

THE CRUTCH.

Charles Boswell, - - - - - Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1865.

Victories.

In nothing has the earnestness of our people been more strikingly shown, than the sobriety with which the great news of our continued victories is received.—Knowing how costly these victories are; that public service in an hour like this demands dauntless courage, unwearied patience, great self-sacrifice and unflinching principles, it is a spectacle to be proud of, a reflection to be held in grateful remembrance, that our armies stand the shock of battle with a valor, unity and constancy, unprecedented in the annals of bloody wars.—The moral discipline of our great Generals, has been a tower of strength, an inspiration to the assembled hosts whose toils have been rewarded most richly by the faith they placed in the sagacity, ability and fidelity of their leaders. A series of brilliant successes could not have accomplished for the *morale* of our troops, what steady patience, sincere effort, and a profound conviction of the importance of maintaining the high ground we took in the beginning, has done; nothing seems wanting to ripen our plans but favorable elemental conditions; and, as the soft March sun announces steady weather and more comfortable work in the great spring campaign on which we have entered, our thoughts center about Richmond with a familiarity quite inexpressible. We know our boys are bound to be there, and we fondly look to the 4th of July next, as the culminating point of our hopes in that direction. We hear that enterprising Yankees, North, have their hotel and grocery signs already painted for use in Richmond, and that patent mill-dams have been invented to fit the James river! 'Straws show which way the wind blows;' if we mistake not 'Southward the course of empire takes its way.'

Pen and Scissors.

This whole community was startled on Sunday by the sad intelligence of the murder of Captain WATKINS, Cavalry commander in the Purnell Legion. He was at tea with his family when he was shot at through the window, by an unknown hand. Captain W. had the esteem and love of all who knew him. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of sympathizing friends. The last honors rendered to the deceased, were most impressive, and the occasion was one of the most heartfelt and touching that has occurred in our midst. The Chesapeake Band was present, lending power to the scene by the performance of the most effective and solemn music.

The Flag-of-Truce boats New York and Manhattan, arrived here on Monday with thirteen hundred paroled men, and sixty officers. They were nearly all in excellent condition, many of the men having been captured during Sherman's triumphal march through North Carolina. The hospital cases were received at St. John's College. The suspension of the exchange of prisoners has left Division 1 quite thinned of patients.

'THE SKIRMISHER,' is the title of a very neat weekly paper issued at Camp Parole Hospital. We hope to find it a courteous and frequent visitor, notwithstanding its name.

The following proves that our military affairs are conducted in the best taste, as well as order:

The President has ordered Brevet Major General Anderson to raise over Fort Sumter, at the hour of noon, on the 14th of April, the same United States flag that floated over it at the time of the Rebel assault, and that it be saluted with one hundred guns from Sumter, and also from every fort and Rebel battery that fired upon Sumter; that suitable military ceremonies be performed under the direction of Major General Wm. T. Sherman, whose operations compelled the evacuation of Charleston; or, in absence, under the direction of General Gilmore, commanding that military department; that the naval forces at Charleston be directed to participate in the ceremonies, and that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher be invited to deliver a public address on the occasion.

Obituary.

The painful intelligence was received yesterday, at Div. Hospital No. 1, of the death of Chaplain H. C. HENRIES. About two weeks ago he left to accompany his daughters to Massachusetts, where he designed placing them at school. He expected to return in a few days. After reaching New York he felt too unwell to go further. Returning to Philadelphia, he found that he was too weak to continue the journey to Annapolis. Resting at a friend's house, the disease soon assumed a serious type, and all that physicians, the attention of beloved relatives and friends could do were unavailing in allaying its progress. He passed away gently and calmly on Wednesday night, the 29th ultimo, about 11 o'clock. Identified with this Hospital since it was first established, his loss will be deeply regretted.—His labors during the past winter in behalf of the returned prisoners have been very arduous, and it was, no doubt, owing to the constant attendance on the sick and dying, that exhausted his system, and laid the foundation of disease. How uncertain is life! When he left us for a few days, we little thought that he would never return.

For the Crutch.

From Our Foreign Correspondent.

NEW JERSEY, March 27th 1865.

DEAR CRUTCH:—Yesterday morning while demonstrating the ease with which a vacuum could be created in a tumbler, I received your letter, in which you ask my aid in describing the masquerade of the 'Feederhands Society.' I am flattered to have your eminent patronage, and am moreover conscious of the advancement that your sheet will experience from the inimitable production of my facile pen. I am tempted to speak of my aristocratic lineage, fabulous wealth, and many other facts of a pleasing nature, but modesty forbids. Allow me, in this, to confine myself to the masqueraders. I attended in the very appropriate dress of a lord. First thing I did, was to hitch to a young and charming creature that wore hoops—just nineteen springs had passed over her head. She was in the costume of a hystress, and carried a little gun that she snapped caps on. She set a cap for every man in the room. Her *papier-mache* mask got *mashed* all over her face, to the damage of the *rogue* which so loves to linger about her cheeks. There were boisterous boys and gallus gals, and several gay ducks to be seen in the scene. We sat and gazed and gazed and sat, till a huge rooster offered his wing to charmer, and she cackled that she would promenade with him—he came it over me very *foul*—so they tell me. I then congealed to a pretty Swiss girl with a milking pail. Asked her in the dialect of her native mountains, 'Spatzierengang?' Answered in teuton 'Yah!' Just then the brass band began to *toot on*, and we walked. Good many maskers. Didn't like the jam; no preserves in such jams. Just then a dark Knight waltzed past without moon or stars. He waltzed well, but, gracious how vigorously he went it on the hugging question! Around they went, dodging, bobbing, whirling and scooting, to the right and left.—Then a herculean Indian grabbed my Swiss maiden and whirled her off into the forest of humanity, his arm around her waist, and my heart growing wild within me. I waved my fist wildly in the air and wished, oh! how earnestly, for a buckthorn club—a very *naughty* wish. (Oh! dear, if that pun isn't original, it is at least aboriginal, eh?) In a fit of desperation I made fast to a pink dominie with a blue mask. I bent over her fondly and asked her to gladden me with her name—her fairy dwelling place, etc. And thus she gently answered:—'Nix ferstay!' Good bye fair Dutchess. I now entangled sleeves with a queen of night, whose pensive brow caused me to think, love her I must. We promenaded. Gently she poised her two hundred avoirdupoise on my arm, and now her hand rested confidently in mine. Poetry seized me, and thus I quoted:—

'Come to me darling, I'm lonely without thee,
Day-time and night-time I'm dreaming about thee;
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome the moment that ceases to fold thee.'

And she replied in warbling accents—'Sprochen sie

Deitch?' With a groan of despair I wended my footsteps elsewhere. A fair ghost of delicate proportions, was my next partner. So interestingly fragile was she of contour, that I grew sentimental once more, and poured the sweet words of affection in her attentive ear. Archly she shrugged her shoulders, and with coy-drooping eyes she replied, 'Dur bist ein asel.' I gave up the ghost. I then devoted myself to a lovely nymph with a wand and a magic ring and zodiac on her apron. I said, 'Oh! sweet astrologer lady, wilt thou tell the secrets of the stars to me? Tell me am I to wed a high and noble one, or to wander through the world with no fond eye to cheer me on, and no dear hand to smooth my hair?' and she said in a guttural voice, 'Mine Gott in Himmel!' I had just come to the conclusion that all the fair ones were of teutonic extract, when a neat little sewing girl raised her mask to show me a grisley moustache and ask for a 'chaw o'tobaccer.'—(Sold.) And still the jam kept increasing. Tried to find charmer—no go. Might as well expect to get a treat of a contract Surgeon. Tried to get to supper room. Couldn't see it. Tried to get out. Impossible. Could not have got another person in the hall, unless melted and poured through a funnel. Should like to enter more into detail but space forbids. I will merely mention one or two characters before saying *au revoir*. His excellency, the President, wore the garb of a jolly boatman, and he, with the assistance of a sable attendant, carried an effigy of the redoubtable Jeff. on a rail, decked in tar and feathers. Secretary Sewhard was dressed as a gentleman.—Mr. Vallandigham, who honored the grand affair with his presence, chose the modest dress of an anchorite, carrying a staff that was broken in several places and ineffectually pasted together with pieces of Confederate scrip. I observed an immense sword on legs that pierced a placard, labeled, 'The Rebellion.' On the hilt was printed, 'General Grant.' A very happy conception. The Southern Confederacy was a bag of wind. Two or three warriors tilted at it without success. But finally a youth called Billy Sherman, cautiously selected a weak spot and let the wind out with a gush. I made them all an eloquent speech. Haven't time to give it now, but it must, ere long, be published to the world.

Yours for eternity and a spell,
HUNKEY BUOY.

'Do you keep heads here?' was the anxious inquiry of a verdant young gentleman at one of the many windows of the Post-office.

'Heads!' returned the puzzled clerk; 'none but our own. Haven't you got one?'

'Oh, I mean them little red heads what they put on the backs of the letters.'

'You mean stamps.'

'Well, have it stamps; let's have one, will you?'

A stamp was shown him, which he looked at and asked, 'How much do you charge for this ere?'

'Three cents.'

'Three cents for this little bit—'

'Yes, three cents,' said the clerk, putting it back.

'Stay—hold on, stranger; s'pose I take a lot—a hundred or so—can't you take less?'

'No; not if you take a million.'

'Will you give me a dozen or so for a sample, and if I like them, I'll take a whole lot?'

The clerk, who now perceived that the fellow was really green, entered into an explanation of the nature and value of the article, showing him that the price could not be varied to suit the whims or purses of purchasers; and the poor fellow walked off with his single stamp, for which he was obliged to pay the exacted three cents.

Gentleman—'My good wamon, how much is that goose?'

Market Woman—'Well, you may have two for seven shillings.'

Gentleman—'But I only want one.'

Market Woman—'Can't help it; ain't a-goin' to sell one without the other. Them ere geese, to my certain knowledge, hev been together for more'n thirteen years, and I ain't a-goin' to be so unfeelin' as to separate 'em now.'