

through smiling valleys, reflecting the setting sun, always give us more pleasure. So do the gentle, kind words—the gentle, loving whispers, in the ear of the bereaved, the stricken, the cast down, and the helpless ones, who cross our pathway in life. Be kind to all.—'Tis human to err. But it is God-like to pity—to relieve—to forgive.

Rebel Letter.

The following is a copy of a letter found on one of SHERIDAN's late battle fields.

MACON, GA., SEPT. 9TH, 1864.

DEAR GEORGE:—Your letter dated Aug. 23rd, came three days ago, you did not state whether you had received an answer to his last letter or not, I therefore will probably give you information of my affairs which you have already learned through him, certainly so if you communicate with each other. I found no difficulty in getting a detail for hospital duty, was ordered to report at Forsyth, a town between Macon and Atlanta. Not wishing to serve as a surgeon, I had myself detailed at the Floyd House Hospital, where I still am. I was told by Dr. Roach, the surgeon in charge, that my duty would be light, not taking more than two hours of each day. From the first I found this to be an error, for I am engaged in writing from morn till night, and just such it is I used to detest all my life, that of keeping books. Posting is the easiest of the business. If I can manage to get to church on Sunday, I consider myself fortunate.

I would not be impatient with my present position if I could know how long this state of things is to last. I to-day for the first have expressed my opinion of matters as they exist in the Confederacy, or rather, to-day for the first time have allowed myself to be discouraged by the prospect of ever winning our independence from the Yankees. The last man from Georgia is now in the ranks, and the army of Tennessee is made up of the rag-tag-and-bob-tail of the Confederacy, and is rapidly melting away, and there is no step taken to increase the forces now endeavoring to prevent the Yankees from overrunning Georgia. And if they do overrun Georgia, what will the independence of Virginia, or the Trans-Mississippi be worth? Too little attention is paid to this department by those who should give Gen. Hood a lift. He has only 35,000 men, and many of them wont fight when it comes to the pinch. In thirty days the Yankees will have reached Macon, then they will turn their attention to Augusta, then take Charleston in the rear.

I feel that if the Confederate States is to go to the d—, let it go at once and be done with it. This eternal, infernal suspense makes me sick, or rather prevents me from getting well. I have been hoping something would turn up, but I can't see room for it to turn up in. I am entirely reckless on the whole subject. Let me out of it again, as I was one year ago in England, and I will never turn my face towards this infernal hemisphere for the purpose of making it my dwelling place. Do not think it is the importance of the subject, that makes me give it more than half the room in this letter—I am mad, and have to spit out my opinion or burst.

I am glad you seem pleased with your situation, I think myself it is as well as you can do in this country. Pity you and John had not stayed at home in Manchester, Maryland—I too for that matter—boys will be boys, however, led on by curiosity and love of excitement.

If you or John gets out of funds, or nearly so, let me know if you want any, and how much, and how I am to transmit them to you. Plant, as yet has paid me nothing but promises. The filleting is yet on our hands, and appears to be unsalable—(Hapner is yet in the army.) A. Breckner sends cards occasionally to Mitchel & Smith, who have not sold a pair within the last three weeks. But I can still raise enough to keep us three agoing, as long as "confed scrip" is worth anything, which will not be long, at the rate things are going in Georgia.

The d— is having it his own way now, and is making the best of his time. How it will end I don't know,

and care less. I sent a letter to Edwin, by flag-of-truce. I wrote to S. C. as usual, sent my photograph, and none of my letters reached their destination until the 1st of August, when several of them reached Grahamville, in a bunch, but not the photograph, which is probably lost. Everybody in this part of the country has the blues woefully. I've made up my mind not to care a fig for nothing or nobody, for it is no use to care as I have been doing. I don't read the papers, or listen to or ask for any news accounts, these latter are either lies or against us. I'll do my duty, such as my hands are employed with. Troubling myself about things will not hasten or avert the catastrophe, which is evidently approaching us with giant strides.

Let me hear from you frequently—long accounts of your experience.

I have none and give you none, but thoughts which are anything but agreeable.

Yours affectionately,
CHARLES H. GEIGER.

A Rolling Chaplain.

The son of Dr. Eastman, Secretary of the Tract Society, is a chaplain. His horse plunged during a battle, struck him on the knee-pan. His leg swelled and stiffened until the pain became almost unendurable. When he could no longer stand, he gave his horse up to a servant, and had himself to lie on the ground. The pain was intense. Darkness settled over him. He had to take a wounded soldier's place alone that night. As he lay on his back suffering, and thinking he heard a voice, "Oh, my God!" He thought, can any body be swearing in such a place as this? He listened again, and a prayer began. It was a wounded soldier praying. How shall I get at him? was his first impulse. He tried to draw up his stiffened limb, the while setting his teeth and clenching his hands for the pain. But he could not rise. Then he threw his arms around a sapling, drew up his well foot, and tried to lift the other up, and extend it without bending, that he might walk, but he fell back in the effort with a heavy fall that jarred through him like a stab. He then thought, "I can roll." And over and over, in pain, he rolled in blood and over dead bodies, until he fell against a dying man. And there he preached Christ and prayed. At length one of the line officers came up and said—

"Where's the chaplain? where's the chaplain? One of the staff officers is dying."

"Here he is—here he is," cried out the suffering hero.

"Well, such an officer is dying; can't you come and see him?"

"I cannot move. I have just rolled up along side of this dying man to talk to him."

"If I detail two men to carry you, shall they do it?"

"Yes."

They took him gently up and carried him. And that livelong night these two men rode him over the battlefield, and laid him down in blood beside bleeding, dying men; and he preached Christ to them and prayed. He had to look up then, brethren; he could look no other way from that position; and with God's stars shining down upon him, he had to preach Christ and pray!

Conundrums and Quibs.

WHY is a downy lip like a dress-parade? Because it is a muster-show, (*mustachio*.)

WHAT is the difference between a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady? One harms the cheese and the other charms the he's.

WHY is a man's chin the most unlucky part of his body? Because it is constantly getting into scrapes.

WHY doesn't a fat dog meditate? Because he's not a thin-cur.

To Correspondents.

"An Observer,"—Is respectfully referred to a spelling-book.

"Bob's Dream,"—Would read better in the New York Ledger, than in the CRUTCH.

"C. S. P."—Yes.

OCCUPATION.—Occupation! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When griefs sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent—rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers—that they may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty.—Grief after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is he who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion that brings no joy to his fellow men.

YANKEE NOSHUNS.—The noshuns that skeuel heouses are cheaper than statts prisons.

The noshun that a' people who have brains enough kant be governed by anybody but themselves.

The noshun that men are a better crop to raise than anything else.

The noshun that if you kant make a man think az you do, try and make him do as you think.

The noshun that the United States is liable at enny time to be doubled, but aint liable at enny time to be divided.

The noshun that Unkle Sam can thrash his own children when they need it.

The noshun that the Yankees are the fore-ordained rase, and kant be kept from spreading and striking in, enny more than terpetine when it wunce gets luce.—
Josh Billings.

Report of Changes in Officers' Hospital.

B. A. VANDERKIEFT, SURGEON IN CHARGE.

Admitted:

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:

Maj. A. H. White, 5th N.Y. Cav.	Capt. J. E. McPeck, 126th Ohio
Asst. Surg. C. A. Tatchler, 14th	[Va. Vols.]
[Va. Vols.]	do S. D. Murray, 5th Mich. do
Chapl. J. H. Beckwith, 2d U.S.C.T.	do E. H. Farnum, 8th Me. do
Capt. N. D. Maffett, 25th N.Y. Cav.	do D. H. Carteyon, 6th N.Y.
do Daniel Dare, 12th N. J. Vols.	[Cav.]
do C. W. Carey, 17th Vt. do	do L. A. Abbott, 10th Vt. Vols.
do John Phillips, 2d Mass. do	do N. J. Watson, 6th N. Y. C.
do Wm. Pepemeyer, 16th N. Y.	do Ira Fryer, 6th Md. Vols.
[Art.]	do J. M. Ridemour, 28th U. S.
do R. C. Cheesman, 45th Pa. V.	[C. T.]
do A. B. Shumway, 2d Ct. Art.	2d Lt. H. A. G. S. Theinhardt, 41st
do A. W. Briggs, 106th N. Y. V.	[N. Y. Vols.]
do G. P. Howe, 176th do do	do J. W. Vender, 156th do do
do J. H. McMillan, 23d Ohio do	do J. S. Long, 3d N. J. Cav.
do J. W. Carpenter, 116 do do	do I. B. Dunbar, 5th Md. Vols.
do H. H. Piper, 11th Pa. Cav.	do C. E. Osgood, 1st Mass. Art.
do J. W. Grans, 5th N. H. Vols.	do J. H. Dusseauit, 39th Mass.
do F. Cusner, 170th N. Y. do	[Vols.]
do M. Sutor, 4th Md. do	do Wm. H. Radloff, 82d Pa. do
do J. M. Piper, 140th Pa. Vols.	do S. B. Bancroft, 36th U.S.C.T.
1st Lt. R. W. Simpson, 22d U. S.	do J. W. Goodrich, 32d Maine
[C. T.]	[Vols.]
do N. C. Gregory, 25th N. Y.	do A. D. Limberger, 3d N. Y. do
[Cav.]	do J. Wassner, 90th do do
do A. M. Stark, 110 Ohio Vols.	do D. W. Balmer, 11th Pa. Cv.
do G. W. Eastbrook, 8th N. H.	do A. S. Atherton, 3d N. H. V.
[Cav.]	do A. Holton, 24th N. Y. Cav.
do Wm. A. Walker, 145th N. Y.	do S. N. Rabbitt, 160th N. Y.
[Vols.]	[Vols.]

Returned to Duty:

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:

Chapl. J. H. Beckwith, 2d U.S.C.T.	Capt. F. O. Sawyer, 2d M. U. S. V.
Capt. E. H. Ketchum, 176th N. Y.	do G. E. Sparrow, 17th Me. Vols.
[Vols.]	1st Lt. A. S. Abbott, 10th Vt. do
do W. A. F. Stocton, 140th Pa. do	do W. R. Matison, 2d N. Y. Cav.
do C. Linton, 140th Pa. Vols.	do E. Maddie, 14th N. J. Vols.
do C. W. Carey, 17th Vt. do	2d Lt. D. E. Mansie, 2d Ct. do
do Jno. Phillips, 2d Mass. Cav.	do Wm. Bell, 59th N. Y. do
do Wm. V. Johnson, 2d Va. do	do C. H. Royce, 57th do do

Discharged:

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:

Lt. Col. W. A. Wright, 27th Mich.	1st Lt. J. F. Bolton, 9th Vt.-Vols.
[Vols.]	do S. H. Foster, 11th do do
Adj. F. Neale, 76th N. Y. do	do John Bolton, 60th Ohio do
Capt. E. C. Tullock, 2d Mich. do	do W. P. Atwell, 37th Wis. do
do J. E. Miller, 37th U. S. C. T.	do H. E. Sellers, 1st Me. Art.
do P. D. Blood tt, 10th Vt. Vols.	do B. F. Shreve, 10th Va. Vols.
do F. B. Perkins, 22d N. Y. Cv.	do O. H. Shepard, 1st Mass. Art.
do P. R. Perrin, 27th Mich. Vols.	do G. W. Campbell, 60th Ohio Art.
do E. W. Atwood, 16th Me. do	2d Lt. A. Grogan, 6th Ct. Vols.
1st Lt. H. H. Williams, 8th Mich. do	do J. H. Hubbard, 120th N. Y.
do Rich. Baylis, 5th do Cav.	[Vols.]
do E. A. Campbell, 7th Wis. V.	do J. Caldwell, 61st Pa. Vols.
do C. W. Dodge, 22d U. S. C. T.	do W. Raddock, 1st Mich. S. S.
do H. H. Kuhn, 23d do do	

On Leave of Absence.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:

Major C. J. Seymour, 25th N. Y.	do N. D. Maffett, 25th N. Y. Cav.
[Cav.]	1st Lt. N. C. Gregory, 25 do do
Capt. C. E. Churchill, 58th Mass.	2d Lt. J. W. Vender, 163 do Vols.
[Vols.]	

Deserted.

Captain L. A. Kent, 6th Wisconsin Volunteers.