

The Maryland Gazette.

Annapolis, Thursday, April 9, 1829. No. 18.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE.
The subscribers of St. Mary's county, have obtained from the Orphan Court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Callista Underwood, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with vouchers therefor, to the subscribers, at or before the 15th day of February next, they may be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hands this 26th day of February 1829.

NOTICE.
The Commissioners of Anne Arundel county, will meet at the court house in the city of Annapolis, on the 10th day of March, being the 30th day of the said month, for the purpose of ascertaining and levying the expenses of the county for the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight.

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their pathway in those deep wilds, where the light of the sun is seldom seen, and the foot print guides to human habitation.

In the present instance, that crowded together, scarcely daring to whisper to their own souls that the sweet child of Agnes Wade was lost. "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Can there be a more pathetic appeal to the sensibilities of human nature? Can there be a picture of more utter desolation, than the heart of the bereaved one under such circumstances? Agnes Wade was the idol of the settlement. She had been in it but a few fleeting months; yet they had been time enough for her memory and her interests. They were in humble life; but it needed only to look at Agnes, to know that she had been educated in refinement, if not in elegance. And she had borne the change of circumstances with an almost sweet and pious resignation; she was an gentle, so condensing, so benevolent, that it was impossible to be with her, and not to love her. She always had a word of encouragement for the timid, she always whispered consolation to the weeping, that consolation which comes only from above. With irresistible persuasion she endeavored to reclaim the vicious, and led the contrite spirit to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

Agnes Wade was young. She had married the husband of her affections, one to whom her fond vows of constancy had been yielded almost in childhood. His parents had labored hard to give him an education, and it was during his college years that he saw and loved the delicate and attractive Agnes. Their hearts, as it were, melted into one. The opinions and feelings of William Wade were reflected in the mind and soul of his sweet betrothed one, and when they wedded, it was only to make the blending of interests and emotions more closely intimate. But happiness so perfect cannot abide long in a world which is cursed by the frown of its Creator. Dreams that are so delightful, must have a sudden, if not a fearful waking. Two years had passed since Agnes had felt all the desolation and all the misery which is comprised in that one word—widow. She had known sorrow before in the loss of her youngest born, but it was as the few drops which precede the torrent. She committed to the dust in the dust in the sure hope that its spirit was even at that moment mingling in kindred holiness and happiness with the blessed in heaven; that it was a bright angel around the throne of God; and it was a thought full of beauty, and full of consolation, that she had been the honored instrument of adding one to those pure spirits who dwell in the blissful presence of their Redeemer. But when the grave closed over him, who had been her guardian, her counsellor, her supporter, who had shared her joys, and soothed her sorrows, who had been her companion in health, and pillowed her head in sickness, she felt as if shut out from the love of life forever, and she would willingly have laid her thinning temples and despairing heart on the cold earth beside him, never more to rise. Agnes however was a Christian. And though death when it comes among us robbing us of our dearest and our loved ones, seems to pale the heart of the survivors with the same chills that he fastens on his victims, the Lord of life will not suffer our enemy to triumph. He pours into the stricken soul the empyrean consolations of His gospel. He comes with his purifying, vivifying influences. He tells of a brighter world, where beings thus Sundered, shall meet again to part no more forever. It is in seasons of the most withering affliction, when earth is robbed of its attraction by one mortal stroke, that Heaven seems to open to us. The soul looks towards it with the longings of a child towards its home—Oh what a home of rest to the bereaved one!

And words cannot express the heart of the Christian mourner only can feel, how peculiarly and tenderly God manifests himself a Father even in the midst of his severest chastenings. The storm is no sooner past, than the bow of forgiveness and consolation is displayed in the heavens. When the judgment is accomplished, as if grieved at its necessity, God says to the believer, "Come now and I will heal your sorrows." The tender and trusting nature of Agnes, yielded at once to the sweet soothings of Almighty love. Two of her precious family, she trusted, were safely "in the arms of the Father." She felt that she had nothing to do but to wait for her remaining little one, to meet them, by Divine grace, in a better world. "I will be with them," she would say, "but they will not be with me." She spent hours in describing

ing upon the brightness and beauty of their blessed home. She talked of the mercy and kindness of their God, of the excellence and love of Jesus Christ, of the pure and happy spirits they were associated with, till his young soul in the simplicity of her own, and in the simplicity of childhood he would long, to be one of that glorious and blissful band. Then would she tell him of her last state by nature, of his redemption by the Lamb of God, of the love, the sufferings, the death of that only Saviour, till the heart of her little one, melted at the wondrous tale of the patriarchs and prophets were also repeated, for his instruction and entertainment, till they became as familiar as his daily lessons. Thus was the young orphan taught in the beauty and excellence of our religion, till it seemed to be a part of his very being, to enter into every concern of life.

Agnes was left without fortune, but she contrived by economy and industry, to keep herself from absolute destitution, & was always able to bestow the widow's mite in charity. She attracted her son as a companion—he was associated in her visits of benevolence, he shared in her labors with all the strength and industry his young days could furnish. "Mother," he would proudly say, "when I grow large, & am a man, like grandfathers, you shall not take care of me any longer; but then you shall be my child, & I will be the mother, & you shall not be obliged to work as you do now, my sweet, dear mother;" entwining his little arms around her as she spoke, and imparting a kiss of infantine endearment upon her pale, yet lovely cheek. "You will be a comfort and a support to me, if you are spared, my child." And oh! may God save me from the added bitterness of seeing you too fade before me. But I am poor, my son, I know not where I shall obtain the means to educate and prepare you for future usefulness." "Oh, mother, the barrel of meal will not waste, nor the cruise of oil fail! You know the widow and her son, that God took care of!"

"Yes, precious boy! and he will not suffer us to want for any thing!" said the fond Agnes, clasping him to her bosom as he uttered this sentiment of faith, in the simple and touching accents of early childhood. "The Lord will provide for my little fatherless lamb. He feeds the young ravens when they cry unto him." And it was this darling son—this fair pledge of her young affections—that was no where to be found. It was a bright day in spring, and Agnes had risen with the sun, and gone several miles to visit a dying friend. On this occasion she left her dear Will behind, contenting herself with imprinting a mother's kiss upon his glowing cheek, as he lay wrapt in slumber. "Is he not the sweetest of all the sweet children?" thought she, as she turned to look once more upon his sleeping loveliness. "Oh! I will be careful of him too. I should have nothing to live for!" She frequently asked her heart the question, if she was willing to surrender him entirely to his God, but her heart returned a fearful answer. And then she would put to govern it severely, and seek to put a limit to her love. Yes, when she said she had one object on earth, that she had one object on earth, she meant all its warm affections—permitted and rational attachment becomes idolatry before we are aware of it; and not till the idol is removed do we feel how every tendon of the heart was clasped around it. It was during this absence—this absence of a few hours only, in which the mother seemed almost to have a presentiment of evil—that the one little lamb, which alone dearth had spared to her, disappeared; no one knew how, or whether. But the dark forest stretched to an almost interminable length from near her dwelling, and pure than one innocent had already found a grave in its bosom. There was no doubt then, that the little fellow was at that moment wandering alone, and helpless, to find some avenue from its dreary solitude. The men of the settlement hastily formed themselves into companies, and departed. Each heart beat high with hope, whenever they entered a unexplored region; but anticipation was soon changed to despair, when they had gone over it again and again, without the least shadow of success. Their wives in the mean time had gathered around the afflicted grand parents, with busy hands and anxious hearts, busied and suffering. Their hostess expressed sympathy, although they might have seemed, cold and distant to the refined and delicate lady, who had been the wife of the man whose name she bore. It was to the stories of the Lord's goodness that she seemed to forget her own, and decanted upon the joy and liveliness

ness of their little grand-child, till they appeared to lose the remembrance that he was lost to them.

Thus, the hours and the moments sped away until the time arrived when Agnes was expected. All who shall be the first to tell her of these heavy tidings? All struck from the task. They could have done it to a being moulded like themselves; and interlarded the intelligence with many words of alluring kindness. Education, habit, and social intercourse, had made them like, rather than the same instrument—(tuned by the same hand)—mingling and harmonizing together, whether the song be grave or gay. Agnes had endeavored to conform her taste to theirs when she was cast among them; but she was composed of more delicate materials, and involuntarily shrunk from the honest, but chilling expressions of sympathy, with which they had often greeted her. Like the Eolian harp, which pours forth music only at the breath of Heaven, she felt that the soft whisperings of Almighty love were all applied to griefs like hers—and one tear of sympathizing friendship, shed more than a score her own. Their honest hearts were conscious of the difference, and they stung at each other in silence and contentation, dreading lest the next fall should prove the mother's, and not able to imagine what would be the effect upon her sensitive and tender nature.

She came—yes, they could not help her coming—and they sat, crowded together in a little circle, as children press together when they are listening to something frightful—all eyes turned upon her with sad and fearful meanings; but not a word was uttered. "What is the matter?" she quickly asked—"where is my child?"—Something dreadful has occurred! where is my child?—Father!—Mother!—Will you not speak to me?—Then he said: "The judgment is at last administered; the righteous judgment, which I have been so long anticipating!" She continued in a low plaintive moan, as if communing with her own spirit. "Oh! I have loved him too fondly—better than I have loved my God! I tried hard not to do it. But oh! he was so sweet, so engaging, so affectionate! He was my last, too—the last being on earth that I could call my own!—the last!—and that is taken! Yes! I am left alone—alone, and solitary in all this world—it has nothing now for me to love—and I too may die!"

Exhausted by the strength of her emotions she sank into the arms of the sympathizing females who had clustered around her, penetrated to the soul by this, to them, novel exhibition of maternal grief. There were no exclamations; but the low breathing of effort; the one overflowing drop added to a cup already full of bitterness. Every tongue was silent, as if spell bound. Either they dared not awaken the least glimmering of hope, least it should be again extinguished in deeper darkness; or they were afraid the suspense excited by their intelligence might be worse for her than the most painful certainty. Agnes was conveyed to bed, and the good women left her to consult together what it was best to do. It was determined that one of them should return to her, and tell the whole truth.

She found her giving vent to her heart, in the most pathetic exclamations—"My sweet, sweet Will! I had hoped that we should enter heaven together; that together we should join our dear ones who have gone before us!"—Oh! what do I say? Father! save me from sin! save me from murmuring at thy righteous chastening! Teach me to trust in thee, although thou slay me!" "Yes, that is right, child! put your trust in heaven! The Lord is good, and He is kind, and He will comfort you; so don't take on so," said the warm hearted old lady, addressing Agnes.

The voice of affection brought tears to the dry eyes of Agnes. But they were not the refreshing tears that minister to cool the withering spirit; they came not gently and sweetly, like the dew of heaven, but in a gushing, convulsive heaving of an almost bursting heart, were mingled with violent and painful weeping. This soon spent itself, and was succeeded by an exciting sob, like the swelling of an ocean when the storm is gone. The affectionate woman leaved over her passionately. "Nay! now dearie, you do wrong in crying so; you must submit to the will of God!"

"Oh! I feared Agnes," I would not that I could reach my grandfather's hall, and be as happy as the children of the world; but my child is dead; this is the God that hath deceived upon the rocks and liveliness

ly musing that is left in her sweet nest. Come, let us see; we will soon be setting, and glad for my little one, if he should have to spend the night in the lone desert."

"He is not dead dearie, not dead!" "Not dead?" cried Agnes, starting up. "For the love of Heaven, tell me what you mean oh, speak, where is he?" Both hands were upon her bosom, as if to hold in her throbbing heart; and the wildness of her looks made the old woman tremble.

"Be quiet, my child! only be quiet, and I will tell you all about it! The dear little boy was playing at the door, and picking daisies to stick in your hair. He was so much diverted by it, that his grandmother (as him play on the door. She was busied about the dairy, and when she came to look after him he was gone. She gave the alarm right away, and all the men in the settlement turned out to hunt him up. But you know the woods is a bad place to find a body!"

Agnes stopped not to hear the conclusion of the sentence. She was at the door in an instant. The old woman pulled her forcibly back—"Are you crazy?" said she, "you want to get lost too? If man can find him, he will be brought in before sundown!"

While she was yet speaking, several men who had been out in quest of the little wanderer, returned, despairing of success. "Let none but mothers search!" cried Agnes, and darted from the house. They called to her in vain. One of the party who just arrived, followed hallooing, as he went, to his comrades, to light a fire for a beacon, if they returned not before night.

Agnes fled on with incredible rapidity. Affection lent her wings, and strength, and courage; or rather she was supported by him who with such sweet and powerful emphasis, declares himself "the God of the widow, and the father of the fatherless!" With the lightning and speed of the Antelope, she passed over the brush and under the wood that sometimes lay scattered in her pathway. Difficulties seemed to vanish as she approached them, and she pursued every little hill, every place that might conceal her darling, with all industry, resulting from the mighty work—Angus a mother's love, that amounted almost to intuition. Her companion looked on with wonder at her performance; to see a creature so delicate, do that which appeared to require the strength and judgment of a man. He pretended not to cope with her in the search she was accomplishing. He seemed but the passive instrument of her pleasure; but the humble satellite, attendant upon the evolutions of its mighty planet.

"For the forest will receive us both into the same grave! But I shall find him! He, who has ever been my guide in difficulties, my defence in temptation, my strength in weakness, and my consolation in sorrow, will give him back to me! My trust is in the Lord!" Agnes went on and on. She knew not how far she had traversed the forest, for there are no way marks to ascertain the distance or direction; and one may wander on for hours and days and terminate their journey near the very place where they commenced it. She soon came to a spot more open than she had hitherto passed; where the wild flowers and the winter-green grew in such abundance as almost to cover the earth with a rich carpet of scarlet, and green, and purple. Agnes' heart beat quicker as she thought—"All this is a place which would attract my darling!" She almost expected to see him sleeping on the bed of flowers before her. She cast a rapid glance around—"William?" She paused, expecting a reply—"My darling Will?" There was a slight rustling in the bushes near her. She flew with outstretched arms to clasp her son, but it was only the young fawn who had been startled from his slumbers. Agnes' hearted within her. She felt the sickness of hope deferred. The transition from expectation, and from almost certainty, to disappointment, had been so abrupt and decisive, that she seated herself on the cold grass, and wept in uncontrolled emotion. "Cheer up, lady!" said her companion, "don't be down-hearted! the boy will be found, if human nature can accomplish it, for I never saw any body besides all that you trust in the Lord, and the good book says, that he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee!" "It is true," replied Agnes, "and it is a wonderful thing, that I should be so weak and doubtful of his gracious promises, and so distrustful of his goodness; but my heart (howe'er wert thy remaining true) could not hold; but pray as if a new

The little William was soon locked fast in the arms of his doating, and now happy mother and was relating to her the simple story of his wandering; his alarm; his trust in God; his ascent upon the rock, to see if he could discover any signs of habitation; his consequent disappointment; & the feelings with which he was submitting to his loss; while their sympathizing protract shed tears of pleasure and admiration. "If this doesn't beat all!" he at length exclaimed, swallowing to keep down the emotion which choked his words. "Well! the darkest hour of night is just before the dawn of day; and I have given up the lad for lost, a minute before we found him! But now, just sit down a bit on this log, till they kindle the bonfire, for we shall be as like to get further into the woods, as to get out of 'em, if we trust to ourselves!" The happy party was soon seated; but they were not long obliged to wait. The beacon twinkled upwards to the heavens; and showed them, to their astonishment, that they were not very far from their own dwellings. The light of a brilliant moon shone upon their footsteps; and Agnes and the kind hearted associate of her search, returned laden with the treasures they had so effectually sought; they returned, as if weakly happy in the hearts which they had left sorrowing, and to tread the narrow path which led to the God and Father of them all.

There is a family in Germany that has the following peculiar and melodious name. Kibbe-ver-vank-ute-dro-spec-king-och-den.