

THE CRUTCH.

Alonzo Colby, Publisher.

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"Let the Heavens rejoice and the earth be glad!" for— it has rained! The gallant, the invincible, the proud, the humble, the dry and the dirty, have all paid tribute to Jupiter Fluvius, and have settled down with the rain, into a state of undeniable complacency. Ten days since, a grasshopper couldn't stretch his legs for a hop, without raising a dust; beast and bird were ankle deep in the same material; men could scarcely be distinguished from horses, or officers from mules; green fields were invisible. Locusts chirruped on leafless boughs, and all nature stood unwashed, undemonstrative and *uncanny*. Let us congratulate each other, that we are exulted,—and when we bid adieu to summer, lay up no grudge against her, for the tyrannical dog-days she brought in her train of wealth and glory. But out of nature's grand laboratories the perfectness of fruits, seems the most striking result of her work. Of these, perhaps the peach bears off the palm; certainly, nothing can be more attractive in this line to artist or epicure, than its downy cheek of gold, or its mellow tinted veil brimful of sunsets, covering the deep luxuriance that lurks in its sunny heart. It touches the hand of age with tender grace, and lies in the pink palms of children, like a tropical gem, rich, rosy, almost life-like; quite out-rivaling the dusky grape, in whose praise poets and pedants have held high carnival. But best of all, these legacies of marvellous beauty, stir and thrill sinking lives, like messengers of good tidings. Every day you will hear some sick patient praise the peach, as though it had been sent as a special compensation for his privations and hardships; especially, if he happens to come from New England, where peaches are sold by the pint, at six times their worth. It is a fact pretty well known, that peaches are a medicine for the soldier; he goes to it instinctively, as the Indian goes to pipe-weed, or a dog to water; in proof of this truth, we would hint to the lucky proprietors of peach orchards about here, to be lenient with his country's defenders, should they be found accidentally on his grounds; since the more fruit of this quality they eat, the longer and better they will fight his battles.—Somewhere out in Annapolis, resides a good lady of friendly proclivities, who is in this secret, and comes like Proserpine, and scatters the imperial fruit, like June leaves, around beds of pain and loneliness. God bless her! She is worthy the sweet and tender reverence men have for her, and the faltering blessings that follow her steps. We hope a long train of followers may imitate her bright example. We have seen the peach slighted on but one occasion this season, and then, reluctantly. A veteran holding a tempting specimen in one hand and a letter in the other, asked a boy-soldier which he would choose. The boy spoke for the letter, but finally got both, showing conclusively that letters are the most precious legacies, that can fall to the soldier. If any one doubts this, let him visit the Post Office about the time the mail is distributed, and take note of the eager faces that crowd that vicinity, some, resembling old pictures of young men, others reduced by long suffering to an almost infantile weakness of expression, perceptible in the melting blue eye, always yearning for home.—There are all sorts of jokes current, about the delinquent "old woman" at home, who has forgotten her hero, and the "official correspondence" expected from Washington, &c. But there are always some very silent ones, who think a great deal, and hope even against hope.—They are the strong Border State men, who have been driven from home and friends, and to whom no messages come for weary months, unbaptized by the blood of battle. These are the heroes of the age: "What a man is, not what a man does, is the measure of success."—His desires may be overruled, his hopes blasted, his aims baffled; but he who stands alone, in the flush of manhood, torn from the hands that have led him, and the ground that was holy to him, "self-poised still," ready to stake his all for the cause that has exiled him and

made him a stranger to all, except those who have fought by his side, deserves a world-wide sympathy, and a Nation's gratitude. He may leave the battle-field torn and rent, but with a strong bulwark of liberty in his breast, that shall nerve him to meet any reverse this side of Heaven. Of him, more anon. ††

Communicated for the Crutch.

In these melting days, when every exertion is a bore, it is difficult indeed to get up any sense of gratitude for favors received. But to the individual who furnishes Ice-cream to sick and wounded soldiers daily, even in August, gratitude is due. If it is "better to give than to receive," it would be natural to suppose that Mr. MURPHY, though "more sutler" than any other person in our midst, would live in a continual Elysium of cool breezes and delightful atmosphere; for certainly the recipients of his Ice-cream favors are daily refreshed upon their beds of suffering. When the late arrivals from Richmond were feasted with cream from his freezers, it is no wonder they imagine themselves transferred to a semi-Paradise. Thanks to Mr. MURPHY. Let him "be not weary in well doing." ANON.

Conundrums.

Why is the shoe of an Officer in this Hospital like a certain amphibious animal? Because it is an *Alley-gaiter*.

Why are the Knights of the Quill like a flock of chickens? Because they scratch for a living.

Why does the new agent of the Sanitary Commission stand in the relation of "Radway's Ready Relief" to the soldiers? Because he is a Pain-alleviator.

Why is the Haversack like a school-boy's empty pocket? It always has crumbs in the corner.

Why are some of our Generals like a dancing master's toes? They must be turned out.

Why does a clock always look abashed? Because it keeps its hands before its face.

Why is a poor singer like a counterfeit? Because he is an utterer of bad notes.

We publish the following list of market prices quoted in the Richmond *Sentinel* of Aug. 20th, and which, according to that paper, "have a downward tendency." From an editorial in the same paper, we should judge that the "Confederacy" also had a "downward tendency."

Flour, \$227 to \$250 per barrel; rice, \$1 30 per pound; peas, \$20 per bushel; corn meal, \$50 to \$55; corn, \$45 to \$50; oats, \$22; bacon \$4 50; lard, in kegs, \$6 50; in barrels, \$6 25 per pound; mountain cheese, \$2 20 per pound; green tea, common, \$35 per pound; coffee, \$10 12½ to \$14 50 per pound; sugar, brown, \$7 75 to \$8 85 per pound; crushed, \$10 75; pepper, \$9 per pound; ground coffee, \$5 50 per paper, soda, \$3 85 per pound; codfish, \$4 per pound; old apple brandy, \$55 to \$60 per gallon; rum, \$70; port wine, \$55; rifle powder, \$7 25 to \$7 50 per pound; percussion caps, \$20 per thousand; matches, \$42 50 per gross; starch, \$3 25 per pound; 4-4 sheeting, \$4 per yard; 7-8 do., \$3 30; cotton rope, \$3 per pound.

We are advised that on the 26th of July there were the following named wounded Federal Officers in the Crumpton Hospital, Lynchburg, Va.:

Capt. ADAMS, 56th Mass. Vols., in left leg and ankle.
" FOX, 34th Mass. Vols., in left elbow.
" GERR, 3d Mich. Vols, right leg off above the knee.
" GUER, 9th N. Y. Vols, right leg off above the knee.
" HEEPER, 11th Penn. Vols., in left hip.
" HALL, 4th N. Y. Cav., left leg off.
Lieut. HORTON, 149th Penn. Vols., in left side.
" COPPES, 72d Penn. Vols., left arm off at shoulder.
" LUTHER, 122d N. Y. Vols., in left breast.
" OSTRANDER, 122 " " right leg off below knee.
" HARRISON, 126th Ohio " right arm off at shoulder.
" WATSON, — (from Phil.,) right leg off.
" WALKER, 140th N. Y. Vols., in right elbow.

These Officers we understand have since been removed to Richmond.

LIFE AND DEATH.—While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone; and death, though perhaps they receive him differently, yet treats alike the fool and the philosopher.—*Hume*.

Training of the French Soldier.

To enable a man to defend himself, he is made to undergo severe training during the first year of his service, and is forced to attend the fencing room five times a week. When the provost d'armes judges him sufficiently instructed, he undergoes an examination before the colonel and staff; he is then expected to combat any adversary the colonel may select, and defend himself, not only from the sword, but also from the bayonet and the lance. I need not say that the weapons are buttoned, and that the man is padded and protected. If the staff do not consider the young man skillful enough, he is bound to continue daily practice, while his more fortunate comrades are required to practice only once or twice a week. But during his novitiate, he is protected from all bullying. The sergeants and corporals of his company are responsible for any insult or injustice done to the "young soldier." He is looked upon as a soldier-child, allowances are made for his inexperience, he is humored; his prejudices are not abruptly violated, and he is chiefly taught through example. Independent of this sort of teaching, the authorities, in forcing the men to attend the fencing-room, have another and a much more important object in view; that is, to accustom the recruit to the sight and sound of weapons meeting in conflict—to accustom him to see clearly through a mass of crossed swords and bayonets, and to remain cool while swords flash, under shocks, unexpected blows, and rapid orders. A fencing-room in which twenty or thirty couples of men are practising, is a fair illustration of a melee with cold weapons. The provost d'armes dispersed about the apartment giving rapid instructions to thrust here, to cut there, to feint, retreat, advance, parry, halt: the stamping of feet, the dust, and, above all, the energy of every body, every man eager in good faith to defeat his opponent;—these things are calculated to accustom the recruit to the tumult of real action. Similarly, infantry are taught dancing; not that the men should figure to advantage in a polka, but to train them in deportment and agility, and to teach them how to navigate through a moving and whirling crowd, and avoid jostling each other during rapid movements. The same may be said of gymnastics; the men are induced to practice them as a recreation, but are effectually taught to analyze every movement of which their limbs are capable, to learn their strength and how to husband it. The recruit is also taught to swim. Water when it becomes familiar, is the best of friends. Soldiers have been known to march fifteen miles (after a long march) under a sultry sun when the officers have given them orders to bathe for half an hour.—*Dickens's "All the Year Round."*

An Equestrian Marriage.

An old squire had started out early one morning, with his cradle on his shoulder, for a wheat field. Just as he reached it, a clatter of hoofs caused him to turn around. Close behind him, on foaming horses were a young man and woman, with faces as red as "peonies." Reining in their steeds, the man cried out—

"Be you Squire Jones?"

"I am."

"Wal, we've been up to your house, and your old woman told us you'd gone down this road, and said she thought we'd catch you if we tried hard. You see Squire, Sallie here and I want to get married, and we are in something of a hurry, 'cause we want to go to Syracuse, and get home afore night."

"Very well, turn back to the house; I'll be there soon," said the old man.

"Couldn't you do it just as well out here. You see we're in somethin' of a hurry."

"Yes I suppose I can. Get off, and I'll make you one in less than no time."

"Won't it be just as strong on horseback? You see, Squire, we're in somethin' of a hurry."

"I reckon it will. Just hitch up to Sallie and get hold of her right hand."

The young man did so, and then and there, with his cradle on his shoulder, the stamp of his pipe in one hand, his whetstone in the other, clad in homespun overalls and frock, the squire performed the ceremony.