

Judy.—They darn't, my lady.

Mrs. W.—You have done yourself more harm than any one else could have done you. Still, I forgive you, and I will serve you if I can; but now, you must suffer a little more first. Pride, and idleness, and vanity, must all be punished a little further before either I can help you, or you will profit by my help. Go home, good girl, for another month or two, and then come back to me again.

Judy.—You wouldn't have a piece of an ould coat, my lady, nor an ould apron, nor an hankercher, that you could give me for kiverin'? I declare I'm a'most 'shamed to face the people the way I am, with scarce a tack upon me.

Mrs. W.—No, indeed, Judy, I have nothing to give that you will find useful, I fear; I can say nothing more at present. See, there are several of our friends outside waiting to see me.

Judy.—Well, I wish your ladyship good mornin', an' thanks for yer advice. An' surely, God he knows I did my best anyway!

TEMPER.—If that disposition of the mind, which we call temper, be good, what a blessing it may prove! but when bad, of how many evils is it the cause?

How many do we hear excusing the most unpardonable offences by saying, "It was only temper," they little think to what "only temper," if unchecked, may lead.

How many have, in an evil hour, through temper committed deeds, and spoken words, of which a whole lifetime has not been sufficient to repent. Deeds, that have arisen to accuse and torment them in their dying hour.

How bitterly Henry regretted the hasty words which caused the death of Thomas a Becket! But the words were spoken, and no after remorse could recall them. Yet we can say, "only temper."

I am afraid it is because temper is so common a fault with otherwise good persons, that we are so ready to excuse it. How often do we hear it said, "I should not think there was much in any one who had not a spice of temper." And this conclusion, in many cases, has much truth in it; but then it must be a governed temper, one under the control of reason. A temper, the conquest of which has purified the spirit of its possessor. Yes, there is the use of temper: it is a trial to purify us. Let us use it as such. Let this thought encourage us to strive for victory over it.

And we who are tried by the temper of those around us, whether it be hasty, or irritable, or sullen—no matter what, let us ever remember that it is far more irksome to themselves than it can be to us; therefore, let us, in a truly Christian spirit, help them to bear the burden of it.

A SCOTCH WIDOW. The clerk of a large parish not five miles from Bridgenorth, Scotland, noticing a fem ale crossing a churchyard in a widow's garb, with a watering-can and bundle, had the curiosity to watch her, and he discovered her to be Mrs. Smith, whose husband had not long been interred. The following conversation took place: "Ah, Mrs. Smith, what are you doing with your watering can?"—"Why, Mr. Prince, I have begged a few hay-seeds, which I have in a bundle, and am going to sow them upon my poor husband's grave, and have brought a little water with me to make them spring."—"You have no occasion to do that, as the grass will soon grow upon it," replied the clerk. "Ah, Mr. Prince, that may be; but do you know my husband, who now lies here, made me promise him, on his death-bed, I would never marry again till the grass had grown over his grave and having a good offer made me, I dinna wish to break my word, or keep as I am."

THE VIRTUE OF LAUGHTER.—When one can give and does give, a clear, honest laugh, or in any way shows forth a genial sympathy, there is still left something of the innocence of nature and the pulse of goodness. It is true, there are those, the intensity of whose inner life, and the circumstances of whose lot, may repress tumultuous joy; yet there is an attractiveness in them, as though that which in others breaks out in laughter, were distilled into spiritual serenity, and comes forth now and then in the sun-burst of a smile.—Chapin.

THE CRUTCH.

Alonzo Colby, - - - - - Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1864.

Union Candidates.

For President of the United States,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois.

For Vice President,

ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee.

Autumn.

We are again verging upon the afternoon of the year, and the beauty of the departing Summer is to be succeeded by the splendor, fruition and rejoicing of harvest-time. Already the sunshine is golden on mellow fruits and large white clouds, and purple hills, half enveloped in the blue haze, seem to float in it like islands in a summer sea.

We are shut in from the country fairs, festivals and stir, that thrill the nerves of the rural population during this season of gladness,—but we can imagine what it is, and what it will be when the merry-makings and feasts come on, when the painted woods flame with crimson and scarlet; when the loaded wagons go here and there, filled with emblems of plenty; when fat cattle and fast horses are driven, and trotted out to the gaze of admiring and envious crowds, and monstrous vegetables are basking in the smiles of delighted owners, and premiums are high on everything.

Farming has its special and absorbing interest to us all, whether there is fighting on the Potomac, or "all is quiet." However fiercely the battle may rage, we never lose sight of our bread and butter. To many persons the ripening year has decay and desolation in it, notwithstanding its showy side, which

"As a rich beauty when her bloom is lost,
Appears with rich magnificence and cost."

They seem to step from high noon into the shadow, even when their thoughts are not tinged with a shade of gloom or despair. There is that lack of cheer in the rustle of the brown leaves and the russet of woods, that we found a few months since, in the gleam of daisies and buttercups, the trill of early birds and laughing brook, just born of April rain. The change of seasons is suggestive of other changes that make us thoughtful; we take long, serious looks into the future, and cast lingering ones after the vanished summer. The grey evenings shut down on us suddenly, and the shadows lengthen. We forget that the earth is full of play and activity; that the outward show of magnificence or melancholy, is the sure largess of love that shall be poured out when her youth and beauty shall be renewed, and new vigor shall leap through her veins with the first kisses of spring sunshine, or touch of southern breezes. The seasons, whether they smile or frown on us, are the prophetic eyes, through which we read all coming promise.

Let us welcome then, all times, since they bear in their bosoms the springs of large, liberal life to all.

The army correspondent of the *Houlton (Maine) Times* relates of camp life, showing the precocity of a youth of sixteen, the son of a general, on a visit to his father in the field. On one occasion, when the general's purse was getting low, he remarked that he would be obliged to draw on his banker for some money. "How much do you want, father," said the boy. "I think I shall send for a couple of hundred," replied the general. "Why, father," said his son very quietly, "I can let you have the amount." "You can, where did you get so much money?" I won it in playing draw poker with your staff, sir?" replied the hopeful youth. It is needless to say that the 9.40 train next morning bore the "gay young gambolier" towards his home.

Theodore Hook once said to a man at whose table a publisher got very drunk, "Why, you appear to have emptied your wine celler into our book celler."

Surely that man may be envied who can eat pork chops for supper, and sleep without a grunt.

For the Crutch.

"Niggerism."

It is with amused rather than with serious feelings, that we have chosen the above disgusting heading, under which to arrange a few thoughts, the subject of which may properly be regarded as possessed of more or less interest to the soldier.

We have indicated in a former article, that we were under the ban of belonging to the "nigger" State. Few will need to be told which State is referred to, as Massachusetts is proverbially known, the country through, as enjoying the significant appellation. Why such a stigma should be imposed upon the peaceable and law-abiding people of Massachusetts, is an inquiry that often presents itself to the writer. It would seem that a shadow of curiosity, if not a veil of mystery, gathers around many of the considerations, which present themselves in an effort to answer such an inquiry. That the inhabitants of a little State, occupying only about the two hundredth part of the United States proper, and not exceeding in numbers one thirtieth of the population of the entire country, that so small a portion of the body politic should distinguish themselves in any respect, so as to attract the attention of any considerable number of the other States, and to bring upon themselves any odious epithets,—this seems to us not a little surprising. All will admit that there must be a cause for this. There must be something about these curious people, either morally, socially, or politically, that has given them a prominence, not always the most agreeable to themselves, and certainly not so to their adversaries.

We suppose that the crime laid to our charge, is in having adopted, not originated, certain principles of law and action,—principles which are in themselves, either wholly just and right, or else utterly and entirely wrong. From these principles emanates as a matter of necessity, a vigorous striving, and a powerful influence, that has at times seemed to shake the very foundation of the national fabric. If it should be shown to a single reader, that these principles are worthy of consideration and adoption, the object of this article will be attained.

Excessive taxation without representation, was the policy adopted by Great Britain, towards the American colonies, during the last half of the eighteenth century. The Revolution began, and was fought out successfully, for the redress of this and other grievances. Washington had led the warrior band on many a weary march, and o'er many a bloody field. Adams, Franklin, and Jefferson, had alike nobly fought for the interests of the colonial people, in the chamber of debate. At length, after years of war, and more than one "winter of discontent," the doubtful contest ended. The right was acknowledged and acquiesced in, so that the olive-branch of peace, again scattered her golden leaves of blessings over our native soil. These same men, who had so nobly borne the burden and the heat of the day, during those memorable years of struggle and trial, are now called upon to frame a Constitution and legislate for the people whom they had succeeded in freeing from despotic rule.

Jefferson, hardly less than a prince among his loyal associates, had declared, that—"All men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The declaration was accepted and adopted, at the time of its enunciation, as a self-evident truth, by a Congress of Delegates from all the States, and that too, so far as we know, without a dissenting voice or vote. Those patriotic and devoted men drafted a Constitution, which was subsequently adopted by the people, under the just provisions and benign protection of which we live, as yet. The preamble of this document reveals to us the spirit and temper of its authors. They tell us that their aim was, "To form a more perfect union, to establish justice, to insure domestic tranquility, and to secure the blessings of liberty, to themselves and to their posterity."

These are the principles and sentiments of the noble men who framed our National Constitution, and founded in accordance with its declared principles, the Government under which we now live. We come now to inquire if we can honestly and candidly resist the conviction, but that it was the wish and purpose of those