

THE readers of the CRUTCH this week, will doubtless find considerable entertainment in the lengthy article on our first page. The incidents are founded on facts, and the writer is well known in Annapolis, more particularly on account of his reminiscences of "Prison Life in the land of Chivalry." Every one should read it. We notice also, an anxious inquiry as to the whereabouts of the HAVERSACK, and do not wonder at it. We hardly know ourselves, whether such paper still exists. We hope it does. We know that at one time, a little sheet bearing that title, was "sent into this breathing world," with every prospect of success, but what has become of it? whether it was spirited away in the late raid, or has succumbed to existing financial pressures, we know not. We only hope if still flourishing, it will let us, and the world know of the fact.....The thanks of our soldiers, are hereby tendered to the Rector and people of St. Ann's Church, in Annapolis, for their kindly remembrance, on the National Fast Day. At the service upon that occasion, a collection was taken amounting to \$25.00. This was devoted to the sick and wounded soldiers, and has been placed in the hands of the Lady Directress, for expenditure in behalf of the sufferers in Division No. 1.

There is a capital good story told of a couple of Western hunters, which is well worth a place in our depository. Their names were Hoffman and Cowan; and both were excellent shots, and not a little given to boasting of their skill. One day they went on a deer-hunting expedition, and after getting into the woods where they expected to find deer, they separated. Shortly after, Hoffman heard Cowan's gun fired off, when he immediately went over to the spot, where he had heard the shot, expecting to be obliged to help Cowan hang up a deer. He found Cowan very busy loading his gun, and shouted out:

"Hallo, Cowan!—what did you shoot at just now?"

"None o' your business; go along over the hill!"

Surprised at this short and crusty answer, Hoffman looked around, and discovered a calf among the bushes. Again he cried out:

"I say, Cowan, did you shoot at the calf?"

"Yes, I did, but it's none o' your business."

"Why, what made you shoot at it?"

"Why, I took it for a deer."

"Well, did you hit it?"

"No—I missed it."

"How did you miss it?"

"Why I wasn't quite sure that it wasn't a calf."

"You are a pretty specimen of a hunter," rejoined Hoffman, "to shoot at a calf for a deer, and miss it at that!"

"Don't make a fool of yourself!" replied Cowan; "I shot at it just so as to hit it if it was a deer, and miss it if it was a calf!"

Nothing out of Ireland, of the "bull" species, is a better "specimen" than this.

Large Feet.

Here is an interesting dialogue between a Mississippi darkey, with awful large feet, and a soldier:

Soldier.—"Say, can you dance?"

Negro.—"No, sah."

Soldier.—"Well, what do you do with your feet, then?"

Negro.—"Dem? (looking down.) Oh, I walks wid dem."

Soldier.—"Well, what do you do with them at nights?"

Negro.—"Do wid 'em nights? Why—why—what does you want to know what I does wid 'em nights for?"

Soldier.—"Do you sleep with them one at a time, or bring them both into the same bed?"

Negro.—"Ob course I gets 'em bof into the same bed."

"And sleep on the floor yourself?" pursued the inquiring soldier.

This last is a trifle too broad, and the darkey commences to suspect the soldier is quizzing him, and the boys, noticing that he wavers, give vent to the long-repressed laughter in shouts which make everything ring.

About fifteen years ago, it happened in a certain country of Europe, that the inspector-general of garrisons, while visiting a provincial town, observed a sentinel stationed at a little distance outside the walls, keeping guard over some ruined buildings in the suburbs. The general inquired of the sentinel with some curiosity, why he was posted there. The sentinel referred him to his sergeant. The sergeant had nothing to say, but such were the orders of his lieutenant. The lieutenant justified himself under the authority of the captain-commandant of the garrison. Upon being applied to for his reasons for the standing order in question, the commandant informed the inspector-general, with much seriousness, that his predecessor in office had handed down to him the custom as one of the military duties of the place. A search was immediately instituted in the archives of the municipality, the result of which was to obtain satisfactory proof that, for the last seventy years, a sentinel had always stood over the ruined buildings in the same manner. With awakened interest and curiosity, the general returned to the capital. He there set on foot a more elaborate investigation among the State documents of the minister of war. After long delay it was at last discovered that the ruined building of the faubourg had been, in 1720, a store house for mattresses belonging to the garrison, and that in the course of that summer it became desirable to repaint the door. While the paint was wet, a guard was placed outside to warn those who went in and out; but, before the paint was dry, it came to pass that the officer on duty was dispatched on a mission of importance, and left the town without remembering to remove the sentinel. For a hundred and thirty years a guard of honor has constantly remained over the door—a sacred and inviolable tradition, but one which represented at the bottom no higher idea than the idea of wet paint.—*London Review.*

AN "OFF HAND" JOKE.—A sturdy sergeant of one of the Massachusetts regiments being obliged to submit to the amputation of his hand, the surgeon offered to administer chloroform as usual, but he refused, saying, "if the cutting was to be done on him, he wanted to see it," and laying his arm on the table, submitted to the operation without a sign of pain; except a firmer setting of his teeth as the saw struck the marrow. The operator as he finished, looked at his victim with admiration, and remarked:

"You ought to have been a surgeon, my man."

"I was the next thing to one afore I enlisted," said the hero.

"What was that?" asked the doctor.

"A butcher!" responded the sergeant with a grim smile, which despite the surroundings, communicated itself to the bystanders.

"On one of our Georgia railroads there is a conductor named Snell, a very clever, sociable, gentlemanly man, a great favorite with the company he is connected with, and the traveling public in general—fond of a joke, quick at repartee, and faithful in the discharge of his duties. During the past year, as his train, well filled with passengers, was crossing a bridge over a wide stream, some seven or eight feet deep, the bridge broke down, precipitating the two passenger-cars into the stream. As the passengers emerged from the wreck they were borne away by the force of the current. Our friend Snell had succeeded in catching hold of some bushes that grew on the bank of the stream, to which he held for dear life. A passenger less fortunate came rushing by. Snell extended one hand, saying:

"Your ticket, Sir; give me your ticket!"

"You may imagine the effect of such a dry joke in the midst of the water."

Here is what we consider a manifest improvement on the old story of the "friend in need:"

A friend in need's, a friend indeed,
And this I've found most true;
And mine is such a needy friend,
He sticks to me like glue.

A young lady, if a visitor knocks at the front door, will sometimes send word "engaged," though she never had an offer in her life.

THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE.—A recent traveller to the Holy Land informs us that there is at the side of the principal gate of Jerusalem, a small one, which, upon occasions of great urgency, was opened for the admission of persons after the great gate of the city was closed for the night. This gate, from its small size, was called the Eye of the Needle; and to get a camel through it at all was no small task—for a loaded camel to pass was an utter impossibility. With the above fact before the mind, one can see that the words of our Savior, when speaking of the "strait gate" and the "rich man," were more literal than many suppose. And we see how, as the rich man passes into the narrow way, the sides and the low top of the strait gate scrape everything from him in which he had before trusted. No one can take anything but himself through. Far easier is it to strip a camel of its burden, than to divest a rich man of his trust in riches.

A RICH ADVERTISEMENT.—The following advertisement appears among the matrimonials of the *New York Herald*.

MATRIMONIALS.—A Young Widower, aged 45, more or less, of prepossessing appearance, and engaging manners, and who sports a beautiful head of hair, and an elegant moustache, and a pearly set of teeth, nearly new, and who is free from all incumbrance, except six small children, a mother-in-law and a maiden aunt, desires to form the acquaintance of a few dozen young ladies, with a view to matrimony. Wealth is indispensable, as the advertiser has many red. Those contemplating matrimony may enclose (if convenient) *carte de visite* and one dollar in specie to pay for this notice, and address, with stamp, Gay and Happy, Ledgegate, Pa.

THE STUBBORNEST ANIMAL.—A crowd about a door was busy discussing what animal of all others was most contrary; some contended that a mule was, some a hog, some a yoke of oxen. A Dutchman, who had very gravely listened to the conversation, gave in his experience: "Te mule, te ox; and te hog ish all very stubborn; but te hen ish te stubbornest animal in te world. I had von vat wanted to hatch some eggs. I make von fine leetle nest, and puts her in, and she gets up and runs away. I den makes anoder leetle nest, and puts her on it, and her run away again. I makes one nice leetle box, and puts it over te hen, and for all te trouble mit I have, ven I peeped unter te leetle box te hen vas settin' standin'!"

At a whist table, a spectator noticing that a lady, who was one of the players, seemed rather unusually sober, remarked that judging her by her looks, she must be playing a losing game. "What!" said a witty gentleman present, "must a lady always smile to be winning?"

The mother of a little fellow who was taking a ride in the Hartford horse cars, asked him as he scrambled in, "Why, aren't you going to kiss your mother before you go?" The little rogue was in such a hurry that he couldn't stop, and hastily called out, "Conductor, won't you kiss mother for me?"

Dr. O. W. Holmes having been prevented by illness from delivering a lecture, wrote an apology, in which he said, "I am satisfied that if I were offered a \$50 bill after my lecture, I should not have strength enough to refuse it."

A French gentleman, who had heard rum called spirits, went into one of our hotels a few evenings since, and called for a glass of punch, requesting at the same time that it should be made with "ghosts from the West Indies."

The wit deservedly won his bet who, in a company where every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagered that he himself had a brother 12 feet high. He had, he said, "two half brothers, each measuring six feet."

"Got any ice at the end of your table, Bill?"

"No, but I have got the next thing to it."

"What's that?"

"A severe cold."

What is the difference between the President's proclamation of freedom and a hair dye? One emancipates the blacks and the other blacks the man's pate.