

THE CRUTCH.

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For the Crutch.

Human Sympathy.

The history of the present day will present the most noble examples of human sympathy ever known to earth. Whilst this noble passion of our nature is common to humanity in all conditions of society, yet its development, its grandeur and power, are always to be found in exact proportion to the intelligence and christianity of a people. That to which I allude, is that feeling of human heart that will not permit its possessor to see human misery and pass by on the other side, but which leads him to sacrifice his property, his health, and his life, to lend the helping hand. I mean that intelligent christian human sympathy, which polar snows cannot freeze, torrid climes cannot wither, and ocean's wave cannot separate. I mean that faculty of our nature given us by our Creator, and cultivated by christianity, which teaches man to love his fellow being as himself. A principle which forms the foundation of all free government, of all christian, social, and happy society. A faculty which contends with prejudice, ignorance, and selfishness, and seeks to bind the world together with bonds of love. A faculty in the exercise of which the heart of the giver and of the receiver are alike blessed.—A feeling directly opposed to selfishness in its origin and its influence. A feeling which is not the form, but the test of christianity. Not the ceremony but the substance of religion. Let us therefore, if we would be happy, and fulfil the chief end of our creation, strive to cultivate this human sympathy, and fear not we shall love our neighbors too much, for "God is love." I cannot envy that man his happiness, who is so wise he can see the greatness and goodness of God in all inanimate objects, and yet in man made in the image of God, he can see nothing worthy of his admiration, except when he looks in the glass, and sees his own beautiful face.—And yet we often see those whose every thought, word, and deed, are the fruits of a selfish impulse, and whose narrow minds can grasp no higher object, than their own personal comfort and promotion, and who satan-like, would destroy a heaven, to gratify their own selfish motives. They turn the wheel of fortune but the wheel must be their wheel and the fortune must be their fortune. They love the comforts of life, but they must all be their comforts. They have feasts, and festivals, but they are their feasts and their festivals, and it would seem that selfishness had supplanted all the finer feelings of their nature, and left their souls a barren waste, with not a single oasis of human sympathy, to aid the weary and unfortunate travelers, by whom they are surrounded, and upon whom they prey. Human sympathy is always a true index to the intelligence and christianity of a people, but in our own day and our own country, the traveller is struck by the fact that in some places he finds various societies, and organizations conducted entirely in human sympathy, and for benevolent purposes: with no other object than to mitigate human suffering in our Hospitals, and elsewhere; while in other places he finds precisely similar societies, and institutions, conducted exclusively for selfish purposes, and often a successful trap for the very pittance, human sympathy has sent on its errand of mercy. This is the index.—But all actions, have their results, and all actors their reward. The selfish become still more selfish, and consequently still more miserable, in the exercise of their selfishness. But human sympathy, not only begets love in return, but ennobles, and makes happy the heart of the possessor.

The world never witnessed more noble examples of human sympathy, than the present efforts of the noble women of America, in behalf of the soldiers of the Union, and their reward is the happy consciousness of having done a noble work. How happy the heart thus blessed with such a rich fountain of human sympathy, and a soil in which the bitter weeds of selfishness are all supplanted by a rich harvest of love. Their charity is truly christian. Their "right hand knoweth not what

their left hand doeth," but they shall have their reward. I know not who made these sanitary clothes, or sent me my arm sling or this good wine, but I am glad God knows, and he will reward her, and such is my prayer. Human sympathy is union, but selfishness is secession. Human sympathy binds hearts and nations together, but selfishness makes every heart an isolated object of rebellious misery. And now if we are to degenerate as a people and fail as a free government, selfishness and secession will triumph, but if it be the destiny of our race to grow better and happier, human sympathy and union must triumph. The present contest is emphatically a struggle between selfishness and human sympathy. A selfish lust for unnatural privileges, and arbitrary power, begat rebellion, and waged a war against free institutions. Then human sympathy unsheathed the sword of justice, to defend the rights, and preserve the best hope of humanity; American Freedom.

In this noble struggle we have the sympathy of every enlightened christian heart on earth. A branch of our Sanitary Commission is organized in London, contributions have been received from France, and from the classic hills of Rome, and from millions in those foreign lands, a prayer is heard for American Liberty, and the watchful eye of human sympathy is upon us. The motto of human sympathy is "E Pluribus Unum." Her flag is the flag of our country. And her song, "Long may it wave." No American will ever forget the human sympathy of a Lafayette, or a Pitt, and unborn millions, when they look from their happy homes upon the flag of the free, will not forget the human sympathy that has made so many sacrifices, fought so many battles, and endured so much in this war, for their comfort and happiness. Human sympathy is the gift of God for the preservation of the race, and the defence of the natural rights of all, and selfishness, and secession, will learn from the present struggle, that this provision of God, is strong enough to break the chains of the bondman, and defend the flag of the free. But in as much as France, England, and Italy, have responded, I would suggest, that it will be expected of Annapolis, as soon as her protracted meeting is closed, that she do something in aid of the Sanitary Commission. Certainly a population, that can entertain, so successfully, at the same time, three Fairs, and a Circus, two Hospitals, and a "Canterbury," Parole Camp and the 9th Army Corps, thirty-two Dram Shops, and a Provost Guard, ought to have human sympathy enough, to do something in aid of the sick and wounded soldiers. Who will take the lead? Don't all speak at once. This is "a gnat," but don't strain.—That's what's the matter. INVALID SOLDIER.

U. S. Gen. Hospital, Div. No. 1, Annapolis, Md.

For the Crutch.

On Furloughs.

(Continued.)

"Simon," said cousin EBENEZER, as he saw me pocket my pistols, "what in the world are you going to do with 'em? I haven't heard a gun fired here in town since the war commenced, and I think the folks are opposed to it."

"I have no doubt of it," I replied, "judging from the society I have met here this afternoon; but I am just as ready to fight treason here as anywhere, cousin EBENEZER, and I should n't wonder if they heard some of my music before I leave;" and drawing one of my pistols from my pocket, I aimed at the cat's ear, as she lay sleeping on a sack of dates, and took off the tip end of it, clean as a whistle. The performance started the drowsy Copperhead reclining on the settle, to his boots, and making two leaps he disappeared through the open door, with the cat after him; I enjoyed a hearty laugh, in which EBENEZER joined as heartily as possible under the circumstances; but he looked very pale, as what man would n't who had not heard a gun fired in three years!

After defining our positions on political subjects, and talking on the affairs of the country, EBENEZER asked me to accompany him home to supper, and I willingly accepted the invitation, for I had come home without any serious prejudices against high diet, and I remembered also, that aunt STROUT had always borne off the palm

for good short cakes, apple butter, and wonderful cheese. I found my aunt unusually quiet, in fact, quite solemn in her demeanor. She had been "laid up" three weeks, it seemed, with *neurvalagy* caused by the cold Spring winds, so I lost the short cakes, and got no better supper than I should have had at home, and then aunt STROUT presided so grimly, that I wished I had n't come, more than once; then EBENEZER apologized so continually for the cold supper, that I felt I must eat, and fairly gorged myself with dough-nuts and cheese, feeling very uncomfortable all the next day in consequence. There seemed to be a hitch in all my plans for recreation, and after I returned home that evening I about concluded to stay at home with the old folks in future, and read the newspapers, snap corn, and let society go. But a new difficulty came up in the very face of this rash conclusion; that very week a quilting party was set on foot in the neighborhood, and I was invited to attend in the evening. I had a presentiment that something would go wrong, but a verbal invitation came from one of the prettiest girls in the village, and there was no refusing it; so I brushed up my uniform, that had been in service ever since the first Bull Run victory (?) and went. There were all sorts of dances danced, and games played, but I had been a soldier so long that I could not join in the sport much, and I had forgotten how to talk with the ladies, so I stood the most part of the time behind the door like a pair of tongs. Finally, somebody proposed a mock wedding, and thinking that would be fun, and not much talk, I forsook my hiding place, marched boldly up to SUSAN RANKINS, who looked kind of forlorn in one corner of the room, and asked her if she would stand up with me. "With great reluctance," said SUSAN, sportively, and gave me her hand. Two other couples came on to the floor with us, and young Squire KETCHUM proceeded with the ceremony, as seriously as possible amid the half suppressed giggling and frolic going on, all about us; afterwards followed kisses, congratulations and presents, and when Squire KETCHUM was about to leave, he took me aside, and grasping my hand, assured me sincerely that I had his best wishes for a "long life and a happy one."

"Why, Squire," said I, "you ain't serious?"

"Never more so in my life, man," was his reply; "I am Justice of the Peace now, and I consider you as legally bound to stand by Miss RANK, — I mean GUBTILE, as if you had been married seven years."

"Jehu! does she think so?" I asked.

"Of course she does;" he replied, "I know she can think nothing else, that is, if you do not seriously object, which you would not be so unmanly as to do, at this stage of things!"

"But, Squire," I interposed, "I have no accommodations at home for a bride; Mother knows nothing about it, and we're cleaning house; I've got no place to put her!"

"Oh! if that is the case," said the Squire, "then see her home, and agree to pass your marriage off as a joke, or keep it a secret between you, till you have served your time; but remember, you are married just as fast as the present law can bind you, and you can't get out of it honorably."

In spite of all you can do, a lawyer's advice will sink into the soul like hot iron, and there is something fearful in the way he settles things. I saw Miss RANKINS home at a late hour, and told her plainly on the way that I supposed she had a claim on me, and that I would abide the decision of the law, as soon as circumstances justified me in so doing. She made no objections, and only replied that she had always liked me very well as a neighbor, but supposed I cared nothing for her, (which was pretty near the truth.) After I had bidden her a formal good night, at her own door, the terrible truth crowded upon me; the fact that I was married, and must commence to lay by my pay for two, instead of one; must think for two, act for two, and eat so many less extras a month!

I, a youth of eighteen, had been compromised into a marriage, I was as indifferent to, as I am to last year's St. Patrick's day! For three days I did not go out of doors, but mused over the subject perpetually; and then I made up my mind to shorten my furlough, and go immediately to my Regiment, there to stay, as long as there was a member left. I am now waiting in Hospital, to go in the next squad; my mind is still much perplexed, and I am open to sympathy and advice from friends who have suffered from Furloughs. My address is

SIMON GUBTILE,

Co. I, 64th N. J. Vols. ††