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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 10. CHESTER TOWN, MD., MARCH 16, 1850. NO. 45.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
CULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Is Published every Saturday.
Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

0 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expir of the first six months. No subscription ed for a shorter period than six months, and per will be discontinued until all arrears are Single copies 6 1-4 cents.
vertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be ed three times for $1, and 25 cents for each ion thereafter. Larger one in proportion— eral deduction will be made to yearly adve- Advertisement must have the number o marked, or they will published till forbid an ed accordingly.
communications must be postpaid.

OSTPONED SALE.

E Farm lately owned and occupied by Mrs. Alphonsa Blake, will be of- at public sale on

WEDNESDAY

20th of March next, at the tavern door Charles B. Tilden, Esq in Chestertown, o'clock, A. M; provided a suitable be not made in the meantime to the criber.

is situated within a few miles of Ches- own. A fine stream of water flows gh the whole extent of the land. he farm abounds in fine HICKORY, is well supplied with young

TIM- BER

is convenient to mill. The

BUILDINGS

ot very good, but may be repaired at erate cost.
he whole tract contains about

596 Acres.

ersons disposed to purchase, will visit arm when the tenant will give them a of the premises.
r terms, app'ication may be addreseed letter, to the subscriber at Centreville, e made to him personally at his residence near that place.
RICH. B. CARMICHAEL.
b'y 26. '50—tds.

The Delaware Gazette will copy ce once a week for three succes- ks and send bill to the subscriber Centreville, Md.

THE LAST NOTICE.
TO THE PUBLIC,
AND ALL
WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Commission as a public officer ex pired during the month of MAY, 1847 three years ago, I then notified all ns against whom I held Executions, unless they come foward and settle the respective dues by a certain time, that duty would compel me to advertise property. A few come up and com with my reasonable request, but yet in my hands between one and two ed Executions unsatisfied, and plan- are threatening me with a suit.
In every case where the money is not paid by the 7th day of MARCH next, or the defendant with the plantiffs releases me of all other responsibility. I shall, and will advertise and sell property without a- ny respect of persons. It is a duty I owe my Bondsmen, my family and the public.
A. W. SPARKS.
Feb. 23, 1850.

NELSON & HENRY,
RCHANT TAILORS.
S, *Exchange Place, near South St*
BALTIMORE,



ARE prepared at *all times* to supply their friends and the public generally with all articles in their line of business; they have just received a lot of superior Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings, which they will make up at the st notice, and on the most pleasing S.
EY have also on hand MR. A LER'S popular report of fashions, they are prepared to furnish to ORS at *ONE DOLLAR per cop-* tf
15, 1849."

O. CONE, M. D.
sor of Operative and Mechanical istry in the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.



Will devote himself to the practice of Denistry and to the Medical and Surgical treatmen isases of the mouth. Office, No. rth Charles st. Baltimore, Md.
26, 1850—1y.

WANTED.
r before the 20th day of March next 00, for one or more years; the pay- f which to be well secured by a ge on Real Estate, and the interest nually. Also on or before the 1st April, $500, to $800; the payment ecured as above. Apply to the edi-
16, '50.



POETRY.

The following lines are touchingly beautiful.—We have seen nothing of late that has so moved our sympathy. The man who can write such poetry, who has such thoughts, cannot be utterly depraved. The curse of intemperance, with its attending downward influence, has here done its work, and a spirit noble and generous, that might and should be the pride and ornament of the social circle, is now the degraded convict in the walls of a penitentiary. How will that fond mother's heart bleed, if she shall hear of her darling boy, the inmate of a prison in a foreign land?

From the Ohio State Journal.

THE CONVICT TO HIS MOTHER.

I've wandered far from thee mother,
Far from my happy home;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam;
And time since then has rolled its years
And marked them on my brow,
Yet I have often thought of thee—
I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking on the day, mother,
When at my tender side,
You watched the dawning of my youth,
And kissed me in your pride,
Then brightly was my heart lit up
With hopes of future joy,
While your bright fancy honors wore
Te deck thy darling boy.

I'm thinking on the day, mother,
When with such anxious care,
You lifted up your heart to heaven—
Your hope, your trust was there;
Fond memory brings thy parting words,
While tears stole down thy cheek;
Thy long, fast, loving look told more
Than ever words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,
No friend is near me now,
To sooth me with a tender word
Or cool my burning brow;
The dearest ties affection wove,
Are all now torn from me;
They left me when the trouble came,
They did not love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unpitied and unblest,
Yet still I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distressed:
I know you would not chide, mother,
You would not give me blame.
But soothe me with your tender words,
And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay:
The tempter with his baneful cup,
Has dashed them all away;
And shame has left its vernom sting,
To rack with anguish wild—
Yet still I would not have the know
The sorrows of thy child.

Oh; I have wandered far, mother,
Since I deserted thee,
And left thy trusting heart to break,
Beyond the deep blue sea;
Oh! mother, still I love thee well,
And long to hear thee speak,
And feel again thy balmy breath
Upon my care worn cheek.

But, ah! there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my beating breast,
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest;
And while I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in my ear
A voice that speaks of Heaven and thee,
And bids me seek thee there.

*These lines were written by a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary; and inscribed "To my Mother." Ohio Penitentiary, January 17, 1850.

[*From the Flag of our Union.*]

OUR UNION.

BY MART.

O, Heaven watch the growing clouds,
And with a mighty hand
Dispel the threatening gloom that shrouds
Our dear and happy land.

May that mind lose the power of thought,
That with our Union jars;
That e'er conceived or plotted aught
To scatter these bright stars.

Does not our strength in union lie?
And is it not the soul.
Of liberty—the only tie
That can protect the whole?

Can they! O, no! they dare not, dare!
The foul and threatened blow;
For at the thought all patriots feel
The same responsive glow.

This tells us that whatever storms
Assail us, still shall thrive
Our Union—that, midst all alarms,
That Union shall survive!

Baltimore, February, 1850.

"Is them fellers alive now?" said an urchin to his teacher. "What fellows do you mean, my dear?" "Why, Paul, and Luke, and Denteronomy, and them?"

POPULAR TALES

DEAF SMITH;

THE

CELEBRATED TEXAN SPY.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

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, dispatched 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 farobanks, were thunderstruck, maddened to phrenzy; for the measure would be a death blow to their prosperity in business; and accordingly, they determined at once to take the necessary step 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 400 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 for independence, and had still more recently displayed desperate bravery in two desperate duels, in both of which he had cut his antagonists nearly to 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 opinions 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 cere mony, or stab him in his bed or waylay him in his walks of recreation. He even wrote to the hero of San Jacinto to that effect. The latter replied in a note of laconic bravery:—

"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 ere in this precarious condition, the caucus at the city hall was surprized 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 there 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 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 unconciously grasped the handles of their side arms.

"Who are you, that thus presumes 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 fingers 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. them."

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

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

At the 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 deprictory 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, und 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 red 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 more days to decide whether you will surrender the public archives.—At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision.

SAM. HOUSTON."

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 Col. 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 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, weapons, rifles; and distance a hundred yards. Do not fail to be in time!"

He then took three steps across the floor and disappeared through the window, as he had entered.

"What!" exclaimed Judge Webb, "is it possible, Col. Morton, that you intend to fight that man? He is a mute, if not a positive maniac. Such a meeting, 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 favourite emisary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think it would tempt the President to retract his vow against venturing any more on the field of honor."

"You know the man then. 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 Smith's death was a mere fiction, got up by Houston to save the life of his favorite from the sworn vengence of certain Texan, 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 madman yourself!' exclaimed Webb, 'Deaf Smith was never known to miss a mark. He has often brought down ravens in their most rapid flight, and killed Camanches and Mexicans at a distance of 250 yards!'

'Say no more,' answered Col. Morton, in tone of deep determination; 'the thing is already settled. I have already agreed to meet mim. 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 thoughout 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, covering 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 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 riches cloth, the other in smoked tinged 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. Col. Morton gave a prodigious bound upwards, and dropped to the earth a corpse. Deaf Smith stood erect, and immediately began to re-load his rifle, and then, having finished his brief task, he hastened away into the adjacent forest.

Three days afterwards, Gen. 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 anecdote 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, had 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 prarie, 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 oder of a dead carcass.

It was these qualities which fitted him so well for a spy, in which capacity he tendered 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 genuine son of nature, 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 inmate 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 or 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 fawning, 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.

MR. CALHOUN'S DREAM.

The Washington correspondent of Lippard's paper, "The Quaker City," communicates the following singular account of a recent remarkable dream of Mr. Calhoun. We give the gist of the particulars of this wonderful dream of the distinguished Senator, as we find them related in the Philadelphia Saturday Post. It certainly smacks no little of the marvelous and will be read with a lively interest, particularly by believers in supernatural appearances. We cannot vouch for its truth, and we should not be surprised to hear that Mr. Calhoun never had any such dream. Its appearance in a northern print at this very particular period leads us to entertain strong doubts of its truthfulness. We therefore give it for what it is worth. The correspondent says:

The other morning at the breakfast table where I, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently at his right hand, and brush it with his left in a nervous and hurried manner. He did this so often that it excited attention. At length one of the persons composing the breakfast party—his name I think is Toombs, and he is a member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.

'Does your hand pain you?' he asked.

To this Calhoun replied to rather a flurried manner—"Pshaw! It is nothing! Only a dream which I had last night, and which makes me perpetually a large black spot—like an ink blotch—upon the back of my right hand. An optical delusion I suppose."

Of course, these words excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream until Toombs asked, quietly—

"What was your dream like? I'm not very superstitious about dreams, but sometimes they have a great deal of truth in

"But this was such a peculiarly absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand—"however, if it does not too much intrude upon the time of our friends, I will relate it"

Of course, the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream. In his singularly sweet voice, Mr. Calhoun related it.

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room, engaged in writing, I was astonished by the entrance of a visiter who entered, and without a word, took a seat opposite me, at my table. This surprised me as I had given particular orders to the servant, that I should on no account be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder entered, so perfectly self possessed taking his seat opposite me without a word as though my room and all within it belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look into his features over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which effectually concealed his face and features from my view. And as I raised my head he spoke:

"What are you writing, Senator from South Carolina?" he said.

"I did not think of his impertinence at first, but answered him involuntarily—

"I am writing a plan for a dissolution of the American Union, (you know, gentlemen that I am expected to present a plan of Dissolution in the event of certain contingencies?")

"To this the intruder replied, in the coolest manner possible:

"Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your hand, your right hand."

"He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face. Gentlemen the sight of that face struck me like a thunder clap. It was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events have called to life. The features those of George Washington, yes, gentlemen, the intruder was none other than George Washington. He was dressed in the Revolutionary costume, such as you see preserved in the Patent Office.

Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently much agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you was shared by the company. Toombs at length broke the embarrasing pause "Well, what was the issue of this scene?" Mr. Calhoun resumed—

"This intruder, I have said, rose, and asked to look at my right hand. As though I had not the power to refuse, I extended it. The truth is, I felt a strange chill prevade me at this touch; he grasped it, and held it near the light, thus affording me full time to examine every feature of his face. It was the face of Washington, Gentlemen, I shuddered as I beheld the horrible dead alive look of that visage. After holding my hand for a moment, he looked at me steadily, and said in a quiet way—

"And with this right hand, Senator from Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper declaring the Union disolved?"

"I answered in the affirmitive. 'Yes!' said I, if a certain contingency arises I will sign my name to the Declaration of Disolution.'—But at the moment a black blotch appeared on the back of my hand, an inky blotch, which I seem to see even now. 'What is that?" cried I, alarmed I know not why, at the blotch upon my hand.

"That,' said he, dropping my hand. That is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world.'

'He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he placed it upon the table—placed it upon the very paper on which I was writing. That object gentlemen, was a skeleton.

"There,' said he, 'there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung in Charleston by the British. He gave his life in order to establish the Union. When you put your name to a declaration of Dissolution, why you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you. He was a South Carolinian, and so are *you*? But there was no blotch upon his right hand.'

"With these words the intruder left the room, I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones and—awoke. Over worn by labor I had fallen asleep and been dreaming.—Was it not a singular dream!"

All the company answered in the affirmtive. Toombs muttered 'singular, very singular!' at the same time looking rather curiously at the back of his right hand—and Mr. Calhoun, placing his head between his hands, seemed buried in thought.

TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.—It was a dark and dismal night, the wind howled mournfully, the lightning shook its fiery tresses through the air, loud peals of thunder followed in quick succession, rain and hail fell from the clouds like gems from an ever-burning casket, and an awful sublimity pervaded all nature, when Eugene Summers, with his horrid purpose at heart and the weapon of destruction firmly grasped in his hand, stole forth, like an assassin, to kill—HED BUGS!