

Miss Dana



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

Must I tell you?

Friends, and fellows, must I tell you,
There's a name that is to me,
All of light, and love, and beauty—
All that name could ever be?
That 'tis like a star all perfect,
Or, grows brighter day by day;
Standing out in all its glory,
On the bright ethereal way?

O, no, no, I cannot tell you,
But I'll let you guess it though!
I can't tell to what so dearly
I may all my pleasures owe.
I might whisper it so softly,
I might point where it abides;
I might show you where 'tis written,
And tell other things besides.

But I cannot, if you ask me,
Cannot let it yet be known;
Cannot tell you yet the secret,
For 'tis all I call my own.
Happiness is sought for elsewhere,
Each has his peculiar taste;
But I'll take this for my measure,
And let all else go to waste.

But if I should let you guess it?
(I am sure that you would fail.)
Do you think that I'd confess it?
Do you think you would prevail?
Do you think a charm so potent,
Could be broken with such ease;
Do you think such magic power
Should be severed just to please?

I must, friends, then cease you longer,
I'll keep up th' excitement, O;
I'll hold out the luscious fruitage,
Just beyond your grasp, you know.
I'll present you, off, the chalice,
Brimming full of ruby wine;
But before your lips it reaches,
I'll drink,—to that name of mine!

LUCIAN.

True and False.

It is only the false that boast of their alms,
And herald their conquests wherever they go;
But the true are as modest, and never pretend,
But think others owe them, far less than they owe.
Ah, many love truly, and as shyly bestow,
And others as falsely, let all the world know.

For the Crutch.
On Furloughs.

I have a word to say to my comrades in arms, about furloughs, particularly to those of you who have not had one for some time, and think it would be pleasant to go home in the Spring. * If you reside in the Middle or New England States, I advise you to wait until Summer before you make an application, and I will give you some of my reasons. I have just come from home, where I met a good many troubles, and saw considerable fighting.

Supposing the news of my arrival in my native town would cause considerable stir after a years absence, I telegraphed home to my anxious parents, the exact hour I expected to arrive. I started for home with a buoyant heart, and no obstacles in the way until I reached Green Co., New Jersey, the place of my destination. As the stage drove up to the Post Office it rained "all pouring," there was no crowd there to meet me, and not a living being at the tavern, except father, waiting with horse, wagon, and dog. I was glad enough to see him, but did not feel quite satisfied, that this was the way a hero ought to "return from the wars;" however, I pulled the cape of my overcoat over my head, jumped into the wagon, and rode along, answering father's questions rather short, for to tell the truth, I was quite absorbed looking to the right and left, for the faces of my lady acquaintances at the windows; but there was "no sign," and no demonstration, except from one quarter. A small boy stood in a barn door and shouted, "there goes the Star Strangled Banner," until we were out of sight and hearing. I shall remember that boy after the war is over! Mother met us at the door; I hugged her like a polar bear, and as I hung up my wet overcoat and took off my long muddy boots in the hall, I thought how pleasant it will seem, in our cosy little sitting room where I can sit in a rocking chair, put my feet on the mantle-shelf and smoke my cigar or pipe, without feeling the Wardmaster is spying at me, to see when the ashes fall, and is pushing the spittoon after me, every step I take. All this domestic comfort ought to compensate, for the public reception I missed on account of the rain. (?) Mother took me into the kitchen first, where a hot breakfast was spread for me on a side table, for the middle of the room, was filled with furniture, the chairs were piled up points and ends out; a looking glass stood in one corner of the room; newspapers and books, were tucked into out of the way places; the dreaded truth flashed on me at once, it was house cleaning time! there was no more peace for me! I ate my breakfast in silence, and then went to the sitting room to smoke my pipe. The windows were wide open, the grate had been torn out by the roots, to make place for a new fangled stove, the carpet was out on the line, two damp looking damsels with a rag and piece of soap in each hand were scrubbing on the cornices, over the windows, damaging every namable inch of paint they could discern. Turning my back on them in disgust, I hastened to seek the privacy of my own chamber, which I supposed, was whole and complete just as I left it—but I was doomed to disappointment; the contagion had spread—curtains had been pulled down, the bed torn apart, the paper stripped off the walls, my lounge dragged into another room, my little mementoes of 'lang

syne," set adrift, there was no place to sit, stand or lie down. My mother came up at this stage of things, and seeing my perplexity in my face, she said beseechingly; "Well Simon I am sorry, but it can't be helped now, if you had telegraphed sooner, we should have had everything ready, but we must make the best of it now. Your cousin Ebenezer Strout wants to see you rightaway and while you run down to the store, I will get your room ready, so you can put your things into it, this is too damp to sleep in." I took mother's advice and went down to my cousin's store, where I found him, exactly in the old spot. He seemed cordial, and at the same time, a little embarrassed; he did not introduce me to any of the men sitting around the stove, and asked questions about the war and the soldiers in an under tone; nobody looked surprised to see me, and I began to wonder what the matter was with me, that I was not recognized as a military man? I wore a Sergeants stripes, and a broad scar just where my mustache used to be, and was nearly as brown as a contraband. Couldn't any body see with half an eye that I deserved well of my country? I turned to examine the motley group around the stove; they were smoking, chewing, whittling and dozing, in ominous silence, when I entered; now they were on the alert evidently, judging from the winking and whispering going on among them; and at last, I heard somebody say in a squeaking voice behind the stove-funnel, "Is that Simon Gubille? if 'tis, he's spilt his picture; I guess one look at it would scare the Rebellion." A hearty laugh followed, in which my cousin did not join. "Ebenezer," said I, "is this a nest of Copperheads you've got here?" he made no reply but looked abashed. "Have you any pistols?" was my next question. While he handed me the pistols the party at the stove grew uneasy, some scrambled after their hats and sticks; a small man crept out the back way, and a big man was called out in a few minutes by a small boy; while Joe Smith the thin voiced individual who had complimented my personal appearance, stretched himself out on the settle, and feigned sleep. I loaded my pistols, and in my next, I will tell you what I did with them.
Yours, loyally yours,
SIMON GUBILLE.

Kindness.

Very few consider the effect of kindness. We are too apt to treat the world in a monetary, or some-other-profitable point of view, and forget there is a principle in the human heart, that can oft-times, accomplish more than these. Many are proof against the direct propositions of bargain, and sale, but there is not an individual who can withstand, or will disregard the appeals of kindness. To the poor, kindness, even a kind word, is immeasurable riches, to the bereaved, it is untold consolation, to the fallen, it is a resurrection to a life of purity, to the afflicted it is a balm sweeter than can be supplied from any other source. The most obdurate, stony heart, can be softened by kindness, the most implacable enemy can be melted to affability by kindness, the most wayward can be turned from the error of his way, by kindness, and by kindness new life may be infused into him who is "dead in trespasses and sin."—Kindness is charitable, it does not say "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but its motto is, "do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," it is independent, it is above suspicion, it visits the palace of the rich man, and the cell of the criminal, with equal fervor; it is modest, is not puffed up, and asks no reward. We may do more with kindness than with money, it gives a reputation to him who possesses it, more valuable than fame can give, for the world shall rise up and call him blessed. We may all possess kindness. It costs nothing either to maintain it, or dispense it.
LUCIAN.