



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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Missing.

Not among the suffering wounded;
Not among the peaceful dead;
Not among the prisoners, "Missing."
That was all the message said.

Yet his mother reads it over,
Until through her painful tears;
Fades the dear name she has called him,
For these two-and-twenty years.

Round her all is peace and plenty;
Bright and clean the yellow floor;
While the morning glories cluster
All around the kitchen door.

Soberly, the sleek old house-cat,
Drowns in his patch of sun;
Neatly shines the oaken dresser;
All the morning work is done.

Through the window comes the fragrance
Of a sunny harvest morn,
Fragment songs from distant reapers,
And the rustling of the corn.

Sitting there within the sunshine,
Leaning in her easy chair;
With soft lines upon her forehead,
And the silver in her hair.

Blind to sunshine—dead to fragrance—
On that royal harvest morn;
Thinking, while her heart is breaking
Of her noble browed first born.

How he left her in the Spring-time,
With his young heart full of flame;
With his clear and ringing footsteps,
With his lithe and supple frame.

How with tears his eyes were brimming,
As he kissed a last good bye,
Yet she heard him whistling gaily
As he went across the rye.

Missing. Why should he be missing?
He would fight until he fell;
And if wounded, killed, or prisoner,
Some one there would be to tell.

Missing. Still a hope to cheer her!
Safe, triumphant, he may come,
With the victor army shouting,
With the clamor of the drum.

So, through all the days of Autumn,
In the eve and in the morn,
She will hear his quickening footsteps,
In the rustling of the corn.

Far away, through all the Autumn,
In a lonely—lonely glade—
In the dreary desolation
That the battle storm has made.

With the rust upon his musket—
In the eve and in the morn—
In the rank gloom of the fern leaves,
Lies her noble-browed first born.

Essay on Man.

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, strong; if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never.

For the Crutch.

The Poetical Works of "Mother Goose."

We have been recently reading a new edition of an old work, namely, Mother Goose's Melodies; and we are again fascinated by the charm that lies in them; there is an originality and freshness about these lyrics, that commend them to the innocent taste of childhood, as well as the more discriminating and matured judgment of riper years. Indeed, there is a boldness of conception in her illustrations, a reach of imagination and a play of fancy, rarely indulged and never aspired to, but by one, who is fully assured that the genius that bids him soar, is able to sustain the flight. Take for instance, the lyric so familiar to many, commencing with, "Hi! diddle diddle! The cat's in the fiddle," &c. The image here of the sober cat ensconced demurely beneath the fiddle strings, and the image of the cow, flying with angelic lightness and airy grace over the moon, "while the little dog laughs to see such sport, and the dish runs away with the spoon." All this, brings instantly before the mind the highest flight of fancy, at the same time, presenting, in the little dog, an illustration of innocent amusement, and gay hilarity in the "dish running off with the spoon," which produces the happiest effect on the mind. Some of the poems are of great length; one of the longest, is the history of the four and twenty blackbirds, which were a sacrifice for the Royal appetite! We have in this lyric, a picture suggestive of great magnificence, luxury and prosperity.—No cares of State in anarchy to burden the mind of the king, who could spend his morning hours, "counting out his money," and no family broils to disturb the queen, who could enjoy the quiet luxury of eating "bread and honey" in the privacy of her closet. But the denouement of the story is sad, for we read, that a dainty dish of pie was made of the blackbirds, who miraculously retained the gift of song after they were baked! Doubtless, the maid had expended all her skill on this miracle of the culinary art; but alas while blithely in the performance of her further duties of "hanging out the clothes," a revengeful blackbird, filled with indignation for the crimes committed against his kind, seized the passing opportunity, and came and nipped off her nose! There is a touch of pathos in this closing scene, quite beyond description and the simplicity of its recital adds greatly to its value. The story of "Jack and Jill," is a brief, sad, love tale, and gives in simple words an insight into the sympathy between two loving hearts, showing how a calamity befalling one, the other could not survive, but must needs "come tumbling after." We have hardly time to notice at length, many of these choice productions, but will briefly allude to one other. The history of the man who "jumped into the bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes, and then, to extricate himself from one dilemma, seemed to plunge more deeply into misfortune, illustrates the virtue of perseverance, for, by his second jump he was restored again to sight! What incentives to high aims and lofty deeds, is presented by the old woman who set out to sweep the cobwebs from the sky! Who may not, with such examples before them, attain great things if the aim be lofty and the purpose great. The moral tendency of all these writings, is good, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, she provokes laughter in

almost every couplet, at the same time, the simplicity of language, the command of metaphor and other forms of speech, show an ingenious mind, combined with great insight into the springs of human nature. We can hardly point out one favorite above all the rest, where all are good, comparison, would seem invidious.

LITTLE GOSLING.

For the Crutch.

"Right Smart."

The use of these words it seems to me, in connection, is much more common than proper. May I have a nook in your paper to express an opinion on their use? *Right*, we always had supposed, represented a true principle, an idea of perfection or correct conclusion, better adapted to represent the condition of men than things, yet, when used in reference to things or our conclusions placed upon them, it is the same, an idea of perfection as a right angle which is one fourth part of a circle, or a perfect square. *Right* is used in opposition to wrong every where, as the two conditions do not harmonize any more than in direction, the right with left.

Smart only expresses condition or rather quality, it may harmonize with right, often, but does not represent the same. We understand this word to convey an opinion of the quality of animal life, activity and speed rather than strength or capacity, while right may embrace the whole. *Smart* may perhaps, be properly used to express our opinion of the activity of a machine which so naturally represents animal life. *Right smart* locomotive, for instance, by which we should understand that machine was perfect in construction and active in displaying the powers it possessed. But when this term is used, as we have so often heard it, as a measure of time and distances, to represent the condition of inanimate things also, we do not understand it. The question, perhaps, is asked, the distance to the next town, and here is your answer, "Right smart ways, I reckon." How indefinite; how unintelligible? It means what? Just this much, if anything, that the distance is just what it should be; that the distance is active and supple, and finally, that your informer is not decided upon it, having come to no conclusion himself. What a correct answer! It would have suited our purpose as well to have inquired of a Hottentot. Right smart day—right smart chair—right smart every thing! I cannot understand it. Who can?
ROS ROY.

The following little incident occurred a short time ago, which may be worth publishing.

Col. M. — Mich. Regiment was riding along the picket line, as officer of the day, and was accompanied by his good lady. As he rode along he came to the post of a son of Erin, who immediately *saluted*. The Col. corrected the blunder, informing him that he was not to salute the officer of the picket, &c. Pat's wit immediately came to his rescue, and he replied, "Beg pardon sur, I was not after salutin yerself, but the fine lady wid ye." The Col. accepted Pat's tune of the blunder and concluded that he was smart enough to know his duty, whether he did it correctly or not.

An old gentleman of great experience says he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her own mouth.