

A Widow's Grief.

The sympathies of the passengers on board of one of our lake steamers were recently very much excited for the widow of a man who died on board, during a trip from Detroit to Buffalo. He had been a steerage passenger, and left not only a wife but several children to mourn his departure. Poverty seemed to have claimed the family as its own, and their lonely situation, far from home, and at the mercy of the world's charities, seemed dreary enough.

The subject was agitated in the cabin of the boat, and a collection was started to aid the forlorn widow, and her helpless infants. The sum amounted to considerable, and a committee proceeded to bestow the gift upon the relict.

She was seated upon a barrel of white-fish knitting, where the committee found her, and showed evidences of being partially reconciled to the loss she had sustained.

The money was paid over—the widow deposited it in a purse containing a large amount of postal currency and greenbacks, and then, as she resumed her knitting, remarked, with subdued feelings—

"Well—I dunno as I orter cry much—he wan't really a blood relation."

The committee retired.

A TRUE STORY—ROMANTIC ENOUGH.—Not many months ago there arrived at a confederate port, upon one of the most notable of our blockade-runners, a very unassuming woman—scarce such indeed, for she was hardly out of her teens—of extremely handsome person. She had come to Nassau from Paris, and sailed thence for the South. She brought with her an abundant wardrobe, and sufficiency of means to last her two or three years at the present high rates of living. Her object in visiting this country was to discover the fate of an only brother, a Colonel in our service, who had placed her at Geneva, at school, when the war began. She had not heard from him during six months, become anxious, and finally set out on her long and perilous journey. Her anxiety proved to have been well founded. Her brother had been killed at Gettysburg, and she found herself alone and a stranger in her native land. She went first to Augusta, then to Mobile; here she lost a trunk containing all her gold. At this critical juncture of affairs, she met a very handsome field officer—engaged in flirtation, then in an *amour*, and accompanied him as far as Atlanta, on his way to the front. He fell at Chickamanga. What her life become you can guess. She died last week, and was tumbled into the ground into the public cemetery. There's a story for you—weep over it.—*Mobile Register*.

A GOOD OPERATION.—It is related that a poor but jolly soldier, who had lost his arm in the defence of his country, was called upon at the hospital in which he was resting, by the Surgeon General, who promised the young fellow he should have an arm put on which he could use—pick up his hat or write his name. It should be remembered, the fellow's early education had been neglected, and he could not write; and of course the promise of the Surgeon was encouraging, and when the distinguished visitor had gone, the wounded boy burst out with the exultation: "Well, fellows, I've made money out of this; going to have an arm I can write with, and never wrote a word with the old one in my life!"

A LADY HORSE-DEALER.—For the last few days, a young lady, wearing a monitor straw bonnet, trimmed with black ribbon, and a brown duster, and apparently not over sixteen years of age, has presented herself in Wall-st., offering for sale a handsome sorrel poney and a four wheeled cabriolet, trimmed with exquisite taste. The beautiful stranger conducts herself with the most business-like propriety. She says she has come from Troy, and is visiting this city to dispose of her horse and carriage. Her appearance attracts attention among the speculators of Wall street.—*N. Y. Express*.

A CUP TOO MUCH.—A chief, having stolen a cup from a tavern, was pursued, and a great mob was raised around him. A bystander was asked what was the matter.—Nothing," was the reply; "only a poor fellow has taken a cup too much."

For the benefit of those who cannot find the word "Copperhead" in the dictionary, we give the following analysis of it from the *Binghamton Republican*:

C onspiracy.
O pposition to the war.
P eace on any terms.
P iracy.
E nmnity to the Union.
R ecognition to the "C.S.A."
H atred to the Government.
E arnest sympathy with the traitors.
A narchy.
D isloyalty.

An inspector at Colt's factory, so say the Hartford papers, lately hinted to his subordinates that a testimonial would not in the least offend him. They told him to get a supper ready in honor of the occasion, which he did. The party met. Complimentary speeches were made, and the testimonial handed over. Inspector replied—"proudest moment of his life," &c. Speeches over, he opened the parcel and found himself the happy possessor of a—pair of leather goggles.

A distinguished Baptist clergyman made an admirable speech to a great audience in Exeter Hall, London, and then, instead of leaving off, went on and on, until his father, a quaint old preacher, who was sitting just behind him on the platform, pulled his coat-tail and said in an under tone, "Why don't you say a good thing and sit down?" "That's just what I'm trying to do, father," was the reply.

The most curious instance of a change of instinct is mentioned by Darwin. The bees carried to Barbadoes and the Western Islands ceased to lay up honey after the first year. They found the weather so fine, and the materials for honey so plentiful that they quitted their grave, mercantile character, become exceedingly profligate and debauched, ate up their capital, and resolved to work no more, and amuse themselves by flying about the sugar-houses and stinging the negroes.

The celebrated Henry Ward Beecher spent a Sunday at Greenport a few weeks since, and of course preached a sermon. Returning from church, he passed a number of specimens of "Young America," amusing themselves with a game of marbles, rather intimately mixed with fancy swearing.

"My boy," said Mr. B., to an interesting youth of eight years, "my boy, I am frightened."

"Are you?" answered buttons, quite heavily, "why the devil don't you run, then?"

As George III was walking the quarter-deck of one of his men-of-war with his hat on, a sailor asked his mess-mate who that fellow was who did not douse his peak to the admiral?—"Why, it's the king."—"King or no king," retorted the other, "he's an unmannerly dog."—"Lord, where should he learn manners?" replied Jack, "he was never outside of land in his life."

A patriotic old lady recently sent three smoking caps as presents to officers in the army of the Potomac.—One was for General MEADE, and the remaining two she desired to be presented to two generals, one of whom must be a teetotaler, and the other one who never indulged in profanity. General WILLIAMS, chief of General MEADE's staff, took the anti-profanity cap, and General HUNT the temperance cap.

A Vermont farmer sent to an orphan asylum for a boy that was smart, active, brave, tractable, prompt, industrious, clean, pious, intelligent, good looking, reserved and modest. The superintendent replied that their boys were human, though they were orphans, and referred him to the New Jerusalem if he wanted to get his orders filled.

An editor at dinner table being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction: "Owing to the crowd of other matter we are unable to find room for it."

Friendship, it is said, is love without its wings, but we have an old friend who although he has no wings, can fly into a passion with extraordinary ease.

For the Crutch.

Charade.

My first is a gentle household name
Enshrined in many a heart—
And widely echoed for praise or blame,
In history bore a part.
At the magic sound brave hearts would thrill
With love and glory's power—
A smile was law, and a word was will
In many a charmed hour.
It hath kindled fires of wrath and wrong
In persecution's day,—
And inspired the poet's sweetest song
And the minstrel's saddest lay.

My second is worshipped in every age—
E'en kings have bowed at its shrine,
Its triumphs are written on every stage
Of history's golden mine.
Sages of old from the midnight hour
Till daylight's crimson dawning,
Have sought to win this magic power
To which the world was fawning.
Its slaves are found in every clime—
'Tis a tyrant fierce and strong,
Boldly defying the march of time,
To hinder its giant wrong.

My whole is a brilliant garden flower
Prized by Physician and maiden—
With gorgeous hue and golden dower
And pungent odor laden.

While recently engaged in splitting wood, Jones struck a false blow, causing the stick to fly up. It struck him in the jaw and knocked out a tooth. "Ay," said Bill, "you've had a dental operation performed, I see." "Yes replied the sufferer; 'axidental.'

"Do you suppose you can do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons?'" said a manager to a seedy actor in quest of an engagement. "I should think I might," was the reply. "I have done a great many landlords."

"Pompey, what am dat what go when de wagon does, stops when de wagon stops, it am no use to de wagon, and de wagon can't go without it." "I gubs it up, Clem." "Why, de noise, of course!"

The heavy taxes are greatly decreasing the consumption of tobacco. A New York calculation is that half of the smokers have stopped.

The following is sharp:—First party—"You'll come to the gallows some day."—Second, or addressed party: "Yes, the day you're hanged."

The water that has no taste is purest; the air that has no odor is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

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Cards of Admission and seats can be secured for the first performance on and after MONDAY the 3rd inst., by applying at the LIBRARY.