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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SATURDAY MORNING
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TERMS
TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS
Per annum, payable half yearly in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS
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TEACHERS WANTED.

A gentleman and lady of respectable standing who can produce satisfactory testimonials of their competancy to teach the several branches of an English education, may obtain employment in the above mentioned capacity, if speedy application be made to

James Parrott
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Lambert W. Spencer
Trustees of School District, No. 2.

aug 22 3t

To Rent for the next year,

The house at present occupied by Mrs. Scott, near the residence of the subscriber.
MARGARET GOLDSBOROUGH.
aug 22 3t

For Rent or Sale.

That handsome and substantial brick dwelling with every convenience attached, at present occupied by John Stevens, Esq. situate on Harrison Street in Easton.—For terms apply to the Subscriber or Alex. P. Taylor.
JACOB C. WILLSON.
Easton, Aug. 29, 1835, 3w

LUMBER YARD.

The Subscribers are about to establish a
LUMBER YARD IN EASTON
in which they intend keeping all the various kinds of Plank, Scantling, Shingles, &c., that may be wanted & from which they expect to be able to supply all those who may be disposed to purchase, with as good lumber and prices *fully* as low as it can be obtained in the Baltimore market, without the addition of freight.

They have already received from Port Deposite and elsewhere, and now offer for sale at their Yard in Easton, an excellent lott of,
4-4 6-4 and 8-4 WITE PINE PLANK,
Cypress Shingles and Scantling.

They also intend keeping a part of the above at Easton Point for the accommodation of those who may wish to be supplied by water.

Any person wishing to purchase any of the above will please call on William Loveday who will attend to the business.

William H. Groome.
William Loveday.
Easton, June 27 eow4w

MR. & MRS. HAMILTON'S
Boarding School for Young Ladies,
Corner of Saratoga and Courtland Streets,
BALTIMORE,

Will be re-opened on the first day of September next.

Mr. & Mrs. H. have provided their Seminary with every apparatus necessary to illustrate their instruction. Their Philosophical Apparatus is equal to *any that can be found in private Seminaries in this country,* and their chemical is sufficiently extensive to illustrate any subject treated upon in the text books of the School. Their Cabinet of Minerals, though small, contains upwards of 700 specimens.—Their Seminary is also furnished with an Armillary Sphere, Cary's, Wilson's, and Gardner's Globes; several Pianos, and a Harp.—The instruments they possess are the best they could procure in this country or in England.

The Library contains upwards of 2000 volumes, connected with the studies pursued in the School, to which the young ladies have access

In all the departments, the most competent Teachers are engaged, whose instructions are given under the immediate eye of the Principals.

The course of instruction is carried on in a regular system of Academic studies, embracing *all* the scientific and ornamental branches.

Parents and Guardians who wish for more particular information, can obtain a prospectus of the Seminary, by writing, post paid, to the Principals.

August 22 1835 8t

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

NOTICE.

THE subscribers wish to take at the Coach Gig and Harness Making business, four smart, active, well grown boys, of good moral habits, (boys from the country would be preferred) between the ages of thirteen and sixteen years: one at each of the following branches, viz. Body Making, Harness making, Smithing and Painting.

ANDERSON & HOPKINS.

N. B All kinds of Silver Plating done in the best manner, such as Bridle-bits, Stirrups, &c. &c. Persons in this and the adjacent counties, wanting any article plated, can have it done at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.' Coach Makers in the adjacent counties can have Plating done at the short notice and as cheap as they can have it done in the city. A. & H.
August 1

From the Young Men's Paper.

VILLAGE LEGENDARY.

By the Silent Gentleman.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

In the little hamlet where I remained a short time, as has before been stated, was an old physician, a septuagenarian, who besides possessing the garrulity of age, retained all of his mental faculties unimpaired. He had long been the sole mender of constitutions in the village and was still the only one who practiced doctorcraft in the vicinity. The neighbourhood being but thinly populated, he was not kept more busily engaged than comported with his convenience, and he was thus left with as much leisure in his hands as he wished. The old man abounded in anecdote, and occasionally indulged in a little pleasant humour, but he very rarely gave way to trifling & insignificant mirth,—there was always a dignity of character about him that ensured respect. While I remained, an intimacy grew up between us, and as he was one, who, if a friend would remain silent of choice, was fully able and willing to entertain him, I was of course in my very element with such a companion.

"You physicians," said I to him, one day, "are so used to scenes of misery, that you no doubt become so callous as to look upon your patient and calculate the chances of his life or death with the cool self-possession of a merchant, who turns over his goods and thinks only of his profit." He seemed half offended at the reflection cast upon his profession, but in a moment after smiled good humouredly at my "mistake," as he called it, and proceeded in his usual manner of tracing out his subjects of conversation from hints of his own, occasionally dropped and picked up again.

It is a common prejudice, said he, that physicians have no feeling, and a popular error that they are included with butchers in an exclusion from the jury-box, because they are too hardened in their sensibilities to be able to give an unbiassed verdict upon a case tried before them. A physician *has* feeling, I can assure you, but it will never do for him to manifest it in all cases, it might be death to a patient. Often he is called in to see some one, in whose disease he perceives symptoms of malignity which if not reached *at once* must terminate fatally, the slightest alarm produced in the sufferer or family may give energy to a fever, which would soon defy the influence of medicine; and often, while his skill is taxed for a remedy and his spirits flagging in dread of a failure to save the patient, he must put on a careless indifference of manner to reassure those whom it is so necessary should not take alarm,—and then, if the patient dies, why, the doctor knew it, and said there was little danger—appeared careless, &c.—the verdict is, he *has lost all feeling.*

But it is not not so. Every patient is a weight upon a physician's mind; he feels it through the day, often pressing down his spirits, and all night long dreams of remedies or death Of all the diseases which he dreads most to come in contact is consumption; for, if he is not radically cold hearted and indifferent to human suffering, every patient whom he is called upon to attend through the wasting months or years of existence which are surely numbered, will take away, as life goes out, some portion of his mental stamia, and leave him a burden that will press for days and weeks upon his mind. We grow so familiar with consumptive patients—more so than with any other. They look up to us with that trusting confidence which begets affection. They are, in most cases, amongst the young and beautiful, and often those whose earthly ties are too strong to be easily torn asunder; and when they do sever it is the rending of heart strings. They are not paralyzed like those in many other diseases, in mind as well as body.—we are not chilled in our feelings towards them by witnessing a prostration of the mental and physical energies. They greet us at each returning visit with bright eyes; and often a cheerful, smiling countenance, and tell us of their hopes of the future, and ask so earnestly when they will be able to go out; and if we do not think them better,—and all this when we know, and feel that life is surely wearing away, and that no skill which we can bring to bear upon the insidious disease can check its progress—Oh, when one such passes away, after we have for months and months sat daily by their bed side, and grown familiar with their tones and listened often to their plans for the future, which we know to be vain, their voices haunt us long afterwards; and we cannot pass by their deserted dwelling without a shadow stealing over our hearts.

One of the many cases of consumption which I have attended, I will relate—the rank grass now waves over her grave I cannot recur back without experiencing a mournful tone of feeling, which makes me wish to steal away from observation and ponder over life's mysterious changes, alone and in silence.

It is now thirty five years since a family, who were wending their way slowly across the mountains, stopped for a few days in our pleasant village, that a wife & mother might recruit her health which was suffering with the fatigue of a long and laborious journey. Medical attendance being deemed necessary, I was called in to see her. I found an interesting family, composed of a fine robust New Englander, of about thirty five: his wife, some five years younger, a lovely woman, but in whose face was written CONSUMPTION; and a fair complexioned, blue-eyed daughter, about ten or twelve years old. I found that, in sleeping at night in their waggon, in one or two instances it had rained, and the dampness penetrating through the thin covering spread over it, had affected her with cold, which seeking the most tender place had settled upon her lungs, causing an inflammation and constant irritation, which kept her coughing almost incessantly,—this was accompanied with alternate fevers and profuse cold sweats. I saw early in my visits, that her case was beyond the skill of medicine. She had remained so long in her present condition without aid that her lungs had ulcerated, and in the then condition of the profession there was no remedy for her I could only smooth her way to the grave.

With a heavy heart I broke the solemn truth to her husband. He bore the announcement like a man—that is, he did not give way to vain demonstrations of grief; but the struggle within was one that shook his frame like a leaf quivering in the wind.

Week after week, day after day, and hour after hour, she lingered on, gradually sinking away, though she was scarce conscious of her approaching dissolution, until the lamp of life went out. The sympathies of all in the village were roused in favor of the interesting strangers, and every care and attention were bestowed that kindness of heart could offer. After the burial, and when the remainder of a once happy family were preparing to leave us, Mrs. ——, your kind friend, begged that the daughter might be left with her until the father should return back or finish his intended journey.—The proposition, after much hesitation on both sides was at length agreed upon, and the broken-hearted father parted with his weeping daughter with the shrinking reluctance that a drowning man would unloose his hold of the most feeble support he had clung to.

Year after year passed away and no tidings came of the father of our little stranger, who had now began to expand like a beautiful bud, into the exquisite and glowing perfections of womanhood. No step was so light, no laugh so free & joyous, no heart so full of tender sympathies as Ruth Colburn's (such was her name. She had never been known to have day's illness. Watching never made her a weary, nor would toil produce fatigue. Her cheek glowed with the rich crimson of health and her eye sparkled with the fulness of her spirit's gladness. She was of a gay temperament when any were present; but she has often been observed when leaving her chamber, where she had secluded herself for hours, with a tear on her cheek; but the smile that played over her face made you almost instantly forget that she must have wept with some heart sorrow in sadness and silence. Like almost every female of a consumptive family which I have seen, her face had a decided character of its own; a something that attracted every one who looked upon it and called out a feeling of tenderness in all.

As she grew up into womanhood, she became the centre of attraction for our village beaux; and many were the little jealous bickerings of which she was the cause. She soon however fixed her mind upon the one she liked best,—And they were married. Up to this time I had watched her with the careful eye of a physican,—I had noted every change in her tone of spirits; marked the fluctuations of her cheek and the expression of her eye, to see if I could find any indication that the fearful malady which had borne her mother to an early grave was lurking about her system. I was the more anxious in this, as she had, by her sweetness of disposition as well as by the peculiarity of her situation, entwined herself about my feelings; and I looked forward with something like shuddering to the time when she should begin to waste away towards the grave, as I felt she assuredly must, ere time should have silvered a single fibre in her raven curls.

A year passed away and she became the mother of a lovely child—her own concetrated image of beauty. I anxiously awaited the time when she should resume her wonted health, but alas! the rose never again brightened on her cheek. As time wore on she presented her husband with another sweet babe, but she had scarce recovered from her illness ere he was attacked with a violent fever, and in a few days was no more. This shock fixed the rankling arrow in her vitals.—A sickly languor stole over her, and she declined in health and spirits with fearful rapidity. I saw too plainly that she was beyond the power of medicine to cure; and I applied all my skill to lengthen out her term of life.

In most cases of consumption I have remarked that there was a willingness to die, notwithstanding the indisposition to believe that the moment of death was near; but here there was a fearful clinging to life. 'Those [illegible] my ties—Doctor—Oh! I cannot leave [illegible]n,' she said to me, one day, when I [illegible]tly hinted my fears, and she lifted [illegible] bright-eyed girl that was playing by [illegible] side and looked long in her [illegible] face, and then bent down over the [illegible]e that slept on her bosom, and wept [illegible] Day after day I visited her, and my heart [illegible] would bleed as often, to hear her earnest question, 'Don't you think I'm better Doctor?'—and when I would answer her [illegible] she felt as strong as she did yesterday, she would falteringly say, 'not quite;' and then, as if trying to satisfy herself that it was not the failing of the system would urge with a faint smile—'but it is the effect of the medicine, Doctor,' (*the medicine was a strong tonic!*) 'I shall grow stronger soon, *I know,*' But existence was slowly ebbing out. Each day she sank more and more under her disease, until she became so weak as to be obliged to keep her bed most of the time still she clung to life with an almost agonized tenacity; and still asked the same mournful question, but with increased earnestness—'Don't you think I'm better to-day, Doctor?'

I called one morning, after having left her on the preceding evening completely prostrated in body and mind, and was startled to see her sitting on her bonnet before the glass and all dressed for a walk. She turned toward me as I entered and greeted me with such a glad, free smile, that it was doubtful for the moment if I were not dreaming.

'You look surprised Doctor,' she said 'but I *knew* I was getting better. I have not felt so well for a long time.—I am just going to take a little walk out to see mother, (she always called Mrs. —— by that endearing title,—she had been as a mother to her,) and little Ruth you see is all ready to go with me.'

I tried to remonstrate but it was no use. 'I tell you,' she said, at last, with half offended earnestness, 'that I *am* better Don't I know my own feelings,—why, I could walk a mile!'

'If you are determined to go, I will walk down to [illegible]'s with you.'

'Do Doctor,' she said with so lively and pleased an air, that I really for a moment, began to doubt whether she were not really better. She drew her arm in mine and we slowly walked down toward Mr. ——'s. Her step faltered long before we reached the door; the hectic brightness on her cheek faded, and when we entered the house she sank fainting in our arms. She was never able to return back to her home. The light of life had but flashed up, and exhausted much of its fuel at a single glare. Still she clung to existence for the sake of her children, and would ask on every successive visit, with such mournful earnestness,—Doctor, don't you think I'm better?' that it made me shrink from my accustomed calls with a kind of nervous fear,—and if I failed to see her twice or three times a day, I could observe when I next went a tear of reproach in her eye, and she would be so silent and so dejected that it made my very heart bleed to look upon her pale sorrowful face.

One lovely June evening, just before the sun went down, when the whole earth and heavens seemed lulled into a pulseless quiet, we were gathered around the bed of Ruth,—and we were there to see her die. Her babes had been taken to a neighbour's, and the house was hushed, the still preparations for death were going on. Here a group conversed in low whispers of the necessary arrangements for shrouding and waking and there a very dear friend, who had stolen from the bed side away to weep, might be seen sitting in mournful silence while around the dying couch were a group bending earnestly forward as if to catch the last faint sigh of mortality. Suddenly she who had been thought just passing away opened her eyes which were lit up with a gleam of intelligence,—her whole countenance brightened, and raising up strongly from the pillow she asked for her children. They were brought, and with the deep fondness of a mother she gathered them to her heart and wept over them until her whole frame quivered with emotion. Then she handed them back, pressing her pale lips to each fair cheek, and followed them with her eager eyes as they were borne from the room; when she turned her face despondingly to the wall and sunk away into insensibility.

We were still watching over her when a heavy and earnest tread was heard below, and in a moment after, Mr. Colburn entered the chamber. He heeded no one, but leaning over the bed of his daughter, called her in a low tone that was firm only by a strong effort. That voice trilled through her even in death's last agony—she sprang up—threw herself forward into his arms and as she buried her face in his bosom, murmured, 'My father—O my father!' She never raised her head from that sacred resting place.

From the Frederick Herald.

BREACH OF MARRIAGE PROMISE.

Umbaugh vs. *Boltembacher.*

"Had I known that woman's love
Had been so hard to win,
I had never offered her 'bobs, *not* gold,'
Or a beautiful gilt breast pin."
Hogg, improved.

We regret to state that the influence of the late decision of a New York Jury, which compelled a lady to pay one thousand dollars for jilting her first lover, when a more advantageous match offered, has invaded our quite community, & attempted to stain our halls of justice with the same indelible disgrace which rests on the courts of New York. But thanks to the firmness and dignity of the judiciary of Frederick, and double thanks to the spirit of gallantry which pervades the community, 'the age of chivalry is *not gone,*' for here, at least the privileges of woman are imperscriptible, and she can jilt or flirt, make promises or break them, in defiance of John Doe and Richard Roe, those two crusty old bachelors, who thrust themselves into every suit, in defiance of the rulers of the court of Hyman, for the impertinent purpose of exposing love letters and broken hearts.

The parties to this law suit, the decision of which is so honorable to the county of Frederick, and the spirit of gallantry, were John Umbaugh and Julia Bolienbacher, both natives of the *Fader land.*' Julia is an '*interesting*' young lady, who has just bid 'good bye' to her teens, and stands arrayed in all the blushing charms of ripe womanhood. A bright eye, filled with the artillery of Cupid, lights up a cheek whose rich hue would remaind you of a pulpit cushion, did not a row of pearly teeth, which obtrude themselves upon your notice when she blushes suggest a cabbage rose encircled by a snow flake as a more happy emblem. Her bust, though not as graceful as that of Juno, sets off a form that most ladies could not counterfeit, though aided by all the appliances of that female Phidias, Madam Cantelo. Her foot, the true test of aristocracy, and to us the most graceful appendage of the female figure, would not, perhaps, permit the primroses to rise their heads after it had pressed them, is yet sufficiently graceful to win hearts in a waltz, as we shall presently show.

John Umbaugh, the other party to the suit, is probably ten years older than Julia, and has just such a face and figure as a man should have, who is so mean as to prosecute a poor girl for love presents. That is he is as ugly as a snapping turtle, and with the disposition of one, if we can form an opinion of it from his conduct during the trial.

With this brief description of the personages, let us proceed to the facts of the case. Umbaugh, it appears, had long sighed for Julia, who was not disposed to listen to his suit, but repulsed him in all his attempts, 'proper, and improper,' and he was about to give up in despair, when he was encouraged to persevere by the following incident. Our readers are aware that the vicinity of '*The Depot*' was during the last winter and spring, the scene of much gaiety.—One of the buildings in that neighbourhood was splendidly fitted up as a ball room, and the floor carefully swept on every ball night for the reception of company to witness the waltzing of certain German ladies and gentlemen, who repaired thither for their own amusement. To this ball room strangers were admitted on paying *twenty five cents!*—with the privilege of waltzing with any of the fair ones, provided they treated to cakes and cider, which were to be had at the bar in a corner of the room.

Many of our citizens availed themselves of the privilege, and more than one expended double the sum for 'refreshments' that was demanded for admittance The balls increased in popularity, and became the rage. Every *frow* and *madlly* was infected with a desire to shine in the mazes of the waltz and partake of cakes and cider from the generous stranger—which were alas! the cause of the base attempt to mulct the fair Julia in damages. Musing on the pleasure of the ball room, as she was one day resting upon the handle of a sweeping brush, Umbaugh with that spirit of cunning which tempted our first mother, quietly approached, and asked the cause of her sadness? She replied with expressive silence! He persisted, and yet she was silent! At length guessing the reason of her dejection, he tenderly asked her if she would go to the ball that was to take place that night? A modest blush instantly suffused her cheek, and she became indignant that one so hateful to her should have guessed the current of her thoughts. But she suppressed her anger and instead of knocking Umbaugh on the head with the brush handle, replied—'Why John, how should I go! I have got no shawl!' This was just the thing for the lover. His whole soul instantly shone out in his face, and his hand rushed into his pocket, from which he produced a Spanish milled dollar,—and with an air not unlike that with which Coriolanus yielded to his mother's entreaties, placed it in her hand—saying take this—go buy a shawl and go to the ball!'

This evidence of her lover's liberality for a moment overcome her antipathy to his person; but in the next she was on the point of hurling the dollar into his face, as the father of mischief would have it, an itinerant grinder of music stopped at the door, and struck up a favorite waltz, in which she had excelled in her native village. Music can melt rocks & bend knarled, oaks, and has driven back the deadly venom from the fangs of the rattle snake. Who then, will censure Julia, when we say that she was conquered by the combined association of music & home, and consented to accept the dollar—more fatal to her than the gift of Jupiter to Pandora. The shawl was purchased & she went to the ball, where all agree she was a fairest of the fair: and is recorded to her honor that she waltzed down more partners than any lady in the room. Whether her success rendered her more grateful to her lover Umbaugh, we are not informed, certain it is however, that her exhibition at the ball increased the intensity of the flame that had been kindled in his bosom, and which he how thought could only be extinguished in her arms. He thought not of the Spanish milled dollar that he had seen appropriated for the shawl, and so munificent was he in spirit, that the mines of Golconda were as useless dross, compared to her smiles. Hence he plied her with presents, and finally succeeded in inducing her to receive a pair of 'ear bobs' valued at 37½ cents, two rings valued at 25 cents; one horn comb valued at 50 cents;—and a stran of beads valued at 50 cents; (we quote from his bill;) making, with the Spanish milled dollar, a sum total it presents of *Two Dollars and eighty-seven and a half cents.* We will not stop to inquire whether any lady should receive such an enormous sum in presents from a gentleman without being 'engaged' to him—for that is a question which is the gist of this suit—but proceed with our narrative. No testimony was offered to show the conduct of Julia at the period of receiving the jewels. Certain it is, however, that while they were in her possession *she refused to have the plaintiff!* Astonishment for a while, overthrew Mr. Umbaugh's faculties. He was not in his senses,' as the phrase is, and instead of attending to his business, went about sighing like a furnace!' Bitter indeed, are 'the pangs of despised love;' but sweet are the pleasures of revenge.

Thus thought Mr. Umbaugh, at the first dawn of reason; as he walked to Patrick street on a moonshiny night with his hands in his breeches pockets. But it was not until he reached the centre of Bentz-Townbridge, and the bright laugh of Julia, (who was surrounded by his rivals,) burst upon his ear like moonlight upon the waters, that he swore to be revenged. He did not think of the dagger and ratsbane—of the leaden ball or hemp. No, he was too peaceable for that. He thought of the laws of the land—for the memorable cause of Barnard vs Gaul was fresh upon his mind. 'What' thought he, 'are Barnards woes to mine—he only gave *one* ring to his lady love, I gave *two*—he gave no Spanish dollar—no horn comb—no breast pin!—What then, I say, are his ills compared to mine?—*Yes, I will sue her!*' Execution followed his resolve, and he proceeded to the magistrate with his bill thus stated.

Julia Bollenbacher.
To John Umbaugh, Dr.

To 1 pair of ear bobs	$0 87½
To 2 rings	25
To 1 breast pin	25
To 1 comb	50
To cash	1 00
To beads	50
	$2 87½

A warrant was issued, and Tuesday last appointed as the day of trial. At the time appointed the parties appeared by their respective friends, and the trial proceeded in the German language; and from what transpired we gathered the above particulars, which furnished much amusement to the spectators. Julia appeared in fine spirits, whilst her lover looked unutterable things, and as if he wished himself at the bottom of the Dead Sea. After an awful pause, the magistrate, having duly weighed the testimony, *decided in favor of the defendant!* Then succeeded a tempest of Dutch words, that threw both speakers and hearers into convulsions of laughter, and the unfortunate lover into the most ludicrous perplexity, during which the beautiful Julia moved off to a waltz movement that sounded in our ears very much like

"Go to the Devil and shake yourself."

A letter published in the Natchez Courier from Madison county, Mi. 24th ult states that few arrests and no new developements occur there now; that the eternal danger has passed; and that no just apprehensions, need be entertained of the few scattered remnants of the abolition crew.

But it contains a singular narrative of a proceeding under the Lynch code, in Livingston county, whither two brothers William and John Earle had been sent by the committee of safety at Vicksburg, in order to be tried there where they were best known. They had been implicated by Dr. Cotton, as intended leaders of the conspiracy in Warren county. Judge Lynch's committee sat in trial on the brothers, confining and examining them separately; and each without any hope, fear, or compulsion, confessed a knowledge of the conspiracy some months previously—but denied having taken any part in it. John indeed accused his brother; and they both accused Boyd, who escaped conviction at Vicksburg, and singularly escaped pursuit in Madison county, where he was chased

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