DYING DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER.
By Mrs. OPIE.

MOTHER, when these unsteady lines
Thy long averted eyes shall see,
This hand that writes, the heart that pines,
Will cold, quite cold, and tranquil be.

That guilty child, so long disown'd,
Can then, blest thought, no more offend,
And should'st thou deem my crimes aton'd,
O deign my orphan to befriend.

That orphan who, with trembling hand,
To thee will give my dying prayer!
Canst thou my dying prayer withstand,
And from my child withhold thy care?

O raise the veil which hides her cheek,
Nor start her mother's face to see,
But let her look thy love bespeak,
For once that face was dear to thee.

Gaze on—and thou'lt perchance forget
The long, the mournful lapse of years,
Thy couch with tears of anguish wet,
And e'en the guilt that caus'd those tears.

And in my pure and artless child,
Thou'lt think her mother meets thy view;
Such as she was when life first smil'd,
And guilt by name alone she knew.

Ah! then I see thee o'er her charms
A look of fond affection cast,
I see thee clasp her in thine arms,
And in the present lose the past.

But soon the dear illusion flies;
The sad reality returns;
My crimes again to memory rise,
And ah! in vain my orphan mourns.

'Till suddenly some keen remorse,
Some deep regret her claims shall aid;
For wrath that held too long its course,
For words of peace too long delay'd.

For pardon (most alas, deny'd
When pardon might have snatch'd from shame)
And kindness, bad'st thou kindness try'd,
Had check'd my guilt & sav'd my fame.

And then thou'lt wish, as I do now,
Thy hand my humble bed had smooth'd,
Wip'd the chill moisture off my brow,
And all the wants of sickness soothe'd.

For oh! the means to soothe my pain
My poverty has still deny'd,
And thou wilt wish, ah! wish in vain,
Thy riches had those means supply'd.

Thou'lt wish, with keen repentance wrung,
I'd clos'd my eyes upon thy breast,
Expiring, while thy faltering tongue
Pardon in kindest tones express'd.

O sounds which I must never hear!
Thro' years of woe my fond desire!
O mother, spite of all, most dear,
Must I unblest by thee expire?

Thy love alone I call to mind,
And all my past disdain forget—
Each keen reproach, each frown unkind,
That crush'd my hopes when last we met.

But when I saw that angry brow,
Both health and youth were still my own;
O mother, could'st thou see me now,
Thou could'st not have the heart to frown.

But see! my orphan's cheek displays
Both youth and health's carnation dies,
Such as on mine in happier days
So fondly charm'd thy partial eyes.

Grief o'er her bloom a veil now draws,
Grief her lov'd parent's pangs to see;
And when thou think'st upon the cause
That paleness will have charms for thee.

And thou wilt fondly press that cheek,
Bid happiness its bloom restore,
And thus in tender accents speak,
"Sweet orphan thou shalt mourn no more."

But wilt thou thus indulgent be?
O! am I not by hope beguil'd?
The long, long anger shown to me,
Say, will it not pursue my child?

And must she suffer for my crime?
Ah! no! forbid it gracious heaven!
And grant, O grant, in thy good time,
That she be lov'd, and I forgiven!

EXTRACTS

From the Rev. M. L. Weem's History of the Life of George Washington.

"AN officer said one day at head quarters, that in his opinion a field of battle called for valor not *virtue*. "There is no "call, sir," replied Washington, "prior "to that of *virtue*, none of comparable "magnitude and importance. By fighting we serve our country; by virtue we "serve him who made us, we serve mankind, we serve ourselves, and even we "serve our country the better in the article of valor. For how a man can fight "in a bad cause, and under a guilty conscience, I do not know. Under such "circumstances I think I should be the "veriest coward alive; but give me the "happiness to live and to fight, so as to "have God on my side, and I hope I shall "never know fear." This is near a-kin to a noble sentiment of a great captain in former ages, "I fear my God, O Abner, and know no other fear."

"The patriotism of the Roman emperor, Alexander, has been celebrated thro' all ages, because he was never known to give any place though favor or friendship, but to employ those only whom both the senate and himself looked upon as the best qualified to serve the country. In our Washington we meet this great and honest emperor over again. For in choosing men to serve his country, Washington knew no recommendation but merit; had no favorite but worth. No relation, however near, no friends, however dear, stood any chance for places under him, provided he knew men better qualified to fill them. His great soul was so truly *Republican*, so perfectly abhorrent of every thing like selfishness, that during the whole of his administration he was never known to advance even an individual of his own name and family."

"But of all the virtues that adorned the life of this great man, there is none more worthy our imitation than his admirable industry. It is to this virtue in her Washington that America stands indebted for services past calculation; and it is from this virtue that Washington himself has snatched a wreath of glory that shall never fade away. O that the good genius of America may prevail! that the example of this her favorite son may but be universally adopted! Soon shall our land be freed from all those sloth begotten demons which now haunt and torment us! For whence do all our miseries proceed, but from our lack of industry? In a land like this, which Heaven has blessed above all lands: A land abounding with the fish and flesh-pots of Egypt, and flowing with the choicest milk and honey of Canaan: A land, where the poorest Lazarus may get his *fifty-pence* a day for commonest labor; buy dantiest bread of corn flour for less than *a penny a pound!* Why is any man hungry, or thirsty, or naked, or in prison? Why but for his own unpardonable sloth! But, alas! what would it avail, though the blest shade of Washington were to descend from his native skies, and, with an angel's voice, recommend industry as the handmaid of *health, wealth, innocence* and *happiness* to man! A notion from the land of lies, has taken too deep root among some, that "*labor is a low-lived thing, fit for none but negro slaves! and that dress and pleasure are the only accomplishments* for a gentleman!" But does it become a gentleman to saunter about, living upon the charity of his relations, to suffer himself to be dunned by his creditors, and, like a hunted wolf, to fly from the face of sheriffs and constables? Is it like a gentleman to take a generous woman from her parents, and reduce her to beggary; to see even her bed sold from under her, and herself and weeping infants turned out of doors? Or is it like a gentleman to bring up one's sons in sloth, pleasure, and dress, as young noblemen, and then leave them without estates, profession, or trade to turn gamblers, sharpers, or horse thieves? "From such gentlemen, O save my country, heaven!" was Washington's perpetual prayer, the emphatical prayer of his life and great example!"

"Washington's life exhibits immortal monuments of his sense of the blessings of government and the great duty of cheerful submission to it. Frequent were the opportunities which he had to wear the brightest gold and purple that sceptre seeking ambition could covet: But he despised them all. Charmed with that heaven which results from good government, and a prompt obedience to it, he readily returned the glittering sword of the victorious generalissimo, stepped down from the exalted chair of supreme magistracy, mixed as a commoner among the citizens, obeyed those whom he had been accustomed to command, honored the president, revered the laws, paid his taxes, and in every respect, behaved as became the man, who was fully possessed of this great idea, that in proportion to our *union*, will be our strength, our peace and prosperity at home, and our respectability and success abroad."

"Let us, my fellow-citizens, as we revere the memory of George Washington—as we honor the mighty God of order whom Washington honored—as we would live the life and die the death of that righteous man, O let us imitate this *greatest*, because *best* example in his most exemplary life." [*Balance.*]

From the Fredericktown Herald.

We have been furnished with the following as an extract of a letter from a clergyman to his reverend friend—

The disposition of our present government appears ominous and truly inauspicious to the ministry of the Gospel. Mr. Paine, who is the most obscene reviler and virulent scoffer at Christianity, that the world ever saw and has written the grossest blasphemy against our blessed Savior, is honored and entertained with social hilarity by our present chief magistrate. In his first letter, addressed to the people of the United States, he rancourously sneers at the clergy and adds in the same sentence "the piety of hypocrites" with which epithet infidels and profligates have always attempted to ridicule the votaries of the Christian religion. I know not what to think of those ministers of the gospel, who still contend that Mr. Jefferson is a believer in our holy doctrine. It appears clear to me, that, if he was a christian, he could not possibly honor the man, who has so malignantly abused the founder of christianity. There is but one step more necessary to procure an efficient support to the propagation of unbelief and deism throughout the United States, and that is, to grant Mr. Paine adequate power by an act of congress to establish a system of *moral* instruction on the plan of his Age of Reason. Our churches could easily be converted into Temples of Reason and our schools be interdicted the use of the bible, as idle fable unfit to expand the minds of the rising generation. But perhaps the American nation may not yet be sufficiently enlightened for so glorious a measure. The sanction of Mr. Jefferson's name has transformed the ministerial minions, who most strenuously denied, that Mr. Paine was invited by him to this country, into the loudest advocates for the propriety of the invitation, and in their adoration of the president have we not reason to believe, that every consideration of christianity would be sacrificed at the shrine of political enthusiasm?

I care not to express my most pointed disapprobation at the conduct of Mr. Jefferson in the hospitality he affords to the profligate infidel, and in bestowing on him an adventitious respectability by his countenance and patronage. And although I have ever believed, that a minister of the gospel should forbear to take an active part in the politics of his country, yet I never can be persuaded to think that he should tamely submit to any attacks on his religion, though they should be favored by the smiles of the chief magistrate. Such submission would amount to a dereliction of the cause he is bound by every sacred tie of Christian obligation to uphold and defend. Perhaps under a monarchical form of government, the avowal of his disapprobation at the ruler's conduct might prove of little avail; but under an elective magistrate, it becomes an indispensible duty to unfold to the people his contempt for the religion which they hold sacred. By such means he will impart to the community a proper estimate of the qualifications of a president who cherishes in his bosom the most profligate infidel and who himself rejects the scripture account of the Deluge, in his "Notes on Virginia." At the ensuing election the people may then chuse for their chief magistrate a man whom they know to be more friendly to their religion. I am convinced that the majority of the American nation are professors of Christianity and apprehend, that if the president despised the religion of Christ, as idle fable, he ought, at least for their sake, to have excluded from his presence Mr. Paine, its greatest enemy and reviler.

Now, my dear sir, which is the path of duty?—To look on these proceedings with indignant silence or to break out into censorious animadversion on the conduct of our chief Ruler?—The bishop of Landaff has written a very elegant and ample refutation of Paine's Age of Reason: but I do not know, that I have seen more than two or three copies of that work in our city. I am credibly informed that the Age of Reason is publicly advertised for sale in the shop of one of your democratic editors. The laws of this state punish blasphemy, and yet a work is suffered to be sold that contains the vilest blasphemies, without any censure or restraint. I presume, it has been heretofore an oversight in your grand juries, whose duty it is, under that law, to check the most horrible sin against the God of heaven, in whatever shape it may appear. Such is the fact, and what Christian, when he reflects a moment on these things, can suppress his indignation.

I again repeat, my dear sir, what course are we to pursue? Shall we persist in the beaten track of duty and not repel the violent attacks levelled at our most holy religion? Is not the defence of the Gospel as much a part of our duty as the preaching of it? I am far, far from harboring any idea of entering into an electioneering campaign. It is the defence of christianity I aim at. All I wish is that the ruler, who cherishes and honors the reviler of christianity, and is himself not exempt from unbelief, would be changed for a true adherent to the Gospel of Christ, and I think it impossible for any good christian to withhold his interest and assent to this most sacred and momentous wish. To their shame be it spoken, there are some ministers of the Gospel, who advocate Mr. Jefferson's conduct towards Mr. Paine, and allege, that it is his revolutionary services to this country, that he delights to honor. O fy!! Can any services whatever wipe off, in the estimation of a preacher of the Gospel, the stigma of blasphemy, deliberately sent into the world, not recanted, but impudently maintained!! Such a one surely must be a wolf in sheep's clothing. For my part, though republicanism and piety, true liberty and christianity are perfectly compatible and congenial, yet an attachment to the president and an approbation of his patronage and favors conferred on Mr. Paine, is as inconsistent with a true and genuine zeal for christianity, as vice is opposite to virtue. The pious votaries of religion will never agree to sacrifice the honor of our Savior for the doubtful virtues of an earthly magistrate. It is impossible for them to worship Christ and at the same time revere a president who cherishes in his bosom the most abandoned reviler of his doctrines, that ever lived.

These are not the gloomy suggestions of a disturbed imagination. We need only to look around us to behold the reality. Convinced of your zeal in the ministry of the gospel, I hope in thus expressing myself I chime with sentiments you have long since felt operating on your mind in viewing the situation of our county.

With esteem, &c.

From the ULSTER GAZETTE.

Next to scolding about the taxes, and praising Jefferson to the clouds for his economy; nothing delights one of your true, rank, bitter democrats so much as the use of the word *Tory*. It happens very unluckily for these gentry, however, that when news comes of a removal, in nine instances out of ten, the victim is one of those who fought and bled by the side of Washington in the day of our country's danger. But fortified with a double front of brass, they still are mighty great republicans, and detest the federal party because they did not cut the throat of every tory that was found in the country at the close of the revolution. To endeavor to reform those who hold this sort of opinion by wholesome counsel, would be throwing pearl before swine—we reason not with them. There is however a large part of the democratic party who are not only honest, well meaning, but humane also, and who only want a knowledge of *facts*, to enable them heartily to despise the wretched miserable stuff which their demagogues make them swallow. We have many, very many things to say—we appeal to no passions—if we can successfully approach the understanding, our utmost wish is satisfied. We do state confidently, that it is in our power to prove all the democratic cant from beginning to end, to be as false, as hollow as the heart of hypocrisy itself. Once more let it be understood that we mean not to offend the great body of those who call themselves *republicans*—we have no doubt they are friends to their country: all we mean to shew is that they are deceived, and imposed upon by those who only *pretend to be* what the mass of the people really are—*honest*. And this we do not purpose to prove by flourishing abuse; we shall do it by stating *facts*; which the most hardened democrat, who *knows* any thing, dare not contradict. We do not expect to produce conviction in a moment—alas! the chains of that fiend deception cannot be severed at a blow—all we can expect is to undo them one by one: the task indeed is tedious, almost to affliction, but we undertake it and it shall be performed. "Powerful is the truth—it must prevail."

Let us turn to the immediate subject of this article. The federal crime which has enraged many is, that they have been friends to the tories, and this has been urged by self-styled republicans as an unpardonable crime. In this country the crime of toryism is supposed to be even hereditary—that it falls from father to son; and is as incurable as any hereditary disease. It is to be punished "unto the third and fourth generation." And is so much worse than original sin, that it admits of no atonement. So say the patriots of Ulster—such is the doctrine of the tender-hearted friends of liberty—such is the philanthropy of men who are great advocates for freedom, and for freedom of opinion too. These, however, are not to be most condemned—it is the leaders who infuse such cruel, unchristianlike doctrines into their ungarded minds who deserve execration. Duane, who prints the Aurora, a democratic paper at Philadelphia, who for some years has been bell-weather to the flock—so much so that in one of his papers he called himself "the organ of the public will"*—Duane, who never goes to the city of Washington but he dines with the president and Tom Paine—though he is only a raw Irishman six or eight years in the country (for foreigners are all *the go*, now)—this Duane never deigns to speak of the federalists in his paper without calling them the TORY PARTY. Tho' they are the followers of Washington and his maxims: but, by the way, Washington is as much abused by the leaders of this democratic party, as the rest of the tories that fought by his side during the whole war. To satisfy the reader of this truth we shall publish an extract from this same Aurora, which will settle that point at once.

The democrats with president Jefferson at their head, or rather president Jefferson with the democrats at his tail, have been in full glory for two years and more. Having made toryism a ground of accusation, if we prove that they have dismissed from office revolutionary soldiers, and that fact is universally known, and have appointed first rate tories, we convict them according to their own doctrines. They, not we, have stated the act to be criminal—we only prove them guilty of what they themselves condemn; of consequence they stand convicted upon their own confession.

No. I. Daniel Ludlow was a tory during the whole war, was all that time with the British in New-York. James Watson was an officer in the Connecticut line, afterwards became navy agent, a place worth many thousand dollars; under Jefferson was removed, and Daniel Ludlow, is now navy agent in his place.

No. II. Tenche Coxe was so great a tory, that he was declared guilty and attainted of treason by the Pennsylvania legislature. Tench Coxe piloted the British army into Philadelphia. Mr. Jefferson has given Tench Coxe a place in the revenue department, worth 3000 dollars a year.

No. III. A certain Stephens, of the state of Georgia, was at first in the American service; deserted to the British; received a commission, under George the third; was attainted of treason by an act of that state—Mr. Jefferson has made him judge of the federal court.

No. IV. Old Erving was a Boston tory; went over to the English, and has always remained with them; his son came over a few years ago, and Mr. Jefferson has sent him back to London, with the appointment of American consul there.

No. V. Archibald Kerley was an officer in the British fleet on our coast. The democrats in New-York have elected him at different times an assemblyman, and to the convention.

No. VI. James Warner, a native American, was corporal in the British service in New-York; has often been, and at present is, an assemblyman from that city.

No. VII. William Edgar was a tory trader in Canada during the war; sold tomahawks and such like innocent playthings to our Indian brethren, as Mr. Jefferson somewhere calls them. Having made a great fortune he resides in New-York; was elected to the late convention, and once or twice to the assembly by the New-York democrats.

Shall we go on—or is it enough? Is it hypocrisy or what is it that has induced the brass-fronted democrats to call the federalists *tory party*? We hope, nay we enjoin it upon every nonsensical bawler in the country, into whose hands this paper may fall—that whenever the word tory rises into his throat to swallow it down again—hard and bitter as it may be, he must approve what his masters do—we leave all such to the mortification of their own reflections. To a reflecting public we leave this part of our work? with a promise that when we reason with them, every argument shall be bottomed on fact: substantial fact. We will expose the inside of this whited sepulchre until the mock republicanism of the day shall be laughed to scorn in the land.

* *Callender says, he is not the* ORGAN *of the* public will; *he is only the* DAGGER *of the* president.

From the SCIOTA GAZETTE.

Mr. Willis,

Please to publish the following—you may depend on the facts as stated—there is nothing related but what we either saw or heard in evidence. O. B. & W. C.

Pleasant township, state of Ohio, May 7, 1803.

On Monday last, about sun-set, a horrid murder was committed on the body of Polly Malony, a girl about nine years of age, the circumstances of which are as follows: A certain John Rowe, late from Kentucky, and uncle by marriage to the girl, had obtained leave from her step-father, William Thomas, to let her go to his house and stay all night. They set out a little before sun-set; they were both on foot—Rowe had an axe on his shoulder and a rope in his hand. About three quarters of a mile from where they set out, an aged woman met Rowe, and the girl was not with him; he spoke to the woman and passed on; he was on his way home on the country road, and had got about 20 rods beyond where the body was found, but the woman is confident that the body was not there then. It appeared that soon after he met the woman he returned back to Thomas's fence and began to shout and smite the trees with his axe, crying out "Polly is killed and I am undone; I never shall get over it, &c." The distressed mother, almost frantic, took the road and out-ran her husband, who carried one of the children. Rowe kept with him. Thomas asked him how she got killed—Rowe said she fell off the horse across a log.—Thomas knowing he had no horse, asked what horse? Rowe said he did not know, he could not tell how she got killed. The out-cries of the mother drew a number of the neighbors together, about the same time that Thomas and Rowe came to the body, the mother said, oh John you have killed my child! On which he drew his knife and swore he would cut his own throat if she accused him; he however, suffered her quietly to take the knife out of his hand. It was thought expedient to take Rowe into custody, and he was bound and kept beside the corpse in the woods, during the night.

After he was taken into custody he denied having any knowledge of the girl's having been with him, or of his going back to Thomas to tell of her death.—When asked what induced him to turn back again, he said he knew nothing about it. The woman who met him on the road asked him if he remembered meeting her; he said he did, but some time after said he forgot it. When asked if he touched the girl, he said he did not. When asked what he thought when he found her, he said he was much surprised, but could give no account how he came to return. It is certain that he had been drinking, but it was not perceived upon him. Several circumstances concurred to prevent an inquest from being called. A number of respectable matrons were called to examine the body; they agreed that a rape had been committed or attempted upon her. To satisfy the numerous spectators, twelve men were sworn to examine her wounds and other circumstances relating to her death. It appeared to have been occasioned by a blow upon her right temple; there was an orifice which would have admitted a large penknife out of which it is supposed about a quart of blood issued; the wound seemed rather a contusion than a puncture, as the continuity was destroyed on all sides of the orifice, though the skin remained whole. It was supposed that she was not killed where she was found, but the place could not be ascertained—there was some blood on the handle of his axe and some on his trousers.

He was committed to the jail at Williamsburg, by Alexander Martin and Amos Ellis, justices of the peace. It was with regret we saw him led up to touch the body upon the stale, a ridiculous notion that dead bodies and even dry bones would bleed a fresh, if touched by the murderer. The event was as any wise man in his senses would expect. Let us not, however, be too severe in censuring their credulity—our progress from ignorance to knowledge is but slow. Let the benevolent drop a tear of compassion over suffering innocence. Let the sons of lewdness take a timely warning, and learn to check the first motions of inordinate desire, and remember that lust, when it is conceived, bringeth forth sin, and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. Let those who are given to drunkenness, reflect upon the danger and misery to which they frequently expose themselves and connections, by such acts of intemperance. Let us all attend to the administrations of our divine teacher, to watch and pray lest we enter into temptation. And finally let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.

To the Voters of the City and County of Baltimore.

THOMAS BAILEY

TAKES the liberty to inform his former supporters, *as also the voters of Baltimore county generally*, that he intends again offering as a candidate for the OFFICE OF SHERIFF, at the next election, and respectfully solicits their friendship and support.

Baltimore county, July 26. 2aw