



THE CRUTCH.

VOL. 1. U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 1, ANNAPOLIS, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864. NO. 24

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.

Retrospection.

BY B. M. C., 20th MICH. REG'T.

I sit in the twilight cold and grey,
And gaze on the ebbing tide of day
Ever paling away, away,
Sinking and dying ray by ray;

And memory is busy with me to-night,
Weaving her woof of golden light,
Weaving her pictures, all warm and bright,
Fairy pictures of past delight.

And ever across the soul's dim hall,
Like a gush of light on an abbey wall,
A flash of glory doth seem to fall,
And flood and brighten and gladden all.

'Tis the mystic light of the long ago
That lingers still with its magic glow;
But the "sans souci" and the careless flow
Of life, we never again shall know.

For other stars on our life must rise
Than whilom shone in our youthful skies;
But naught can sever the golden ties
Of olden friendship till memory dies.

And a loving thought will we keep always,
And backward turn with reluctant gaze,
In all the windings of life's dim maze,
To the dear old friends and the good old ways.

And when all the wanderings of life are o'er,
'Mid the cloudless light on the other shore,
Where the life-wave breaketh forevermore,
We'll clasp the hands we have clasped before.

U. S. Gen. Hospital, Annapolis, Md., June 6th. 1864.

Seeds.

A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless—utterly true—
Forever old and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

True and False.

It is only the false that boast of their aims,
And herald their conquests wherever they go;
But the true are as modest, and never pretend.
But think others owe them, far less than they owe.
Ah, many love truly, and as shyly bestow,
And others as falsely, let all the world know.

A Rebel Letter picked up in the Wilderness, by a soldier now in this Hospital.

At Home, April 30th, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER BOB:—Laziness is my besetting sin, as you very well know, else I should have answered your kind letter long ago, for the spring has brought no fancy work along with it. I know no more about the fashions than an Indian, and care less, since I should have to make my own clothes, if I had the material, and I had rather go without than do that. I have built a few slippers for Pa, and Ma, out of carpet, and have made a hat for Pa out of an old date basket. You ought to see him sailing around in his two boats, with this straw awning drawn over his head, tied down with a piece of twine, which by the way, is as scarce as blackberries in December. Pa told us in the beginning of the war to save all our twine, and strong cord to choke the Yanks. Pa and Ma, are rejoicing in the land of Nod, and Fanny has just come in from electioneering. Eight or ten girls meet once a week at Esq. Bakers, and vote the young men into their favor according to their merits as soldiers. A wounded man at home on furlough, receives two pairs of made socks, where a whole man gets but one pair, he also gets a double allowance of salt to take with him to his Reg't. Tom Baker has arisen in my favor, like a Phoenix from his ashes, since he has been promoted. I always thought he was mighty stupid and numb, but straps and spurs sets him off, as clothes do a mummy, and I can tolerate him half an hour or so, very comfortably.

A correspondent of the Confederacy, states that the Cherokee Artillery, is composed of some of the bravest, best and finest looking men in the Confederate service. I reckon it is so, for I have seen a sample of them. Tom Baker says you have got a splendid battery of 4 guns. Brother Bob, do send me a new song. I have worn "Dixie" all out, and we don't sing "My Maryland," now. I'm dying for something new; you are a man of tune and taste, and can please me by sending anything new. I would like a pair of shoes, you may reckon, better than a song if you could send them by letter. I've been wearing my step-grandmother's, ever since Christmas. O, Bob, we'll see hard times, if the Yanks don't let us alone soon; there's a heap of grumbling all around our plantation. Pa has turned Tom and Ben, over to the army, and we go out ridin' with the two mules harnessed into the old Constitution, which Pa calls the Confederacy. The mules do just as they like, some times Jack stands on his head in the harness, and we all have to get out, and stand in the hot sand till he gets ready to go, or else, he takes a likin' to get home first, and gallops on dragging poor Dick after him, who is quite lame. I will close now, hoping you will not view this letter "with a critic's eye, but pass its imperfections by." I wish you could hear little Laura telling black Martha about Bob being in the war, fighting the Yankees and killing them with a great big gun. Love from all to all.

Your affectionate sister, CORNELIA.

A COMPLIMENT TO THE LADIES.—A minister held forth to his female auditors in the following manner:—"Be not proud that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the glad tidings might spread the sooner."

Is that Mother?

Among the many uncomplaining fellows who were brought to the Hospital from the battle of Fredericksburg, was a bright-eyed intelligent youth, sixteen years old, who belonged to a Northern regiment. He appeared more refined and tender, more affectionate and thoughtful than many of his comrades, and attracted a good deal of attention from the attendants and visitors. Manifestly the pet of some household which he had left, perhaps in spite of entreaties and tears, he expressed an anxious longing for the arrival of his mother, who was expected, having been informed that he was mortally wounded and failing fast. Ere she arrived, however, he died. But before the end almost of his last act of consciousness, was the thought that she had really come, for as a lady sat by his pillow and wiped the death-sweat from his brow, just as his sight was failing he rallied a little like an expiring taper in its socket, looked up joyfully and lovingly, and in tones that drew tears from every eye, whispered audibly, "Is that Mother?" Then drawing her toward him with all his feeble strength, he nestled his head in her arms like a feeble infant, and thus died with the sweet word "mother," on his quivering lips.—*Memorials of the War.*

DR. BEECHER'S NEW CARPET.—There was not a store in town, and all our purchases were made in New York by a small schooner that ran once a week. We had no carpets; there was not a carpet from end to end of the town. All had sanded floors, some of them worn through. Your mother introduced the first carpet. Uncle Lot gave me some money, and I had an itch to spend it. Went to a vender and bought a ball of cotton. She spun it and had it woven; then she laid it down, sized it, and painted it in oils, with a border all around it, and bunches of roses and other flowers over the centre. She sent to New York for her colors, and ground and mixed them herself. The carpet was nailed down on the garret floor, and she used to go up there and paint. She also took some common wooden chairs, and painted them, and cut out figures of gilt paper and glued them on and varnished them. They were really quite pretty. * * * * Old Deacon TALLMADGE came to see me. He stopped at the parlor door and seemed afraid to come in. "Why, I can't," said he, "thout steppin' out." Then, after surveying it a while in admiration, "D'ye think you can have all that and heaven too?" Perhaps he thought we were getting too splendid, and feared we should make an idol of our fine things.—*Ec.*

The Richmond Dispatch charges a Virginia politician with "bleeding the Confederate Treasury."—Probably he will next try his hand at bleeding an Egyptian mummy.

A woman being enjoined to try the effect of kindness on her husband, since it would heap coals of fire on his head, replied that she had tried "biling water," and it didn't do a bit of good.

A contemporary has recently discovered that some of our gallant military officers have four aids—promenade, serenade, "dashed" lemonade, and gasconade.

Song for creaking doors; "Oh, had we some sweet little ile of our own."