

THE CRUTCH.

Charles Boswell, - - - - - Publisher

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Our Affairs.

Military matters still take precedence of all others, and people everywhere give evidence of the same exciting symptoms, viz:—Sherman "on the brain." We go to press every week, hoping something will "turn up" in Sherman's direction; and at last, we are confident something has happened, as every morning's news strengthens the belief, that the ubiquitous General is rapidly achieving what he attempted, and that the feelings of our Southern brethren in Georgia and vicinity, are hurt.

If a social circle is at a loss for conversation, if the people get stupid in the cars, or indifferent to the charms of gossip, now-a-days, let the magic name of Sherman be mentioned, and a volley of talk follows, eulogistic, speculative, patriotic, setting the tide upward, and higher than any other topic can carry it, if we except gold. There is something magnificent in Sherman's military movements. He does not bluster, or tread gingerly the vantage-ground he gains, but armed with strength, and panoplied with the prestige of success, he makes the tour of Dixie, like a knight-errant, fearless, confident, invincible. Meanwhile, Dixie is somewhat frightened, and is filled with revenge. She sends her emissaries into our Northern cities, and they disguise themselves forthwith, and in the most chivalric manner, try to act the noble part of incendiaries;—their pirates steal the shipping from our ports, and deserting their own sinking crafts, plough our waters sily and stealthily for plunder. Rebel Doctors refuse to blister, bleed, or consult, without its equivalent in gold. What a pity, such a glorious people should not achieve an easy and speedy independence! How it would cheer the hearts of unsuspecting christians and moralists, all over the world, to receive such heroes and martyrs into their arms!

If the war reveals to us, that we are, any of us, savages, it is not so demoralizing after all. If we plumed ourselves that we were in the van of christianity and civilization, and find ourselves less advanced than we thought, we may thank the war, that it has given us a good lift forward, and may hope, that when we come out of it, we may be found standing on higher ground, with stouter hearts, and cleaner hands;—then let our motto be, "first pure, and then peaceable."

For the Crutch.

In The Wind.

Raging, raving, blustering old Boreas. What a gruff old fellow you seem! And what a fierce rampage you are going on to-night! But there is life and vigor in this "living, thinking man," to battle against all your assaults. Blow on! whistle in the ear that "Jack Frost" will nip fingers, and ears, and toes!—toss the hair in confusion over the laughing face struggling against your blows—twist the cloak into unruly folds so that it must be wrapped more closely! Aha, old Boreas—you can effect nothing—all your efforts only bring forth more energy to battle against you. You do us good—you bring a healthier action into the sluggish pulse, and stir up all the activities of the being to guard against the victory you vainly would gain over the perishing body. How you are preaching to us in your fierce gruff way, and singing a wild song of courage to the heart that can hear—preaching lessons of striving and earnest battling with the storms of life—bidding the heart that can stand against these wild blasts of winter, and triumph in victory over them, to stand also manfully against the tempests of life. Bid defiance also to adverse fate—which in its discouragements only calls to new efforts—put forth all the soul's activities, and rise ever higher to new attainments and better victories. Let the wild storms of life but anchor the tossing bark more firmly to the Rock of Ages. "Take courage hearts—bear on." "A covert from the wind, a refuge from the storm—a shadow of a great rock in a weary land" is

near for shelter, and refuge. All courage and strength and truth, rings forth in this voice of the wintry blast, and mingles with the full, free tones of health and life, to all.

But hark!—another tone mourns through the leafless trees; and another voice whispers of brothers who cannot battle against these storms of life. In this voice hear the prayer from Southern prisons—full freighted with the suffering and anguish of brave ones, wearing out life in the horrible exile!—and answering this, whispers back the echoing love and faith and prayer, from aching hearts at home; hearts waiting and praying for the day of deliverance and peace. Oh, wailing voice, the strongest heart must listen to your tone! Mourn tenderly the loved and lost, who have gone beyond all tender words, and loving acts. Whisper to the seeds and roots of the sweet flowers, lying asleep in the bosom of earth, that they come forth with spring's first sunshine, and lay beauty and fragrance o'er the precious dust. Soften all bitter tones of cold and angry strife, as ye wander southward, and bear only in your touch, soft warmth, and healing to the sufferers—strength in your wings for the feeble ones, and in your voice the clear words of gentle, loving memories, of home and friends. Waft laughing messages from the little children's lips, saying, "Father comes!" Bear unspoken, unspeakable, faith and love, from waiting wives, whose patient eyes grow dim with watching. Take brave hope, and strong, unfaltering, God-like courage, to the sons, from fathers and mothers, who gave their all, a willing sacrifice—and now hush the beating heart's fear, lest earthly homes shall never hold the treasures more! Wintry winds, we love you—we brave your fury—we learn strong lessons of courage, and faith, and hope, from you!—we send tender words and thoughts to loved ones suffering, on the whispering undertones of your voice—and from all these we have assurance, new in each blast, of the overruling care, and ever watchful guidance of Him, who "maketh His ministers a flaming fire, and walketh upon the wings of the wind." C.

THE LADY'S REPENTANCE.—In the life of Dr. Raffles, just published, the following story is told in connection with a preaching journey, in 1814:—"On our way from Wem to Hawkestone, we passed a house, of which Mr. Lee told me the following occurrence:—A young lady, the daughter of the owner of the house, was addressed by a man who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he would not consent to the union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and in a few moments she was in his arms.—They mounted a double horse, and were soon at some distance from the house. After a while the lady broke silence by saying: "Well, you see what a proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make me a good husband." He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not." She made him no reply, but after a silence of a few minutes, she suddenly exclaimed, "O, what shall we do? I have left my money behind me in my room." "Then," said he, "we must go back and fetch it." They were soon again at the house, the ladder was again placed, the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover waited below. But she delayed to come, so he gently called, "are you coming?" when she looked out of the window, and said, "Perhaps I may, perhaps not," then shut down the window, and left him to return upon the double horse alone. Was not that a happy thought on the lady's part—a famous joke.

CALCULATING GREENBACK CURRENCY.—A Dutchman who keeps a country store in the neighbourhood of Boston, had ten pieces of calico on his shelves when the prices began to advance. He sold out at the old rates, and, said he, "When I went to the city to buy more, the money that I got for my ten pieces of calico, bought only eight. I took my eight pieces home, and marked a high profit on dem, and sold dem fast enough, and when dey was all gone, I took my money and went to de city, and by dunder, it only bought six pieces.— Well, tinks I, dis is making money packwards. But

I took my six pieces home, and put an awful big profit on 'hem; and now, tinks, I must make money like smoke. But when I got dem six pieces sold, I took the money I got for 'em to the city again, and I thought I would get about twelve pieces, but the calicoes had gone up again, and I got only four peices. Well, I took dem home, put on a much bigger profit as I did before, and I thought now I makes a heap of money.— But when I got dem sold and went after more, de calicoes had gone up again, and I hope I may never die, if I got more as two pieces for my money. So here I was, I had ten pieces of calicoe when I started off to sell 'em, and here I am now, mit only two pieces and no money. Why, I should haf been better off if I had shut up de store, keep my calicoes, and not sold dem at all.

OVERWORK.—Unwise above many, is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing, or in study, and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing. We once heard a great man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pocket, to be used in case of an unoccupied moment—such was his practice. He died early and fatuous. There are women who, after a hard day's work, will sit and sew by candle or gas-light until their eyes are almost blinded, or until certain pains about the shoulders come on, which are unsupportable; and are only driven to bed by physical incapacity to work any longer. The sleep of the overworked, like that of those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike wake up in weariness, sadness and languor, with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely. Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired he ought to lie down until he is fully rested, when, with renovated strength, the work will be better done, done the sooner and done with a self-sustained alacrity. The time taken from seven or eight hours' sleep out of each twenty-four, is time not gained, but time much more than lost; we can cheat ourselves, but we cannot cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary to a healthy body, but if less than that amount be furnished, decay commences the very hour. It is the same with sleep, any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires, will only hasten his arrival at the mad-house or the grave.

IMPROVEMENT.—If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it. Remember, a man's genius is always in the beginning of life as much unknown to himself as to others; and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to the undertakings in which those who have succeeded have fixed the admiration of mankind.

MIXED METAPHORS.—A bombastic lawyer was making an argument before a jury, in the course of which he delivered himself of the following specimen of mock eloquence:—"But gentleman of the jury, the whole subject is in the dark, entirely, till we come to the testimony of Mr. B., then it is that the clouds begin to crack, and the cat is let out of the bag!" A waggish brother lawyer sitting by, and who was good at sketching, caught up his pencil and a slip of paper, and with an eye to the rules of testing the correctness of rhetorical figure by painting it, drew the picture, exhibiting a cloud, a crack in the cloud, the mouth of a bag hanging down out of the crack, a cat's tail hanging down out of the bag, and to complete the picture, the said lawyer grasping the cat's tail and holding on, then sily sliding the picture along the table to the next brother lawyer, it passed around till it had made finishing work of oversetting what little gravity had been left among the members of the bar, by Sir Bombastic's delivery of his most eloquent sentence.

Why is a clergyman like a locomotive? Because you are to look out for him when the bell rings.

Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.