

The celebrated Annapolis campaign is ended, and the worthy citizens and glory-seeking soldiers who participated in its perils have gone back into their customary quietude, at first a sort of nervous, uncertain quietude, for the irregularities in the mail arrivals, and the rumors so generously circulated, betokened a continuance of the raid; but as the rebels were not provided with passes, and of course refused to take the required oath of allegiance at Annapolis Junction, our foolish fears subsided. When the excitement commenced, we threw aside our editorial duties and recklessly rushed to arms, resolved to "bravely do or bravely die." We rallied around every flag in Annapolis to an unlimited extent, encouraged the work on the intrenchments by our presence, assisted in consuming a liberal share of patriotic stimulants, and hearing that the rebels were at a safe distance, courageously allowed ourselves to be placed on picket in the face of an advancing foe. We really feel proud of ourselves, and for the first time in our lives wish we had a group of interesting children to whom we might relate our wonderful adventures. We have heard our bravery questioned, but consider all attempts to injure our reputation in this respect as engendered by prejudice and totally without cause. We admit a certain amount of timidity at first, but when we saw the fortifications progressing we began to take courage. When they were finished, if our stock of bravery was not increased we certainly felt more secure, but on the arrival of the gunboats we began to be fiercely brave, and when we heard that the rebels were safe on the other side of the Potomac we had arrived at fighting pitch. If an opportunity had been offered us at this point, we are convinced that we should have distinguished ourselves, and the raiders may consider themselves fortunate that they were out of our reach. The raid in a measure has proved beneficial. It has aroused Annapolis and convinced the people that a civil war is going on in our land; it has relieved the ennui attendant upon hospital life, and it has given us something to talk about, which last may be considered a blessing, for the sameness in the weather has rendered that otherwise interesting topic of conversation a decided bore. Apart from this, everything is in *statu quo ante bellum*. The State House remains the same, the seven by nine streets preserve their usual lines of radiation, the HAVERSACK "still lives!" the Severn continues to "glide on its clear winding way to the sea;" the Chesapeake presents the same unruffled bosom; Horn Point is still in our possession, and "the flag with thirty-four stars" floats grandly and defiantly, and with a renewed confidence in its protectors. Congratulate yourselves ye fortunate Annapolitans on this state of affairs, and show your gratitude for the same by sending liberal subscriptions to the CRUCIFIX.

Budget of Curiosities.

- A new feature from the face of the country.
- A tooth from a honey-comb.
- A wrinkle from the brow of a hill.
- Key to the gate of happiness.
- One of the dregs from the cup of fate.
- A spark from the camp of truth.
- A few pieces from a broken heart.
- A cap for a head of cabbage.
- A needle from the thread of a discourse.
- A page from the book of fate.
- A piece of the cloak of iniquity.
- A feather from the bed of a river.

TWO CLEVER DOGS.—During Gen. Birney's recent raid through Florida a bright little girl was found alone at one house, her parents having skeddaddled. She was rather non-committal, for she did not know whether the troops were Union or rebel. Two fine dogs made their appearance while a conversation was being held with the child, and she informed one of the questioners that their names were Gillmore and Beauregard. "Which is the best dog?" asked a bystander. "I don't know," said she; "they're both mighty smart dogs, but they'll either of 'em suck eggs if you don't watch 'em." The troops left without ascertaining whether the family, of which the girl was so hopeful a scion, was Union or rebel.

The Emperor and the Sultan.

The past history of the family of Louis Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey is full of interesting and marvelous incidents, some of which are probably not generally known to our readers. These two monarchs, now so cordially united in the struggle to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire, are both grandsons of American ladies. These ladies were born and raised in the same neighborhood, on the island of Martinique, one of the islands of the West Indies. They were of French origin, and companions and intimate friends in childhood and youth. They were Josephine de Tascher and a Miss S——. The history of Josephine is generally known. She went to France, and was married to M. de Beauharnais, by whom she had one son, Eugene, and a daughter, Hortense. Some time after the death of Beauharnais, Josephine was married to Napoleon Bonaparte, and became Empress of France. Her daughter, Hortense, was married to Louis Bonaparte, then King of Holland, and the present Emperor of France is her son by this marriage. Miss S—— quitted the island of Martinique some time before her friend. But the vessel that was carrying her to France was attacked and taken by the Algerine corsairs, and the crew and passengers were made prisoners. But this corsair ship was in turn attacked and pillaged by Tunis pirates, and Miss S—— was carried by them to Constantinople, and offered for sale as a slave. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments found her a purchaser in the Sultan himself, and she soon became the chief lady of the seraglio and Sultanness of Turkey. Mahomed II. was her son, and the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid, is the son of Mahmoud. Thus the two sovereigns, who now occupy so large a place in the world's eye, are grandsons of American Creole girls.—*Pittsburg Post*.

THE REBEL BLOCKADE-RUNNERS.—The *Index*, the Rebel organ in London, gives a full list and details of the operation of the blockade-runners, from which it appears that the number of vessels captured, burned and destroyed is much larger than has been supposed. The following is the summary given by the *Index*:

Fifty vessels captured; four vessels lost or burnt; one now running in Cape Fear; six returned to England; one worn out; thirty-one running or expected in; thirty-eight captured or lost before reaching Confederacy; twelve captured or lost before making one round trip; sixteen captured or lost before making second round trip; three captured or lost before making third round trip; eleven captured or lost before making fourth round trip. Out of seventeen vessels owned in whole or in part by Government, twelve have been captured or lost; one is still running. Out of one hundred and sixteen private vessels, eighty-two have been captured or lost; six are out of the trade, twenty-eight still running.

Some time ago there was a trial for trespass in cutting wood from a neighbor's premises without authority. One of the plaintiff's witnesses was a plain old farmer, whose testimony went clearly and directly to prove the charge. The defendant's counsel—a blustering man of brass—thought to weaken the force of his evidence by proving idiocy to be a trait of his family. He therefore interrogated him thus: "Mr. Hodge, you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?" "Yes, sir." "Does he know any thing?" "Very little." "How much does he know?" "Well, almost nothing: not much more than you do." The witness was allowed to retire without further question.

CURIOS DEFENCE.—A baker having stolen a goose, the owner cried after him, "Baker, Baker." "I will, I will!" shouted he. Being afterwards brought before a magistrate, charged with the offence, he defended himself by assuring the Court that he merely took it up to try its weight, when the prosecutor suddenly told him to "bake her," which he did; but finding he did not come for it, rather than let it spoil, of course he ate it himself.

Speaking of the probability of ladies wearing pantaloons, an English writer says: "Only I do hope they won't get into the habit of standing with their backs to the fireplace and their hands in their pockets."

A VALUABLE SECRET.—The unpleasant odor produced by perspiration is frequently the source of vexation to gentlemen and ladies, some of whom are as subject to its excess as their fellow-mortals of another color. Nothing is simpler than the removal of this odor at much less expense and much more effectually than by the application of such costly unguents and perfumes as are in use. It is only necessary to procure some of the compound spirits of ammonia, and place about two table spoonful in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands and arms with this, leaves the skin as clean, sweet and fresh as one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmless, and very cheap. It is recommended on the authority of an experienced physician.

Antipathy to reading sermons in the pulpit is a well-known characteristic of the Scotch people. At Kirkcudbright, at an inauguration, an old woman on the pulpit stairs asked one of her companions if the new minister was a reader.

"An' how can he read, woman?" was the reply, "the pair man's blin'."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the first speaker, "I wish they were a' blin'."

One of Sherman's braves, says a late army letter, was carrying to his tent a plate of flour which he had just confiscated and intended to convert into a savory repast, when a wandering fragment of shell suddenly descended upon the plate, scattering the flour into dust. The fellow looked at the fractured crockery for a few moments, and then drily observed, "No more of that on my plate, if you please."

THE "ALABAMA" started on her piratical career under the name of "290," indicating the number of "neutral" Britons who subscribed to build her. She disappeared under the operations of the "Kearsarge" about the figures of "2:40." After a few rounds she "failed to come to time," for the reason that "her time had come."

"An' Cuff, will you be after tipping us a little bit of a song this morning?" exclaimed a son of the Emerald Isle to a brother of the sable race, a co-laborer in the division and sub-division of wood.

"Golly, massa, I can't sing?"

"Can't sing? An' what's yer leg stuck in the middle of yer fut for, like a bird's, if ye can't sing?"

A Hoosier paper contains an editorial notice that marriages and deaths will not be published unless authorized by some known name, and prefers that they should be delivered in person! It may be expedient, therefore for those who wish their obituary notices inserted, to hand them in the day before hand!

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, "Pat did you ever see so thin a woman as that?"

"That," replied the other, "botherashune, I have seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, I have."

DEATH OF THE "FAT WOMAN."—Mrs. Jane Pishon, (formerly exhibited as Miss Jane Campbell,) Barnum's fat woman, died at her residence at Brookfield, Conn., June 30, aged 24 years. Her coffin was 6 feet long, 18 inches deep and 3 feet wide and it took ten men to place the body into it. She weighed 680 lbs., at one time.

PUNGENT TRUTHS.—It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they make, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous.

There is something eminently human and life-like in the following car dialogue betwixt a man and his wife: "My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?" "Quite, thank you, dear." "Sure there's plenty of room for your feet?" "Quite sure, love." "And no cold air from the window by your ear?" "Quite certain, darling." "Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."