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Not Yet.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh, country, marvel of the earth!
Oh, realm to sudden greatness grown!
The age that gloried in thy birth,
Shall it behold thee overthrown!
Shall traitors lay that greatness low?
No, Land of Hope and Blessing, No!

And we who wear their glorious name,
Shall we, live cravens, stand apart,
When those whom thou has trusted aim
The death-blow at thy generous heart?
Forth goes the battle-cry, and lo!
Hosts rise in harness, shouting no!

And they who founded, in our land,
The power that rules from sea to sea,
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
To leave their country great and free?
Their sleeping ashes, from below,
Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

Knit they the gentle ties which long
These sister states were proud to wear,
And forged the kindly link so strong
For idle hands in sport to tear.—
For scornful hands aside to throw?
No, by our fathers' memory, No!

Our humming marts, our iron ways,
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain crest,
The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent flow,
And loud Niagara answer, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,
Earth's ancient king shall rise and say,
"Proud country, welcome to the pit!
So soon art thou, like us, brought low?"
No, sullen group of shadows, No!

For, now, behold the arm that gave
The victory in our father's day,
Strong, as of old, to guard and save—
That mighty arm that none can stay—
On clouds above and fields below,
Writes in men's sight, the answer, No!

Experience of an Office-Seeker,

IN WHICH THERE IS A GREAT DEAL MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

Mr. Richard Rusty desired an office under the new administration, and he went to Washington to get it.

At home, Rusty was known as plain "Dick"—Dick Rusty, private in the "Volunteer Minute Guard," at Squam.

Dick Rusty had 'iled his seven dollar coat severely bearing a torch in the Wide-Awake processions; he had served as under Secretary at the town and county Conventions; he was the very first man in his neighborhood, who had thought of "Abe" for President, and he determined to be "counted in," sure, after the inauguration. And so, carpet-bag in hand, one fine morning recently, he found himself jogging up Pennsylvania Avenue, in the great city of "hacks and magnificent distances."

Washington is a very nice place! Dick had his "papers" with him, to wit, a few badly spelled and worse written vouches for his good character and "sterling" political principals, and, knowing himself (in his own estimation,) sound on the goose, upon reaching Washington he sailed in for the little Government office he coveted in his native town.

Having carefully enveloped his credentials, he started them to the Department to which they were addressed, and sat himself down in the garret room of his boarding-house to await an answer from the Hon. Secretary. And thus he *waited*.

One, two, three, five days, a week expired.—But no reply by post, as he had expected. Now, this was a *very* singular circumstance, (in Mr. Rusty's opinion,) and the delay very unusual in his experience. Indeed, after a time, it came to look very much like a slight towards him. What could it mean? He wrote to inquire why his "little matter" had not been attended to. He got no reply to this, either! Again he addressed the Department upon the same subject. But he received no answer. This was an outrage. Whereupon, having waited another week he determined valiantly, to "know the reason *why*."

Mr. Rusty had not omitted to stir up the Hon. Representative from his district, (who assured him he would "look into his case,") and then he waited once more. He found the county editor, too, who chanced also to be an applicant for place, and he promised to attend to Mr. Rusty directly. And again he waited. Still no reply. And thus four weeks ran on, and Mr. Rusty's money ran out.

Astonished and exasperated, he started at length for the Department in person. He found at least six hundred persons there before him, all religiously bent upon an errand similar to his own. He waited six mortal hours in the great windy passage-way, where he was squeezed, and elbowed and jammed, and nearly suffocated; but still he struggled for his "turn." He got sight of the inner door just in time to see the Hon. Secretary emerge and pass out to his carriage for *home*. Business was over for the day, and the mob rushed down the stairs and retired!

But Richard Rusty, of Squam, was a man of business; so he followed up his object next day, and the next, and the next. At last he succeeded in getting inside, when the following colloquy ensued:—

"Good-morning, Mr. Secretary," says Rusty, confidently; and he grasps the Secretary's hand like a "Son of Malta" who has passed his twenty-third degree.

"Good-morning," responds the Hon. Secretary, blandly.

Mr. Rusty—Richard Rusty, sir," adds our friend.

"Yes, very happy, Mr. Rusty. From Indiana?" queries the Secretary, slily.

"No, sir—no."

"Oh—ah, no. From Illinois, then?"

"No, sir. From Squam," says Rusty, modestly.

"Squam? Yes, yes, I remember Squam—Maine, I think."

"No, sir. Connecticut."

"Ah, yes. Very happy. Yes, Connecticut. Rusty, Squam. I know, now."

Mr. Rusty fidgets. So does the Secretary.—Each is desirous to get out of the other's presence as soon as possible. And Mr. Rusty is duly referred, with his papers, to File Clerk, No. 21, who (he is informed,) "takes charge" of his documents. Rusty retires in high glee. In his own judgement he has *won*.

He waits again. Three days—five, a week—a fortnight, but he hears nothing; and then he ventures to wait upon Mr. File, Clerk, No. 21, where he inquires about his "little affair." No. 21 has five bushels of unopened letters on his table when Mr. Rusty enters.

"What name, sir?" he asks.

"Rusty, sir. Richard Rusty."

Our office hunter is not a little nettled to learn, as he now does for the first time, from the File Clerk, that Messrs. Busty, Custy, Dusty, Fusty, Gusty, Husty, Justy, Kusty, (lager beer manufacturer,) Lusty, Musty, Nusty, and Pusty, are all before him—on the list of applicants; for, unfortunately, our friend from Squam is always down among the R's.

But Mr. File Clerk No. 21 is a patient man and polite. He has been in the office a dozen years, and "will do anything to oblige Mr. Rusty," (except to give him any lucid information.) And so No. 21 refers the applicant to Mr. Jones, No. 44, next room overhead. Up goes Rusty. Mr. Jones sends him to Mr. Buff, fourth clerk, No. 56, up two flights further. Mr. Buff knows nothing of "Mr. Rusty Squam's case," but thinks Mr. Drab can inform him about it. Mr. Drab can't say certain, but directs the patient inquirer to Mr. Redd, down stairs, three flights, end of third passage to the left, north. Rusty has no compass with him, (and really couldn't use it if he had,) but he finds his man. Mr. Redd is very busy and very short, but has no doubt that Mr. Gray (whose duty it is to attend to these things,) can inform Mr. *Squamty* "what to do about it." He finds Mr. Gray. Mr. Gray sends him to Mr. Green. Mr. Green forwards him to Mr. Bloo, (who speaks English very indifferently.) Mr. Bloo dispatches him to Mr. Brown, (there are thirty-seven Browns on the same floor,) and Mr. Brown hands him over to Mr. Black, up stairs, once more. Mr. Black knows nothing whatever of Mr. Rusty or his papers, and never heard of him or them; but civilly refers him back to Mr. Jones, where he started from.

By this time Richard Rusty is disgusted, and, thoroughly beaten out with running over the stone stairs, he concludes to go to his lodgings.

Next day he commences once more, and gets lost in the multifarious windings and turns of the great Department building. Before he has time to get his bearings again office hours have expired, and he returns again to his boarding-house attic, to ruminate upon the mutability of human affairs generally, and of office seeking especially, concluding with the philosophical sentiment that "Jordan is a hard road to travel."

Desperate, next day, he finds "File Clerk No. 21," with whom he originally deposited his papers, and indignantly demands his documents.—After waiting several hours, and making diligent search, with his papers in his hands, he is admitted to the presence of the Secretary, with whom—amid his despair and disappointment—Rusty has "a bone to pick."

"I'm Mr. Rusty," he says, abruptly, as he enters.

"Glad to see you," responds the Secretary.

"Yes, I s'pose so," says Rusty.

"Where from, Mr. Rusted?"

"Where *from?*" exclaims the applicant, who doesn't comprehend why the Hon. Secretary has forgotten him. "*Squam*, sir," he adds, vehemently. "Richard Rusty, of Squam."

"Ah, yes, I remember. Massachusetts—yes."

"No, Sir! Connecticut."

"Yes, yes. Exactly. New England—all same. When did you arrive, Mr. Rusted?"

"A month ago, 'n more. Now, what I'd like to know, sir, is, am I to have my office?"

"Office? What office, sir?"

"*What* office?" roars Rusty, amazed—"*what* office? Why, the one I asked for, of course!"

"Well, really—Mr. *Squam*, we are overwhelmed with business, you observe—"

"Rusty is my name, sir; *Rusty*, if you please."

"Very—very—indeed, I assure you," says the Secretary.

"*Sir?*" exclaimed the applicant, perplexed.

"Great confusion—terrible rush for everything you see—no time to eat or sleep—but your little matter will be duly attended to."

"Can't you fix it now?" insists Rusty.

"Impossible, until I can examine your vouchers."

"Here they be," says Rusty, in triumph.

"Yes. Go to Mr. File Clerk No. 21—and—"

"No, I shan't," adds Rusty, bravely. "No, sir! You can't come that, you know, no more on me! I've been there! He sent me to Jones, he to Drab, he to Brown, he to Gray, he to Green—and so on, to Bloo, Grizzle, and Black. That's played out, Mr. Secretary! So, s'posing you sign, right here."

"Really, Mr. Musty, I should be glad—"

"Rusty, sir."

"Yes, Rusted, should be glad—but, everything in course, you know. Must have system, you see."

"Then you won't sign?"

"Can't, at present, really," says the Secretary.

Mr. Richard Rusty, in his rage, deliberately tears his documents into shreds, and scatters them in the grate, exclaiming—

"It's all right, Mr. Secretary. I've been fooled, I have. I come all the way from Squam, spent nigh a hundred dollars, worn out two good pair o' boots a trotting up and down these steps, and *I give it up—I* do. I'll go home to-morrow; and if you ever catch me a seeking office in this high old town again, you just cut my throat, and I won't grumble. Good-bye, Mr. Honorable Secretary."

"Good-bye," responds the head of the Department, with a smile, and Mr. Richard Rusty retires, packs his carpet bag, and returns to Squam a wiser and a better man.

How many "Richard Rustys" have returned from Washington this season with such a big "flea in the ear" as the above denotes? Certes, more than one.

Mistaken Notion.

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE TIMES.—Some persons seem to think they must hoard up every cent they can get hold of, in order to provide against hard times, and we hear lessons on all sides about economy. This is a most mistaken policy. In fact it is the most certain way to bring about the very evils they fear. The suspension of all enterprises leaves the laboring people without the means of support, and the result is the prostration of every branch of business. Every man who has the means should persevere in his projects of improvements which promises to be productive. Men will still want houses to live in, bread to eat and clothes to wear. The farmer need not therefore hesitate to purchase fertilizers, to raise stock, and to put up such buildings as are necessary. Those who have wealth should live as heretofore, and men generally should remember that there is such a thing as being "penny wise and pound foolish." If the people cannot get work they cannot purchase food, and if they cannot purchase it they must have it given to them!

Persons of means should remember this and when talking about curtailing expenses. In short if improvements are needed, now is the time to make them. Those having means should refit and refurnish their houses, improve their farms, buy good substantial clothing, without involving themselves unnecessarily or imprudently, and thus keep the tailor, the storekeeper, the butcher and baker, as well as the mechanic and workingman employed. If every man should shut himself up in his shell like a tortoise, we shall soon have want and suffering in earnest. Earnest, active men will be the more earnest and active, and while they advance the fortunes of those around them, they will advance their own. There is a prudent foresight that gathereth while it scattereth—a foresight which converts the five talents into ten, and the ten, into twenty, while there is a blind economy that places the talent in the vault, allows it to lay there and rust, doing its possessor nor any one else no good. Every man should be a good steward and not a miserable miser.—*Delaware Republican*.

East Tennessee Election!

Maynard and Bridges gone to Washington!

ARREST OF HON. THOS. A. R. NELSON!

ORDER AT RICHMOND TO SUPPRESS THE PUBLICATION OF THE KNOXVILLE WHIG!

[From Brownlow's Whig, Saturday, Aug. 10.]

In the First Congressional District Mr. Nelson has been re-elected to Congress by a majority of five or six thousand votes. In the Second District Mr. Maynard has been elected by a majority of about six thousand votes. And in the Third District Mr. Bridges has been elected by a majority of from one to two thousand votes.—Messrs. Bridges and Maynard, it is said, have both crossed the mountains into Kentucky, and have gone to Washington. No matter what may be said, as to the propriety of these gentlemen going to Washington to take their seats, it is due to them to say they became candidates for the Congress of the United States, and were *elected to go there*, their constituents desiring to be represented in the Federal Congress, and not in the Congress of the Southern Confederacy.—They were so announced in this paper, as candidates, before the people. Their competitors so stated to the people, and no one was deceived in their running the race for Congress.

Mr. Nelson, who announced himself a candidate for the United States Congress, was elected by an overwhelming vote, and by a constituency who desired to be represented at Washington. In crossing from Rogersville to Kentucky, on Saturday last, he was arrested in the corner of Lee county, Virginia, by an armed military force of thirty men, and taken as a prisoner to Abingdon, from which point it is said he will be taken to Richmond, to be incarcerated until he can be tried for *treason* against the Southern Confederacy by Secession Judges, before Secession jurors, and upon the testimony of Secession witnesses. That he will be convicted, no sensible man can doubt for a moment. His son David, and some two or three other gentlemen, were with him, and all were arrested, and the presumption is they are all together in Richmond as prisoners. The exploit was one of a daring and grand military character—thirty armed mounted men taking four or five civilians prisoners, who were armed with pocket pistols! Those who led in the charge ought to be promoted in the Confederate army!

The *treason* of Mr. Nelson consists in his having advocated the cause of the Union and the Stars and Stripes of his country in opposition to the heresy of Secession. To this grievous offence he has added the unpardonable sin of permitting his fellow citizens to elect him to Congress. To be consistent, and to carry out their principles, they ought now to arrest, and send on to Richmond, every man in the district who voted for Nelson.

We have but little to say now respecting this arrest and the hot haste with which the gallant and patriotic Nelson has been hurried off to Richmond. We shall await the action of the authorities there with some degree of interest, as will the thousands of Union men in East Tennessee. Before dismissing the subject, however, we will take occasion to congratulate the people of Richmond in this, that when they have cast into their filthy city prison Thomas A. R. Nelson, they will have more brains, patriotism, honor and chivalry in their prison than can be found in the Rump Congress.

Col. Baxter, of this city, has gone to Richmond, or such other point as they may choose to stop and try Nelson, to act as his friend and counsel. He goes as a volunteer, having no intercourse with Nelson since his arrest. We doubt whether he will be allowed a showing.

For weeks past, with our large list of subscribers, our weekly expenses have exceeded our income, and hence our paper has been carried on at a pecuniary sacrifice. Our exchange papers are kept back and not allowed to come to Knoxville. Our letters are broken open and robbed, in all directions; and our newspaper packages are laid aside or destroyed, so as to keep them out of the hands of our subscribers. At Cumberland Gap, or the office near there, we are informed upon reliable authority there is a large pile of letters, to say nothing of papers, addressed to us, which Secessionists will not allow to come forward. These letters, no doubt, mostly from Kentucky, contain several hundred dollars for subscriptions. At Bristol, we are informed, our paper is thrown aside, and not allowed to go further East. One contemptible puppy, who fills the dignified position of Route Agent on the railroad, boasted in this city that he intended to destroy the papers sent out by him because they were incendiary sheets. Similar acts of perfidy are committed all over the country by a set of unprincipled villains who handle mail matter, and whose title to public favor and confidence is that they have the honor to wear around their necks a collar having upon it this inscription:—I AM JEFF. DAVIS' DOG—WHOSE DOG ARE YOU?

In addition to all this, the fact has come to our knowledge, and from different reliable sources, that the Confederate authorities at Richmond have ordered that our Knoxville Whig must no longer be published, or transmitted through the mails to subscribers. The order has not yet been given, but we are in daily expectation of it, unless it be rescinded, and it of course closes us out in business. We presume that those who are destroying our mails, and our packages sent off, are acting under this order. Is this the boasted freedom of the press, of speech, and of conscience, we hear of in the new Southern Confederacy? And does this freedom, guaranteed by the Constitution of Tennessee, unrepealed as yet, enter into this war for Southern rights and Independence? If so, may God deliver us, and our Union countrymen, from such freedom, and from the enjoyment of such rights!

The Usurper and Tyrant Lincoln, so much abused for invading the soil and personal rights of others, tolerates the publication of journals in Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri, New York, Connecticut and New Hampshire, which oppose him in all his measures, and advocate this Southern rebellion. But the only Union paper in the entire Southern Confederacy, having any circulation among honest people, must be crushed out by the liberty-loving, and tyrant-hating authorities of the Southern Confederacy at Richmond! We have been told that the Confederacy, conscious of uprightness of purpose, and *knowing* that her cause is just, feared no discussion, but threw open wide her doors and invited the light of Heaven to shine in upon her men and measures! We supposed that with her hundreds of journals, able and strong, stretching from the District of Columbia to the Western frontiers of Texas, she could combat the errors of *one* Union paper among the mountains of East Tennessee. But no, this boasted Confederacy finds it necessary to frown down investigation, to check the progress of free inquiry, and for what? Why, forsooth, lest her deeds should be reproved.

It is an old proverb, but as true now as centuries ago "that none ever feared that the truth should be heard, but those that the truth would indict"—that none ever feared to come to the light but those whose deeds are evil. And when we find men loving darkness, and wishing to keep others in darkness, either in regard to their Government or other transactions, we have reason to believe all is not right.

Leading men of the Union party, of unblemished character, must be rudely seized by an armed band of men to gratify the malice of leading Secessionists in Knoxville, torn from their families, and rushed off upon the cars to Richmond, and there thrown into a loathsome prison! The only press they have must be muzzled, its batteries silenced, and its readers and friends required to take the false statements of Secession papers for the news of the day!—Large bodies of armed men must be thrown into our country, and put in possession of all the principal towns and thoroughfares of the country, but no wrongs are to be inflicted upon the people of East Tennessee, nor are they to be deprived of their rights.

Can all this mean anything less than a declaration of war against East Tennessee? Is it not opening the ball, and inviting bloodshed in East Tennessee? What the effect of all this will be, we are wholly unable to say. It will either depress the Union forces of this end of the State, and cause them to cower like dogs, or it will make them frantic in defence of their gallant leaders, down trodden because of their principles, and arouse a thirst for vengeance and brave deeds! What Union leader, after all this, can any longer meet his friends, and urge them to peace and moderation, as we know they have been doing?

So far as we are concerned, we can suspend the publication, in obedience to the dictates of tyranny and intolerance—we will yield to the demands of an armed mob—turn over to them our office and what little property we have—deprive ourselves and a helpless family of small children of the necessary means of support—and beg our bread from door to door among Union men who are able to give—but we shall refuse, to obstinately refuse, to the day of our death, to think or speak favorably of such a Confederacy as this, or to agree that honor, patriotism or love of country, have influenced the men at its head, who have plunged the country into this revolution!—And whether our humble voice is hushed in death—whether our press is muzzled by the spirit of intolerance at Richmond, making this our last issue of a journal we have edited for almost a quarter of a century, we beg all who may come after us and our paper, to credit no Secession falsehood that may represent us as having changed our principles from those of an exalted devotion to the old American Union, and of undying hostility to those who would perpetrate its dissolution! W. G. BROWNLOW,

August 10, 1861. Editor Knoxville Whig.

[Correspondence of the St. Louis Democrat.]

The Skirmishing Before the Great Battle.

SPRINGFIELD, Tuesday, Aug. 6.—On Thursday last we received marching orders to be ready to march by two o'clock. But the move was not made until five P. M. Then we started to meet the Rebels, who were said to be concentrating their forces on the Cassville road, with a view to making an attack on this place. The day was intensely hot, and the dust lay full six inches deep on the dry road, and as our troops and wagons passed along, it rose in great clouds almost stifling. The road is but a continuation of the same style as we met between this and Rolla, flinty and hilly. We marched very slowly, and soon the night dew came on and covered us with her mantle, by no means unpleasant exchange for the scorching rays of the August sun. As the vast body of men, horses and wagons moved on, breaking upon the stillness of the quiet woods, it was a solemn, stirring sensation that came over me. There was the broad heavens, the light twinkling stars, the somber hills covered with stunted undergrowth, and the steady tramp of armed men filled with a mighty purpose, and ready to die in a sacred cause.—We camped at nine o'clock, without pitching tents—General Lyon and all of us lying upon the hill sides with the heavens for a canopy.—Early on the following morning we resumed our march, our advanced and flanking parties keenly on the alert, for it was reported that we approached the enemy.

About 10 o'clock we were in sight of a small picket guard, as it turned out afterwards, in a small house by the roadside. One piece of artillery was brought to the front, and Captain Totten sent his compliments to the chaps in the shape of a shell, which went whizzing through the air. You may judge there was no time lost by the Rebels in leaving a wide space between them and us. Four were killed. So we pushed on, and now we descend a hill and enter a ravine, with rolling hills on either side. As we make the turn of a sudden bend in the road two miles further on, the advanced picket report a cloud of dust in advance, and then a party of horsemen is seen on the brow of the hill just in the road.—A halt was ordered. General Lyon and staff proceed to reconnoitre, and our enemy are evidently doing the same thing, for little parties are to be seen on the hills round about. Two companies of the regulars are thrown forward as skirmishers, supported by Captain Stanley's company of cavalry. The head of the column falls back behind the bend of the road just referred to, and is completely hidden from the enemy's view. Captain Totten prepares his orders for any emergency, and General Lyon proceeds to locate the camp, for it is determined that we shall remain here for the night.

Meanwhile the enemy, having dismounted, have descended the hill, passed along a ravine, and, coming over the brow of another rolling ridge, encounter the two companies of infantry. The firing grows rapid and sharp, and the enemy, numbering some five hundred, threaten to outflank Captain Steele's two companies. The cavalry are to the right, and, seeing this movement, some one, excited by the shouts of the brave infantry, cried, "Charge!" and like a bolt of thunder the brave fellows dashed forward, Lieutenant Kelly in the lead. Right into the trembling, cowering wretches they ride, and death and frightful gashes follow every stroke of their heavy sabres. The Rebels fled and ran, and some with the desperation of despair, seeing they are overtaken, turn and try to use their bayonets; but their rout was total, advance and reserve flee for dear life, and leave the field strewn with wounded and dying. They rally and engage the skirmishers again, and a line is again formed, supported by about one thousand mounted men. Now is the time for Captain Totten. His pieces are hidden from the enemy's view, and they advance altogether unconscious of the reception awaiting them; the ball is rammed home, the air resounds with a roar, and as the smoke clears away the traitors still stand, for that ball went overhead. Try a shell, Captain. Home the shell is driven, and in a moment the loud hills quake with its whiz as it speeds on its deadly errand. It fell just in their midst, and they fell like grass before the mower. To their heels they take, and in rapid succession Capt. Totten and Lieutenant Sokalski send several balls after them. They carry away their killed and wounded, but return no more.

Some horses were taken and several pieces of arms. Captain Stanley lost four men of his cavalry and four were wounded. One man of Captain Steele's was shot in the hand. So the day ended. The cavalry charge was one of the most daring and bold things that ever occurred, and it is only wonderful that half of them at least were not killed. It was a mistake, however, but showed what might be expected of them. One of the wounded Rebels asked "were they human beings or devils?"

We marched the next morning only some six miles, and had a sight of a few of the advance guard, but they made no stand. We took their camp ground and occupied it for the night. In the afternoon a rather remarkable incident took place. Our troops were all at rest, and a party of some forty horsemen rode down into the very midst as leisurely and carelessly as might be, supposing, as it turned out, that we were their own troops. As they passed General Lyon he observed they were not of our party, and called out to halt them. By this time they discovered their own mistake, and putting spurs to their horses, dashed into the adjoining woods. A few shots were fired after them—with no effect, however. Here we despaired of a fight and returned to Springfield.

Resolutions.

The following resolution were passed at the Gubernatorial Convention which assembled in Baltimore on the 15th inst:

WHEREAS, In view of the deplorable condition of public affairs in the State of Maryland, it seems wise in the State Union Convention, (as a representative body, fresh from the primary meetings of the people,) to add its expression of loyalty to the utterances of the former State Union Convention, which assembled in the city of Baltimore on the 23d day of May last.

Resolved, That in our judgment the constitution of the United States and the acts of Congress passed in accordance therewith, are now, and were from the foundation of the national government, intended to be the supreme law of the land.

Resolved, That secessionism, in any form, is in our judgment, a fatal heresy whose establishment, either by force of arms or by peaceable separation of the States of the Union, would lead to immediate calamities, the down fall of liberty and the ruin of the American people.

Resolved, That while we disapprove of all sectional parties and sectional issues in matters of national concern, we regard our National Constitution as possessed of ample provision for the remedy of such evils as have already attended or may hereafter attend the administration of our National Government, and we therefore deem the rebellion of the States now leagued together in armed resistance to the government of the United States as thoroughly lawless, unprovoked and unjustifiable, and tending, if successful, to the subversion of our rights and privileges as citizens of a National Government, which furnished us at all times all that we could ask from or enjoy under its benign influences either at home or abroad.

Resolved, That the majorities of the members of the Senate and House of Delegates of Maryland misrepresent the sentiment, principal and determinations of the majority of the people of Maryland; that we disapprove of their actions so far as those actions demonstrate hostility towards the government of the United States; and, in view of the fact that they were not elected to represent the wishes and interests of the people of Maryland so far as their wishes and interests are involved in the present effort of the government of the United States to suppress rebellion and promote the permanent peace, prosperity and perpetuity of that government, we respectfully suggest to them the eminent necessity for the resignation of their offices as members of the General Assembly, in order that the people of Maryland may choose, whenever public exigencies require them to do so, other representatives who will preserve their relation to the general government as our fathers established it, and in order that the people of Maryland may be preserved from the crime of rebellion and the horrors of civil war.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the people of Maryland to support the government of the United States, by all means in our power, in every proper effort to suppress the rebellion existing among a portion of the people of the so-called Confederate States, and to preserve themselves from the devastation and ruin engendered by civil war, and to that end it is the duty of the People of Maryland to submit cheerfully to the payment of their proportion of the public fund, well knowing, as they do, that it is easier, cheaper and better to maintain an established government than it is to submit to the plundering processes and arbitrary taxations which have been elsewhere substituted for the ordinary means of creating a revenue—calling to mind, always, the differences in population, capital, and sources of wealth which preponderate in favor of the States still loyal to the general government, and remembering, also, the illustration afforded by our present Legislature in its effort to constitute a "Committee of Public Safety," with the liberal provision of two million dollars as a fund subject to its exclusive distribution, of what would be the cost of sundering our connection with a government at which we are now, and always desire to be, subject and loyal.

Resolved, That all Union men throughout this State, without regard to former political connections, who are in favor of the Constitution of the United States and the Union of all the States thereunder as the grand palladium of our rights and liberty: to whose promotion and perpetuation all political questions should be held in strict subordination, are cordially invited to co-operate with us in our earnest efforts to elect the nominees of the Convention for Governor and State Comptroller, and also for the election of the Union candidates for the House of Delegates and State Senate, and the other Union nominees hereafter to be selected in the counties and the city of Baltimore.

Resolved, That "the present deplorable civil war" which has prostrated the industrial business of the country, mercantile, mechanical and manufacturing pursuits, nearly producing bankruptcy throughout the land, has been forced upon the country "by the disunionists of the Southern States now in revolt against the constitutional government, and in arms around the capital; that in this national emergency" the Union men of Maryland, "banishing all feeling of mere passion or resentment, will recollect only their duty to the whole country; that this war is not carried on by the general government" in any spirit of oppression, nor for any purpose of conquest, or subjugation, nor for the purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of the States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the constitution, and to preserve the Union with the dignity, equality and rights of the several States unimpaired, and that as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease." Lastly,

Resolved, That we know of no language more worthy to be addressed to the people of Maryland than the words which lately fell from the lips of a dying statesman, "Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States."

"Now do take this medicine, wife, and I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you." "Oh, I will take it, by all means, for it is sure to do good one way or the other," answered the affectionate wife.

A man recently tried soft soap to smooth the harshness of his wife's tongue. It took off a little of the roughness, but made it run faster.

Burning of Hampton.

The following letter, which we find in the Petersburg Express, confirms the previous statement that Hampton was burned by the Confederates. This great destruction of property was at first attempted to be charged upon Gen. Butler and had it been clearly proven it would have been held forth as an outrage beyond precedent. But as it has proven that it was done by order of Gen. Magruder, of the Southern army, it is looked upon as being all right. Is this the protection they intend to extend to private property?

CAMP AT BARTLETTS, August 9th, 1861.—On Wednesday evening it was decided by Gen. Magruder to be expedient and proper to burn Hampton. In furtherance of this object, just after dark, the troops were moved from in sight of Hampton to another road which approached nearer to Newport News, and not far from the town. The Old Dominion Cavalry, under command of Capt. Philips, and the Mecklenburg Cavalry, under command of Capt. T. F. Goode, and a command of infantry, under Col. Hodges, were detailed for the hazardous purpose of firing the town. The cavalry companies marched in front, with the infantry behind. * * * We were now ordered to proceed with the burning, and harder work a set of fellows never did. We continued to set fire to house after house, until all were in flames within and below the fortification. A portion of the cavalry companies were then detailed to complete the burning above the fortification, which they did, and then covered the retreat of the infantry to camp, about three miles distant. The town was most effectually burned, and I feel sure that no person was hurt, though it was about midnight.

The Democracy of New York.

The Republicans of New York having sent a proposition to the Democracy of that State, to unite in a common ticket for the fall election, the latter, by its State Central Committee, declined, but stated in their reply as follows:

"It is of little importance what men of what party occupy public positions, whether of power or emolument; but it is of the utmost moment that citizens of common principles should unite at this time in support of the Government, and in the vindication of the Constitution and the Union. We believe we utter the sentiments of all Democrats when we say that they are ready to unite in political action with every citizen who looks to the preservation of the Constitution and the perpetuation of the Union as the great end to be arrived at, and who estimate all measures, whether of war or peace, only as they conduce to that end; *who are opposed to any war and equally any peace, which is based upon the idea of separation of these States.*"

It will thus be seen that the Democrats of the great State of New York do not, like a certain party in Maryland, raise the delusive flag of "State Rights and Peace," but that they intend to support the Government and not submit to any degrading terms of a recognition of a division of the Union and a destruction of the Government. They are "opposed to any war and equally any peace, which is based upon the idea of separation of these States," and look with an unflinching eye to the "preservation of the Union." Let their patriotic example be followed in good old Maryland."—*Kent News*.

EFFECTS OF THE NEW LOAN.—According to accounts from various points no little dissatisfaction has been evinced amongst the national troops, attributed to various causes, the main one we have no doubt being the lack of prompt pay hitherto. The loan just effected by the Government, and the certainty that there will be no difficulty in the way of prompt payment hereafter, will doubtless put things on quite a new footing and enable the Government to do many things more promptly, which in a world like this depends upon ready money.

But if the Government, with all its resources, finds or has found itself embarrassed by a temporary deficiency to the extent demonstrated, what must be the condition of the Confederates, who have not yet—so far as we have learned—raised even the whole of that "fifteen million" in *cash* called for so long ago? It must be anything but consolatory to look across the border after their own unsuccessful efforts in the same direction, and this result will doubtless aid them to conclude that cotton *per se* is a poor dependence upon which to inaugurate hostilities on the gigantic scale to which they have reached. On the whole the cause of the nation is looking up, despite the manifold blunders which have been perpetrated to a terrible extent.

MOB VIOLENCE REBUKED.—The destruction of two newspaper offices in the North—one at Concord, New Hampshire, and the other at Bangor, Maine—for alleged sympathy with the cause of Secession, receives just condemnation at the hands of the loyal press in that section.—The Boston Daily Advertiser, in alluding to this spirit of turbulence, says: "The mischief that these advocates of secession may have been able to accomplish appears to us inconsiderable in comparison with the discredit brought upon the national cause by such acts of violence as we now refer to."

GEORGE N. SAUNDERS DEFAULTER TO THE EXTENT OF $21,000.—George N. Saunders, late Navy Agent at New York, under the Buchanan administration, has been declared a defaulter to the Government to the above amount, and the United States District Attorney has issued a process against the sureties of Sanders to respond in accordance with their bonds. The sureties are the Hon. Robt. J. Walker, ex-Secretary of the Treasury and ex Governor of Kansas, and Zeno Secor, Esq., of Brooklyn.

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.—The Rev. Daniel Waldo says: "I am now an old man. I have seen near a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slowly—masticate well. Go to your occupation smiling. Keep a good nature and soft temper everywhere. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must be communicative; repeat what you have read, talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness.

To be ahead of time—carry your watch behind you.

To prevent a headache when getting scherer—keep drunk.