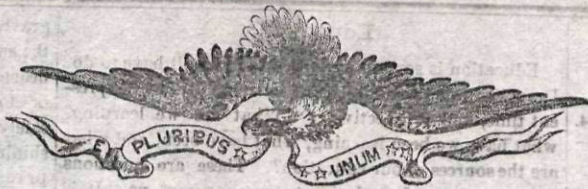


Miss Dana



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

Dios Te De.*

The cry of the voracious Chuquimbi accompanies the traveler from his first steps in the mountains to his entrance into the primeval forests, where he finds their relative *Dios Te De*. The bird accompanies its significant cry by throwing back its head and making a kind of rocking motion of the body.—*Tschudi's Travels in Peru*.

In the green and shadowy wood-path
Where the Fly-bird's golden hue
Like a shower of broken fire
Lights the forests of Peru;
Mid primeval sward and tree,
Lives the bird *Dios Te De*.

There the Indian hunter roaming
Softly through the massive shade,
By the laurel and cinchona,
And the thick-leaved balsam made,
Pauses 'neath the canopy
At the sounds, *Dios Te De*.

And the bow unbent reposes,
And the poisoned arrows rest;
And a gush of solemn feeling
Thrills with awe the savage breast;
While the bird unharmed and free
Rocks and sings *Dios Te De*.

If the name of God thus dropping
From the preacher of the wild,
In the solitude of nature
Wraps with awe the forest child;
What a moral deep have we
In the bird *Dios Te De*!

* *Dios Te De*.—May God give it thee.

† *Trochilus chrysurus*. Cuv.

C. C. C.

For the Crutch.

Amor Patriæ.

What! tear the starry banner down,
And float another flag instead?
Forget your country's past renown—
Her sainted chief—her patriot dead?
Recall old Bunker's heights no more?
Nor talk of Eutaw's plain again?
Shall all the gallant deeds of yore
Be blotted from the hearts of men?

Of freedom's day no longer dream?
The hall—the band of noble sires?
The bell that shook the dusty beam—
The shouts of joy—the exulting fires?
Forget the pious prayers and tears
That hallowed it for other times?
The patriot crowd in after years
Who woke to praise its natal chimes?

No! let us still the closer cling
To all so cherished in the past;
And loud our nation's anthem ring
As storms around us gather fast;
He who his chosen people led
Till burst the promised land in sight,
Will guard the dreary way we tread,
A cloud by day—a fire by night!

VERNON.

February 4th, 1864.

Rambling Letters. No. 1.

I am a rambler as my poster indicates, but not a rambler over trackless lands, over bogs and mire, or stony hillsides. These I like. I like to pierce wherever Nature has planted her footprint, through the waste of country, ungarnished, and beautiful for its want of adornment; and wherever the will o' the wisp leads. There is no part of the earth but has some attraction, and trackless lands, bogs and mire, and stony hill-sides afford this wherever found. But Nature is not only presented thus, but she has her bright side also. These are but negative beauties, she has positive beauties, and is fond of displaying them. She has her emerald fields, and gorgeous forests full of sweet voices, has her vernal airs, her glittering hills, and sunbright mountains, her rippling streams, sparkling rivers, and foaming oceans. These we love to behold and contemplate. No mind but loves to dwell on them, no heart but is moved by their grandeur or softened by their beauty. They speak to us in tones more eloquent than man; they teach us lessons that cannot be derived from other sources.—He who learns but the business of life is but man, he who studies Nature and learns of her is more than man.—The business of life, is simply living; living beneath a canopy through which we cannot see; shut out from the stars above, and the green fields and sunny hills below; we cannot penetrate through a dull drudgery; everything appears the same, and it is but living. He sees every orb and calls them by name, and they answer his interrogatives. The blue of the ether that holds the spheres, in which worlds float, is the breath he breathes. He is drawn up to them even as they are drawn to each other. He claims them as links in the great chain, and they disdain not his companionship. He sees every thing around him as from the hand of a master limner, as a *chef-d'œuvre*; every bright forest depth is but the abode of music, or the string of a mighty harpsichord; every sunny-colored leaf, and light-tinted flower-bed a glowing gem, a ruby or an amethyst. He is more than man. He is not only real life, but a part of nature. I like to be these, I say I like to be more than mere man, I like to be a part of Nature, and to ramble hand in hand with her; to talk as Nature talks, to interpret all her symbols, and hear all her secrets. Many have thus been made more than man; who have been baptized in the great fountain of the universe; who have been nursed upon its lap, fed from the fruition of its bounty, and breathed the very essence of a life beyond. I love to follow their footsteps, trace their wanderings, and mark their worship and their idol. It is here where I love to wander; I love to study man as a part of nature, man who can pierce through the veil, and see the motive power, the main spring, the starting point, see from the first movement to its successive revolutions. Every real man leaves his footprints, marks his passage. He cleaves the beautiful with his own energy, and the beautiful leaves its scent upon his every effort, upon every stroke of his mighty thought. He gives his being to every page, his life is read of all, and when I say I am a wanderer, I mean that I am a wanderer through the archives of inspired abodes; through ethereal empires peopled by inspiration; through illuminated pages, from frontispiece to finis; from shelf to shelf, gathering the honey and the manna prepared by these more than man—these

men who never stop living, who if dead in the material, live in the spiritual. The substance having gone, the shadow keeps moving, making the preface for other works, the dedication to other volumes. We never lose sight of them. Every prominence is a monument, every voice is the echo of their step and their praise, and in whatever cycle we ramble, from HOMER to LONGFELLOW, from WADSWORTH to WHITTIER, from MICHAEL ANGELO to POWERS, from RAPHAEL to BEN WEST, or STUART, from PITT to CLAY, the man looms up above man, in the light of nature. In rambling through the works which they have left, we must have a progressive idealism, an approximative understanding. We must live in sympathy; these are the rounds of the ladder. They are above the surface, we must climb up to them, if we would see as they see. The focus of their vision is farther than ours. We must borrow their vision to see beyond our own ken. In the poet, "imagination exists in him not as a separate faculty, but as a pure vital suffusion. Hence he is an inevitable poet. There is no drop of his blood, there is no fibre of his brain, which does not crave poetic expression." He consults with the muses, around the sunny slopes of Pegasus. The glorious nine are his many prompters, they are his Alpha and Omega. They "have not merely sprinkled his brow; they have baptized by immersion. His works are not many, but in them Nature herself sings." The sculptor and painter, are poets whose writings are on marble or canvas. They are the triplet-workers, co-laborers with the poet; but the sculptor craves but the light of day to delineate the speaking statue, while the painter calls upon the prism and the rainbow; 'tis his duty to analyze, divide and separate the mixed colors of light. The Statesman is a man dealing with the minds and hearts of men. He sees human nature in more aspects than one, and learns to adapt means to ends, adjust philosophy to mechanism, to apply power to the complicated machinery of governments, to establish monarchy, or to elevate democracy. His study is the universe of man, man unguided, man in the rudeness of savagelife, and in all grades from this to civilization—from the nadir to the zenith, and not from the zenith to nadir. Who would not then be a rambler.—Who would not be companions of men greater than ourselves, men who are not only nature, but the delineators of nature, making living portraiture, that defy the destruction of time, forming "natural growths," that "have their own circulation of vital juices, their own peculiar properties," that "smack of the soil," are racy and strong and aromatic, like ground juniper, sweet fern, and *arbor vitæ*. Set them out in the earth, and would they not sprout and grow?—nor would need vine-shields to shelter them from the weather." And we need not go beyond our own precinct, we need not penetrate beyond the walls of our abode.—If we have imitated the industrious bee we have stored up our honey, to be partaken of at our leisure. Or perhaps we have been the skillful florist, and gathered the proudest exotics, flowers from every clime, the most beautiful and honey-bearing, and we have planted them amidst the green plots, and sunny bowers of our conservatory. If so, here we may ramble and sip nectar, from the wind flower, to the jessamine, from the violet to the brier-rose, from the orchis to the tulip, from the golden-rod to the aster. If our conservatory is filled with the rare books of other days, and of our own, these volumes are the sweet scented flowers, among which we may ramble and find food for the highest aspiration, find aid for the highest morals. There is where I love to ramble, this is the scope which my fancy takes, in the scenes that brought to BYRON those

"Noble aspirations in his youth,
To make his mind the mind of other men,
The enlightener of nations, and to rise
He knew not whither, it might be to fall,
But fall, even as the mountain cataract,
Which, having leapt from its more dazzling height,
Lies low, but mighty still."

My rambling, then will be among authors. I will particularize in my next. LULLY.