



# THE CRUTCH.

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## THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

## 'Three Years More.'

BY FRED. J. WILLOUGHBY.

We've plodded patiently ahead,  
From dawn till dusky night;  
We've plunged through forests, valleys, floods,  
And scaled the mountains' height;  
We've borne the tattered flag aloft,  
Though wet with human gore,  
For three long years, and now, dear boys,  
We're going for three years more!

For three long years we've fought the foe,  
With sword and bayonet,  
And though we've lost the bravest men,  
'Tis useless to regret—  
Our victories can cheer us up,  
Can smooth our losses o'er;  
And knowing this, we said, 'Dear Sam,  
We're yours for three years more!'

But three years more will not be ours  
To serve in Uncle's cause,  
For Grant and Sherman, Sheridan,  
And all who wear the stars,  
Are bound to sooner end the fight,  
And then, from shore to shore,  
They'll shout—'Come home, you men who said,  
'We're in for three years more!'

## Evening Music of the Angels.

Low warblings, now, and solitary harps,  
Were heard among the angels, touched and tuned  
As to an evening hymn, preluding soft  
To cherub voices. Louder as they swelled,  
Deep strings struck in, and hoarser instruments,  
Mixed with clear silver sounds, till concord rose  
Full as the harmony of winds to heaven;  
Yet sweet as nature's springtide melodies  
To some worn pilgrim, first, with glistening eyes,  
Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds  
Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating flocks,  
The chirp of birds, blithe voices, lowing kine;  
The dash of waters, reed or rustic pipe,  
Blent with the dulcet distance-mellowed bell,  
Come like the echo of his early joys.  
In every pause, from spirits in mid air,  
Responsive still were golden viols heard,  
And heavenly symphonies stole faintly down.

[HILLHOUSE.]

'How rich, how poor, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful is man!  
Distinguished link in being's endless chain,  
Midway from nothing to the Deity;  
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorbent;  
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine.'

## The Arkansas Traveler.

A burlesque tune, known by the name of the 'Arkansas Traveler,' was very popular in the South and West, before the rebellion compelled the people to think of tunes of another kind. The origin of the 'Arkansas Traveler' is related as follows:

In the earlier days of the territory of Arkansas, when the settlements were few and far between, an adventurous traveler from one of the old States, while traversing the swamps of that portion of the ked'ntry, gets lost, on a cold and rainy day in the autumn of the year. After wandering till evening, and despairing of finding a habitation, while searching for a place to camp, he strikes a trail which seems to lead somewhere, and also hears, in that direction, the noise of a fiddle. Accordingly he takes the trail, and soon discovers, ahead of him, rising above the timber, a light column of smoke, which he knows comes from the cabin of a squatter. As he approaches, he finds it to be a log cabin, ten logs high, and about ten feet square, one side being roofed, and the other only half covered with boards. He also sees the proprietor seated on an old whiskey barrel, near the door, sheltered by a few boards which project from the eaves, playing a tune, or rather the first snatch of a tune, on a fiddle.

After surveying the habitation and surroundings of 'cotton head' children, the traveler rides up to see if he can get lodgings, and the following dialogue ensues. The Hoosier, however, still continues to play the same part over and over again, only stopping to give short, indifferent replies to the traveler's queries:

Traveler.—'Good evening, sir.'

Squatter.—'How d'ye do, sir?'

Trav.—'Can I get a chance to stay with you to-night?'

Squat.—'No, sir.'

Trav.—'Can you give me a glass of something to drink? I am wet and cold.'

Squat.—'I drank the last drop this morning.'

Trav.—'I am very hungry; ain't had a thing to eat to-day. Will you let me have something to eat?'

Squat.—'Haven't got a darned thing in the house.'

Trav.—'Then, can't you give my horse something?'

Squat.—'Got nothing to feed him on—nothing at all.'

Trav.—'How far may it be to the next house, sir?'

Squat.—'Don't know, stranger; I've never been there.'

Trav.—'Well, sir, where does this road go to?'

Squat.—'It's never been anywhere since I've lived here; it's always been here when I get up in the morning.'

Trav.—'As I am not likely to get to any other house to-night, can't you let me sleep in yours, and I'll tie my horse to a tree, and do without anything to eat or drink?'

Squat.—'My house leaks; there's only one dry spot in it, and me and Sal sleeps on that, stranger.'

Trav.—'Why don't you finish covering your house, and stop the leaks?'

Squat.—'It's raining.'

Trav.—'Why don't you do it when it's not raining?'

Squat.—'It don't leak then.'

Trav.—'Well, as you have nothing to eat or drink in

the house, and nothing alive about your place but children, how do you do here, anyhow?'

Squat.—'Putty well, I thank you. How d'ye do yourself?'

Trav.—'My friend why don't you play the whole of that tune?'

Squat.—(Stops playing and looks for the first time.)—'I didn't know there was any more to it. Can you play the fiddle, stranger?'

Trav.—'I play a little, sometimes.'

Squat.—'You dont look much like a fiddler.' (Handing him the fiddle.) 'Will you play the balance of that tune?'

The traveler gets down and plays the tune through.

Squat.—'Stranger, come in! Take half-a-dozen chairs and set down. Sal, go round into the holler, where I killed that buck this morning; cut off some of the best pieces, and cook them for me and this gentleman, directly. Raise up the board from under the head of the bed, afore you go, and get the old black jug I hid from Dick, and give us some whiskey—I know there's some left. Dick, carry the gentleman's horse round to the shed; you'll find some fodder and corn out there; give him as much as he can eat. Darn me, stranger, if you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you all you want to eat and drink. Hurry up, old woman. If you can't find the butcher-knife, take the cob-handle, or granny's knife. Play away, stranger, you shall sleep on the dry spot to-night.'

After two hours' fiddling and some conversation, in which the squatter shows his characteristics, the stranger retires to the 'dry-spot.'

## Prenticeana.

The further General Sherman goes, the faster he goes. He is Geometrical Progression.

Perhaps Charleston isn't the worse off for the late fire. She may have needed a little fumigation.

Glorious victories are so common that we hardly notice them more than we do the glorious stars in the sky.

So many dirty guerillas have passed over the soil of Kentucky, that the Federal troops ought to scour the State.

The use of cannon, rifle and bayonet against a people, may never win their love, but it often wins their respect and obedience.

South Carolina will be a thousand times better off for being conquered. To her eyes the shadows of coming events, if rightly viewed, would look as bright as a Drummond flame.

The Augusta Chronicle calls upon the Southern people to spring forth like the forest leaves. They may spring forth as thickly, but most of them may wither on the ground as early.

Upon the occasion of General Sherman's approach to Charleston, the Charleston Mercury raved and raged and swaggered and blustered and bullied and defied and cursed and swore and—skedaddled.

The old South Sea Islanders thought that the valor of the enemies they conquered, passed into their own bodies. If the valor of South Carolina were to pass into General Sherman, we do not think that the world would discover the difference.—Louisville Journal.