

WEEKLY REVIEW.

ON Monday evening the steamer Connecticut arrived here from James River, bringing a load of nearly six hundred wounded. The majority of them are serious cases, and quite a number have died since their arrival. The "stretcher corps" labored manfully until 4 o'clock Tuesday morning, conveying them from the boat to the different wards, and no small amount of credit is due them for their exertions. The proportion of officers was very large, there being some sixty or seventy in all..... The barracks at Camp Parole have been converted into a Hospital for convalescents, and will accommodate eight thousand patients. About two hundred have arrived from Baltimore and large numbers are daily expected.... In compliance with orders from the Secretary of War, a fence, separating the Quartermasters' Department from the Hospital has been erected. Its utility is undoubted, but its construction is not characterized by any remarkable amount of elegance, and the rough unpainted boards are not at all attractive, destroying the fine effect produced by the view of the Severn. In consequence of this arrangement, Section 4. has been abandoned by the worthy "Knights," not, however, without many regrets, for the seclusion of the place was admirably suited to their quiet (?) retiring dispositions, and the cultivation of live stock generally. The tents recently erected in front of Section 1 will hereafter be known as Section 4..... The inmates of our Hospital have at last become accustomed to the strict observance of military etiquette lately introduced, and salutations have become a habit, and are served up in various styles, and with as much grace as the physical condition of convalescents will admit. The guard mountings each morning are interesting, and are "executed with neatness and despatch," the Band performing their part in their usual brilliant manner..... On Wednesday quite a stir was created in the literary world by the appearance of a new paper, published in St. John's College Hospital, called the "HAVERSACK." It is stored with rich mental food adapted to all tastes, and if its future career is as brilliant as its debut, we predict for it unbounded success, popularity and patronage. It contained five anecdotes of which clergymen were the heroes and we rejoice that this style of literature is to be cultivated, for in the language of the sagacious Artemas, "to those persons who like that kind of stories, they are just the kind of stories those persons would like." The Editor takes us to task for crediting St. John's with four chaplains. We gracefully acknowledge the error, and hasten to beg pardon of the Medical gentlemen for the offence. We trust they will not feel injured by being set before the world in such a light, and promise to have the mistake corrected in next week's issue..... Colonel J. S. CHAMBERLAIN, of the 20th Maine Volunteers who is lying in our Hospital seriously wounded, has received the appointment of Brigadier General, by Gen. Grant, for efficient services on field of battle, and especially for gallant conduct in leading his Brigade, against the enemy at Petersburg, on the 18th inst.

An old miser owning a farm, found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisite labor. A half-starved man hearing of the terms accepted them. Before going into the fields in the morning, he invited his servant to breakfast. After finishing the morning meal, the old skinflint asked if they should place dinner upon the table after the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon despatched.

"Suppose, now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper; it will save time and trouble you know."

"Just as you like," said the eager eater, and at it they went.

"Now we will go to work," said the delighted employer.

"Thank you," said the laborer; "I never work after supper."

A "RESPECTABLE WANT."—A Horne Bay magistrate says the want of a lock-up has long been felt there by the respectable portion of the community!

For the Crutch.
Wedded at Last.

In mine own I held her little soft hand,
As the vales and trees swept swiftly by,
And the beauteous ocean-bordered land
Drew forth the gaze of her brightening eye.

And she gently pressed with a touch well known,
The fingers clasping her own in love,
As she whispered—"Darling one, my own,
How pleasant it is by the sea to rove."

And the thoughts fade away of the years gone by,
When the heart's cheerless notes were turned to despair,
And the soul longed to sleep in the fathomless deep,
Forever secure from sorrow and care.

Now, the flowers bloom anew with a brighter hue,
For the lives thus blending in one;
And all Nature's more fair and sweeter the air,
To the hearts that no more are alone.

So life is fraught with griefs and joys,
Its varying pathways rough or smooth,
We choose in youth, as the child its toys,
The things that grieve, through life, or soothe. MEPT.

Shore Line R. R.—Spring 1861.

ORIGINAL IDENTITY.—Professor C. of one of our flourishing New England colleges, was an able man, but unfortunately had a hobby, which he rode in season and out of season, much to the annoyance of the students.—His was an exceedingly fine-spun metaphysical theory, to the effect that the original identity of a substance is never lost by any trans-communication or change which may take place in respect to the substance itself.

One lecture evening, after the worthy Professor had expatiated at some length on his favorite topic, an irreverent student asked leave to propose a question, when the following colloquy ensued:

Student.—You see this knife which I hold in my hand?

Prof.—Certainly.

Student.—If I should lose the blade, and have a new one put in its place, would it be the same knife afterwards?

Prof.—Most assuredly.

Student.—Then if I should subsequently, lose the handle, and get it replaced, would it still be the same knife?

Prof.—Certainly.

Student.—Then, if some one should find the original blade and handle and put them together, what knife would that be.

The answer of the Professor is not reported.

Are you an Odd Fellow?

No sir, I have been married more than a week.

I mean, do you belong to the order of Odd Fellows?

No; I belong to the order of married men.

Mercy, how dull! Are you a Mason?

No; I'm a carpenter.

Worse and worse! Are you a Son of Temperance?

No; I'm son of Mr. John Gosling.

A Massachusetts damsel is said to have been so much wearied with love's delay, while yawning during a Sabbath evening's courtship, she set her jaws, and was with difficulty brought into a smiling state by surgical assistance.

A Scotchman, having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him that he might help himself. The master said to him—"Sandy, you take a long time to breakfast." "In troth, master," answered he, "a cheese o' this size is nae sae soon eaten as ye may think."

A genuine down-easter intends applying for a patent for a machine which, he says, wound up and set in motion, will chase a hog over a ten acre lot, catch, yoke and ring him; or, by a slight change in gearing, it will chop him into sausage-meat, work his bristles into shoe-brushes, and manufacture his tail into a corkscrew.

A writer in the Genesee Farmer has a theory of increasing the quantity of butter by water. The dairymen hereabout content themselves by increasing the quantity of their milk by means of water and it pays well enough unless the "inundation" is found out.

A Washington news boy, last week, cried, "a great battle in Alabama," and on the strength of the announcement sold a *Star* to a Colonel, who ran his eyes eagerly over the columns for that battle in Alabama.—He didn't find it, and called out—

"You little rascal—I cannot see any battle here."

"No" answered the boy, as he widened the gap between himself and the officer. "And you never will see one if you loaf around this 'ere hotel!"

Since Grant's flanking movements, "flanking" is the term used by the soldiers to describe almost everything. A brave fellow the other day told a correspondent that he saw a shell coming, but "hadn't time to flank it." The shell had flanked him and taken off one of his arms.

The waist of the Empress of Austria is but fifteen inches round—just as big as an ordinary stove pipe. She must be a very prudent woman, for we have always been told that they were characterised by little waste.

A minister having walked through a village churchyard, and observed the indiscriminate praises bestowed upon the dead, wrote on the gate-post the following line: "Here lie the dead, and here the living lie."

A school-boy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship, the heavy strokes upwards and the down ones light!"

It is not difficult to account for the courage of the rebels. Being reduced to skin and bone, they can shrink at nothing.

In good society we are required to do obliging things to one another; in genteel society we are only required to say them.

Report of Changes in Division No. 1.

B. A. VANDERKIEFT, SURGEON IN CHARGE.

Admitted:

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:	1st Lt. P. Perkins, 7th R. I. Vols.
Col. W. A. Lynch, 42 N. N. Vols.	do G. P. Case, 98th Pa. do
Lt. Col. J. H. Sinec, 91 Pa. Vols.	do D. R. Little, 118th Pa. do
do V. Martin, 58th do do	do G. A. Herbert, 30 U.S.C. do
Major J. W. Crosby, 61 do do	do G. E. Davis, 10th Vt. do
Asst. Surg. C. H. Fegg, 8 N. Y. A.	do S. B. Rumpel, 2d R. I. do
do T. A. Douns, 57 Pa. V.	do F. M. Riley, 11th N. J. do
Chap'l. W. T. Campbell, 107 do do	do J. M. Ellendraf, 42 N. Y. do
Capt. J. W. Britt, 57th do do	do T. Spangler, 188th Pa. do
do J. Wakley, 36 Wis. do do	do J. R. Wilham, 1st Vt. Art.
do F. Kenfield, 17 Vt. do do	do Lt. H. S. Willey, 4 N. H. Vols.
do H. G. Stebbens, 2 N. Y. M.R.	do S. W. Lape, 9th N. Y. Art.
do F. A. Monson, 5 do Cav.	do L. Seaton, 10th do do
do J. T. Stuart, 49th Pa. Vols.	do A. W. Johnson, 139 Pa. do
do J. L. Beaver, 6th Md. do	do B. C. Hammit, 6th Md. do
do L. R. Prior, 6th Ohio Cav.	do M. Evans, 2d N. Y. M. R.
do B. F. Abrams, 7 Ind. Vols.	do W. H. LaRue, 14 N. Y. Art.
do P. Fritz, 99th Pa. do	do G. Tire, 3d N. J. Cav.
do D. T. Bennett, 7th R. I. do	do H. W. Shepley, 91 Pa. Vols.
do J. A. Gault, 104th N. Y. do	do F. W. Fitzhugh, 11 U. S. I.
1st Lt. W. M. Ward, 22 Mass. do	do F. Boyd, 8th N. Y. Art

Returned to Duty:

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:	2d Lt. G. Bridgman, 2d Vt. Vols.
Capt. J. W. Long, 2d U. S. Inf.	do S. K. Goldsmith, 59 Mass. do
do F. Kenfield, 17 Vt. Vols.	do H. D. Mason, 27 Mich. do
do J. W. Britt, 57th N. Y. do	do
2d Lt. O. V. Estes, 2d Vt. do	do
do A. J. Robbins, do do	do

Privates:
Luke Barnes, 4th Mich. Vols.

On Furlough:

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:	H. Casgrane, 122d Ohio Vols.
Corpl. W. M. Smith, 8th Ky. Vols.	J. J. Holland, V. R. Cops.
Privates:	J. P. Ellinger, 31st Iowa Vols.
J. F. Brown, 80th Ohio Vols.	L. S. Hibbs, 122d Ohio do
H. W. Lechafer, 100 do do	F. T. Benny, Musician 1 E S Md. V.
Dennis Dryden 24th Mich. do	do

Returned from Furlough:

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:	Privates:
Sergt. H. L. Colby, 11 N. H. Vols.	R. Huston, 45th Ohio Vols.
Corpl. W. J. Spaulding, 7 N. H. do	C. Smidth, Drum'r. 52 N. Y. Cav.
do	M. R. Knoulton, Mus. 4 Me. do

Deserted while on Furlough:

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:	M. H. Friar 150th Pa. Vols
Sergt. M. McManns, 4th Me. Vols.	Alva Rae, 5th Mich. Cav.
Privates:	do
T. R. Walsh, 95th N. Y. Vols.	do

Transferred.

Wm. Smith, Private, 28th Mass. Vols.

Discharged:

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:	Capt. N. Fraser, 2d Penn. Cav.
Asst. Surg. S. H. French, 109 NY V	1st Lt. E. P. Cunningham, 19 Me. V
Adj't. D. W. Searl, 140th Pa. do	do F. Baker, 1st N. Y. Cav.
Capt. H. C. Bacon, 11th N. H. do	do Carl Miller, 52 do Vols.
do J. O. Williams, 12 Mass. do	2d Lt. C. H. Dunlar, 35 Mass. do
do C. T. Dixon, 8th Md. do	do L. L. Aldrich, 56 do do
do C. H. Colburn, 11 Mass. do	do
do F. W. Holton, 16th do do	do M. Fife, 16th U. S. Infantry.
Privates:	do

Died:

Wilburn Miller, Private, 9th Pa. Cav.

Deserted:

1st Lt. L. Salsman, 98th Pa. Vols.
