



THE CRUTCH.

VOL. I. U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 1, ANNAPOLIS, MD., SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1864. NO. 46.

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 Chambers' Journal.]

The Song of Autumn.

I have painted the woods, I have kindled the sky,
I have brightened the hills with a glance of mine eye;
I have scattered the fruits, I have gathered the corn,
And now from the earth must her verdure be torn.
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

No more from the depth of the grove may be heard
The joy-burdened song of its fluttering bird;
I have passed o'er the branches that shelter him there,
And their quivering drapery is shaken to air.
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

Plead not, the days are yet sunny and long,
That your hues are still brightening, your fibres still strong;
To vigor and beauty relentless am I—
There is nothing too young or too lovely to die.
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

And I call on the winds that repose in the north,
To send their wild voices in unison forth;
Let the harp of the tempest be dolefully strung—
There's a wail to be made, there's a dirge to be sung;
For the lingering flowers, the leaves of the spray,
They are doomed—they are dying away! away!

"Still She Keeps Rocking Him."

Still she keeps rocking him,
Ever caressing him,
Brushing the hair from
His colorless brow.
Softly they've whispered her,
"Life has gone out of him,"
Gently she answers,
"How still he is now!"

Still she keeps rocking him,
As though she would shake from him
The cold hand of death,
Like the weights from his eyes;
Rocking the clay of him
While softly the soul of him
Angels are rocking
Far up in the skies.

"Are you thinking of what I'm saying?" said a poor music teacher to young Miss A., after explaining to her, at some length, the difference between the major and minor key. "Why, sir," replied Miss A., "I've been thinking all this time whether these keys were ivory or bone."

No one in the world is so often cheated—not even women and princes—as the conscience.

A Man Overboard.

After a day of the most painful experience, I sit down in the evening to continue my brief notice of events. I rose, as is my wont, at 5 o'clock. Went on deck, and took the usual rounds of the ship. The weather was a little overcast and the sea ran high. After a while, Mrs. L—, came up, and we sat talking in the wheel-house, from which we looked over the whole length of the ship. Suddenly, about twenty minutes past eight, the terrible cry of "A man overboard!" came from the fore-castle. He was lowering the foretopgallant-sail,—about a hundred and ten feet above the deck,—and fell, striking one of the lower sails, and then bounding into the sea. The captain was coming up with his quadrant, to take an observation. He sprang forward and gave his orders like lightning. The ship was hoven to, but with a tremendous strain upon masts and rigging; one of the boats was lowered, and three men jumped in. The sea was heavy and the motion of the ship violent; the boat capsized, throwing the three men into the sea. One, the boatswain, caught hold of the tackle by which the boat was still held to the stern of the ship, and was drawn on board. The other two were struggling in the waves. A fourth stripped himself and clambered into the boat which had righted itself, but was nearly full of water. Just at that moment a tremendous lurch of the ship dashed the boat against her, broke the tackling, tore off the davit, and she again capsized, with such a weight hanging underneath that it was impossible for her to right herself again. The brave sailor managed to get upon her keel, but she floated away, at one moment poised on the top of a wave, and the next sinking out of sight. Another boat was lowered instantly, and the second mate, the boatswain who had already come within a hair's breath of losing his life, and two young sailors volunteered to man her, and attempt the rescue of their shipmates.

Away they went. But the waves seemed to rise higher and the wind to blow stronger. We watched both boats with straining eyes, and the most painful, even agonizing feelings. I assure you, those noble fellows had not one chance in a thousand of ever reaching the ship again in safety. All the rest—four in number—had disappeared from sight, and there was not the shadow of a possibility of their surviving. Two awful hours passed, and then the Captain called his crew aft, and asked them if they thought it best to continue the search. After a moment of sad silence, they said, "No, there is no hope;" and the signal was given for the boat to return.

But this was a difficult matter, in such a sea. Without the most consummate seamanship, and the most absolute self-possession, as well as despotic command over others, on the Captain's part, it could not have been done, and four more gallant fellows would have followed their companions to the bottom. His presence was everywhere; his voice seemed to fill the ship; the men were puppets in his hands, and did exactly his bidding. As the boat neared the ship, he ordered the men on board what to do. They obeyed implicitly and instantly, though the orders, as one of them has since told me, were directly contrary to their own rapidly formed plan. Ropes were thrown to them, and they were safely got on board, amidst the joyful congratulations of sailors and passengers. So unexpected was this marvellous rescue,

that we, for the moment forgot the poor fellows who had two hours since passed into eternity, under our very eyes. Then returned the solemn and awful sense of what had happened; and then the ship made sail, and all was over.

I need not say that this spectacle, which passed before my eyes, was the most terrible ever witnessed by me.—But the skill, devotion, and energy shown by the Captain, officers, and crew were sublime. In the midst of the horror, I could not help feeling this, too. I looked at the poor fellow, keeping his seat bravely on the keel of the distant boat; then at the four men in the second boat, struggling to his rescue; then upon the Captain, as he went aloft and gave his orders with the clearness of a trumpet, with a kind of spell-bound awe. But the might of the elements baffled the utmost that human skill, unconquerable devotion, and the noblest humanity could do.—President Felton's Familiar Letter from Europe. In Press by Ticknor & Fields.

A Model Composition.

To boys and girls who are perplexed to know what to write about and how to write it, when required by their teacher to bring a "composition," we commend the following model:

WINTER.—Winter is the coldest season of the year because it comes in the winter. In some countries winter comes in the summer, and then it is very pleasant. I wish winter came in the summer in this country. Then I could go skating bare-foot and slide down hill in linen trousers. We could snow-ball without our fingers getting cold—and men who go out sleigh-riding wouldn't have to stop at every tavern to warm, as they do now. It snows more in winter than it does in any other season of the year. This is because so many cutters and sleighs are made at that time.

Ice grows much better in winter than in summer, which was an inconvenience before the discovery of ice-houses. Water that is left out of doors is apt to freeze at this season. Some people take in their wells and cisterns on a cold night and keep them by the fire so they don't freeze.

Skating is great fun in winter. The boys get the skates on when the river is frozen over, and race, play tag, break through the ice and get wet all over, (they get drowned sometimes;) fall and break their heads, and enjoy themselves in many other ways. A wicked boy once borrowed my skates and run off with them, and I couldn't catch him. Mother said a judgment would overtake him one day. Judgment will have to be pretty lively on its legs if it does, for he runs bully.

There ain't much sleigh-riding except in the winter—folks don't seem to care about it in warm weather. The grown up boys and girls like to go sleigh-riding. The boys generally drive with one hand and help the girls hold their muffs with the other. Brother Bob let me go along a little way once when he took Celia Crane out sleigh-riding, and I thought he paid more attention to holding the muff than he did to holding the horses.

Snow balling is another winter sport. I have snow-balled in the summer. But we used stones and hard apples. It isn't so amusing as it is in winter somehow.

But enough. I have dashed off these little things about winter while sister is getting ready for school. Good bye.
NEDDY.