



# THE CRUTCH.

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## THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

## Thought.

U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 2,  
ANNAPOLIS, MD.

MR. EDITOR:—You will oblige many readers by publishing the following verses, which were composed by a Soldier who died lately, at this Hospital.

## Ruth.

She stood breast-high amid the corn,  
Clasped by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.  
On her cheek an autumn flush,  
Deeply ripened;—such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born,  
Like red poppies grown with corn.  
Round her eyes her tresses fell;  
Which were blackest none could tell;  
But long lashes veiled a light  
That had else been all too bright.  
And her hat, with shady brim,  
Made her tressy forehead dim;  
Thus she stood amid the stocks,  
Praising God with sweetest looks,  
Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean  
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;  
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,  
Share my harvest and my home.—Exchange.

## Table Talk.

A DRAMA FROM EVERY DAY LIFE.

SCENE:—A morning in March. A breakfast room, with table laid for fourteen persons; a large wood fire, opposite two doors, through which persons are continually passing in and out.

MISS TEPID.—Good morning Miss Frost, how are you?  
MISS FROST.—Almost frozen, I thank you, how are you Miss Tepid? I almost envy you, for you never seem to be too warm, or too cold; how in the world do you preserve such a happy equilibrium this weather?

MISS TEPID.—Oh you never was more mistaken in your life; I am very sensitive to drafts, but keep well wrapped up, so I have no ground for complaint, but I must admit that a look at the sky is enough to make one shiver.

MISS VERMONT.—Well, really, I do not think it becomes you Northerners to find so much fault with the weather when you were born in, and brought up on north-easters, (pass the beans if you please,) and sea-fog.

MISS SQUINT.—Beans and sea-fog! A new dish! give me the receipt if you please on a bit of Sanitary paper?

MISS VERMONT.—But I'm not joking. I am well acquainted with the climate of the Northern States, and as I was going to remark, it is extremely cold there, and always very marshy about this time.

MISS MIFFLE.—I would like to find a spot, short of the Canary Islands that is not Marchy about this time.—Come, let us all fill our coffee cups (derisively) and drink this toast, "March, April, May June come soon." (They all drink cheerfully, and then an awkward pause follows, and the fourteen draw their sacks and shawls about their shoulders, and give a simultaneous sniff.)

MISS NEWCOME.—Do you think it will rain to day, Miss Gooskin? because if it should not, I would like to go to Parole Camp.

MISS GOOSKIN.—Why, that depends on the wind. I've noticed that the swallows fly low, and the smoke beats down, but then it is just as likely to snow as rain; you cannot calculate anything on the weather in March you know.

Mrs. SOOTHES.—Oh, I can't agree with you exactly, on that point, my dear Miss Gooskin, I know a great many signs of rain that do not apply to snow, one is that the cats eat grass and another, that the birds dress their feathers for rain, but not for snow.

MISS DOOLITTLE.—Well ladies just look out the window, and see that mackerel sky; can any one reasonably hope to accomplish anything out of doors to day with such a fishy prospect? My grandmother used to tell me that one rule was infallible;

"A Mackerel sky in a fisherman's net,  
Augured plenty of rain before the sun set."

MISS SAGE.—I believe it is so Miss Doolittle, and I suppose none of you saw it, but this morning the sun rose perfectly clear, and popped right into as black a cloud as you ever saw, which is as sure a sign of rain as any in the calendar, and,—

MISS PRIM.—Will some one be so kind as to pass the creamer?

MISS SAGE.—Oh, I'm delighted to hear you confirm my impressions Miss Doolittle, for I have laid out a good bit of work to do to-day, which I shall not attempt, if there is the least dampness in the air.

MISS GROSBEEK.—(Rising.) Then come and make me a call Miss Sage, we have not had a sensible talk since the sun shone.

MISS SAGE.—Oh, Miss Grosbeak how can you, with my neuralgia, and this damp chilly atmosphere! You must take me to be crazy.

MISS GROSBEEK.—Oh, if you have made up your mind it must rain I will urge the matter no further, but I did not know it was a settled thing.

MISS SAGE.—But just look at that cow, and convince yourself!

MISS GROSBEEK.—Well, what of her?

MISS SAGE.—Why, is'n't her face toward the West?

MISS GROSBEEK.—Yes, I suppose so, but what then?

MISS SAGE.—Why of course the wind is East, and it is blowing a gale, and you never saw an animal face the wind if it can avoid it.

(All together.)—Then it is really going to rain. Oh! what weather! The curtain falls.

VISIT OF A COUNTRYMAN TO THE ASTOR LIBRARY.—The following amusing dialogue took place in one of our most fashionable hotels a short time since, between two individuals, one of whom appeared to be a dry-goods merchant from some distant village; the other, a fastidious metropolitan, who first spoke:

"Been about much since you've been in town?"

"Yes, considerable."

"You used to be fond of reading. Been into any of our libraries—the Society, Mercantile, or the Astor?"

"Yes, all on 'em; but the Astor took me down.—First place, it's a tremendous struction."

"It is; it is one of the most chastest and beautiful buildings in our whole city."

"Yes—that's so. And what a lot of books! Gosh!"

"Did you examine any of 'em?"

"No, not much. Fact is, I was kind of 'fraid; everything was so still and solemn. Jest afore I come away a young man—smart as a steel trap—come up to me and asked,

"Kin I help you to any book which you wish to consultate?"

"He had a book in his hand at the time, with a boy a hold of the other end of it—full of picters. It was wrote by a man named Humboldt, Humbug, or some such French name. I was dumfounded. I didn't know what I did want; but I finally said,

"Got the Life of General Tom Thumb? a very little book, wrote by a man which his name was Sherman, who was Barnum's showman when he went all over Ew-rop!"

"He spread out his big book fast, and then looked at me, very quizzical, and says he,

"No, sir, we have not got that book, but we have most everything else."

"I told him I didn't want nothin' else at that time, and so I come away."

"What it was that made 'em snicker, I don't know; but one man with a big horn-button screwed into his eye, dropped it by a string tied to his trowsis, and laughed; and an old, bald-headed man, he grinned; and a little dandy, who was sucking the end of a yaller stick, with yaller gloves, he squeaked out a laugh; and all 'cause I asked for a little book in a big library.

"But I didn't care—what did I care?"