



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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The Soldier's Little Daughter.

The night was stormy, dark and cold;
My way led through the city,
Where wretched buildings, gray and old,
Seemed stained with tears of pity.
A little bird unblest with wings,
Her dark, sad eyes all tearful;
And God! to see such tender things
Out in the storm is fearful.
And thus she plained—"Oh! stranger, hear,
I never begged before;
But mother has been dead a year,
And father's gone to war.
And yesterday the work gave out
By which I earned a penny;
Last night I had a crust of bread;
To-night I haven't any.
And I am very hungry, sir!"
I bought her bread—to spare—
Then up into the old gray house
Climbed by the broken stair.
I asked her name, her tender age;
Intensest pity won her;
A little maid of seven years
And all this woe upon her!
"My name is Nelly Grover, sir;
My father loved me dearly;
And is it true as people say,
That the war is ended—nearly?"
'Twas strange, but as she spoke, I chanced
To look my paper over;
And there I read—"shot through the heart,
A private, Wm. Grover."
"Oh! awful hour! can I forget
Her tears, her broken sobbing—
The little heart I pressed to mine
With bitter anguish throbbing!
And as the light grew dimmer,
And the wild cries fainter fell,
Into my soul there came a voice,
I marked its cadence well.
"I sleep beneath the traitor's sod—
I died for Liberty;
I gave my spirit unto God—
My little child to thee.
Teach her to hold as sacred trust,
Her patriot father's doom;
Teach her to pray that from his dust
Freedom's fair flowers may bloom.
Thus to my home, most tenderly,
With loving words I brought her;
Oh! only death could tear from me
That soldier's little daughter.

Snuffing a Jerseyman.

John Tice, the Philadelphia papers inform us, is a New Jersey grocer, who came to that city a short time since to replenish his stock. Completing his purchases, which in due time were deposited on the dock to be shipped per river steamer, Mr. Tice thought proper to keep his eye upon his goods until they could be taken on board.—Among them was a fine Bucks County cheese, weighing about sixty-five pounds, upon which, for the want of better accommodations, the weary grocer seated himself as he watched the remainder of his property upon the wharf. While seated, ruminating over the events of the war, calculating the profits that he would realize upon his purchases, and every now and then solacing his nasal organ from a "yaller" snuff-box, two nice young men approached and entered into conversation.

"You take snuff, sir?" said young man No. 1.
"Yes. Couldn't do without it. Took it for over eight years."

"You use the Maccaboy, I perceive."
"Yes. That suits me best for a steady snuff."

"Let me recommend you to try mine," said the sharper, producing a silver-plated box, engraved with an American eagle and two harpoons. "I imported it from France. It is the identical snuff used by Marshal Pelissire and the officers of the French army."

Mr. Tice said: "Certainly;" and inserted his thumb and finger in the stranger's box. The moment he placed it to his nose he was seized with violent sneezing. At every sneeze he lifted himself about a foot from the cheese upon which he was sitting. While he was doing this, sharper No. 2 was carrying out his share of the programme. As Mr. Tice gave the third sneeze he pushed the cheese from under him, and in its stead placed a peck measure. As Mr. Tice was sneezing for the eighth and last time, the sharpeners and the cheese had disappeared. Mr. Tice rubbed his nose for about five minutes more, wondering as to the style of nose possessed by Marshal Pelissier and the officers of the French army, who took such "remarkable snuff."

By this time the deck hands of the boat commenced to load up Mr. Tice's goods.—

Mr. Tice rose from his seat and said:
"Take this cheese, too."
Deck-hand said:
"What cheese?"

Mr. Tice looked round, and found that instead of the cheese, he had been sitting upon a peck measure. When he understood the manner in which the exchange had been effected, he was about the worst excited man of this season. He offered fifty dollars to any one who would give him an opportunity to fight the thieves, with one hand tied behind his back.

SCENE AT A RECRUITING OFFICE.—Lady.—Has Charles Augustus Spooney enlisted here?

Officer.—Yes, ma'am.
Lady.—Well, I wish to have him discharged because he is under age.

Officer.—Is he your son?
Lady.—No! he is my husband.

Officer.—In that case he will have to stop where he is. If he is old enough to get married he is old enough to fight. Good-morning, ma'am.

LIVING FOR ONE'S EASE.—Henry Ward Beecher says of those men who have no care or thought for others, but are contented with looking after their own ease and enjoyment, that they ought to be put in a coffin, for their life's work is ended. When God wanted sponges and oysters, he made them, and put one on the rock, and the other in the mud. When he made man, he did not make him to be a sponge or an oyster; he made him with feet and hands, and head and heart, and vital blood, and a place to use them, and said, "Go to work!" But I tell you if a man has come to that point where he is content, he ought to be put in his coffin, for a contented live man is a shame. If a man has come to that state in which he says, "I do not want to know any more, or do any more, or be any more," he is in a state in which he ought to be changed into a mummy. Of all hideous things, mummies are the most hideous; and of mummies, those are the most hideous that are running about the streets and talking.

CARDING IN A PEW.—In 1848, while the convention which nominated General Taylor was in session at Philadelphia, a somewhat noted politician, from Pickaway, Ohio, was in the city mingling in the muss. As the convention adjourned over Sunday, he concluded to go to church. We will let him tell his own story: "I had mounted my best regalia, and looked fine; stopped at the door and asked the sexton for a seat; was shown a very good one, entirely unoccupied, in the back part of which I seated myself. In a short time a very decent looking man, plainly dressed, entered and took the front of the pew. I held my head reverently and looked pious. He glanced at me several times, then took out a card, drew his pencil and wrote: "This is my pew, sir," and tossed the card to me. I picked it up and immediately wrote on it: "It is a very good one. What rent do you pay?" and tossed it back."

A few days ago one of our soldiers seeing a prisoner with a beautifully carved miniature book, inlaid with silver and the setting of a shirt stud, asked him what he would take for it. The "confed" asked \$5.00. The soldier being anxious to secure the book, offered \$3.50, all he had with him at the time, and after considerable reluctance the "confed" let him have it. Highly elated, the soldier pocketed his prize and went his way rejoicing; but what was his wonder and chagrin on examining his book the next day, to find the corners and edges all worn from rubbing in his pocket. On examining the book closely, he found it had been made out of hard, white castile-soap, which is susceptible of a very high polish, and not out of bone, as most of them are.

A SMART BOY.—"Fred," said a little four year old boy the other day, "give me a six-pence to buy a monkey." "We've got a monkey in the house now," replied the elder brother. "Who is it, Fred?" asked the little fellow. "You," was the reply. "Then give me a six-pence to buy the monkey some nuts." His brother "shelled out."

"I wish," said the slight and elegant Mrs. Fitzbob to her friend Mrs. Tigg, whose embonpoint was strikingly handsome, "I wish I had some of your fat and you had some of my lean." "I'll tell you what is the origin of that wish," replied the fair wit, "you think too much of me, and too little of yourself."