

home, and his Bible! We will never part with them, my child! we will never part with them!

The mother's mind wandered. The little girl responded with sobs. The stranger's eyes were filled with tears. He turned aside to wipe them away. When he looked again at the widow her face was very calm. She had drawn the sabre nearer, and was clasping it with one arm close to her heart, while her hand held the Bible to her lips. Her spirit had passed away softly. Her sons—those martyrs to our country—were already welcoming their mother.

The traveler took the tenant-house orphan by the hand and led her out from those miserable surroundings of her early destiny. His purse ministered to her wants, and extended the last cares of humanity to her grandmother's remains. Her father's sword—the legacy of patriotism—was sacredly preserved, to become, perhaps, an heirloom for descendants of the little child who had found in him a protector.

The Shortest Way.

Some twelve years ago, Napoleon, Ind., was celebrated for two things, one for the carousing propensities of its citizens, and the other for the great number of cross roads in its vicinity. It appears that an Eastern collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night and get some information respecting his future course. During the evening he became acquainted with an old drover, who appeared well posted as to the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to the best route to different points to which he was destined.

'I wish to go to Greenfield,' said the collector; 'now, which is the shortest way?'

'Well, sir,' said the drover, 'you had better go to Napoleon, and take the road leading nearly north.'

The traveler noted it down.

'Well, sir, if I wish to go to Edinburg?'

'Then go to Napoleon and take the road west.'

'Well, if I wish to go to Vernon?'

'Go to Napoleon and take the road southwest.'

'Or to Indianapolis?' added the collector, eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was being imposed on.

'Go to Napoleon and take the road northwest.'

The collector looked at his note-book; every direction had Napoleon on it; he began to feel his mettle rise, and he turned once more to the drover, with—

'Suppose, sir, I wanted to go to His Satanic Majesty?'

The drover never smiled, but scratched his head, and after a moment's hesitation, said:

'Well, my dear sir, I don't know of any shorter road you could take than to go to Napoleon.'

PRENTICEANA.—The rebels have pluck enough left, but they are entirely out of heart.

When the forests begin to leave, Forrest the guerilla had better leave too.

Oil may, as they say, calm the ocean, but it is creating a tremendous agitation on land.

There is a General Peacock in our army, and a great many peacocks that are not generals.

We don't expect the Confederacy to give up yet. A cat fights terribly on her back.

Gen. Early's sword was captured by Gen. Custer. It will be likely to cut somebody now.

No sooner does the press begin to speculate upon 'Sherman's position,' than he changes it.

Sherman whips the rebels in strategy, and he whips them in fights, but the lying he leaves all to themselves.

Gen. Lee's picture may be found on the walls of all the chief houses in Richmond. He is a very stuck-up General.

Gen. Sherman makes as much history in a month as would in ordinary times last the world fifty years.

Too SHORT FOR THE PRICE.—A man hired an over-cute fellow to saw a load of wood, agreeing to pay him sixpence an hour. He showed him a specimen of the shortest stove wood; but the fellow turned on his heel, declaring 'he was not quite so green as to saw wood, short as that, for sixpence an hour!'

THE CRUTCH.

Charles Boswell, - - - - - Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.

The Death of the President.

The terrible calamity that has befallen the country is as deeply felt as it is wide spread. The nation mourns a man of great uprightness, universal tenderness, child-like goodness. Once we knew him as a kind man, from whom joy radiated. Gaiety was one of his graces. He lived without disdain; he examined action, and the springs of it, without passion. Corruption was not possible to him; he was indulgent to all, because they are God's creatures, or because he loved his kind. In the midst of our darkest days, when the sword flamed, fanaticism threatened, despotism violated, and treason dared him at the corners of the streets, he neither recoiled or flinched; he had excepted every extremity. Through the dangers and terrible crises of the last four years, he came out of them firmer in duty, and dearer to the hearts he had so often appealed to, in the name of God and his country. He was sometimes grieved, often worn and exhausted, but never gloomy. While men were stunned, blinded and shocked, by threatened violence and disaster, he pointed to Liberty, smiling, and comforted his people, while the country bled.

That a life so full of light and pity should have been ruthlessly blotted out; that he, who had confronted unrighteous power with such trust and bravery, should have been overcome by a mere fraction of that power, dealt by the stealthy hand of surprise, black with crime, is a pitiful thought.

God has his own ways. He manifests himself sometimes through events by which the horror and gloom of to-day is cleared by the dawning morrow, or the light of the next half century. Tragical and thrilling as the times are in which we live, we must still believe that when right finally triumphs, the shadow will be rolled away, and the veil rent between this and a future of peace.

Flag Raising.

The occasion of the raising of a new flag at Camp Parole on the 14th, was one of the most brilliant we ever witnessed. After the 213th Penn. Vols., Colonel Gorgas, had been drawn up in a semi-circle, front of the staff, the exercises were opened with music by the Brass Band from Hospital Div. 1, followed by a prayer from Chaplain Townsend, and 'The battle cry of freedom' from the Glee Club. The flag was then brought forward and raised by two one-armed boys, who had been wounded in its defence, the band playing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' while the breathless audience waited to see the emblem of splendid dimensions flung to the breeze. It devolved on Colonel Chamberlain and his little daughter to unfurl it, which was gracefully done, amid the flash of artillery, cheering and music.

Surgeon Stewart and Colonel Chamberlain made patriotic extemporaneous remarks; that of the Col's closing with nine cheers for General Grant. Adjutant Fox, in response to a call, read the beautiful ballad of Barbara Fritchie, which was followed by more music, speeches and songs. The large assemblage was graced by the presence of many ladies and a large number of officers, drawn thither by the beauty of the day, and the auspicious occasion, so dear to every lover of his country.

Pen and Scissors.

Commemorative funeral services, simultaneous with those held in Washington on Wednesday, were held in the Chapel, Div. 1, and attended by a large concourse of soldiers and citizens, including the officers of the Post, in full uniform.

The Chapel was most appropriately draped in mourning; the windows darkened and the gas turned on. Rev. Chaplain Sloan conducted the solemn services, made very impressive by vocal and instrumental music, furnished by the band and choir.

Of the many sad occasions we have observed in this place, this was by far the most mournful. One needs

only to look into the faces in our midst, for a proof that this grief is unspeakable.

There are many rumors afloat relative to the arrest of the murderers, Boyle and Booth. None of them quite satisfactory. It is to be hoped the hand of justice will reach them ere long.

Is it possible that the editor of the Skirmisher endorses the following severe sentiments which we cut from his last paper? If so, we must unhesitatingly pronounce him a hopeless heart-rended old bachelor:—

TRUE.—If you want to be a favorite with the girls generally, attend to their wants—that is give them rides, candy and rasins; talk and laugh about love affairs, and keep on the off side—that is, don't commit yourself to any one in particular, and you will be lionized to your heart's content till you become an old bachelor. The more flippant and nonsensical a young man is in the company of girls, the better will he succeed. They prefer fools to wise men.—Exchange.

Retribution at Libby.

When the Union troops triumphantly entered Richmond, they showed extraordinary forbearance in not setting fire to those vile dens of torture, shame, starvation and misery, Libby Prison and Castle Thunder. They preserved those structures as monuments of the infamy of the Rebel leaders, and at once they were put to the most proper use. The dispatches from Richmond announce that 'Libby and Castle Thunder are crowded with rebel prisoners.' We should like to have the long-established discipline of these prisons maintained for a while now. Let the same rations that have been supplied by the rebel officers to our unfortunate prisoners, be furnished by our officers to the rebel inmates. Let the accommodations for sleeping be the same. Let the order that prisoners looking out of the windows be shot, still continue in force. It will do no harm to have this system made to continue for a while at least. Those prisoners who complain of Fort Delaware, Point Lookout, Elmira, Johnson's Island, and the other prisons, may be allowed from time to time, to taste a little of Libby life, by way of contrast. Then let us maintain the two establishments as military prisons, so long as the rebellion lasts, and when it is effectually subdued, let them be razed and burned, so that not a vestige shall remain of such dens of infamous torture.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

The Cheerful Voice.

The comfort and happiness of home and home intercourse, let me here say, depend very much on the kindly and affectionate training of the voice. Trouble, and care, and vexation will and must, of course, come; but let them not creep into our voices. Let only our kindly and happier feelings be vocal in our homes. Let them be so, if for no other reason, for the little children's sake. These sensitive little beings are exceedingly susceptible to the tone. Let us have consideration for them. They hear so much what we have forgotten to hear. For as we advance in years, our life becomes more inferior. We are abstracted from outward scenes and sounds. We think, we reflect, we begin gradually to deal with the past as we have formerly vividly lived in the present. Our ear grows dull to external sound; it is turned inward, and listens chiefly to the echoes of past voices. We catch no more the merry laugh of children. We hear no more the note of the morning bird. The brook that used to prattle so gayly to us, rushes by unheeded—we have forgotten to hear such things. But little children, remember, sensitively hear them all. Mark how, at every sound, the young child starts, and turns, and listens! And thus, with equal sensitiveness, does it catch the tones of human voices. How were it possible that the sharp and hasty word, the fretful and complaining tone, should not startle and pain, even depress, the sensitive little being, whose harp of life so newly and delicately strung, vibrating even to the gentle breeze, and thrilling sensitively ever to the tones of such voices as sweep across it? Let us be kind and cheerful-spoken, then, in our homes.—*Once a Month.*