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.

VOL. XXII. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 4, 1839. No. 19.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY *Saturday Morning.*

BY

Alexander Graham.

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.

NEW SPRING GOODS,

SAMUEL MACKEY & SONS,

BEG leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have just received from Philadelphia and Baltimore,

A GENERAL SUPPLY OF

GOODS,

Suitable for the present and approaching seasons; all of which have been selected with great care—and will be sold low for cash or to punctual dealers on time.

April 26, 1839—3w

NEW SPRING GOODS.

WM. H & P. GROOME

Have just received from Philadelphia and Baltimore, a supply of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

and respectfully invites the public generally to call and examine them.

Easton, April 20th, 1839—6w

NEW SPRING GOODS.

GLDSON & HOPKINS,

Have just returned from Baltimore, with a good assortment of

SPRING & SUMMER DRY GOODS,

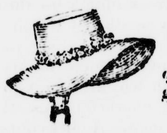
GROCERIES, CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENS-WARE.

And also, a complete assortment of FRUITS and CONFECTIONARY, all of which have been selected with great care, and are now offered at a small advance for cash, or on time to punctual dealers. Their friends and the public generally are respectfully invited to give them a call.

April 20, 1839—3w—(W)

TO THE LADIES.

MRS. MARY J HOPKINS, Respectfully informs the Ladies, that she has just received a large assortment of



Bonnets,

of the latest fashion, together with a variety of

RIBBONS

And fancy articles —She invites the Ladies to give her an early call.

April 20th, 1839—3w—(W)

Ranaway

From the Subscriber at the Royal Oak, Talbot county, Md on Tuesday the 23d inst. a negro fellow who calls himself



JOHN SKINNER,

He is free but hired himself to me for the present year. I hereby forwarn all persons from hiring or harboring said fellow as I am determined to put the law in force.

CHARLES BENSON.

Royal Oak, Talbot Co., Md. April 27—3tq

RANAWAY

From the Subscriber, on Tuesday April 16th a negro man calling himself



THOMAS HOLLYDAY.

All persons are hereby forwarned, not to hire or harbour said negro, during the present year, or they will be prosecuted to the utmost extent of the law.

WM. BENNY.

April 20; 1839.

New Hat Store.





The subscriber has re-commenced the Hatting business in the Store next to William Loveday's and second door from the Bank:—He has just received a large supply of the best materials, and intends to manufacture

HATS

AND

Beaver Bonnets,

at the lowest prices, (wholesale and retail.

His assortment of Hats, &c. is very complete He solicits a continuance of support from his old customers, and the public generally, and he hopes to be enabled to give satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call.

ENNALLS ROSZELL.

Easton, Jan. 5, 1839.

N. B. The above business will be conducted by Mr. Thos. Beaston. E R.

From the April Knickerbocker.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

BY ONE WHO SAW IT.

In the year 1808, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten gratification of a paddle up the Hudson, on board the first steamboat that ever moved on the waters of any river, with passengers. Among the voyagers, was a man I had known for many years previous, by the name of Jabez Doolittle. He was an industrious and ingenious worker in sheet-iron, tin, and wire; but his great success lay in wire-work, especially in making "rat-traps;" and for this 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 ingenous; 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 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.

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 more easily comprehend its mystery. To me, the steam engine was Greek; the trap was plain English. Not so, however, to 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 tarnal short," said Jabez; a body would think you hadn't got a patent for your machine. If I can't meddle with you on the water, as nigh 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'nt got riled up so soon, a body could tell more about it but I reckon I've got a leetle notion on' it;" and then taking me aside, and looking carefully around lest some one should overhear him, he "then and there" assured me in confidence, in profound secrecy, if he didn't make a wagon 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 twinkling 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 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-wagon; 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 Wallingford." On reaching his residence imagine my surprise, when he told me, he believed he 'had got the notion.'

'Notion?—what notion?' I enquired.

'Why,' says he, "that steam wagon, I tell'd you about a spell ago;' 'but added he, 'it has pretty nigh starved me out;' & 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 its an invention, of some kind, for that's my business, you know; but some say it is a 'thrashing-machine, some a distillery, 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 clap-boarded, 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." There it stood, occupying the centre of all previous 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; unpolished, unadorned, ovenshaped mass, of double riveted sheet iron, with cranks, and pipes, and trunnel heads, and screws, and valves, all firmly braced on four firmly made travelling 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 stuffed under the boiler. 'I filled the b'iler' says he, 'arter I stopped working yesterday, and it ha'n't leaked a drop since. It will soon bile up; the coal is first rate.'

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

'It works slick, don't it?' said Jabez.

'But,' I replied, 'it don'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 small cog-wheel? Well, that's out of gear just yet; when I turn *that* into gear, by this crank it fits, you see, on the main travelling wheel, and then the hull scrape will move, as nigh as I can calculate, a little slower than chain lightin', and a darn'd leetle too! But it wont do to give it a try, afore I get the patent. There is only one thing yet' he continued, 'that I ha'n't contrived—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 this upper valve; and I'll show you ——'

And with that, he clambered up on the top, with a turning screw in one hand, and a horn of soap-fat in the other, and commenced screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston rod and crank joints; and the motion of the mysterious mass increased, until all seemed A BUZ.

'It is nigh about perfection, aint it? said he.'

I stood amazed in contemplating the object before me which I confess I could not fully understand; and hence, with the greater readiness, permitted my mind to bear off to other matters more comprehensible; to the future, which is always more clear than the present under simular circumstances. I heeded not, for the very best reason in the world, because I understood not, the complicated discription that Jabez was giving of his still more complicated invention.—All I knew was, that here was a machine on four good sturdy well braced wheels, and it only required a recorded patent, to authorise that small connecting cog-wheel or trunnel head to be thrown 'into gear,' when it would 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 honors with my friend?'

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

'What is that? said 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 travelling wheels, and in an instant away went the machine, with Jabez on top of it, with the whiz and rapidity of a flushed partridge. The side of the old building presented the resistance of wet paper. One crash, and the 'first locomotive' was ushered 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 rolling the piston-rod and crank joints evidently determined that, although he had started off a little unexpectedly, he would redeem the pledge he had given, which was, that when it *did* go, it 'would go a leetle slower than a streek of chain-lightnin', and a darn'd leetle too!'

'Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting
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.'

My task is done. All I now ask, is, that although some doubt and mystery hang over the first invention of a steam-boat—in which doubt, however, I for one do not participate—none whatever may exist in regard to the origin of the locomotive branch of the great steam family; and that, in all future time, this fragment of authentic history may enable the latest posterity to retrace, by 'back-track' and 'turn-out,' through the long rail-road line of illustrious ancestors, the first projector and contriver of 'The First Locomotive,' their immortal progenitor, 'Jabez Doolittle, Esq. nigh Wallingford, Connecticut.'

A Mother's Grave.—I followed into a burying ground, in the suburbs of the city, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance, was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased in the slender groupe. I gathered with them round the grave, and when the plain coffin was lowered down, the child burst forth in uncontrolable grief. The little fellow had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave—and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with the customary exhortation to accept the monition, and be prepared; and turning to the child he added. 'She is not to remain in this grave forever; as true as the grass which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother come up from that grave to another life, to a life of happiness I hope.' The attendants shovelled in the earth upon the coffin, and some one took little William, the child, by the hand, and led him forth from the lowly tenement of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighborhood of the same burying ground, and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time, reading the names of the dead, and wondering what strange disease could snatch off so many younger than myself—when recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends. To my surprise, I found the most desirable of all mementous for a mother's sepulchre—little William was sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have left the place; it was long before I could induce him to tarry; and indeed I did not win his confidence, until I told him that I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time.

'Then you heard the minister say, that my mother would come up out of this grave,' said little William.

'I did.'

'It is true, is it not?' asked he, in a tone of confidence

'I most firmly believe it,' said I.

'Believe it,' said the child—believe it—I thought you knew it—I know it.'

'How do you know it, my dear?'

'The minister said, that as true as the grass would grow up, and the flowers bloom in spring so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterward, and planted flower seed on the grave.—The grass came green in this burying ground long ago; and I watched every day for the flowers, and to day they have come up too—see them breaking through the ground—by and by mammy will come again.'

A smile of exulting hope played on the features of the boy; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

'But my little child,' said I, 'it is not here that your poor mother will rise.'

'Yes, here,' said he, with emphasis—'here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year.'

I looked around, and saw that the tiny feet of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch keeper—what mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her only son bending tearful, but hoping, over her grave?

'But, William,' said I, 'it is in another world that she will arise,'—and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

'If mammy is not coming back to me—if she is not to come up here, what shall I do—I can not stay without her.'

You shall go to her, said I, adopting the language of the Scripture—'you shall go to her, but she shall not come again to you.'

'Let me go then, said William, let me go now, that I may rise with mammy.'

'William' said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, 'the seed which is sown there would not have came up, if it had not been ripe; so you must wait till your appointed time, until your end cometh.'

'Then I shall see her?'

'I surely hope so.'

'I will wait then said the child, 'but I thought I should see her soon.—I thought that I should meet her here.'

And he did. In a month, William ceased to wait; and they opened his mother's grave, and placed his little coffin on hers—it was the only wish the child expressed in dying. Better teachers than I, had instructed him in the way to meet his mother, and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned all that the labors and hopes of happiness short of Heaven, are profitless and vain.

Philad U. S. Gazette.

A Good Natured Man.—The following soliloquy of Mr. Lenther Salix, is from that inimitable work, 'Charcoal Sketches,' by Joseph C. Neal:

The last time Salix was seen in the busy haunts of men, he looked the very incarnation of gloom and despair.—His very coat had gone to retrieve his necessities, and he wandered slowly and abjectedly about, relieving the workings of his perturbed spirit, by kicking whatever *fell in his way.*

'I'm done,' soliloquized he; 'partnership between me and good nature is this day dissolved, and all persons indebted will please settle with the undersigned, who is alone authorised. Yes, there's a good many indebted, and its high time to dissolve when your partner has all the goods, and spent all the money. Once I had a little shop; ah! wasn't it nice?—plenty of goods and plenty of business. But then comes one troop of fellows, and they wanted tick—I'm so good natured; then comes another set of chaps, who didn't let bashfulness stand in their way a minute; they sailed a good deal nearer the wind, and wanted to borrow money—I'm so good natured; and more asked me to go their security. These fellows are always very particular friends of mine, and got what they asked for; but I was a very particular friend of theirs, and couldn't get it back. It was one of the good rules that won't work both ways; and I somehow or other, was at the wrong end of it—it would not work my way at all. There's few rules that will, barring substraction and division, and alligation: our folks alligated against me that I wouldn't come to no good. All the cypherin' I ever could do, made more come to little, and little come to less; and yet as I said before I had a good many assistants too.'

'Business kept pretty fair; but I wasn't cured. Because I was good natured I had to go with 'em frolicking, tea partying, excursioning, and for the same reason I was always appointed treasurer to make the distribution, when there wasn't a cent for surplus revenue in the treasury, but my own, it was my job to pay the bills. Yes, it was always 'Salix you know me—Salix, poney up at the bar, and lend us a levy. Salix always shells out like a gentleman.' Oh! to be sure, and why not?—now I'm shelled out myself; first out of my shop, by old *vendilioni exponas*, at the State House—and *fieri fash'us* to me directed. But they didn't direct him soon enough, for he only got the fixtures. The goods went out on a burst long before I bursted. Next I was shelled out of my boarding-house; and now,' (with a lugubrious glance at his shirt and pantaloons,) 'I'm nearly shelled out of my clothes.—It's a good thing they can't shell me out of my skin, or they would, and let me catch my death of cold. I'm a mere shell—an oyster with the kivers off.'

'But it's always so—when I was a little boy they coaxed all my pennies out of me; coaxed me to take all the jawings, and all the biddings, and to go into all sorts of scrapes they used to be. I wonder if there is'nt two kinds of people—one kind that's made to chaw up t'other kind, and t'other kind that's made to be chawed up by neo kind?—cat kind of people, and mouse kind of people? I guess that there is—I'm very much mouse myself.'

'What I want to know is, what's to become of me—I've spent all I had in geting my education. Learnin' they say, is better than houses and lands; I wonder if any body would swap some houses and lands with me for mine?—I'd go it even, and ask no boot. They should have it at prime cost; but they won't; and I begin to be afraid I'll have to get married, or list in the marines. That's what most of people do when they have nothing else to do.'

MR. ESPY'S THEORY ON THE PRODUCTION OF RAIN.

As many have amused themselves at the expense of this gentleman's theory, and the subject is one of interest, we give below his views on the subject, leaving the reader to judge for himself of the practicability of the plan, not affecting ourself to be able to judge of its merits. But we feel it due to Mr. Espy to state, that he possesses a very elevated character, both for moral and scientific attainments:

[From the National Gazette.]

Messrs. Editors: Knowing the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of making the subject intelligible in a short newspaper article, it is with reluctance that I am now induced, after much earnest solicitation from my friends, both near and remote, to give a very brief summary of the reasons and FACTS, which have led me to desire that an experiment should be made, to see whether *rain may be produced artificially in time of drought.*

The documents which I have collected on this subject, if they do not prove that the experiment will succeed, do at least prove that it ought to be tried; this I trust will most satisfactorily appear when they shall be published entire. In the meantime it has become necessary to present to the public something on the subject, lest longer silence might be construed into an abandonment of the project.

First—It is known by experiment, that if air should be expanded into double the the volume by diminished pressure, it would be cooled about 90 degrees of Fahrenheit.

Second—I have shown by experiment that if air at the common dew point in summer season in time of drought, 71 degrees, should go up in a column to a height sufficient to expand it, by diminished pressure into double the volume, it would condense into water or visible cloud, by the cold of expansion, more than one half of its vapour—a quantity sufficient to produce nearly three inches of rain.

Third—It is known by chemical principles; that the caloric of elasticity given out during the condensation of this vapour, would be equal to about 30,000 tons of anthracite coal burnt on each square mile over which the cloud extended.

Fourth—I have shown by experiment [see Saturday Courier, March 18, 1837] that this caloric of elasticity would prevent the air from cooling only about half as much as it would if it had no vapour in it, or about 45 degrees at the height assumed, which would cause the air in the cloud to be, at that, height, about 45 degrees warmer than the air on the outside of the cloud at the same height. I have shown from these principles [see Journal of the Franklin Institute, for 1836] that the barometer would fall under the the cloud thus formed, in favorable circumstances, a quantity as great as it is known to fall sometimes under the middle of a dense and lofty cloud, and that consequently the air would rush in on all sides towards the centre of the cloud and upwards in the middle, and thus continue the condensation of the vapour and the formation of cloud and the generation of rain. [See also Journal of the Franklin Institute, for September and October, 1838, and for January, February, and March, and subsequent, 1839.]

Fifth—I have shown also in the volumes quoted above, that the air does move inwards on all sides towards the centre of the space or region where a great rain is falling, and of course upwards after it comes in under the cloud, which is so much lighter than the surrounding air; at least, that it does so in all storms which have been investigated, which now amount to sixteen, besides several tornadoes, in all of which the trees were thrown with their tops inwards.

From the principles here established by experiment, and afterwards confirmed by observation, it follows, that if a large body of air is made to ascend in a column, a large cloud will be generated, and that the cloud will contain in itself a self-sustaining power, which may move from the place over which it was formed, and cause the air over which it passes to rise up into it, and thus form more cloud and rain, until the rain may become general: for many storms which commence in the West Indies very narrow, are known to move from the place of beginning several thousand miles, widening out and increasing in size, until they become many hundred miles wide. [See Bedfield, and Read, and the Reports of Joint Committee.]

If these principles are just, it will follow, when the air is in a favorable state, that the bursting out of a volcano ought to produce rain; and such is known to be the fact, and I have abundant documents in my possession to prove it.

So, under very favorable circumstances, the bursting out of great fires ought to produce rain; and I have many facts in my possession rendering it highly probable, if not certain, that great rains have sometimes been produced by great fires.

It is a general opinion in parts of the country where great fires frequently take place, that those fires produce rain. Now this opinion could hardly have originated without some circumstances besides mere coincidence attending them, such as is related in the following account. Mr. Dobrexhoffer, a missionary to Paraguay, speaking of the tall grass and bulrushes on fire, says:—'I myself have seen clouds and lightning produced from the smoke, as it is flying off *like a whirlwind; so* that the Indians are not to blame for setting fire to the plains in order to produce rain, they having learnt that the thicker smoke turns into clouds which pours forth water.'—(Account of the Abiphones, vol. 3d, page 150.)

Mr. Lapice, of Louisiana, informs Dr. S. Calhoun, of this city, 'that the conflagration of the long grass in the prairies of that State, covers every thing with its

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