important qualification for your Chancellor of the Exchequer, will take upon himself the laborious duties of that office, with unfeigned pleasure. I would particularly recommend him to your most gracious favor. Like another distinguished statesman, he has long since sold out every political party in the nation and is admirably fitted for the new administration. The god of War is no where to be found but in Maine. Mr. Holmes has more military tact and prowess than any other man in America; and, carrying the British flag in his countenance, would render your go-

vernment not only invincible, but invulnerable. In selecting a head for the Navy Department, you will be equally fortunate. Stephen Simpson, of Philadelphia, commands, in his own person, more disinterested patriotism, than ever animated the democratic party from the commencement of the Revolution.

With him, private friendships and the

sacred character of confidential and social intercourse, are nothing, when

brought in competition with the public

weal.—The trident of Neptune, in his

hands would be more terrible than an

army with banners. Mr. Wright, of

Ohio, your avanunt-courier, on your last

retreat from this city, will discharge

the duties of the Postmaster General.

He understands all the little details of

business, and the small matters of party,

better than any of the old Clerks in the

Departments. In the bureau of the

Attorney General, Mr. Walter Jones

will be found your undeviating friend,

right or wrong; and however profi-

gate may be your subordinates, while

he administers that branch of the

public service, no defaulter will be found,

in legal palance, meriting the censures

of the government.—Thus surrounded

by your personal and political friends,

you may bid defiance to the whole de-

mocracy of the nation. The Anti-Ma-

sions, like the Jews, must wait for a

Messiah of their own.

With the organization of your ad-

ministration, I cannot contemplate the

future destinies of the country without

feelings of the most sublimated charac-

ter. The American System will go into