

The Muse's what'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strains admires—*scenery*



BALLAD.

A dew-drop hung on the cheeks of a rose,
Fast by a bower,
Where at sun sets hour,
The young sylph, Beauty, sought repose.
Lately as nature the flower looked at even,
And the pure pearl was,
That trembled thereon,
Had just been instilled from Heaven.
An angel of light, on some errand above,
By accident strayed
Where the innocent maid
Lay dreaming—her dreams were of love.
Soft, soft to her wild-flower pillow he stole;
Her bosom of snow,
Now lifted, now low—
Spoke the visions that warmed her soul.
Then he plucked the rose, and diffused its fine
dye
O'er her cheek so bright,
And bade the mild light
Be henceforth the herald of tender joy.
"And thou, little gem, be still trembling near,
For if hint of our heaven,
To mortals be given,
'Tis beauty's blush set with love's tear."

HOME.

'Tis worth an age of wandering to return
The souls that still can feel, and the hearts that
burn;
We have not bent the chasten'd brow in vain,
To hear the whisper, "Thou art mine again!"
To see in eyes we love the tear-drop swell,
With more of feeling than the lip could tell.
The weary pilgrim's sigh—the exile's prayer,
Breathe of their home—that they may wander
there,
And like the sun when summer days are past,
Sink into rest, their calmest hours their last,
Heave the death sigh where those around will
weep,
And sleep forever where their fathers sleep.

Religious.

CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

"He sets an example," says bishop Newcombe, "of the most perfect piety to God, and of the most extensive benevolence and the most tender compassion to men. He does not merely exhibit a life of strict justice but of overflowing benignity. His temperance has not the dark shade of austerity; his meekness does not degenerate into apathy; his humility is signal, amidst a splendour of qualities more than human; his fortitude is eminent and exemplary in enduring the most formidable external evils, and the sharpest actual sufferings. His patience is invincible; his resignation entire and absolute. Truth and sincerity shine throughout his whole conduct. Though of heavenly descent, he shews obedience and affection to his earthly parents; he approves, loves, and attaches himself to amiable qualities in the human race; he respects authority, religious and civil; and he evinces regard for his country, by promoting its most essential good in a painful ministry dedicated to its service, by deploring its calamities, and by laying down his life for its benefit. Every one of his eminent virtues is regulated by consummate prudence; and both wins the love of his friends, and extorts the approbation and wonder of his enemies. Never was a character at the same time so commanding and natural, so resplendent and pleasing, so amiable and venerable. There is a peculiar contrast in it between an awful greatness, dignity and majesty, and the most conciliating loveliness, tenderness and softness. He now converses with prophets, law-givers and angels; and the next instant he meekly endures the dullness of his disciples, and the blasphemies and rage of the multitude.—He now calls himself greater than Solomon; one who can command legions of angels; the giver of life to whomsoever he pleaseth; the Son of God, who shall sit on his glorious throne to judge the world. At other times we find him embracing young children; not lifting up his voice in the streets, nor breaking the bruised reed, nor quenching the smoking flax; calling his disciples not servants, but friends and brethren, and comforting them with an exuberant and parental affection. Let us pause an instant, and fill our minds with the idea of one who knew all things, heavenly and earthly; searched and laid open the inmost recesses of

the heart; rectified every prejudice, and removed every mistake of a moral and religious kind; by a word exercised a sovereignty over all nature, penetrated the hidden events of futurity, gave promises of admission into a happy immortality, had the keys of life and death, claimed an union with the Father; and yet was pious, mild, gentle, humble, affable, social, benevolent, friendly and affectionate. Such a character is fairer than the morning star. Each separate virtue is made stronger by opposition and contrast: and the union of so many virtues forms a brightness which fitly represents the glory of that God 'who inhabiteth light inaccessible.'"

"Here," as an elegant writer observes, "every grace that can recommend religion, and every virtue that can adorn humanity, are so blended, as to excite our admiration, and engage our love. In abstaining from licentious pleasures, he was equally free from ostentatious singularity and churlish sullenness. When he complied with the established ceremonies of his countrymen, that compliance was not accompanied by any marks of bigotry or superstition: when he opposed their rooted prepossessions, his opposition was perfectly exempt from the captious petulance of a controversialist, and the undistinguished zeal of an innovator. His courage was active in encountering the dangers to which he was exposed, and passive under the aggravated calamities which the malice of his foes heaped upon him: his fortitude was remote from every appearance of rashness, and his patience was equally exempt from abject pusillanimity: he was firm without obstinacy, and humble without meanness. Though possessed of the most unbounded power, we behold him living continually in a state of voluntary humiliation and poverty; we see him daily exposed to almost every species of want and distress; afflicted without a comforter, persecuted without a protector; and wandering about, according to his own pathetic complaint, because he had not where to lay his head. Though regardless of the pleasures and sometimes destitute of the comforts of life, he never provokes our disgust by the sourness of the misanthrope, or our contempt by the inactivity of the recluse. His attention to the welfare of mankind was evidenced not only by his salutary injunctions, but by his readiness to embrace every opportunity of relieving their distress, and administering to their wants. In every period and circumstance of his life, we behold dignity and elevation blended with love and pity; something, which though it awakens our admiration, yet attracts our confidence. We see power; but it is a power which is rather our security than our dread; a power softened with tenderness, and soothing while it awes. With all the gentleness of a meek and lowly mind, we behold an heroic firmness, which no terrors could shake, and no opposition could restrain. In the private scenes of life, and in the public occupations of his ministry; whether the object of admiration or ridicule, of love, or of persecution; whether welcomed with hosannas, or insulted with anathemas, we still see him pursuing with unwearied constancy the same end, and preserving the same integrity of life and manners."

[BY REQUEST.]

DYING-CONFESSION

Of Thomas Davis, who was executed at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, on Friday, the 11th of October, 1822, for counterfeiting—written partly by himself.—[Concluded.]

The next business of the kind that I was engaged in, was on the United States' Bank and branches, and in attempting to pass them, was arrested and sent to prison, where I remained about 60 days, but from carelessness of the jailor and guards, I made my escape into Virginia, about the Flour Gap, where I remained three or four months. From thence I went to Pittsburgh, (Pa.) and from thence down the Ohio, below the falls. There I engraved a \$10 plate on the old mother Bank of the United States, and made a quantity of those bills; and took on down the river, trading with them as far as Natchez—in the year 1799 and 1800. From Natchez I returned to Bayou Pierre, and there engaged in engraving plates on the United States' Bank, Notes of \$50 and \$100. After completing these plates, and striking a quantity, I went to New-Orleans, and there passed them. From New-Orleans I returned to Bayou Pierre.—From there I went to New Madrid, on the Mississippi, and there traded a

considerable amount of the notes.—From there I went to Cape Girardeau, and there made a considerable purchase of goods, and from there went to the Falls of the Ohio, and about 25 miles below there, I cut plates of \$50 and \$30 on the United States' Bank, though there were no such notes as \$30 on that bank, but the people in that section of the country did not know any better. After striking a considerable quantity, myself and another man took a considerable quantity to the state of Ohio, and went as far as Chillicothe. He there met with a man he had bought some goods of at New Madrid, who told him the money he got of him was crossed at the Bank. I then paid him in the \$50 and \$30 notes I had made—they were examined and pronounced good. I paid him at the same time 200 crowns, as I did not like to pass any more of those notes at that time. From Chillicothe I returned below the falls of Ohio, (1801) and in 1802 went with one of my confidants into North-Carolina, and was there arrested, (a reward of \$500 being offered by the Marshal of Georgia) and was carried to Augusta and put in jail, and thence to Savannah, where I was discharged—no bill being found by the Grand Jury. I then returned to N. Carolina, in Rutherford county, where I engaged in cutting plates on the Branch Bank of the U. States, of \$100 and \$50, and prepared the different materials to complete said notes, to the amount of 50 or 60 thousand dollars. From thence I went with an associate to the state of Virginia, with a considerable quantity of these Bills, and it was at that time that some other person had counterfeited the same Bills in Virginia, and could not succeed well. From there I went to Kentucky, and descended the Ohio and Mississippi to Natchez, but could not prosper well in getting off these notes. From Natchez I went to N. Carolina again, in Rutherford county, and staid six months. There was then a considerable stir about the counterfeit money, and I left there and went to Kentucky, Livingston county; but when I left N. Carolina at the time the alarm was given, I had \$1500 in my pocket, which I hid in a stable loft, and directed a friend in Kentucky where to find it, who went and brought the money to me. I then started from Livingston county, and went near the Falls of Ohio, to get pay for some horses I had left there. From thence I went by water, with some men up to Wheeling in the state of Virginia, and passed some of those Bills I made in North-Carolina, on the U. S. Bank, and then returned back below the Falls of the Ohio:—from there I returned to Livingston county. I then came on and took water on the Tennessee river, and descended the Mississippi and to the Bayou Teche, and across to the Attacapas country, and put off some notes:—they were carried to the Bank at New-Orleans, and condemned. The man I let have the notes was arrested, and told who he got the notes from, and I was then arrested and carried to New Orleans, and the man appearing state's evidence, I was tried, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment during life. I there remained twenty-six months in jail, and was then pardoned by the Governor. This was in 1806 and 1807. After my liberation, I proceeded to Natchez, and from there, (in 1809) to Kentucky, and there made a quantity of \$10 notes on the U. States' Bank, and then started with two other men, but we shortly separated, and I descended the Ohio river as low as the Chickasaw Bluffs on the Mississippi. Remained there a short time, and went to Natchez. I was there apprehended, with two others, for counterfeit money, and confined in jail about nine months, and discharged for want of sufficient evidence, and the charter of the Bank. I remained some time in Natchez, and worked at my trade (the watch making.) From there I went to Bayou Pierre, and there cut a \$50 plate on the United States' Branch Bank, and made about \$40,000, when I and another man started in the night, and my horse broke from where he was tied and lost my saddlebags, with all the money I had in my possession. I found my horse, and we proceeded on to the state of Tennessee, to White county. From White I went to Lawrence county, and there engraved a \$50 plate on the U. States Bank; a three dollar plate on the Cape Fear Bank of North Carolina, and a \$50 plate on Norfolk, Virginia—fictitious; I struck notes on all those plates to a considerable amount, and then started

to the state of Georgia; and in Franklin county, engraved a \$20 plate on Elkton Bank, Maryland; a \$50 plate on the Bank of Hudson, New-York—fictitious—and a \$5 plate on the Bank of Pennsylvania, and made a large quantity of notes on all those Banks. I and another man then started to Powell's Valley, Tenn. and traded off some of the notes. From there I went near Pendleton, S. Carolina, in the Cherokee Nation. Shortly after I arrived there, I was taken up in Pendleton and committed to jail, (in 1813 or 14) and not sufficient evidence appearing, I was discharged by the court. I then remained in Pendleton some time, and continued to trade the Bills on Elkton, and the \$20 and \$5 on the Bank of Pennsylvania, and while I was there, cut a plate on the Bank of Pennsylvania, of \$50—fictitious—A considerable amount of notes struck: cut \$5 on the State Bank of S. Carolina, and struck \$50,000 or upwards, and then started, with another man, to the state of Georgia, and there a man wanted some money, and I let him have some, with a five dollar note on the State Bank of South Carolina. Information was given that the money came from me. I was arrested, and a considerable quantity of bad money being found in my possession, I was committed to jail, and confined about eleven months.—I was then tried and convicted, but the judgment of the court was not passed, and in about two months after, I broke jail and made my escape. I then went to Rutherford, in North Carolina,—where I was concealed in the woods about four months, and engaged in making notes on the various Banks of the states. I then left there and went into the state of Virginia, Patrick county, where I was apprehended and carried before a Justice of the Peace. I told the Justice they could not get proof against me, and that if he would discharge me, I would pay him. I gave him ten dollars and he discharged me, and gave me up all the money I had, supposed to be counterfeit. I then proceeded on to Ash county, N. Carolina, where I staid but a few days.—From there I returned to Tennessee, Jackson county, where I made some trades, and then went to Lawrence county. There I cut plates on the Potomac Bank of Alexandria, \$50—fictitious—also, \$2 on the State Bank of North-Carolina; and \$10 on the Bank of N. York—fictitious—struck a considerable quantity—made the paper, &c. This was in 1818. I was then taken up on suspicion, and committed to jail, but discharged. I then went into the Chickasaw Nation, where I cut plates of \$2 on the Bank of Nashville; \$2 on the Franklin Bank of Tennessee, and struck notes—5000 or 6000 dollars. From there I went to Madison (Ala.) where I staid one year and worked at the repairing of watches, &c. Several persons being apprehended in Madison, I got alarmed and left the country, and went again into the Chickasaw Nation, (1820) and remained but a short time, till I went on the waters of Canoe creek, and down the Coosa river; thence, late in the summer of 1821, to the cave in Tuscaloosa county, and commenced cutting the Post Notes of \$100. The \$2 plate on the Planters Bank was brought there—I did not like the engraving, and cut it anew. I did not cut the \$10 plate on the Nashville Bank, found at the cave; but there was about 10 or 12 thousand dollars of the notes struck there, as were also a quantity of two and one dollar notes on the same Bank.

I have been about thirty-eight years engaged in counterfeiting, during which time I suppose I have made from 600,000 to 1,000,000 of dollars. I was arrested about the 27th of May last, at the Cave, on the information of Smith Randall, an old traitor. My race is now run—the world can now see what a wretched life I have spent. Oh! ye youths of my country! let this be a caution to you: always pursue the paths of virtue and honesty. Take warning from the public example of my wretched fate. I have lived a vicious life, and found but little pleasure therein. I have now no hope on this side the grave; but pray to God in his infinite wisdom, to have mercy on my soul.—Adieu to the world.
Tuscaloosa Prison, October 8, 1822.

NEW VOCABULARY.

Age, an infirmity nobody owns.—*At Home*, the domestic amusement of three hundred visitors in a small room to yawn at each other. *Bore*, every thing one dislikes. It also means any person talking of religion.—*Buying*, ordering goods without purpose of pay-

ing.—*Conscience*, something to swear by.—*Common Sense*, a vulgar quality.—*Couchman*, a gentleman or accomplished nobleman.—*Chariot*, a vehicle for one's servants, the dickey being the seat for the ladies, and the coachbox for the gentlemen.—*Charity*, a golden ticket to Catalani or any other favorite performer.—*Debt*, a necessary evil.—*Duty*, doing as other people do.—*Dress*, half naked.—*Decency*, keeping up an appearance.—*Economy*, obsolete.—*Fortune*, the summum bonum.—*Fashion*, the *Je ne scai quoi* of excellence.—*Friend*, meaning not known.—*Husband*, a person to pay your debts.—*Home*, every one's house but your own.—*Hospitality*, obsolete.—*Honor*, standing fire well.—*Highly accomplished*, reading music at sight, painting flowers for the border of a screen and a talent for guessing charades.—*Love*, meaning not known, now that the ossification of the heart has become a fashionable disease; but the world is still to be found in novels and romances.—*Matrimony*, a bargain.—*Morality*, a troublesome interruption to pleasure.—*Music*, execution.—*Modest*, sheepish.—*Morning*, from noon to sunset.—*Nonsense*, polite conversation.—*Nerv*, delightful.—*Not at Home*, sitting in your drawing-room.—*Prudence*, parsimony.—*Pay*, only applied to visits.—*Prodigality*, generosity.—*Spirit*, contempt of decorum and morality.—*Style*, splendid extravagance.—*Time*, only regarded in music.—*Truth*, meaning uncertain.—*Vice*, any fault in horses and servants.—*Wicked*, irresistibly agreeable.—*World*, the circle of fashionable people when in town.

The seventy-third number of the Edinburgh Review (says the National Gazette) vigorously attacks the "Constitutional Association," formed in London, for the prosecution of offences committed by the Press. It is stated in the Review, that "the friends of the Association have not only upon no occasion evinced the slightest disposition to put the law in force against the most scandalous violations of it on the side of the Ministers, but that many of its supporters, and especially among the clergy of the Established Church, are known to be, by their patronage at least, the encouragers of the same atrocious position of the Press." This general account is given of the Association:

"The agents of ministers, their warmest supporters both in Church and State, openly established and patronized a system of personal slander, by means of the periodical press, which they made the vehicle of private defamation and obscene ribaldry—in a degree wholly unmatchable by the utmost licentiousness of the most impure times, while men of a more reputable description associated themselves for the avowed purpose of prosecuting whatever they might deem libels against the government—that is to say, political writings in support of doctrine, and measures displeasing to the existing ministry."

The Reviewer asserts that, during the discussions which took place after the Manchester outrage, from circumstances which subsequently came to light, that some of the spies were connected with the worst of the publications which openly recommended rebellion, mutiny, and assassination.

"We fear," say the Reviewers, "the nature of our libel law is such as to render conviction, in any given case, highly improbable. No man can tell what is, or what is not a libel. The definition given of the offence by Mr. Bentham is hardly an exaggeration—Any thing which all bodies at any time may be pleased to dislike, for any reason. It should not be forgotten that, among the members of the Association, are reckoned about forty Bishops and Peers of Parliament. But, can any thing be more alarming than that men, who know they are the judges in the last resort, of all causes, should become systematically the prosecutors of public offences?"

In the same number of the Review the following language is held respecting personages whom the ministerial writers have always represented as the great benefactors & ornaments of the British empire:

"The spirit of the late Mr. Percival was better, as his mind was narrower; he judged like a bigot, and he felt like a man. His Attorney-General, too, was a man as virulent in his disposition, as contracted in his views."

"In Mr. O'Connell's work, in answer to Mr. O'Connell's remark, that Lord Wellington never intended to quit the field of Waterloo alive, had been defeated, Napoleon observes, 'he could not have done so.' His good opinion, however, of our commander, is confined entirely to his military talents; he joins in the universal opinion that, in all other respects, there are few more odious personages."

"Lord Castlereagh used to speak of Napoleon with a sort of mild indifference and contempt, as if he were naming some invalid officer, who superannuation pension had accidentally come into question. But habit soon made the name familiar with our great statesman; and he appeared latterly to pronounce it with a conscious superiority of station, power, and importance for the world, which was sufficiently amusing to the spectator who looks no further than the present times, but indescribably laughable to any one who reflects that the day will, ere long, come when Lord Castlereagh's name will only be remembered from the oblivion to which all the other smooth-spoken inmates of Downing-street and Whitehall are hastening, by his accidental connection with the latter events of Bonaparte's life."