



THE CRUTCH.

VOL. 1. U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 1, ANNAPOLIS, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864. NO. 10.

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.
Single Copy, - - - - - 5 Cts.
Any one taking 5 copies 3 months will be entitled to an advertisement of 15 lines for one insertion.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS:

For 1 square of 8 lines or less, 1 insertion, - - 75 Cts.
For 1 square of 8 lines or less, 3 insertions, - - \$2 00.
Yearly advertisements and cards at fair rates.

For the Crutch.

Lines:

(Originally intended for the fly leaf of an Autograph Album)

BY SARAH H. POWELL.

Touch the leaves lightly,
Turn them with care,
There are many fond memories
Treasured up there.

On these fair pages,
What lov'd hands have lain,
Ah! shall I e'er feel
Their pressure again.

This fairy signature,
Written in mirth,
Was that of a maiden,
Too lovely for earth.

Roses and wood violets,
O'er her grave wreathie,
Types of the beauty
That slumbers beneath.

That, dashed so boldly,
Ah! he lies afar,
At the call of his country
He went forth to war.

From the red battle-field's
Blood deluged sod,
The soul of the hero
Ascended to God.

Some are still fighting
The battle of life,
Earnest to win
In the world's day strife.

Some too, have
Down in ships on the sea,
And all, all have cherished
A kind thought of me.

Then touch the leaves lightly,
Turn them with care,
Hallow the memories
Treasured up there.

A Letter.

The following is a letter to one of the lady nurses, by a former patient in Division Hospital, No. 1.

POTNAM HOUSE, NEW YORK, March 3d, 1864.

MY KIND FRIEND, MRS. H.:—As I sit here this evening my mind wanders back to my Hospital days. The remembrance leads me to take up my pen and write you a few lines, expressing my thanks and gratitude, and through you the same to all the ladies with you for their kindness and attention, while I was in the Naval School Hospital. I arrived there by the flag of truce boat, on Monday, June 22d. I suppose I must have looked rather forlornly, as I was brought into the Ward on a stretcher, dressed in butternut pantaloons, exchanged in Gordonsville for some trifling articles, and with my other clothes, all soiled. You have however, seen them as they arrive. Yet you can hardly think how great the change from Rebel to Federal Hospitals. How nice every thing was. The bed and underclothes as fresh and clean as could be! and all my food so nicely cooked. Fourth of July afternoon a lady came in to see me, the first visit I had received except by the Surgeon. I have forgotten her name but perhaps, you will recognize her from what follows. She was a widow lady and wore spectacles and I think she said, she resided in Washington. After my removal to Ward G, she used a room for stores in one of the blue buildings, the corner one as you go down to the wharf. If you should see her will you not thank her, for me, for that visit. I shall ever remember that visit. I was in very low spirits, my wound being quite painful, but that visit cheered me up and made me feel very different. It will please you to know that rough men as we are, we are not ungrateful, and though you may sometimes feel discouraged, in your arduous labors yet they are not undervalued by us the recipients. Very often have I felt cheered, after one of your visits through the Ward, speaking a kind word to some sufferer, and smiles for all. To me those hot summer months were fraught with suffering, yet I hope I received good from them as I was daily reminded of how much worse it might have been.

I returned to duty about the first of January, to my Battery at Brandy Station, and since then have been detached on duty North. Perhaps you will not recollect me, and the only thing that may recall me to your mind is that I lay on a cot to the right of young FALES, a nephew of one of the ladies at the Hospital. My note has already become lengthy, but it will have achieved its object if it shall assure you of the sympathy and remembrance of your former patients.

Your sincere friend,

A. T. F.

6th Independent New York Battery.

For the Crutch.

What is Happiness and Whence Doth it Spring?

The human mind is ever in quest of something which will afford it pleasure; but the true idea of happiness, or the means for obtaining it, is entertained but by comparatively few of the human race. My own idea of it may also be very imperfect; but I will define it thus.—Happiness is that condition of mind which really enjoys

present good, and fully expects to be made free from all existing evils.

The above definition involves a number of important considerations. It implies ability to discriminate between what is really good, and that which is positively evil. Such ability is possessed only by minds which are in a morally healthy condition. A diseased mind will often covet a positive evil, believing it to be a real good, while at the same time it looks upon a real good with feelings of aversion. A man may have in possession much that is in its very nature calculated to impart happiness, yet he may fail to derive happiness therefrom, in consequence of his placing upon it a wrong estimate. But, while he fails to derive happiness, it will impart no discomfort, except it be wrongly appreciated. On the other hand, the possession or presence of real evil will produce discomfort, whatever may be the estimate placed upon it. Yet, although evil may be present, he who looks upon it in its true character, escapes the pain of disappointment, which must be the experience of all who are expecting to derive happiness therefrom.

So much of all things as come from the hand of the Creator, and in the condition in which he created them, in themselves alone considered, are good; but by wrong uses and combinations of these good objects, men have produced much evil and discomfort, from which the Creator alone can deliver us.

Men often pursue objects which they believe will render them happy when attained, but afterward find that the pursuit afforded them more pleasure than does the possession. Why is it thus? I answer, that although the object may be in itself good, the happiness which it is calculated to impart, can only be obtained by its proper use.

A man once said, if he could obtain a certain amount of money, he would be contented and happy. He afterward came in possession of the coveted amount, but he was still unhappy. His wealth proved a burden to him. He was more unhappy than before; and failing to find that happiness which he had thought to realize from his wealth, he became discouraged, and tired of life. A friend of that man, understanding well the state of his mind, and the cause thereof, proposed to teach him the art of purchasing happiness with his money. The friendly proposal begat within him a ray of hope, and he consented to accompany his friend to the place where his hope might be realized. Much to his surprise, he was introduced to a family who were suffering from sickness and extreme poverty. "Is it possible that happiness can be purchased in a placelike this?" he asked. "Yes;" answered his friend, "and you may at the same time impart happiness to those wretched beings before you. Give them the means for purchasing the necessaries of life; viz, food, fuel, clothing, and medicine; and I will pledge myself to the full amount of means that you may bestow, that mutual happiness will be the result." He made the experiment. Thanks and blessings were showered upon him and tears of gratitude were poured out by the poor sufferers, for the timely relief which he had brought them. That scene had the effect to awaken him to a new life, and reveal to him the important fact, that true happiness results from doing good.

[To be concluded next week.]

The following beautiful lines, with his autograph, were received this week from Prof. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M. D., which we gladly publish for the benefit of our readers:

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost, and crimson dew,—
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy flower of Liberty!

Signed, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Boston, March 3d, 1864.

S. J. R.