



THE CRUTCH.

VOL. II. U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 1, ANNAPOLIS, MD., SATURDAY, FEB. 4, 1865. NO. 57.

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.
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For the Crutch.

January 22d.

Oh, peerless day, what blissful hours are thine,
Timed to the music of this radiant morn,
Whose rhythmic dance of stars before the dawn,
Proclaimed the coming of your steps divine!

Sing, happy birds, among your fragrant pines!
This promised pledge of Spring shall give you cheer,
And tune those querulous notes of fear,
To sweeter carols mid the laughing vines;—

When Summer, smiling through her sun-lit rain,
Shall steal with silent foot athwart the hill,
Bearing in whispers low, to brook and rill,
The story of her triumphs o'er, again.

Over the graves, the cold, sad, silent graves,
Lying like coral reefs heaped high and white,
Where no glad watch-fires answereth through the night,
Oh, sea of sunshine, break in purple waves.

Go, where the crying ones, and mourners, tread
The bitter wine-press, sin-enthralled, heart-riven,
And with this magic light just born of heaven,
Illumine a brighter book, a page unread.

Be my lone chamber, curtained with a glow,
Caught from the amber, fading into gold,
Blended with iris stain that shall unfold
The sombre shadows as they come and go!

As breeze and dew to shaded flowers tell,
Sweet secrets of a life they never knew,
Of purple splendors, born to burn anew,
Mid vital heat and joy, where sunbeams dwell;—

So, let us borrow of this tremulous light,
Breaking in glory, down, from sky to sea,
While earth still sleeps in cold, dumb mystery,
Prophetic faith in all things glad and bright!

And, leave some token, dear but fleeting day!
A fringe of cloud, bright as the gold-ferns' hair,
So, if to-morrow's dawn shall break less fair,
Its light may kindly mingle with the gray;—

And slowly down the golden steeps, decline,
Your sunset's crimsoned tides, gently delay!
For many a weary heart has blessed your stay,
Whose night hath no warm, loving stars, like thine!

NAVAL SCHOOL HOSPITAL, 1865.

A soldier writes home that he gets along with the hard tack pretty well, except when they put the shortening into it lengthwise.

The Calcutta Englishman says that the culture of cotton in the northwestern provinces of India has increased fifty per cent. during the past year.

"Uncle Johnson."

This was a familiar name given to a pious old slave of the family of President Harrison, who was made free at the age of 100 years. He was awakened in early life under the preaching of Wm. Tennent, and for nearly a century served the Lord with characteristic ardor and devotion. The New York Evangelist gives an account of him that shows a remarkable experience, which many Christians might covet:

'His Fridays, for more than seventy years, had been rigidly observed as a day of fasting and prayer—days in which, as he said, 'I says to de body, stand back, I'se going to feed de soul to-day.' Those are the days in which 'I spreads de great things before de Lord and begs.'

He accounted for his long life in part, by saying he did not work very hard; that for about sixty years his master used to let him out about six months in each year, 'to blow de Gospel trumpet on the plantations round bout, to make them good and religious; and I tells ye, massa, when I was in prime—say about 80—I could blow de old trumpet so dat dey could hear me for miles.'

A Christian friend of his, for many years, related the following anecdote of 'Uncle Johnson.'

'Once I said to him, 'Uncle Johnson, why don't you go to church once in a while?' He answered, 'Massa, I wants to be dere, but I can't have.'

'You can't behave?'

'Well, massa, ye knows, late years, de flesh am weak; and when dey 'gins to talk and sing about Jesus, I 'gin to fill up, and putty soon I has to holler, and den dey say, 'Carry dat man to de door, he 'sturb de meeting.'

'But you should hold in until you get home.'

'O, massa, I can't hold in—I bust—ef I don't holler.'

Once after hearing him sing and pray at midnight, when a thunder storm was passing, in the morning I said, 'Was that you shouting so last night?'

'Yes, massa, so I 'spose.'

'Well, I thought the thunder made noise enough without your halloooing.'

He looked up with astonishment, and said: 'Massa, do you tink I'se goin' to lie dere on my bed like a great pig, when de Lord com'd along shakin' de earth and de heavens? No, massa, when I hear de thunder commin' I says, 'Ellen, Ellen, wake up here, we is goin' to hear from home agin.'

Once after he had been ill for a few days, I said, 'Uncle Johnson, I thought your appointed time had about come.' 'O, yes, massa, one day I thought I could see de dust of de chariot comming over de mountains, and den something said, 'Hold on Johnson a little longer; I'll come round directly.' Yes, and I will hold on, if de Lord will, another hundred years, for I'm bound for Canaan.' And then he broke out singing,
'But this do I find; we two are so jined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.'

One day, Rev. Dr. H. called on him, with me. After a conversation which surely the Doctor will never forget, he said:

'Well, Uncle Johnson, I must go,' and then taking him by the hand, said, 'Good bye. I shall probably hear soon that you have passed over Jordan, but we will follow on.'

The old man replied, 'Yes, massa, a great many years ago, a young man like you tell me dat; and den after a bit, I'd hear dey ha' gone and I am a pilgrim get, but I always manages to send word.'

'Well, if I should die first, what word would you send?' said Dr. H.

'O, massa, if you should get home to glory afore I do, tell 'em to keep the table standin', for Johnson is holdin' on his way.'

We dare not attempt to describe the scene we witnessed the evening his wife died; but a few days after, we said to him, 'Don't you feel very lonely since Ellen left you?'

He replied, 'O, yes, but de Lord comes roun' every day, just as de nuss would, and gives me a taste ob' de kingdom wid de spoon; but how I wants to get hold ob' de dish!'

THE WIND AS A MUSICIAN.—The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread into the crevices of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and poor Paginini must go somewhere else for honor, for lo! it tries almost anything on earth to see if there is music in it; it persuades a tone from the great bell in the tower when the sexton is at home and asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree until every leaf thrills with the note in it, and the wind up the river that runs at its base in a sort of murmuring accompaniment. And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps, to the stars, which love music the most, and sung it the first, and then how fondly it haunts old houses: mourning under the eaves, singing in the halls, opening the old doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearth.

POLITENESS.—A bright little boy, on hearing one of the southern proclamations read, said recently: 'Jeff Davis is so wonderfully polite, that when we catch him I think we had better ask him whether he would prefer to be hung to a sour or a sweet apple tree.'

A counter jumper sang out to his country cousin, who had come down to see the 'lions.'

'Why my dear fellow, you look awful green. You look as though you couldn't say boo to a goose.'

'Boo!' cried the country cousin.

UNRAVELING.—A man coming home late one night, a little more than 'half seas over,' feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and the little ball unrolling, he soon had several feet in his hands, and still no end apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, 'Wife! wife! I say, wife, come here! I am unraveling!'

As the reward of villainy, some men are hung, some cropped and branded, others elected to office.