

## THE CRUTCH.

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### Music.

For the Crutch.

What passion cannot music raise and quell?  
When Jubal struck the corded shell,  
His list'ning brethren stood around;  
And wondering on their faces fell,  
To worship that celestial sound. DRYDEN.

The love of music seems to be a co-natural principle, ruling over every human heart. The savage and the civilized, alike bow to its supremacy. The untutored Indian acknowledges it, both in his war-song, and in the slow measures of his funeral dirge. In noting the characteristics of the African race, the most careless observer has not failed to discover his love of song, and the aptitude with which he teaches his fingers, on some rude instrument to discourse the feelings of his heart.—This is true of him wherever found; whether amid the burning sands of his own fatherland, or the milder climes of his American home. Indeed amongst the lowest and most barbarous types of humanity, there are not wanting proofs of this wide spread and instinctive propensity. It is however under the cultivation and progress of civilized life that this feature of his character develops itself in its largest proportions. To the drawing-room it gives sprightliness and cheer, and in the secret places, consecrated to communion with our own hearts and God, it will sometimes swell out, amid the heaving emotions which the contemplation of Divine grace has awakened in our breasts. Who does not remember some happy hour, when the rising tide of his soul's best affections almost involuntarily welled out, in the "hum" of grateful praise to the Father of mercies? Nor is there any part of the public service of the sanctuary, that rouses the energies of spiritual life into more devoted activity. The zeal and earnestness with which the man of God proclaims his messages of salvation are modified by the sacred song that has heralded his uprising in the pulpit. When the politician would sway the mind of the masses, a band of singers, or well attuned instruments of music must preface the people to receive his political instructions. It is said of Napoleon that he forbade the playing by his bands of the Switzer's song of home, for fear his soldiers would desert him. It is curious too, to see, how in all ages of the world, music and national character have reacted on each other.—"Give me," said one, "the writing of a nation's ballads, and I care not who shall make its laws." Such is the mighty influence wrought by this mutual reaction, that you can identify even the stranger by his favorite music. The "Star Spangled Banner," has been indelibly written on the American heart in the blood of the Revolution. The "Red, White, and Blue," is a fitting counterpart for it, in this day of insult to its honor. These national songs will go to future generations; and the simple "Yankee Doodle," will be to many a patriotic freeman, the symbol of security. When Ellsworth's Zouaves entered Alexandria—the rebels retiring as they came—a loyal couple, with whom the writer of these lines had been acquainted, had retired—having scarcely dared to venture out of doors, during rebel occupancy. After midnight the wakeful wife is startled by the sound of martial music. She listens, it is Yankee Doodle they are playing. John, John, said she, we are safe. Why! what do you mean? said he, starting from his dreams. Oh! I hear them playing Yankee Doodle, was the glad reply. And they were safe; for the glorious Star Spangled Banner and Yankee Doodle were side by side, as they trod upon the heels of the retreating foe. J. M.

**INDIAN FIGHT.**—In Washington, a few days since, two chiefs of the Chippewa delegation, which is sojourning at the United States Hotel, were presented by a member of Congress with a bottle of champagne. Delighting in the lascivious banquet and deep draughts of the fire-water, they became intoxicated, and engaged in a savage combat, in which one had his nose nearly cut off by a tomahawk, and the other was shot with a revolver. They are still at the hotel, where every medical assistance is rendered. "Hole-in-the-day" is said to have been the aggressor and to have used the knife.

### Sleep.

(Selected.)

If anywhere there is a world where the inhabitants never sleep, and one of them could make a visit here and see a person wrapt in slumber, he would undoubtedly consider it as great a wonder as anything he ever saw before, and might conclude that one asleep was no better than one dead—he might at first see but little difference between the two.

Sleep is a curious condition to be in, yet it is so common and so natural that it is seldom thought of any more than a state of wakefulness. While one is asleep he is of no more use, can do no more good than he could if he were dead; but while in that state he is being recruited and prepared to live again and act the part of a living, wakeful man. Let that state continue uninterrupted, and so far as action or usefulness is concerned the person might as well be dead. The difference, however, between sleep and death is very great. In the former the voluntary faculties and external senses are torpid, suspended; in the latter, as far as we can see, all are suspended, or, as we say, dead, because the spirit has left the body. Sleep, though a necessity, is as much a duty and privilege as wakefulness, and he who would live well must sleep well.

The best sleeping can be done with plenty of fresh air to breathe, after the labors of the day, several hours after eating, after suitable evening prayers, in the darkness of the night, when care has been laid aside and thought sweetly lulled to rest. That is natural, refreshing, and healthful sleep, such as the Creator ordained to recruit the wearied body and soul of man.

It is not true that persons enjoy sleep, as they often say; for if asleep they are unconscious, and there can not be real enjoyment without consciousness.

Indeed, we never yet found any persons who remember of having "gone to sleep. They remember of awaking, and hence know they have been asleep; they know there has been a blank in the duration of their volitions and consciousness, but cannot recollect just where they left off thinking, they know not where they left the world of wakefulness, crossed over and entered the realm of slumber, as they know and remember of having passed from a warm room into a cold one or from a light into a dark place. But the vigor and elasticity which body and soul derive from sleep can be enjoyed with a delightful relish, and are worth more than all the quinine, calomel and opium in the world.

"O, what would I not give for one good night's sleep!" says many a worn-out, sleepless one. In reply, it might be asked, "What would you give? A good measure of self-denial? A late or hearty supper, or whatever you find disturbs your rest? Would you resign all care into the hands of your Heavenly Father, and allow him to keep and manage your affairs at least till morning?" Try it every night for a month. There is more danger from overeating than from oversleeping. "Let the children sleep all they will," the best physicians say, and experience, which is the test of nature, shows that this is applicable to adults, provided they sleep, in the night-time, all that is necessary to recruit their energies, and then keep well astir during the hours of daylight.

Perhaps on an average the whole human family from birth to death sleep from one-fourth to one-third of the time. Yet that is by no means lost time, but hours well spent under one of the kind provisions of the Creator, preparing us for a livelier activity and renewed life when we awake.

### The Power of Deep Impressions.

The deepest impressions are often the most quiet.—When a person is a little excited, he is agitated, noisy, talkative, perhaps quarrelsome; but when some deep blow has struck the human heart its very silence is awful. A little light piece of wood thrown upon a still lake ruffles the water and makes a splash when it strikes it; but the leaden plummet dropped into the water sinks to its depths without the least noise. A very little misfortune wakens up people to trouble, to excitement; but a deep and great impression sinks into the heart; and man in stillness and in silence, thinks, and feels, and walks alone. There is a grief that finds vent in tears, the grief that is on the surface; there is a grief the bitterest of all, too deep for tears. It is therefore possible that there may be deep feeling, and yet no excitement.

## ITEMS—GENERAL AND LOCAL.

Hereafter all persons embarking at Annapolis by Steamer or sailing vessel, will be required to present passes from the Commanding Officer of the Post.

The amount of private contributions since the commencement of the war, for the benefit of the soldiers, is over \$212,000,000.

The iron-clad frigate Ironsides has fired since she has been in the service, 1,881 rounds; has been hit 241 times; has had one man killed.

Nothing thrives at present in Charleston except grass. If it were not for the bombshells, the citizens could let out their streets as sheep and cattle pastures.

There are forty thousand sick and disabled soldiers now in the military hospitals of the country—a number equal to the whole army of little Denmark.

The Government is having cast, two monster guns, weighing 110,000 pounds, costing \$30,000 each, and to carry a thousand pound shot.

Both houses of the Ohio Legislature have passed a bill to raise nearly \$3,000,000 in Ohio this year, for the support of soldiers' families. The only votes against the bill were cast by two copperheads.

A company of Frenchmen has been formed in Chicago for the purpose of catching all the rats possible, curing their skins, and exporting them to Paris, to be used in the manufacture of gloves.

The American copper-toe shoe is introduced into use in England, and is much approved. It is not strange that copper-toes should be well received where copperheads have found so much favor.

The *Scientific American* states that in England the coffins from over-crowded burial grounds are dug up, dried and ground, and used as an ingredient in the adulteration of coffee.

In describing the difference between aristocracy and democracy, it is wittily said of Cincinnati—the democracy are those who kill hogs for a living, the aristocracy those whose fathers killed hogs. Same everywhere.

The Navy Register for 1864, reports the number of vessels including those still building, to be 617; among them 72 iron-clads, and two rams, the Avenger and Vindicator. From Dec. 31, 1862, the navy has lost 39 vessels by capture, destruction, wreck, &c., including six iron-clads and three rams.

An attempt was made on Saturday to poison the inmates of the United States Hospital at Cleveland. It appears that on Saturday morning the inmates of the Hospital partook of their usual breakfast, consisting of bread, coffee and hash. About three hours after, several began to feel sick and threw up their food, and an hour later the symptoms had seized all the hospital inmates, some three hundred in number, nearly two hundred and fifty of whom were vomiting and purging. These symptoms were, in many cases, followed by cramp and burning in the stomach, and the biliary system of all the sufferers was greatly deranged. None however died, all are now recovering. The manner in which the poison was introduced is unknown. The matter is now under investigation.—*Soldier's Journal*.

### Report of Changes in Divisions No. 1 and 2

#### Division No. 1.

B. A. VANDERKIEFT, SURGEON IN CHARGE.

#### Admitted:

A. H. Tiffin, Col., 68th Pa. Vols.  
S. B. Little, Captain, 9th N. H. Vols.  
R. N. Boyle, Captain, 8th Mich. Vols.  
A. M. Channel, Captain, 7th R. I. Vols.  
R. A. Watts, Adjutant, 17th Mich. Vols.  
Fred R. Warren, 1st Lieutenant, 50th Pa. Vols.  
S. H. Perry, 1st Lieutenant, 9th N. H. Vols.  
G. R. Vernon, 2d Lieutenant, 14th U. S. Inf.  
Charles G. Wetzel, Sergeant, B 27th U. S. col Vols  
J. A. Robie, Sergeant, F 6th N. H. Vols  
William H. Wilcox, Sergeant, G 9th N. H. Vols  
H. L. Colby, Sergeant, 11th N. H. Vols  
John A. Snyder, Sergeant, H 50th Pa Vols  
Horace Gechler, Sergeant, H 50th Pa Vols  
William M. Abrams, Sergeant, K 50th Pa Vols  
Edward Evens, Sergeant, A 51st Pa Vols