

THE CRUTCH.

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By this time, the world knows "we breathe again," and that the eagle spreads his wings over social waves, calm and motionless, as they were turbid and threatening. The broad waters of the Chesapeake and the tranquil rivers on either side of us, bear no traces of the interest centered there during the eventful days just passed. Our country's defenders are in Summer quarters;—Annapolis has arisen like a Phoenix, from the ashes to which Metropolitan journals had consigned her; people eat and sleep regularly as ever; the arrival of the mail is no longer looked upon as a "special interposition" of any body, and the Constitutional Convention of Maryland has resumed its deliberate meetings.

Let no one suppose we were scared, when the fair precincts of the Navy Yard, were threatened by usurpers; at the first whisper of invasion, a valiant soldiery, reinforced by loyal ready citizens, were in the trenches extending from river to river; gun-boats to the right and left of us, lay waiting to co-operate with the land forces, in case of attack; our position is secure, and we are not surprised to hear a passing regret expressed, now and then, that the enemy did not visit us, since we had it in our power to welcome him in an appropriate manner. However, we are not depressed on this account, and the virtues of cheerfulness and complacency seem to predominate, and the only topic left us, to inspire or irritate, is the weather. Grumblers keep up ominous prophecies of drought; they see no good cradled in steady sunshine, and gruffly hint of famine and sickly summers. Less morose dispositions smell rain in every breeze; the Summer is all June; each dawn of gold and crimson brings messages to some part of the earth, of good tidings; those who are familiar with the mysteries of the drought, lose all terror of it, in the contemplation of its beneficent effects. The past is fixed, the future always in view; we cannot get rid of its facts; let us accept them, and secure the good, always within our grasp.

"Nature is exacting." She does not choose to give us cool comfortable days followed by balmy nights full of tropical splendor; it would be inconsistent. It is after we faint and droop, with the burden and heat of the day, and the energies of the soul have lost their elasticity, and all life wavers beneath the prolonged torture of sunshine, and the air pierces you with thousands of little sharp points, that the glorious nights "put on the garments of joy, for the spirit of heaviness," and flash strange beauty into myriads of hearts; then, the flowers leap heavenward amid saving showers of dew; the dusty highways gleam like silver in the moonlight, and the heart of tree, flower, and vegetable, is laboriously working up its life to stateliness, sweetness and strength. A presence full of warmth and melody fills the air.—Care loses itself in the sense of grateful sights and sounds. Does any one choose to doze over his newspaper, or talk of the dullness of trade, or of politics and gossip? the worst is his own; he is losing the rest he needs, and that magical life that comes of new conditions of thought and feeling, produced by harmonious influences about him.

There is a lyric poem sealed in every hour of a grand Summer's night, when the moon veils with tender reverence, all the rough places of the earth, and calls us forth to witness the glory of her celestial city, and the perfect work around us, moulded and fashioned for our use and enjoyment, as well as for those masters of thought, who have in all ages, transformed its wealth and beauty, into immortal songs. We work too hard, travel too much, and do not study the art of living sufficiently, to comprehend the meaning of wholesome rest and enjoyment. There are many Achans in our camp, whose discontent keeps many blessings from us, but let us be careful not to find ourselves in rebellion to an existence that gives us inalienable rights to happiness. ††

When is a skein of silk like part of a fort? when it is a ravelin.

Our readers may be interested in the following extracts from a letter written by one of our ladies, who was delayed on her journey North, by the rebel raiders, at Gunpowder bridge.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 16th, 1864.

DEAR H.—I have managed to pencil a line to friends at home, and now, will try to tell you something about our perilous journey. We carried sober and anxious countenances all the way to Baltimore, but meeting with no difficulty, our faces began to brighten as we took our seats in the nice New York car, (the patent ventilating one,) and we settled ourselves comfortably for a refreshing nap, while the train sped on toward Philadelphia. If you can imagine anything better calculated to rouse one from dreams to sober reality than a party of Rebels handling loaded revolvers very carelessly in close proximity to your nose, I cannot—but it is not easy to describe my feelings when I first comprehended the true state of the case. We thought upon the instant what the firing meant, and could soon see the troopers approaching us on either side. The train stopped and the Rebels rushed in calling upon the soldiers to give up their money, watches &c., even their hats and boots. Also, I remember lifting my hand beseechingly and saying, "Oh don't!" to one of the Rebels. He begged me not to be alarmed; said we should not be harmed, and I tried to comfort N— with this assurance. Some of the ladies in our car greeted the Rebels very cordially, shaking hands with, and kissing them. A Mr. Jaquith, just discharged from College Hospital, sat near me, and I saw a Rebel take all his valuables away from him. Mr. J. however, managed to deceive the villain, and withheld the most of his money, over \$100, which he afterward slipped into my hand, and I have it safe. He was taken prisoner, and I have not yet learned whether he has been released.

Mrs. Thurston heard a Union officer reply to one of the Rebels, "no, I will not surrender, I will die first." Mrs. T. stepped up and laid her hand on the officer's shoulder and entreated him to leave the cars. Very good advice to be sure, and easily followed, if only the "Johannies" would permit it. The next alarm was "cars on fire"—another rush, but our captors told us to be quiet, it was the train ahead of us that was burning. I must say I doubted being speedily released, and many solemn thoughts ran through my mind in which Libby Prison was prominent. For a moment I felt that I stood face to face with death, and tried to think calmly upon my probable fate. After the passengers had been sufficiently examined, the Rebels told us we might leave the cars, and they very politely offered to help the ladies out. We passed the burning train and went into a beautiful grove near by, where we found every thing that a picnic-party could desire. We seated ourselves in the Pavilion, and while a young Baltimorean, who had offered to assist us, went to see if any baggage had been preserved, we listened to the crackling of the flames, and talked dolefully of our prospects. Now will you not give me credit for some presence of mind, when I tell you that I held on to that luncheon you gave me, and to my umbrella too, throughout the whole? Our young protector having returned, after an unsuccessful hunt for our trunk, we invited him to share our frugal meal, and we really ate with considerable appetite. A spring on the grounds furnished us with good water, and once we found a group of Rebels near it, and I was bold enough to take a cup of water from the hand of one of them.—Soon after dining we made the acquaintance of a Dr. Richardson, formerly of the 8th Maine Regiment, who was very kind to us the remainder of the way. The Raiders departed, much to our relief, about three o'clock, and we then set out in pursuit, not of them, but of our missing trunks. We walked a pretty long distance.—Letters, books, articles of clothing &c., were scattered along the route felling of rifled mail-bags, Express boxes &c. Some of the trunks and valises of passengers had been opened, but I think it was in disobedience of orders when the property of citizens was taken or destroyed.—We found our baggage at last, and the gentlemen procured a cart to take it to the boat, for which we soon started on foot. We had to walk about a mile and a half, and after a little delay we stepped into a sail-boat,

and were conveyed to the steamer "Junietta" which lay not far from Gunpowder bridge. On the damaged bridge we saw the remains of our cars and a locomotive, the latter seeming just ready to fall into the stream. How glad we were to see the Stars and Stripes floating over us!—but how humiliating to think we had yielded so readily to the Rebels, no sign nor word of resistance! My indignation rose as the danger lessened, but all danger was not yet over. The Captain of the boat appeared very anxious and was apprehensive of an attack, all night. It was past midnight before everybody and their luggage had been transferred from the shore to the boat, but at last, the boat actually moved, and the sleepless ones on deck, rejoiced greatly. With a blanket beneath us we lay close to the wheel-house during most of the interminable night. To increase my discomfort I had a terrible headache and a sick stomach. The forty soldiers on board were pacing to and fro, guarding the boat.—A company of minstrels, (not Kelsey's,) entertained us with—"The Fish-ball," "The Grasshopper," and many songs of similar style. About seven Tuesday morning we landed at Perryville—were greeted with cheers by a boat load of Union troops who were just putting off, in search of the enemy I presume. A regiment of colored troops were resting near the landing. We went to a hotel hoping to get something to eat, but could find nothing. The delay here was very tedious, but before noon we did get started for Philadelphia.

My thoughts have been much with my friends at Annapolis, and I am impatient to hear your experience with the Rebels. I saw it was rumored that the city was taken. Have you had much excitement there, and what did you think had become of the unfortunate trio that left your Hospital-home on Monday morn?

A NOVEL CURE.—A gentleman living in 34th street, N. Y., happening to awake about midnight, a few evenings since, thought that he heard, "some one in the house," and getting noiselessly out of bed he crept to the door of his chamber, which, to his surprise, he found ajar. Feeling quite sure that he had locked it on retiring, he listened, and soon became satisfied that the noise proceeded from a closet in an adjoining room, where things worth stealing were kept. Summoning up all his courage, he crept into the suspected room, and discovered by the dim light, that some one was fumbling in one of the drawers of the closet. He made a spring at the supposed intruder, who uttered a loud scream, and fell fainting at his feet. He recognized the voice of his wife in the scream, and at once set about restoring her to consciousness. This having been done, she gave him a thorough scolding for frightening a body out of their wits, when they were looking for the toothache drops; but she forgave him when she discovered that the fright had cured her toothache.—N. Y. Sun.

While we were foraging in Sequatchie, Tenn., writes a soldier in the Union army, after the campaign which ended with the battle of Chickamauga, our boys used to get up cotillion parties, etc., in the country, which were well attended by the ladies, both Union and secesh of the valley. The latter were very careful on such occasions about the language they used in the presence of the boys, lest they might offend them. One of the ladies stepped up to "Wash," the fiddler, and said very politely, "Will you be so kind as to play the Federal Doodle?"

The London Spectator thus criticises the school-girls of England. After noticing the failures at some school examination at Cambridge, it adds:

"The girls made no attempt at all in general to explain the meaning or reason of the rules—in short, they knew little of ciphering and nothing of arithmetic.—This is exactly what we might expect. Girls need the logic of mathematics more, and like it less than any other study. Their minds are strategical.

They like to turn the flank of a difficulty, not to fight it.

A schoolmarm in England has adopted a novel mode of punishment. If the boys disobey her rules she stands them on their heads and pours cold water into their trousers legs.