

after unsuccessfully repeating the invitation to partake of some refreshment, he hastened to call two negroes, with whose assistance he placed the horse on a small raft of timber that was lying in the river, near the door, and soon conveyed the General to the opposite side of the river, where he left him to pursue his way to the camp, wishing him a safe and prosperous journey. On his return to the house, he found that while he was engaged in making preparation for conveying the horse across the river, his illustrious visitor had persuaded his wife to accept a token of remembrance, which the family are proud of exhibiting to this day.

The above is only one of the hazards encountered by this great patriot, for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the treasures we now enjoy. Let us acknowledge the benefits received, by our endeavors to preserve them in their purity, and keeping in remembrance the great Source whence these blessings flow, we may be enabled to render our names worthy of being enrolled with that of the father of his country.

Great Expectations.

A good dinner is a very enjoyable thing, but seldom or never to a man who resolutely sets about 'getting up' a good dinner. Were it customary or possible for your cook to sit down with you to the elaborate entertainment he or she may have prepared, there would certainly be one of the company upon whom the treat would be thrown away. Even the work of carving for a large company takes off the edge of one's relish for food, and flattens the exhilaration of mutual converse. Whenever we make a business of pleasure, pleasure is sure to sink down into business. The more pains we take, the more intent we are, the more perfect our arrangements for compassing the end, the more certain we are to miss it. When William the Fourth was crowned, a gentleman from the country was seized with a temporary mania to witness the coronation procession. He purchased a seat in one of the stands erected in Palace Yard, for the occasion, and fearful lest the crowd should prevent his access to it in the morning, he took possession of it over night. Excited expectations, conspiring with the novelty of his position, kept him thoroughly awake till towards noon next day. He saw the multitude assemble, the military take up their posts, and all the successive changes which indicated the near approach of a gorgeous and solemn ceremonial. But he had drawn too freely upon his physical strength. There is a point of compulsion beyond which nature refuses obedience.—The point in this instance was reached a few minutes before the procession started, and when it passed by the stand on which our country gentleman sat, he was locked in the arms of a sleep that would not let him go. The incident fairly illustrates the position we are aiming to establish. There are some things which fly from you the more resolutely they are courted—sleep is one, pleasure is another.

The Apprentice.

A young man, whose father was in easy circumstances, was desirous of learning the printing business. His father consented, on condition that the son should board at home, and pay weekly for his board, out of the avails of his special perquisites during his apprenticeship. The young man thought this rather hard, but when he was of age, and master of his trade, his father said:—'Here, my son, is the money paid me for board during your apprenticeship. I never intended to keep it, but have retained it for your use, and with it I give you as much more as will enable you to commence your business.'

The wisdom of the old man was apparently the making of the son, for, while his fellows had contracted bad habits in the expenditure of similar perquisites, and were now penniless and in vice, he was enabled to commence his business respectably; and he now stands at the head of the publishers in this country, while most of his former companions are poor, vicious and degraded.

'Which is the best shop to get a fiddle at?' asked a pupil of Tom Cook, the musician.

'An apothecary's shop,' answered the wag; 'because if you buy a drug there, they always give you a vial-in.'

THE CRUTCH.

Charles Roswell, - - - - - Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, MAR. 18, 1865.

Lights and Shadows.

While the half-clad sensitive returned prisoners are making our Hospital a resting place until they shall be returned to their homes, it is a pleasant thing to feel March breezing up from the South, the only good thing we get from that source; but we are grateful for it, and for the glad gifts of buds, flowers, and fresh grass it helps to unfold. In these spring days when the blue sky bends tenderly over the evil and the good; and every morning heralds good news from our brave armies, the moral sensibilities of our worst-used prisoners seem to awaken as from a dream; through all the dark, loathsome, suffering past, they can see the Divine plan by which slavery and tyranny were shaken, and the swift destruction which followed, into whose vortex the innocent were dragged with the guilty. 'Let the war go on,' they say, 'we had better go through life maimed, than poisoned by the corruption that has defiled the soil of the South.' They, who have been face to face with its barbarism, cheek to cheek with its 'body of death,' declare that perfect liberty is their due, a free country is their birthright; hunger is said to be a great demoralizer: neither rags or filth are inspiring; yet they can not disturb or destroy the integrity of loyal hearts strengthened and fitted for the prosecution of a mighty work like the present. Down in the valley of the shadow of death, where they have walked so long, they did not forget the sword-shine, or the sabre-gleam, by which oppression was to receive its death-blow, as the shadows gathered thick and dark about their feet.

Local and Personal.

The spirited and beautiful song on our first page, will be published soon in sheet form, the music to be arranged by LIEUT. ROCKWELL, 97TH N. Y. Vols., and headed by a splendid lithograph of the 'Great Tycoon,' W. T. Sherman.

GENERAL SHERMAN has finished the first stage of his campaign in the Carolinas, and reports that all is well.

It is estimated that nearly fifteen thousand prisoners have been brought here by boats of the fleet, since the exchange commenced. On Thursday the Flag-Ship New York, arrived with six hundred and fifty enlisted men, and six officers.

COLONEL MULFORD has been appointed Brigadier General by the President, and his nomination confirmed by the Senate.

THE GRAND CONCERT which should have come off on Monday, has been necessarily deferred by the arrival of patients, who now occupy the Chapel.

It is said the sun will have a 'big job' if it melts away all the snow in the North, before next July.

'THE BROKEN FETTER,' is the appropriate title of a paper published during the 'Ladies Michigan State Fair,' held in Detroit, for the relief of destitute Freedmen and Refugees.

A DOWN-EASTER has invented a machine for grating people's feelings.

In Camp.

There came, at last, the short but welcome respite from the bloody scenes of days and weeks through which the grimmed and gallant throng had so victoriously passed. The loved letters from far-off homes and friends were being read and hurriedly replied to, but there remained many, ah! how many! unclaimed and unanswered, whose kind God-speeds and words of love and hope were written by those whose hearts would sicken and bleed while reading the history of the deadly fight in which the loved ones fell.

The gleaming fires of camp threw out upon the still night their myriads of mimic stars, and lighted up the faces of those who formed the little circles scattered here and there. No jests, no stories filled with mirth and

jollity were being told or listened to, but o'er each brown and darkened feature stole and settled the saddening reveries of friendships broken, ties and bands grief-broken, in the recital of the scarred veteran, as he recounts the noble deeds of the comrades who perished in that fearful storm of death. Hard and rough hands wipe off the tears from cheek and lips that quiver with memoric remembrance of other days; moistened and dimmed are the eyes that look upon the cherished mementoes and the little keepsakes that were given the living ere the dead brother slept, and was laid at rest beneath the turf on which they fought hand in hand for right and country.

Those mounds, rude-fashioned as they are, that rise far rear-ward on the weary path, enshrouds the mortal part, but in the still sad hours the spirit-brother greets and watches o'er us; for, as each link grows weaker, and is crushed by death, the living chain grows stronger in its unseen love, and the night circles round the flickering fires grow smaller; yet each day brings its hallowed promptings to nobler deeds and new resolves to brave the untried toils and trials of the future.—R. V. KING.

Beauty of Truth.

As I stood in a doorway on Central Wharf, two men outside, apparently foreigners, were engaged in a wordy altercation. What was the occasion of their quarrel I could not make out; but I heard one accuse the other of falsehood. 'You lie,' was the plain indictment. I was looking for a blow as the refutation of the charge; but, instead of violence, there was a softening of the manner.

'No, I do not lie; I always tell the truth.'

'Well,' replied his accuser, also softened, 'see that you always do. Truth is handsome.'

And so they parted.

Yes, thought I, there is an utterance from vulgar lips worth remembering. 'Truth is handsome.' Is it not really so? The words in which truth is stated may sometimes lack elegance, but is not truth itself beautiful. Nothing about it is awry or disproportionate. It will bear the close inspection. It exactly fits a place which nothing else can supply. It cannot be supplied for the better. It has the confidence of every one. It is lovely without ornament. It is itself ornamental.

On the contrary, an untruth is always ugly. Whether spoken, or written, or acted, it is deformed and distasteful. Disrobed of all artificial attractions, it is seen to be ill-shapen and unfit for any good service. To every ingenuous mind it is offensive. By no process can it be trimmed or refined so as to be beautiful. It is intrinsically base and hateful, a nuisance to be abated, burned, annihilated.

Let the young, especially, remember that 'Truth is handsome,' and cherish it as a jewel more precious than the diamond. UNCLE JESSIE.

Speaking of 'last words,' one of the finest expressions we ever knew as uttered by a dying man, was that of a stage driver in California, a few years ago.—Several friends, drivers like himself, were standing by his bedside. 'Boys,' said he feebly, 'I am on the down grade, and can't reach the brake!' and died.

For the Crutch.

Conundrums.

WHY should a young Miss always be dreaded after washing day? Because she is apt to be iron-gal—(Iron-i-cal.)

WHY does our Hospital go ahead of most others? Because it leads the van, and the Van leads it.

WHICH is the most untruthful of Beasts? The one which is always a ly'un—(Lion.)

WHAT is the difference between our Hospital and two men building a brick wall? The one has two Chaplains, the other two chaps-layin.

WHY in doing the latter would one of the former get through first? Because the other is a slow-un—(Sloan.)

WHY would an Irish sausage-maker naturally be positive in his opinions? Because of course he would be inclined to dogmatism—(dog-meat-ism.)