

The Camden Journal.

VOLUME 11.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, APRIL 9, 1850.

NUMBER 28.

Medical Department.

TRIBUTE TO I. McC.

No regal crown or diadem
Adorn'd thy meteor brow,
But shone a royal soul within
On every feature's glow.
Thy smiles were like the opening morn,
All dress in blushing flowers,
And oft they came, like angels born,
To cheer the troubled hours.
Those queenly eyes beam'd a fire
That cast its rays abroad,
Rebuking wrong in stern attire,
Like streams that gild the cloud.
Thy form would grace a land above,
More glorious than below,
Where sunlike smiles of peace and love
In sweetest rapture flow.
Thy peerless words, harmonious tones,
Did ever plead for truth,
And spoke in symphony the groans
Alone of age and youth.
Thy beauteous form, divinely fair,
Was age and youth combined,
And held a place of love and fear
In each beholder's mind.
Ah! why should Death have drawn the bow
For such a shining mark,
And in the grave have laid thee low,
All shrouded in the dark?
O! why shouldst thou thus flee away,
As angels take their flight,
As the bright sun should leave the day,
All wrapt in clouds of night?
And must we bid a long adieu,
And wipe the tearful eye,
As thus we learn the truth amen,
That all on earth must die!
Dream not O death, thine icy breath,
No conquering conqueror,
For on a tomb be not left,
To mark the morning flow'r.
For still it shall a fragrance round,
Be left in the world,
And when our souls an echoing sound
Be made "all is well."
O! that the light of glory
Shine on our shining eyes,
And hope to greet thy smiles more bright
In the land above.

A Selected Tale.

DEAF SMITH.

THE CELEBRATED TEXAN SPY.

About two years after the Texan revolution, a difficulty occurred between the new government and a portion of the people, which threatened the most serious consequences—even the bloodshed and horrors of civil war. Briefly, the cause was this: The constitution had fixed the city of Austin as the permanent capital, where the public archives were to be kept, with the reservation, however, of a power in the President to order their temporary removal in case of danger from the inroads of a foreign enemy or the force of a sudden insurrection.

Conceiving that the exceptional emergency had arrived, as the Camanches frequently committed ravages within sight of the capital itself, Houston, who then resided at Washington, on the Brazos, despatched an order commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the State records to the latter place, which he declared to be, *pro tempore*, the seat of government.

It is impossible to describe the stormy excitement which the promulgation of this fiat raised in Austin. The keepers of hotels, boarding-houses, groceries, and fare banks, were thunder-struck, maddened to frenzy; for the measure would be a death-blow to their prosperity in business; and, accordingly, they determined at once to take the necessary steps to avert the danger, by opposing the execution of Houston's mandate. They called a mass meeting of the citizens and farmers of the circumjacent country, who were all more or less interested in the question; and after many fiery speeches against the asserted tyranny of the administration, it was unanimously resolved to prevent the removal of the archives by open and armed resistance. To that end they organized a company of four hundred men, one moiety of whom, relieving the other at regular periods of duty, should keep constant guard around the State House until the peril passed by. The commander of this force was one Colonel Morton, who had achieved considerable renown in the war of Independence, and had still more recently displayed desperate bravery in two desperate duels, in both of which he had cut his antagonists nearly in pieces with the bowie knife. Indeed, from the notoriety of his character for revenge, as well as courage, it was thought that President Houston would renounce his purpose touching the archives, so soon as he should learn who was the leader of the opposition.

Morton, on his part, whose vanity fully equalled his personal prowess, encouraged and justified the prevailing opinion by his boastful threats. He swore that if the President did succeed in removing the records by the march of an overpowering force, he would then himself hunt him down like a wolf, and shoot him with little ceremony, or stab him in his bed, or waylay him in his walks of recreation. He even wrote the hero of San Jacinto to that effect. The latter replied in a note of laconic brevity:

"If the people of Austin do not send the archives, I shall certainly come and take them; and if Col. Morton can kill me, he is welcome to my ear-cap."

On the reception of this answer, the guard was doubled around the State House. Chosen sentinels were stationed along the road leading to the capital, the military paraded the streets from morning till night, and a select caucus held permanent session in the city hall. In short, everything betokened a coming tempest.

One day, while matters were in this precarious condition, the caucus at the city hall was surprised by the sudden appearance of a stranger, whose mode of entering was as extraordinary as his looks and dress. He did not knock at the closed door—he did not seek admission here at all; but climbing unseen a small bushy topped live oak, which grew beside the wall, he leaped without sound or warning through a lofty window. He was clothed altogether in buckskin, carried a long and very heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the button of his left suspender a large bowie knife, and had in his leathern belt a couple of pistols half the length of his gun. He was tall, straight as an arrow, active as a panther in his motions, with dark complexion and luxuriant jetty hair, with a severe, iron-like countenance, that seemed never to have known a smile, and eyes of intense vivid black, wild and rolling, and piercing as the point of a dagger. His strange advent inspired a thrill of involuntary fear, and many present unconsciously grasped the handles of their side arms.

"Who are you, that thus presume to intrude among gentlemen, without invitation?" demanded Col. Morton, ferociously, essaying to cow down the stranger with his eye.

The latter returned his stare with compound interest, and laid his long, bony finger on his lip, as a sign—but of what the spectators could not imagine.

"Who are you? Speak! or I will cut an answer out of your heart!" shouted Morton, almost distracted with rage by the cool, sneering gaze of the other, who now removed his finger from his lip, and laid it on the hilt of his monstrous knife.

The fiery Colonel then drew his dagger, and was in the act of advancing upon the stranger, when several caught him and held him back, remonstrating.

"Let him alone, Morton, for God's sake. Do you not perceive that he is crazy?"

At this moment Judge Webb, a man of shrewd intellect and courteous manners, stepped forward and addressed the intruder in a most respectful manner:

"My good friend, I presume you have made a mistake in the house. This is a private meeting, where none but members are admitted."

The stranger did not appear to comprehend the words, but he could not fail to understand the mild and deprecatory manner. His rigid

features relaxed, and moving to a table in the centre of the hall, where there were materials and implements for writing, he seized a pen and traced one line: "I am deaf." He then held it up before the spectators, as a sort of natural apology for his own want of politeness.

Judge Webb took the paper, and wrote a question, "Dear, sir, will you be so obliging as to inform us what is your business with the present meeting?"

The other responded by delivering a letter inscribed on the back: "To the citizens of Austin." They broke the seal and read it aloud. It was from Houston, and showed the usual terse brevity of his style:

"FELLOW CITIZENS.—Though in error, and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three days more to decide whether you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time, you will please let me know your decision."

After the reading, the deaf man waited a few seconds, as if for a reply, and then turned and was about to leave the hall, when Colonel Morton interposed, and sternly beckoned him back to the table. The stranger obeyed, and Morton wrote: "You were brave enough to insult me by your threatening looks ten minutes ago; are you brave enough now to give me satisfaction?"

The stranger penned his reply: "I am at your service!"

Morton wrote again: "Who will be your second?"

The stranger rejoined, "I am too generous to seek an advantage, and too brave to fear any on the part of others; therefore I never need the aid of a second."

Morton penned: "Name your terms."

The stranger traced, without a moment's hesitation: "Time, sunset this evening; place, the left bank of the Colorado, opposite Austin; weapon, a bowie knife and distance, a hundred yards. Do not fail to be here at that time!"

He then stepped across the floor, and disappeared through the window as he had entered.

"Who is that?" asked Judge Webb, "is it possible, or do you think that you intend to fight that man?" "A mute, if not a positive maniac. Scarcely knowing I fear, will sadly tarnish the lustre of your laurels."

"You are mistaken," replied Morton, with a smile; "that mute is a hero, whose fame stands in the record of a dozen battles, and at least half as many bloody duels. Besides, he is the favorite emissary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think it will tempt the President to retract his vow against venturing any more on the field of honor."

"You know the man, then. Who is he?" "Who is he?" asked twenty voices together.

"Deaf Smith," answered Morton, coolly.

"Why, no; that cannot be. Deaf Smith was slain at San Jacinto," remarked Judge Webb.

"There, again, your honor is mistaken," said Morton. "The story of Deaf Smith's death was a mere fiction, got up by Houston to save the life of his favorite from the sworn vengeance of certain Texans, on whose conduct he had acted as a spy. I fathomed the artifice twelve months since."

"If what you say be true, you are a mad-man yourself!" exclaimed Webb. "Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has often brought down ravens in their most rapid flight, and killed Camanches and Mexicans at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards!"

"Say no more," answered Colonel Morton, in tones of deep determination; "the thing is already settled. I have already agreed to meet him. There can be no disgrace in falling before such a shot, and if I succeed, my triumph will confer the greater glory!"

Such was the general habit of thought and feeling prevalent throughout Texas at that period.

Towards evening a vast crowd assembled at the place appointed to witness the hostile meeting; and so great was the popular recklessness as to affairs of the sort, that numerous and considerable sums were wagered on the result.—At length the red orb of the summer sun touched the curved rim of the western horizon; evening it all with crimson and gold, and filling the air with a flood of burning glory; and then the two mortal antagonists, armed with long, ponderous rifles, took their station, back to back, and at a preconcerted signal—the waving of a white handkerchief—walked slowly and steadily off in opposite directions, counting their steps until each had measured fifty. They both completed the given number about the same instant, and then they wheeled, each to aim and fire when he chose. As the distance was great, both paused for some seconds—long enough for the beholders to flash their eyes from one to the other, and mark the striking contrast between them. The face of Col. Morton was calm and smiling, but the smile it bore had a fierce and most murderous meaning. On the contrary, the countenance of Deaf Smith was stern and passionless as ever. A side view of his features might have been mistaken for a profile done in cast iron. The one, too, was dressed in the richest cloth, the other in smoketinted leather. But that made no difference in Texas then; for the heirs of heroic courage were all considered peers—the class of inferiors embraced none but cowards.

Presently two rifles exploded with simultaneous roars. Colonel Morton gave a prodigious bound upwards, and dropped to the earth a corpse. Deaf Smith stood erect, and immediately began to reload his rifle; and then, having finished his brief task, he hastened away into the adjacent forest.

Three days afterwards, General Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and ten more men appeared in Austin, and without further opposition removed the State papers.

The history of the hero of the foregoing an-

ecdote, was one of the most extraordinary ever known in the West. He made his advent in Texas at an early period, and continued to reside there until his death, which happened some two years ago, but although he had many warm personal friends, no one could ever ascertain either the land of his birth, or a single gleam of his previous biography. When he was questioned on the subject, he laid his finger on his lip; and if pressed more urgently, his brow writhed, and his dark eye seemed to shoot sparks of livid fire! He could write with astonishing correctness and facility, considering his situation; and although denied the exquisite pleasure and priceless advantages of the sense of hearing, nature had given him ample compensation, by an eye quick and far seeing as an eagle's, and a smell keen and incredible as that of a raven. He could discover objects moving miles away in the far-off prairie, when others could perceive nothing but earth and sky, and the rangers used to declare that he could catch the scent of a Mexican or Indian at as great a distance as a buzzard could distinguish the odor of a dead carcass.

It was these qualities which fitted him so well for a spy, in which capacity he rendered invaluable services to Houston's army during the war of Independence. He always went alone, and generally obtained the information desired. His habits in private life were equally singular. He could never be persuaded to sleep under the roof of a house, or even to use a tent cloth. Wrapped in his blanket, he loved to lie out in the open air, under the blue canopy of pure ether, and count the stars or gaze with a yearning look at the melancholy moon.

When not employed as a spy or guide, he subsisted by hunting, being often absent on solitary excursions for weeks and even months together in the wilderness. He was a grown up child of the woods and prairie, which he worshipped with a sort of Pagan adoration. Excluded by his infirmities from cordial fellowship with his kind, he made the inanimate things of the earth his friends, and entered by the heart's own adoption into brotherhood with the luminaries of heaven! Wherever there was land and water, barren mountains, or tangled brakes of wild waving cane, there was Deaf Smith's home, and there he was happy, but in the streets of great cities in all the great thoroughfares of men, wherever there was flattery or lawning, base cunning, or craven fear, there was Deaf Smith an alien and an exile.

Strange soul he hath departed on the long journey, away among those high bright stars which were his night lamps, and he hath either solved, or ceased to ponder the deep mystery of the magic word "life." He is dead; therefore let his errors rest in oblivion, and his virtues be remembered with hope.—Noah's Weekly Messenger.

Extraordinary Phenomenon in Sampson County, N. C.—We received on Wednesday last (say a recent Carolinian) the following communication from Mr. Clarkson, through Mr. Holland, of Clinton, and take great pleasure in laying the astonishing particulars before our readers:

On the 15th of February, 1850, there fell within 100 yards of the residence of Thos. M. Clarkson in Sampson county, a shower of Flesh and Blood, about 30 feet wide, and as far as it was traced, about 250 or 300 yards in length. The pieces appeared to be flesh, liver, lights, brains and blood. Some of the blood ran on the leaves, apparently very fresh. Three of his (T. M. C.'s) children were in it, and ran to their mother exclaiming "Mother there is meat falling!" Their mother went immediately to see, but the shower was over; but there lay the flesh, &c. Neill Campbell, Esq., living close by, was on the spot shortly after it fell, and pronounced it as above. One of his children was about 150 yards from the shower, and came running to the rest, saying he smelt something like blood. During the time it was falling, there was a cloud over head, having a red appearance like a wind cloud. There was no rain.

The above you may rely on, and by Mr. Holland you have pieces of the flesh, which are reduced in size by being kept so long.

Yours, &c. T. M. C.

The piece which was left with us, has been examined with two of the best microscopes in the place; and the existence of blood well established; but nothing was shown giving any indication of the character of the matter.

It has the smell, both in its dry state, and when macerated in water, of putrid flesh; and there can be scarcely a doubt that it is such.

The cloud from which it fell is said to have been of a red appearance, which is the color ascribed to the clouds in former cases of this kind.

Although by no means frequent, this is not the first time that such an occurrence has taken place, even in this country. But as yet, the most learned are unable to give any rational conjecture as to the cause of such a singular phenomenon.

WHAT NEXT?—The Montreal Gazette translates from L'Avenir, a Canadian paper, the following extraordinary story, with the remark that the editors have since heard the thing is dead:

HUMAN MONSTER.—We learn that a female in the parish of St. Timothy, has just given birth to an extraordinary child, which, in grotesque horror, exceeds all that humanity has produced in the way of infant phenomena. The new born child has nothing human about it but the head and arms; the rest is literally a tortoise, the back and belly covered with a hard shell, and the feet perfectly resembling the paws of the amphibious animal.

Like the tortoise, it can protrude and retract the feet within the shell, and articulates sounds which have not the slightest resemblance to the cry of a new-born child. We are told it can retract its head within the shell, until the top of its level with the shoulders. The parents, obeying the first sentiments of horror, and dreading the disagreeable reputation which this occurrence might attach to their names, desired to destroy this prodigy immediately after its birth, but having consulted their priest,

they resigned themselves, and the child received baptism and is likely to live.

LUSUS NATURÆ.—The following account of a "freak of nature," will probably be interesting to medical men, if not to our readers at large. Mr. Kingston, who communicates it, is the Postmaster at Oliver's, and is a gentleman of veracity and standing.—*Monroville Plebeian*, OLYVER'S Post Office, Anderson co., March 16, 1850.

Gentlemen: On Saturday, the 2d instant, a female in my neighborhood was delivered of a child that partook of the cat species. It had four eyes, two noses, and two mouths. One of its ears was like a cat's, and the other was part cat and part human, and was partly colored like a brindle cat. The legs, feet, and arms, from the elbows were natural. Its face was in the place of the breast—it had no neck. The cause assigned for this unnatural birth, was that while she was *accouchée* she cut a cat's head off. The Doctor that was with her, believes that laying the child on its face it favored a cat with its head off. Several of my family and neighbors were there and saw the child, and affirm what Dr. Pettit says, which is shown written.

Some twenty persons will attest the truth of the above. Yours, &c. J. H. KINGSTON.

SOUTH FLORIDA.—A Key West correspondent of the Savannah Republican, writing on the 8th inst., says:

The best news we have here is, that the Indians are certainly to be removed from the peninsula of Florida in a short time. It will be a happy day for South Florida, when they are gone. Security will then be restored to this favored region, and the development of which there is yet but an imperfect idea.

Among these is the growing of tobacco, sugar cane, especially the latter. The production of cane now to be seen, challenges for luxuriance, that of any part of the United States, or the West India Islands.

Experiment on the Manatee river has shown in the quantity and quality of its sugar, Florida may compare with any sugar land in the country. It brings, we are informed, a higher price than New Orleans sugar. But the chief source of wealth in this section will be production of fruits. The orange, lime, pine apple, and banana, the mango, and India fruits, grow luxuriantly. There are many others, that have not yet been found, will be found to grow. The ground is well on this island. Below Charleston, labor there is no frost, and the difference between the climate and that of Cuba is so small, that coffee will probably be found to flourish. In regard to fruits, South Florida has a material advantage over the West India Islands, in being three or four days nearer the market of the United States, thus allowing fruit to be gathered riper and nearer to perfection. As soon as it is now green from the tree, it can hardly be called the same kind as when plucked mature. A great attraction to this section is, that it is the best portion of the United States as a resort for invalids, being the warmest water climate in the Union. The subject of monetary affections may here, if a planter, use his force in the profitable production of cotton, and fruit, and at the same time, breathe a pure, bland atmosphere, that will prolong life many years. The island of small means may support himself by cultivating fruit, an occupation requiring little labor or strength. The transient invalid will find objects of curiosity to divert him, and hunting and fishing without end for exercise, to pass away the winter; at the same time, he is among people of the same laws, language, manners, customs and diet, freed from the inconvenience and restraint experienced from these causes, by those who go to Cuba. Thus far, we have no winter, but one norther, and that hardly a respectable one.

The New York Express of the 29th ult., has the following telegraphic despatch:

WASHINGTON, March 23. HIGHLY IMPORTANT.—INVASION OF CUBA.—In addition to the facts I telegraphed to the Express yesterday, I now learn authentically:

1st. That the Expedition will set out no matter what may be the prospects of a defeat.

2d. That the command has been tendered to several influential men both North and South, but none have as yet accepted.

3d. That Com. Parker will not exert himself as vigorously as he might to check the invasion.

4th. That there is more known about this enterprise, here in Washington, than you at the North have a suspicion of.

I have to-day heard other authenticated reports of other forces leaving this country for the general rendezvous at Chagres. There can be no doubt that the demonstration will be more formidable than has been anticipated.

The Rev. John Wesley, when his income was £30 a year, lived on £28 and gave away £2. The next year his income was £36, and still living on £28, he had £8 to give. The fourth year raised his income to £120, and steadfast to his plan, the poor got £92.

Chicago, Illinois, with a population of 30,000, has twenty-eight churches of various denominations. Among these are four Catholic, four Presbyterian, three Methodist, two Baptist, two Episcopal, and one each of the Unitarian, Universalist and Swedenborgian denominations.

"Tom stand out of the way of that gentleman." "How do you know he's a gentleman?" "Why, because he wears a stand-up collar and swears."

General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna.

A HERO'S CRUELTY OF A PLANK ROAD.—The North Carolinian tells the following anecdote of an old farmer of that region, who had tried the Plank Road.

"He was first much opposed to the plank road, and thought it would be a waste of money to build it. But he came to Fayetteville with his wagon and produce, and drove on it for some miles. When he got back to Chat-ham, our merchant friend asked him if he had seen the plank road? 'Yes,' said he, 'I have seen it.' 'Well, did you drive on it?' 'Yes,' 'Well, don't you think you can carry four times as much weight on it with your four horse team, as on a common road?' 'Oh, yes,' says he, 'it is first rate, and it is a fact that when the wagon got to the end of the planks, a stroke of the heavy driver made every horse stop and look around.'"

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS NEED, A WIDOW OF 60, TO HER FRESH AND 22.

My marriage was a very young. They joined us in a trice.

Andrew, 'tis clear that one of us Has fetched a handsome 1-100.

A young lady having purchased an assortment of muffs, turned suddenly back, and said to the clerk, "There is one thing I have forgotten." "What is that?" "One kiss before we part!"—replied the lady—upon which the clerk vaulted over the counter, and saluted her with a "boss."