



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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A Song for the Union.

Stand by the flag, boys,
Rally at the cry;
God save the Union, boys,
Raise your banner high;
Freedom's cause is ours, boys,
Freedom's sons are we;
Strike another blow, boys,
For God and liberty.

Stand by the flag, boys,
Flag of old renown;
Palsied be the arm, boys,
That dares to tear it down.

Stand by the flag, boys,
Many fields we've won;
Many more we'll win, boys,
E'er our task is done;
Never let us rest, boys,
Never idle stand;
Fight we until treason
Is driven from our land.

Stand by the flag, boys, &c.

Stand by the flag, boys,
Traitors still abound;
Even in our homes, boys,
Treason stalks around;
Never let us pause, boys,
Never let us yield,

While there's left an arm, boys,
A weapon still to wield.
Stand by the flag, boys, &c.

Stand by the flag, boys,
Let it ever wave,
Bringing death to traitors,
Freedom to the slave;
Let us bear it on, boys,
In its glorious might,
Shouting as our watchword,
God protect the right.
Stand by the flag, boys &c.

Div. Hospital No. 2, Annapolis, Md. J. P. H.

The Moments of Life.

Little moments, precious treasure,
Sent by Heaven to make the year,
Parcelled thus our life in measure,
We should deem each moment dear.
Ever spend them in some good deed,
So we shall not live in vain;
If not we, some surely need,
That our time should not be slain.
Little moments, squander never,
Catch them, as they're flitting by,
They are ripples on life's river,
Ebbing to eternity.
Be each fraught with acts of kindness,
To the suffering—to the poor—
To remove their mental blindness,
And their happiness restore.
Little moments, catch and use them,
As they pass, so swiftly by;
Do some good, do not abuse them,
For thine acts are known on high.

L. S.

For the Crutch.

What is Happiness and Whence Doth it Spring?

(Concluded.)

Thus the rich man found pleasure flowing to him from a benevolent use of his money, which left no sting behind; and which the bare possession of it could not impart. "Now," said he, "I have something to live for—life is no longer a burden." The chief reason why so many of the human race are unhappy is because they make the gratification of their appetites, passions and propensities, the standard of their happiness—and seldom does such gratification afford pleasure even when it is past; to say nothing of pure and genuine happiness, to which they must remain strangers, so long as they rely on such a source for its realization. Obedience to the dictates of the human passions, may afford a sort of pleasure while they are being gratified; but that which follows the gratification, much more than counterbalances, all the pleasure experienced. The glutton finds pleasure in partaking of a superabundance of food, with choice variety of condiments; but long indulgence is followed by lethargy, and the gout. The inebriate finds pleasure in taking frequent potations of choice wines, and other alcoholic drinks; but the indulgence is followed by headache, bleared eyes, red nose, unsteady nerves, dyspepsia, horrors, and insanity. From the above facts we learn, that the gratification of our appetites and passions, is not the true standard of human happiness. And we may pursue the investigation still further, with the same results. A man maybe ambitious of power, and authority; he finds some pleasure in their attainment; but if he has sought these for purely selfish ends, he will make a wrong use of them, which will be followed with compunctions of conscience; and his constant fear of losing what he has gained, will outweigh the pleasure of their possession. Where then, shall we look for the true standard of happiness? Whence cometh its pure and soul refreshing streams? They must of necessity come from a pure fountain. That fountain is in the "garden of God;" It wells up around the throne of the Eternal. The Supreme ruler finds pleasure in, and satisfaction resulting from all that He does; and if we take lessons from Him, we shall be correctly instructed in the way of happiness. We shall learn what it is, and how to obtain it. His directions to us, are in harmony with His own pursuits. It is always safe to follow His directions, for He cannot err. The Divine rule, which is that of doing good as opportunity offers, has never yet produced any thing but happiness. It is always pleasant to receive a kindness, but it has been asserted by Divine authority, that it is more blessed to give, than to receive. Thus the happiness resulting from benevolent acts is mutually shared. All good deeds spring from love, and are the promptings of love; and whoever has felt the motions of love in his heart, knows that its fruits are all delicious. It unites in peaceful bonds, all who have it in possession. It imparts happiness to the family circle. It produces harmony in the social circle. It prompts Legislators to enact just laws. It tempers justice with mercy. It spreads its benign influence all abroad. It often brings your enemy to your feet, in humble acknowledgment of his wrong; and it increases the happiness of its pos-

essor, by adding to the number of those who share it with him. He who has the consciousness, that his acts are in harmony with, and that he has the approbation of Him who holds in His hand the destinies of all, must be happy indeed. And when all who are susceptible to the influence of love, shall have been conquered to peace thereby, then will their happiness be complete. Even now, a good degree of happiness is within our reach.—Then let us be happy. L.

The Crutch.

DEAR CRUTCH:—When first I saw you, I thought what a queer name you bear. Why! do you think I am a cripple, that you must come to offer me your help? Is my "understanding" shattered that I need such support? Or have I a spinal affection that calls for strengthening? The days were, when the understanding of all of us, was rickety enough! and backbones had a chronic weakness. But have you not learned long ago, that the rickety days of such weakness have passed? And then too, the place which you come forth from as your home. Why! I should suppose that "the Mast" of a ship of the line would be a better emblem, to stimulate me to grand and lofty deeds—or "The Rudder," to direct my course aright—or, "The Cannon," to tell us you had a report to make, that the world should hear. But pardon me dear CRUTCH, I see my mistake. Yours is no invidious mission. You look to an humbler, but more kindly enterprise. You do not like so much of the so-called friendship, that flatters itself abroad—offers to help the well; but you, with true friendship, seek to help the sick. You do not offer your support to the strong, but have ever a ready hand to lend to the weak. Yours is not the battle cheer, which even in a holy cause, leads on to blood and carnage. But you come in the sweet guise of the angel of pity, to bind up the wounds of battle, and to strengthen the fainting ones. You do not come to sound the praises of the triumphant, but to give relief to the victims of human triumphs.—Yes, yours is a holy mission. Yours is a heavenly enterprise! You are beautiful, if you are a crutch. I have learned to love you more, though I was first startled at the sight of you. And the place of your home—though glorious in its memories—has a richer glory in its present scenes. I never saw it before the present week.—But to me, its ministering spirits are even nobler, than the noblest names linked in with it in the past. Their self denying and gentle, and devoted work of administering to the sick and wounded, has even grander pictures, than the deeds of heroes, emblazoned on its marbles, and engrossed upon its rolls of fame. "THE CRUTCH," yes I honor thee.—I meet them in the street, and I think of the ensanguined field and fearful strife, where the noble form was maimed, that thou art supporting. My impulse is to rise and take by the hand, as an honored friend, the man, whom thy honored presence adorns. Honored scars! Beautiful maiming! Glorious infirmities! Hail to you, and proud may be the man who bears you, and not less honorable and beautiful and glorious, are the heroic sacrifices made by many for your healing, and the generous gifts and devotion which you have called forth and cherish, so aptly represented by the "CRUTCH."

M. J. D.

CONNECTICUT, March 13th, 1864.