

to escape the fire which I felt must follow. At a signal they moved forward, Carter still remaining by my side. I could hear my heart beat and the strong, short breathing of my comrade;—we were in suspense but a moment:—"Bang, bang, bang!" went the missiles against the stockade; this was followed by a scattering fire—a cry from the different posts, and a general rush of the guards to the point of apparent assault. Now was Carter's chance—quick as thought he bounded to his feet, and seizing the plank placed it against the stockade, and with one tremendous bound he was across! The yell of the nearest guards told they had seen him. I heard the firing of the guards farther, and farther off, until it died away on the tracks of the flying scout. In a few minutes a rebel officer with a strong guard entered the dark enclosure, but their torches only revealed long rows of ragged Yankees, sleeping on the muddy ground. A search was made, and the mortified rebels found their bird had flown;—in vain they sent their horsemen to scour the country. Carter escaped, and today, I learn from one of Sherman's officers, Carter is guarding rebel desperadoes in the same "Bull-pen," at Atlanta. Thus are "the tables turned," showing how strange are the fickle fortunes of war.

A Just Rebuke.

The following shows the difference between a noble mind, and that meanness of spirit which values a man merely for what he may possess of worldly goods or reputation:—

Edmund Kean, while playing at Exeter, in England, and at the height of his popularity, was invited to dine with some gentlemen at one of the principle hotels. He drove there in his carriage. The dinner was announced, the table was sumptuously decorated, and the landlord, all bows and submission, hoped that the gentlemen and their distinguished visitor found everything to their satisfaction.

Kean stared at him for some moments, and then said: "Your name is ———?"

"It is, Mr. Kean. I have had the honor of meeting you before."

"You kept some years ago, a small tavern in the outskirts of this town?"

"I did, Mr. Kean. Fortune has been kind to both of us since then. I recollect you, sir, when you belonged to our theatre here."

"And I, sir," said Kean, jumping up, "recollect you. Many years ago, I came into your paltry tavern, after a long journey, with my suffering wife, and a sick child, all of us wet to the skin. I asked you for a morsel of refreshment. You answered me as if I were a dog, and refused to trust it out of your hands until you had received the trifle which was its value."

"I left my family by your inhospitable fireside while I sought for lodgings. On my return you ordered me, like a brute, to take my 'wife and brat from your house,' and abused me for not spending in drink the money I had not for food. Fortune, as you say, has done something for us both since then; but you are still the same, I see—the same cringing, grasping, grinding, greedy money-hunter. I, sir, am still the same. I am now in my zenith—I was then at my nadir; but I am the same man—the same Kean whom you ordered from your doors; and I have now the same hatred to oppression that I had then; and were it my last meal, I'd not eat or drink in a house belonging to so heartless a scoundrel!"

"Gentlemen," said he, turning to his friends, "I beg pardon for this outbreak; but were I to dine under the roof of this time-serving, gold-loving brute, the first mouthful, I am sure, would choke me."

Kean kept his word, and the party adjourned to another hotel.

IGNORANCE.—Never be ashamed of confessing your ignorance, for the wisest man upon earth is ignorant of many things, insomuch that what he knows is mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know.—There cannot be a greater folly in the world than to suppose that we know everything.

THE CRUTCH.

Charles Boswell, - - - - - Publisher

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, NOV. 26, 1864

For the Crutch.

Thanksgiving.

God of our lives, our thanks to thee,
Should like thy gifts continual be;
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end, nor intermission knows.

Thursday was a day of feasting and rejoicing in our hospital. "Turkey" and the accompaniments were the order of the day. From the highest official to the lowest in the military sphere, all due respect was paid to this time honored bird. We do not mean however, to convey the impression that we disregarded the purport of the proclamation of our good President, who always acknowledges the Sovereignty of the Divine Being, and our gratitude due to him. In the morning at eleven o'clock, in response to a request of the Surgeon in charge, a large audience was gathered in the chapel, and an eloquent sermon adapted to the occasion, was preached by the Rev. Mr. Love, Editor of the "Wisconsin Puritan," now on a brief visit, as a delegate of the Christian Commission, among the suffering soldiers in the hospitals at this post.

A sumptuous dinner was spread at twelve o'clock, in the full-diet hall. The walls of this spacious apartment were appropriately draped with flags, and here and there relieved with shields and pictures, of which the portraits of Washington and Lincoln, were among the most conspicuous. Every article that could tempt a soldier's appetite, graced the long row of tables.—Turkeys, chickens, hams, oysters, pies, potatoes, and other vegetables of various kinds, were served up in abundance. We are sure that every one who sat down at the tables spread on this occasion, in that old familiar hall, when they rose up, could say, "What need I more." But this was not the only plate where the men paid their respects to the good things provided for the occasion. In the various sections, tables were loaded with every variety of eatables, for those who could not go to the hall. In Section Five long tables were set in the wards. We went in to get a peep before the men sat down, and really the "Continental," or the "Fifth Avenue," could not boast of a greater variety. In all the wards the same profusion was displayed. And when dinner was over, we are sure no inmate of the hospital could say, "I have not had an abundance." Liberal contributions were made by the friends of the soldiers at the North, to furnish articles for this Thanksgiving occasion. And in connection with these supplies furnished by the Christian Commission, and other sources, the chief officer of the hospital, made liberal purchases to supply every additional demand. We need not speak of his efforts on this occasion, or at any time, in behalf of those under his charge. Our soldiers who are temporarily inmates of this hospital, will never leave, feeling that they have suffered for the want of a good supply of food—rich care and christian sympathy.

We would, therefore, let all know, who have contributed to our enjoyment on this festive and Thanksgiving-Day—New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and other states—that we lacked for nothing. And at home we could not have found a more generous and sumptuous supply. Who doubts that the rebellion will be put down, when the people of the loyal states show such interest in the noble armies contending for the right! The supplies sent to all our soldiers, on land and on sea, for a Thanksgiving treat, tell of the deep interest the mass of the nation feel in the termination of this contest. Opposers of the war are quiet, or dead, since the election. The unanimous voice of the North, is now, "go on with vigor and earnest determination till every rebel is subdued." The liberal donations to all the soldiers, in camp, in hospital, and in the field, must satisfy all that we as a loyal people, design to have this rebellion crushed, and our country preserved as a unit.

For the Crutch.

An Evening Echo.

LITTLE NEWS-BOY! with what a cheery sounding voice you cry out your papers; with what a brave, true ring the clear tone smites the still evening air! There is good manly force in the way you shout. Know you how the words you say are echoed back and again, from all the corners of the yard, till you seem many-voiced and powerful? You speak but once! Yes, little boy, and you do not know yet the philosophy that could explain how your voice, vibrating upon the circling particles of air, is caught and winged back, from strong wall and brick building,—and how it is multiplied by the laws of sound, so that its first strong utterance is prolonged by the flying echoes, and borne to my ear oft repeated, at first clearly—then fainter and more broken, till it dies away like the low murmur of the distant wave. Ah, little friend! these tell-tale echoes say something more to me than the mere name of your paper.—They tell me that every utterance of your lips shall find its echo somewhere;—and that every act has its unvoiced echo. All words and deeds are caught by some unseen presence, and on every side the magic repetition is going on. No human eye can see how the air catches the word you speak, and flings it hither and thither, again and again, just as you said it, only the circles of sound growing fainter till the last, and no human ear can hear those other echoes of your deeds,—but just as truly do they follow. And these we call influences. Touching every heart you meet in the daily round, the subtle influence is felt. You see it not, and you are but a representative of us all. We hear not the echoes of our daily deeds telling upon the lives we touch most nearly—and from them circling away and away in fainter reverberations, and wider circles we know not how far. Some day we shall see how widely the echo of our life has sounded. And we shall recognize even in its furthest and wildest circles, and in its faintest reverberations, our utterance and our responsibilities still the same. Little News-boy! shall we all learn from you to sound out clearly, bravely, the words it is our duty to say, and do as faithfully the deeds we should do, and thus see to it, that when the last echo of our lives dies out on the shore of Eternity, it may wake only the answering sound: "Well done good and faithful servant." C.

Joking with a Barber.

Stopping for a day or two at a village a short distance from Boston, Jeems went to a barbers' to get shaved. On entering and casting his eye about the room, he perceived that the barber drove the double trade of tonsor and small grocer.

"Shave, sir?" said the barber to his customer, whose face sufficiently indicated the object of his visit.

Jeems made no reply, but drawing himself up to a lofty height, proceeded in the attorney fashion, to interrogate the barber as follows:

"Sir, are you a barber?"

"Yes, sir, have a shave?"

"And do you keep this oyster cellar?"

"Yes, sir, have any oysters?"

"Well, sir, this occupation of yours gives rise to the most horrible suspicions. It is a spurious thing to submit one's head to the manipulations of a stranger; but if you can answer a couple of questions to my satisfaction, I should like to be shaved."

The barber said he would try.

"Well, sir," said Jeems solemnly, "do you shave with your oyster knife?"

"No, sir," said the barber, smiling.

"One question more," continued the interrogator, "and remember that you are under oath, or rather, recollect that this is a serious business, (the barber started) one question more; do you never open oysters with your razor?"

"No, sir!" exclaimed the barber indignantly, amid a roar of laughter from the bystanders.

"Then shave me," said Jeems, throwing himself into the chair, and untying his neck-cloth with the air of a man who has unshaken confidence in human nature.