



THE CRUTCH.

VOL. 1: U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 1, ANNAPOLIS, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864. NO. 27.

THE CRUTCH,

A Weekly News and Literary Paper devoted to the interest of the Soldier, Published on

SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK,

At the U. S. A. General Hospital, Div. No. 1, Annapolis, Md.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Copy, one year, - - - - - \$2 00.
Single Copy, - - - - - 5 Cts.
Any one taking 5 copies 3 months will be entitled to an advertisement of 15 lines for one insertion.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS:

For 1 square of 8 lines or less, 1 insertion, - - - 75 Cts.
For 1 square of 8 lines or less, 3 insertions, - - - \$2 00.
Yearly advertisements and cards at fair rates.

From "Our Daily Fare."
In the Wilderness.
May 7, 1864.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

[The incident contained in the following poem is narrated by a correspondent of THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, in a letter from the battle-field dated Wilderness, May 7, 1864.]

Mangled, uncared for, suffering through the night,
With heavenly patience the poor boy had lain;
Under the dreary shadows, left and right,
Groaned on the wounded, stiffened out the slain.
What faith sustained his lone
Brave heart to make no moan,
To send no cry from that blood-sprinkled sod,
Is a close mystery with him and God.
But when the light came, and the morning dew
Glittered around him like a golden lake,
And every dripping flower with deepened hue
Looked through its tears for very pity's sake,
He moved his aching head
Upon its rugged bed,
And smiled, as a blue violet, virgin meek,
Laid her pure kiss upon his withered cheek.
At once there circled in his waking heart
A thousand memories of distant home;
Of how those same blue violets would start
Along his native fields, and some would roam
Down his dear humming brooks,
To hide in secret nooks,
And shyly met, in nodding circles swing,
Like gossips murmuring at belated Spring.
And then he thought of the beloved hands
That with his own had plucked the modest flower;
The blue-eyed maiden, crowned with golden bands,
Who ruled as sovereign of that sunny hour.
She at whose soft command
He joined the mustering band;
She for whose sake he lay so firm and still,
Despite his pangs, nor questioned then her will.
So, lost in thought, scarce conscious of the deed,
Culling the violets, here and there he crept
Slowly—ah! slowly—for his wound would bleed;
And the sweet flowers themselves half smiled, half wept,
To be thus gathered in
By hands so pale and thin,
By fingers trembling as they neatly laid
Stem upon stem, and bound them in a braid.
The strangest poesy ever fashioned yet
Was clasped against the bosom of the lad,
As we, the seekers for the wounded, set
His form upon our shoulders, bowed and sad:
Though he but seemed to think
How violets nod and wink;
And as we cheered him, for the path was wild,
He only looked upon his flowers and smiled.

Courtesy.

For the Crutch.

Less expeditious if you please! Have patience to hear us through. We have no malignant desire to inflict on you a fastidious homily on the gross neglect of that unfair dame Sal-ute, but with your consent, calling to mind the good old days when our grandmothers were young, we may contrast them with the fast tendencies of this precocious age with no danger of detriment, and possibly with some chance of advantage.

Not a few of us may look back with no small degree of pride on the serene features and gentle bearing of the second and third generation of the past, and the modest sincerity of their simple manners cannot be remembered without being truly admired. It leads us to think the foundation of good breeding may be found in that ennobling quality that adorns God's "noblest work"—Honesty.

An honest expression of sympathy, a genuine regard for another's ease and happiness will inspire in all a degree of politeness not far removed from the perfect amenities of social or civil life. What would be thought of kind-hearted parents—affectionate brothers and loving sisters, living together without some natural and affable expression of mutual regard and common interests? Why! we should inevitably conclude that there was a reprehensible lack of "courtesy," or be compelled to entertain the scurrilous suspicion that they were deficient in the domestic qualities of social sympathy and human integrity. Communities are but families of larger and more complex relations. Governments embrace all the peculiar relations of individuals, families and communities. We might therefore just as reasonably expect the graces of refined feelings and courteous manners among the more numerous brotherhood of national compacts, as to consider them a mark of special accomplishment and agreeable etiquette in the smaller circles of communities or family organizations.

We would not be understood to mean simply the empty elegance of mere superficial politeness, for however much that may serve to mollify the asperities of civil and social relations, it is not to be confounded with that affable kindness and genuine amiability that fills up the perfect ideal of courteous demeanor. While none but a tyrant or sycophant himself can long endure the heartless flattery of the false in kind, so none will long receive the urbane sunshine of the true without being won to admiration, if not prompted to emulate the same. In many circumstances in life of doubtful success, "courtesy" alone can avail, and in all, it adds sure support to every other quality or advantage possessed. Perhaps many of us have more than once had reason to suspect that those wanting in this essential characteristic were also deficient in other traits that are, with this peculiarly adapted to distinguish "the race" from all other classes of creation.

We beg leave to add in the words of a sage and serious writer: "Be courteous, and be virtuous, and you'll be happy." MEPTB.

U. S. Gen. Hosp., Div. No. 1.—Annapolis, Md., June 30th, '64.

If you wouldn't be troubled, don't be troublesome.

Which is the shortest bridge in the world? The bridge of the nose.

The Yankee Pilot.

Some years since, Colonel B—, found himself a passenger on board one of the steamers running between Havana and New Orleans. Before reaching the latter city the captain of the steamer having learned, in course of conversation, that Colonel B— was a live Yankee from Vermont, that he would arouse, and at the same time compliment the Colonel by relating to him a bit of his experience with a certain Yankee pilot whom he once employed, and who, like the Colonel, enjoyed the honor of hailing from Vermont.

The captain was formerly in command of one of the Mississippi River steamers, and one morning, while his boat was lying at her moorings at New Orleans, waiting for the tardy pilot—who, it appears, was a rather uncertain sort of fellow—a tall, gaunt Yankee made his appearance before the captain's office, and sung out,

"Hello, Cap'n! you don't want a pilot nor nothin' about this 'ere craft, do ye?"

"How do you know I don't?" responded the Captain.

"Oh, you don't understand; I axed you s'posin' you did?"

"Then, supposing I do, what of it?"

"Well," said the Yankee, "I reckon I know somethin' about that ere sort o' business, provided you wanted a feller of jest about my size."

The Captain gave him a scrutinizing glance, and with an expression of countenance which seemed to say, "I should pity the snags!" asked,

"Are you acquainted with the river, and do you know where the snags are?"

"Well, ye-as"—responded the Yankee, rather hesitatingly—"I'm pretty well acquainted with the river; but the snags—I don't know exactly so much about."

"Don't know about the snags!" exclaimed the Captain, contemptuously; "don't know about the snags! You'd make a pretty pilot!"

At this the Yankee's countenance assumed anything but an angelic expression, and with a darkened brow and a fiercely flashing eye, he drew himself up to his full height, and indignantly roared back in a voice of thunder, "What do I want to know where the snags are for, old sea-hoss? I know *where they ain't*; and there's where I do my sailing!"

It is sufficient to know that the Yankee was promptly engaged, and that the Captain takes pleasure in saying that he proved himself one of the best pilots on the river.

Many persons ascribe their adversity to Heaven, but their prosperity to their own prudence.

An old angler says that no one by merely conversing with a fish ever succeeded in drawing it out.

After reading a worthless book, one feels as if he had tired his jaws in cracking an empty nut.

The bellman of Watertown, Mass., announcing a temperance meeting, said it would be addressed by six women, "who had never spoken before."

Our children will have an immense tax on their hands, said an American gentleman. Oh, horrible! exclaimed an elderly lady; what a blessing it is that we have nails on ours.