

# The Potter Journal.

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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## THE COUNTERSIGN.

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,  
The night is very dark and still,  
And in the marshes far below  
I hear the bearded whip-poor-will.  
I scarce can see a yard ahead,  
My ears are strained to catch each sound;  
I hear the leaves about me shed,  
And the springs bubbling thro' the ground.  
Along the beaten path I pace,  
Where white rags mark my sentry's track,  
In formless shrubs I seem to trace  
The foeman's form with bending back.  
I think I see him crouching low,  
I stop and list—I stoop and peer—  
Until the neighboring hillocks grow  
To groups of soldiers far and near.  
With ready peace I wait and watch,  
Until mine eyes, familiar grown,  
Detect each harmless earthen notch,  
And turn guerrillas into stone.  
And then amid the lonely gloom,  
Beneath the weird old tulip trees,  
My silent marches I resume,  
And think on other times than these.  
Sweet visions through the silent night!  
The deep day-windows fringed with vine;  
The room within, in softened light,  
The tender, milk-white hand in mine,  
The timid pressure, and the pause  
That oftentimes overcame our speech—  
That time when by mysterious laws  
We each felt all in all to each.  
And then, that bitter, bitter day,  
When came the final hour to part,  
When clad in soldier's honest gray,  
I pressed her weeping to my heart,  
Too proud of me to bid me stay,  
Too fond of me to let me go,  
I had to tear myself away,  
And left her stolid in her woe.  
So rose the dream—so passed the night—  
When distant in the darksome glen,  
Approaching up the sombre height,  
I heard the solid march of men;  
Till over stubble, over sward,  
And fields where lay the golden sheaf,  
I saw the lantern of the guard  
Advancing with the night relief.  
"Halt! who goes there?" my challenge cry:  
It rings along the watchful line.  
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply.  
"Advance and give the countersign!"  
With bayonet at the charge, I wait,  
The corporal gives the mystic spell;  
With arms at port, I charge my mate,  
And onward pass, and all is well.  
But in the tent that night awake,  
I think, if in the fray I fall,  
Can I the mystic answer make?  
When'er the angelic sentries call?  
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,  
That when I near the camp divine,  
Whether in travail or in pain,  
I too may have the countersign.  
Camp Cameron, July, 1861.

## The Story of a Brave Woman.

It was a warm and sultry morning in the last of June. The inhabitants of Monmouth were all astir with the knowledge that the two armies were in the midst, and by their motions sustaining the probability that a general action was about to be hazarded. The British army, now commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, had assumed one of the strongest positions. Upon the high grounds about Monmouth Court House they laid their flank on the border of a small wood, the last guarded by a deeper one, and the rear running toward a morass.  
The army was disposed in such an adjacent position as to be able to harass the enemy in the rear and take advantage of their first movement. The other generals Lafayette, Greene, Wayne, Stewart, and Scott, were directed to hold their troops in readiness to support the front.  
Early in the morning notice was given that the van of the enemy was in motion. General Lee immediately prepared to make an attack upon them, and he was soon joined by Generals Dickinson and Morgan, with their spirited troops. In full view of the house of Hollis and Molly, this action commenced. Hollis put on his military suit at once. The spirit which animated every true American was newly aroused at this spectacle, and he was impatient to mingle in the strife.  
"Will you go, Hollis?" asked Molly, anxiously.  
"Yes, dearest. Can I remain here tamely, and not offer my assistance in the defence of my country? I shall be only a private; but there will be work enough for me to do."  
"Remember the fate of your father," faltered Molly.  
"I thought you were brave, my own wife," said Hollis, with a smile of affectionate pride.  
"Battle scenes have not lost their charms for me yet, though I confess to unusual misgivings this morning," replied Molly.  
"I shall return at night, darling, it may be with new glory attached to the honor-

able name which my father transmitted to me. I must fight those red coats, Molly. God bless you, and good-bye for the present," returned Hollis, bringing her to his heart with a parting caress.  
"A blessing go with you, husband," said Molly, as Hollis sped rapidly from the door.  
The enemy advanced so near. Molly's house, that she could quite plainly distinguish their motions.  
"O that I were a man!" she exclaimed; "I would give those British tyrants free doses of death. To think of their approach to our very doors! Of their burning the beautiful homes of some of our neighbors, because they would not turn traitors!"  
She discovered Hollis engaged in the duty of cannoneer and she watched his motions with the deepest interest. As the morning deepened into day, the weather became intensely warm; not a leaf of a tree moved, and the sun poured down such volumes of heat, the earth seemed brazen and parched to a painful endurance.  
"Hollis will suffer with thirst!" Molly bethought herself; "I will go and carry him a pitcher of water from the cool spring."  
She hastily communicated her intentions to Mrs. Rodgers, the housekeeper, and threw on her hat.  
"I would advise you to keep within house to-day. The Britishers will kill you, like as any way, if you go out there." "I shall go," replied Molly. "How good the water will taste to him when he is struggling in this heat."  
Her glance now fell upon Hollis again; his hair was thrown back from his forehead, he had cast aside his coat, and he was loading and discharging the cannon with an admirable coolness; while the balls of the enemy whizzed about his head. Molly was strongly impressed by the picture; he had never looked so glorious to her before, save when he was about to sacrifice his life at the pine-tree, the central object of savage ire. She could not be restrained longer. Skipping away to the cold spring, a few rods distant, she filled the pitcher, and remembering Hollis's liking for spear-mint, paused a moment to break off a few leaves of the rich bed, fringing the bank at her feet. These she settled in the pitcher as she ran up to Hollis. He received her offering gladly, blessed her for the thought in a low voice, and drank the whole before he resumed his duty.  
Molly ran away again regardless of the many eyes which had been attracted by the strange sight of her white muslin dress amid the bloody strife. She returned to her post of watching with breathless anxiety, for the battle waged closer and fiercer. Unconsciously she would break forth into words of encouragement for her favorite generals, as she distinguished their uniforms, or the noble horses which they rode falling dead beneath them.  
Once more she ventured out to carry water to Hollis, for he nobly and unremotely worked on in the face of the foe. She had refilled her pitcher, when, turning, she saw Hollis fall to the ground, with a blanched cheek, and a horrible foreboding rushing over her heart, she lost no time in reaching the spot.  
Alas! he was dead! A shot of the enemy had killed him instantly.  
"Take that cannon away!" said General Wayne to one of the soldiers; "we cannot fill the place by as brave a man as has been killed!"  
"No!" returned Molly, looking upon the General with a face like death, yet calm in its inspiration of bravery heightened to heroism; "the cannon shall not be removed for the want of some one to serve it, since my brave husband is no more, for I will use my utmost exertions to avenge his death."  
Molly was now fairly aroused. She loaded and discharged the cannon, while the officers beheld her with undisguised admiration.  
"There!" she exclaimed, after the first fire; "take that, ye remorseless enemies, and wait for the next."  
Again and again she discharged the cannon, dealing death and destruction at every shot.  
"Whom have we here?" inquired General Washington, attracted to the spot by the singular spectacle.  
"An angel of the host of Michael. The powers of hell would drop before her!" replied General Wayne.  
Molly now determined on a coup de main. Accordingly she reloaded the cannon with double the ordinary quota; then discharged it. A terrible crash succeeded. Molly was thrown into the air several feet; then she fell to the ground with violence. Three British soldiers were killed, and an officer of high rank was apparently mortally wounded. Many who stood by were thrown down, and general confusion prevailed.  
This last discharge had broken the cannon into fragments!  
For a few minutes Molly was insensible, but she soon rallied and rose with a steady eye. The soldiers loudly applauded her, notwithstanding which she immediately withdrew to her home, followed by two soldiers with the body of her husband.  
On the following day Molly was surprised by a visit from Generals Washington, Wayne, and Lafayette, who had witnessed her brave conduct at the battle ground. Molly retained her self-command.  
"Our army, madam, being about to leave Monmouth, we took this early opportunity to express to you our entire approval of your action yesterday," said General Washington.  
"Sir," said Molly, "I only wished to serve my country; the death of my husband made me almost frantic."  
"You merit a coat of arms like our Joan of Arc," observed Lafayette; "hers contained two golden lilies and a sword pointing upward, bearing a crown."  
"I should prefer eagles in place of the lilies," said Molly.  
"You shall have an epaulette for your coat of arms," said General Washington, rising in his accustomed dignity of manner; "I here confer upon you the rank of Captain, as a testimonial of my regard for your service."  
The other generals arose, and crossing their arms upon their breasts, beheld the scene with a smile of gratification.  
"Many thanks, general," said Molly, the tears rushing to her eyes; "but would that my husband had been spared to have received this honor instead of myself."  
"I trust that you will come to a glorious end," remarked General Lafayette, "unlike the Maid of Orleans, who was burned at the stake."  
"I have come to that already," returned Molly; "at least I have been taken prisoner by the Indians, and confined to a tree, where I should have been burned alive had not he who afterward was my husband nobly offered his life for mine."  
"Are you indeed that young girl who figured so conspicuously at the murder of Miss McCrea?" inquired General Wayne.  
Molly bowed.  
"Brave madam!" exclaimed General Lafayette; "before we leave, permit me to salute you after the custom of my country when we would honor noble ladies like yourself."  
A blush suddenly overspread Molly's cheek as the chivalrous general imprinted a kiss upon her brow. A few calm, earnest words, like a benediction, General Washington added to Molly, and the distinguished visitors took their departure.  
"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodgers, who had partially witnessed this scene; "you are now really a captain! This is the most wonderful thing I ever heard of in all my life."  
The Duke of Ormond who was a true pattern of politeness, was visited a few moments before his death by a German Baron, who was also one of the politest men of his country. The Duke feeling himself dying, desired to be conveyed to his arm chair, when, turning toward the Baron, he said:  
"Excuse me, sir, if I should make some grumances in your presence, for my physician tells me that I am at the point of death."  
"Ah, my Duke," replied the Baron, "I beg that you will not put yourself under the least restraint on my account."  
This may be emphatically called "running it—politeness—into the ground."  
There is a good deal of sound sense in the following, besides that ought to be more fully practised:  
Let each one strive with all his might  
To be a decent man,  
And love his neighbor as himself,  
Upon the golden plan.  
And if his neighbor chance to be  
A pretty female woman,  
Why, love her all the more, you see—  
That's only acting human.  
ROMANCE AND REALITY.—It was an incorrigible old bachelor who said, "The some very romantic maiden may exclaim, 'Give me a hut with the heart that I love,' most of the sex vastly prefer a palace with the man they hate."  
"Go to the d—!" said Lord Thurlow one day, when storming at his old valet. "Pray give me a character, my lord," replied the fellow dryly. "People like, you know, to have characters from their acquaintances."  
An old Count paid his addresses to one of the richest heiresses of Paris. On asking her hand in marriage he frankly said to her, "Miss B—, I am very old and you are very young; will you do me the honor to become my widow?"  
A man whom Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said, in excuse: "You know, doctor, that I must live." The brave old hater of everything mean and hateful, coolly replied, "he did not see the least necessity of that."  
You lost two legs in the army, you say; what did you gain by it?" asked a gentleman of a Chelsea pensioner. "A single blessedness, sir," he replied; for after that, no woman would marry me."

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**Drafting for the Army.**  
An amusing scene came off in a small town situated in the north-eastern part of Dutchess county a few days ago.  
It appears that a young man engaged in peddling "Yankee Notions" happened to stop for the night at a tavern with his wares, thought he would have some sport with the rustics, before taking his departure; and accordingly adopted the plan of representing himself as the employ of "Uncle Sam."  
Before retiring for the night, he had the landlord of the hotel "well posted" as to his plans for the morrow, giving him instructions to inform the "boys" that there was a drafting officer now staying there.  
In the morning he called forth into the bar-room, and the first one he picked out of the crowd, was a man pretty well advanced towards forty-five years of age, and apparently a coward at heart.  
The officer advanced towards him placing his hand upon his shoulder, at the same time asking his name:  
"Oh! I cannot go!" exclaimed the man—"I cannot go! I'm not a sound man. I have had my forefinger bruised, three of my ribs have been broken and I have lost the use of my right eye. I cannot go—I tell you I am not a sound man."  
The officer thinking the man had sufficient reasons why he could not go, left him and proceeded on to another man somewhat younger than the first man accosted.  
"Come up here my man!" said the public functionary. "What's your name?"  
"Oh! I shall die before I get there!" cried the second, somewhat discouraged by the success of the first, in getting free from being enrolled. "I never can go I am so unwell."  
"Very well, my good fellow," carelessly replied Uncle Sam. "I will never release you on any pretense, unless you will get the written certificate of the practicing physician well known in this vicinity."  
Accordingly off starts the "green un" for the nearest physician. Arriving at the house almost exhausted with fatigue, he rushed into the Doctor's office and cries out in a stammering manner:  
"Doc—Doctor, I want you to give me a certificate to tell that man what pulls men off to join the army, that I am not a well man."  
"Well," replied the doctor, "I don't know that I can do that for you. I can't say you are not a well man. I would perjure myself if I did."  
"No! Now, dear doctor, you know it would be the last time I would see 'Sal,' if he do take me off. Can't you just set it down for me?"  
While the second character was gone for the doctor's certificate, the drafting officer had "stuck on" about twenty others congregated in the bar-room. Some gave as plausible excuses (in their own estimation) that "ophthya" was shorter than the other, "ophthya," "blind in one eye," "tumors," "corns," &c., while others had been "subject to fits in their infancy," or had a "finger broken."  
It soon became rumored around the village what was going on at the hotel, and both old and young, male and female, rushed to the scene, the men begging to be "let off just this once," and the women crying and going into hysterics, upon the anticipated loss of husbands and lovers.  
The officer, after having enrolled a sufficient number of men to satisfy his furloughing characteristics, gave orders to them to appear on the ground the next morning to be in readiness to go to Albany the next day following, to be armed and equipped.  
Many were the tears shed that night, and many were the wails that were made. Lovers and husbands parted, as they thought for the last time, and mothers thought they could never let their Zacharias go to be shot at by the infernal rebels.  
The morning came and the crowd began to gather around the hotel. Everything was ready to start—when lo! the peddler had decamped for parts unknown. The cry of "sold!" "sold!" went up from every mouth, and the men returned to their work, declaring that they would treat him to a coat of tar and feathers, if he should ever appear that way again.  
One of the writer's schoolmates was always behind with his lessons. Upon one occasion, his teacher, in an academy in which he had managed to obtain an entrance, was endeavoring to explain a question in arithmetic to him. He was asked:  
"Suppose you had one hundred pounds, and were to give away eighty pounds, how would you ascertain how much you had remaining?"  
His reply set the teacher and scholars in a roar; for, with his own peculiar drawing tone, he exclaimed:  
"Why, I'd count it!"  
Why is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Because he's an ex-planer.

**A Japanese Hotel.**  
A chair was brought for me to sit in, in European style; and the Japanese landlady, a middle-aged, black-toothed personage, of comely looks and polite manners, made her appearance. Her husband soon rejoined our party, and both combined their endeavors to ascertain our wants and meet our requirements. She was soon followed by three young waiting damsels, wearing their natural sets of glittering white teeth, with their native ruddy complexion enhanced by a little artificial addition of pearl-dust and rouge, and their lips stained with a dark purple-crimson. These young waiting-girls are always selected as the most beautiful and prepossessing of their sex, conducted themselves with simple, artless modesty. In all parts these public hotels are served by the most handsome girls; and I was informed that they were a well-conducted class, and that Japanese law rigidly protects them, while filling such a capacity in these houses of refreshment. On this occasion, the landlady and her native damsels overburdened me with their attentions, placing my chair in the most convenient spot, re-arranging my traveling coverlets, wiping my shoes, placing a cushion on my seat, and anticipating every want. Cakes, soup, rice and sweetmeats were brought in succession. One laughing, bright-eyed damsel approached me kneeling, with a cup of tea in her hand; another held some sugar, kneeling on the opposite side; while a third, from her lowly posture on the ground, held to my lips a boiled egg, already broken and peeled, with a spoon containing the inviting morsel, duly seasoned with salt. With garrulous vivacity they anticipated every look, and when my wants were supplied they remained kneeling close to my side, and vying in their endeavor to be the first to bring me their native dainties. They afterwards examined my dress, and every portion of my equipment formed the subject of exciting comment and humorous wonder. European shoes, stockings, woolen cloth and umbrella were eagerly examined, and afforded matter for renewed curiosity and mirth.—*The Bishop of Victoria.*

**Amusing.**  
The "Guardian" as well as the "Independent" should carefully peruse the "Star & Chronicle" when copying good poetry. Its crediting President Lincoln with writing that thought-full article, commencing  
"O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"  
was a joke exposed by us weeks ago. It is not "in the vein" of "Old Abe." We put it in type nearly thirty years ago, when it was an old piece; it has not improved by age, but has rather suffered from the ravages of time, the following (7th) stanza being wholly omitted in the "Guardian's" copy:  
"The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;  
The sinner who dared to remain unrepentant;  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust."  
We have seen its authorship ascribed to Rev. Vicesimus Knox, an English author who flourished half a century ago.  
—The juggling of  
"O bury me in the morning,"  
is by other newspaper wags attributed to the late Senator Douglas.—We expect to hear, next, that Gen. McOlellan wrote  
"When marshaled on the nightly plain,"  
and that Beauregard is responsible for  
"Th' Assirian came down like the wolf on the fold."  
Also that General Scott composed the Sambo Psalm  
"Clare de Kitchen—Ole Virginny nebbet tire!"  
Moreover, that Cobb and Toombs are the joint prognosticators of  
"Goosey Goosey Gander, where shall I wander?"  
Eke, that John B. Floyd is entitled to the copy-right of  
"I love to steal—a while—away!"  
while Jeff Davis "writ" that national spread-eagle hymn, "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "set it to the Chivalry's favorite, 'Yankee Doodle!'"—*Star & Chronicle.*

Money is a good thing, especially in hard times, but there is something a thousand fold more valuable. It is character—the consciousness of a pure and honorable life. This it should be man's first aim to preserve at any cost. In such times of commercial distress, while some are proved and found wanting, others come forth tried as by fire. Here and there comes one out of the furnace far more of a man than before. Amid the wreck of his fortune he stands erect—a noble specimen of his true manhood. We have occasionally witnessed an example of courage in such a crisis of moral integrity, that deserved all honor. Let it be the aim of every business man, above all things else, to keep this purity unstained. This is the best possession—this capital which can never be taken from him—this is the richest inheritance which he can leave to his children.

**Malice Outwitted.**  
The owner of a saw-mill in the country, having a bitter enmity against a neighboring farmer laid no less a plan of revenge than to get him arraigned as a thief, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. But as the honesty of his neighbor afforded him no fair grounds of accusation, he resorted to the foul expedient of secretly conveying some of his own property upon the other's premises; so that, it being found there, it might be proof of his guilt. For this purpose he took a thousand of boards, having his own mark on, and at dead of night dumped them into the field near his neighbor's house. But the farmer did not happen to be fast asleep as his enemy supposed. He heard a noise, or thought he heard one; and getting up pretty soon after to satisfy himself on the subject, by the help of a lantern he found a load of boards, with his neighbor's mark thereon. How they came there and why they came there, flashed upon him at once. His course was promptly taken. Allowing his enemy just time to get fairly home and into bed, so that the light of the burning pile might not be detected, he set fire to the boards, which being well seasoned, were in a few minutes entirely consumed.  
Early in the morning, as the farmer had anticipated, the sawyer came with a constable and search warrant, to look for his property.  
"You are suspected," said the officer, "of having taken a thousand of boards from this man, and by virtue of this warrant, I hold in my hand, I must search your premises."  
"Very well," said the farmer, "you are at liberty to search as much as you please. But if you find the boards, I'll engage to eat them for my breakfast."  
"You'll have something harder to digest than that, I fancy," said the sawyer with a sneer. He then triumphantly led the way to where he had dumped the boards, and where he confidently expected to find them, and lo! there was nothing but a heap of ashes! His disappointment, chagrin and mortification may be judged of. He sneaked away home and the secret of his foul plot getting wind in the neighborhood, the ghost from the ashes of the load of boards never ceased to annoy him; until taking advantage of the darkness of another night, he packed up his all and left the country.

**A JAPANESE EMBASSY TO EUROPE.**  
A letter from Kanagawa, Japan, dated May 26, says:  
"The projected embassy to Europe from the court of the Tycoon assumed definite shape by the appointment of the principal personages who are to take part therein. There are four envoys, all of whom are of the Hatamoto rank. They will go out in such vessels as the English government may place at their disposal; but in the large retinue that is to accompany them will be officers, engineers, and a crew of their own countrymen, to man their own vessel on their return voyage—it being their purpose to purchase a large steamer while in Europe. The absolute date of their departure is not fixed, though it will not be before the close of the summer.  
Father Quinn, chaplain of the First Rhode Island Regiment, is a wit as well as a priest. At a recent visit to the gallant 69th at Fort Corcoran, while examining the evidences of the hard labor with the pick and shovel of these true soldiers, he said: "Why they talk of Southern chivalry, but it can't hold a candle to Northern shovelry."  
The Bill for the punishment of treason which has passed both Houses of Congress, fines and imprisons all persons who enlist others, whether white or black, to aid in the rebellion. Slave owners who employ their slaves against the Government are forever deprived of all claim to their services.  
A Zouave, his hair cropped close to his skin, had just taken his seat and thrown off his hat, showing a skull suggestive of a whitewood scrubbing brush with most of the bristles worn off. "Suppose you wanted to bother that Zouave completely," said a lady to her companion, "would you know how to do it?" "Not especially," answered her escort. "Well, I'll tell you," said the bright-eyed vixen, "ask him for a lock of his hair."  
A gentleman crossing a very narrow bridge, said to a countryman whom he met: "I think this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, my honest friend; pray are not people sometimes lost here?" "Lost! no, sir, I never knew anybody lost here in my life; there were several drowned, but they were found again."  
A firm faith is the best theology; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best policy; and temperance the best physic.  
The height of politeness is, in passing around on the opposite side of a lady to avoid stepping on her shadow.