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The Kent News.

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The Kent News:

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JAS. H. PLUMMER & WM. B. USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Select Poetry.

LAST WORDS.

"Dear Charlie," breathed a soldier,
"O comrade, true and tried,
Who in the heat of battle,
Pressed closely to my side;
I feel that I am stricken,
My life is ebbing fast,
I fain would have you with me,
Dear Charlie, till the last.

"It seems so sudden, Charlie,
To think to-morrow's sun
Will look upon me lifeless,
And I not twenty-one!
I little dreamed this morning,
'Twould bring my last campaign,
God's ways are not as our ways,
And I will not complain.

"There's one at home, dear Charlie,
Will mourn for me when dead,
Whose heart—it is a mother's—
Can scarce be comforted.
You'll write and tell her, Charlie,
With my dear love, that I
Fought bravely as a soldier should,
And died as he should die.

"And there's another, Charlie,
(His voice became more low,)
When thoughts of *her* come o'er me,
It makes it hard to go.
This locket in my bosom,
She gave me just before
I left my little village,
For the fearful scenes of war.

"Give her this message, Charlie,
Sent with my dying breath,
To her and to my banner,
I'm 'faithful unto death.'
And if, in that far country
Which I am going to,
Our earthly ties may enter,
I'll there my love renew.

"Come nearer, closer, Charlie,
My head I fain would rest,
It must be for the last time,
Upon your faithful breast.
Dear friend, I cannot tell you
How in my heart I feel
The depth of your devotion,
Your friendship strong as steel.

"We've watched and camped together
In sunshine and in rain,
We've shared the toils and perils
Of more than one campaign—
And when my tired feet faltered
Beneath the noontide heat,
Your words sustained my courage,
Gave new strength to my feet.

"And once—'twas at Antietam—
Pressed hard by thronging foes,
I almost sank exhausted
Beneath their cruel blows.—
When you, dear friend, undaunted
With headlong courage threw
Your *heart* into the contest,
And safely brought me through.

"My words are weak, dear Charlie,
My breath is growing scant;
Your hand upon my heart—there,
Can you not hear me pant?
Your thoughts I know will wander
Sometimes to where I lie—
How dark it grows! True comrade
And faithful friend, good-bye!"

A moment, and he lay there
A statue pale and calm,
His youthful head reclining
Upon his comrade's arm.
His limbs upon the greensward
Were stretched in careless grace,
And by the fitful moon was seen
A smile upon his face.

—*Boston Transcript.*

GEN. MCCLELLAN AND THE LATE RIOTS.—During the riot General McClellan, while at Orange, N. J., received two very urgent dispatches fron Governor Seymour, asking him to come to New York and assist in restoring order. In obedience to the request of the Governor, Gen. McClellan came to town, went to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and had an interview with the Governor. The Executive was very much excited with the condition of affairs, and asked General McClellan to go up to the scene of the rioting on the east side of the city and address the people, stating that a speech from him would quell the riot.

Gen. McClellan replied: "If I go up to the people, as you call them, it will not be with a speech, but with grape and canister." The General then withdrew in good order, leaving the Governor much chagrined that the General was not willing to adopt tactics similar to his own, and "speak to the people."—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

AN Irish Captain in the army, newly appointed to drill a regiment, vociferated loudly his first order to show authority—"Advance three steps backwards; and those men who are without arms hold up your hands."

DISUNION:

DEGRADATION WITHOUT REMEDY.

Writers from abroad represent a great reaction as taking place in favor of the United States. Our country has many warm friends in Europe, and especially in France, who manifest a deep interest in her unity and welfare, and strive to correct the erroneous impressions which have been created in the minds of their people through the agency of newspapers and emissaries in the interest of the rebellion.

A remarkable paper on the *necessity* of maintaining our national unity has recently made its appearance in Paris, from the pen of M. Edward Laboulaye, one of the great men of that nation—a man holding the highest position in the first institution of the world, the University of France—and whose whole life, it is said, has been devoted to the study of the best methods of legislation and government. The article has been republished in pamphlet form in this country and widely circulated. We make the following extracts:

What is the South, and whence does she derive this right of separation, so loudly proclaimed? Is it a conquered people that seeks to recover its independence? Is it a distinct race that wishes no longer to continue an oppressive alliance? No, they are communities of planters established by American hands, on the territories of the Union, who revolt without any further reason than their own ambition. Let us take a map of the United States. If we except Virginia, the two Carolinas, and Georgia, which were originally English colonies, all the rest of the South is settled upon lands bought and paid for by the Union. That is to say, the North has borne the greatest part of the expense. Louisiana was sold to the United States in 1804, by the first consul, for fifteen millions of dollars. Florida was purchased of Spain in 1820, for about five millions. The Mexican war, with its cost of a billion of money, and its cruel losses, was necessary to secure Texas. In short, of all the rich territories that border the Mississippi and the Missouri from their source to their mouth, there is not one inch but has been paid for by the Union, and therefore belongs to it. It is the Union that has driven out or indemnified the Indians. It is the Union that has built all the forts, the docks, the lighthouses, and harbors. It is the Union that made all these desert places of value, and rendered colonization possible. Northern as well as Southern men cleared and planted these lands, and transformed into flourishing States these sterile solitudes. Can old Europe, where unity is everywhere the result of conquest, show us a title to property so sacred as this? A country more entirely the common work of a whole people? And now, shall a minority be permitted to appropriate a territory which belongs to all, and to choose for themselves the best part of it? Can a minority be permitted to destroy the Union and to imperil its first benefactors, without whom, indeed, it could not exist? To say that this revolt is not impious, is to say that caprice constitutes right.

It is not, however, a political reason only, which opposes the separation. Its geography, the situation of the different portions, obliges the United States to form one nation. Strabo, contemplating the vast country we now call France, said, with the foresight of genius, that beholding the nature of the territory and the courses of the streams, it was evident that the forests of Gaul, then thinly inhabited, would become the home of a great people. Nature had prepared our territory to become the theatre of a great civilization.—This is no less true of America. She is, in truth, only a double valley with an imperceptible head-level and two great water courses, the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence. No high mountains which separate and isolate peoples; no natural barriers like the Alps and Pyrenees. The West cannot live without the Mississippi—to possess the mouth of the river is for the farmers of the West a question of life and death.

The United States are a Republic, the freest and at the same time the mildest and happiest government that the world has ever seen. In what consists this prosperity of the Americans? They are alone upon an immense territory; they have never been obliged to concentrate power and weaken liberty, for the purpose of resisting the ambition and jealousy of their neighbors. In the United States there was no standing army, no great war navy. The immense sums spent by us to avoid or maintain war, were used by the Americans to establish schools—in giving every citizen, rich or poor, that education, that instruction which constitutes the moral grandeur and the true riches of a people. Their foreign policy was contained in a single maxim: Never to intermeddle in the political quarrels of Europe on the sole condition that Europe would never interfere in their affairs, and would respect the liberty of the seas.

Thanks to those wise principles, bequeathed to them by Washington, in his immortal Farewell Address, the United States have enjoyed for eighty years a peace undisturbed but once, in 1812, when they were obliged to withstand England and maintain the rights of neutrals. For the last seventy years, we have spent billions to maintain our liberty or our preponderance in Europe. The United States have employed these billions in ameliorations of all kinds. This is the secret of their prodigious success; their isolation has made their prosperity.

Suppose, now, that this separation should be accomplished, and that the new confederacy should comprise all the slave-states; the North loses at once her power and her institutions. The Republic is stabbed to the heart. There would be in America two rival nations, always on the eve of conflict. Peace would by no means extinguish enmities. It would not obliterate the memories of past greatness, nor of the UNION DESTROYED.

The South victorious would be doubtless no less a friend of slavery, no less in love with dominion, than in former times.—The enemies of slavery, now masters of their own policy, would not surely be made more moderate by separation. What would the Southern Confederacy be to the North? A foreign power established in America, with a frontier of fifteen hundred miles—a frontier open on all sides, and consequently, always threatening or threatened. This power, hostile by reason of its vicinity, and still more so on account of its institutions, would possess some of the most important portions of the New World.—She would own half of the sea-coasts of the Union—she would command the Gulf of Mexico, an inland sea one-third the size of the Mediterranean. She would be mistress of the mouth of the Mississippi, and could at her will ruin the people of the West. The remnant of the old Union must, then, always maintain an attitude of defense towards their rivals. Custom-house and frontier difficulties, rivalries, jealousies—all the scourges of old Europe would at once overwhelm America. It would be necessary to establish custom-houses over an extent of five hundred leagues—to construct and arm forts along this immense frontier, and support a large army and navy. In other words, they must renounce the old constitution, weaken municipal independence and concentrate power. Adieu then to the old and glorious liberty? Adieu to those institutions which made America the common country of all those who lacked a breathing place in Europe. The work of Washington would be utterly destroyed, and the new condition of things would be full of difficulty and of peril. I understand how such a future might rejoice the people who can never pardon America her prosperity and her grandeur. History is full of these deplorable jealousies. But I understand, even still better, how a people accustomed to liberty should risk their last man and their last dollar to keep the inheritance of their fathers, and I respect it. What I do not comprehend is, that there should be found in Europe, people, calling themselves liberal, who reproach the North for her courageous resistance, and counsel a shameful abdication. The war is a terrible evil; but from the war a durable peace may spring. The South may be worn out by an exhausting struggle. The old Union may be again restored—the future may be saved. But what can be the issue of separation, if not WAR WITHOUT END and miseries without number? The dismemberment of the Union—the rendering asunder of the country, would be a DEGRADATION WITHOUT REMEDY. A fate so shameful is to be accepted, only, when one is utterly crushed out and trodden under foot.

THE ALLEGED CAUSE OF THE DRAFT.—It appears by the statement of our correspondent in Washington that the reasons for the present draft of three hundred thousand men may have a different complexion from what is supposed; that, in fact, the government are satisfied that conscripts are not needed to put down the rebellion, now that the armies of Gen. Meade, Gen. Grant, Gen. Rosecrans, Gen. Banks have obtained such signal victories over the rebels at various points. It is intimated that an anxiety to be prepared to meet the threats implied by the recent significant speeches in the British Parliament, the hostile tone of a portion of the English press and the indication inferred from the decision in the Alexandra case, has induced the President to increase the army and strengthen our seacoast defenses in case of a contingency, which is now regarded by the administration as by no means improbable. It is said that the government at Washington has come to the resolution to suffer no longer the fitting out of armed cruisers for the use of the rebels in the ports of Great Britain, and that the confirmation of the decision in the case of the Alexandra by the higher court of England—which is confidently expected—will be considered as a declaration of war on the part of the British government. In this emergency it is said that the President deems a call for three hundred thousand men a paramount duty.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE man who needs a law to keep him from abusing an inferior animal, needs a prison to prevent his violating the law. It ought to be enough to deter any man from cruelty that the object of it cannot speak for themselves, cannot bear witness against him, are dumb.

DEGREE CONFERRED.—At the annual commencement of Harvard College, last week, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon the Hon. John P. Kennedy, of Baltimore.

INHUMAN CRUELTIES!

Rebel Barbarities in East Tennessee---Innocent Men Hung---Children Shot and Women Tortured to Death!

The editor of the Memphis Bulletin publishes the following in reference to the Rebel rule in East Tennessee. Col. Crawford, the gentleman from whom the facts are obtained, has a personal knowledge of some of the circumstances, and vouches for the truth of all of them.

The Scarcity of Salt.

In the month of January, 1863, at Laurel, N. C., near the Tennessee border, all the salt was seized for distribution by Confederate commissioners. Salt was selling at $75 to $100 per sack. The commissioners declared that the "tories should have none," and positively refused to give Union men their portion of the quantity to be distributed in that vicinity. This palpable injustice roused the Union men; they assembled together and determined to seize their proportion of the salt by force. They did so, taking at Marshall, N. C., what they deemed to be their just share.

Immediately afterwards, the 65th North Carolina regiment, commanded by Lieut. Colonel James Keith, was ordered to Laurel to arrest the offenders.

Arrests for Seizing Salt.

Among those arrested were Joseph Wood about sixty years of age; David Shelton, sixty; James Shelton, fifty; Roddy Shelton forty-five; Elison King forty; Halen Moore forty; Wade Moore thirty-five; Isaiah Shelton, fifteen; Wm. Shelton, twelve; James Metcalf, ten; Jasper Channel, fourteen; Samuel Shelton, nineteen, and his brother, aged seventeen, sons of Lifus Shelton—in all thirteen men and boys. Nearly all of them declared they were innocent, and had taken no part in appropriating the salt. They begged for a trial, asserting that they could prove their innocence.

The Execution.

Col. Allen, who was with his troops, but not in command, told them they should have a trial, but they would be taken to Tennessee for that purpose. They bid farewell to their wives, daughters and sisters, directing them to procure the witnesses and bring them to the court in Tennessee, where they supposed their trial would take place. Alas! how little they dreamed what a fate awaited them?

Horrible Barbarities.

The poor fellows had proceeded but a few miles when they were turned from the road into a gorge in the mountain and halted. Without any warning of what was to be done with them, five of them were ordered to kneel down. Ten paces in front of these five a file of soldiers were placed with loaded muskets. The terrible reality flashed upon the minds of the doomed patriots. Old man Wood (sixty years of age) cried out: "For God's sake, men, you are not going to shoot us? If you are going to murder us, give us at least time to pray." Colonel Allen was reminded of his promise to give them a trial. They were informed that Allen had no authority; that Keith was in command; and that there was no time for praying. The order was given to fire. The old men and boys put their hands to their faces and rent the air with agonizing cries of despair; the soldiers wavered and hesitated to obey the command. Keith said, if they did not fire instantly he would make them change places with the prisoners. The soldiers raised their guns, the victims shuddered convulsively, the word was given to fire, and the five men fell pierced with Rebel bullets! The old men Wood and Shelton were shot in the head, their brains scattered upon the ground, and they died without a struggle. The other three lived only a few minutes.

Murder of a Boy of Twelve Years.

Five others were ordered to kneel, among them little Billy Shelton, a mere child, only twelve years old. He implored the men not to shoot him in the face.—"You have killed my father and brothers," said he, "you have shot my father in the face; do not shoot me in the face." He covered his face with his hands. The soldiers received the order to fire, and five more fell. Poor little Billy was wounded in both arms. He ran to an officer, clasped him around the legs, and besought him to spare his life; "You have killed my old father and my three brothers; you have shot me in both arms—I forgive you all this—I can get well. Let me go home to my mother and sisters." What a heart of adamant the man must have who could disregard such an appeal! *The little boy was dragged back to the place of execution*, again the terrible word "fire!" was given and he fell dead, eight balls having entered his body. The remaining three were murdered in the same manner. Those in whom life was not entirely extinct the heartless officers despatched with their pistols.

The Burial.

A hole was then dug, and the thirteen bodies were pitched into it. The grave was scarcely large enough, some of the bodies lay above the ground. A wretch named Sergeant N. B. D. Jay, a Virginian, but attached to Tennessee company of the 65th North Carolina Regiment, jumped upon the bleeding bodies, and said to some of the men: "Pat Juba for me, while I dance the damned scoundrels down and through hell." The grave was covered lightly with earth, and the next day, when the wives and families of the murdered men heard of their fate, searched for and found their grave, the hogs had rooted up one man's body and eaten his head off.

Torturing Defenceless Women.

Upon the return of Keith and his men to Laurel they began systematically to torture the women of loyal men, to force them to tell where their fathers and husbands were, and what part each had taken in the salt raid. The women refused to divulge anything. They were then whipped with hickory switches—many of them till the blood coursed in streams down their persons to the ground; and the men who did this were called soldiers! Mrs. Sarah Shelton, wife of Esau Shelton, who escaped from the town, and Mrs. Mary Shelton, wife of Lifus Shelton, were whipped and hung by the neck till they were almost dead but would give no information. Martha White, an idiotic girl, was beaten and tied by the neck all day to a tree.

A Woman of Eighty-Five Hanged.

Old Mrs. Unus Riddle, aged eighty-five years, was whipped, hung, and robbed of a considerable amount of money. Many others were treated with the same barbarity. Old Mrs. Sallie Moore, seventy years of age, was whipped with hickory rods till the blood ran in streams down her back to the ground; and the perpetrators of this were clothed in the habiliments of rebellion, and bore the name of soldiers.

THE DRAFT.

Exemptions for Physical Defect, etc.

In regard to the claims to exemptions on the ground of physical defect, the following instructions to the examining surgeons will give the applicants an idea of what is necessary to excuse them:

PROVOST MARSHAL GENS. BUREAU.

I. The duty of inspecting drafted men and of determining whether they are fit or unfit for the military service of the country, requires the utmost impartiality, skill and circumspection on the part of the enrolling surgeon and board of enrollment, for upon the manner in which this duty is performed will depend in a very great degree the efficiency of the army.

II. In the examination of drafted men, the examining surgeons will bear in mind that the object of the government is to secure the services of men who are effective, able-bodied, sober and free from disqualifying diseases.

III. The examining surgeon will also remember that the object of the drafted men in claiming exemption may-be to escape from service by pretended, simulated or fictitious diseases, or by exaggerating—or aggravating those that really exist, and that the design of substitutes frequently is to conceal disqualifying infirmities.

IV. The examination of a drafted man by the examining surgeon is to be conducted in the day time, in the presence of the board of enrollment, and in a room well lighted and sufficiently large for the drafted man to walk about and exercise his limbs, which he must be required to do briskly. The man is to be examined stripped. The principal points to be ascertained are as follows.

1. Whether his limbs are well formed and sufficiently muscular; whether they are either ulcerated or extensively cicatrized; whether he has free and perfect motion of all his joints, and whether there are no varicose veins, tumors, wounds, fractures, dislocations or sprains that would impede his marching, or prevent continuous muscular exertion.

2. Whether the thumbs and fingers are complete in number, are well formed and whether their motions are unimpaired.

3. Whether the feet are sufficiently arched to prevent the tuberosity of the scaphold bone from touching the ground, whether the toes are complete in number, do not overlap, are not joined together, and whether the great toes are free from bunions.

4. Whether he has any inveterate and extensive disease of the skin.

5. Whether he is sufficiently intelligent, is not subject to convulsions, and whether he has received any contusion or wound of the head that may impair his faculties.

6. Whether his hearing, vision and speech are good, and whether the eye and its appendages are free from disqualifying diseases.

7. Whether he has a sufficient number of teeth in good condition to masticate his food properly, and to tear his cartridge quickly and with ease. The cartridge is torn with the incisor, canine or bicusfied teeth.

8. Whether his chest is ample and well formed, in due proportion to his height, and with power of full expansion.

9. Whether there is any structural or serious functional disease of the heart.

10. Whether the abdomen is well formed and not too protuberant; whether neither the liver or spleen are considerably enlarged; and whether the rectum and anus are free from disqualifying diseases.

11. Whether the sperinatic cords and testes are free from diseases which would impair his efficiency; whether the testes are within the scrotum; whether he has any rupture.

12. Whether there is any organic disease of the kidneys or bladder, or permanent stricture of the urethra.

13. Whether his physical development is good and constitution neither naturally feeble or impaired by disease, habitual intemperance nor solitary vice; whether he is free from phthisis, scrofula and constitutional syphilis, and whether he is epileptic, imbecile or insane.

A TRUE LOVE STORY.

A bashful gentleman of Holly Springs, Mississippi, took a violent "hankering" after a fair seamstress of the town; and after a great deal of hesitation, finally brought his courage up to the standing point, and made an evening call on the lady. He found her busily engaged at her work, pressing off a garment with a tailor's goose. She, however, received him very courteously, and continued her work. A bevy of the seamstress's female friends dropped in a few minutes after our heroic friend had subsided into silence, for he found it impossible to maintain a conversation with the lady. The sudden entrance of the visitors, instead of relieving, only added to his embarrassment, and he sat in silence until his situation became painful to all, but to none more than to himself. All efforts to drum him into conversation proved abortive, and it became a matter of serious concern to the ladies how to relieve the gentleman of his embarrassment without a catastrophe, for he was well known to all of them as a gentleman of great worth, bashfulness being his only frailty. The seamstress finally got through with her work, and called out to to the negro man in the kitchen:

"John!"

The door opened and a stout, burly negro stuck his head through the door-way, and said:

"I is here, Missus."

"John, will you take this *goose* out?"

Our bashful friend sprang to his feet in an instant, and exclaimed:

"I beg your pardon, madam, for intruding on you, but *I'll go out myself!*"

And before the lady could explain her meaning to him, he had gathered up his hat and made his exit, which was followed by the frantic yells of the girls. I am sorry to add that the little misunderstanding made an old bachelor and an old maid.

DEAD SUBSCRIBERS.

A long winded subscriber to a newspaper after repeated dunning, promised that the bill should be paid by a certain day, if he were alive. The day passed over and no money reached the office. In the next number, thereof, of the newspaper, the editor inserted among the deaths a notice of his subscriber's departure from this life. Pretty soon after the announcement, the subject of it appeared to the editor—not with the pale and ghastly countenance usually ascribed to apparitions, nor did he wait to be spoken to, but broke silence:

'What sir, did you mean by publishing my death?'

'Why, sir, I meant what I mean when I publish the death of any other person, viz. to let the world know that you were dead.'

'But I am not dead.'

'Not dead! then it is your fault, for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day, if you lived to that time. The day passed, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead; for I will not believe that you would forfeit your word.'

'Oh, ho! I see that you have got round me, Mr. Editor, but no more about it—here's the money. And hark ye my wag, you'll contradict my death next week!'

'O certainly, just to please you; tho' upon my word I can't help thinking you were dead at the time specified and that you had come back to pay this bill on account of your friendship to me.'

AN AMUSING colloquy came off recently at the supper table on board of one of the Eastern steamboats, between a Boston exquisite, reeking with hair oil and cologne, who was assuming very consequential airs, and a raw Jonathan, who sat by his side, dressed in homespun. Turning to his "vulgar" friend, the former pointed his jewelled finger, and said:

"Butter, sah!"

"I see it is," coolly replid Jonathan.

"Buter, sah, I say!" fiercely repeated the dandy.

"I know it—very good—a first-rate article," provokingly reiterated homespun.

"Butter, I tell you!" thundered the exquisite in still louder tones, pointing with slow unmoving finger, like scorn's, and scowling upon his neighbor, as if he would annihilate him.

"Well, what of it?" now yelled the down-easter, getting his dander up in turn, "Yer didn't think I took it for lard!"

REBEL OPINION OF MARYLAND.—A correspondent writes that in an interview with some Rebel prisoners at Boonsboro, he said to one of them:

"What do you think of Maryland now?"

"Maryland be—. I tell you, sir, she's the most loyal State in your—Union. You may bet your life upon that. We don't want her; keep her; she is *your* Maryland now!"

"Are you satisfied with your attempt at invasion?"

"None of us common soldiers wanted to come North, but I guess Gen. Lee's satisfied. He won't try it on again."

Just then the command was given, "Prisoners fall in!"

GENIUS lays its eggs with ostrich-like carelessness in the sands of the world, most of them to be crushed under the feet of men and beasts, and some to hatch and furnish feathers for the cap of mediocrity or dulness, or to plume the shafts aimed at the parent-heart.

AN Irishman's description of making a cannon: "Take a long hole and pour brass around it."