

### Valedictory.

It is not without reluctance we are compelled to announce that the brief but pleasant relations heretofore existing between the CRUTCH and its indulgent readers end with this number. Its existence closes with the great scene of hospital labor in this Division. Few papers have been privileged with the opportunity of transcribing more stirring and intense phases of life to its columns than the CRUTCH, living, as it has, amid the most fearful disclosures of war, and reflecting from time to time its sorrowful episodes, as friends met friends here, for a time, or parted forever.

Before the hard sad truths of the war came home to us, and its deadliest horrors were daily personified before our eyes, the contributors of the CRUTCH were flushed with high hope, and the magnetism of a new, strange, social life stimulated the fancy, and urged the unwearied to exertion. If we have grown dull since then, it must be remembered much has happened which should give us pause and solemn meditation. Numberless ties have been broken; numberless hearts rest from their pantings, and sleep. The nation has been convulsed, and each human pulse has had its own thrill and throb, as the country's fate hung in the scale of life and death. But strong hearts and hands have won the victory, and these have strengthened us in our every attempt to encourage, approve and sustain, through the medium of our small columns, while the charm of approbation from our exchanges, the kindness of friendship, the potent cheer of sympathy, have inspired the tenderest feelings toward all who have lent us aid and encouragement.

The days of the Crutch have been few but pleasant. Its course has been unlimited and unobstructed. Its columns have been open to the literary venture of the soldier, patriot and poet, each of whom has left some proof of his cherished love of liberty and law. We thank them all for the precious legacies, born of sunny imaginations, the rapture of reprieve, the joy of rescue. Though the world should stretch before us a dark wilderness, our tread shall be more steady and equal as we remember the suffering and terror of that experience of which you gave burning evidence. In parting with our readers and co-laborers, we count it all joy that we separate on vantage ground, where we once walked in uncertainty and doubt. Over the sad work finished here the white wings of Peace are folded. The place will ever be sacred to the memory of the fallen good and brave, while the beauty, that speaks to the eye, the music, that lifted and soothed, the fine ecstasy of summer, the tempered rigor of swift winters, the magnanimity and patience crowning all our trials, will haunt us with nameless meanings time has no power to erase. A white cloud sailing out of the South, a breath of fragrance, a glimpse of the stainless blue of sky or sea, shall recall the hidden charm of life in Hospital. May a glory span these years that shall light their sorrow and their mystery. So, gazing into the unknown future, with thankful and reverent hearts, dear friends, we bid you a long farewell.

### Excursion to Annapolis.

On Monday a number of army and navy officers on duty in Baltimore and vicinity, with several of their prominent business men, took a trip to the Capital of the State in the Steamer George Appold, accompanied by the fine band of the 2d Artillery. Among the invited guests were Generals Lockwood, Dennison, Tyler and Graham, Col. Simpson, Commodore Dormin, Henry Tyson, Theodore Appold, and others interested in the prosperity of Baltimore. After landing at the wharf Div. 1, the party proceeded to the residence of Gov. Bradford, headed by the band, where they were received with surprise and much cordiality. The Governor then escorted the party to the State House, and while en route for the boat, the company rested at the Headquarters of the Surgeon in Charge of Div. 1, while the band discoursed splendid music outside. Altogether the distinguished party seemed to be most agreeably entertained, and apparently conferred as much pleasure as they enjoyed.

### Pen and Scissors.

The beauty of the evening and the fine music of the Chesapeake Band drew out a delighted concourse of people on Sunday last. The scene reminded us of European gardens we have read of, where the people, less thrifty than ours, give themselves up to the relaxations and enjoyments appropriate to the season. Nothing could exceed the hilarity of the soldiers, sporting in the grass, or beating time with their crutches, in happy anticipation of the freedom from military surveillance, so close at hand.

### The Wild Flower.

Lodged in a sunny cleft,  
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone  
The little wild flower, whose just opened eye  
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at—  
Startling the loiterer in the naked groves,  
With unexpected beauty. [Bryant.]

'EXAMINATION' AT THE UNIVERSITIES.—The great bugbear and terror of undergraduate existence lies in that awful word 'examination.' Numerous stories are always afloat of wonderful blunders in divinity; some, of course, are inventions, and others facts, or founded on facts. Here are a couple of amusing specimens, which we credit with some foundation:—Examiner: 'What can you tell me about St. Paul?' Undergraduate: 'He was also called Saul, and was brought up at the foot of Gamaliel.' Examiner: 'Yes, quite right. What do you know about Gamaliel?' Undergraduate: 'It is a mountain in Galilee.' The next, we believe, may be credited to Cambridge. Examiner: 'Why did Moses leave Egypt?' Undergraduate (with hesitation): 'Why, sir—hem—hem—.' Examiner: 'Come, come, answer, if you know.' Undergraduate: 'Well, sir, I suppose that little affair with Potiphar's wife!' For the following we do not attempt in any way to vouch, although we have heard its authenticity strenuously asserted. Examiner: 'Why was John the Baptist beheaded?' Undergraduate (falteringly): 'Because he would dance with Herodias's daughter.'—*Cornhill Magazine.*

### The Water Buffalo.

The water buffalo is an animal much in use at Singapore, in India, for purposes of draught. It is a dull, heavy-looking animal, heavy at work, and by no means prepossessing in appearance. Its dislike to, and its courage in attacking the tiger, are well known all over India. Keppel tells us the following story:

'Not long ago, as a Malay boy, who was employed by his parents in herding some water buffaloes, was driving his charge home by the edge of a jungle, a tiger made a sudden spring, and seizing the lad by the thigh, was dragging him off, when two old buffaloes, hearing the shriek of distress from the well known voice of their little attendant, turned round, and charged with their usual rapidity. The tiger, thus closely pressed, was obliged to drop his prey to defend himself. While one buffalo fought and successfully drove the tiger away, the other kept guard over the wounded boy. Later in the evening, when the anxious father, alarmed, came out with his attendants to seek the child, he found the whole herd, with the exception of the two old buffaloes, had dispersed to feed, but that they were still there—one standing over the bleeding body of their little friend, while the other kept watch on the edge of the jungle for the return of the tiger.

Judge. 'How long, Patrick, have you been in this country?'

Patrick. 'Six years, y'r honor.'

Judge. 'Where did you land?'

Patrick. 'In New York, Sir.'

Judge. 'Have you ever been out of the United States since you landed six years ago?'

Patrick. 'Niver but once, y'r honor.'

Judge. 'And where did you go then?'

Patrick. 'To Elmira, y'r honor!'

The Judge joined heartily in the explosion that followed, but he gave the Irishman his papers, and after the adjournment returned to his residence in foreign lands.

HOW WERE THE ALPS FORMED?—A geological debate has been for some time in progress, and will probably have long career, for the debaters are Sir Roderick Murchison, Professor Ramsay, late President of the Geological Society, and Professor Tyndall. The subject is the mode of the formation of the Alps. Sir Roderick argues that the mountains were formed by upheaval and subsequent fracture. The two professors contend that Switzerland was once covered by water, and that this water, operating through long ages, has fashioned the mountains and hills, valleys and ravines. The debate is exciting, and Professor Tyndall, who has climbed many an alp to observe ice and snow, and the effects of light and temperature, has now a reason for climbing them all again to gain facts and evidence in support of his new geological argument.

It is for this that his last year's journey to Switzerland was undertaken; and, looking forth from the heights, he concludes that water, ice, and wearing away have, to use his words, sculptured the Alps into their present form; and he says, 'That such is their genesis and history, is as certain as that erosion produced the Chines in the Isle of Wight. The erosion theory ascribes the formation of Alpine valleys to the agencies here referred to. It invokes nothing but true causes. The artificers by which its work is performed are still there, though it may be in diminished strength; and if they are granted sufficient time, it is demonstrable that they are competent to produce the effects ascribed by them.'—*Chambers' Journal.*

An elderly gentleman from the State of Mississippi was travelling eastward, and stopping at a hotel in Philadelphia, with his nephew, a youth of some sixteen or eighteen years. At dinner oysters were on the table, and the young man asked his uncle what they were? A man sitting opposite laughed at the simplicity of the question, and asked,

'Did you never see an oyster before?'

'Never, Sir,' said the youth.

'Where in the world did you come from?'

The uncle fired up at the impudence of the man, and asked him,

'Did you, Sir, ever see an alligator?'

'No, Sir.'

'Where in the world, then, did you come from?'

RELICS OF THE CAPITULATION.—Gen. Ord purchased for fifty dollars the table on which Lee signed the articles of capitulation. The owner, Mr. McLean, refused to sell the chairs in which the two Generals sat during their conference. But two officers in some way got possession of them and carried them away.

A SHARP RETORT.—At a concert in a small town not far from Boston, a few evenings ago, a youth was observed to give vent to his pleasurable feelings by clapping his hands at the end of one of the pieces. A man who sat near him, and who was taking notes of the proceedings, said:

'Hush! I think you would clap if a donkey was to bray.'

'Yes,' immediately answered the youth, 'get up and try.'

The complainant was silent.

STRONG INDUCEMENT TO SETTLE AT THE CAPE.—'Polly, dear,' said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, 'what do you say to settling at the Cape?'

'Oh, I'm delighted with the idea. You recollect when Morgan went out there he was as poor as we are, and he died in three years worth two thousand pounds!'

The new Postal Law provides that all domestic letters deposited wholly unpaid in any post-office are to be forwarded to the Dead Letter Office at Washington; if part paid, they are to be forwarded to their destination, charged only with the unpaid postage—not double the unpaid rates, as heretofore.

Pliny the Elder read nothing he did not extract from. For he would say there was no book so bad you could not get some good from it.