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THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Is Published every Saturday.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

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All communications must be postpaid.

POSTPONED
TRUSTEE'S
Sale.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Chancery Court of Maryland, the undersigned Trustee, will expose to public sale, to the highest bidder, on

TUESDAY,

THE TENTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1850, at 11 o'clock, A. M., at the tavern porch of John McDaniel, Esq., in Chester Town, all that

FARM
or PLANTATION,

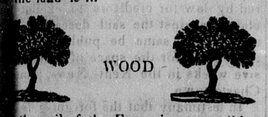
lying in Kent county, on the main road from Chester Town to George Town X roads, about equi distant from those places, called

Reyner's Adventure,
Germany, & Hudson's Hills,

containing in the whole

469 1-2 Acres,

more or less, per plot and certificate, which will be exhibited at the sale, A portion of the land is in



the soil of the Farm is susceptible of improvement.

The *DWELLING* is a large *TWO STORY BRICK, AND KITCHEN, with some OUT BUILDINGS*

This property formerly belonged to the John Hudson and adjoins the lands Col. James Boon, Col. Samuel Kerr and Noel Jones, Esq. The location is said to be a pleasant and healthy one. It is convenient to Schools, Churches and Post Offices, and there is a Well of excellent water in the yard.

Mr. Lusby, the tenant, will show the premises to any one who may call to examine them.

THE TERMS OF SALE,

prescribed by the Decree, are, That the purchase money shall be paid in three equal instalments, in six, twelve and eighteen months, from the day of sale, with interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser to the Trustee with approved security. Upon the payment of the purchase money and interest the Trustee is authorized to execute a deed for the premises.

GEORGE VICKERS.
Trustee.

August 17, 1850.

ALL DRY GOODS,
AT WHOLESALE.

MILTON EASTER & CO., No. 213 MARKET STREET, Baltimore, are now receiving by direct arrivals at Baltimore, per packets and steamers via New York and Boston, a splendid

STOCK OF FOREIGN FALL GOODS,

OUR OWN IMPORTATION, selected by the firm in the best European Markets during the past summer.

Assortment will be found to include

HIGH FANCY,

the most select styles of

STAPLE GOODS,

of every description.

Solicit an examination from WHOLESALE PURCHASERS generally, and particularly from close buyers *who pay promptly*, we will offer goods in quantities at IMPORTER'S PRICES.

The great extent and variety of our stock can only be appreciated by a personal examination which we urge on all visiting Baltimore.

Sept 24, 1850.

WRIGHT LUMBER, house siding of all kinds, on hand and for sale. Chestnut suitable for coffins, for cash or paper.

WM. BACCHUS.

1850.

For Sale.

The new property, occupied by Mr. Joseph Brydener and Mrs. Rodgers. Apply to

GEORGE VICKERS,
Agent.

Chester Town, June 21, 1850.

THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 11. CHESTER TOWN, MD., SEPTEMBER 7, 1850. NO. 19.

POETRY.

[From Neal's Gazettee.]

SONG.

OH! ASK ME NOT.

BY. S H. DURAND.

Oh! ask me not for smiles to-night!
I can but only sigh!
Do streams reflect the morn's fair light
When clouds o'erspread the sky?
No! sorrow's cloud is on my brow,
Its shadow in my heart,
And with the gay and joyous now
I cannot act a part.

Oh! ask me not for songs to-night!
'Twere all in vain to try;
Can the shattered bells give forth sweet tones,
Along the balmy sky?
When winter's cold and icy chain
Hath bound you murmuring stream,
It sings not sweetly o'er the plain,
As in the summer's beam.

My thoughts are with the loved and lost—
They're thronging around me now,
And with them come on memory's tide
Sweet dreams of long ago,
That cause my lonely heart to grieve
For hopes of by-gone years;
Then ask not smiles or songs, but leave,
Oh! leave me to my tears.

Execution of Prof. Webster.

The Boston Transcript of Friday gives the following account of the execution of Prof. Webster:

THE PRISONER.

A few facts relating to the closing days of the mortal life of John White Webster may not be inappropriately mentioned as introductory to the brief story of his death this day on the gallows. Should these facts conflict with the theories and preposessions of those persons who think there was no redeeming trait in the man's character, that he was utterly bad, a sort of moral monster, the facts will be none the less true, and as such proper to be uttered.

Those who would attribute his demeanor to duplicity, affectation or constitutional frigidity, will, we think, be as much in error as those who would see in every declaration of contribution or sentiment of religious satisfaction and hope, the sign of a thoroughly purified soul and renovated heart. No one seemed more aware of this than Professor Webster himself. He distrusted the depth and efficacy of his own remorse; he prayed fervently for a more searching penitence, and wished that no parade should be made before the public of his religious pretensions, or of the fact that so vile a sinner as he had dared to hope for mercy from the Almighty.

The conduct of the prisoner towards his friend and adviser in spiritual matters, the Rev. Dr. Putman, has been throughout of the most considerate character.—He has ever showed a forwardness to render his visits as little painful as under the circumstances, they could be; and Dr. P. has frequently been surprised to find his allotted hour so quickly passed. The prisoner has spared him all superfluous excitement, and preserved a composure favorable to the pleasant discharge of the duties Dr. Putnam has assumed.

INTERVIEW WITH HIS FAMILY.

Professor Webster was visited, as usual, by his family yesterday afternoon; and they remained with him nearly four hours. There is every reason to believe that they left entirely ignorant as to the day of the execution. The prisoner had felt great anxiety in regard to his closing interview, lest he should betray himself. When it was over he felt greatly relieved and spoke cheerfully. He had detected no sign of a recognition of the fact that this was their last interview in the demeanor of his family. Neither had the jailor To the latter, as they left the the cell, they addressed some remarks plainly indicating their expectation of re-visiting the prisoner. An immense crowd had assembled in Leverett street, and about the jail to see the unhappy family as they issued: but Mr. Andrews took Mrs. Webster and her family through his own house to a door opening on Lowell Street, where a carriage was waiting, and they thus escaped the scrutiny and remarks of the multitude.

One incident, which seemed to affect happily the spirits of the prisoner, during the interview with his family, may be worthy of mention. For several months they have been in the habit of reading the bible to him in his cell, taking the chapters of the New Testament in regular course, without skipping. The chapter which thus came up yesterday, and was read, was that exultant and consoling chapter the 15th in St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians.

The prisoner seemed much impressed by the coincidence, which had, without calculation on any one's part, given this chapter to be read at his last interview with his family, and on the last day of his earthly existence. He recurred to the incident, after the interview, with very obvious pleasure, and seemed to derive much hope and consolation from the inspired assurance of the Apostle as to the resurrection of the dead, sown "in dishonor" and "in weakness."

THE PRISONER'S LAST NIGHT.

The last interview of Dr. Putnam yesterday with the prisoner took place between half past 7 and 9 o'clock last evening. Officers Jones and Leighton were present in the cell, by the sheriff's orders. Dr. Putnam wished more privacy, and the matter was finally compromised by dismissing the officers and having Mr. Gustavus Andrews, the jailor, alone present. Of this interview we cannot say much.—There was no confession contradictory of that already made by the prisoner. Prof Webster declared himself willing to die on the gallows, as "a partial expiation of the great wrong he had done to society."

His serenity, he said, was established on religious conviction. He alluded to the ceremony of his execution, and remarked that if he faltered it would be through no fear of dying, through no effect upon him of the horrible surrounding and accompaniments of his doom, but because of his misgivings as to the efficacy of his own repentance, as to the future, to which he was going; because of the clouds that might come over his spirit at the last. He hoped, however, that he should bear up—arranged that he should be tied by Mr. Andrews in preference to any other officer—and said that he expected to be tranquil during the night, although he might not sleep.

After Mr. Putnam retired, Professor Webster resumed his reading of the Scriptures, which he alternated with inward and inaudible prayer, during which the two officers preserved perfect silence.—Occasionally he would close the Bible, and burying his face in his hands, seem rapt in supplication and thought.

INCIDENTS.

During a great part of the day yesterday the prisoner occupied himself with setting aside little memorials for those few friends in whose charitable feelings towards him, when, he was gone, he might hope. He selected a number of his books, and wrote in them the names of several persons, toward whom he wished to express some recollection of past obligations and favors. He seemed to take much interest in his occupation.

He ate a little fresh fruit during the day and exhibited little or no nervousness or physical agitation. Those who have conversed with him of late have felt little apprehension as to his committing suicide. He was evidently fully impressed with a sense that it was the crime and not the gallows, that made the shame. Mr. Sohier, counsel for the prisoner, visited him during the day, and took leave of him.

Quite a number of applications have been made to see the prisoner during the last two weeks. Clergymen from various parts of the country have sought an interview; and he has received numerous letters of an admonitory or consoling nature. The interviews he has, in most instances, declined. The letters he has read. Indeed, throughout his imprisonment, he has kept up his interest in outward affairs although his thoughts have seemed to be mainly devoted to the studies and meditations appropriate to his situation.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXECUTION.

At dusk the first wagon entered the jail yard, loaded with stakes and other fictures required in marking off the ground and erecting the scaffold. After Mr. Putnam retired for the night; officers Jones and Leighton re-entered the cell to resume their guard over the prisoner, according to the order of the sheriff and the requirements of the law.

The gallows was erected soon after sunrise this morning in the area of the jail.—Every blow that was struck by the workmen smote on the ear of the prisoner, and must have affected him unutterably, although he had prepared himself by anticipation for the dreadful sound. The prisoner had the right to claim his time until 11. The sheriff had fixed the hour of 9 for the execution.

The number of tickets issued for the admission of witnesses within the jail yard was about 250. A party of reporters from New York arrived last evening, and were furnished by the sheriff with tickets of admission.

There are about twenty houses in the neighborhood from which a view of the gallows may be had.

Among the crowd who hung about the jail yesterday afternoon to obtain a sight of the grief-stricken family of the prisoner, as they might leave, were several females.

DISPOSITION OF THE BODY.

It is understood that, after the execution the body will be deposited in the cell lately occupied by the prisoner, and toward evening carried to Mount Auburn. The funeral will be strictly private and unobtrusive.

Immediately after the execution, Dr. Putnam will proceed to communicate the fatal tidings to the bereaved family. God help them!

THIS MORNING.

The prisoner retired at a little past 12, and was in a sound sleep a little before 1 A. M. He slept till 6 o'clock, woke calm and refreshed, and maintained perfect serenity and self-possession.

At quarter before eight, Dr. Putnam and Mr. Andrews, the jailor, visited the prisoner in his cell. The arrangements for the execution had all been explained the previous evening. Dr. Putnam continued in the cell until the prisoner was taken to the gallows. Mr. Andrews came out a few minutes before nine, and shortly afterward returned with the sheriff and jail officers, who then took formal and affectionate leave of the prisoner.

THE SERVICE IN THE CELL.

At a quarter past nine the religious services commenced in the cell in the presence of Sheriff Eveleth, the jail officers, the legal witnesses summoned for the occasion and the reporters of the press.

The prisoner knelt before a chair in the centre of the cell; Dr. Putnam standing in the door-way, and addressing the throne of grace. The prayer occupied seven minutes. After a brief but touching allusion to the solemn and melancholly character of the occason, he prayed fervently for the prisoner, commending him to the mercy of an all-wise and beneficient God. He expressed his belief that the prisoner was prepared, so far a sincere contrition for his offence and prostration of soul in humble supplications for forgiveness and reliance upon the Saviour's promises, could qualify him for his departure.

Mr. Putnam then prayed fervently for the family, that the same grace and mercy might sustain them in their great affliction, and enable them to support it with resignation and humble hope. He prayed that this terrible example might have a salutary effect on the whole community, in teaching them the danger of unrestrained passion, and inspiring humility and self-distrust.

The officers of the land, whose duty it would be to carry the sentence of the law into effect, were also remembered in his prayer; and he asked, that while they performed their painful functions with firmness, it would also be in a spirit of tenderness and compassion for their fellow being who was about to pass before the higher tribunal, where justice would be sure to be tempered with mercy; and he hoped that some of the spirit, which would preside in that higher court, might shed its benign influence to aid them on this trying occasion.

After agrin fervently commending the prisoner to divine mercy, the services were concluded without further ceremonies, and the company retired from the building.

THE SPECTATORS.

The gallows was surrounded by some 150 persons, including several sheriffs and deputies from abroad, and a large police force. But few members of the bar or of the medical profession were present.—The windows of the srrounding houses, were crowded by persons of both sexes and of all ages. The tops of the adjacent buildings, the sheds, out-houses, and every available point of view, were occupied.—The rear windows of the houses on Lowell street, the houses on Leverett and Wall streets, all had their eager spectators.—Probably they numbered about a thousand.

LAST SCENE OF ALL.

At 25 minutes past 9, Sheriff Eveleth, and his deputies, Messrs. Coburn, Freeman, and Rugg, mounted the steps of the scaffold, in the jail yard followed by the prisoner, supported by Dr. Putnam, and by jailer Andrews and Mr. Holmes, a turnney.

The prisoner took his stand upon the trap door, or drop, and immediately under the rope which depended from the top of the gallows frame. He was dressed in a black frock coat, buttoned up in front, black pants and shoes, without any neckcloth, and only a portion of the shirt bosom visible. He immediately entered into conversation with his spiritual adviser, which he continued as long as practicable, and with apparent calmness and composure.

Deputy Sheriff Coburn called the attention of the witnessess, &c., to the reading of the Executive death warrant, which was next done in audible manner by the sheriff—who, with his officers and the assembly, generally remained with uncovered heads during the reading, with the exception of the prisoner.

The prisoner was then seated, while Mr. Andrews proceeded to confine his elbows by a strap, which also passed around the body and tied the hands crosswise in front. Another strap was bound around the legs just above the knees.

After the prisoner had again risen upon his feet, the rope was drawn down and adjusted arround his neck by deputy sheriff Rugg. The knot was placed a little behind the right ear; and the rope being by accident drawn too closely, the culprit's countenance flushed, and his eyes filled with tears, when the noose was instantly slackened.

The black cap was drawn over the head by Messrs. Rugg and Holmes; thus shutting out forever from the the prisoner's mortal vision the beautiful sunlight and blue sky of this fair Summer day.

The flushed appearance of the prisoner's face continued as the cap was decending; and, to the last moment, he turned his eyes sideways upon Dr. Putnam, who stood at the left, leaning upon the railing and much affected.

Sheriff Eveleth announced, that in the name of the Commonwealth, he should now proceed to carry into effect the sentence of the law, and immediately placing his foot upon the drop, the prisoners fell some seven feet and a half, and his mortal career was at an end. This took place at 25 minutes before ten o'clock.

The body swayed slightly to and fro; and in a few seconds after the fall there was a spasmodic drawing-up of the legs, once or twice. Beyond this there was no observable struggle, nor was there any subsequent agitation or quivering of the body.

After hanging thirty minutes the body was examined by Dr. Henry G. Clark, city physician, and by Dr. Charles H. Steadman, of the Lunatic Hospital, South Boston; and they informed the sheriff that life was extinct.

The sheriff then announced the fact to the assembly, and after thanking the witnesses for their prompt attendence, he dismissed them from farther service.

The body was placed in a black coffin and conveyed to the cell recently occupied by the prisoner.

Professor Webster left no special communications for the public; nor did he retract to the last any statement made in his confession to Dr. Putnam.

He has, however, left a number of letters to various parties, and some of them may hereafter be communicated for publication.

Immediately after the execution took place, says a letter, I was informed that Professor Webster was interogated shortly before the execution, as to whether he wished to make any further confession.—In reply he said he did not—that the last confession was true, and that he could not add to nor subtract from it. He died, therefore, with the assertion that the killing of Dr. Parkman was not premeditated—that in a moment of passion he struck him with a piece of grape-vine—that death was the result, and that for the purpose of concealing the act, he attempted to dispose of the body in the manner specified.

A letter to the New York Journal of Commerce says that a second before the drop fell he exclaimed "O! God! into thy hands I commit my spirit."

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

BY JANE WEVER.

"Caroline, I wish you would remain a moment," said Mr. Warren, as his daughter was about to leave the parlor.

"Well, papa, what is it?"

She strove to look unconscious, but her varying color and the nervous movement of her lips, betray secret agitation; in fact, she suspected the purpose of her parent.—

"I thought," said Mr. Warren, "that when I forbade young Collins my house, you were prepared to submit to the prudence of my decision. We talked the matter over, Caroline, if you remember, and I was at considerable pains to convince you that he was idle, wasteful, and I feared, dissipated—in short, a very unfit person for any woman to trust her happiness with. You silently agreed to what I said—at least you said nothing in reply. I fancied I had persuaded you, for I thought your own good sense, to which I appealed, would see the matter in a light similar to that in which your mother and myself beheld in it. Judge, then, of my inexpressible pain when I saw you walking arm-in-arm with him in the out-skirts of the city, to-day."

He paused, and Caroline hung down her head abashed. "I was not mistaken," she said to herself, "it was pa whom I saw."

Mr. Warren waited for more than a minute for the reply, but as she continued silent, he went on.

"Now, Caroline," said he, "I wish you to look on me as what I am—the best friend you have in the world, and one who has no motive, much less any wish, to advise you wrong. It is a mistake of people especially of those of your sex, to suppose that parents wish to tyranize over them in the affair of marriage. Believe me, nothing is generally further from a parent's thought. It is not unfrequent, indeed, that a father differs from a daughter as to the wisdom of her uniting herself with a certain suitor: but in such cases the father is, nine times out of ten, right, and the child wrong. The parent, from his knowledge of men—from what he hears in the street and from other sources, usually arrives at a juster conclusion respecting a young man's character, than a daughter, who has little or no means of ascertaining the truth. In the case of this young Collins, I know him to be extravagant occasionally intemperate in his habits, and head over ears in debt. Besides this, he has a violent temper. I beseech you, Caroline, do not give way further to this infatuation of yours."

As Mr. Warren awoke, he approached his daughter and took her hand. She burst into tears, looked up in his face, and said—"Oh, but, papa, I love him, and he loves me; he says he will throw himself away, if I do no marry him. Surely, surely, if I can, I ought to reform him."

Mr. Warren shook his head. "Caroline," he said, severely, "cheerfully, miserable infatuation! No woman ever reformed a man whose principles were so loose as those of Collins, a wretch, who in his own words will throw himself away if you do not marry him. Listen to my words, child for you are weaker than I thought, and I must rule where I would prefer to pursuade; if ever you marry Collin's from that hour this house is closed against you."

The tears of Caroline flowed faster.—Mr. Warren, after a turn or two across the room, softened again and addressed her in kinder tones—

"My child," he said, "I speak thus for your own good. I know, if you marry Collins, that you will regret it; and I would by interdicting it, spare you much future sorrow. I will not urge you to unite with any man you do not fancy, however excellent I may think him to be.—This I promise you, and on your part, I shall expect you to give up this acquaintance. To morrow I will look for your promise to this effect. Go now, and think of it, I am sure you will obey me."

He stooped down and kissed her tenderly; and then Caroline, still weeping, rushed from the room.

But was it to think, as her father desired, of her duty?

Alone, in her chamber, she recalled, at alternate moments, the words of her parent, and the incidious persuasions of her lover; and alas! the latter had most influence with her.

Caroline was not exactly a weak girl, but she had fallen into a bad set at school and from it many hurtful notions of a child's duty to its parents, especially in a case of supposed affection. She had read, not good novels, but visionary romances; and had strengthened her mistaken ideas. Her present suitor was a handsome, designing libertine, who knowing her father to be rich, desired to possess the daughter's hand; as with it went a large fortune.

The finished manners of Collins had easily won her liking—for we cannot call it love—and, imagining herself to be in a similar position to her favorite heroines, she regarded the opposition of her father as oppressive and unreasonable.

That very day her suitor had urged her to elope with him, and she had consented to do so. But her parent's kind expostulations had now for a time shook her purpose. Finally, however, the vanity of being the heroine of a runaway match, as well as her based views respecting the supposed injustice of her father induced her to fulfil her promise; and at the dead of night she left her home forever.

We say, left her home, for she never had another. Mr. Warren proved true to his threat, and was the more inflexible because Caroline had eloped on the very night he had pleaded so earnestly with her. "She left me with my kiss still warm upon her cheek," he said; "she preferred another, and a stranger, to me; she treated me, not like her best friend, but like an enemy, and henceforth she is banished from my heart."

Yes! she never again had a home.—Her husband took her to a hotel, where they remained several weeks, hoping daily to receive a summons from her father, but as none came, they were forced at last to retire to a cheap boarding house. Here amid indifferent society. Caroline, who had been tenderly nurtured, learned soon to feel acutely the advantages of which she had deprived herself, and learned to long for her old home.

If her husband had really loved her, or if she could have continued to persuade herself that her father had been unjust, she might have found some alleviation in her altered fortune. But her husband, angry that her father was inexorable, now began to punish Caroline for her fathers firmness by neglecting her; and left her, evening after evening, to amuse herself, while he spent the hours at the billiard-table, in the theatre, or with some gay friends over a bottle or two of wine. It was now that Caroline saw the correctness of the judgment which her father had expressed respecting Collins. She not only learned that he was both idle and a spendthrift, but discovered that he was intemperate, passionate and unprincipled.

Often, when he came home excited by wine, he would address her in a most brutal manner, charging their present poverty on her, or rather on her "nigardly father," as he called Mr. Warren to her face. At last one night he returned, in a state of violent excitement from the gaming table, where he had lost largely, and finding Caroline weeping, struck her a blow in a fit of passion, that felled her to the floor, where she lay bleeding.

And this was the end of her dream of romance! Into this slavery, into this deep degration, had her vanity led her. Ashamed to tell the truth, and throw herself on her protection, she endured for more than a year, every variety of insult from her husband; her health, meanwhile, consuming, away, and her spirits which had once been so high, utterly broken.

Oh, how often she repented her folly.—How, when she heard of others of her sex forming clandestine marriages, she would shudder and exclaim, "Alas! the chances are that they will be miserable as I am.—Can they not see that the man who persuades them to disobey their parents, show in that very thing, a want of principle that promises little for their future happiness.

But the cup of her misery was not yet full. She had been married a little over a year when her husband left her to visit a neighboring city; and though she waited his return long after the promised day, he never came. At last a letter from him was put into her hands, and the missive announced, in the most unfeeling terms, that he had left her forever.

She sank into a swoon and lay for hours before she recovered. When she regained her conciousness, it was to shudder at her condition, for she was penniless with board for many weeks due, and not a friend on whom she could call for the slightest loan. Suddenly the parable of the Prodigal Son came up to her memory.

"I will arise and go to my father," she said, humbly, in the words of that beautiful