

THE CRUTCH.

Charles Boswell, - - - - - Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. I, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

Laus Deo.

Grant's magnificent campaign has ended in perfect success. When shall we cease to be debtors to him and his brave army, against which the terrible arm of rebellion struck so often, and so hard? That rebellion, which rose up in the face of the nation in a day, without fight, authority or fact to support it, and has descended into the night, like one of those solemn disappearances in history, that leaves only blood and shadow in its train. For its leaders, there is neither crown or halo; only a memory of monstrous crimes, fearful encroachments on human rights, and the basest treason that ever plotted mischief to a nation; for its abettors, worn out, stupified, vanquished, await exile and obscurity.

There is something grand in conquest, even when it is the reward of mere daring; but when it comes of the onward march of the human race, for progress, truth, universal rights, it is sublime! It radiates greatness everywhere; it electrifies goodness; it forges new links of love and trust among men; it fills the souls of young heroes, who have grappled hand to hand with defeat, injustice, contempt, with new faith; it stamps on the scroll of time imperishable words, that shall kindle fires of loftiest patriotism in the souls of all who read. Indeed, the whole moral influence of such victories as these we celebrate is indescribably grand and ennobling. In this hour of ineffable light, when all the heights are ablaze, and every battle-field has a visible glory of its own, let us view our success reverently, and

Laus Deo.

Written for the Crutch.

A Fragment.

Obscure heroes are sometimes greater than illustrious ones. Strong rare natures make them so,—and there are noble and mysterious triumphs accomplished in the small struggles of life which no eye sees, no renown rewards.

In the dead-house in this hospital, yesterday, lay a young boy, emaciated to the bone, with a tiny flag pinned on his breast. It was placed there by the tender hand of one who knew how gloriously the boy died, and how he loved the symbol of his country's glory and strength. He had endured seven months' imprisonment,—that horrible thing, which includes days without bread, nights without sleep, light or fire, weeks without occupation, a future without hope, and a need of love, that was hourly mocked by filth and poverty. At a time when youth should have warmed and swelled the heart with pride, he blushed for shame and groaned with misery. Terrible trial! through which he must pass either to be broken or made sublime.

This boy was always heroic. His light step trembled, his slender frame quivered and pulsed to martial music. His eye was lifted to the flag with something like romance or worship. In six battles it had been to him a constant inspiration. In prison he longed for it as for sunshine; in hospital he called for it again and again. It was hung before his eyes; it was placed near his head. He held it in both hands, and caressed it as though it had life and affection. * * * One April day, as the afternoon shadows lengthened, the narrow face paled, the eyelids closed, and the cheek clung close to the flag, that had been his pride and his comfort. There was no life there, but the slender hand held a death-grasp on the little staff, and the mouth smiled a last farewell to the emblem of liberty and glory.

So pass the spirits of the brave, whose souls have been sublimated by an idea involving the essence of truth, liberty, humanity. His wisdom and his light was formed of the light that came thence. His humble soul loved,—that was all. * * *

The soul of old John Brown was last heard from 'marching on' in the very bowels of rebeldom.

Pen and Scissors.

The evening of the 12th was an occasion of great rejoicing in Annapolis, in honor of the recent victories. The streets were thronged with soldiers, jubilant as boys on the 4th of July. The public buildings were illuminated, and many private dwellings were transfigured into fairy temples of light, in the midst of which St. John's College Hospital shone conspicuous, like a brilliant chandelier pendant in the darkness. Stirring speeches were made by Col. Sewell, Capt. Curry, and Mr. Seabrook, which were received with hearty cheers. The bands from Division 1 and 2 played alternately, while rockets were flying in all directions from the steps and balcony of the State House. For several hours the air was vocal with huzzas, and the scene one of joyous hilarity.

Again the Navy Yard wears the bright garniture of Spring. Frequent April showers have brought forth buds and blossoms, while the birds are singing merrily among the snow-banks of cherry and peach blossoms. Nature invites thither the sick and wounded with open, bountiful hand, filled with offerings of fresh flowers, pure air, clear skies, and a wide expanse of beautiful landscape, which one may look upon and be healed.

At a meeting of the Medical Staff of the U. S. A. General Hospital, Div. No. 1, held on Thursday, the 13th inst., to take action regarding the sudden death of one of its members, Acting Assistant Surgeon John M. Doty, U. S. A., the following series of resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our late colleague, Acting Assistant Surgeon John M. Doty, has been recently removed by death.

Resolved; That in his death we recognize the dispensation of an all-wise Providence, who in His infinite wisdom has removed one whose upright character, and many sterling qualities, commanded the respect and admiration of his friends, while his devotion to his profession in administering to the sick in this Hospital, endeared him to those under his charge.

Resolved; That we sincerely sympathize with the friends and relations of the deceased, in their sad affliction.

Resolved; That a copy of these resolutions be published in the *Baltimore American*, the paper of this Hospital, and in the local papers near his home; and that a copy be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

WILLIAM H. GRAFTON, Act. Asst. Surg., U. S. A., } Committee.
I. G. F. STEWART, " " " " }
CHAS. W. PEGG, " " " " }
JOSHUA SWEET, A. A. Surg., U. S. A., Chairman.
JAMES J. PURCELL, A. A. Surg., U. S. A., Secretary.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The following is taken from an abstract, given by the correspondent of the N. Y. Christian Inquirer, of a sermon recently preached in Washington by Rev. W. H. Channing:

Next he carried his audience to the hospitals of the soldier, where again he found Christ manifested—sometimes consciously and then unconsciously. Among many other exquisite anecdotes, exquisitely told, was that of a boy not eighteen, whom in his office of Chaplain he found dying. He said to him, 'My boy, what shall I do for you?' 'Take my pocket-book out,' said he. Mr. Channing did so, and the boy opened it and took out three photographs. At once he looked and said, 'My mother, you did not so soon expect to meet me.' (His mother was evidently dead.) He then took out another and said, 'Dear sister Lizzie, you did not think I should die so far from you,' he then kissed this, as he had done that of his mother, with more loving words to both. He then took out the third and looked up into Mr. Channing's face and smiled. It was his betrothed. Mr. Channing said: 'It is hard to die when life is so sweet.' 'Oh, no, no, no,' said the boy; 'I thank God that I have a life to give for my dear country.'

BE CHEERFUL.—Come now, be cheerful, if you cannot pay your debts immediately do the best you can, and pay them as you are able. 'Care killed a cat.' If you have not fifty cents to luxuriate upon the delicacies of the season, appropriate half of that amount for something more substantial and wholesome; kiss your wife if you have one, if not kiss some pretty girl and marry her immediately—for acts of desperation frequently result happily and beneficially in their effects. If you have any children, romp with them; if not, romp with your neighbor's. Look upon the bright side of everything—put on a cheerful countenance—keep your mind in the right trim, and if you find your native town will not support you, pick up and go somewhere else. At all events be cheerful.

From the Portland Transcript.

Great Funeral!

Died in Richmond, Va., on the 3d inst., of a severe attack of the *Great Union Army*, in convulsions the most painful—*The Foul Spirit of Secession*. It was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1860, and though but four years old it at one time possessed great vigor, but of late it has been in a declining condition. This horrid monster, though thus cut off in its childhood, lived long enough to work great wickedness in the nation. It ravaged the land with fire and sword, it drank the life-blood of millions of men, and filled the whole country with lamentations of widows and orphans. It at last grew so detestable that even its friends, its foster-parents, showed the utmost resentment whenever called by its name, and now it is dead there are 'none so poor to do it reverence.'

The funeral ceremonies will take place at Charleston, S. C., on the 14th of April, when a *Grand Procession* will be formed.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

THE DEMON OF REBELLION,

Drawn in a *Flaming Car by Ignorance, Arrogance and Knavery*.

JEFF. DAVIS AND HIS CABINET,
with halters around their necks.

THE REBEL CONGRESS,
Two and Two, each with Cap and Bells.

THE SPIRIT OF NULLIFICATION,
As Chief Physician.

PALL	THE BODY.	BEARERS,
Slavery,		State Sovereignty,
Aristocracy,		Injustice,
Inhumanity,		Anarchy.

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY,

(With his tail between his legs) as Chief Mourner.

THE GREAT COPPERHEAD SERPENT,

With his fangs drawn and his head bruised by the heel of the Goddess of Liberty.

ESCORT—Two Hundred Knights of the Golden Circle, headed by *Cl-m-nt V-u-nd-gh-m* in sackcloth, with brazen helmet.

THE GODDESS OF DISCORD—In Weepers.
In her right hand a torch expiring—in her left a bloody broken sword.

BENEDICT ARNOLD AND AARON BURR,
With standard—Motto, 'Birds of a Feather flock together.'

THE SOUTHERNER WHO WAS EQUAL TO FIVE YANKERS,
(very gaunt.)
Standard—Motto: 'We've driven the enemy into Richmond!'

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE 'SUPERIOR RACE,'
In a Donkey Cart, bearing this Motto—'We retreat only that we may not be contaminated by the touch of base-born mudsills.'

SECESSION NEWSPAPER SCRIBBLERS,
With Motto—'We told you so!'

A BODY OF THE ENGLISH TORY NOBILITY,
With Motto—'The Bubble of Republicanism has burst'—and blown us all to the devil.'

NASSAU BLOCKADE RUNNERS.
Motto—'Our occupation's gone.'

BRITISH BUILDERS OF REBEL CRUISERS,
In weeds—Motto: 'The Confederacy has gone to look after the Alabama.'

THE GENIUSES OF THE NEW YORK NEWS, BANGOR DEMOCRAT, ETC.,
In their original blackness.—Motto: 'The days of our years are few and evil.'

A CART, piled with Confederate Currency and Bonds, in reams, marked 'Waste Paper.'

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

Standard—Motto:
'Since I was so soon done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.'