EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown
RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

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TERMS

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS
Per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a decree of Caroline county Court, sitting as a Court of Chancery in the case of James Dukes, against Ann Manship widow Elijah Manship and others, children and heirs of Andrew Manship, deceased, passed on the 15th day of March 1832, the subscriber will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, at the Court house door in Denton, on Tuesday the 18th of August next between the hours of 11 and 4 o'clock of that day, the Farm of the said Andrew Manship, purchased of a certain Mr Blake and others containing

Three Hundred and Sixty Acres.

more or less, called Lloyd's Regulation. Also one other tract of Land, adjoining the above Farm, formerly the property of a certain Elijah Russel, Esq. called Lloyd's regulation, and contains

One Hundred and Forty Seven

Acres of Land,

more or less. The above described lands, lie in a beautiful neighborhood pleasantly situated and in a good state of repairs. The former tract has a substantial two story Dwelling, finished nearly in the best manner, with a good barn and other out buildings very conveniently arranged. The latter tract has a good dwelling house and out buildings sufficient for said Farm, with a thriving orchard of selected Fruit. The arrable land is of good quality and productive. There is also a quantity of good wood lands attached to both farms. Those lands lie about two miles from Denton, and within 1¼ miles of Choptank river. A further description is deemed unnecessary, as persons disposed to purchase would find it to their advantage to view the premises for themselves.

By the terms of the decree a credit of twelve months will be given on the purchase money, the purchaser or purchasers giving bond, with approved security to the Trustee as such, for the payment of the same, with interest thereon, from the day of sale till paid. On payment of the purchase money with interest and the ratification of the sale by the court, the Trustee is authorised to convey the lands and premises to the purchaser or purchasers, free, clear and from all claims of the complainant or defendants, or those claiming by, from, or under them.

The creditors are notified to lodge their claims with the clerk of the Caroline county court within six months after the day of sale.

JAMES DUKES,
Trustee.

Denton, July 4, 6w

NEW SPRING GOODS

Wilson & Taylor

HAS just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore and have opened their usual supply of

SPRING GOODS

to which they invite the attention of the friends and the public generally.

april 25

NEW SPRING GOODS.

WM. H. & P. GROOME,

HAVE just received from Philadelphia and Baltimore, their entire supply of

SPRING GOODS,

which added to their former stock makes their assortment very complete. They respectfully invite their friends and the public to give them a call. Among the articles received are a variety of

English & French Ginghams.

French Painted Lawns and Chintzes, and Fancy Gauze and other Handkerchiefs

may 2

CARD.

I. I. HITCHCOCK

Late proprietor of the American Farmer Establishment, Baltimore, Md. having sold out that concern ENTIRE, will, within the present month (May,) open in Philadelphia an Agricultural and Horticultural Agency or commission Office for the purchase and sale chiefly of choice Domestic Animals of all kinds.

He will also keep on hand, (when they can be had) the seed of the Gama Grass, and the Skinless Oats, and whatever other agricultural seeds, especially grains and grasses, he can obtain, that may be new or peculiarly valuable. He will supply also in the proper season, the Morus Multicaulis, or new Chinese Mulberry, and the eggs of the Silk Worm.

He will also attend to the selection of fruit and ornamental Trees, Seeds and Plants, from the various Horticultural Establishments in and about Philadelphia.

Further particulars will be advertised hereafter.

may 39

TAILORING.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Inhabitants of Easton and its vicinity, that he has commenced the above business in all its varieties at the shop next door to the Post Office, where he will attend to all orders in his line, with punctuality and dispatch.

Having served his time in one of the first establishments in Baltimore, and studied the art of Cutting to perfection, he feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may honor him with their patronage. He has made arrangements to receive the

FASHIONS

regularly, as they come out; and hopes from his untiring disposition to please, to merit and obtain a share of public patronage.

The public's obedient servant,
JOHN SATTERFIELD.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR'S WIFE.

The following pathetic sketch is exceedingly interesting, and will amply repay the reader for the time that may be occupied in perusing it. It is copied from the Western Monthly Magazine—a valuable periodical, published at Cincinnati, by James Hall, Esq. The author we readily recognize by the style and signature, to be that accomplished lady, MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, who, by her "De Lara," her "Lamorah," her "Lovell's Folly," and other productions of a lighter cast, has gained a reputation of which our country, as well as herself, may justly be proud.

Virginia Free Press.

What impels me to take up my pen, compose myself to the act of writing, and begin the record of feelings and events which will inevitably throw a shadow over the character which too partial and misjudging affection once beheld shining with reflected lustre? I know not—but it seems to me, as if a divine voice whispered from the boughs that wave by my window, occasionally intercepting the sun's rays that now fall obliquely on my paper, saying, that if I live for memory, I must not live in vain—and that, perchance, when I too, lie beneath the willow that hangs over *his* grave, unconscious of its melancholy waving, a deep moral may be found in these pages, short and simple as they may be. Then be it so It is humiliating to dwell on past error—but I should rather welcome the humiliation, if it can be any expiration for my blindness, my folly—no! such expressions are too weak—I should say, my madness, my sin, my hard-hearted guilt.

It is unnecessary to dwell on my juvenile years. Though dependent on the bounty of an uncle, who had a large family of his own to support, every wish which could suggest, was indulged as soon as expressed. I never knew a kinder, more hospitable, uncalculating being than my uncle. If his unsparing generosity had not experienced a counteracting influence in the vigilant economy of my aunt, he would long since have been a bankrupt. She was never unkind to me; for I believe she was conscientious, and she had loved my mother tenderly. I was the orphan legacy of that mother, and consequently a sacred trust. I was fed and clothed like my wealthier cousins; educated at the same schools; ushered into the same fashionable society; where I learned that awkwardness was considered the only unpardonable offence, and that almost any thing might be said and done, provided it was said and done gracefully. From the time of our first introduction into what is called the world, I gradually lost ground in the affections of my aunt, for I unfortunately eclipsed my elder cousins in those outer gifts of nature & those acquired graces of manners, which, however valueless when unaccompanied by inward worth, have always exercised a prevailing and irresistible influence in society. I never exactly knew why, but I was the favorite of my uncle, who seemed to love me better than even his own daughters, and he rejoiced at the admiration I excited, though often purchased at their expense. Perhaps the secret was this. They were of cold temperament; mine was ardent, and whatever I loved, I loved without reserve and expressed my affection with characteristic warmth and enthusiasm. I loved my indulgent uncle with all the fervor of which such a nature, made vain and selfish by education, is capable Often, after returning from an evening party, my heart throbbing high with the delight of gratified vanity, when he would draw me towards him and tell me—with most injudicious fondness, it is true—that I was a thousand times prettier than the flowers! more sparkling than the jewels, & that I ought to marry a prince or a nabob I exulted more in his praise, than the flatteries that were still tingling in my ears. Even my aunt's coolness was a greatful tribute to my self-love—for was it not occasioned by my transcendency over her less gifted daughters.

But why do I linger on the threshold of events, which simple in themselves, stamped my destiny—for time, yea, for eternity.

It was during a homeward journey, with my uncle, I first met him, who afterwards became my husband. My whole head becomes sick and my heart faint, as I think what I might have been, and what I am But *I* must forbear—If I am compelled at times to lay aside my pen, overcome with agony and remorse, let me pause till I can go on, with a steady hand and a calmer brain.

Our carriage broke down—it was a common accident—a young gentleman on horseback, who seemed like ourselves a traveller, came up to our assistance He dismounted, proffered every assistance in his power, & accompanied us to the inn, which fortunately was not far distant, for my uncle was severely injured, and walked with difficulty, though supported by the stranger's arm and my own. I cannot define the feeling, but from the moment I beheld him my spirit was troubled within me. I saw, at once, that he was of a different order of beings from those I had been accustomed with; and there was something in the heavenly composure of his countenance and gentle dignity of manner, that rebuked my restless desire for admiration and love of display. I never heard any earthly sound so sweet as his voice. Invisible communion with angels could alone give such tones to the human voice. At first, I felt a strange awe in his presence, and forgot those artificial graces, for which I had been too much admired. Without meaning to play the part of a hypocrite, my real disposition was completely concealed. During the three days we were detained, he remained with us; and, aloof from all temptation to folly, the best traits of my character were called into exercise. On the morning of our departure, as my uncle was expressing his gratitude for his kindness, and his hope of meeting him in town, he answered—and it was not without emotion—"I fear our paths diverge too much, to allow that hope.—Mine is a lowly one, but I trust I shall find it blest" I then, for the first time, learned that he was a minister—the humble pastor of a country village. My heart died within me. That this graceful and uncommonly interesting young man should be nothing more than an obscure village preacher—it was too mortifying. All my bright visions of conquest faded away. "We can never be any thing to each other,' thought I. Yet as I again turned towards him and saw his usually calm eye fixed on me with an expression of deep anxiety, I felt a conviction that I might be all the world to him He was watching the effect of his communication, and the glow of excited vanity that suffused my cheek was supposed to have its origin from a purer source. I was determined to enjoy the full glory of my conquest. When my uncle warmly urged him to accompany us home, and sojourn with us a few days, I backed the invitation with all the eloquence my countenance was capable of expressing Vain & selfish being that I was—I might have known that we differed from each other as much as the rays of the morning star from the artificial glare of the sky-rocket. *He* drew his light from the fountain of living glory, *I* from the decaying fires of the earth.

The invitation was accepted—and before that short visit was concluded, so great was the influence he acquired over me, while *I* was only seeking to gain the ascendency over *his* affections, that I felt willing to give up the luxury and fashion that surrounded me, for the sweet and quiet hermitage he described, provided the sacrifice were required. I never once thought upon the duties that would devolve upon me, the solemn responsibilities of my situation. It is one of the mysteries of Providence, how such a being as myself could ever have won a heart like his. He saw the sunbeam playing on the surface, and thought that all was fair beneath, I did love him; but my love was a passion, not a principle. I was captivated by the heavenly graces of his manner, but was incapable of comprehending the source whence those graces were derived.

My uncle would gladly have seen me established in a style more cogenial to my prevailing taste, but gave his consent as he said, on the score of his surpassing merit. My aunt was evidently more than willing to have me married, while my cousins rallied me for falling in love with a country parson.

We were married. *I* accompanied him to the beautiful village of ——. I became mistress of the parsonage. Never shall *I* forget the moment when I first entered this avenue, shaded by majestic elms; beheld these low white walls festooned with redolent vines; and heard the voice which was then the music of my life, welcome me here, as Heaven's best & loveliest gift How happy—how blest I might have been! and I *was* happy for a while. His benign glance and approving smile were, for a short time, an equivalent for the gaze of admiration and strains of flattery to which I had been accustomed. I even tried, in some measure to conform to his habits and tastes, and to cultivate the good will of the plebeians and rustics who constituted a great portion of his parish. But the mind, unsupported by principle, is incapable of any steady exertion. Mine gradually wearied of the effort of assuming virtues, to which *I* had no legitimate claim. The fervor of feeling which had given a bluer tint to the sky and a fairer hue to the flower, insensibly faded. I began to perceive defects in every object, and to wonder at the blindness which formerly overlooked them. I still loved my husband; but the longer I lived with him, the more his character soared above the reach of mine. I could not comprehend, how one could be endowed with such brilliant talents and winning graces, and not wish for the admiration of the world. I was vexed with him for his meekness and humility, and would gladly have mingled, if *I* could, the base alloy of earthly ambition with his holy aspirations after heaven. *I* was even jealous—I almost tremble while I write it—of the God he worshipped. I could not bear the thought that I held a second place in his affections—though second only to the great and glorious Creator. Continually called from my side to the chamber of the sick, the couch of the dying, the dwelling of the poor and ignorant, I in vain sought to fill up the wide dening vacuum left, by becoming interested in the [illegible] my station I could not do [illegible] ey became every day more [illegible] me. The discontent I was cher[illegible] be me more and more visible, [illegible] d anxious eye of my husb[illegible] ked for the joyous smile the [illegible] come his return.

It is [illegible] were many things I was obliged to tolerate, which must inevitably be distasteful to one, educated with such false refinement as I have been.—But I never reflected they must be as opposed to my husband's tastes as my own; and that christian principle alone led him to the endurance of them. Instead of appreciating his angelic patience and forbearance, I blamed him for not lavishing more sympathy on me for trials which, though sometimes ludicrous in themselves, are painful from the strength of association.

The former minister of the village left a maiden sister as a kind of legacy to his congregation. My husband had been a protege and pupil of the good man, who on his death bed, bequeathed his people to the charge of this son of adoption, and HIM, with equal tenderness and solemnity, to the care of his venerable sister.—She became a fixture in the parsonage, and to me a perpetual and increasing torment. The first month of our marriage, she was absent, visiting some of her seventh cousins in a neighbouring town. I do not wish to exculpate myself from blame; but if ever there was a thorn in human flesh, I believe I had found it in this inquisitive, gratuitously advising woman. I, who had always lived among roses, without thinking of briars, was doomed to feel this thorn, daily, hourly, goading me;—and was constrained to conceal as much as possible the irritation she caused, because my husband treated her with as much respect as if she were an empress. I thought Mr. L——was wrong in this. Owing to the deep placidity of his own disposition, he could not realize what a trial such a companion was to a mercurial, indulged, self-willed being as myself. Nature had gifted me with an exquisite ear for music, and a discord always 'wakes the nerve where agony is born.' Poor aunt Debby had a perfect mania for singing, and she would sit and sing, for hours together, old-fashioned ballads and hymns of surprising length—scarcely pausing to take breath. I have heard aged people sings the songs of Zion, when there was most touching melody in their tones; and some of the warmest feelings of devotion ever experienced, were awakened by these [illegible] trembling notes. But aunt Debby's voice was full of indiscribable ramifications, each a separate discord—a sharp sour voice, indicative of the natural temper of the owner. One Sunday morning, after she had been screeching one of Dr. Watts' hymns, of about a hundred verses, she left me to prepare for church. When we met, after finishing our separate toilettes, she began her animadversions on my dress, as being too gay for a ministers' wife. I denied the charge; for though made in the redundance of fashion, it was of unadorned white. 'But what,' said she, disfiguring the muslin folds with her awkward fingers, 'what is the use of all these fandangles of lace? They are nothing but Satin's devices to lead astray silly women, whose minds are running after finery.' All this I might have borne with silent contempt, for it came from aunt Debby; but when she brought the authority of a Mrs. Deacon and a Mrs. Dolean of the parish to prove that she was not the only one who found fault with the fashion of my attire, the indignant spirit broke it bounds; deference for age was forgotten in the excitement of the moment, and the concentrated irritation of weeks burst forth. I called her an impertinent, morose old maid, and declared that one or the other of us should leave the parsonage. In the midst of the paroxysm, my husband entered—the calm of heaven upon his brow. He had just left his closet, where he had been to seek the divine manna for the pilgrims it was his task to guide through the wilderness of life. He looked from one to the other, in grief and amazement. Aunt Debby had seated herself on his entrance and began to rock herself backward and forward, and to sigh and groan—saying it was a hard thing to be called such hard names at her time of life, &c. I stood, my cheeks glowing with anger and my heart violently palpitating with the sudden effort at self control. He approached me, took my hand, and said, 'My dear Mary!' There was affection in his tone, but there was upbraiding also; and drawing away my hand, I wept in bitterness of spirit. As soon as I could summon up sufficient steadiness of voice, I told him the cause of my resentment, and declared, that I would never again enter a place, where I was exposed to ridicule and censure, and from those, too, so immeasurably my inferiors in birth and education. 'Dearest Mary!' exclaimed he, turning pale from agitation, 'you cannot mean what you say. Let not such trifles as these, mar the peace of this holy day. I grieve that your feelings should have been wounded; but what matters it what the world says of our outward apparel, if our souls are clothed with those robes of holiness, which make us lovely in our Maker's eyes? Let us go to the temple of Him, whose last legacy to man was *peace.*' Though the bell was ringing its last notes, and though I saw him so painfully disturbed, I still resisted the appeal, & repeated my rash asseveration. The bell had pealed its latest summons, and was no longer heard. 'Mary, must I go alone?' His hand was on the latch—there was a burning flush on his cheek, such as I had never seen before. My pride would have yielded—my conscience convicted me of wrong—I would have acknowledged my rashness, had not aunt Debby, whom I thought born to be my evil spirit, risen with a long drawn sigh, and taken his arm preparatory to accompanying him. 'No,' said I, 'you will not be alone. You need not wait for me. *In* aunt Debby's company, you cannot regret mine.'

Surely, my heart must have been steeled like Pharaoh's, for some divine purpose, or I never could have resisted the mute anguish of his glance, as he closed the door on this cold and unmerited taunt. What hours of wretchedness I passed in the solitude of my chamber. I magnified my sufferings into those of martyrdom and accused Mr. L——of not preparing me for the trials of my new situation. Yet, even while I reproached him in my heart I was conscious of my injustice, and felt that I did not suffer alone. It was the first time any other than words of kindness had passed between us, & it seemed to me that a barrier was beginning to rise that would separate us forever.—When we again met *I* tried to retain the same cold manner and averted countenance, but he came unaccompained by my tormentor, and looked so dejected and pale, my petulence and pride yielded to the reign of better feelings. I had even the grace to make concessions, which were received with such gratitude and feeling, I was melted into goodness, transient, but sincere.—Had aunt Debby remained from us, all might yet have been well; but after having visited awhile among the parish, she returned; and her presence choked the blossoms of my good resolutions. I thought she never fogave the offending epithet I had given her in the moment of passion It is far from my intention, in delineating peculiarities like hers, to throw any opprobrium on that class of females, who from their isolated and often unprotected situation are peculiarly susceptiule to the shafts of unkindness or ridicule. I have known those whose influence seemed as diffusive as the sunshine and gentle as the dew; at whose approach the ringlets of childhood would be tossed gaily back, and the wan cheek of the aged lighted up with joy; who had devoted the glow of their youth and the strength of their prime to acts of filial piety & love, watching the waning fires of life, as the vestal virgins the flame of the altar. Round such beings as these, the beautitudes cluster; & yet the ban of unfeeling levity is passed upon the maiden sisterhood.—But I wander from my path. It is not HER history I am writing, so much as my own; which, however deficient in incident, is not without its moral power.

My uncle and cousins made me a visit, not long after my rupture with aunt Debby, which only served to render me more unhappy. My uncle complained so much of my altered appearance; my faded bloom and languid spirits, I saw that it gave exquisite pain to Mr. L——, while my cousins, now in their day of power, amused themselves continually with the old fashioned walls of the house, the obsolete style of the furniture, and my humdrum mode of existence. Had I possessed one spark of heavenly fire I should have resented all this as an insult to him whom I had solemnly vowed to love and honor. These old fashioned walls should have been sacred in my eyes. They were twice hallowed—hallowed by the recollections of departed excellence and the presence of living holiness. Every leaf of the magnificent elms that overshadwed them, should have been held sacred, for the breath of morning and evening prayer had been daily wafted over them, up to the mercy-seat of heaven.

I returned with my uncle to the metropolist. It is true, he protested that he would not, could not leave me behind—& that change of scene was absolutely necessary to the restoration of my bloom, & Mr. L——— gave his assent with apparent cheerfulness and composure. But I knew—I felt that his heart bled at my willingness, my wish to be absent from him, so soon after our marriage. He told me to consult my own happiness, in the length of my visit, and that he would endeavor to find a joy in solitude in thinking of mine. 'Oh!' said one of my cousins, with a loud laugh, 'you can never feel solitary, when aunt Debby is, ——

Behold me once more 'mid the scenes congenial to my soul—a gay flower, sporting over the waves of fashion, thoughtless of the caverns of death beneath. Again the voice of flattery fell meltingly on my ear; and while listening to the siren, I forgot those mild admonishing accents, which were always breathing of heaven—or if I remembered them at all, they came to my memory like the grave rebuke of Milton's cherub—severe in their beauty. Yes, I did remember them when I was alone; and there are hours when the gayest ——— feel desolately alone. I thought of him in his neglected home; him, from whom I was gradually alienating myself for his very perfections, and accusing conscience avenged his rights. Oh! how miserable, how poor we are, when unsupported by our own esteem! when we fear to commune with our own hearts, and doubly tremble to bare them to the all-seeing eye of our Maker! My husband often wrote me most affectionately. He did not urge my return, but said, whenever I felt willing to exchange the pleasures of the metropolis for the seclusion of the hermitage, his arms and his heart were open to receive me. At length I received a letter which touched those chords that yet vibrated to the tones of nature and feeling. He seldom spoke of himself—but in this, he mentioned having been very ill, though then convalescent. Your presence, my Mary,' said he, 'would bring healing on its wings? I fear, greatly fear, I have doomed you to unhappiness, by rashly yielding to the influence of your beauty and winning manners, taking advantage of your simplicity and inexperience, without reflecting how unfitted you were, from natural disposition and early habits, to be a fellow-laborer in so humble a portion of our Master's vineyard.—Think not, my beloved wife, I say this in reproach. No! 'tis in sorrow, in repentance, in humiliation of spirit. I have been too selfish. I have not shown sufficient sympathy for the trials and vexations to which, for me, you have been exposed. I have asked to receive too much. I have given back too little.—Return then, my Mary; you were created for nobler purposes than the beings who surround you. Let us begin life anew. Let us take each other by the hand as companions for time—but pilgrims for eternity. Be it mine to guard, guide, and sustain—yours, to console, to gild and comfort.' In a postscript, he added:

'I am better now—a journey will restore me. I will soon be with you, when I trust we will not again be parted.'

My heart was not of rock. It was moved—melted. I should have been less that human, to have been untouched by a letter like this.—All my romantic love, but so recently chilled, returned; and I thought of his image as that of an angel's. Ever impulsive, ever actuated by the passion of the moment, I made the most fervent resolutions of amendment, and panted for the hour when we should start for, together, this immortal goal! Alas how wavering were my purposes—how ineffective my holy resolutions.

* * * * * *

There was a numerous congregation gathered on the Sabbath morn, not in the simple village church; but the vaulted walls of a city dome. A stranger ascended the pulpit.—Every eye was turned on him and none wandered. He was pallid, as from recent indisposition; but there was a fliting glow on his cheeks, the herald of coming inspiration.—There was a divine simplicity, a sublime fervor, an abandonment of self, a lifting up of the soul to heaven, an indescribable and spiritual charm, pervading his manner, that was acknowledged by the breathless attention of a crowded audience, composed of the wealth and fashion of the metropolis. And I was there, the proudest, the happiest of the throng. That gifted being was my husband. I was indemnified for all past mortifications, and looked forward to bright years of felicity, not in the narrow path we had heretofore travelled, but a wider more brilliant sphere. My imagination placed him at the head of that admiring congregation, and I saw the lowly flock he had been lately feeding, weeping, unpitied, between the porch and the altar.

Before we bade farewell to my uncle I had abundant reason to believe my vision would soon be realized. The church was then without a pastor. No candidate had as yet appeared in whom their opinions or affections were united. They were enthusiastic in the admiration of Mr. L ——, and protested against the obscurity of his location. With such hopes gilding the future, I left the metropolis with a cheerfulness and elasticity of spirits, which my husband hailed as a surety for long years of domestic felicity. I would gladly linger here a while. I fear to go on. You have followed me so far with a kind of complaisant interest as a poor, vain weak young creature, whose native defects have been enhanced by education, and who has unfortunately been placed in a sphere she is incapable of adorning.—The atmosphere is too pure, too rarified. Removed at once from the valley of sin to the mount of holiness, I breath with difficulty the celestial air, and pant for more congenial regions. Must I proceed? Your compassion will turn to detestation: yet I cannot withdraw from the task I have imposed on myself. It is an expiatory one, and oh, may it be received as such!

It was scarcely more than a week after our return. All had been peace and sunshine; so resolved was I to be all that was lovely and amiable. I even listened with apparent patience to aunt Debby's interminable hymns, and heard some of her long stories the seventyseventh time, without any manifest symptom of vexation. It was about sunset. We set to-

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