

Valuable Oil Land.

'Mr. Skilts, an eminent Analytical Chemist,' submits the following report to the Secretary of a new Petroleum Oil Company:

The mining corps, under the direction of Professor Krätzhalptgu, first penetrated the earth at eighteen points by means of Artesian wells. This examination developed the existence of petroleum in incredible quantities. No less than 400,000 barrels per day is assured of. I tasted the oil myself. It will make an excellent salad oil, and with very little difficulty may be prepared for use on the hair.

For lubricating purposes it is incomparable, and it is highly esteemed for wounds in battle, and all other cases of a ganglionic or epigastric nature. I have no hesitation in saying that these wells are the richest in the world, or any other of which we are informed. A man living in the neighborhood informs me that he has been sick for ninety-odd years, and has always used the petroleum upon his cart-wheels. Such is the inexhaustible nature of the yield, that an aqueduct might be built for a very small sum to carry the oil direct to New York or Europe. An artificial fountain and lake of oil might be formed in the vicinity, or an oil canal constructed to float the barrels upon. The oil also yields a variety of excellent perfumes, such as new-mown hay, jockey club, jessamine, west-end, etc. It is an invaluable substitute for butter, and has been known to fry eels to a delicious brown before the animals had done wriggling. Its paraffinous nature makes it go well with pastry. It makes pudding at sea and pies on shore.

In addition to this, it contains a large residuum of gold.

The following analysis shows the incredible richness of this oil:

Benzole,	1
Chloride of Sodium,	1
Pure Petroleum,	45
Oranges Co. butter,	11
Hair oil, in bottles,	6
Gold coin,	20
Paraffine candles,	4
Calves-foot jelly,	2

Parts, 100

Many samples are richer. I possess one which yields two gallons of hair-oil and a pound of butter to the gallon of petroleum. In boring for the oil a fine vein of port wine was struck. This might be bottled and sent to market. It is supposed to be over 300,000 years old, and must be good. There is also promise of striking a large subterranean mine of sardines. Preserved in oil, these fish must be delicious.

Besides the above advantages, there are not wanting indications of a fertile yield of quinine, which, while the war lasts, must bring a large revenue to the company. Quinine baths might be constructed, and the quinine itself conducted to the various government hospitals by pipes.

I have the honor to be, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

OLY GAMMON,

Analytical and Consulting Chemist.

Cornelius O'Dowd, in the last Blackwood, indulges in a humorous protest against popularizing science, especially as it affects Mrs. O'Dowd. He comes home and finds that estimable lady in tears because she has learned at the Scientific Congress that the coal fields cannot last over twelve thousand years, and that the earth's crust is a seventeenth of an inch thinner than it was at the time of Moses. And then he asks, 'What right has Sir David Brewster, or Professor Faraday, to fill my wife's head with speculations about the first man? I am, or at least ought to be, the first man to her.' But even this is not so bad as the dismal information thrust upon him regarding the constituents of which both are composed. 'I do not desire to have it impressed on me so forcibly that I am only a compound of neutral salts, gelatine, fibrine, and adipose matter. It is no pleasure to me to regard Mrs. O'Dowd as a vehicle for phosphate of lime, various carbonates and an appreciable portion of arsenic.'

With the flea, every year is leap-year.

A Turkish Love Affair.

While Dr. Clarke was on the Island Cos, an instance occurred in which the fatal termination of a love affair occasioned a trial for what the Mohammedan lawyers called 'homicide by an intermediate cause.' The case was as follows: 'A young man, desperately in love with a girl of Stanchio, eagerly sought to marry her, but his proposals were rejected. In consequence of his rejection, he bought some poison, and destroyed himself.—The Turkish police instantly arrested the father of the young woman as the cause, by implication, of the man's death. Under the fifth species of homicide, he became, therefore, amenable for this act of suicide. When the case came before the magistrate, it was urged literally by the accusers, that, 'if he, the accused, had not had a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love; consequently he would not have died.' But he, the accused, had a daughter, and the deceased had fallen in love, and had been disappointed, and had swallowed poison, and had died. Upon all these counts he was called upon to pay 'the price of the young man's life'; and this being fixed at the sum of eighty piastres, it was accordingly exacted.

IMMORTALITY.—A little girl in this city, who has learned that human beings have souls, but that animals have not, recently lost her pet squirrel. She mourned his death bitterly, and when her mother suggested that she ought not to grieve so much at the loss of an animal, she said pathetically:

'I shouldn't care, mother, if Benny went anywhere—he just died and didn't go anywhere.'

The answer was a touching evidence of the consolation derived from the belief in the immortality of the soul.

The gray-haired reprobate who called the new iron-clad Richard Murphy, when everybody knew it to be Dick-tater, has been convicted and sentenced to dye with somebody's hair restorer.

A man applied to Dr. Johnson, the celebrated chemist of Boston, with a box of specimens.

'Can you tell me what this is, sir?'

'Certainly, I can, Sir, that is iron pyrites.'

'What, sir?' in a voice of thunder.

'Iron pyrites.'

'Iron pyrites! and what is that?'

'That's what it is,' said the chemist putting a lot on the shovel over the hot coals, where it disappeared.—'Dross.'

'And what is iron pyrites worth?'

'Nothing.'

'Nothing! Why, there's a woman who owns a hill full of that in our town, and I've married her!'

As a lot of 'grayback' prisoners were marching through one of the streets in Louisville, the other day, on their way North, a citizen asked one:

'What do you think of Hood now?'

'Why, bully for Hood! He said we should winter in the North, and we expect to do it,' said the grayback in reply.

NEW SCRIPTURE.—'I hate,—I hate the man who has the Lord in his mouth, the Devil in his heart, and his hands in his neighbor's pocket.' v. Paul, xix, 77.

Medical Conundrums.

Why are passes from the Executive Officer always good? Because they're Ely-able.

Why is the present Executive Officer like an interesting novel? Because he's the 'Heir of Radcliffe' and well read.

Why did the nurses in Section Four always do their duty? Because they were afraid of a Mau(gh)lin.

Why are the lives of the patients in Section Two in great danger? Because they hang upon a Pegg.

Why should a certain surgeon in Section Three be dear to every inhabitant of this state? Because he's a Sweet, M. D.

Why is a doctor with a quarrelsome wife like a surgeon in Section One? Because he's a clawed M. D. (A. Claudé, M. D.)

One of Artemas Ward's jokes is going the rounds of the press in the following guise:

'How dat, Sambo? you say you was at de battle of Bull Run! when I see you at New York on de same night!'

'Yes, Julius, you did for sartin. Yer see, our Colonel, says he, 'boys, strike for yer country and yer homes!' Well, some struck for der country, but dis chile he struck for home! Dat splains de matter, yer see!'

A little boy who put counterfeit money in the contribution box, replied to his Sunday school teacher that he 'didn't' spose the little heathens would know the difference, and thought it would be just as good for them.' Thoughtful boy.

So much powder has been expended in the vicinity of one Southern city, that it will be eminently proper to change its name after this cruel war is over, and call it, for instance, Saltpetersburg.

'All bitters have a heating tendency or effect,' said a doctor to a young lady.

'You will except a bitter cold morning, won't you, doctor?' inquired the lady.

A lady going to church on Ash Wednesday, finding her seat already occupied, requested the pew-opener to remember that although it was Ash Wednesday, her pew was not lent.

'Away down East' is a town called St. George. In this town lived a man by name of Andrew Jobson. Andrew's reputation was not so good but that it might have been better. Once upon a time he went to Thomaston in his fishing-boat to sell some fish, and was espied by the sheriff. Andrew, seeing the sheriff come on board his boat, supposed him to be a customer for fish, and answered his question with all the confidence imaginable.

'I believe your name is Andrew Jobson,' said the sheriff.

'Yes,' said Andrew, 'my name is Andrew Jobson, the world over, and I don't care who knows it.'

'Then,' said the sheriff, 'you are my prisoner.'

'Ah, but stop a moment,' said Andrew; 'not quite so fast; you have made a slight mistake in your man. It's my brother Ben whose name is Andrew.'—Harper's.

MARRIED.

In Annapolis, Jan. 9th, by Chaplain Henries, FREDERICK H. CARR SCHROEDER, to MISS ANNA CHORST.

LOST!!

In this Hospital, a black enamelled Tooth-Pick, with Gold setting. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at the "Crutch" Office.

Report of Changes in Officers' Hospital.

B. A. VANDERKIEFT, SURGEON IN CHARGE.

Admitted:

Col. C. V. DeLand 1st Mich S. S. 1st Lt. Wm. W. Pierce, 4th Vt Vols
Maj. E. Selkirk, 2d N. Y. Art. do J. W. Carter, 23d U. S. C. T.
do A. Wyman, N. H. Cav. do John Miller, 4th do
Surg. James S. Bryan, do Arch Sampson, 27th do
do S. D. Gray, 20th Pa. Cav. 2d Lt. C. N. Ward, co K, 7th do
Adj. A. Rumbelt, 76th Pa. Vols do S. A. Taylor, 4th Mass Vols
Capt. A. Wadled, co E, 3d N. H. do

Returned to Duty:

Maj. A. Wymond, 1st N. H. Cav. Capt. N. Maffitt, 25th N. Y. Cav.
A. Surg. N. Willie, 191st Pa. Vols. 2d Lt. S. Murphy, 3d N. Y. Cav.
Capt. C. Hodgdon, 14th N. H. Vols do A. J. Byrne, 65th do Vols.
do G. P. Howe, 170th N. Y. do

Discharged:

Maj. E. D. Yutzky, 54th Pa. Vols. 1st Lt. E. Johnson, 17th Me. Vols.
do C. Seymour, 25th N. Y. Cav. do A. Hiltman, 162d N. Y. do
Capt. P. B. Grant, 10th N. Y. Art. 2d Lt. A. Hawkins, 8th N. Y. Art.

On Leave of Absence:

Capt. W. Willis, 7th Mich. Cav. 2d Lt. S. B. Kelly, 121st N. Y. Y.

DEATHS.

Private	Tenn.	Cav.
R. E. Karnes, co C, 24		
J. A. Pickett, co H, 7th	Wis.	Vols.
Calvin Hardin, co G, 101st	Pa.	do
Albert J. Wood, co F, 37th	Wis.	do
Henry W. Dodds, co B, 34th	Mass.	do
Charles Spencer, co K, 119th	N. Y.	do
John Kek, co D, 11th	Mass.	do
Levi H. Davis, co D, 189th	N. Y.	do
George Raske, co K, 164th	do	do
James A. Crawford, co B, 106th	Ohio	do