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The Kent News.

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Select Poetry.

[The annexed beautiful and touching poem, which we take from the Methodist Protestant, of Nov. 3, 1860, is from the pen of the lamented Dr. E. Y. Reese, written upon the death of his wife. It will be read with melancholy interest by his many friends and admirers, now that he has gone to meet her whom he so dearly loved.]

ALONE, (a Midnight Reverie.)

I am alone to-night,
Nay not alone,
For thou, beloved, art with me.
Did I dream?
Methought thy warm breath kissed my fevered brow,
Methought thou stood'st reclining at my side,
Thy circling arm reposing on my own,
As when, into my hungry ear, thy whisper
Poured its rich tribute of confiding love.
The pen wherewith I fashioned vagrant thought
Dropped from my fingers. All unconsciously
I turned to meet the soul-light of thine eyes,
To feel the warmth of thy endearing smile,
To grasp the hand whose touch, in answering touch,
Signaled whole volumes of unfaltering Trust!
Ah me! 'twas but a dream! Thou art not here!
No eyes, like stars, meet my imploring glance,
No smile, like sunshine, bathes me in its beauty,
No touch responsive thrills. I am alone!
Alone! how sorrowful to be alone!
I never knew, beloved, till thou wast taken,
The meaning of that bitter word, alone!
I *feel* it now in all its bitter desolation!
What time I stood beside thine open grave
And heard the clods fall jarringly and heavy,
Upon thy coffin-lid, my Beautiful,
Oh, then my heart within, with sudden bound,
Seemed to leap from my body and stretch out
Its yearning arms toward thy enshrouded form,
And take its place beside thee. There it lay,
Clasping thee in its grasp of passionate grief:
It would not be divorced, not e'en by Death!
For when I turned me with the parting crowd
It nestled closer to thy cold, cold clay,
The living with the dead. *It lies there still!*
Leaving me desolate in the world,—*Alone!*
Nay, let me chide this sudden burst of sorrow,
It is not well to be betrayed by passion
Into this wild forgetfulness of reason,
'Twas but what *seemed* thyself that day we buried,
And 'tis not wise to speak thus of the dead
Whom Christ has taken. Thou art *living* still—
Oh, my own Love, art thou not with me now?
Looking upon my midnight hour of grief
With eyes compassionate?—it may be, wondering
That this poor heart will not be comforted,
And longing to uplift the darkened curtain
That veils thee from my vision? I, alone?
The spirit still holds fellowship with mine;
I talk with thee, and find my woe assuaged;
Find something soothing in these hours of silence,
When thou and I sit talking thus together
In sweet soul-converse, while the world is dark.
For thou, mine own, art a perpetual presence
About my pathway. In my restless dreams
Thou comest to soothe the weary hours of night;
And when the cheerful Sun looks through my curtains,
His first beams light my soul to thoughts of thee
And of thy Home, where Day all glorious reigns
And Night holds no dominion. *Not* alone!
Nay, *thou art with me. I am not alone.*
I have no picture of thee, dear departed,
I have no picture of thee—it is well!
No artist skill could paint thee. Not the Sun
Himself could catch the life of thy sweet face,
And it would mar my joy to look upon
A blank, expressionless, and fading toy,
And call it by *thy name*. Yes, I *have* pictures
Hung in the deathless Hall of Memory,
Which Time can never dim. In rarest framework
These pictures all stand out before my vision,
And bless me with their beauty. Girlhood's smile,
Which won my love, and women's gentle bearing,
Which left its impress on my ruder nature,
And fashioned me to sweet companionship
With thee, whose heart was full of tender grace,
As flowers of Spring are full of sweet perfume.
Oh, these are pictures which can never fade!—
I look upon them till my tears are kindled
Into a blaze of joy, and I forget
The 'wildering sorrow of our separation
In blissful recollection that to me
Was given a love so rare and excellent.
Still *other* pictures linger round my path,
Thine eyes—are they not glancing upward daily,
Set 'neath the sunny curls of a sweet face,
Fair as its mother's. Thy expressive smile—
Is it not left upon thy children's features
Still to illumine my soul in hours of sadness,
And bathe me in the warmth of my sweet love?
Oh yes,—at morn, at noon, at eve, at night,
Some trait, some semblance, of the dear departed,
Breaks into life before me *They* are here
Standing beside me,—motherless, alas!
Claiming intenser love since thou art gone!
Each motion speaks of *thee* and of *thy* beauty!
With these, I must not say I am ALONE!
Good-night, sweet spirit,—peaceful be thy rest,
Now disembodied,—till the welcome voice,
"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE,"
Shall summon thee to join the radiant host
Of God's elect, and stand, in form Immortal,
A bright transfiguration!
In my dreams
Still come to me, beloved, and let me feel
That I am not ALONE.
With these communings,
I bend me to the Father's will, and wait
With patience and submission that glad hour
When, we shall meet again, and death no more
Dissolve the tie that binds us. Now, good-night!
I sleep to dream of thee. E. Y. R.

For the Kent News.

LINES,

WRITTEN BY JAS. B SAPPINGTON, WHILE HOME FROM THE ARMY.

Remember me when I am gone,
To fight the battles of the just;
My stay, perhaps, will not be long,
But in my God I'll put my trust.

When by my Sister, side by side
I sat, and talked, and sang, and played,
The thoughts of war they would deride
And say at home I best had stayed.

When on the battle field arrayed,
And cannons loudly round me roar,
Oh then, loved ones, be not dismayed,
I'll think of thee as days of yore.

Then hoist the noble Stars and Stripes,
And they shall wave from sea to sea,
They'll proclaim our equal rights,
Emblem of the brave and free.

And when the war shall have ended
And our Country be at rest,
I'll return with arms extended,
To embrace thee and to bless.

Daniel S. Dickinson,

On the Peace Party.

We publish below a speech delivered by this distinguished individual recently, in New York. Mr. Dickinson, it is well known, was the great leader of the Democratic party in New York. He refused to yield to the proposition to amalgamate between the friends of Breckinridge, Douglas and Bell till the very latest moment. His preferences for Breckinridge were so strong, and his feelings and attachments for the South so warm, that he held out to the last moment against a fusion ticket.—But he is a patriot, and a Union man of the first water. The Democratic party of his State go with him, unitedly, in his opposition to Rebellion. The whole Democracy of New England are alike united.—But to the speech. At the recent Union demonstration at New York, Mr. Dickinson addressed himself pertinently to the Peace party. He said:

I am opposed to war so much that I would bring out, if it were possible, the old artillery of heaven to crush this rebellion. [Great cheering.] Yonder is a mother whose son departed a few days since and was slain upon the battle-field. Peace men, look upon her while the blood of her son is dripping from your fingers' ends. Why was her son slain? Because you were encouraging rebellion and treason. ["That's true."] But yesterday a young bride was called upon to wreath the widow's weeds with the bridal wreath, and you were the cause. And why? Because you were holding out aid and encouragement to this accursed rebellion. Your hands are stained with the blood of husband. Look at that little group of children surrounding a widowed mother; at thee she looks; at thee she trembles; and her little children fall back gasping lest the murderer of the husband shall be the murderer of the children also. Raise your blood-red hands to heaven and urge on this rebellion further, you infamous wretch. [Sensation.] I care not for political parties. I care not for political organizations. I care not who acts in this matter or who refuses to act. That man that goes with the stoutest heart and strongest arm, whatever may have been his political designation, is my brother to-day. [Immense applause.] Whether he ever acted with me before or ever will again I care not, if he so acts in this great emergency. When the ship Constitution is assailed; when the red lightenings are streaming down her masts; when she creaks and groans in every joint; when she is threatened on the one hand by the Scylla of foreign envy and annoyance, and on the other by the Charybdis of modern treachery; when her whole crew are aghast, when she is at her wits end, then, if there is hope, let that hope come forward; let a hand take hold of the helm, go aloft when every sail is separating, and let every man do his duty. Let the wail of the children go on, and let not woman's prayer be heard in vain till the good ship sees the beacon of promise loom up in the distance and she sails safely on in her career. Go on, go on, she is safe. The battle is over, the battle is ended, and he who has fought with me, who has finished his work, and who has kept the faith, has done better work than all the miserable political organizations in existence; and it would be better if they were all swept in the Red Sea, like the locusts of Egypt, than one hair of this Government should ever be lost or destroyed. [Applause.] Let all honest men band themselves together to hunt this ferocious monster, rebellion; let them all come up to the great emergency with the generosity of true American hearts. It is the great crisis in our country; and if this Government is destroyed, if it goes down in blood and tears, *remember that it is the last of free government on earth!* The people of Great Britain are attempting, out of pure envy, to annoy this great republic. And I will see the time when the American people are aroused, and would cut the anchored isle of Britain from her moorings. I trust that a better spirit will prevail, and that Great Britain will learn the difference between an infamous, cut-throat rebellion and one of the great powers of the earth as a free government; and when she does that manfully and thoroughly, I am prepared to acknowledge the obligation we shall owe; but when I see her attempting to aid on this rebellion, I intend to array her before the judgment of the civilized world. [Applause.]

This is making a great crisis in human theories. The old political books are closed. Regencies, administration parties, are swept as it were to destruction. Our great act of emancipation is passed; not the emancipation of black men, but the emancipation of white men. [Applause.] The great thinking masses are brought together. Our institutions are in the crucible, and are to be tried in a furnace heated seven times hotter than it is wont to be heated, but truth is mighty and will prevail, it will ultimately prevail, it will finally triumph, and this rebellion will not only be put down, but it will be hunted from the abodes of civilization. [Cheers.] Look, look at what this great free government has done with all the embarrassments we have received upon it. Rome, in its glory, never told such a story, nor could boast any such feast as Columbians can do. There is no power since the days of imperial Rome, nor in the past, could throw forward such a mighty volunteer force in so short a time as has been thrown forward to defend this Government. It will go on increasing in energy, volume and power, until not only foreign traitors, but traitors in arms, will all be put down, and will all receive their legitimate and appropriate rewards. I look forward to the moment when I shall see the good old Stars and Stripes upon every State Capital. [Cheers.] Upon every fortress, upon every American vessel, and that every American citizen shall look with pride to the great name of this free, populous, unrestricted and unfettered Union. [Cheers.]

To secure that, rebellion must not be nursed; to secure that, rebellion must not be fostered; rebellion must have hemp instead of cotton, for it is more important by far that traitors should be suspended than that the *habeas corpus* should not be. There is just one way to deal with it, one way to treat it, one way known in heaven and among men by which it can be disposed of, and that is to meet it force by force, power by power, rebellion with the authority of law, and crush it down. Our Constitution must yield to that, or that must yield to the Constitution. There is no equality between them, and there can be no comparison instituted or admitted of. One is Government and the other is rebellion, and they must struggle it out; and let him that is for rebellion go and take his place with rebellion; let him that is for Government raise the standard of Government and maintain it until the last. There is no service in attempting to appease rebellion, and he who tries it must understand the functions and the power and the dignity of Government. Set them in battle array—let the lines be ranged, and he that is for Government let him take his place against it, whether it is by whispering treason or proclaiming it on the housetops, covert or in open arms.

But my fellow-citizens, after my great campaign I have exhausted myself if not you. [Cries of "go on, go on."] I ask you in this great free city where three-fourths of the public revenues are collected, the great emporium of the new world, I ask you in the name of freedom and of Government, and of law to look this question squarely in the face, and bring him to the judgment seat of an indignant people who attempts to apologize for, or winks at this rebellion, who attempts to destroy this great citadel of liberty, I ask you to arraign him as a traitor, whether he does it as a politician or as a spy, whether he does it openly and completely, or whether he does it by making a political party to annoy the Government. The State election will take care of itself. In this great popular movement the only danger is that it will not have opposition enough to steady its course—[laughter]—that there will not be enough opposition to it to reckon it in the column of scattering. [Laughter.] That will all take care of itself. It only goes in aid of the great and mighty movement which stirs the popular foundations down to the very centre, and rises up as high as human imagination can go, and extends on either hand to the remotest ramification of the Union. I feel deeply on this question of seeing this rebellion put down, as I know, and I feel that we own all we are to this great and good Government. [Cheers.]

And I see, I know, and you know with me, that if this Government is put down, if this Government is destroyed, free government, free institutions will be destroyed with it. Better that this whole generation be swept from the face of the earth, for in a few years we shall all be laid in the dust, than to have our great free institutions overthrown, for they are for those who come after us. To the old men I say, firmly show the wisdom of your counsel; and to woman we say, let your gentle and feeling prayer stay up the hands of husband and brother; to the young men, we admonish you in the language of Hamlet:

"Go foward to the armies, and help crush out this rebellion."

"List! list! oh, list! if thou dids't ever thy dear country love."

Yes, come forward, fill up this army of freedom, until this rebellion is put down—until the Constitution triumphs—until the Stars and Stripes are planted firmly, and then let one great hurrah go up that will shock every monarchy of Europe, and even make this free country tremble to its popular foundation. [Loud and long cheering.]

Opinion of Hon. Judge Price.

In the course of his remarks addressed to George Konig, convicted of rioting on the 19th of April last, Judge Price said, in substance:

"There may be some persons who imagine that you acted properly on that occasion; that instead of being punished, you should be rewarded for what, in their estimation, was a praiseworthy act. I do not take that view. You have been found guilty of riot, in attacking without provocation, persons upon their way, peaceably, through the city of Baltimore. They were soldiers, under orders, it is said, to repair to the seat of Government. *They had a right to go through Baltimore.* They were as much entitled to use the streets of Baltimore as you or I. The riot in which you were engaged resulted in the death of several persons. The unlawful purpose for which the rioters on that day combined so resulting, makes them amenable to the law for the murders that day committed."

Letter of Hon. Reverdy Johnson.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23, 1861.

To the Editors of the Baltimore American:

GENTLEMEN: I regret to learn that some of our Union friends are doubting my acceptance of the nomination to the House of Delegates for Baltimore county, with which their Union Convention recently honored me.

I never for a moment hesitated acceptance. It is true that the trust, should the people of the county confer it, will involve much inconvenience and sacrifice, but what are these to a loyal citizen in this period of our State's trial and peril? She is entitled to the service of all her sons in any situation in which it is supposed they may be able to succor her.

A rebellion such as the civilized world has never before known for wickedness and insanity, not only without justification, but without even the pretext of provocation, is involving our State (thank God! yet, as ever, and to be forever, in plotters' despite, true to the Union) in alarm and affliction, already bringing wretchedness to many a household.

Unless we prove forgetful, totally, of the lessons of our forefathers; oblivious, especially, of the teachings of Washington; regardless of the opinions of the great and good men of other climes, friends of constitutional liberty, heretofore, in their struggles to secure it, animated by the brightness of our example, we will remain in the Union, and, joining heart and hand with the faithful every where, expend our treasure and our blood in perpetuating what our fathers expended their treasure and blood in establishing.

Discarding all mere party promptings as not only unsuited, but degrading to the occasion, it is our imperative obligation, as we reverence the dead and love the living, to rally around the Administration—cheering, applauding, aiding them to the fullest measure of our ability, in their present mighty efforts to crush the treason. These efforts must succeed. No cause can long be maintained which rests on broken faith and violated pledges.—From these we know, the world knows, the rebellion originated. The conspirators who plotted it have for years been stealthily engaged in the almost fiendish purpose. Oaths—what were they to them? What were they ever to traitors? They serve only the better to conceal and work out the intended treason. And developed, by whom are their armies led? By men educated, clothed, fed at the expense of the nation, and owing whatever honest fame they possess to its protection and confidence. And how are they discharging their traitorous task? Deluding still further the mistaken but honest citizens of the South, they, from the first, have lost no occasion to fill their ears with the grossest falsehoods, libelling, with that end, the very soldiers with whom or under whose command they had assisted in maintaining the honor of our flag—soldiers who they know are as humane as they are gallant and honorable.

A cause so beginning, so maintained, cannot long withstand the rightful authority, and therefore the almost unlimited power of the Government—a Government from its birth securing throughout its entire limits more of individual happiness and social prosperity than man ever before enjoyed, and never more fruitful of these blessings than at the very moment when treason raised its unhallowed hands, for the mere sake of individual aggrandizement and power, to destroy it.

What is to be done in such an emergency true men can easily decide. The question, in the language of Henry Clay in 1850, when anticipating such a catastrophe, admits of "*but one possible answer—the power, the authority, and dignity of the Government ought to be maintained and resistance put down at every hazard.*"

Let the voice of Maryland in the coming election speak trumpet-tongued that determination, and beside that it will, in a great measure, rescue us from the direst calamities of the conflict; it will carry dismay to the rebel leaders, and do as much, if not more, to arrest them in their unholy career than the loss of battles.

With great regard, your obd't servant,
REVERDY JOHNSON.

A FIGHTING CLERGYMAN.—Rev. B. C. Ward, pastor of a Congregational Church in the village of Geneseo, Illinois, conceives it to be his duty to forsake the pulpit for the field. He has received authority to raise a company of infantry, but proposes to enlist clergymen only. An appeal to his clerical brethren, published over his own signature, calls upon "the fighting stock of the church militant" to prove to the world their willingness to "seal with their blood what they have talked in their pulpits," and closes with this extraordinary passage:

"Much as we have said and done to prove our loyalty, we have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin. Shall we now, at the call of Christ, come out from behind our velvet-cushioned barracks, whence we have so often hurled bold, indignant words at the giant iniquity of the age, and meet it face to face with the hot shot of rifled artillery; with the gleaming bayonet, or with clashing sabres in hand to hand encounter."

"Parson" Brownlow, of Tennessee, has hitherto borne the title of the "fighting parson," but he has never gone far as this Illinois clergyman, and Mr. Ward is clearly entitled to wear the honors.

Desertions from the Secessionists.

A late letter from Fortress Monroe, speaking of the frequent desertions from the secession army in that vicinity, says:

"Desertions occur daily, but the largest lot that have recently come under my personal observation as having escaped from the meshes of the rebels reached here on Sunday afternoon. They came in a large boat from Sewell's Point, and were successful in escaping by taking advantage of the usual liberty granted upon the Sabbath. They very cautiously stole away from the Point until out of range of the guns at that position, and then—knowing dear life was at stake—pulled like giants towards our vessels, reaching the United States sloop-of-war St. Lawrence, which was then lying nearest Sewell's Point.—These deserters were immediately picked up by that vessel and sent to Commodore Stringham, of the Minnesota, who in turn forwarded them without delay to Major General Wool at Fortress Monroe. Never did men seem more elated than these deserters at the opportunity of again kneeling under the Stars and Stripes, which they proclaimed they would never again forsake. The principal cause of their desertion was that they had been impressed into a service they had no sympathy for, and made to fight those whom they were bound to by ties that never could be sundered. From them we learn that the condition of the secession forces at Sewell's Point, Norfolk, &c., is most deplorable; that much sickness of a dangerous type abounds; that they are only half fed, causing thereby great indignation throughout the whole army in that region on account of this outrageous and unendurable treatment. They further assert that many of these same rebel troops are patiently awaiting the arrival of our national forces to join them, that they may co-operate in striking a blow against secession and its admirers that will be terrible in its effects. All of this may not be wholly believed, yet the daily desertions now occurring certainly speak badly for the cause espoused by the rebels, and attest by living proofs that we are gaining ground."

UNION AND DISUNION.

We cut the following sensible remarks from a Baltimore paper of 25th September:

"We may aid this investigation by a few simple suggestions. Who have been, in times past, and those remaining among us, who have endeavored not only to aid the rebellion, but to force the State out of the Union? Were they, and are they not, men whose sympathies were enlisted elsewhere by considerations of pecuniary interest—by young, inexperienced professional aspirations—by men of independent circumstances; to whom, what the Government might do for us would have been of no consequence? Now who are the loyal men, the large majority in the State, the suffering, patient, faithful band? They are to be found in the humbler walks of life; among the sturdy and the brave; in the workshops of the mechanic; in the factory, the field of the farmer, in every branch of industry now silent, tenantless, and idle. These are they who stand faithful among the faithless. And as it is one of the attributes of a good government to seek out and reward merit—to foster industry without partiality, where found worthy—to encourage and build up its supporters wherever they are found to be weakened, in the vast dispensation of its employments, in the endless diversities of its departments, Maryland and its emporium, Baltimore, should now receive its full due share."

What the Union Men are in favor of, and the Peace Men opposed to.

First—The Union men are for maintaining the Government of the Union and Constitution, so long as there is a loyal citizen North or South to battle against rebellion. The Peace party are opposed to it.

Second—The Union party in Maryland are opposed to the war, and would therefore crush, by the whole power of the nation, its authors, who commenced it by robbery and treason and by cannonading Fort Sumter. The peace party oppose all these acts.

Third—The Union party are in favor of peace, and therefore seek it in the only direction which will give honorable and enduring peace by putting down armed rebellion, so that the Union loving citizens of the South can support the Constitution and the Union of their fathers, without a revolver to their ears, or a bowie knife to their throats, to drive them into rebellion. The peace party oppose all this.

Fourth—The Union party are opposed to taxation, and would therefore make the war as short as possible, by exerting the whole energy of the nation's influence and power, so that at the earliest moment the rebellion may be quelled effectually.

Fifth—The Union party are opposed to all palliations and propositions for peace or compromise until rebellion is silenced, piracy, arson, rebellion and murder, is torn down and destroyed, and the Stars and Stripes again float over every State Capitol and Fort in the Union. The socalled peace party in Maryland oppose all this.—*Baltimore Co. American.*

THERE are two parties in the country—only two. One goes for crushing out rebellion by the Government; the other is for crushing out the Government by rebellion. We belong to the former.

PEACE! PEACE!

REMEMBER, That this is the cry of all those who wish to see the Union destroyed. It is a proper cry to come from the rebel leaders south of the Potomac, and when made with submission to the law, will be heeded.

REMEMBER, That if you allow yourselves to be deluded with the Secessionists' cry of Peace! you will find that it means War! horrible, devastating War! throughout the length and breadth of our now quiet and happy State.

REMEMBER, That the emissaries of Peace are now devastating the still loyal State of Missouri—that Ben McCullough is there, with his murderous rangers—his revengeful savage Indians, whose scalping knives and tomahawks have again begun to wreak destruction upon unoffending whites.

REMEMBER, That every Secessionist—every traitor—every friend of Jeff. Davis and the wicked band who have destroyed the peace of our once happy country, will vote for the socalled Peace candidates.

REMEMBER, That the friends of the Union are opposed to war, and must therefore put down the authors of this unholy rebellion—that they desire peace, and will grant it to the loyal citizens of our cherished South when they conquer the despots who now oppress them.

REMEMBER, That the Union represents the grand principles of the Fathers of '76—that those who vote the Union ticket vote the principles of Washington and Jefferson, Jackson and Clay, and all who vote the Secession peace ticket, vote to subvert the Government of our fathers, and to establish a military despotism in its stead.—*Balt. Co. American.*

Panic in the Seceded States.

The Philadelphia Press says:

"Late information, upon which we can rely, authorizes us to state that a general panic has taken place in the seceded States since Monday last. The preparations of the federal government to seize certain important posts on the southern coast, and the unprotected character of that coast, are among the chief reasons for this rapidly increasing feeling.

"Davis and the confederated traitors having failed in their absurd demonstration upon Washington, (which was, in fact, never real,) are now losing the confidence of the troops gathered between Richmond and the federal capital, and are daily attacked with the utmost bitterness by the people they have seduced into their conspiracy. It is a fact which events will soon establish, that *thousands now in the rebel army are anxious to be taken prisoners by the American army*, in order that they may be rescued from the fearful horrors under which they are suffering. Nothing prevents an outburst in favor of the Union in North Carolina, save the invasion of that state by the South Carolina troops; and such men as Holden and Morehead will undoubtedly speak out against the traitors the moment they feel strong enough to do so.

"Every dollar of gold and silver is caught up and hid away, and merchants and tradesmen only part with their goods for the paper of the Confederated government, and of the different state authorities, because they are compelled to yield."

A PATRIOTIC FAMILY.—Mr. Elisha Bowne, of this city, deserves mention as the father of seven patriotic sons. When the first call for troops was made two of his boys enlisted in New York and four went to the seat of war with the twenty-fourth regiment. Since the organization of the second Oswego regiment another son has enlisted; and the old gentleman, full of patriotism, has also joined it as a drummer. The mother of these young men only regrets her inability to accompany her husband and children.—*Oswego (N. Y.) Times.*

KENTUCKY.—In the midst of the perils which menace Kentucky her loyal citizens stand firm as a rock. Her Legislature has just passed, by an overwhelming majority, a bill calling 40,000 volunteers into the field for a period of from one to three years. They are, to a man, determined to resist the invasion of the traitors, and when once fairly enlisted in this good work, we do not doubt that they will be ready and eager to do all in their power to suppress the infamous conspiracy which now threatens to destroy the nation.

A LETTER from Munich says: The work on the grand gateway of the Capitol of Washington is on the point of being terminated in the royal foundry, and in about a fortnight will be publicly exhibited in one of the large rooms of the establishment. It is a work of the grandest style, and the basso relievo representing the principal scenes in the War of Independence excite great admiration.

EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE.—This gentleman has authorized the Buffalo Courier to contradict a report that he approved of General Fremont's proclamation for the emancipation of slaves. Mr. Fillmore adds that he cordially endorses the position of President Lincoln on the subject.

ACCORDING to Secretary Chase's estimates, the valuation of the real and personal property of the United States is $16,000,000,000, of which vast sum $11,000,000,000 belongs to the present loyal States.