

WEEKLY REVIEW.

On Monday the beautiful flag-staff which has so long lain in a recumbent position, was elevated to its proper place with great enthusiasm and *clat*. The staff is a neat, symmetrical shaft of pine, 106 feet long. It was prepared under the supervision of Mr. GEORGE R. BURN, and is a valuable ornament to the Hospital. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a large number of Officers, soldiers and citizens, gathered in front of Section one and organized a meeting, electing Mr. ABBOTT of the Constitutional Convention as chairman. After an impressive prayer by the Rev. J. PINKNEY HAMMOND, Chaplain U. S. A., the flag at the summit of the pole was unfurled, and amid the appropriate strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," waved a determined defiance to traitors at home and abroad. An improvised glee club composed of invalid Officers, volunteered their services and sang with fine effect the "Red White and Blue." At this point an unwelcome rain descended, and the meeting adjourned to the Chapel, which was very soon comfortably filled. The Chairman introduced to the audience Mr. SMITH, member of the Constitutional Convention, from Carroll County, who made an eloquent speech of fifteen minutes duration, exhibiting rare talent as an orator.—His beautiful allusion to the "old flag" elicited thunders of applause, and his tribute to "Woman, God's messenger of peace," drew forth from the audience approbation of the most demonstrative character, and highly complimentary to the fair ones who adorned the gallery. Mr. SANDS of the Constitutional Convention, was next introduced, and though he lacked the eloquence of his predecessor, yet his earnest manner and lively humor fully atoned for any deficiency in this respect. As a Marylander, he thanked the people of the North for coming to the rescue of his native State, which otherwise would have been lost to the Union, and its fair fame sullied by the crime of secession. He thought Jefferson Davis deserved our deepest commiseration on the same principle that BURNS "pitied the Devil for being in Hell." Of the invincibility of the people of the North, he thought the rebels were by this time fully convinced, and in a measure illustrated by Gov. Wise, who rode thirty miles one morning for his breakfast, and to avoid "Yankees who wouldn't fight." His remarks on the approaching Chicago Convention were anything but complimentary to that body, but he believed that it would produce a beneficial effect, inasmuch as it would hold up to the eyes of the world an example of dishonesty and corruption, which no one would be desirous of emulating.—These were "peace men" who professed to be conditionally loyal, and he considered a man of conditional loyalty no better than a man of conditional honesty, or a woman of conditional virtue. We regret that our limited space prevents us from giving the remarks of these gentlemen in full, as they abounded in eloquence, argument and wit. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to the speakers, and after a few stirring strains from the band the meeting adjourned.....The HAVERSACK is exultant this week. It has at last discovered an error in the CRUTCH, and is as tickled over it "as a dog with two tails." It makes a large amount of editorial capital out of it, rejoices immensely over it, and as usual makes itself ridiculous. Were we disposed to retaliate and quibble over the HAVERSACK's blunders, we should produce an errata of astonishing proportions, but as it has struggled hard and manfully for an existence, we will not kill it by an *expose* of its defects. The Editor displays considerable literary taste in publishing our article entire, more in fact, than we had given him credit for, and we are gratified to see that a readable production has at last made its appearance in the HAVERSACK. The Editor is assisted in his criticism by a few highly entertaining and original remarks from an "Observer," who advances some brilliant ideas for our instruction and the amusement of the Collegians. His (or her) searching the Dictionary for the word "grammer" must have been an unsatisfactory task, considering he (or she) failed to find it, and we take this opportunity of assuring him (or her) that it is only to be found in the CRUTCH. But after all we must acknowledge that the HAVERSACK is a remarkable paper. If we had been told at the commencement that

it was capable of such a degree of perfection, we should have denied it stoutly, but having such examples before us, we are forced to acknowledge its superiority. We suppose the time will come when we too can boast of a perfect sheet, have "Observers" for correspondents, condense our Wit and Humor into a corner, publish original poetry and create a sensation generally. We hope that time will arrive soon, for we are anxious to know how it seems to be faultless.....On Wednesday 235 sick and wounded paroled prisoners were admitted from the Steamer New York. The rebels still sustain their reputation for barbarity, these men being in no better condition than those who arrived last October and November. They tell the same stories of inhuman treatment that we have heard ever since the war commenced, and consider themselves fortunate in being released before the arrival of colder weather.....We expected a "right smart" of news this week, but up to the time of our going to press, nothing wonderful had occurred.—GRANT'S position on the Weldon Railroad is stronger than was at first supposed, and all efforts to dislodge him have proved ineffectual. SHERMAN is slowly but surely flanking Atlanta, and we should not be surprised to hear of another of those convenient changes of base for which the rebels are so famous. The coming draft is creating considerable excitement among the timid ones of the North who are busily engaged in counting the chances and offering their "Kingdoms for a Substitute." The recent "peace propositions" seem to have been forgotten by all except the New York Herald.—That peculiar sheet with an eye to the eccentric, still harps upon the subject, and demands that Mr. LINCOLN shall send Commissioners to Richmond to arrange an armistice, during which a convention of all the States shall be called to settle our troubles. It is impossible to tell whether the Herald is in earnest in this matter, as it is notorious for its wild and crazy schemes, and a desire to be odd. The only Commissioners we desire are the ones now in the vicinity of Richmond, and the armistice they will arrange will probably be more honorable and permanent than the one thought of by the Herald.

A YANKEE NOTION.—An American capitalist came to me not many months since, (says a popular sculptor, long a resident of Rome in Italy,) and opened the conversation by saying:

"Sir, your name is Robson."

I admitted my name was Robson.

"And you are a statuary," said he.

I admitted this fact also, substituting sculptor.

"Sir," continued he, "I will give you a commission."

I bowed and begged him to be seated.

"Robson, sir," said he, drawing a paper from his pocket, "I am a re-markable man. I was born in the in-vi-rons of Boston City, and began life by selling matches at five cents a bunch. I am worth at this moment, a million of dollars."

I bowed again, and said I was glad to hear it.

"Sir," he went on to say, "how I ained that million of dollars—how from selling matches I came to running of errands; to taking care of a boss, to trading in dogs, tobaccos, cottons, corns, and sugars; and how I came to be the man that I am—you'll find all made out on this re-markable statement."

I replied that I had no doubt of it; but that I could not see what it had to do with the matter in hand.

"Sir," said my capitalist, "everything. I wish to perpetuate my name. You have a pretty thing, sir, here in Rome—a pillar with a procession, twisting up all around it, and a figger up at the top. I think you call it Trajan's column. Now, Robson, sir, I wish you to make me one exactly like it—same height, same size, and money no object. You shall represent my career in all my va-ri-ous trades a-twist-ing round the column, beginning with the small chap selling matches at five cents a bunch, and ending with a full-length figger of me on the summit, with one hand thus in my bosom, and the other under my coat-tail!"

LEARN in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clean conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

Josh Billings on Pigs.

Az the white rose wakens into buty, so duz the white pig cum tew gladden uz. His ears are like the lilac leaf, played upon by the young zepuz at eventide; his silkiness is the woof of buty, and hiz figger is the outline of lowlanness. His food iz white nectar, drawn from the full fountain of affecshun. His brothers and sisters are az like him as the flakes ov snow, and all the day long among the klover and beneath the white thorn he maketh hiz joy and leadeth a life arkadian. His words are low musik, and his languag the untotored freshness of natur. His pastime iz the history of innersense, and his lezzure is elegance.

He walketh where grase leadeth, and gambles tew the dalliance of dewy fragrance. He gathereth straw in his mouth, and hasteth away on errants of gladness. He listeneth to the reproof of his parient; his ackshuns are the laws of politeness, and his lodgik iz the power of instinct. His datime iz pease, and his even iz gentle forgetfulness. As he taketh on years he loveth kool plases, and delveth in liquids, and stirreth the erth to fatness, and painteth himself in dark cullers, a refuge from fise and the torments of life. He forgetteth his parient, and becommeth his own master, and lerneth the mystery of food, and groweth hugely. Men gase at his porkiness, and kount his vally by pounds, and la in wate for him, and sacrifice him; and give his flesh salt for its safety. This is pig life.

A SCRUB-HEADED boy having been brought up before the court as a witness, the following colloquy ensued:—

"Where do you live?" said the judge.

"Live with mother."

"Where does your mother live?"

"She lives with father."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives with the old folks."

"Where do they live?" says the judge, getting red, as an audible snicker goes round the room.

"They live 't home."

"Where in thunder's their home?" roars out the judge.

"That's where I'm from," says the boy, sticking his finger in a corner of his cheek and slowly closing one eye on the judge.

"Here, Mr. Constable," says the Court, "take the witness out and tell him to travel; he evidently does not understand the nature of an oath."

"You'd think differently," says the boy, going toward the doorway, "if I was once to give you a cussin'."

A SMELL OF SPIRITS.—Sandy M'Lauchlain, the betheral (beadle) at Dunfermline, was a little man, with sharp brown eyes and a mouth expressive of fun. One day, the minister, Mr. Johnstone, was on his way down from the manse to the High Street, after breakfast, as was his wont, to get his letters at the post office, and see the only newspaper which can come to enlighten the inhabitants with news of public and foreign affairs. Observing Sandy slinking along the opposite side of the Cross, as if to avoid a meeting, Mr. Johnstone called out, in his fine, sonorous voice—

"Saunders, I wish to speak to you."

With some reluctance Sandy came forward, lifting his bonnet and pulling his forelock. After giving Sandy certain directions about kirk matters, the minister sniffed once or twice, and remarked—

"Saunders, I fear you have been tasting, (taking a glass) this morning."

"Deed, sir," replied Sandy, with the coolest effrontery, set off with a droll glance of his brown eyes.—

"Deed, sir, I was just a goin' to observe I thoct there was a smell of speerits among us this morning!"

A NOBLE SAYING.—President Lincoln says many homely things and many funny things. His speech at the late ceremony in honor of the dead at Gettysburg, proves that he can also say noble and beautiful things. Is not the following extract worthy, in its touching simplicity, of being handed down to the ages among the great sayings of great men:—

"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."