

THE CRUTCH.

Charles N. Burnham, Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

Popular Sin.

There is one thing on which we may well look with horror, as calculated to bring on us swift destruction, and justly so. Side by side, with what is called the war spirit, has sprung up another, so much opposed to the life, and true interests of our institutions, that we must count it among the grossest follies of the day; what we have to fear now, is not rebel batteries and heavy battalions, so much as the weak apostasy of a great people; a mad enterprise for show and power. This spirit, if indulged in, will not only prey upon our integrity, but will give such license to the greedy votaries of pleasure, that all the finer feelings will be swallowed up, in the desire to outstrip each other in the ignoble race; a result calculated to enhance the attractions of despotism, where these privileges are limited, and set us sighing for anything, short of a rampant democracy. We must remember, it was a splendid garment, a golden wedge, much silver and costly jewels that brought so much woe to Israel. Shall we fail while the warning finger of history is pointing to such destinies? while the grandeur of our interests involved in this struggle to maintain our integrity, is just beginning to be felt? No false glare can conceal, or undue levity cover the actual relation in which every man and woman stands to our country.—Each one of us has a duty to perform, both solemn and momentous, besides that we owe to family and friends.—Rather than turn our money into carpets, pictures, velvets and plate, let us convert it into loyalty, and gratefully receive such compensation as it shall bring. As for retrenchment, there are innumerable ways in which something can be accomplished for the benefit of those who are purchasing our rights and liberties so dearly.

Let him who delights in the elegancies of life, fine clothes, fine horses and rich estates, lavish his magnificence across the ocean. When his country is struggling for life, his presence is a dead weight; his frivolity thickens the moral atmosphere, and enthalls weak minds; let the scum pass off; a pure liquid will be left to strengthen and exhilarate. The war should make us neither savages or dolts, but pure in that sense that shall keep us earnest, faithful witnesses, while the country is on trial for its life.

General Grant in Camp.

A military friend who has just passed some days at the headquarters in Culpepper, has given me an account of his visit and of the habits of the Lieutenant General that I am glad to transcribe. General Grant messes with his staff in a house in the village; and at his table sits familiarly every member of his family. The expenses of the mess are divided among the ten, not in equal proportions exactly, but in a manner that is satisfactory to all. There is not the slightest attempt at show or parade in furniture and equipage; everything is for use and economy of trouble and space. The crockery is scanty and of the plainest, and the fare, though sufficient in quantity, is just as homely as that of any thrifty and careful mechanic in your city. A chop with a cup of coffee for breakfast; a bit of roast beef, with potatoes and "hard tack," confronting a dish of pork and "greens," served for the five o'clock dinner, which was concluded without pastry or dessert. A cup of tea and a bit of bread and butter at 8 1-2 o'clock finished up the day. The beds were simply camp cots, some with and others without mattresses; and all the toilet apparatus anywhere visible were a few tin wash-basins, a moderate supply of towels, a bit of looking-glass and a horn comb. At the table neither distilled liquor nor wine is permitted. The General will not have either about him, for his own or others' use.

The inventory of the General's baggage when he made his brilliant campaign in the rear of Vicksburg is, I take it, well remembered—a briarwood telescope and a tooth-brush. In what relates to personal adornment and, outside of the necessity of eating and drinking, personal

comfort, he has not greatly enlarged his possessions.—His three stars indicate his exalted rank, but to say nothing of the charm which, in soldiers' eyes, these glittering marks of rank possess, I doubt if there is a commissioned officer in his army who is as plainly clad as he. His clothes are worn threadbare, and, despite the steady brushing of his servant, they will have an untidy look—due, no doubt, to the General's habit of going everywhere and seeing everything for himself.—The General understands the relation between cleanliness and godliness; but in his opinion, practically evinced, there is as much of either in a flannel shirt, as in one of linen, of drawing room immaculateness.

Your readers are not to suppose that I am describing a careless or indolent man, or one who does not know the difference between the garb of a gentleman and that of a sloven. The facts are pointed out only as proof that this man's mind is so intent upon the great problem before him, that he has neither the time nor the inclination to consider miserable frivolities. He holds a great nation's fate in the palm of his hands; and it is an encouragement to know that every faculty of his mind is calmly but profoundly exercised for the national welfare.

All his thought of carriages centers in the carriages which bear his field pieces; his discussion of the question of eating extend no further than to the rations of his men; and he would hate himself if he could spend a minute over the fit or fashion of his coat.

General Grant never swears. No man in his camp has ever heard him give utterance to profanity in any of its forms. He rarely laughs, either; but he has a sort of grim humor which is not without its effect. It is related as a part of the gossip of "the front," that an officer attached to the Quartermaster's department of his army, wanted one wet day to consult with the General-in-chief. He is a believer in the old *regime*, and practised what under McClellan he was taught. He had half-a-dozen miles to go, more or less, so he ordered out his close carriage, and as it was likely that night would come before he could return, the lamps were trimmed and hung out on each side of the driver's seat. Then, with an escort of twelve dragoons, he started, happy, no doubt, in the belief that he was proof against the descending rain. Approaching Culpepper, he met an ordinary looking man on horseback, attended only by an orderly. As he passed, he recognized the Lieutenant General, who, in spite of the rain, was making his usual round, in his usual modest way.

To descend from his carriage, and salute his chief was but the work of a moment: but Grant, irritated by the style and pretension of his officer, was in no hurry to see him gain the shelter of his carriage-roof again. "Walk along with me a little," said the General, "I want to talk with you." With polished boots and unexceptional kids, Mr. Quartermaster did as he was bidden; and with a touch of that grimness to which I have referred, the General led him through the muddiest parts of the road, and did not release him until he was wet to the skin—as wet as the General himself. He was then dismissed with an admonition that will be remembered, though it was interlarded with no oaths.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

During the battle of Shiloh, an officer hurriedly rode up to an aid and inquired for Grant. "That's him with the field glass," said the aid. Wheeling his horse about, the officer furiously rode up to the General, and, touching his cap, thus addressed him: "Sheneral, I want to make one report; Schwartz's Battery is took." "Ah!" says the General, "how was that?" "Well, you see, Sheneral, de t—d sheshenist came up in front of us, and de t—d sheshionists flanked us, and de t—d sheshionists came in de rear of us, and Schwartz's Battery was took." "Well, sir," said the General, "you of course spiked the guns." "Vat," exclaimed the Dutchman in astonishment, "schpik dem guns, schpik dem new guns! No, it would schpoile hem!" "Well," said the General sharply, "what did you do?" "Do! vy, we took dem back again!"

What would be likely to give the best report of a fire? A powder magazine.

WEEKLY REVIEW.

During the week our Hospital has presented a busy appearance. Large numbers of Officers have arrived daily from the front, and a brilliant array of "shoulder straps" has been visible each evening, listening to the touching strains of "Do they think of me at home," or the more inspiring notes of the "Pirates' Chorus." Taking advantage of the pleasant evenings, Annapolis has also shown its appreciation of good music by sending a goodly number of representatives to

—grace the scene,

And add new charms and beauties to the view.

On Tuesday, our Paymaster made his appearance and disposed of his "greenbacks" to advantage, much to the delight of "the boys," who patronized the sutler liberally, and drank lemonade to an alarming extent. It was surprising to notice the effect produced on different ones by this innocent beverage. Some became suddenly very lively, while others presented a sleepy, worn out appearance, which was undoubtedly brought on by the excessive heat of the day, and not by any adulteration of the lemonade as was maliciously hinted.....

We are happy to state that General Grant has been reinforced. On Tuesday, sixty officers, having sufficiently recovered from their wounds, were ordered to join their proper commands, in consequence of which, startling news may be expected from the army..... Surgeon CHARLES SUTHERLAND U. S. A., late Medical Director at this place has received the appointment of Medical Purveyor of the army of the Potomac, and left for the front Tuesday evening. Surgeon B. A. VANDERKIEFT U. S. V., is at present acting Medical Director of the Departments at Annapolis and Annapolis Junction..... On the evening of the 19th inst, a grand reunion of the "Kelsey Minstrels" took place, at which Hospital Steward EDWARD E. KELSEY U. S. A., was made the recipient of a valuable gold pen, holder and pencil, the same being presented in a graceful speech by Chaplain H. C. HERRIES U. S. A. As no invitations were extended to the members of the Press we are unable to give full particulars but are informed that the affair was brilliant and interesting..... News from our armies is exhilarating. The rebel seat of war is in a tattered condition, and unless friend Davis takes the proverbial "stitch in time," we fear the "last ditch," of which so much has been said will be reached in advance of the time laid down by the Richmond authorities. We are reaching to "work off" some of our superfluous enthusiasm, but will not anticipate events by any premature rejoicings..... Attention is called to the schools which are held in the Mess Hall Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings and a general invitation is extended to all. The exercises are interesting and a good opportunity is offered to those who are desirous of mental improvement.

An Affecting Scene.

Mr. and Mrs. BOWDISH, residents of the State of Michigan, who had two sons—HORACE and CORADIN—in the 7th Michigan regiment, went to Washington a day or two ago in search of HORACE, who they learned had been wounded in the battle at the Wilderness, and had been brought to that city. Failing to find him in hospital, they visited the Sixth street wharf. A few moments afterwards the steamer Jefferson steamed up to the dock, and standing near the bow of the boat was the looked for son, badly wounded, his right arm having been shot off above the elbow. As soon as the plank was thrown from the boat to the wharf, Mrs. BOWDISH sprang on board the steamer, and throwing her arms around her son's neck burst into a flood of tears, with her head bent upon his shoulder.

For a few seconds there was an affecting silence, which the fond mother broke by saying, "HORACE, where is your brother CORADIN?" HORACE, pointing to a rough wooden box by his side, replied, "there, mother, there is CORADIN!" The afflicted mother threw herself upon her deceased son's coffin, sobbing aloud in an agony of grief, while the father and wounded son stood by with bowed heads. The scene was truly a heart-rending one, and it can be better imagined than described. Many of the bystanders were compelled to turn aside, while silent tears could be seen stealing down the cheeks of all.—Several kind-hearted ladies present did all in their power to comfort the afflicted mother, but it was long before she could be induced to leave the side of her deceased son.