

## 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 be 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 enchained 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  
Unpillowed misery weeps. Ah! thou, whose  
power

Hast winged and sanctified this festive hour,  
Celestial Charity! these woes arrest,  
Clasp the pale mourners to thy 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 climacteric, 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 mischief.

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 rogues, 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 cockatrice! 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 isn't 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! utter a deliberate falsehood, and be praised for it! Well, it is but the way of the world. So they go on; cheating, deceiving, flandering, 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 pervade 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, 23; 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 refulgence 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 gov-

ernment 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 avant-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 profligate may be your subordinates, while he administers that branch of the public service, no defaulter will be found, in legal balance, meriting the censures of the government.—Thus surrounded by your personal and political friends, you may bid defiance to the whole democracy of the nation. The Anti-Masons, like the Jews, must wait for a Messiah of their own.

With the organization of your administration, I cannot contemplate the future destinies of the country without feelings of the most sublimated character. The American System will go into full operation, on the grandest scale. The Tariff will be remodelled and revised, to conform, exclusively, to the interest of the manufacturers, and the mercantile and shipping interests, altogether too democratic for the age in which we live, will be prostrated. A system of internal improvements, at the expense of the nation, will pervade the favored States, while a new national debt will be created, to perpetuate the blessings of freedom. The National Bank will be re-chartered with additional privileges and enlarged powers, and the world will witness the brilliant spectacle of a young republic embracing within itself, an aristocracy of influence and power, and a monied monopoly, under a SPLENDID CONSOLIDATED GOVERNMENT.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

The Philadelphia "United States Gazette" has "but little doubt, that a bill to renew the charter of the United States Bank will be presented to Congress early in the session." The object of this movement is at once avowed, viz: that the Bank may avail itself of the peculiar situation of the President. His election comes on next year; and they think, rather than run the risk of encountering the odium, which it is supposed will arise from the rejection of the Bill, that he will sign it.—This cunning calculation might be just in most cases and with most men. But, if there be any one quality more remarkable in the character of Andrew Jackson than any other, it is that moral force—that unflinching courage—that indifference to temporary consequences, which have made him what he is. What! can it be expected of a man, who has said that he would scarcely turn on his heel to secure his re-election, that he will sign a bill of this description? We, for one, do not believe it. If the Bank is guilty of the indecency of placing him in this duresse, we trust that he will have the firmness to tell them so—and return it to Congress without his signature.

From the Globe.

Mr. Blair: In a late number of the Globe you have given it as your opinion, that the number of Electors for President, in 1832, must be equal to the present number of Senators and Representatives; and Mr. Ritchie in the last number of the Enquirer, thinks the question doubtful.

If you will turn to the Laws of the United States, 8th Act, 1st Section, of the 2d Congress, approved March 1, 1792, you will find that the question is settled in opposition to your opinion. It is there provided, that the number of "Electors shall be equal to the number of Senators and Representatives to which the several States may by law be entitled, at the time when the President and Vice President, thus to be chosen, shall come into office."

Yours,

X.

### GOODWIN & WILSTACH,

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS,

No 3, Upper Market, (or Fifth) Street, at the old sign of the

GOOD SAMARITAN,

Cincinnati, Ohio. Wholesale & Retail dealers in

Drugs, Medicines,

PAINTS, OILS,

VARNISHES,

DYE-STUFFS,

Window-Glass, &c. &c.

July 23, 1831. 29-6 mo

### Revised Laws of 1831.

A FEW copies of the Revised Laws of Indiana, passed at the late session, for sale at this office.

### DEARBORN COUNTY,

DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT.

September Term, 1831.

David Palmer, }  
Versus }  
Wm. C. Vanhouten, } On complaint  
Hannah Vanhouten, } in chancery.  
Cornelius W. Vanhouten, }  
and Isaac Vanhouten. }

NOTICE is hereby given to William C. Vanhouten, Hannah Vanhouten, Cornelius W. Vanhouten, and Isaac Vanhouten; that the said David Palmer has filed his bill of complaint on the chancery side of said court, praying amongst other things, that the said defendants be compelled to make him a deed in fee simple for certain lands in the said Bill described; the defendants aforesaid will therefore take notice, that unless they be and appear before the Judges of the Dearborn circuit court, in chancery sitting; at their Term to be holden in and for the said county of Dearborn, on the fourth Monday in March next, then and there to answer to, gainsay, or deny the matters in the said bill stated, the same as to them will be taken as confessed, and the matters therein prayed for decreed accordingly. By order of the court.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

December 19, 1831.

51-8w

### DEARBORN COUNTY,

DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT.

September Term, 1831.

Justus M. Cure, }  
Versus } On foreign attachment  
Andrew S. Winings, } in Debt.  
and James Winings. }

NOTICE is hereby given to Andrew S. Winings, and James Winings, that Justus M. Cure, the plaintiff aforesaid, has sued out of the clerk's office of the Dearborn circuit court, his writ of foreign attachment in an action of debt—and that the same has been returned by the Sheriff of Dearborn as follows, to wit: "Attached twenty acres of land part of the N. W. q. of section 15—Town 5, Range 2, West, in the county of Dearborn." Now, therefore, the said defendants are hereby notified, that unless they appear, the special bail, receive a declaration, and plead to the action aforesaid within one year from the September Term of the Dearborn circuit court, 1831, Judgment will be entered against them by default, and the land so attached will be sold for the benefit of their creditors. By order of the court.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

December 19, 1831.

51-3w

### Administrator's Notice.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given that I have taken out of the Clerk's Office of the Probate Court of Dearborn County letters of administration on the estate of Jesse Foster, late of Dearborn County deceased, all persons indebted are therefore requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement. It is believed the said estate will be amply solvent.

NIMROD W. DART, Adm'r.

Dec. 13th, 1831.

50-3w

### NOTICE.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given that I shall offer for sale at the late dwelling of Jesse Foster, deceased, on the first Tuesday in January next, the following articles:

One Wagon, and Horses, one Cow,  
And Young Cattle, and Sheep,  
Corn, Oats, Hay, Potatoes,  
Farming Utensils, Household and  
Kitchen Furniture, and a Rifle Gun,  
and other articles too tedious to mention.  
Sale to commence at 10 o'clock on said day. Nine months credit will be given.

NIMROD W. DART, Adm'r.

Dec. 10th, 1831.

50-2w

### CAUTION.

WHEREAS my wife, ANN, has abandoned her home and family, without just cause or provocation; this, therefore, is to forewarn all persons from crediting her on my account, as I am determined to pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

MOSES TOUSEY.

Dec. 3, 1831.

5w

### NOTICE.

THE subscriber takes this method to give general information to the public, that his

### CLOTH DRESSING

works are in full operation, and having employed an experienced hand to do the business, he flatters himself that he will be able to give general satisfaction to those who may favor him with their custom. The prices will be as follows:

For London Brown full cloth	25 cts. p'r y'd
" London Smoke	do. 20 "
" Snuff	do. 20 "
" Green	do. 20 "
" Black	do. 20 "
" Navy Blue	do. 20 "
" Drabbs	do. 20 1/2 "

All other work low in proportion.  
N. B. For the accommodation of those living at a distance, he has made arrangements with George Tousey of Lawrenceburgh to receive cloth at his store, where it will be taken by him and returned when finished; he has also made the same arrangements at Mr. Plummers store in Manchester township.

EDMUND BOND.

White-water Mills, Oct. 5th, 1831. 40-2mo

### NOTICE.

WHEREAS my daughter, Polly Ann Brannen, a minor, has absented herself from my house, against my will and consent, this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting her, as they would avoid the penalties of the law.

THOMAS BRANNEN.

December 17, 1831.

49-8w