



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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Our Soldier.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Another little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin!

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
Of a life.

Another little sentry,
Who will stand
On guard, while evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord! our little darling
Guide and save,
Mid the perils of the march
To the grave!

From Harpers Weekly.

The Dead Drummer Boy.

'Midst tangled roots that lined the wild ravine,
Where the fierce fight raged hottest through the day,
And where the dead in scattered heaps were seen,
Amid the darkling forests' shade and sheen,
Speechless in death he lay.

The setting sun, which glanced athwart the place
In slanting lines, like amber-tinted rain,
Fell sideways on the drummer's upturned face,
Where Death had left his gory finger's trace
In one bright crimson stain.

The silken fringes of his once bright eye
Lay like a shadow on his cheek so fair;
His lips were parted by a long-drawn sigh,
That with his soul had mounted to the sky
On some wild martial air.

No more his hand the fierce tattoo shall beat,
The shrill reveille, or the long roll's call,
Or sound the charge, when in the smoke and heat
Of fiery onset foe with foe shall meet,
And gallant men shall fall.

Yet maybe in some happy home, that one,
A Mother, reading from the list of dead,
Shall chance to view the name of her dear son,
And move her lips to say, 'God's will be done!'
And bow in grief her head.

But more than this what tongue shall tell his story?
Perhaps his boyish longings were for fame?
He lived, he died; and so, *memento mori*—
Enough if on the page of War and Glory
Some hand has writ his name.

Stories of the President.

A writer in the *Watchman and Reflector* tells the following stories of the President:

Mr. Lincoln has a fund of humor which, though not always dignified, is harmless. It is ever apt and ready, and doubtless among all the wearying sorrows of his public life, has afforded him relief when he otherwise would have broken down under his heavy load. This jocoseness is sometimes grim and sarcastic. It is always playful, yet is never abusive, and seldom wounds. Often it is nicely adapted to the place and the occasion, and is used with great effect.

It is our form of that humor that is not uncommon in New England, especially in rural districts, and which, in a higher and more cultivated development adorns the pages of Holmes, Lowell, and others of our literary men. About two years ago, when the Prince of Wales was soon to marry the Princess Alexandra, Queen Victoria sent a letter to each of the sovereigns, informing them of her son's betrothal, and among the rest to President Lincoln. Lord Lyons, her ambassador at Washington, and who, by the way, is unmarried, requested an audience of Mr. Lincoln, that he might present this important document in person. At the time appointed he was received at the White House, in company with Mr. Seward.

'May it please your excellency,' said Lord Lyons, 'I hold in my hand an autograph letter, from my royal Mistress Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present to your Excellency, that her son, his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, is about to contract an alliance with her Royal Highness, the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.'

After continuing in this strain for a few minutes, Lord Lyons tendered the letter to the President and awaited a reply. It was short, simple and expressive, and consisted simply of the words:

'Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise.'

We doubt if any English ambassador was ever addressed in this manner before, and would be glad to learn what success he met with in putting the reply in diplomatic language when he reported it to her Majesty.

It is said that some time since, when a deputation of clergymen presented an address to the President, in which he was styled 'a pillar of the church,' he quaintly and perhaps truthfully remarked that 'they would have done better to have called him a steeple.'

'TICKET, SIR!'—A good story is related of a conductor on a railroad, who was a strict church going man, and was always found promptly in his church on the Sabbath. One Saturday evening his train was in very late, and he did not take his customary amount of sleep, which, however, did not prevent his attending divine service as usual. During the sermon he unwittingly fell into a troubled sleep, soothed by the monotonous voice of the clergyman. All at once he sprang from his seat, thrust his hat under his arm, and giving his neighbor in front a push, shouted, 'Ticket, sir!' The startled neighbor also sprang to his feet, which thoroughly aroused the conductor, who, looking wildly around, and seeing all eyes turned towards him, instantly comprehended his position, and 'slid,' amid a suppressed titter from the whole congregation.—*Harpers.*

The Man who kissed the three Girls.

A young man who boarded at a house in the country, where there were three coy damsels who seemed to imagine that men are terrible creatures whom it was an unpardonable sin to look at, was one afternoon accosted by an acquaintance and asked what he thought of the ladies.

He replied that they were very shy and reserved, so much so that no gentleman could get near enough to tell the color of their eyes. 'Yet I will stake a million that I will kiss all three without any trouble.'

'That you cannot do,' cried the friend; 'it is an achievement which neither you nor any man can accomplish.'

The other was positive and invited his friend to the house to witness his triumph.

They entered the room together, and the three girls were at home, sitting beside their mother; and they all looked as prim and demure as a mustard-pot.

Our hero assumed a very grave aspect, even to dejection, and having looked wistfully at the clock, breathed a sigh as deep as algebra and as long as a female dialogue at the front door. His singular deportment attracted the attention of the girls, who cast their slow opened eyes up to his countenance. Perceiving the impression he had made, he turned to his companion and said, 'It wants five minutes of the time.'

'Mr. C——, pray what do you speak of?'

'Nothing,' replied he, in a lugubrious tone, 'but that last night a spirit appeared unto me!'

Here the girls rose to their feet and drew near.

'And the spirit gave me warning that I should die exactly at twelve o'clock to-day, and you see it wants but a minute of the time!'

The girls turned pale, and hidden sympathies were at once awakened for the doomed. They stood chained to the spot, looking alternately at the clock and at the unfortunate youth. He then walked up to the eldest of the girls, and taking her by the hands, bade her a solemn farewell. He also imprinted a kiss upon her trembling lips, which she did not resist. He then bade the second and third farewell in the same affectionate manner.

His object was achieved, and that moment the clock struck twelve. Hereupon he looked round surprised, and ejaculated, 'Who would have thought that an apparition would tell such a lie?'

It was sometime before the sober maidens understood the joke, and when they did they evinced no resentment.

A PLEASANT story is told us about the honeymoon of a rather aged lady who was recently married to a young and fast man, quitting him at the station when he was going *en voyage* on some important private affairs. After an embrace of the most loving character, she put her head into the carriage, and said: 'Dear Charles, remember that you are married.' To which he replied, 'Dear Caroline, I will make a memorandum of it,' and at once tied a knot in his handkerchief.

A lady once complained to her doctor that she could scarcely breathe. 'Don't try, my good soul,' replied the candid physician; 'nobody wants you to breathe it.'