



THE CRUTCH.

VOL. 1. U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 1, ANNAPOLIS, MD., SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1864. NO. 3.

THE CRUTCH.

A Weekly News and Literary Paper devoted to the interest of the Soldier, Published on

SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK.

At the U. S. A. General Hospital, Div. No. 1, Annapolis, Md.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Copy, one year, \$2 00.
Single Copy, 5 Cts.
Any one taking 5 copies 3 months will be entitled to an advertisement of 15 lines for one insertion.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS:

For 1 square of 8 lines or less, 1 insertion, 75 Cts.
For 1 square of 8 lines or less, 3 insertions, \$2 00.
Yearly advertisements and cards at fair rates.

The Returned Soldier.

Written on the return of A. C. M., who lost his arm at Gettysburg.

Not as he went forth
To the rough battle fray
In manhood's full strength,
Has he come home to day
The dreams of his youth
Seem distant and dim;
The whole world has changed
In its aspect to him.

The Mother's fond eyes
Long heavy with tears,
Now brighten with smiles
As his footstep she hears.
To the tones of his voice,
All the heart pulses thrill;
In the brave daring soldier,
She sees her brave boy still.

The warrior's proud badge
He will wear to his grave;
The wreck of the arm,
Freely lifted to save
The country he loved—
The laws we revere,
The liberty sweet,
Of our heritage dear.

Oh sad Gettysburg!
Thy blood-sprinkled plain,
May bloom with rich verdure,
And beauty again;
But brave hearts are gathered
All pulseless and still,
To their sleep in the valley,
Their rest on the hill.

Brave men! who stood up
In the heat of the fight—
Who gave up their lives,
For truth and for right;
Oh! while the life pulses
Shall throb in our breast,
We will not forget them—
Those heroes at rest.

A PEASANT'S QUERY.—An Elector of Cologne, who was also an Archbishop, one day swearing and uttering the most profane language, saw a Peasant looking at him with great astonishment. He asked the reason. "To hear an Archbishop swear," answered the Peasant. "I swear" replied the Elector, "not as an Archbishop but as a Prince." "But my Lord," said the Peasant, "when the Prince goes to the devil what will become of the Archbishop?"

In what part of the body are the wise man's eyes? See Ecc. 2—14.

What a Soldier thinks of the Crutch.

From the Knapsack.
DEAR KNAPSACK:—I see that a new paper has made its appearance among us. The name first attracted my attention—"THE CRUTCH." Now I have a friendly feeling for the family of Crutches, though I have never been obliged to call upon them for personal aid—yet I have an intimate acquaintance with them, and admire them for their sterling qualities of kindness and self-sacrifice, for they are always ready to be used in the service of the suffering and the weak—I trust this new member of the family, so unlike the rest in appearance, will resemble the others in these qualities, and be as successful in its new field of labor as its predecessors have been in the old paths. The new Crutch starts out bravely.— Its appearance in regards to neatness and finish of execution is all that could be desired by the most fastidious. I judge that the Crutch has already made friends with the Knapsack, for we see your name quoted as responsible for several articles of interest. I am glad this is the case, for we soldiers have learned to prize the Knapsack very highly, and could not give that up on any account, and the more Knapsack there is in the Crutch the better we shall like it. It's a happy combination of interests too, for the cripples in the Hospital who must depend upon the Crutch for so much of his support, does not like to have it forgotten that it was in carrying the Knapsack he was made a subject for the Crutch.

What volumes might be written concerning the prosperity of our community—the intelligence of our public, and the enterprise of the leading spirits amongst us, when two such papers are called for, and well sustained.

The eagerness with which this little paper was anticipated, and the hearty welcome it has received from our soldiers, speaks well for the morale of the army as here represented. An appreciation of such matter as is given to the soldiers in the Knapsack and the Crutch, is an evidence, that one of the proudest distinguishing traits of the "Universal Yankee," viz: *love of knowledge*, has not been altogether lost in the demoralizing influences of the camp, and the battle field. We have much of these debasing influences, and one who has felt them can but shudder at the thought. But here is one redeeming influence—and so long as there is that within the soldier to respond to its voice he is not wholly lost. This little Crutch will be welcomed as it comes weekly to our bedside, or follows us to the field—it comes from the hearts and hands of those who seek to do us good. We thank them for their untiring efforts. It tells us too, of home, and we shall love it more for the reason that the loved ones there will be reminded of us by its visits. We are prepared, you see, dear Knapsack, to love the Crutch very much indeed, but as we said before, we shall love it better, the more it has of the Knapsack in it.

THE SOLDIER'S SLEEP.—You would, I think, wonder to see a man lie right down in the dusty road, under the full noon sun of Tennessee and Alabama, and fall asleep in a minute. I have passed hundreds of such sleepers. A dry spot is a good mattress; the flaps of a blanket quite a downy pillow. You would wonder, I think, to see a whole army corps, as I have, without a shred of a tent to bless themselves with, lying anywhere and everywhere in all-night rain, and not a growl nor a grumble. I was curious to see whether the pluck and good-nature were washed out of them, and so I made my way out of the snug, dry quarters I am ashamed to say I occupied, at five in the morning, to see what water had done with them. Nothing! Each soaked blanket hatched out as jolly a fellow as you would wish to see—muddy, dripping, half floundered, forth they came, wringing themselves out as they went, with the look of a troop of "wet down roosters in a full rain-storm, plumage at half mast, but hearts trumps every time.

A son of Galen, who was very angry when any joke was passed on physicians, once defended himself from raillery by saying:

"I defy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect."

"That you may do safely," replied a wag; "for you know, Doctor, dead men tell no tales."

What the "Knapsack" thinks of the Crutch.

In the quiet days, which follow in the reaction, after festivities of the holidays, we are almost tempted to think there is nothing of interest for the Knapsack. But thanks to our faithful contributors, we always find some good things to present to our readers, even though editorial matter is scarce and dull. Mysteriously, week after week, there come new and brilliant lucubrations from sources which we had supposed exhausted by their previous efforts. One item of much interest we have this week, namely, the advent of a saucy little Crutch in our midst, which threatens valiantly to eclipse the lustre of the Knapsack.

When so many crutches are echoing their measured tread all about our paths, why should this one, more aspiring than the rest, deserve such particular notice? because, forsooth, this little stranger walks forth under the immediate supervision of the "American Eagle," and takes to itself the "E Pluribus." But the Knapsack gives "the right hand of fellowship" to the new competitor for literary fame. Welcome, little stranger, to the charities of the world and the criticisms of your friends. The Knapsack fears you will hardly meet with the same favor that it receives, although you come so neatly dressed, and looking so spruce in your nice new type—for it is well known to be the especial pet of the Ladies, and the favorite of the Vanderkief. You, dear Crutch, have aspired to a wider field, a more extensive sphere, and must expect with it, as you leave the shelter of this kindly home, to meet colder faces and harder judgments. But success to you, wherever you go.— Whenever you feel a little lame, call upon the Knapsack and you shall be supplied with whatever you need to help and comfort you.

We desire to beg pardon of the Fire Company for neglect of mention last week. But as "better late than never" is a motto which holds good in these degenerate days, we now offer our congratulations to its "Masheen" for its restoration to a state of usefulness—and would compliment the "Invalid B'boys" upon their remarkable fine appearance in their becoming red shirts and long boots. We feel an additional sense of security, as we think of them, for the devouring element would be only a playful foe for them to subdue. With these items, we have only to notice editorially, the quiet of our world in general, the scarcity of guard-house occupants, and a prevailing feeling of satisfaction and good humor.

Jake Denton tells the following story:—"A certain king—don't recollect his name—had a philosopher, upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that one day the king took it into his head to go a hunting, and after summoning his nobles and making the necessary preparations, he called his philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed.

"While journeying along, they met a countryman mounted upon a donkey. He advised them to return, 'for,' said he, 'it will certainly rain.' They smiled contemptuously upon him, and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned, the king reprimanded the philosopher severely for telling him it would be clear when it was not.— 'I met a countryman,' says he, 'and he knows a great deal more than you, for he said it would rain; whereas you said it would not.'

"The king then gave the philosopher his walking-papers, and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance.

"Tell me," said the king, "how you knew it would rain?" "I didn't know," said the rustic; "my donkey told me so." "And how, pray, did he tell you so?" "By pricking his ears, your majesty."

"The king now sent the countryman away. Procuring the donkey, he placed him in the office the philosopher had filled. And here," observed Jake, "is where he made a mistake." "How so?" inquired his auditors. "Why, ever since that time," said Jake, "every donkey wants an office."