

THE CRUTCH.

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U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

Our Cause.

Within a week, an electric thrill of enthusiasm has warmed the hearts of the people, and set the wires trembling with echoes of rejoicing, as the grateful message sped across the country that Mr. Lincoln was unanimously re-nominated for President by the National Convention sitting at Baltimore.

While every week is adding instances of heroism and self-sacrifice to the annals of the war, this record of a peoples' gratitude and just appreciation of a noble character, lights up the page with new glory, and reflects shining honor upon every State that so nobly advanced to do him homage, who has stood by us so heroically, through good and evil report, and has lived "sans peur, et sans reproche."

It is a thing to be enthusiastic about,—a thing to be proud of, that, in the height of a terrible rebellion like this, thirty sovereign States, pledged their fealty, not to a political party, or any dictatorial power, but, to the constant true-hearted representative of right and liberty, as the genius of our people interprets these words.—Take courage then *Oh, valiant ones, straining nerve and sinew in your death-grapple with insidious foes; facing their fury with unblanched cheek, and unfaltering step!* Copperheadism, has been assaulted, frowned down, and writhes now beneath the heel of liberty, (which, thank heaven, is longer than before the war) and, there are signs that we shall all march under the same banner, now the storm that has swept over us, has purged the atmosphere of its worst miasm.

Welcome poverty, disaster, honorable defeat, anything, but lurking "treason double dyed," diffusing its venom, under the mild term of Copperheadism! The loyal people demanded that the country should be cleansed of this blot on her fair fame, and we trust its death-warrant has gone forth with the decree that shall make our present chief magistrate the first choice of the people.

As the movements of Gen. Grant develop his plans, a wide spread confidence is inspired in our cause, and we feel justified in believing that the chivalry have been taught a lesson that will make them beware in future how they depreciate our generals, since brilliant flank movements are not confined to their side, and our well organized army is beginning to display all the characteristics of veteran troops. We should pity our enemy, had he not insulted the nation and humanity, by his atrocious acts committed on our prisoners. The horrors of the last two years need not be repeated, to those who have buckled on the armor the second time for Richmond. But they will be avenged; and the instruments of such wanton cruelty, violence and cowardice, extirpated from the land. Their chastisement is upon them, and, rather than yield an inch to their boastful power,

"Better war, loud war by land and sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones."

Conundrums.

"Pete," said one darkey to another, as they stood eyeing the men at work on the latest improvement (?) in the yard, "Why am dese men like soldiers in a Fort?"

"I dino' Cuff"—"kase why?"

"Gub it up?" "Laws now, ain't dey 'gaged in a work ob de-fence?"

Why is Gen. Grant a musician?

Because he can change his base, and still keep "the even tenor of his way."

What *damsel* has become very unpopular in this Hospital? Sal-ute.

What letter of the alphabet added to Libbey will destroy it? The letter T.

What shape is a kiss? Elliptical.

What is the difference between a horse and a Wagon? One can't go when it is tired, and the other can't go when it isn't.

Chintz Papers No. 1.

Stepping into the Constitutional Convention the other day, assembled at Annapolis, we were inclined to the belief that the august body there congregated, might be composed of the best thinkers, and clearest heads in the State, and judging from what little we know of the public history of its leaders, we feel confident that the important question they have met to decide is safe in their hands. Among the marked heads noticable in almost all large gatherings, one easily distinguishes that of Gov. Bradford, in itself a tower of strength, firm, compact, almost massive, indicating high moral purpose and unswerving integrity,—a head that bows in fear to no man, and cannot comprehend the nature of duplicity or double-dealing. The people of Maryland should never forget to whom they owe their present allegiance, since despite huge obstacles and petty schemes, matters political have been shaped by him with the eye of wisdom, and the heart of a true patriot.

The gentleman with the *nonchalant* air, classic head, and hands and feet quite up to the Napoleonic test of royalty, we took to be Mr. STERLING, of Baltimore, but could not ascertain for a certainty, from the Annapolitans about us, who are a sober mind-their-own-business sort of people,—prejudiced against spreading themselves, or the news. Living out of the world, we are obliged to trust to our instincts and a poor memory for the knowledge we get of its affairs, but if we recollect aright, the gentleman in question is the same who so ably repelled every attack made on our cause in the Senate last winter, and proved himself equal to the undertaking.

Looking around on faces distinguished by strong features, deep eyes, grim mouths, denoting energy, decision, mental assimilation to the higher or lower powers that sway *mens' souls* at this period of our history, we were led to select the face of President GOLDSBOROUGH as one, in which every true, good and vigorous feeling had gathered impulsively. Strangers as we are, to this gentleman and his place of residence, it gives us pleasure to believe we are not amiss in pronouncing him, a man of equitable judgement, high principles and fine tastes.

There were other gentlemen present of quite as marked mental proclivities no doubt, as those above mentioned, but whose heels, at that particular time were most prominent, and consequently first attracted attention; the result of our observation was not fruitless.—Since we learned the boots of the present day are made of finest calf-skin, and very square-toed, having undergone quite a reform since we were in society.

While pursuing the favorite occupation of observing and analyzing the character of the heads and feet within range of our vision, Mr. DENNIS, of Somersetshire and spoke at some length against the doctrine of paramount allegiance of States to the Government of the United States. This gentleman's views were ably presented, and as well sustained perhaps as they could be, considering the great fact, which every child in Maryland ought to comprehend, was kept back, that such a thing never existed, and cannot exist, as a State Sovereignty in conflict with the General Government. It was a natural consequence therefore, that Mr. SMITH, of Carroll should annihilate, as he did, in a few periods of moving eloquence, every vestige of the flimsy ground-work his opponent had so confidently stood upon.

It was a thrilling and splendid proof of the power of the simple principles contended for, that they could be made invulnerable at one stroke, in the hand of a master-spirit. We thanked heaven almost audibly, that Maryland and our country, had such defenders left, of the long list of illustrious ones whose souls have gone up, in untiring supplications, for the preservation of these very principles, for which the land is scathed and steeped, in fire and blood! and we questioned within ourselves again and again, how men dare attempt to dethrone them! wondering with the poet if,

"We are so lost to truth,

So abandoned to a bitter mirth! So pleased

To play a game of hide and seek,

We shape a figure of our fantasy,

Call nothing something, and run after it,

Then home with a bad headache and worse jest."

Prison Life in the Land of Chivalry.

On Monday evening last, a large audience, composed of officers, soldiers and citizens, congregated at the Naval School Chapel, to listen to a new version of Prison Life in the South, by Capt. A. R. Calhoun of the 1st Ky. Cav., who, after encountering many dangers and meeting with innumerable hair breadth escapes, while in active service, nearly lost his life in the prisons, where he was confined seven months, suffering all the deprivations, and ignominy, that his merciless keepers could heap upon him.

Having been one of the heroes of the "Tunnel expedition," he was subjected to the most cruel treatment known in the enemy's category of crimes. In the long dark picture of their woe, drawn by the young orator, with remarkable power and pathos, there was not a ray of light, except the few sparks emanating from the hope of release, springing in their own patriotic hearts.—When this was extinguished by delirium, or weakness, the victim died, like a broken bird, and was laid among the six hundred martyrs, whose bones rest in "prison graves."

We have not space in which to detail these terrible truths, but are glad to learn they are to be published in pamphlet form, at the request of the audience privileged to listen to them, both at this place, and at the State House, in Annapolis, where Capt. C. was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome. Both our Hospital Bands graced these occasions, discoursing such rapturous music, as for a time turned the tide of feeling in a new direction, else this sad story of our wrongs, might have consumed any vestiges of the quality of mercy, left within us, for our kind, south of Mason and Dixon.

To Correspondents.

Despair.—Too cheerless for the Crutch, whose columns are intended to support, rather than dishearten its readers.

B. M. C..—is welcome.

Revere.—All communications can be left at the Crutch office.

A MUTTON MILL.—A gentleman traveling in New York State overtook a farmer dragging a lean, wretched looking, horned sheep along the road. "Where are you going with that miserable animal?" said the traveller. "I'm taking him to the mutton mill to have him ground over," said the farmer. "The Mutton Mill? I never heard of such a thing. I will go with you and witness the process." They arrived at the mill; the poor sheep was thrown alive into the hopper and almost immediately disappeared. They descended into a lower apartment; and in a few moments there were ejected from a spout in the ceiling four quarters of excellent mutton, two skins of morocco, a fur hat of the first quality, a sheep handsomely dressed and two elegantly carved powder horns!

CAN DO NOTHING WITH THEM.—Gen. Dick Taylor captured from Gen. Bank's train two wagons loaded with paper collars. The facetious rebel returned them under a flag of truce, saying, "I have boiled, fried, baked, and stewed those things, and can do nothing with them. We cannot eat them. They are a luxury for which we have no use, and I would like, therefore, to exchange them for a like quantity of hard tack."

The head of a turtle, for several days after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman had decapitated one, and some days afterwards was amusing himself by putting sticks in its mouth which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding, exclaimed, "Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead." "So he is, ma'am; but the crather's not sensible of it."

Josh Billings says: "The best kind ov a dog tew hav for awl purpozes is a wooden one. Tha dont kost much, and aint liabel tew git out ov repair.—Tha are eazy kep, and yu alwus kno whare tu find them. Tha aint kross tu children when yu step on thare tails. Bi awl means git a small one. I never knu one ov this breed tew feller ennyboddy oph."