



# THE CRUTCH.

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## THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

### In the Hereafter.

Brother—when the silver cord  
Is growing dim with mould,  
Will your spirit be of those,  
Who walk the streets of gold?

Will the scarlet be like snow,  
Beyond the sluggish stream;  
Will the real become your own,  
Beyond the buried dream?

Sister—when the golden bowl  
Is broken at your feet,  
Will the angels rapturously  
Your ransomed spirit greet?

Will the wondrous flower that blooms  
Upon life's crystal tide—  
Into azure presence burst,  
Where'er your footsteps glide?

When your name is ownerless—  
This side the jasper shore—  
Will its dying echo reach  
The barrier waters o'er?

Will the choral multitudes  
Uphear it with their praise—  
To the throne whence emanate  
Unbroken halo rays?

Halos for the conquerors,  
Who love the cross's weight!  
Halos for the faithful ones,  
Who choose the pathway straight!

January 23d, 1865.

### The Boys in Blue.

I grasp my pen  
To write of the men,  
Our gallant soldiers true!  
A rousing cheer  
For the heroes dear,  
Our own brave boys in blue!  
They leave their wives,  
They peril their lives,  
Stern duty's part to do.  
To each man in the ranks  
A million of thanks!  
We honor the boys in blue!

Great God above,  
In infinite love,  
Protect and lead them through!  
From pain and the grave  
We pray thee save  
Our gallant boys in blue!

### A Wonderful Fat Man.

As I was idling about one of those towns the inhabitants of which, entertaining a serious objection to theatres, are obliged to depend, for amusement, on itinerant lecturers, conjurers, comic recitationists, popular preachers, and circuses, and other shows, my attention was drawn to a menagerie by a band of nigger minstrels stationed on the outside of it, playing appropriate airs. Above and behind the musicians a series of wonderful works of Art indicated the wonderful works of Nature to be seen within. Among these paintings was the figure of an enormously fat man, entitled, in large illuminated letters underneath his portrait, 'The Second Daniel Lambert.' I thought I should like to see this second Daniel, and being what is euphemistically called stout myself, walked up and demanded gratuitous admission on the ground of being one of the brotherhood. But that, the money-taker said, could not entitle me to see the lions and tigers, because, if I was a monster, still I was not a beast. I accepted the compliment, paid my money, and went in.

The Fat Man was in a sort of *anneze* to the caravan. He panted and perspired very much.

'Hard work, Sir,' I observed.

Puffing laboriously, he answered, 'Yes sir!'

'I hope, Sir,' I said, 'that your exertions are liberally rewarded by Mr. Saunders'—the name of the showman.

'I am Mr. Saunders, Sir. I am my own proprietor.'

'No! Are you though, really? Well, Sir, I admire your moral courage. You show your sense, Sir, in thus accepting your situation, and making the most of yourself.'

'Ah, Sir!' he said, 'I have made the most of myself indeed. This fat, Sir—he did not say this here fat, but spoke very much like a gentleman—all this fat is not natural.'

'Is it not?'

'No, Sir. I am'—here he slightly chuckled—'what you may call a self-made man.'

'Ah!' said I, 'that's what most of us stout gentlemen are, I'm afraid. We do make prize-pigs of ourselves with our eyes open—in that particular unlike the pigs.'

'I did it on purpose, Sir.'

'On purpose, Sir?'

'Yes, Sir, on purpose. When I started this concern, I thought I might as well become part of it, by making an exhibition of myself. I had a reason for it. What are appearances, Sir?'

'Full eight yards round,' I answered. 'Sir, I respect your contempt for appearances, and for the people who are astonished by them, and who come and stare at you. And so you made yourself of this size, Sir?'

'I did, Sir.'

'How did you do it, Sir?'

'The old way, Sir—eating and drinking.'

'What did you eat, Sir?'

'Potatoes. I ate a good deal of potatoes. And bread Sir. Ate a good deal of bread. You see, Sir, I did just the reverse of what Mr. Banting recommends for bringing this down.'

'Did you, Sir?'

'Yes, Sir. Butter. I ate a good deal of that. Sugar, too; large quantities of sugar. Sugar's very fattening, contains so much carbon; dissolves so fast and runs into fat. Pies, tarts, puddings, sweets of all kinds. Pork too, Sir, pork; ate a great deal of pork. Not much bacon; no. Don't like it; too filling to fatten on.—Salmon, stewed eels, too; nice, rich, nourishing; very fond of stewed eels. Milk and cream; have two bowls of bread and milk a day. Oil, and starch, and saccharine matter, Sir; as much as possible of food containing plenty of oil, starch, and saccharine matter.'

'What did you drink, Sir?'

'As much fluid as possible, Sir; as much of every pleasant fluid. A good deal of tea; 'tis a solvent for the solid food. Beer; ale, good fat Burton. Stout.—Fruity port. Clicquot's Champagne. Hot rum and water, strong and sweet. Ah!'

'You must have had a strong motive, Sir, to induce you to acquire a bulk which appears to be distressing.'

'I had, Sir. My wife died, Sir, and at the same time I experienced a reverse of fortune. I have one son, Sir, to whom I am desirous of giving a good education.—Having had an indifferent one myself, I had no means of earning the wherewithal by intellectual exertion.—Always rather disliked exertion of any kind. Thought that the least troublesome way of getting money would be riding about with a show. At that time Mr. Banting's pamphlet fell in my way. It made an impression on me. I wanted a wonderful fat man. Couldn't one be made by practicing the contrary of Banting's rules? Why not make one of myself? As I had determined to start a show, fancied that the pleasantest occupation would be that of cramming myself up, as my son says, for its chief attraction.'

'Sir,' said I, 'you are a wonderful father. You are a prodigy of parental affection.'

'He's in there now, Sir,' said the fat man, pointing to a green baize partition at the back of the van. 'Home for the vacation from the University.'

'Come, Governor,' called a voice from behind the green baize. 'Time to shut up. Want to light my cigar.'

'He's not in orders yet,' observed the fond father.

'Come, I say, Governor!' repeated the under-graduate.

'Bless you, Sir!' I cried, grasping the Fat Man's hand. 'May your boy prove a blessing to you? Farewell!'

And I rushed away.

Captain H—t, for some time in command of the —, was a little green when he first entered the service. When he took command, he, of course, gave the vessel a thorough inspection, examining everything with the air of one that knew his business. Arriving at last at the magazine, the gunner's mate was showing him the different kinds of ammunition, and, among other things, pointed out the 'canister' to him. 'How is this?' says he. 'I gave the Paymaster three or four lockers for his provisions, and I shall not allow him to put his canned meat in my magazine!' At another time, during an engagement, he ordered the 'canister' to be cut to two seconds. Having recently resigned, I suppose he will now make 'canister' an especial study.