



# THE CRUTCH.

VOL. 1.

U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, ANNAPOLIS, MD., SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1864.

NO. 2.

## 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.

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One Copy, one year, - - - - - \$2 00.  
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## The Old and the New.

BY MAJOR A. T. LEE, U. S. A.

"I heard an old man's dying sigh,  
And an infant's idle laughter;  
And the old year went with a moaning by,  
And the new came dancing after."

Another year—and gray beard time  
Is hurrying onward still;  
He is weaving the changes of tide and clime,  
And ringing the bells with a holiday chime,  
That echoes from every hill.

Through manhood's breast what sorrows pour,  
Musing on things that have passed  
Down life's rapid river, to rise no more,  
The friends who have glided away from its shore  
Since the holiday bells rang last.

Death touched the girl of the laughing eye,  
And pale grew her cheek and brow;  
He smiled at the youth as he hurried by,  
Then left him alone to linger and die,  
Like an autumn leaf on the bough.

We mourn the buried with a tear,  
Why not for the living weep?  
The young—the blooming—another year,  
Ah! who can tell—will they be here  
With their joys so wild and deep?

"Sister," I heard a brother say,  
With a laugh of boyish pride,  
"To-morrow will be a holiday,  
I will deck your hair with garlands gay,  
I have plucked from the mountain side.

And you shall join the festive ring,  
And sport the merriest there;  
So happily we will dance and sing,  
Whilst joy as fresh in your heart will spring,  
As the leaves that deck your hair."

Ah! for that youth—the morrow came,  
And wafted his pride away;  
That sister's eye has lost its name,  
Where yon willows weep we read her name  
O'er the cold, dark home of clay.

Alas! that man his house of joy,  
Should build upon the sand;  
Too soon the fabric doth time destroy,  
For life to him is an idle toy,  
In a child's destructive hand.

But soft! 'tis an old man's dying sigh;  
Bring forth the pall and bier;  
Quick! quick! for the child of the laughing eye  
And the rosy cheek is drawing nigh,  
He must not see him here.

General Hospital, December 31st, 1863.

## Col. Hayne and his Son.

Col. Hayne of South Carolina, a man of high character, endeared to all that knew his worth and bound fast to life by six small children, and a wife tenderly beloved, was taken prisoner by the British and sentenced to be hung. His wife falling a victim to disease and grief combined did not live to plead for her husband; but great and generous efforts were made for his rescue. A large number of both Americans and English were interested in his behalf; the ladies of Charleston signed a petition for his release; and his six motherless children were presented on their knees as humble suitors for the life of their father. It was all in vain; for war has no heart but of iron. His eldest son, a lad about thirteen years old, was allowed as a special favor to stay with him awhile in prison. On seeing his father loaded with irons and condemned to die on the gallows, the poor boy was overwhelmed with consternation and grief. The wretched father tried to console him by various considerations and added, "to-morrow my son, I set out for immortality, you will follow me to the place of my execution and when I am dead take my body and bury it by the side of your dear mother." Overcome by this appeal, the boy threw his arms around his father's neck, crying, "O my father I'll die with you! I will die with you father!" The wretched father, still loaded down with irons, was unable to return his son's embrace and merely said in reply, "No my son, never! Live to honor God by a good life; live to serve your country; and to take care of your brother and little sisters." The next morning Col. Hayne was led forth to execution. The fond and faithful boy accompanied him; and when they came in sight of the gallows the father turned to him and said—"Now my son show yourself a man. That tree is the boundary of my life and all its sorrows. Beyond that the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Don't my son lay our separation too much to heart; it will be short at longest. It was but the other day your dear mother died: to-day I die, and you, my son, though young, must follow us shortly." "Yes, my father," replied the broken-hearted boy, "I shall follow you shortly; for I feel indeed that I can't live long." And so it was; for, on seeing his much loved father first in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter from the gallows, he stood transfixed with horror. Till then he had all along wept profusely as some relief to his agonized feelings; but that sight!—it dried up the fountain of his tears:—he never wept again. His reason reeled on the spot; he became an incurable maniac; and in his last moments, he called out, and kept calling out for his father in tones that drew tears from the hardest hearts.

**THE RUSSIAN PRINCESS.**—A Russian Princess of great beauty, in company with her father and a young French Marquis, visited a celebrated Swiss Doctor of the eighteenth century, Michael Scuppach; when the Marquis began to pass one of his jokes upon the long white beard of one of the Doctor's neighbors who was present. He offered to bet twelve louis d'ors that no lady present would dare to kiss the dirty old fellow! The Russian Princess ordered her attendant to bring a plate and deposited twelve louis d'ors and sent it to the Marquis, who was too polite to decline his stake. The fair Russian then approached the peasant, saying: "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the manner of my country," and embraced and gave him a kiss. She then presented him what was on the plate, saying:—"Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honor old age."

**THE SURGEON'S REPLY.**—M. Boudon, an eminent Surgeon, was one day sent for by the Cardinal Du Bois, Prime Minister of France, to perform a very serious operation upon him. The cardinal, on seeing him enter the room, said to him, "You must not expect to treat me in the same rough manner, as you treat your poor miserable wretches at your hospital of the Hotel Dieu." "My lord," replied M. Boudon with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to call them, is a Prime Minister in my eyes."

**WAY TO AVOID CALUMNY.**—"If any one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he has truth on his side; and, if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ay," says he "then I must learn to sing better." Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him. "It is no matter," said he: "I will live so that none shall believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, "I am sure he would not do it," said he, "if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny—a good conscience.

**ADVANTAGE OF CONVERSATION.**—Conversation calls out into light what has been lodged in all the recesses and secret chambers of the soul. By occasional hints and incidents, it brings old useful notions into remembrance; it unfolds and displays the hidden treasure of knowledge with which reading, observation, and study, have before furnished the mind. By mutual discourse the soul is awakened and allured to bring forth its hoards of knowledge, and it learns how to render them most useful to mankind. A man of vast reading without conversation, is like a miser, who lives only for himself.

**SOLDIER'S DAILY PRAYER.**—Our Father, who art in Washington, Uncle Abraham be thy name, thy victory won, thy will be done at the South as at the North, give us this day our daily rations of crackers and pork, and forgive us our shortcomings as we forgive our Quartermasters, for thine is the power, the soldiers and negroes, for the space of four years. Amen.

The Irish drummer of a company, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right good poteen, was asked by an impudent young ensign: "What makes your nose so red?" "Plaze, sir, I always blush when I spake to an officer."

If thou art wiser than the many, do that which thou thyself approvest, rather than what they may look for; and be assured that when they admire the most, thou hast done something wrong.

A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without its dew? The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
WASHINGTON, Dec. 9, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 391.

Commanders of Department are authorized to grant Furloughs to enlisted men in the General Hospitals within the limits of their command, upon the approval of the Medical Director, or Chief Medical Officer. The number allowed to be absent at one time, to be limited to five (5) per cent, and the period not to exceed thirty (30) days, and to be graduated according to the distance of the applicant from his home. The good conduct of the applicant, to be made the rule of the Medical Officers in recommending the furloughs.

By order of the Secretary of War,  
E. D. TOWNSEND,  
Assistant Adjutant General.

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
December 30, 1863.

COMMANDING GENERAL:—By direction of the Secretary of War, General Orders No. 391 will be amended by substituting twenty (20) per cent for five (5) per cent, for the number of enlisted men in General Hospital to whom Department Commanders are authorized to grant furloughs at one time.

E. D. TOWNSEND,  
A. A. General.