

WEEKLY REVIEW.

THE HAVERSACK has at last "turned up." It comes forth indignantly from its retirement and asserts its rights. We are authorized to state that it has not gone to the Eastern Shore to avoid the draft, and at no time has it had such a journey in contemplation. It appears to be quite "cut up" about the inquiries in last week's *Courier*, and has laid itself out in an article containing 22½ lines of prose and 32 lines of poetry (?) evidently with a view to our complete annihilation. From the bottom of our editorial hearts we pity the HAVERSACK, and exclaim with the unfortunate Hibernian,

"I weeps whole pints of bitter tears,
And wipes them on my sleeve."

The poetry, taken as a literary specimen is intensely amusing, and though we are loth to accuse the editors of plagiarism, yet we are forced to confess that the perusal of this terrible effort to be excruciatingly funny, brings vividly to our minds memories of childhood curiously blended with Mother Goose's Melodies and wooden alphabets. Of the 22½ lines we can only say that after admiring the calm and peaceful spirit pervading them, we have come to the conclusion that the writer's natural element is poetry, for we have the poet's assertion that

"Poetic souls delight in prose insane,"

and this is surely one of the most alarming cases of the kind that has come under our notice of late. The offer to sympathize with us and lend us a helping hand, we consider as quite refreshing for August, and for a time, entertained doubts of the editor's sanity, but have finally concluded that it was intended as a joke, and have set it down as the first one for the HAVERSACK, and the best of the season. We are accused of being unable to read. As far as the HAVERSACK is concerned we admit the truth of the accusation, but give us respectable grammar, passable orthography and sensible ideas, and the public would be astonished at our proficiency. We are inclined to be charitable with the HAVERSACK, and give it credit for doing the best it knows how. It is undoubtedly destined to be one of the greatest papers of the age, and eventually will equal the *CRECH* in circulation and influence, but in the attainment of this end great care should be taken, or it will painfully realize that "*ipsa sibi obstat magnitudo*" is true in more cases than one. Continuing the subject of war, we are happy to chronicle such cheering news from all points, particularly from Mobile. The recent naval engagement at that point is considered the greatest of the war, and the results as important. Admiral FARRAGUT seems inclined to push ahead, and we are anxiously waiting to see how far he gets. We have official information that Fort Gaines has surrendered with its garrison and stores, which of course are gains for us. If Fort Morgan is captured, we suppose that may be considered as more gain. The *Baltimore American* of the 11th inst., speaking of the former says: "the Fort was provisioned for six months, and was garrisoned by the 21st Alabama regiment." This is certainly a very small allowance for a regiment, and we have heretofore given the rebels credit for a greater amount of foresight than they seem to have displayed on this occasion. The ubiquitous "friend at our elbow" suggests that perhaps the *American* intended to say six months. We hope this is so, for the poor rebels undoubtedly feel sore enough over their loss without any additional injury from the *American*. On Sunday evening the members of the Chesapeake Band made their appearance upon the music stand "decked in gorgeous array," and presented a fine appearance in their new uniforms, all fitted into their individual broadcloths, with fearful accuracy. The music was as usual, excellent, and beauty, taste and harmony, prevailed in an eminent degree.

Suspicion is the palsy of the heart; fear is a chain of ice upon the tongue. Half words are worse than silence; and either is death to conversation. A man, to be genuine, to be himself, must believe and be believed; must trust and be trusted. The scowl of a doubt quenches the charms of conversation as quickly as the shadow of a hawk does the song of a bird.

If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repent of it.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—Singing "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," on a Death-Bed.—Our worthy State Military Agent at Nashville, L. B. Willard, Esq., in a recent letter to his wife in this city, related the following affecting incident. He says;

"Last evening, when passing by the post hospital, my attention was arrested by the singing, in a rather loud voice, of 'Rally round the flag, boys,' by one of the patients inside. While listening to the beautiful music of that popular song, I observed to a nurse standing in the doorway, that the person singing must be in a very merry mood, and could not be very sick. 'You are mistaken, sir,' said he; the poor fellow engaged in singing that good old song is now grappling with death—has been dying all day. I am his nurse," he continued, "and the scene so affected me that I was obliged to leave the room. He is just about breathing his last."

I stepped into the ward, and true enough, the brave man was near his end. His eyes were already fixed in death. He was struggling with all his remaining strength against the grim monster, while at the same time there gushed forth from his patriotic soul incoherently, the words, "Rally round the flag boys," which had so often cheered him through his weary march, and braced him up when entering the field of blood, in defence of his country. Finally he sank away into his death slumber, and joined his Maker's command, that is marching onward to that far-off, better land. The last audible sound that escaped his lips was 'Rally, boys, rally once again!' As his eyes were closing, some dozen of his comrades joined in a solemn yet beautiful hymn, appropriate to the occasion. Take it altogether, this was one of the most affecting scenes I have ever witnessed in a hospital. It drew tears copiously from near one hundred of us. It occurred in the large ward which occupies the entire body of the church on Cherry street. The deceased was an Illinoisan, and had been wounded in one of the recent skirmishes."—*Detroit Tribune*.

Rebel Reinforcements.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel's* correspondent with Sherman is responsible for the following good one:

A tacit understanding among our pickets and the Rebs, who are on the opposite side of the river, has existed for the last three or four days. Some of our boys swam over day before yesterday and were amicably received by the Rebs, who climbed the apple-trees and shook down the fruit for the Yanks; and when one of them expressed a wish to take some back for a stew to eke out his evening meal of hard tack, a friendly Johnny immediately tore off the leg of his pants to make a bag of—though the leg was too badly worn to hold green apples, it did not detract from the benevolence of the act. But the armistice terminated this morning; notice was given by a Reb yelling out:

"Hello! Yank!"

"What you want, Johnny?"

"Can't talk with you 'uns any more!"

"How is that?"

"Orders to dry up."

"What for, Johnny?"

"Oh! Jim Brownlow, with his Tennessee Yanks, swam over upon the left last night, and stormed our rifle-pits, naked—capturing sixty of our boys and made 'em swim back with him. We 'uns have got to keep you 'uns on your own side of the river now."

Yesterday, a conversation took place between a couple of out-lying pickets, which shows that the movements of our troops are most closely watched. In less than two hours after the crossing of our troops, a Reb yelled out:

"We 'uns are going to give you 'uns—now, Yank!"

"How are you going to do it, Johnny?"

"We 'uns have got reinforcements."

"The d—l you say! What troops are they?"

"That one armed Yankee, old Howard, with the 4th, and Schofield, with the 23d Corps, are on our side now!" Conversation ended in a smile you could have heard farther than a Parrott can shoot, participated in by the skirmishers on both sides of the river.

"A word in your *privat'er*," as Captain Winslow said to Semmes, when he fired his 11 inch shell into the Alabama.

THE DEACON'S RETORT.—The deacon was not very much behind, if the following story be true: In a small town on the Schuylkill river, there is a church in which the singing had run down. It had been led many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually failing. One evening, the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was in metrical measure rather harder than usual, and the deacon led off. Upon its conclusion the minister rose and said:

"Brother B— will please repeat the hymn, as I cannot pray after such singing."

The deacon very composedly pitched into another tune, and the clergyman proceeded with his prayer.— Having finished he took up the book to give out the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up and saying in a voice audible to the congregation:

"Will Mr. C— make another prayer? It would be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that!"

The Crimean heroes are all the rage in the Old Country, now that the war is over, especially the Irish heroes. Their modesty is world famous, and they maintain their reputation. It was at one of the festivals, now so numerous, that an Irish soldier returned from the East was thus accosted:

"Well, Pat, my good fellow, and what did you do at the Alma?"

"Do! your honor? Why, I walked up bowldly to one of the inimy and cut off his feet!"

"Cut off his feet! and why didn't you cut off his head?"

"Ah, by my faith, that was off already!"

"Oh, lordy!" screamed the boy, "stop it, stop it! I ain't a gwine!" and bursting open the door, he stood on the platform between the cars. Just then the train was crossing a deep and cavernous-looking gorge on trestle-work, and seeing the trees and fields far below him, the frightened booby fell on the floor and fainted away. Presently he came to, and looking up at the conductor, who stood by him, he cried with horror, "Say stranger, tell me, oh, lordy! *has the thing lit?*"

Army pies are so terribly tough that the soldiers call them leather pies. A poor fellow of Grant's army, whose arm had been amputated, was being carried past a stand the other day where an old woman was selling pies, when he raised himself in the ambulance and called out, "I say old woman, are those pies sewed or pegged?"

"Is that p-p-p-parrot for sale?" "Yes." "How m-m-m-much?" "A guinea," was the response. "C-c-c-can it s-s-s-speak?" "Yes," said the fellow, "precious sight better than you can, or I'd chop his head off."

An old widower says, when you pop the question to a lady do it with a kind of laugh, as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very well; if she does not, you can say you were only in fun.

Some people say that the female heart is an enigma which no fellow can understand. For our own part we fancy it may be understood, but that it can't be over-estimated.

A wag says a codfish aristocrat is one of those men who can pin a dried herring to his coat tail and imagine himself a whale!

MARRIED.

In Annapolis City, on the 9th inst., by Chaplain H. C. HENRIES, U. S. A., MR. JOHN W. CREIL, of Ohio, to MISS JOSEPHINE E. BURE, of Baltimore County, Md.

DEATHS.

BENJAMIN W. RUSSELL, Sergt.	Co.	C, 19th Mass. Vols.
JOHN W. CHAMBERS,	"	L, 20th Pa. Cav.
DENTON CLARK,	Private,	M, 22d " Vols.
J. W. HAYES,	"	C, 91st Ohio "
ABRAHAM V. STIPP,	"	F, 3d Md. P. H. B.
OSGOOD FLOYD,	"	C, 29th Me. Vols.
M. L. ROOT,	"	D, 135th Ohio "
JACOB STINE,	"	A, 12th Va. "
JOHN CRAMIRE,	"	B, 170th Ohio N. G.
JOHN FORD,	"	C, 1st Maine Cav.
MARTIN BUNNER,	"	M, 8th N. Y. Art.
WILLIAM SHAW,	"	C, 69th " "
JOHN H. HURLS,	"	D, 170th Ohio N. G.
A. E. MORRISON,	"	K, 7th N. Y. Hy. Art.
ALFRED H. STANDLEY,	"	A, 30th Me. Vols.