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## MISCELLANY.

### RELIGION!—WHAT IS IT?

'Tis not to go to church to-day,  
To look devout, and seem to pray,  
An' here to-morrow's sun go down,  
He dealing scandal through the town.  
Not every sanctimonious face  
Denotes the certain sign of grace;  
A pious that seems to scowl at sin,  
Or veils hypocrisy within.  
'Tis not to mark out duty's walk,  
Or of our own good deeds to talk,  
And then to practice secret crime,  
And so mislead and waste our time.  
'Tis not for sects or creeds to fight,  
And call our zeal the rule of right,  
When all we wish, is at the best,  
To see our church exceed the rest.  
'Tis not to wear the christian's dress,  
An' have to all mankind profess;  
And treat with scorn the suffering poor,  
And fast against them close our door.  
Ah! no! religion means not this;  
Its fruit far sweeter, fairer is;  
In heavenly soil alone it thrives,  
And more than blossoms where it lives.  
Religion! 'tis the rule of life,  
The bond of love, the lane of strife,  
It precepts this, 'tis others do  
As you would have them do to you.  
Believes to hear an ill report,  
And seems with human words to sport;  
Or rather speaks no ill,  
But tells of good, or else is still.  
And does religion this import?  
O! may our souls its influence court!  
Haste, haste, the bright, the blissful day,  
When the whole earth shall learn its way.

### THE UN-EDUCATED WIFE.

At the close of a gloomy day in November, Albert Fitzgerald, a young man of very elegant and interesting appearance, found he had missed his way and was descending a lonely hill that ended in a thick forest. He stopped before he entered the dreary road, and cast an inquiring and eager gaze around; but saw no alternative except to go on, or retrace his steps and ascend the long, tedious hill.

"This is abominable," said he, as he pulled the reins to stop his tired beast; "I should be quite unwilling to make a supper for some hungry wolf or bear, it would be a most inauspicious end to my journey, and not at all consistent with deeds of noble daring; but perhaps there are no such prowlers here; and at all events it is a straight path—I can try it a mile or two, and if I see or hear any thing alarming, I can return; it will not be very soldier-like, to be sure, to run from the enemy; but there is none to trumpet my fame in this wood—so come on my tired dapple."

The evening was fast closing, and he could only ride slowly, and with great caution, as the stumps of the trees often stood many feet high, and much impeded his progress. After he had been riding for some time, the snow commenced falling, and Fitzgerald began to be seriously alarmed, when suddenly a bright light shone through the underwood at no great distance. He galloped on, and saw, to his surprise and delight, a very comfortable looking house, with glazed windows, quite an uncommon thing in the back country.

"I suppose," said he, "I shall share with some dozen little white heads, each striving with dirt and clamour, to make me as uncomfortable as possible—well, I shall at least have a shelter from the bears and the weather."

So saying, he threw the bridle around a stump, and springing over the fence, was just about knocking at the door, when a voice of great melody, and sweetness struck on his ear, singing the evening hymn. He stopped; but the music had ceased. He approached without noise to the window, and what was his surprise, to behold a beautiful creature he had never seen. Her dress was that of a rustic, and her slight person, though thus adorned, more faultless than the finest models he had ever gazed on in the halls of fashion and elegance.

Fitzgerald almost doubted his senses; for nothing mortal had ever seemed to him half so lovely. Her little white hands and dimple fingers were smoothing the grey hairs of a most noble looking old man, who sat before a bright fire. His face was pale and careworn. His large expressive eyes were turned on his youthful companion with a tenderness that seemed to affect her much. He kissed his wrinkled cheeks again and again; and seemed trying, by a thousand winning ways, to divert him from his sorrows. He was dressed like a farmer; but round his chair was thrown a large military cloak, apparently to screen him from the weather; and a corner of which covered his feet that rested on a bench before him. The

room was clean and comfortable, though it contained nothing but some chairs, a table, and a shelf with books. A rush mat was spread under the old man's seat, and a few cooking utensils placed in the corner of a large, stone fire place.

Fitzgerald stood riveted to the spot, scarcely daring to breathe lest he should break the charm that seemed to detain these objects in his sight; but the snow was falling fast, and the horse began to grow restive. He stepped gently back and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the old man, and Fitzgerald entered.

"Will you give me shelter for the night, sir," said he, after bowing. "I have lost my way, and my horse is worn out with this day's travel?"

"With pleasure, sir," was the reply. "We can afford you a shelter, but we have no shed for your tired beast?"

"Well then he must take his chance under the forest trees; I am so happy not to be obliged to share the same fate, that I fear I shall not feel the sympathy for him I ought."

"Isadore, take the gentleman's cloak, shake off the snow, and throw it over the rail to dry, and place a chair by the fire."

She moved from his side, where she had nestled like a young fawn or a timid dove, and placing a seat, reached out that beautiful little hand for the coat; but he, bowing as low as if she had been a princess, said, "by no means, and laid it aside himself, while Isadore, blushing and confused, again drew close to her aged companion."

Fitzgerald had never felt so much at a loss for conversation. To meet two such beings in a thick forest, so far from any human habitation, seemed so strange that he scarce knew how to address them; but the old gentleman began asking him about the road, how far he travelled, &c. &c. and told him he was more than thirty miles from the place he had inquired for, and which he thought of reaching that night.

"But," said he, "if you can be contented with a little bread and milk and a bear skin for your bed, you are heartily welcome."

"I wish no better fare, sir, and shall feel grateful for your hospitality."

"You see I am almost a cripple, so my little granddaughter must do the honours of my humble abode."

The white table was set before him with bread, milk, and dried venison; and Albert thought he had never made a more delicious meal. They were soon all quietly settled for the night; the old man was helped to his room by his gentle child; and Albert lay before the fire wondering and thinking who they could be, until nature could no longer support him, and he sunk to sleep.

When he awoke in the morning a bright fire was snapping and crackling in the room, and the old man in his arm chair with the table before him.

"We were sorry to disturb you, sir," said he, "but our place is not a very commodious one. It reminds me of the old song—'It served for parlour, for kitchen, and hall.'"

While he was speaking Isadore entered, her beautiful hair covered with snow flakes, and her whole face radiant with smiles and beauty. An Indian came with her, bearing a basket. He remained some time talking with the old gentleman, who understood the language, and Fitzgerald knew enough of it to hear him say.

"Who is he?" He turned and said, "I think, sir, you have a right to know whom you so kindly sheltered—my name is Albert Fitzgerald."

"Fitzgerald! Was the name of your father Campbell Fitzgerald?"

"It was."

"Young man," said he, "you are more than welcome. Your father was my friend, and as brave a soldier as ever marched to battle."

"You knew my father then, sir?" and Fitzgerald stepped before him.

"Yes, and well do I remember the day on which we parted—parted to meet no more—it was after a glorious victory! I called to say farewell, as at day break I was to leave that part of the country. He was stretched on a pallet—the surgeon preparing to dress his wounds. He opened his eyes as I entered, and told my purpose. 'General,' said he, stretching out his hand to me, and all the fire of the soldier sparkling for a moment in his heavy eyes as he spoke, 'we shall drive these intruders from our land. Heaven bless you, farewell.' He was never well enough to return to the army, and I never had an opportunity to return to him again."

Albert listened with surprise. The old man forgot his lameness—he stood up, and his tall figure seemed almost gigantic, while his tall figure seemed almost gigantic, while the whole expression of his face was changed; it glowed with animation as he took Fitzgerald by the hand—

"Thrice welcome to my home and heart," said he, "thou son of an old friend. Young man, 'poor and forlorn, as I now appear, I once commanded armies, and this arm,' extending it as he spoke, 'was ever ready to lend thee the sword in defence of thy ungrateful country. My name is Charlton.'"

"General Charlton!" said Fitzgerald, press-

ing his hand between both his own. "I have often heard my beloved mother speak of your covering my father with your cloak, and coming for him with a litter, by which you saved his invaluable life."

"These my son, were the chances and changes of war; but" and he sighed deeply, "we who have to lead and bleed, spent all—yes, all, even our paternal inheritance, in our country's service, cannot choose but weep almost tears of blood, when we find ourselves beggars on the soil we have so warmly defended—find ourselves unnoticed and unknown by the sons, who at their ease in their possessions feel not, care not for the pangs of those who obtained for them their choicest blessings. Picture to yourself, sir, a young man well born, well educated, rich, of great expectations, sacrificing all for the cause of freedom, and losing all for his country; and when in old age, worn out, crippled, unable any longer to be useful, looking to that country for support, feeling that justice demands prompt attention to his claims, waiting day after day, week after week, year after year, until weary, heart sick and disgusted, he retires to some solitary abode, and finds among savages a better home than his countrymen are willing to bestow. This—this! young man, is the fate of the veterans of the revolution?"

The General covered his face with his hands, and sunk back exhausted by his emotions. Albert felt the blood mounting to his face at the recollection of the ingratitude of the government; yet remembering that he had done all in his power to aid the cause of these disinterested but unfortunate men, he told the General, after a pause of some moments, that he should feel proud to assist him in any way; that his fortune was a noble one, and that he could not use it more to his satisfaction than in making the friend of his father happy."

"Happy!" said he, as he raised his mournful eyes to Albert. "I am almost at my journey's end; could I but behold this forest flower, this only tie to earth, safely situated in the world, I should die contented. He pressed the beautiful creature to his bosom and sobbed audibly."

"My dear father," said Isadore, "grieve not for me, we are very happy here, and you have a new friend now, who will not let your little!"

She stopped, blushed, and hid her face on her grandfather's shoulder, fearing she had said too much.

Albert wished she had finished the sentence, and thought that to shelter her from harm he would willingly pass the rest of his days in the forest.

The snow continued to fall, and the roads were impassable, the horse had disappeared, and Albert had no alternative but to await the clearing. To find his way was impossible; besides, he would have staid with the trifling excuse, so much was he interested in the beautiful Isadore. Weeks passed, and Albert still lingered, endeavouring to procure a horse and guide.

Conversing with the old gentleman, he learned his sad story; learned that, fired with ardor in the cause of liberty, he had left a delightful home and his lovely daughter Marion, the mother of Isadore, in the care of a favourite sister, and embarked during the war, constantly drawing on his own funds—Feeling certain of the final success of the American cause, he had no doubt of being remunerated for all. In the mean time Marion married an interesting young German, and the old general persuaded, and finally prevailed on him to join the army. The unfortunate young man was severely wounded in the first campaign, which caused his death in a few years after. The old general grieved to the heart that he had been the means of interrupting so much happiness, promised his daughter that he would come and spend the rest of his days with her as soon as his claims were settled, which he thought would be speedily. At the close of the year she wrote to inform him that if he ever wished to see her alive, he must come soon, as she felt she could not live many months.

The heart-stricken father embarked immediately, and found his child just alive on his arrival. He was almost overwhelmed with grief, but Marion, far from lamenting her early exit, said, "it is the will of heaven, and I have but those ties to earth," placing on her slender and almost transparent hand on the fair brow of the little Isadore, and looking tenderly at her father. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, that there is a house not made with hands for me in heaven. I give you my child, certain that while you live, you will have her piously educated, for even my short life has taught me 'there is nothing true but heaven.'"

She died soon after this conversation, and the unfortunate old man, as he followed her to the tomb, felt almost broken hearted. He settled all his affairs, that after paying all such calls on his estate, that after paying all his debts, he had but a thousand pounds—Embarrassed with the little girl, for his own sister was dead, and he had no near relation,

he concluded to write to Madame Waldorf, the aunt of Isadore, her father's only sister, and request her to take care of the orphan, until he could come and claim her. He wrote that his adopted country was in debt to him for services and expenditures, and he doubted not that he should be paid principal and interest, and that he should then be enabled, when settled in his own house, to send for his grand daughter.

She answered his letter immediately, and after, as the general said, many sage remarks, concluded by saying, "she had done all in her power to prevent her brother's leaving his pleasant home and lovely wife to follow a phantom—a will of the wisp, which he called glory. I had led him, where she expected, to death. That General Charlton had made him forget what he had been taught at home, namely, that true patriotism did not consist in running after liberty, but in doing our duty as fathers, husbands, and children, in the station and in the country where Providence has placed us. That she declined taking the little girl, and thought that if he intended to forsake his native country, he had better take her with him and make a savage of her at once."

Vexed and troubled at this severe reproof, he determined to quit the country forever and take Isadore with him.

He was soon quietly settled near Philadelphia, where he waited patiently a long time, but at last weary and disheartened, finding his funds gone, and fearing that even his friends were tired of him, he took the little girl, and retired quite back into the country, to hide himself & his sorrows from the world.

One day being in pursuit of game, he met an old Indian chief, whose life he had once saved in a skirmish, taken him to his tent, and kept him until he was able to go back to his tribe. Sanaqua entreated the general to go with him.

"My nation," says he, "are grateful, they will love the white warrior who saved their chief's life—they will make a house and give him corn—he can himself shoot the deer—come with us?"

The old man went, and true to the word of the chief, they supplied him with everything necessary to support life. The little Isadore they almost worshipped, called her by every tender epithet, and brought her every dainty they could find; but as he concluded, he said, "Am I not supported by charity—by the charity of savages, while my countrymen refuse to share with me the blessings, which I have toiled and bled to obtain."

He trembled and turned pale, his limbs seemed to lose their strength, and but for the support of Fitzgerald he would have sunk on the floor. He tried to smother and comfort him by telling him that as soon as the weather was fit he would provide a vehicle, and take him, with Isadore, to his own paternal mansion he should have his father's study and his room, with all the comforts his old age required.

"I shall leave you for a few days, as I have a tract of land in this country that I wish to see; their return with such a conveyance as will make our journey agreeable."

Fitzgerald dared not trust himself to say any thing of Isadore. He felt he loved her, and he thought the old general would object to his speaking of marrying the child, as he always called her. The old man said, as he took his hand, "My dear son, you are a friend indeed, I rejoice to see that America has some noble scions from the parent tree that promise to overshadow the land."

While Fitzgerald remained, he had constant opportunities of seeing the beautiful and gentle girl; he saw her devoted attention to her grandfather, her patient sweetness at all times, her industry and neatness. How often did he wonder that with so limited a wardrobe she was always so neat and becomingly arrayed. He knew not, that rather than appear to disadvantage before one that she thought quite too perfect for a human being, she had sat up nights that all might be in order during the day. A more disinterested, lovely creature nature never formed, but she was just as nature formed her, and Albert Fitzgerald enamoured with her beauty, delighted with her artless loveliness, forgot that he did not live among savages, and that a wife for him should be well educated and accustomed to good society. He forgot that all his life had been spent in cultivating and improving his own mind; forgot how often his beloved and accomplished mother had drawn the likeness, with a master's hand, of the woman she should be proud to call daughter.

But Isadore, the sweet, the exquisitely beautiful Isadore, had put all reflection and reason aside, and he determined to ask her of the old general on his return.

Some days passed ere he could procure a guide to suit him. Watapan a friend of the general consented at last to go with him—Ere he left, he took General Charlton by the hand, and begged he would lay all his cares aside, and try to get well enough to accompany him back. The old man sighed, looked tenderly at his daughter, and said:

"God bless you, my son; if any thing happens to me, I know you will be a father to this innocent child."

Albert's face was crimson, the word "father" had embarrassed him so much, that when he took Isadore's hand, instead of sneaking, he only pressed it to his lips, and raised his eyes to hers. She was pale as marble, and trembled so much, that Fitzgerald was surprised, and almost inclined to think he was in some way the cause. He said:

"You are ill, Isadore; come to the air, and leading her to the door, stood by her until the blood came rushing to her cheeks and temples; then, again pressing her hand to his lips, he mounted his horse and galloped away, leaving her leaning against the door.

Isadore had never seen any one so love but her grandfather; she was grateful to the Indians for their goodness to her, but Fitzgerald was above any thing she had ever conceived, and she looked up to him with such devotion and reverence, that she worshipped more than loved. She only thought of him as a friend of her father. To be his wife, never entered her innocent thoughts.

A month passed, and no tidings of Albert. The old general had been quite ill for some days. Isadore had made him a bed of dried leaves and bear skins near the fire, and had exhausted all her little skill as a nurse; but his pale looks and faltering voice alarmed her. One evening, after a restless day, she knelt down beside him to bathe his temples, and began singing the evening hymn, and putting aside the glossy curls that hung over her polished forehead, said, as he gazed on her:

"I have made shipwreck of the happiness of all I loved. As your aunt said—I have followed a phantom—I fear something has happened to our friend Albert, and my stay here is short."

Isadore shuddered, trembled, and seemed almost fainting.

"Grieve not for me," he said. "I am an old man, and can scarce expect to remain much longer with you. Should you see no more of Fitzgerald, get the Indians to take you to the nearest sea port, and go to Germany to your Aunt Waldorf. She is noble and well educated, and cannot, when she sees you, refuse you her protection. But you may trust our young friend without fear."

He drew her head to his bosom, and raising his eyes to heaven, seemed for a while absorbed in thought. The noise of voices disturbed him, the door was thrown open, and Fitzgerald entered with a joy-bearing face, exclaiming, "I have come for you, my dear sir, but the pale cheek and trembling hand of Isadore checked his eagerness, and when he took the old man's he was startled at its liveliest heat."

"You are ill," said he, "but you will, I trust, soon be better, for I have many comforts for you in my snug warm vehicle."

The general looked kindly on him, pressed his hand and sighed deeply. The Indians entered with his baggage, which they assisted him to open, and he produced many little comforts that seemed to revive his friend, for he sat up and conversed quite cheerfully. Isadore resigned her place for the night to Albert, and took some repose, of which she was much in need. Several days passed away in the same way, and Albert began to fear the old man was falling fast.

One morning, after a very restless night, he said:

"My dear young friend, I fear I shall never be able to go to your home, but I shall die in peace if you will be a father to my child."

Again the blood rushed to the cheeks and brow of Fitzgerald, and for a moment he was silent, but recovering himself, he said, "I will protect and defend her with my life, but my dear sir, will you not give me a nearer and dearer claim to protect her? Give her to me for a wife?"

The old man started and looked up to Fitzgerald—

"Wife!—wife!—she is a mere baby."

"I know she is young; but she is old enough to take good care of you, my dear sir, and old enough to make me happy."

"Young man, son of my friend, do nothing rashly—a wife is not the playing of an hour, a toy merely to look upon—but a companion for life; choose one that will be a companion, a friend; one who will at all times be ready to assist you with mind and heart— you have a vigorous intellect, a mind stored with useful knowledge, and should have a well educated and intelligent wife."

Fitzgerald sighed; he recollected how often his mother had cautioned him against being fascinated with beauty; but the soft voice of Isadore in the next room, singing one of her favourite hymns, put all reason and reflection asleep—

"She must be mine, father, if you do not object, and she will accept me."

The general smiled—

"Oh, she will not refuse you—and alas, I know too well how headstrong and self-willed the young are. If you are determined to marry her, I will say no more. For myself, I should be proud to see her your wife."