

THE CRUTCH.

Charles N. Burnham, Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

About 250 wounded Officers and men have been admitted to this Hospital, whose names were received too late for publication in this issue, but they will appear in an Extra, on Monday next.

The Campaign.

Ours is no ordinary war, but perhaps there has been no time since its advent, when the hearts of the people have been so deeply stirred, and the true position in which we stand, as a nation, so clearly revealed as at the present. While the cross of sacrifice weighs to the earth many a stricken soul, and bows the strongest head in agony, the heart of the nation vibrates with the thought, that we have already won a name second to no other, for courage, fortitude, perseverance and trust in the strong arm of right. As the struggle progresses, we begin fully to realize the price of that liberty so dearly bought by our forefathers, and to comprehend the magnitude of this, for which the land is drenched in blood to day. We have learned to look for sad and awful carnage, as the natural result of two invincible foes clashing together, the one girded with that power that comes of loyalty to principle, and belief in the rights of free suffrage, massed against a haughty desperate foe, whose inhumanity has disgraced the poor cause by which so much woe has been wrought. For the splendid generalship by which this foe has been scattered, and the victories that have crowned so many successive days' struggle, there is an all-pervading sentiment of gratitude, quite as impressive as that exuberance of feeling that demonstrates itself in deafening shouts or clarion notes of rejoicing. On the wings of victory come the terrible lessons of war, its sickening details and cruel wrongs, compelling silence, and daring for a time, the quick emotions of joy, inspired by a love of triumph.—It will be time enough to raise our battle-hymns and peans of victory when the whole people shall become vitalized with the fact that freedom reigns supreme throughout the land. We have reached that point when we dare hope for complete success; while we look for its crown.

"Oh ye who fall that liberty may stand,
The light of coming ages shines before,
Upon your graves!"

How do you do, Mr. Crutch.

When you first greeted me I was a little puzzled to divine your reasons for assuming the name you bear.—A great many very pretty, romantic, classic, and even military names were at once suggested as being more beautiful. I thought, what an ugly thing a crutch is! And then what a host of unpleasant associations cluster around it. But I must confess, on mature deliberation, I saw that you had adopted the very name above all others to accomplish the most. Let me present the matter as it struck me in my deliberations. You are *gotten up*—intended, designed expressly for the soldier. But, why, some one will ask, for the soldier? For very plausible reasons—the soldier *needs* you; can't get along very well without you. Poor fellow! wounded and bruised, naked and torn, he hobbles, and plods along at a sad rate till you Mr. Crutch find him, bid him cheer up; and getting right under one or both of his arms, you give a firmness and support to him and soon he finds himself like a new man, in another and I had almost said *new world*—surely in better society. You are a great *help* Mr. Crutch, to the soldier. You help him in and out of the Hospital. When he is cown, down in the mouth, down in spirits, you help him up; and when he is too high up, if he should so far forget himself as to become too elevated in *spirits*, you help him down again by a little assistance in the way of advice. You help him to pass away time pleasantly, many a poor cripple you have led about to look at this and that, and thus

beguiled the lonely hours. You help him to get new ideas in, and bring notions out. It is said one of our braves on his way home on a furlough, heard a miserable sympathizer with the traitors in arms, expressing his sentiments rather too freely to those around him and used his *crutch* with great success, in bringing the scoundrel to a new train of thought. The soldier had been used to fighting rebels with a musket and in the absence of the latter fought the sympathizer with his *crutch*. His object it is plain was to get new ideas into, and wrong notions out of the fellow's head. Now Mr. CRUTCH, if I understand it, this is precisely what you are at—getting new ideas into, and wrong ones out of peoples heads. By the by; this is a noble work, and I wish you great success. Dopt you think that it would be a good idea to use the CRUTCH a little more in effecting a change in this community where you are such a prominent character. Cant you get some new ideas into this peoples heads about the geographical advantages of this city, about their impositions on strangers, and the filthy condition of their streets? What do you think about it Mr. CRUTCH? Try, please do. It may not be in vain. The depend too much upon the rain to do their washing of their filthy streets. Use the CRUTCH and some good may follow. Try, Mr. CRUTCH, do.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

Tales of the Types.

My dear reader, did you ever stand by a case of type in a newspaper office, and watch the little tell-tale pieces of metal that "click, click," under the compositor's hand? Very curious little messengers are they, and how many different tales they tell. One day it is a pleasant one, full of the sunshine and song of life, and their faces seem to wear a smile, and sometimes even a broad laugh; another day the tale is a sad one, and the smile has given place to a tear.

One day they spell "Married," and we see a vision of bridal wreaths, sunshine, and happy gatherings, and almost fancy we hear the solemn "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and then the merry music. It is really a pleasant tale and a pleasant vision.

Another day they show forth the more solemn word "Died," and there seems to be a tear in every letter.—"Died!" Who died? Perhaps some one that you and I knew—perhaps some one that you and I loved. "Died!" and we seem to see the tearful throng, and hear the solemn service over the dead, and the dull echo of the clods on the coffin as dust is committed unto dust. It seems as though there ought to be some shady corner in the newspaper, with a willow or an urn in it, where the tears on the face of the types would not be mingled with the dust from the columns of business. "Died!" Very brief, but very suggestive, and we know that some one wandered out into the Beyond, only ceasing their wandering here upon earth to commence it in the Evergreen Fields, "Where are wanderings ever the Blest!"

And of late the types have grown terribly frequent in the repetition of a tale sadder even than the one just mentioned—"Killed!" Only a few quick moves of the printer's hand, with the nervous "click, click," and the tale is soon told. "Killed!" And some poor heart buries its dead hope down in the avenues of its "Greenwood;" you know every heart has its "Greenwood," where it buries its dead hopes out of sight. "Killed!" "Killed in battle," and the poor heart sets up a little monument of love and memory over the buried hope, and often goes down the avenues and weaves over it the laurel wreath of affection, and waters with its tears the willow ever mournfully sighing its dirge there.

And another tale there is, one of wearisome longings and watchings, of sad, sorrowful disappointments.—"Missing." We do not heed it much, for our home-chains are complete, there are no loved ones missing from our hearthstones, and we have become very indifferent to these oft-repeated tales; and yet for some hearts the term "Missing" contains an immeasurable amount of sorrow. In vain will they watch for the coming of that loved one that went out from them in all the strength and beauty of youth: in vain will they listen for the sound of that voice whose last music for them was the sad cadence—"good-by." The anxious eyes that so often gazed down the old road will not be gladdened by the sight of that dear form; and the harmony of the home-music will ever be broken, for that voice will always be wanting.—*Ex.*

For the Crutch.

Could n't Play.

The cunning and strategy exhibited by soldiers in obtaining and retaining contraband articles has frequently excited our surprise, and is often ludicrous in the extreme. Every one has repeatedly read of instances in which whiskey has unaccountably been smuggled into the ranks, despite the vigilance of Provost Marshals and Detectives. Especially were cases of the sort common in the early part of the war.

We remember one instance which we think has not yet appeared in print. It was on the occasion of the embarkation of a New York Regiment from Annapolis, in connection with Burnside's first Naval expedition. Col.—, commanding the Regiment, found, after his troops had got on ship-board, that whiskey was circulating freely, and accordingly detailed an officer and men to examine each soldier and consign any bottles of the suspected fluid, to the water. The order was executed promptly, and it was presumed that all trouble on this occasion would be at an end. Shortly after, Major Gen. BURNSIDE was seen coming down to inspect the troops previous to their departure. Col.—, very naturally desiring to show his appreciation of the visit, called his band on deck to accompany the General's approach with Hail Columbia. The musicians came forward reluctantly, but after repeated calls and commands on the part of the Colonel, got into position.—The order to play was given, and repeated. Each man put his instrument to his mouth, but not a note of music was produced. To the astonishment of all present every member of the Band appeared as if *choked*—no music was possible. Enraged, the Colonel demanded the cause of the non-fulfilment of his order—and obtained no explanation until he approached the men, and to his surprise, found each *instrument charged with the contraband whiskey*. It is unnecessary to add that the General lost his serenade, and that ever afterwards the band instruments underwent a rigid inspection, when whiskey was found in circulation.

Unsuccessful Search for Information.

The Washington correspondent of the Rochester *Democrat* says—"They tell a good story of some curious fellow who has considerable popularity in one of your New York towns, and therefore conceived that it was eminently proper that he should be informed of the plans for the spring campaign, so he called on the Secretary of the War, in his largest style, and asked, in his blindest manner, what GRANT was going to do? For final answer he got—"I don't know; and if I did, 'twouldn't be my business to tell you." Surely, thought your politician, these officials are very short and snappish.

A day or two afterward he met General HALLECK, with whom he has a slight acquaintance, at Willard's, and asked him if GRANT meant to move direct upon Richmond, or would he take the Peninsula route, as some of the papers asserted. "Yes, I think so," confidentially answered HALLECK. Mr. Politician pricked up his ears for an instant, but soon said "Ah! did you say he was going straight down, or by the Peninsula?" "Oh!" said General HALLECK, "I don't know." His next effort was at the President, on the occasion of the last levee at the White House. Standing at his right in the Blue Room, he pleasantly remarked, "I suppose, Mr. LINCOLN, you expect stirring times over here on the Rapidan in a week or two?" "Possibly," answered the President. "Possibly!" echoed the New Yorker. "I don't know much about it," replied the President; "but I heard to-day that General GRANT meant to take Richmond from the Charleston side."

The fellow withdrew. There was yet one source more. Representative WASHBURN ought to know all about it, said he. He caught WASHBURN in the House the other morning, before it was called to order, and said to him:—"Can you tell me if I will be likely to find General GRANT over on the Rapidan, say early week after next, if I go over there with my Congressman?" "Can't tell you, sir," answered WASHBURN. "General GRANT didn't tell me what he was going to do, or where he was going to be at any given time." The New Yorker concluded that things are in a very bad way, because no one knows what GRANT is going to do."