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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra labo at, quiomnibus, placere studet: -"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

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

Terms:

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Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advetisers. Advertisement must have the number o times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

All communications must be postpaid.

ICE-CREAM, AND CONFECTIONARY.

THE subscribers respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of this vicinity, hat they keew cinstantly on hand and for tale,

ICE-CREAM AND CONFECTIONARY,

at their Saloon, *CAPE MAY*, just below the residence of Jas. E. Barroll, Esq.—Having experience in the business they flatter themselves to be able to please ALL.

☞ICE-CREAM, by the gallon; CAKE by the pound at low rates. Weddings or Parties supplied with Cake at moderate prices.

The publics servants,
CLARA ALLEN.
ELIZA RODGERS.

June 1, 1850.—tf

Final Dividend.

BY order of the Orphan's Court of Kent county, the creditors of

JOHN McCLARY,

late of Kent county, deceased, are hereby notified to file their accounts against the said John McClary, deceased, with the Register of Wills for Kent county, on or before Wednesday, the 17th of July next, and to attend before the Orphans' Court of said county on Tuesday the 6th Aug., 1850, when a dividend on the personal estate of said deceased will be made and paid according to law.

SAM'L. COMEGYS,
Admr of John McClary, dec'd.

June 22, 1850 —tdd

Clerk Wanted.

THE subscriber wishes to employ a young man, immediately, as a salesman in a store. One between the ages of 21 and 25 would be preferred. None need apply unless he can come well recommended.

JNO H. BEWLEY.

Smyrna, Del., June 8 '50—tf.

CARTWRIGHT LUMBER. house framing of all kinds, on kand and for sale—Walnut suitable for coffins, for cash or good paper.

WM. BACCHUS.

April 6 1850.

FOUND.

CAME on my shore a large ROW BOAT about 24 ft. long, by 6 ft. 8 inches wide, round bottom; she had in her 4 oars. The owner, or owners thereof can have the same by coming forward—proving property and paying charges.

JOS. T. MITCHELL.

May 25, 1850.—tf.

Wool!

W. N. E WICKES agent for James May, has on hand a good stock of KERSY to exchange for WOOL, and will give the highest price for *WOOL in trade*

June 8, '50.

PAPERHANGINGS—We have just received our new stock of *French Paperhangings, Borders,* and *Fire Board Prints,* embracing a complete assortment of fine gold embossed Parlor Papers; Landscape views and Oak Varnished Hall Papers—all of which will be sold and hung on pleasing terms.

J. C. & W. HOLLAND, Paperhangers,
87 Baltimore st. op. Holliday.

March 30, '50.

J. C. & W. HOLLAND,

Paper Hangers, Upholsters, and Window Blind Manufacturers.

ARE prepared to execute all orders in either of the above branches of business on moderate terms. Constantly on hand a large stock of Paper Hangings, Upholstery Goods and Window Blinds.

Also a large stock of CARPETING, MATTING, OIL CLOTHS, and Table Covers, constantly on hand.

No. 87, Baltimore st. opposite Holliday st, Baltimore, Md.

March 30, 1850.

A large lot of IRISH LINENS for sale by WILMER & FRANCIS.

May 4, '50.

A very superior lot of CHEWING TOBACCO—such as *CAVENDISH, ANTENERVOUS and other* Brands for sale by W. & F.

ROBERTS' EMBROCATION and Roberts' Horse Powders for sale by W. & F.

AGENTS:

V. B. Palmer, N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut st.; E. W. Carr, No 440 N. Fourth sts. Philadelphia, and Wm. Thompson, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South streets, Baltimore, are our authorised agents, to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for the Kent News, and collect and receipt for the same.



POETRY.

LINES

On seeing the Funeral Procession of President Taylor pass.

BY F. H. DAVIDGE, of Washington, D. C.

Hark! to the herald of the throng,
That floats upon the air,
In solemn march they sweep along,
And shrouded pennons bear.

With downcast looks the warriors come,
And measured step and slow,
While trump and fife and muffled drum,
Peal forth the notes of war.

Men who have traced our Eagle's flight,
O'er "Palo Alto's" field,
And, in "Resaca's" deadly fight,
Have made the Astec yield;

Men who have bled at "Monterey,"
And borne our standard on,
Through "Buena Vista's" bloody fray,
Until the fight was won.

SCOTT and his warriors true and tried,
Are in the mournful train,
And grieve for him—their country's pride,
They ne'er shall see again.

The noble steed that erst he rode,
Walks, riderless, along,
And seems to feel as 'twere a load,
The sadness of the throng.

The hand, of old, that grasped his rein,
Lies powerless and cold,
The voice that cheered him o'er the plain,—
Its last command has told.

A nation mourns and party strife
Is hushed, as on they hie,
Towards the tomb, where, loved in life,
His cherished form must lie.

'Till the last trump shall nations call,
To pass in Grand Review,
Before the ETERNAL CHIEF of all,
The POWERFUL, JUST and TRUE.

WASHINGTON, July 13th, 1850.

MY OWN, MY GENTLE ONE.

They talk of rainbows in the sky, and blossoms on the earth,
They sing the beauty of the stars in songs of love and mirth,
They say the mountain sod is fair—they tell of dew drops bright,
They praise the sun that warms the day, and moon that cheers the night,
I do not sigh to watch the sky, I do not care to see
The lustre drop on green hill top, or fruit upon the tree;
I've vrayed to have my lids unceal'd, but 'twas not to behold
The pearly dawn of misty morn, or evening cloud of gold:
No, no my Mary, I would turn from flower, star and sun,
For well I know thou'rt fairer still, my own, my gentle one.

I hear the music others deem most eloquent and sweet,
The merry lark above my head—the cricket at my feet,
The laughing tones of childhood's glee that gladden while they ring,
The robin in winter time—the cuckoo in the spring
But never do I think those tones so beautiful as thine,
When kind words from a kinder heart confirmed that heart a mine.
There is no melody of sound that bids my soul rejoice,
As when I hear my simple name breathed by thy happy voice:
And Mary I will ne'er believe that flower, star or sun,
Can ever be so bright as thee, my true, my gentle one.

PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.—"Mother," asked a six foot gawky, after two hours of brown study, "what did you and dad used to do when he came courtin" you?"

"Good airth and seas! what do you mean Jedediah?"

"Why I went a courtin" last Sunday night—I went to Deacon Doolittle's to see Peggy, and she told me I didn't know how to court. I asked her to show me how, and seys she, "ax your marm" So now I want to know what you and father did."

"La! suz! Why, Jed, we used to set by the fire and eat roast turkey and mince pies and drink cider, and watch the crickets running round the hearth."

"Good gracious! time aint as they used to was, mother, that's sartin; I was all slicked up to kill, and looked tarin' rascumpshus, and the only thing Peg gin me was a raw pickle."

☞'Twas twilight. The sun had sunk behind the western hills; and the bright rays which streaked the eastern horizon had disappeared. A lovely female who had been but one short week a bride, and had been led to the hymeneal altar with lively anticipations of future felicity, sat in a secluded apartment with her husband. She slowly moved her sylph-like form nearer to the partner of her bosom—raised her delicate hand, and—*and slapped his face with a dish cloth,*

POPULAR TALES

Wonderful Log Rolling at the West.

An Englishman who was lately travelling on the Mississippi, told some rather tough stories about the London thieves.—A Cincinnati chap, named Case, heard these narratives with a silent, but expressive humph! and then remarked that he thought the Western thieves beat the London operators all hollow.

"How so?" inquired the Englishman, with surprise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much in the West?"

"Not a great deal. I undertook to settle up a business at the Desmoins Rapids awhile ago, but the rascally people stole nearly every thing I had, and finally a Welsh miner ran off with my wife."

"Good God!" said the Englishman.—"And you never found her?"

"Never to this day. But that was not the worst of it."

"*Worst!* Why, what *could* be worse than stealing a man's wife?"

"Stealing his children, I should say," said the implacable Case.

"Children!"

"Yes; a nigger woman, who hadn't any of her own, abducted my youngest daughter and sloped and joined the Ingins."

"Great heavens! Did you see her do it?"

"See her? Yes, and she hadn't ten rods the start of me, but she plunged into the lake and swam like a duck, and there warn't a canoe to follow her with."

The Englishman laid back in his chair and called for another mug of aff-an-aff, while Case smoked his cigar and looked at his credulous friend at the same time most remorselessly.

"I—I shan't go any further West—I *think*," at length observed the excited John Bull.

"I should not advise any one to go," said Case, quietly. "My brother once lived there, but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the country."

"What business was he in, pray?"

"Lumbering—had a saw mill."

"And they stole his lumber?"

"Yes and his saw logs, too."

Saw logs!"

"Yes, whole dozens of fine black walnut logs were carried off in a single night—"

"True, upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it; had men hired to watch his logs; but it was all of no use.—They would whip 'em away as easily as if there had been nobody there. They would steal them out of the cove, and even out of the millways."

"Good gracious!"

"Just to give you an idea how they can steal out there," continued Case, sending a sly wink at the listening company, "just to give you an *idea*—did you ever work in a saw mill?"

"Never."

"Well, my brother one day, bought an all-fired black walnut log—four feet three at the butt and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log any how, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn full of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the side of the hill above the mill, and built a fire, and then set down on the logs to play keerds, just to keep awake, you see. "twas a monsus big log—bark two inches thick. Wall, as I was sayin," they played keerds and drank whiskey all that night, and so it began to grow light, went asleep a-straddle of the log. About a minute after daylight George went over to the mill to see how they gor on, and *the log was gone!*"

"And they setting on it!"

"*Setting on the bark!* The thieves had drove an iron wedge into the butt end which pinted down hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on, and pulled it right out, leaving the shell and the Scotchers setting a-straddle of it, fast asleep.

The Englishman he rose, dropped his cigar stump into the spitton, and looking at his watch, said he thought he would go on deck and see how far we'd be down the river before morning.

Yankee Courtship.

"Now, darn it, Sal, I say, where's the use o' this eternal sparkin'? You know me, and I know you, so now if you have any notion of getting married, jist say so at once, and we'll have it done.

"Hey day! Mr. Jonathan—jist as if I'm obliged to hev you if I get married at all. I am not in such a despert hurry, neither—I mought see some feller that 'ud take the shine clean off o' you afore I'm twenty."

"Now, Sal, that's smart, I swow. So you're jist holding' onter me, tu hev a fool to fall back on, when you can't git nothing better. I tell you now, or say good-bye ter ye. A fellow that'll take the shine off'er me?—I'd like to see him!"

"So'd I, Johnathan, for raly he'd be worth seein'. I don't think there's many cud du it; but if there be one, of course I'd like ter hev'm."

"But seein' you're not sure o' such luck. Sal, would'nt it be better to take up with a good offer than to wait for the chance of a better, which ten to one you'll never get. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; now I tell you."

"Well, so it is, Jonathan, but raly we'd better wait a little. I havn't got my sheetin' bleeched, nur my diaperwove; and my kiver lids are in the loom yit. Besides, I have got four bed kivers tu quilt, and a bed tick ter make up, bolsters, pillow and all. I can't get ready under three months, at any rate. Let's see; its June—July, August, September. That'll bring the weddin' into the season o' fruit, and we can have things nicer, without so much expense."

"That's good argun', Sal; but you see harvest is coming, and mother's gittin' old, and can't do the work for the hands, through the hot weather. Now, if you cud get married about the fust of July, it 'ud save me hirin' a gal, and the money I should have to pay for wages 'ud buy us a set of cheers."

"That's true, Jonathan. It's tu hard for your good old mother ter haf tu du so much work. Mebby I kin git ready by July; I kin leave the soin', and sister.—Su'll help me with the weavin' and quiltin'. How many cows do you milk this summer?"

"Why, we've tu that gives milk, and tu heifers, that'll come in July. Likely it'll be some truble to break 'em to milkin; but you understand things, and I heard you say you like ter feed calves. And Sal, I've got a pair o' the new kind er chickens, as big as turkeys, an' I'll lay a dollar there's no nicer sheep in the State'n mine. Mother says I've got all I need but a wife, and she says she'd rather have you'n any other girl she knows; and you know I'd like ter marry tu please mother as well as myself. Now, one word for all—Sal, is it a bargain?"

"Well, Jonathan, I don't see as I kin du any better. Besides your mother needs mp help mor'n my mother dus, who has two good gals, besides me. So I think we'll fix it for the first of July.

"That's right, sal! and won't we have a glorious Independenee!"

A TOUGH STORY OF A TOUGH STUMP.—Our uncle Ezra is in the habit sometimes of "stretching the truth" a little—a vicious sort of propensity from which the rest of the family are singularly free. We heard him tell Snooks a severe tale one day last week, which we have concluded to give to the world:—"When I lived in Maine, (said he) I helped to break up a new piece of ground, we got the wood off in the winter, and early in the spring we begun ploughing on't. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough—we did faith—and I held that plough more than a week—I thought I should die. It e'en a most killed me, I vow. Why one day I was holding, and the plough hit a stump that measured just nine feet and a half through it, hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump when I happened to think it might snap to—gather again, so I threw my feet out, and had no sooner done this, than it shapped togather, taking a smart hold on my pantaloons. Ofcourse I was tight but I held on to the plough handles and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen couldn't tear my pantaloons nor cause me to let go my grip. At last though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull altogether, and the old stump came out about the quickest—it had monstrous long roots too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I havn't worn any other kind since.

The only reply made to this was—I should have thought it would have come hard upon your suspenders.—*Yankee Blade.*

CHOKING OFF A LAWYER.—The best and most effectual check ever given to a verbose pettifogger occurred in a well-known western city, and is within our own knowledge as a fact. Much against his will, a shrewed, plain spoken, straight forward citizen was called from his business and forced upon a jury to pronounce a verdict over some trivial point of litigation. He sat some time patiently until he got the merits of the case and saw that the matter was just worth the toss of a red cent, and far worthier of being so decided than thurst into a court of justice. Yet a pendic looking small lawyer got up, having an ostentaceous display of law books before him, and giving every indication that he was going to commence a prolix fanfaronade, a kind of forensic oratory for which he was somewhat celebrated among the different justices courts and other *bars* of the place. After several pompous *hems* and *haws*, he commenced —

"Gentlemen of the jury"—

"Look here," said our juryman, rising and pulling out his watch—"I've just one remark to make before you go on. If you talk more than five minutes I'll give my verdict against you! Now you see the less you say the better.

The lawyer took the hint, consented to be choked off and was rewarded by the naltry verdict he wishes to gain.

☞ Don't touch the lute when drums are sounding. A wise man remains silent while fools are speaking.

☞Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but live for it.

DECISION OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

IN THE CASE OF

Prof. JOHN W. WEBSTER.

COMMUTATION REFUSED.

The committee on pardons, of the Governor's Council of Massachusetts, composed of Lieutenant Governor John Reed, chairman, of Yarmouth; Dr. Luther V. Bell, superintendent of the McLane Asylum for the Insane; Hon. Samuel Wood, of Grafton; Hon. John Tenney, of Methuen, and Hon. Chas. M. Owen, of Stockbridge, met at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning, and submitted their final report in the case of John W. Webster, to the Governor and Council.

The report opens with a statement of the murder, the trial, conviction, confession, &c., and proceeds as follows:

It seems to your committee that the sentence in the case of said Webster, having been passed by the court, after a full and fair trial, in the course of which, all the facts and circumstances which could then be brought to light, were patiently and thoroughly invested and weighed by the jury, and having been fully affirmed—after careful revision of the law upon trial, since had by the full court, on solemn argument on both sides, there appears to be no ground for Executive interposition, except it may be found in the subsequent confession of the prisoner.

In this view, the only questions, as it seems to us, are, whether the statements which said Webster now makes in his confession, of the manner and circumstances of the homicide, are so confirmed by other evidence, or so intrinsically probable, that they ought to be received as true; and if true, whether they justify the Executive in a commutation of the punishment.

To these questions the minds of the committee have been most carefully directed, and, as they trust, with no unwillingness on their part to come to an affirmative conclusion, if they could do so consistently with *a supreme regard to truth and justice.* But after all the consideration which they have been able to bestow upon this confession, and under the light of all the evidence and the comments with which it has been accopanied and supported, they feel constrained to say, that the effect has not been such as to satisfy their minds, that they position of the case is materially changed. In other words, the palliating facts and circumstances set forth in the confession, have not been so confirmed by other evidence and circumstances, as to form a proper and sufficient basis for executive interference.

To this painful conclusion the committee have unanimously come.

The committee therefore respectfully report, that they cannot consistenly, with what they conceive their duty, recommend a commutation of the sentence, in the case of John W. Webster, as prayed for in his petition.

Nothing now remains for the committee, in the discharge of this painful duty, but to advise your excellency in determining upon a time for the excution, and they name FRIDAY, THE THIRTIETH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, as the day, and recommend to your excellency to decide upon that day as the time for the execution of John W. Webster.

JOHN REED. Chairman.

Council Chamber, July 19, 1850.

After the conclusion of the reading of the report, His Excellency Governor Briggs read to the council the following:

To the Honorable Council:—The council having considered and acted on the case of John W. Webster, a convict under sentence of death, it becomes my duty, as the chief executive magistrate of the Commonwealth, to make a final decision on a question involving the life of the prisoner. I feel the weight of its responsibility found in the path of official duty, and I am not disposed to evade it, or shrink from it.—For eight months past this extraordinary case has created a deep and painful interest among the people of Massachusetts and of the whole Union. Its history is as brief as it is terrible and instructive, every new development in its progress has been more strange, and has increased that interest.

[Here follows a narrative of the case as it has been developed on the trial, including the conviction, sentence and confession, when the Governor proceeds as follows:]

The committee on pardons, consisting of the Lieut. Governor and four other councellors, after a full, careful and patient hearing of all that could be offered by the friends of the prisoner and by others who were pleased to be heard in his behalf, came to the unanimous opinion that there were no sufficient reasons to justify them in recommending the interposition of executive clemency.

They recommended that the Governor be advised to have the sentence of the law as pronounced by the court carried into effect on the 30th day of August next.

The council, with but one exception, concurred with the report of the committee, and advised the Governor to carry out the sentence of the court as recommended by them.

In carefully and anxiously examining and considering the case, I not feel authorized by any considerations which have been presented to my mind to set aside the deliberate verdict of the jury, arrest the solemn decree of the law as pronounced by the highest judicial tribunal of the Commonwealth, and disregard the opinion of the Council. If the circumstances of the killing, as stated by the prisoner, are taken to be true, it may well be questioned, whether the Executive Council could interfere with the sentence without violating the settled laws of the land. In his charge to the Jury in this case, the Chief Justice says: "*It is a settled rule that no provocation with words only will justify a mortal blow. Then if provoking language, the party intentionally revenge himself with a mortal blow, it is unquestionably Murder.*"

The only new fact brought to light as to the killing, depends upon the word of the prisoner. It will hardly be pretended by any one, that the declaration of a person under sentence of death should be permitted to out weigh the doings of the court and jury, and rescue him from the consequences which are to follow their procedings. It is candidly stated by Dr. Putnam, in his able argument, and by several of the petitions presented in favor of commutation, received since his confession, that, standing as he does, the word of the prisoner is entitled to no credit.

If the circumstances disclosed on the trials are relied on to support his statement, the reply is, that those circumstaces were urged in his favor before the Jury, and they have decided against him. The fact of this appalling case are before the world; they will hereafter fill one of the gloomiest pages in the record of crime amongst civilized men.

It is undisputed, that on the 23 l day of November, 1849 John White Webster, a professor in Harford University, and in the Medical College in Boston di l at mid-day in his room, in that college, within a few feet of the place where he daily stood and delivered scientific lectures to a large class of young men, with unlawful violence take the life of Dr. George Parkman, a respectable citizen of Boston, who had come to that room at the repeated requests of the prisoner; that after taking his life, he eviscerated and in a manner most shocking to humanity, mutilated the body of his victim, burning parts of it in a furnace, and depositing other parts of it in different places in the building, where they were found by persons who were seeking after Dr Parkman; that after killing him, he robbed his lifeless creditor, by taking from him two notes of hand, signed by himself, to which he had no right, and committed still another crime by making false marks upon those notes, and that a jury of his country empanneled according to law, under the direction of four or five eminent Judges, constituting the supreme Court of Massachusetts, after a long patient and impartial trial, and after hearing in his defence the arguments of learned and eloquent counsel, upon their oaths, found him guilty of murder.

Upon the verdict, the Court pronounced the awful sentence of death. In such a case there should be obvious and conclusive reasons to authorize the pardning power to interpose and arrest the sword of justice. I do not see these reasons. The combined circumstances of the case before me to the conclusion that the safety of the community, the inviolability of law, and the principles of impartial justice demand the execution of the sentence.

I hope it is not necessary for me to say that it would have given me unspeakable pleasure to come to a different result, and that I would do anything on earth in my my power, short of violating duty, to alleviate the sufferings of a crushed and broken hearted family. GEO. N. BRIGGS.

☞An exchange tells the following good 'um:

A raw boy coming into a printing office to learn the business, the foreman asked the question:

Have you ever set any?—meaning type of course.

Set, reckon I kin; haven't I set all our old hens? and didn't every one of 'em hatch out every egg I put under 'em, except old speckle that went off and left her nest—consarn her old pictur!

You'll do, said the foreman, I don't want you to set hens, but to set at the stand.

Wall, that's quare; you want me to set at the stand, like them set of fellers pickin' up them little jigamarees, do you? Wal here goes.

THE GIRLS.—They think of Hymen, and they can't help sighing. When their lovers forsake them they can't help crying. They sit at the window and cant help spying. To get each a beaux they can't help twisting and twingling, and lacing and tying. They scraw up their corsets, bring on the consumption, and can't help dying.

WHAT WILL YOU TAKE?—A Glasgow youth walking with his sweetheart along Queen street of that city, stopped at the door of a pastry-cook's shop, and addressing his lady-love, said, "Now, my dear, what will you take?"

She, expecting to be treated to some of the good things of the shop, modestly replied, "I will take anything you like"

"Then," says he, "we will take a walk," and marched past the shop.

☞A queer remark, was made by an urchin of five years, who had lost a sister by death, to a neighbor who was attending the funeral.

"What are *you* crying for?" said the little fellow, to the latter who was shedding tears—"*it's none of your funeral.*"

☞"That's a pretty bird grandma," said a little boy. "Yes," replied the old dame, "he never cries." "That's because he's never washed," rejoined the youngster.