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KENT NEWS

CHESTER TOWN, Md.

Saturday, June 28, 1851.

Col. James Boon.

Who departed this life at his residence in George Town, in Kent County, on the 18th of June 1851, was born in Caroline county, Md., on the 21st September 1794; commenced his collegiate course, at New-Ark College, Delaware, graduated at Dickinson college, Carlisle, studied the profession of law, with the late Caesar A. Rodney, in Wilmington, and having declined entering upon the practice, removed from Delaware, and settled in Kent County, Md. in the year 1821, and engaged in Agricultural pursuits, which he prosecuted till near his demise.

The subject of this notice, was endowed with a mind strong and vigorous, much improved by culture, and remarkable, more for the accuracy of his conceptions and soundness of judgment, than for quickness of apprehension and of speech. He had stored it with information, solid and useful, and aided by a memory of no common capacity, like "Wax to receive and marble to retain," accustomed to close and mature thinking, he had advantages in colloquial intercourse, which few possessed. In his friendship, he was constant and consistent, unsuspecting and indulgent, counting no sacrifice too dear to offer upon its Altar, believing that, "A friend should bear, a friend's infirmities." His hospitality was proverbial; and his unremitted and kind attentions, threw an interest and a charm, around every thing connected with his domestic and social life.

The deceased, was never unmindful of the rights and feelings of others, was careful to observe the polite and proper courtesies of life, which lend so great an attraction to social and business intercourse. His business engagements, were frequently extensive and important, but were conducted, and consumated in frankness and amity. He was averse to litigation, and has been known to relinquish just demands, rather than press by legal means. The poor by him was never oppressed, but his sympathies were ever alive to their call and his hand to their relief. Benevolence in its best and largest sense, in sentiment, feeling, and in practical results, constituted a prominent and essential feature of his character and life. He was generous, almost to a fault, and although not a professing christian, had a great respect for its ministry and membership, a firm believer in Scriptural truth, his, heart, his house and his hand, were always open to receive the herald of the cross, while he was never known to withhold relief, from any religious and benevolent enterprise, whose claims were presented to him.

He represented Kent County in the Legislature in 1824 and 1827; at one period, might have been termed an ardent politician, yet he never forgot the duties of a citizen, nor the obligations of friendship, and among his, political opponents was to be found true and constant friends. His own political friends were always attached to him, though in later years his zeal in public matters was diminished. He acted from principle, and seemed always to avoid, rather than seek, public preferment. He was generally and highly esteemed, by all classes. His loss will be deeply regretted.

In the domestic circle, where was sustained the varied relations of Husband, Father and Master, his virtues shone with distinct and steady brilliancy. The natural affectionate disposition, kind and confiding, had room for display, while the generous and noblest impulses of his nature, gave them full and constant exercise. It is there that his loss will be more keenly and sensibly felt, and there that the recollection of his many excellencies of head and of heart, will rise as sweet incense to his memory.

The writer had known him for upwards of thirty years, had contracted for him a sincere regard, heard of his rumored illness and death with emotions of pain, and would mingle his own sympathies and drop the tear of friendship, in the family urn of sorrow and of grief, for the loss of one to them so dear and irreparable. *

Distressing Accident.

We learn, that a fatal accident occured at the house of Mr. Wm. Joiner, near Rock Hall, on Tuesday last. A little boy named John Joiner, son of Mr. Wm. Joiner, of Baltimore, was on a visit to his grandfather's near Rock Hall. The little fellow with other children were playing soldiers, each with a stick for a gun; they called on Miss Hester Joiner, a young lady to join in the sport. She picked up a gun, and leveled it at the child, when to her susprise, it exploded, lodging the whole contents in his breast. He gave one shriek and fell a corpse.

Harvest.

The most of our farmers are now engaged harvesting—laborers are very scarce and good cradlers can get two dollars per day. The wheat crop, we believe, will be an average one.

POSTPONED.—The sale of Shaw's Mill, by J. E. Rochester has been postponed till Tuesday 29th July. See advertisement.

THE COSDEN MASSACRE.

Sentence of Shelton, Taylor and Murphy.

Tuesday last, having been fixed as the day on which sentence of death should be pronounced upon WILLIAM SHELTON, ABRAHAM TAYLOR and NICHOLAS MURPHY, convicted of the Murder of William Cosden and family—the Court house was densely crowded at the appointed hour 12 M., by a multitude, eager to hear the sentence. The prisoners having been manacled together and placed in the dock. The Chief Judge inquired of each—"what have you to say why the sentence of the Law should not be pronounced?" To this Shelton replied, "I have nothing to say, except that I was not there and know nothing about it." Taylor's reply was, "I am as innocent as that little boy, [pointing at a lad, seated in the Bar,] Shaw and Drummond have sworn falsely—there is no truth in what they said except in the statement of Shaw, that I took a drink of water with him at the spring." Murphy replied, "I am not guilty, I know neither part nor parcel of the matter."

Judge Chambers then proceeded to pass sentence, and during the delivery of his deeply solemn and impressive address, the most entire stillness pervaded the audience. Each heart was touched by the influence of the thrilling scene; and when at length the Judge uttered the closing invocation and pronounced the terrible sentence of the Law, the emotion of the multitude seemed universal. But of all present, the doomed men were most unmoved. Scarcely an evidence of feeling could be discovered in them, and when at the close of the melancholy ceremony, they were removed from the Bar, no symptom of concern for their terrible condition could be observed.

But one act of this tragedy yet remains incomplete. The execution of the sentence of the Law—the partial expiation of that foul wrongs inflicted upon humanity:

William Shelton, Abraham Taylor and Nicholas Murphy:

You have each been convicted of murder of the deepest grade. You have had the assistance of most able and legal defence; nothing has been omitted to secure to you, every possible advantage. Your Counsel have exhausted every effort which untiring industry in preparation of means, and the most ingenious intelligent and zealous employment of them, could suggest, yet you have each by a separate Jury, selected with the strictest regard to their dispassionate and unprejudiced feelings, been convicted, with an unanimity which seems to have been attained immediately on hearing the facts; and which even the powerful appeals of your counsel, renewed on each occasion with increased earnestness, could not for a moment avert. No voice has since been heard, to whisper a doubt of the truth and accuracy of the verdict. Alas! we may add no voice has been heard, suggesting aught to mitigate the enormity of your guilt. The fiendish act has been marked with features of such peculiar, such unprovoked, such unparelleled atrocity, as to make it the theme of remark from one end of this wide spread union to the other.—The records of crime furnish no instance of such wanton disregard of every feeling which can distinguish a human from an infernal being.

On the evening of the 27th February last, there lived in the quiet of their humble home, a worthy family, consisting of Wm. Cosden and his wife, then lately the mother of an infant child, with a sister of each in the morning of youth, one in the pride and bloom of health and beauty, the other languishing on a bed of sickness. The honest head of this family had gone through his daily round of labor and duty, and sitting at his fire side, in fancied security, surveyed the objects of his affection, doubtless revolving new thoughts, how to-morrow's labor should be best applied, to multiply their comfort and his own.

That God, in whom we all live and move and have our being, had granted him life and health, and an honest heart had given the will to devote them to the honorable pursuit of the peculiar duties of his station. In a land of law, where the rights and the life of the humblest citizen are guarded and protected, with as zealous care as those of the most exalted, he could feel no alarm from the approach of lawless outrage; from personal malignity he had no cause to dread injury, because with his dying breath he uttered his belief that he had not an enemy upon the wide surface of the earth.

Surely if peace, domestic peace which even a demon would hesitate to invade, can be pictured to the eye of fancy, it is to be found in such a scene as was to be witnessed at the family circle of Wm. Cosden, on that evening when, after the toils of the day he sat reclining at his own firre side, with the wife of his bosom busied at the table with her domestic duties, his infant of three months in the cradle beside him, and the sister of his affections playfully amusing herself with her little relative, to make all more cheerful.

To that scene, the fell spirit of mischief directed your steps on that fatal evening. Guileless and harmless themselves, no member of that innocent family had suspected danger or used any means to avoid it.

With a willing obedience to the call which every morning's dawn sends from Heaven to man, "to rise and pursue his labor until night." his window was unbarred, with no suspicion that a visitor less welcome than the light of Heaven, would seek admittance there. Poor man! how awfully were all your hopes in one sad hour blasted—and forever.—The tale of horror is too dark, too black to allow us to find appropriate words to narrate it. Credulity falters at the belief of a deed so damning and so vile. But it is too true. True, that three men, or creatures in human form, could relentlessly, inhumanly, indiscriminately imbrue their savage hands in the blood of this innocent, happy, and unsuspecting family.

Yes! 'tis too true, that you three men, and men you should not be termed, if condition did not in some measure disarm even just indignation of its feelings. *You*, were capable of this wanton, unprovoked, and most foul tradegy. When you had by the first fatal aim through the window, laid poor Cosden a bleeding vietim before your eyes, weltering in his gore, and in agony fast breathing out that life which was the prop, and the staff of the helpless females, and still more helpless infant, did no emotion of remorse penetrate the dark recesses of those hearts of stone? Did not nature for one moment assert her claim and tell you "that man is a Brother—an unoffending Brother? one who with the stamp of God's own image on his soul, should have time and means to prepare that soul for its never dying destiny?" No! No! It would seem that nature's laws were strange—nature's sympathies dead, in your souls. Like the wild beast of the desert, you were but maddened by the human blood you had caused to flow. But let not the ferocious tiger be dishonored by the comparison. He yields obedience to the instincts, and the appetites, which have been impressed upon him as the law of his being. *You* could only reach this depth of depravity, by violating the holy will and every commandment of your Maker. I shudder to speak of the hellish spirit, which urged you to the rapid succession of heartless, inhuman, revolting crime, which but befit the inmates of infernal regions, whose wicked propensities have been cultivated and increased from the beginning of time. The mangled person of your first victim, mortally perferated by bullets, and lying half lifeless, at his hearth, was permitted to witness, the cold blooded slaughter of his sister, and then to become the object of further brutal violence, by stabbing and stamping. But, if there be degrees of deep and desperate degradation in this scene, of more than savage barbarity, perhaps the last act of this terrific tragedy, may be regarded as the climax. A poor helpless female, with a face pale from disease, and doubly pale from terror, lay prostrate on her bed. To the monster who approached her, she raised her eyes, her hands, and her prayers, imploring that her life might be spared. The untamed savage of the aboriginal forest, with no knowledge of woman's claims, or man's obligations which all, in civilized life, recognize, obeying only the instincts of his untutored nature, yet wars not on female helplessness. The scalp of an innocent unoffonding woman, murdered in cold blood, when in sickness and fright, imploring mercy, would add no honor to the decoration of a savage, whose trade is blood. But to *you*, the pallid face, the wasted form; the piercing, earnest, agonizing cry for mercy; for life; all were addressed in vain. There, in bed, helpless, feeble, unresisting, a suppliant, appealing to that God who made woman dependent, and man her protector—you with souls dead, callous to every emotion that makes distinction between man and devils—you murdered, butchered, Miss Webster.

It is not to make you more odious to the community that we have given this recital of your foul deeds. It would probably be a vain effort, were we to attempt to aggravate the universal horror, which has been felt. Surely it is with no desire to gratify any unkind purpose of ourselves towards you. Far, very far from it. Our only object is to use this last occasion, we shall ever have, to do you good. The ways of an Infinite God are truly mysterious, and past finding out. To finite, feeble mortals it must be so. Why you should be permitted to revel and riot, in the blood of an innocent family, is a mystery—why a whole innocent family should, by a murderer's hand, be hurried from a scene of harmless, happy, domestic enjoyment, to their dread account at the bar of God, is awfully mysterious; but a greater mystery than all this we now announce to you, that mystery is, in the rich provision made for the salvation of even the vilest sinner, through the blood of a crucified Saviour. Wonderful is that scheme of divine and infinite wisdom and goodness, which can reconcile the claims of severe justice, with the indulgence of unbounded mercy. For to impress on your minds the perfect conviction, that on this mysterious dispensation of mercy, must all your hopes rely. From man's mercy you can have no hope. The obligations of justice are imperative—alike imperative by human and divine Law. We cannot make these consistent with the mercy which would rescue you from punishment. To God alone this attribute belongs, to be exerted in a future world, and to disembodied spirits. His awful fiat, is, "*He that sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed.*"—You cannot wonder, nor complain, that the whole country has been engaged in searching out the history of this unparelleled outrage. You cannot wonder, nor complain, that every effort has been used by an offended, insulted community, to bring its authors to condign punishment, for the bold and daring inroad upon its peace, which threatens danger and death in the midst of fancied security and comfort. You cannot complain of the untiring industry, the highest intellectual devotion, the soul stiring appeals of the counsel, who prosecuted you, nor of the honest truthful Jurors who have convicted you. As well might you complain of the omnipotent ruler of all events, who wills not that the murderer shall escape, who only ordained, that his blood, in just retribution shall be shed by man, but generally in the order of his providence, so arranges his proceedings, that the blood stained criminal shall be detected.

You are soon to be separated from this world and all it contains. Let no delusive, lingering hope of escape lessen your earnest efforts to prepare for another and a better world. Abandon all such vain, and in your condition ruinous expectation. You are to be taken from all which should be dear to your affections. You have, two of you familes—amongst these are infants, one of a few weeks, the other a few months old. These children you were bound to nourish and protect, & to educate them for honest usefulness, as you were bound by the more formal pledge to cherish and comfort the mother who bore them. All these you are to leave helpless and unprotected; nay worse, you are to leave them the legacy of a name steeped in infamy and crime. May it never happen that while the hot blood they derive from you courses in their veins, excited to redoubled action by some allusion to the hated memory of him whom they should have loved, they may be tempted to curse the Father that begat them.

You have brought desolation and death to husband, parent, wife and sister. They sleep their last sleep in the silent tomb; but the tear of pity, of regret and remorse has embalmed their memory.

You have in turn brought death upon yourselves, being Husbands, Father, Brother, Son, for you fill all these several relations. Alas! no tear of pity or of sorrow will mark your ignominious exit from a world in which the law regards you as unfit to live. But carry with you no thought of hatred or unkindness to those you leave behind. Their only sin is that they have performed their duty. When a thought of unkindness would rise up in your minds against a witness, remember that if you had not committed crime, he would not have testified of it. If a harsh feeling should be excited toward the counsel, or the Jurors, who have contributed by their voice to bring you to an infamous death, remember that your bold defiance of the laws of God, & of your country, left them no option but to deliver you to its awful penalties; lastly remember that we who now announce your doom, are but the ministers of that law, to make known its unrelenting sentence. Our sole object is, to persuade you to a better and a safer course. Go before an angry and offended God. Bow down your heads and your hearts at his footstool. Remember and confess, that he has given you life, and breath, and health, and strength, and that you have employed these gifts in destroying your fellow man—think that the mental faculties given by his goodness, to promote his glory and the happiness of his creatures, have been abused to vile and fiendish machinations of rapine and blood—think of the desolation which you have caused, in that retired household, where, until polluted by your presance, peace and comfort reigned—think of the dreadful appearance, which your affrighted souls are yet to encounter, at the bar of infinite justice—where before the face of Him "from whom no secrets are hid," you are to meet the murdered, mutilated corpses of those noffending victims whom you have sent before you without one moment's time for preparation. But above all, think of that dark, deep abyss of untold horror, where you may be everlastingly consigned to "the fire that is never quenched, and to the worm that never dieth." Let thoughts like these, prepare you to adore that wondrous and redeeming love, which has made provision for the vilest sinner—even for your escape. Shudder on the brink of the lake of fire, seven times hotter than the heated furnace, and then call loudly, earnestly, on the Lord who hath died for sinners. Cease not your cries day nor night, with deep humiliation of soul, agonize for pardon and forgiveness—pray for faith to repent, for faith to believe, for faith to be saved from the torments of the damned spirits, who are shut up in everlasting agony and despair, whose wailings cease not forever.

The law makes provision for an indulgence the discretion at the Executive, of not leis than 20 days after sentence. Let us beseech you to improve it as it is designed. Ask the aid of the ministers of the Gospel of Salvation.—They will instruct you in the way of repentance and faith—they will pray *for* you and *with* you: and if you surrender yourselves to their guidance, you may yet have hope of escape from the second death.

Our sentence is, that you be taken hence to the Jail from which you were brought, and from thence, at the time to be appointed by the Governor of the State, to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck until you be dead—and may the spirit of the living God that once produced life and order out of darkness and chaos, move upon your benighted soul, penetrate its deep recesses, where darkness and guilt have ruled and enlighten them to see, and to feel the Grace which alone can save you from the wrath of an angry God, and place you in the favor of a reconciled redeemer.

MR. EDITOR:—The New Constitution which has been received by a majority of the voters of the State of Maryland at the election lately held, requires a very material modification in our electoral laws making many of the officers heretofore appointed by the Governor or other State funtionaries, elected by the people; thus bringing the consideration of the fitness of the candidates, to the immediate attention of the voters themselves, and not leaving this important matter to be decided by one or a few, responsible or irresponsible individuals. And as there are a large number of officers to be chosen; and as peace and harmony in the Whig party is, in our opinion, essential to the success of that party, as that success is to the well being of this State; we beg leave to suggest the propriety of an early call of a meeting of the Whigs of the County, for consultation, preliminary to futher action.

If such a call is thought expedient, let the meeting be full; let *all* the districts be fairly and fully represented, that all cause for murmur or complaint may be avoided, and union and harmony secured.

A WHIG OF THE LOWER DISTRICT.

June 24th, 1851.

☞Yesterday at Washington College, the thermometer stood 75½° at 6 o'clock A. M. The mercury ascended steadily until at 12 M., it stood at 86°; the highest since the 13th of May when it rose ta 85°. This morning at 6½ A. M. 78°.

FOR CONGRESS.—W. Pinkey White, has been nominated, by the Locos of Baltimore a candidate for Congress.

Married.

In Baltimore on the 23rd inst., by Rev. J. Hickney, Emory G. Edwards, formerly of Kent County, to Margaret V. Sexton.

DIED.

On the 22nd inst., Mrs. SMITH, at an advanced age.

On the 21st inst., in Broad Neck, M DAVIS, at an advanced age.

On the 22nd inst., Mrs. LAMB, at an advanced age.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

THE undersigned in virtue of the authority of the last Will and Testament of her late husband, (Jacob T. Freeman) will expose to

PUBLIC SALE

to the highest bidder, on

TUESDAY

29th day of July next, at the Tavern door of Mr. Jno. McDaniel in Chester Town, at 11 o'clock, A. M., all that

Farm or Plantation,

of which the late husband died, seized—situated, lying in Kent County, on the public road leading from Chester Town to Rock Hall, and adjoining the Lands of Emory Sudler, Wm. S. Constable Esqs. and others, containing about

500 ACRES.

This farm is beautifully and desirably situated being about 2½ miles from 2 grist mills, and about the same distance from places of public worship and navigable water—and about 7 miles from Chester Town.

It is of a kind soil and well adapted to the growth of corn, wheat, clover &c.—Lime and plaster have been used, and has been found act very finely. There are about

450 Acres

of arrable land, and the residue in

which will furnish a sufficiency supply of fuel for the purpose of the farm for many years.

The inprovements consist of frame Dwelling and Kitchen, Meat and Milk houses, a Manageis house, a large Barn, Stabling, carriage houses &c., all of which are in a pretty good state of repair. The farm is under very good fencing.

THE TERMS,

which will be made known on the day of sale will be accommodating.

SOPHIA A. FREEMAN, Adm'x.
of J. T. Freeman, decd.

Chester Town, June 28, 1851.

NOTICE

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE subscriber intending to leave Chestertown in the Fall, is anxious to close his business by that time, will sell his present stock of Saddles, Bridles, Wagon and Cart Harness &c, *for the cash only.*

All persons indebted to him are earnestly requested to make immediate payment.

A. M. RUSSELL.

Chester Town, June 28th, '51

POSTPONED TRUSTEE'S SALE OF *Valuable Mill Property.*

BY virtue of a Decree of the Chancellor of Maryland, the undersigned as Trustee, will offer at public sale, at the tavern porch of John McDaniel, in Chester Town, Kent County, Maryland, between the hours of 2 P. M. and 3 o'clock, P. M. on

Tuesday,

the 29th day of July next, that valuable

MILL PROPERTY

situate in the Lower district of Kent county, on the road from Chester Town, to Rock Hall, known as

"SHAW'S MILL,"

containing about

50 Acres

of arable LAND, and

30 *ACRES* OF WOOD and TIMBER,

divided into 3 Lots.

The improvement consist of a FRAME GRIST MILL, in good running order, and doing a good business—a comfortable FRAME DWELLING—and out houses in tolerable order. Churches and Schools are convenient.

The MILL has the custom of a rich section of country 20 miles in extent in the lower part of the District, and properly managed cannot fail to be very profitable.

Possession given on the first day of January next.

The Terms of Sale,

as prescribed by the Chancellor, are two hundred and fifty dollars cash to be paid, on the day of sale, the residue in equal instalments of one, two and three years from the day of sale, with interest from the first of January next, to be secured by bond with sureties to be approved by the Trustee.

For further information inquire of Henry Blackistone, Esq., near Rock Hall.

J. EARLE ROCHESTER, Trustee.

Denton, June 28, 1851.

☞The Del. Journal will copy once a week till day of sale, and send bill to Trustee.

TRUSTEE'S Sale.

BY virtue of a Decree of the High Court of Chancery, the undersigned, as Trustee will expose to public sale, on

TUESDAY

the 15th day of July, Eighteen hundred and fifty-one, at eleven o'clock, A. M., at the tavern porch of John McDaniel, in Chestertown, all the undivided half-part of all that Farm in Kent county, commonly called

The Rutter Farm,

consisting of several Tracts or parcels of land, called

"Killingsworth," "Partnership Point Re-Surveyed,' 'Kelley's Land,' and 'Deptford,'

CONTAINING

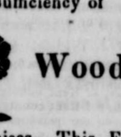
415 Acres

and 15 PERCHES, more or less, and late the property of Robert S. Welch, deceased.

There are on the premises, a FRAME DWELLING, two storys high, with a good CELLAR and KITCHEN.

STABLE, GRANARY & CORN HOUSE under one roof. There is a Spring of excellent water, and a fine running stream through the centre of the farm. There is a sufficiency of

Wood



on the premises. This Farm lies about ¾ to one mile of Spry's Landing, on Chester River—about 2¼ miles from Chesterville, and convenient to Post Offices, Schools, and Churches; adjoining the lands of Messrs. F. L. Wallis and others.

THE TERMS

OF SALE, are, that the purchaser shall give Bond to the Trustee, with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money in three equal instalments, in *six, twelve and eighteen months* from the day of sale, with interest from the first day of January next. Upon the payment of the whole purchase money the Trustee is authorized to execute a Deed for the premises.

The Creditors of Robert S. Welch, dec'd are notified to file their claims with the vouchers thereof, in the Chancery Office at Annapolis within four months from the day of sale.

Mr. J. W. Welch is the owner of the other half of the Farm and it is understood is anxious for a division.

GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee.

June 14, 1851.—tds