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THE KENT NEWS

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus, placere, studet.—" He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one.

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNU, in advance

VOL. 13. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1852 NO. 29

More New Goods.

WILLIAM P FRANCIS,

HAS just returned from the city and is now opening a large and beautiful assortment of

Seasonable Goods,

which he will sell very low. Call and examine his stock.

Oct. 16. 1852

Goods.

Collins & Hynson,

HAVE just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore with a very large assortment of

GOODS,

of every description suitable for the season, which they are selling very *CHEAP*. They are determined to sell at small profits for CASH OR PRODUCE. Our friends and the public generally, are respectfully requested to call and examine our assortment for themselves. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for Goods.

Oct. 16. 1852.

NEW GOODS!

WILMER & WALKER

HAVE just returned from Philadelphia with a large and varied stock of

New and Seasonable Goods,

which they offer very cheap. Our friends and the public are invited to call and examine for themselves

Chestertown, Oct. 23. 1852

New Fall Goods.

STOCK, LARGE AND CHEAP!

W. N. E. WICKES,

HAS completed his purchases of FALL and WINTER GOODS, and now offers a stock large various and cheap as has ever been offered to this community. Among the DRY GOODS is such a variety of Dress Goods, Shawls, &c which both as regards style and cheapness is worthy the attention of the Ladies, the stock of gentlemen's wear, Cloths, Cassimeres Vestings, &c. is large and desirable, embracing the finest qualities and latest styles—5 4 and 12 4 bleach'd and brn. Sheetings, bleach'd and brown Shirtings, Irish Linens, white, red, yellow and canton Flannels, Linseys, plaid Domestic wool and cotton Kerseys, Blankets Tickings, Hosiery, Gloves, linen cam. Handkfs, sewing Threads, cotton, pins, &c &c.

Groceries

Crushed and brown Sugars, Laguayr and Rio Coffee, very choice Teas, Soap Candles, Molasses, Port, Madeira and Champagne Wines, Brandies, &c.

Hardware.

Ivory, horn and buck tea and dinner Knives; Locks, Hinges, Bolts, Screws, Augers, Ovens, Kettles, Spades, Shovels, Forks, Nails, &c. A full assortment of

China and Glass Ware.

BOOTS, SHOES AND HATS.

Ladies Gaiters and walking Shoes Misses and children's Boots and Shoes, men's and boys coarse and fine Boots and Shoes Fall style Silk Hats; bl'k Slouches, plush silk and cold cloth and glazed Caps, together with an assortment of fancy Soaps, Perfumery &c. &c making a large and varied assortment of GOODS all of which have been selected with care, bought cheap, and will be sold at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction. The public are respectfully invited to an examination.

October 16, 1852.

New Goods.

5 PER CENT DEDUCTION FOR CASH

B. B. PERKINS

HAS just returned from the City with his first purchase of FALL GOODS. He has now on hand a GOOD ASSORTMENT such of goods as are needed for the season. Persons in want of goods are invited to examine his stock wishing to increase my cash business I will *deduct 5 per cent from all CASH BILLS* amounting to one dollar and upwards I will continue to sell goods for ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE at the highest market prices, and on six months time to punctual customers Sept. 11 1852.

WOLF & SLAGLE,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

No. 110 Pratt Street, between South St and Cheapside, Baltimore,

HAVE on hand a large and well selected stock of

GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS,

which we offer to our friends and customers upon the most reasonable terms—we are receiving daily additional supplies to our regular stock, which enables to furnish our customers with fresh and good goods, at the lowest cash prices.

EDMUND WOLF,
CHAS. W. SLAGLE.

Oct. 2, 1852.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS for sale by WM. P. FRANCIS.

Boots & Shoes!

100 Pair of Long Boots made expressly for my sales, suitable for negroes (no Yankee about them) which we will sell at 10 per cent less than the same article can be bought in Baltimore—also a good assortment of mens fine sewed boots, and a good article of pegged work—prices from $2 50 to 4,50—a general assortment of boys and youths' long boots, with a general assortment of Lace Boots, Shoes &c A few pair left of those heavy lace boots for negroes wear, homemade price $150. Call and see them

ABEL J. REES

Rees' Corner, Oct. 9 1852.

LADIES and Gent Kid; Silk, Thread and cotton Gloves; a large assortment. W. N. E. WICKES.

THE NEWS.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

Devoted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l News.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

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All communications must be post paid.

POETRY.

WEBSTER.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

"When I and all those that hear me shall have gone to our last home, and when the mould may have gathered on our memories as it will on our tombs."—*Webster's Speech in the Senate July 1850.*

The mould upon thy memory! No,
Not while one note is rung
Of those divine, immortal songs
Milton and Shakspere sung;
Not till the night of years enshrouds
The Anglo-Saxon tongue.

No! Let the flood of time roll on,
And men and empires die.
Genius enthroned on lofty heights,
Can its dread course defy.
And here on earth can claim the gift
Of immortality:

Can save from that Lethean tide,
That sweeps so dark along
A people's name—a people's fame
To future time prolong.
As Troy still lives, and only lives,
In Homers deathless song.

What though to buried Nineveh
The traveller may come,
And roll away the stone that hides
That long forgotten tomb;
He questions it mute past in vain—
Its oracles are dumb.

What though he stand where Balbec stood,
Gigantic in its pride.
No voice comes o'er that silent waste—
Lone, desolate, and wide;
They had no bard, no orator,
No statesman—and they died.

They lived their little span of life,
They lived and died in vain—
They sank ingloriously beneath
Oblivion's silent reign,
As sank beneath the Dead Sea wave
The Cities of the Plain.

But for those famed, immortal lands,
Greece and ancient Rome,
Where Genius left its shining mark,
And found its chosen home;
All eloquent with mind they speak,
Wood, wave, and crumbling dome.

The honeyed words of Plato still
Float on the echoing air,
The thunders of Demosthenes
Egean waters bear;
And the pilgrim to the Forum hears
The voice of Tully there.

And thus thy memory shall live,
And thus thy fame resound,
While far off future ages roll
Their solemn cycle round,
And make this wide, this fair New World,
An ancient, classic ground.

Then with our Country's glorious name
Thine own shall be entwined,
Within the Senate's pillared hall
Thy image shall be shrined,
And on the Nation's law shall gleam
Light from thy giant mind.

Our proudest monument no more
May rise to meet the sky,
The stately Capitol overthrow,
Low in the dust may lie;
But mind, sublime above the wreck,
Immortal!—cannot die!

The First Locomotive.

BY ONE WHO SAW IT.

It is now very generally conceded that of all the inventions of man nothing holds any comparison with the steamboat. The mind can scarcely combine a calculation which may measure its importance. Some vague estimate might indeed be formed of it by imagining what would be the state and condition of the world, at the present day, were there no steamboats; were we still to bind ourselves on board sloops, making an average passage of a week to Albany, exposed to all the disasters of flaws from the "down comers" and discomfiture of close cabins; or ascending the Mississippi in a keel boat, pushed every inch of the way against its mighty current, by long poles, at the rate of fourteen miles in sixteen hours."

It is now just thirty years (written 1839) since the first steamboat ascended the Hudson, being the first practical application of a steam-engine to water conveyance. *Then*, no other river had ever seen a steamboat; and *now*, what river, capable of any kind of navigation, has not been bepaddled with them? It is not my purpose to enter the list of disputants lately sprung up, striving to prove that the immortal Fulton was *not* the first successful projector of a steamboat. In common with the world, I can but mourn over the poverty of history, that tells not of any *precious* successful effort of the kind. Steam, no doubt, was known before. The first tea-kettle that was hung over a fire, furnished a clear developement of that important agent. But all I can say now, is, that I never heard of a steamboat, before the "North River" moved her paddles on the Hudson; and very soon after that period when it was contemplated to send a steamboat to Southern Russia, a distinguished orator of that day, in an address before the Historical Society of this city, eloquently said, in direct allusion to the steamboat: "The hoary genius of Asia, high throned on the peaks of Caucasus, his moist eye glistening as he glances over the destruction of Palmyra and Persepolis, of Jerusalem and of Babylon, will bend with respectful deference to the inventive genius of this western world;" thus proving, conclusively, that the invention was not only of this country, but that no other country yet knew of it. In fact, the invention had not yet even reached the Mississippi; for it was not until a year after, that a long armed, high shouldered keel-boatman who had just succeeded in doubling a bend in the river by dint of hard pushing and run his boat in a quiet eddy for a resting spell, saw a steamboat gallantly paddling up against the centre current of that 'Father of Rivers;' and gazing at the scene with mingled surprise and triumph, he threw down his pole, and slapping his hands together in ecstasy, exclaimed 'Well I declare if this old Mississippi! May I be eternally smashed, if you haven't got your match at last!'

But, as before hinted, it is not my designed to furnish a conclusive history of the origin of steamboats. My text stands at the head of this article, and I propose here to record, for the information of all future time, a faithful history of "THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE." I am determined, at least, that *that* branch of the great steam family shall know its true origin.

In the year 1808, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten gratification of a *paddle* up the Hudson, on board the aforesaid first steamboat that ever moved on the waters of any river with passengers. Among the voyagers, was a man I had known for some years previous, by the name of Jabez Doolittle. He was a industrious and ingenious worker in sheet-iron, tin and wire; but his greatest success lay in wire-work, especially in making "rat traps," and for his last and best invention in that line, he had just secured a patent; and with a specimen of his work, he was then on a journey through the state of New York, for the purpose of disposing of what he called "county rights;" or, in other words, to sell the privilege of catching rats, according to his patent trap. It was a very curious trap, as simple as it was ingenious; as most ingenious things are, *after* they are invented. It was an oblong wire box, divided into two compartments; a rat entered one, where the bait was hung, which he no sooner touched than the door at which he entered fell. His only apparent escape was by a funnel-shaped hole into the other apartment, in passing which, he moved another wire which instantly *re-set* the trap; and thus rat after rat was furnished the means of "following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," until the trap was full. Thus it was not simply a trap to catch a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped rats, *ad infinitum*. And now that the recollection of this wonderful trap is recalled to my memory, I would respectfully recommend it to the attention of the treasury department, as an appendage to the sub treasury system. The "specification" may be found on file in the patent office, number eleven thousand seven hundred and forty six.

This trap at the time to which I allude, absolutely divided the attention of the passengers; and for my part, it interested me quite as much as did the steam-engine; because, perhaps, I could comprehend its mystery. To me, the steam engine was Greek; the trap was plain English. Not so, however, with Jabez Doolittle. I found him studying the engine with great avidity and perseverance insomuch that the engineer evidently became alarmed, and declined answering any more questions.

"Why you needn't snap off so tartly short," said Jabez; "a body would think you hadn't got a patent for your machines. If I can't meddle with you on the water as high as I can calculate, I'll be up to you on land one of these days."

These ominous words fell on my ear, as I saw Jabez issue from the engine-room, followed by the engineer, who seemed evidently to have got his steam up.

"Well said I, "Jabez what do you think of this mighty machine?" "Why," he replied, "if that critter had not got riled so soon, a body could tell more about it; but I reckon I've got a leetle notion on't," and then taking me aside and looking carefully around, least some one should overhear him, he whispered and there" assured me in confidence, in profound secrecy, if he didn't made a *waggon go* by steam, before he was two years older, then he'd give up invention. I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of that rat-trap and saw before me a man with sharp twinking gray eyes, a pointed nose, and every line of his visage a channel of investigation and invention, I could not resist the conclusion, that if he really ever did attempt to meddle with hot water, we should hear more of it.

Time went on. Steamboats multiplied; but none dreamed, or if they did, they never told their dreams, of a steam-waggon; for even the name of "locomotive" was then as unknown as "Loco-foco." When, about a year after the declaration of the last war with England *(and may it be the last!)* I got a letter from Jabez, marked "private," telling me that he wanted to see me 'most desperately," and that I must make him a visit at his place, "nigh Vallingford"—The inventions, and the destruction of insurance companies, the smashing of banks, and suspension of specie payments, and various other inseparable attendants on the show and "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," had, in the meantime entirely wiped from memory my friend Jabez, and his wonderful rat trap. But I obeyed his summons, not knowing but that something of importance to the army or navy might come of it. On reaching his residence I imagine my surprise, when he told me he believed he "had got the notion."

"Notion?—what notion?" I inquired.

"Why," says he, "that *steam waggon*. I tell'd you about a year ago; 'but,' added he, "it has pretty nigh starved me out;" and sure enough he did look as if he had been on "the anxious seat," as he used to say when things puzzled him.

"I have used up," said he, "plaguey nigh all the sheet iron and old stove pipes, and mill-wheels, and trunnel-heads in these parts; but I've succeeded, and for fear that some of these 'cute folks about here may have got a peep through the key hole, and will trouble me when I come to get a patent, I've sent for you to be a witness; for you was the first and only man I ever hinted the notion to; in fact" continued he, "I think the most curious part of this invention is that, as yet, I don't know any one about here who has been able to guess what I'm about. They all know that it is an invention of some kind for that's my business, you know; but some say it is a thrashing machine, some a distiller; and of late, they begin to think it's a shingle-splitter; but they'll sing another tune, when they see it spinning along past the stage-coaches," added he, with a knowing chuckle, "won't they?"

This brought us to the door of an old clapboarded, dingy long, one-story building, with a window or two in the roof, the knot-holes and cracks all carefully stuffed with old rags, and over the door he was unlocking, was written, in bold letters, "No Admittance." This was his '*sanctum sanctorum*.' I could occupy pages in description of it, for every part exhibited evidences of its uses.—The patent office, at Washington, like your magazine, Mr Editor, may exhibit "finished productions" of inventive genius;" but if you could look in to the portfolios of your contributors in every quarter of the Union, and see there the sketches of half finished essays, still born poems, links and fragments of ideas and conceptions, which "but breathed and died," you might form some 'notion' of the accumulation of "notions" that were presented to me on entering the workshop of Jabez Doolittle. But to my text again—'The first Locomotive.'—There it stood, occupying the centre of precious conceptions, rat-traps, churns, apple parers, pill rollers, cooking-stoves and shingle-splitters, which hung or stood around it; or, as my Lord Byron says, with reference to a more ancient but not more important invention:—

"Where each conception was a heavenly guest,
A ray of immortality, and stood
Star-like around, until they gathered to a God."

And there it stood, "the concentrated focus" of all previous rays of inventive genius—'The First Locomotive.'

An unpainted unfinished, unadorned overshaped mass, of double-twisted sheet iron, with cranks, and pipes, and trunnel heads, and rods, and wheels, all firmly based on four strongly made traveling wheels.

"It's a curious critter to look at," says Jabez, "but you'll like it better when you see it in motion."

He was by this time igniting a quantity of charcoal, which he had put in under the boiler. "I filled she, bottom," says he, "after I stopped working her yesterday, and to-day I poked a drop since. It will soon bile up; the coal is fast rate."

Sure enough, the boiler soon gave evidence of "troubled waters," when by pushing one shide, and pulling another, the whole machine, cranks and piston, was in motion.

"It works sich, don't it?" says Jabez.

"But" I replied, "it didn't move."

"You mean" said he, "the travelling wheels don't move; well I don't mean they shall till I get my patent. You see," he added, crouching down "that trunnel-head, there—that must go where? Well that's out of gear just yet; when I turn *that* into gear, by the crank it fits, you see, on the main travelling wheel, and then the thing will go, as nigh as I can calculate, a little slower than a locomotive' and a durn'd leetle too! But it won't do to give it a try, after I get the patent. There is only one thing yet," he continued, rubbing his chin, "I don't contrive—but that is a simple matter—and that is the shortest mode of stoppin' on her. My first notion is to see how fast I can make her work, without smashing all to bits, and that's done by screwing down the upper valves and I'll show you——"

And with that, he clambered up on the top with a turning screw in one hand, and a form of soft soap in the other, and commenced screwing down valves and oiling the piston rod and crank joints; and he motion of the mysterious mass increased, until it fairly hummed

A BUZ

"It is nigh about perfection, aint it?" says he.

I stood amazed in contemplating the object before me, which I confessed I could not fully understand; and hence, with the greater readiness, permitted my mind to be led off to other matters more comprehensible; to the future, which is always more clear than the present, under similar circumstances. I decided not for the very best reason in the world, because I understood not, the complicated description which Jabez was giving his still more complicated invention. All I knew was, that here was a machine, on four good sturdy, well balanced wheels, and it only required a recorded patent, to authorize that small connecting cog-wheel or trunnel head to be thrown 'into gear,' when it would move off, without oats, hay, or horse-shoes, and distance the mail-coaches. As I was surrounded with notions it was not extraordinary that *one* should take full possession of me. It dawned upon me, when I saw the machine first put into motion, and was now full orbed above the horizon of my desire; it was to see the first locomotive move off. The temptation was irresistible. "And who knows," thought I, "But some prying scamp may have been 'peeping through the key-hole,' while Jabez was at work, and catching the idea may be now at work at some clumsy imitation?—and if he does not succeed in turning the first trick may at least divide the honours with my friend?"

"Jabez" said I, elevating my voice above the buzzing noise of the machine, "there is only one thing wanting."

"What is that?" says he, eagerly.

"Immortality!" said I; "and you shall have it patent or no patent!" And with that I pulled the crank that twisted the connecting trunnel-head into the traveling wheels, and in an instant away went the machine, with Jabez on top of it, with the whiz and rapidity of flushed partridge. The side of the old building presented the resistance of wet paper.—One crash, and the "first locomotive" was offered into this breathing world. I hurried to the opening, and had just time to clamber to the top of a fence, to catch the last glimpse of my fast departing friend. True to his purpose I saw him alternately screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston rod and crank joints; evidently, determined that, although he had started off a little unexpectedly, that he would redeem the pledge he had given, which was, that when it *did* go it "would go a leetle slower than a streak of chain-lightnin', and a durn'd leetle too!"

"Like a cloud in the dim distance winging,
Like an arrow," he flew away!

But a moment, and he was *here;* in a moment he was *there;* and now *where* is he?—or, rather, where is he not? But that for the present is 'neither here nor there."

The wide Moslem ridiculed the belief so religiously cherished by the Christian Dog, that in all the bloody conflicts that had the crescent low in the dust, Saint Jago, on a white horse led on to battle and secured triumph to the cross but as this has now become a matter of history, confirmed by the fact that on numerous