



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

Origin of Gazettes.

M. DE SAINTFOIX, in his historical essays on Paris, gives the following account of their origin:

"THEOPHRASTUS RENAUDOT, a physician of Paris, picked up news from all quarters, to amuse his patients; he presently became more in quest than any of his brethren, but as the whole city was not ill, or at least did not imagine itself to be so, he began to reflect, at the end of some years, that he might gain a more considerable income by giving a paper every week." This was in 1632, when RENAUDOT had to get an "exclusive privilege" to publish his gazette. In our day how different! We have gazettes in every second person we meet, who can tell you anything you desire to know; who knows all the gossip, and small talk in our town, and all the hamlets adjoining, and can entertain you for hours, about Mrs. JONES, or Mrs. SMITH, or Mrs. PHILIPS, about all the minutiae of their domestic affairs; about their household arrangements, from cellar to garret; what kind of carpets adorn their parlors, or nurseries; whether their chamber looking glass is cracked, or sound; how they entertain; who are their associates; and even, if you question them closely, as sometimes it is in fine print, they will tell you all about the domestic difficulties of everybody in the neighborhood—they contain it, and if you will just mention the name, that is all that is necessary, it furnishes a text which is more elaborate, or from which may be elaborated more than many innocent ones can conceive of. They know how much trouble Mrs. SMITH has with her dear ANN MARIA, to keep her from catching cold after dancing 'till five A. M.; or running off with DAVE SLIMKINS; they know how many dresses Mrs. JONES keeps in her dresser, without ever being touched with the scissors, just to show to her friends: and they know at the same time that Mrs. JONES has spent all she had, and gone in debt for the balance, and can't have her dresses made up, for the dress maker won't work without pay; and they know all about that affair of Mrs. PHILIPS, with Squire NICKERSHAM, and a great deal more than Mrs. PHILIPS, or Squire NICKERSHAM ever dreamed of. And these gazettes pretend to be very critics. Criticisms are passed on every fresh introduction, from tooth to toenail, or to be more poetical,

"From the crown of the head bright golden,

To the tiny foot that's scarce beholden."

They can tell you whether a man lisps, or chews tobacco; or whether he is pigeon footed, or whether he can quote HOMER; or a lady, whether she rouges, or is afflicted with sentimentality; or whether either are fit to splash at a watering place, or to be the lords, and ladies of labor. They are personally acquainted with all the authors who are worth knowing; they know every contributor to Blackwood, or the Knickerbocker, they can discover if they are absent, or present, and they know all intruders, and can tell you at a glance what ought to be excluded and what not; they never write, but they know how it must, or ought to be written; with every dot, period, and cross, in the right place. Of the Opera, and Drama, they know all desirable to be known. They always leave when the play, or opera has proved a failure, or if they stay, it is only to takenotes, and to see the last end of the struggle for life, and hear the doxology sung by request by the orchestra, in duodecimo. And this is all done, all offered without money, and without price, and without any license; it does not require a license where there is a free country, and free speech.— Truly how much better we are off than the people of Paris were in 1632.

FELIX.

For the Crutch.

What, or how much is a Billion.

Dr. WEBSTER is good authority for the definition of any word; but in this (billion) he is at variance with arithmeticians of this country. They teach that ten hundred makes a thousand, ten hundred thousand makes a million, ten hundred millions make a billion, and are written thus:—

One thousand, or ten hundred, 1,000.
One million, or ten hundred thousand, 1,000,000.
One billion, or ten hundred millions, 1,000,000,000.

Thus by placing to the right of billions, &c., these ciphers; you go on to trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, sextillions, septillions, octillions, and nonillions, in the same ratio. Dr. WEBSTER says that ten hundred make a thousand and ten hundred thousand makes a million. Thus far he adopts the above mode of computation. But he further states that a million times a million makes a billion, that the square of a million multiplied by a million, makes a trillion, that a million, raised to the fourth power, makes a quadrillion, and so on in arithmetical progression, as I understand him, to nonillion or ninth power. At the same time, however, he says that this is the English mode of computation; and that the first method is the French. Arithmeticians in this country (so far as I have observed) must have uniformly adopted the French.— Yet it has been published in our public journals that a million times a million, is a billion. Which shall we adopt, the English or French? The two will make confusion, one or the other must be; and I think, as we have been taught, the French is the most easily comprehended, and that a million times a million is not a billion, but a trillion. J. R.

What Money can do.

Money no doubt, is a power, but a power of well defined, and narrow limits. It will furnish your table with luxuries, but not you with an appetite to enjoy them. It will surround your sick bed with Physicians, but not restore health, to your sickly frame. It will encompass you with a crowd of flatterers, but never procure you one true friend. It will bribe into silence the tongue of accusing men, but not the voice of an accusing conscience. It will pay your debts, but not the least of all your debts to the laws of God. It will relieve many fears, but not those of guilt, nor the terrors that crown the brow of death.

Musical Miscellanies.

When Napoleon was cross, he walked about with his hands behind him, humming a tune as falsely as possible, and then few dared to approach him. "If you have anything to ask of the General," said Junot to M. Arnault, one day, "I advise you not to go near him just now, for he is singing."

Charles the V, after his abdication often retired to an apartment near the high altar, where he sung and beat the time during the performance of mass. If any of his singers sung out of time or tune, he could be overheard calling them names, as "redheaded blockheads." He selected about fifteen friars, who were singers, for his choir, and if one ever sang wrong, he would cry out and mark him. He would allow no singer but those of some religious order in his choir. One day a layman with a contralto voice sang a part well, but all the thanks he got for his pains was an order from Charles to leave, or to hold his tongue.—Cyclopaedia.

For the Crutch.

Up Severn.

BY SARAH H. POWELL.

Shall I tell you a story of long ago?
Well now, then listen, I once had a beau,
And he asked me, on one bright Summer day
"Shall we take a ramble?" I could not say nay,
So I said "we will boat it a little way,
Up Severn.

So we went where the boat lay on the shore,
Rigged in holiday style, flag, sail, and oar,
In the stern seat cushions I took my place,
Leaning back with what I thought a careless grace,
And we landed after a little space,
Up Severn.

Beneath the boughs of a low branched tree,
He made a seat for himself and me,
On its lowermost branch, mid the leaves so green,
Hung a queer looking bag, of a silvery sheen,
And I wondered (not long though,) what could it mean
Up Severn.

For as he bent, whispering "When shall we wed?"
'Gainst that queer looking bag he struck his head,
And out such a host of winged demons flew,
How we got to the boat I scarcely knew,
But they chased us for a mile or two,
Up Severn.

I shall never forget it—love's blind they say,
And so were we too, for many a day,
I am sure I pity the boy-God's case,
Whenever I think of my poor swelled face,
I wonder if he had a hornet's nest,
Up Severn.

But my lover—O, I'll tell you before I stop,
He resumed the tale where he let it drop,
But I sat in the parlor to hear the rest,
Said "yes," to his pleading, when I thought best,
Nor tempted again that hornet's nest,
Up Severn.

The Flight of the Muse.

My heaven-born passion came too soon!
While my youthful soul was sleeping;
It woke me from a helpless swoon,
In which we Cupid's draught was keeping.
I found myself in sylvan shades,
On a rose-bed sweet, reclining;
Where inspiration e'er pervades,
And love's star knows no declining.
My Muse came in with cheeks aglow,
And said, "Write, write on, I'll fashion;"
I dipped my pen, looked round, and lo!
My Muse was gone, and gone—my passion. LUCIAN.