

For the Crutch.

DEAR CRUTCH:—Is it indeed spring-time? May we turn away from the dark winter, and let it be henceforth only a memory of the sad days it brought to us—

How good and pure must be those lovely things to our boys just come from the prisons. How looks the spring sunshine in this 'God's-land' to the eyes so weary of looking up at 'God's blue Star Spangled Banner' from the midst of all wretchedness and impurity

Spring sunshine, or some other sunshine of a bright spirit within, prompted the other day to a deed that I am glad to mention. Two of our returned prisoners—as dirty—as ragged and destitute as any likely to be found amongst the number, left with us a memento of their gratitude as they said 'goodbye; going home.'

Such threads of sunshine in the daily warp of our mingled life, go very far to hide the darker shades so closely woven in. Meeting them, we renew our faith in human nature, give up yesterday's conviction of total depravity, and look at all the world lying in spring sunshine.

THE GREATEST VICTORY.—According to the report of General Gilmore, the capture of Charleston was, as far as trophies are concerned, the greatest victory of ancient or modern times; four hundred and fifty cannon, or fifty-one more than the entire number brought up on both sides, at Waterloo, having fallen into our hands.

A Philosophic Darkey.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from the Cumberland river, gives the following humorous account of a colloquy with a philosophic darkey:

'I noticed upon the hurricane deck to-day an elderly darkey with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation.

'Were you in the fight?' 'Had a little taste of it, sah.'

'Dat isn't in my line, sah—cookin's my purfeshun.'

'Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?' 'Reputation's nuffin to me by the side of life.'

'Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?' 'It's worth more to me, sah.'

'Then you must value it very highly?' 'Yes, sah, I does—more than all this world—more than a million of dollars; for what would that be wuth to a man with the bref out of him? Self-preserbashum am de fust law wid me.'

'But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?' 'Because different men set different values upon dar lives—mine isn't in the market.'

'But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country.'

'What satisfaction would that be to me when de power of feelin' was gone?'

'Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?' 'Nuffin, whatever, sah—I regard dem as among de vanities.'

'If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance.'

'Yes, sah, dar would been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scale 'gaist no government dat eber existed, for no government could replace de loss to me.'

'Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?'

'May be not, sah—a dead white man ain't much to dese sogers, let alone a dead nigger—but I'd missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me.'

It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

Some weeks agone, I strolled into a friend's counting-room. He being absent, I commenced a chat with his clerk, when a good-looking 'cullud pussun' entered, doffed his castor, and said—

'Mas' Bob, can you len me a quarter till dis arternoon, and I pay him, sartain?'

Mas' Bob applied his dexter to his vest pocket, but it made 'no sign.' I turned—

'Well, Buck, you look tolerably honest, but as I don't know you, if you will give me security, I'll lend you the quarter.'

His eye brightened as he asked— 'Mas' Bob will you go my security?'

'Yes,' replied Bob. 'I forked over. Some time afterwards, wending the same way, as I was about to enter the office, the identical Buck stood before me.

'Buck, where's my quarter? You didn't pay me, as you promised.'

'No, sah! but I gif you security.'

'Well, but I want you to pay me; I lent you the quarter.'

'Dat's true, sah, but it am de custom down here to zaast de security fust.'

To 'BEE' OR NOT TO BEE!—A small privateer, with forty or fifty men, having on board some hives full of bees, was pursued by a Turkish galley, manned by five hundred seamen and soldiers. As soon as the latter came alongside, the crew of the privateer mounted the rigging with their hives, and hurled them down on the deck of the galley.

THE most powerful men sometimes doubt their power. The feeblest, never.

List of Patients Lately Admitted to this Hospital by Flag-of-Truce Boats.

Table with columns for Division No. 1, B. A. VANDERKIEFT, SURGEON IN CHARGE, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, PRIVATES, and various military units and names.

DEATHS.

Table listing deaths of various military personnel, including names, ranks, and units.

Public Sale.

By authority, I will offer at PUBLIC SALE, at the late residence of the Rev. H. C. Henries, Chaplain, U. S. A. at the Naval School Hospital, on MONDAY, the 10th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., A Lot of Furniture, &c., as follows: Three Toilet Sets; three Washstands; three Bureaus, one with Dressing Glass attached; Five Arm Chairs; two Rocking Chairs; eighteen Windsor Chairs; nine Cane Seated Chairs; one Lounge; one Bedstead with Spring Mattress; one Feather Bed and Pillows; two Towel Racks; eighteen Pictures; Parlor Stove; Wardrobe; Hemp Carpet; Oil Cloth; Breakfast Table; Bookcase; Writing Desk; lot Straw Matting; Office Table; Cook Stove, nearly new; two small Looking Glasses; two Gas Shades; Dinner Set; small white Tea Set; Water Cooler; Refrigerator; one Stool; two Chandeliers; four Window Shades; also one Black Stallion; one Bay Mare; one Saddle; and one very fine Cow. And many small articles.

W. BRYAN, AUCTIONEER. Annapolis, April 6th 1865. TERMS OF SALE, CASH ON DELIVERY.