

Alas, no! They were not saved! At least one victim was to be sacrificed to the rest. Enraged at seeing his prey about to escape him, the shark plunged to make a vigorous spring; then issuing from the sea with impetuosity, and darting forward like lightning, with the sharp teeth of his frightful mouth, the monster tore assunder the body of the intrepid and generous boy, while suspended in the air. Only a part of the noble little Volney's lifeless body was drawn up to the ship, while his father and the fainting child in his arms were saved!

Thus perished, at the early age of twelve years and some months, this brave and hopeful young sailor, who so well deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action he performed in saving the life of his father and the poor little girl, who was a stranger to him, at the expense of his own, we are surely entitled to place his name in the very first rank of heroes. But the deed was not alone glorious from its immediate consequences. As an example, it deserves to live to the latest generation, while the present relation of it cannot fail to incite the young to the commission of generous and praiseworthy actions. When pressed by emergencies, let them cast aside all selfish considerations, and remember the heroism of the Irish sailor boy—Volney Beckner.—*Chambers' Journal.*

**THE FINAL TEST.**—A worthy old Irishman was told one evening that his wife was very sick and likely to die. Profoundly grieved at the information, he hastened to her bedside to ascertain the progress of disease, and in his own way to make a diagnosis. He first wiped the tobacco from his lips and gave her an affectionate smack.

'Och! by the powers,' said he, 'and sure her mouth is cowl'd as the kay-hole of a jail doore!'

Filling his cob pipe he sat down by the fire and cogitated. A thought struck him, and he rose and offered his pipe to the sick woman, begging her to take a whiff or two. She moaned a feeble refusal, and the sorrowful man again sat down. The pipe was soon finished, and the canteen of old Irish whiskey was brought down; after a generous draft, he sweetened a little for his companion. As before, she shook her head, and seemed to be utterly incapable of appreciating her usual luxuries.

The good man's heart failed him, and as he drained the toddy which she refused, he exclaimed—

'Och, Bridget, dear, and yees going to lave me intirely! Ye'll nither smoke nor dthrink, and sure thin ye are not long for this world, at all at all!'

And, sure enough, she did die.

**A certain judge** was obliged to sleep with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued:

'Pat, you would have remained a long time in the Old Country before you could have slept with a judge, would you not?'

'Yes, yer honor,' said Pat, 'and I think yer honor would have been a long time in the Ould Country before ye'd been a judge too.'

**AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.**—A story is told of the colonels of two regiments engaged at Mission Ridge. They had been class-mates and chums at Waterville College, Va., but when the war broke out, one went with the South, the other remained true to the Union. They were both mortally wounded in this battle, and after the fight was over, a mutual friend found them lying side by side on the battle field, with their right hands clasped and both dead. They had evidently recognized each other after being wounded, and the old ties of friendship asserted their supremacy, and together their spirits had passed into the eternal world. Side by side, in the same grave, they sleep their last sleep.

**One day,** as a witty son of the Emerald Isle was standing upon the steps of a tavern, a finely-dressed, vain looking man alighted from a cab. His nose was of such uncommon size that Pat stared at him with astonishment. 'What are you staring at, stupid?' asked the man of the big nose, in a pompous tone. 'Why, be jabers,' said Pat, 'seein' a nose a commin, I was a lookin' to see whether there was any one behind it or not.'

## THE CRUTCH.

Charles Boswell, - - - - - Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1865.

### Babylon Has Fallen.

The crowning victory has come at last! On Monday, the 3d of April, the electric news that Richmond was ours, and our arms everywhere triumphant, thrilled every loyal and expectant heart with joy. The finishing stroke which has crushed life out of the rebellion, has filled a nation with thanksgiving. The grandeur of the event is indescribable! The stirring intelligence was received in Baltimore and the larger cities, with the wildest demonstrations of delight. Business was suspended, and people gave themselves up to mutual congratulations and the exhilaration of the hour. Washington was in a whirl of excitement all day, every public place being besieged with dense crowds of over-joyed people.

As soon as the news had been communicated by telegraph to Governor BRADFORD, he ordered a salute to be fired and the flag displayed from the State House, in Annapolis. The Chesapeake Band, from Hospital, Division 1, ascended the ancient dome of the State House, and played from its balcony, their most stirring patriotic airs, while from the steps of that time-honored building, the enthusiastic crowd was addressed by Governor BRADFORD, amid vociferous cheering, the loyal giving free vent to the hilarity of that ever to be remembered hour of triumph. Flags floated from the shipping, hospitals, camps and private residences.—The *Gazette* and CRUTCH offices circulated extras of the good news far and wide. The faces of the boys in blue were suffused with smiles; old men wept, and little boys of all sizes and various colors, screamed and kicked with delight, utterly regardless of parental restraint, and their best clothes; secessionists looked dubious and kept shady, like dogs that had once 'had their day,' and hoped no longer.

In the evening Governor Bradford was serenaded by the Chesapeake Band, and another concourse of people assembled, and were congratulated by the Governor and the State Attorney-General, Randall, on the magnificent victory they had met to celebrate. As the night waned the enthusiasm abated, but did not cease. 'Rally Round the Flag,' and 'Marching Along,' might have been heard all through the small hours, until the morning broke in fresh rejoicings, as the news came in confirmed, and strengthened by the addition of fresh triumphs. The loyal people had been looking for this day with patient submission; they had labored and hoped, and borne up nobly under defeat. They deserved victory, and they have won it valiantly and honorably. Never again shall our beloved land receive a treacherous stab like that from which she has bled; the land shall rest, filled with sweet prophecies, since Richmond is ours.

[From the New York Tribune.]

### Richmond is Ours.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!  
Hark! to the jubilant chorus!  
Up, through the lips that no longer repress it!  
Up, from the Heart of the People! God bless it!  
Swelling with loyal emotion,  
Leapeth our joy like an ocean!—  
Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!  
Babylon falls, and her temples and towers  
Crumble to ashes before us!

Glory to Grant! Glory to Grant!  
Hark! to the shout of our Nation!  
Up, from the Irish Heart, up from the German—  
Glory to Sheridan!—Glory to Sherman!—  
Up, from all Peoples uniting—  
Freedom's high loyalty plighting—  
Glory to all! Glory to all!—  
Heroes who combat, and Martyrs who fall!  
Lift we our joyous ovation!

Fling out the Flag! Flash out the Flag!  
Up from the turret and steeple!  
Up from the cottage, and over the mansion,  
Fling out the symbol of freedom's expansion!

Victory crowneth endeavor!  
Liberty seals us forever!  
Up from each valley, and out from each crag,  
Fling out the Flag! Flash out the Flag,  
Borne on the breath of the People!

Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!  
Hark! how the welkin is riven!  
Hark! to the joy that our Nation convulses,  
Timing all hearts to the cannon's loud pulses;  
Voices of heroes ascending,  
Voices of martyred ones blending;  
Mingling like watchwords on Liberty's towers,  
'Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!'  
Freedom rejoiceth in Heaven!

### Pen and Scissors.

It is estimated that about seventeen hundred paroled prisoners arrived at this Post during the early part of this week. There were over a hundred Hospital cases left in this Division. Some of the men had been prisoners but a day; most of them but a few months, as their good condition proved.

On Sunday last while funeral services were being held in Philadelphia, over the remains of Chaplain H. C. Henries, a commemorative service was attended here by a large concourse of people, many of them old friends of the Chaplain, who came to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of him who had administered to them spiritually from the desk in our Chapel, made vacant by death. After the band had performed the beautiful dirge 'Rest spirit, rest,' addresses were made by Revs. Mr. Love, Owens, Sloan and Clark, each bearing testimony of the Christian character, social qualities, and usefulness of the deceased, in that impressive and tender manner befitting the solemn occasion. On the desk, which was draped in black, were two vases filled with white magnolias, hyacinths and violets. The singing by the choir was most effective and appropriate. The services closed with Old Hundred played by the band, and the crowd slowly dispersed with a deep sense of the sad truth that Chaplain Henries was no more.

Some precautionary measures were taken on Wednesday night, by the worthy Commandant of the Post, against any sudden surprise from prowling rebels. The guards were stationed, and guns were ready to pepper the rascals. Nobody supposed they would venture near our ancient village, but since they have been siezing vessels in the bay and murdering citizens, not many miles off, it is wise to be on the lookout.

Divine justice steals upon us softly with woolen feet, but strikes at last with iron hands.

It has been proposed to tax stays, but it was objected to, on the ground that it would diminish consumption.

Prentice hopes that Grant and Sherman will cut Lee's force in two. Then Lee will be indebted to them for an entire division of his army.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

**SLIGHTLY MIXED.**—An English paper contains an advertisement:—'A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the channel in an oak case with carved legs.'

Some one says: 'The best thing a man can take with him to the grave is character.' It is well to leave some of it behind him.

**JAW.**—It is said that since Dr. Carnochan performed the difficult operation of removing a man's jaw, he has been repeatedly applied to take the jaw out of a woman.

A Frenchman was asked his opinion of the Derby races. He spread his palms, shrugged his shoulders, raised his eyebrows, and said: 'Here dey come, dere dey go; pay me one hundred pounds.'

It strikes us that the following stanza is an imitation of Pope.

'Vice is a lobster of such hideous green  
That to be hated needs but to be seen;  
But, boil him soft, and see his blushing face,  
We first endure, then pity, then 'say grace.'

A young man advertises for a situation as son-in-law in a respectable family. Would have no objection, he says, to go a short distance in the country.