



# THE CRUTCH.

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## THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

### "There is Rest for the Weary."

All day long on the wide streams sailing,  
Drifts my boat with the ceaseless tide,  
Head to the noon-day sun unveiling,  
Banner streaming and sail spread wide.  
Strong and steady the oars are dipping,  
Heart to their music is beating time;  
Down the boat's side with sea-weed dripping,  
Dangles an anchor with lead and line.  
Sometimes clouds in the blue of heaven,  
High as mountains the billows rise;  
Tempest-tossed and shoreward driven,  
Heaven directs mine anxious eyes.

Slowly now is the day-light fading,  
And my boat I move to some friendly isle;  
The sail is furled, and its ghostly shading  
Gleams on the sandy beach, the while.  
Here I may sit in the twilight growing,  
Bright stars glowing in sea and sky,  
My useless oars in the boat keel throwing,  
And scan the rich treasures that round me lie.  
Cresses, green as the grass now springing,  
Shells, with tints of rainbow lined;  
Pearls, 'mong the weeds to the boat-side clinging,  
Pebbles, white as the snows I find.

Now gently calm is the ebb of the ocean,  
The waters rippling, a lulling sound;  
Rock me to sleep with a cradle-like motion,  
Dark, deep midnight above and around.

On some still night, when I am dreaming,  
The white sail is gleaming upon the shore,  
I shall see a boat with a Heavenly beaming,  
Sweeping to meet me with pearly oar.  
The silver cables and cords shall sever,  
That link my boat-life isle to thee,  
And I shall glide to the dim forever,  
That fathomless, tideless, shoreless sea.  
Shoreless? Nay, for a peaceful haven  
Lies not far from this troubled shore;  
My sail once furled in the harbor of Heaven,  
Clouds shall shadow the skies no more.

E.

Cassius, in his little trouble with Brutus, speaks of that "rash humor" which his mother gave him. Can it be that it was the canker rash?

We must look for happiness in this world, not in the things of the world, but within ourselves, in our tempers, and in our hearts.

BARK.—The bark of a medical tree may save one's life; the bark of a dog may save his property.

## Mrs. Wright's Conversation with her Irish Acquaintance.

SCENE:—A SMALL STUDY IN A COUNTRY HOUSE—A GLASS DOOR OPENING INTO THE GARDEN.

Mrs. Wright and Judy.

Mrs. Wright.—Come in. Oh, Judy, is it you? Come in and sit down, and tell me what you want with me.

Judy, (seating herself at once).—Bedad, my lady, I'm after comin' here a power o' times strivin' to spake to yer ladyship, an' niver could I git so much as a sight o' ye.

Mrs. W.—I am always in this room after breakfast, waiting to see any one who may happen to have business with me. I sit here regularly from ten to eleven o'clock, and I certainly never saw you at the glass door till this morning.

Judy.—Oh, my lady; sure I didn't suppose you would use me like the common sort—me that was rared decent, an' didn't mane to trouble you, but jist to ask a question, an' no more about it.

Mrs. W.—It is not out of any disrespect to you, Judy, that I was not able to see you at another hour—

Judy, (rising, and making a courtesy).—I am obliged to ye, my lady.

Mrs. W.—But as I have a good deal to do, I am not certain of being found at home or at leisure at any hour of the day; so, for the convenience of both parties, I thought it best to fix an hour when you would all be sure to see me.

Judy.—That makes a difference certainly. Well, I suppose as I am here, I may as well spake what I have to say, if it's not illconvenient?

Mrs. W.—Not at all: speak out at once. What can I do for you?

Judy, (sighing).—Times is very hard, my lady.

Mrs. W.—We require to exert ourselves, to get on in them certainly.

Judy.—An' I'm willin' to do it—proud an' willin' to do it; and that brought me to yer ladyship, to see if there was e'er a little situation about yourself or the young ladies—may the Lord keep them an' you in health an' happiness!—that would suit me, an' bring in a little arnin'; for I declare to God I'm a'most naked. It's a borrowt cloak an' a borrowt coat that's on me this blessed day, and my mother's apron—God bless her!—an' so many of us boys an' girls strivin' to keep the bit an' the sup amongst them, that I may say that she's a'most broke with it.

Mrs. W.—I am really glad to find, Judy, that you have the courage to begin to earn your own livelihood; and if I can in any way help you to it, you may depend on my most ready assistance. What would you wish to do? What do you feel yourself more particularly fit for?

Judy.—Anythin' at all, my lady. I am jist fit for any situation at all that's not anyway onrasonable; for I'm wake in myself, my lady, an' rared in decency, an' could take the care of childer, or wait on young ladies, or the like of them sort of respectable atindincies.

Mrs. W.—The care of children! You would not find that a situation suited to weakly health. There is almost no place requiring more strength of body or more evenness of temper.

Judy.—Timper, my lady! Thank God there's none can fault my timper. It's too quiet I am, an' let's the

people impose on me, I do, with my quietness of temper. An' for stringth—glory be to God!—I'm strong an' able, as the neighbors can testify; an' far more than that, if I had it to do; an' that's all that's in it, for strongness anyway.

Mrs. W.—You don't quite understand me, Judy.

Judy.—Beggin' yer pardon, my lady, I do; an' more. An' for caryin' childer, walkin' out with them, an' kapin' them clane, and hushaby the baby, an' all the contrariness of them—swate innercent creatures!—I'll go bail there's ne'er a girl in Ireland better suited to the work than meself, though I say it.

Mrs. W., (smiling).—Still, Judy, more may be required of you in this line, in a really respectable family, than you are at all aware of; and—

Judy.—Respectable! Sure it's into no other I would go by any manes, nor would yer ladyship wish me.

Mrs. W.—Surely not; but as the duties of a nurse or nurse-maid have altered very much of late years, and as perhaps some other department might suit you better, suppose you were to think of—

Judy.—I've no objection to be lady's-maid—none in life, my lady; an' in regard of sittin' up of a night when they would be at their parties, an' company, an' that, of coorse the ladies would consider that I should have my good sleep out of a mornin'.

Mrs. W.—Can you cut out and make a gown, Judy?

Judy, (turning herself round).—I make my own, my lady; cuts it, an' shows it, an' shapes it, an' fits it; an' my caps as well; an' trims my own bonnet; an' let me see the girl that goes more tidy to fair or chapel than Judy Flanagan. (Curtisying.)

Mrs. W.—You are always very neat, Judy—very neat and tidy for your condition; but a fine lady requires a great deal more from her maid than you have had an opportunity of learning. If you want really to earn your bread, I am willing to help you do it; but it must be in a rational way. You must begin at the beginning; and if you are in earnest in going to service, take service properly under some better-instructed person than yourself, who will teach you your business. I am in want of an under-housemaid. Will you take the place?

Judy.—Tache me my business! Under Nancy Fox, I do suppose? Is it my father's daughter will go under Billy Fox, the ould cobbler's orphan? No, my lady—glory be to God in heaven! I'm not so low as that.—What can she tache me that I require to know?

Mrs. W.—To do the work of a gentleman's house, of which you must be entirely ignorant. Nancy Fox, luckily for her, had no one to interfere with her progress. She went steadily through all the classes of the National School. She came to be under my late housemaid, Kitty Flinn, who married so comfortably last year; and she has thus qualified herself to be upper house-maid now in her stead, as you may qualify yourself in your turn by and by to succeed her.

Judy.—Is it Nancy? Thank you, my lady, an' I'm obliged to you; but I'm not come to that yet! An' I wish you good-mornin' all the same, ma'am, though you've been poisoned agin me by those as I know of.—But I dar' thim all, fornint their face or behint their back, to say anything but what's truth o' me or thim that owns me!

Mrs. W.—You are mistaken, Judy; no one has ever said a word to me against you.