



# THE CRUTCH.

VOL. 1. U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 1, ANNAPOLIS, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864. NO. 26.

## 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 Blue Coat of the Soldier.

The following graphic lines are from a new volume, "Our Country—A National Book," by the Rt. Rev. George Burgess, the eminent and patriotic Episcopal Bishop of Maine:

You asked me, little one, why I bowed?  
Though never I passed the man before,  
Because my heart was full and proud,  
When I saw the old blue coat he wore,  
The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

I knew not, I, what weapon he chose,  
What chief he followed, what badge he bore;  
Enough that in the front of foes  
His country's blue great coat he wore.

Perhaps he was born in a forest hut,  
Perhaps he had danced on a palace floor;  
To want or wealth my eyes were shut,  
I only marked the coat he wore.

It mattered not much if he drew his line  
From Shem, or Ham, in the days of yore;  
For surely he was a brother of mine  
Who for my sake the war-coat wore.

He might have no skill to read or write,  
Or he might be rich in learned lore;  
But I knew he could make his mark in fight,  
And nobler gown no scholar wore.

Than the blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It may be, he could plunder and prowl,  
And perhaps in his mood he scoffed and swore;  
But I would not guess a spot so foul  
On the honored coat he bravely wore.

He had worn it long and borne it fair;  
And perhaps on the red Virginian shore,  
From midnight chill till the morning star  
That warm great coat the sentry wore.

When hardy Butler reined his steed  
Through the streets of proud, proud Baltimore,  
Perhaps behind him, at his need,  
Marched he who yonder blue coat wore.

Perhaps it was seen in Burnside's ranks,  
When Rappahannock ran dark with gore;  
Perhaps on the mountain side with Banks  
In the burning sun no more he wore.

The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps in the swamps 'twas a bed for his form,  
From the seven days' battling and marching sore;  
Or with Kearny and Pope 'mid the steely storm,  
As the night closed in, the coat he wore.

Or when right over us Jackson dashed,  
That collar or cape some bullet tore;  
Or when far ahead Antietam flashed,  
He flung to the ground the coat that he wore.

Or stood at Gettysburg when the graves  
Rang deep to Howard's cannon roar;  
Or saw with Grant the unchained waves  
Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore.

That garb of honor tells enough,  
Though I its story guess no more;  
The heart it covers is made of such stuff  
That the coat is mail which that soldier wore.

He may hang it up when the peace shall come,  
And the moths may find it behind the door;  
But his children will point when they hear a drum  
To the proud old coat their father wore.

And so, my child, will you and I,  
For whose fair home their blood they pour,  
Still bow the head as one goes by  
Who wears the coat that soldiers wore—  
The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,  
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Re-written for the Crutch.

### A Story of New England.

No where perhaps throughout the country are the characteristic traits of the American people for tact and shrewdness more fully developed than among the hardy sons of rough New England. This quality, excellent as it is in itself, when properly used sometimes degenerates into a cunning, low and selfish, which blights the manly and mars the nobility of any race.

The story which I am about to relate, furnishes a proof that occasionally those most crafty in devising for their own advantage are over-reached in their projects.

Many years ago, before the iron horse with his long train swept at lightning speed through the scattered villages of this part of the land, a party of travellers found themselves on a toilsome journey, taking days for a trip now easily accomplished in as many hours. A frosty night had made the roads very hard, and the uncertain gaits of the jolting old stage coach with the keen air of early morning, had sharpened the appetites of the weary passengers. After various questions about the locality through which they had been passing during the night, the conversation most naturally turned upon the town they were approaching, and the prospects of a good breakfast. Then one experienced old man who had before this kept quite silent in his snug corner, fearing lest the bright anticipations of his companions should be too suddenly dashed, warned them that the landlord of the neighboring hotel was renowned for the swift despatch with which he disposed of hungry guests, always taking care that their repast should be prepared only a minute or two before the coach would be at the door to hasten them off. To the unwelcome announcement of the old gentleman a decided voice replied, "well I rather calculate that I shall get my breakfast."

"Then you will lose your chance of going in the coach," replied the old man. "No, I'll not do that nuther." Already they were entering the inhospitable town, the inhabitants were gazing at the clumsy vehicle, and as it clattered down the stony street, a touch of the whip animated the worn horses to bring them up in fine style at the door of the wayside inn. The huge handle turns, the steps are put down, and one after another the travellers alight. The landlord in an officious manner informs them that breakfast will soon be ready. To the hungry group it seemed ages before the heavy bell called them to the dining hall. Each one conscious that his time was short, seated himself, and without respect to the manners of good society, seized with a famished grasp the first eatable thing in his way. The table was but meagrely spread, but before even that little had been disposed of, the coffee scarcely tasted, a shout in the entry, "stage ready," "off in two minutes," brought to a close this inadequate meal. All rose and rushed out, excepting our friend who had made up his mind that morning to satisfy the cravings of an eager appetite.

He remained immovable, though the shout was repeated, and the anxious landlord told him of the danger of his being left. However the stage rumbled off, leaving him calling for cakes, beefsteak, milk and enough other things to exhaust the cellar of the alarmed host. At last he said, "Well, I guess by way of ending off, I'll take some boiled eggs." The waiter glad to hear of anything like an end to this unprofitable visitor, hurried

away and soon returned bearing the eggs. Our friend said, "well, now I would like a spoon to eat them with." For the first time the waiter observed at a glance that the table was perfectly destitute of spoons, though in the morning it had been laid with the best of silver ones.— He quickly found the landlord and informed him of the robbery. He felt sure that as the stage-coach party had been their only customers that morning, that the thief must have been one of them. Our friend encouraged his suspicions, and even promised that he would point out to him the man who had taken them if he would send a man on horseback and have the stage-coach drive back. The messenger before long overtook the rattling old coach. The horses' heads were promptly turned in obedience to the strange order, and soon it stopped again at the entrance of the hotel. The landlord's excitement had become somewhat calmed, by the assurance from our friend that he would certainly show him the man who had taken his property. They were both standing near the spot where the stage stopped, and our friend asked that the door might be opened in order that he should make no mistake in the guilty person, and then he concluded on the whole he had better get in. When comfortably seated, he put his head out of the window and said, "now, Mr. Landlord, I rather calculate if you look in the coffee pot you will find them spoons." A loud laugh mingled with the noisy wheels as the travellers proceeded on their journey, and turning to the old man, our friend inquired what he thought now of his getting his breakfast and passage too. E. C.

Time has delicate little waves, but the sharpest cornered pebble, after all, becomes smooth therein at last.

An Indian and a white man were passing along Broadway, New York, when the former espied a window full of wigs, and pointing to the owner, who stood in the doorway, said: "Um'—him grate man—big brave—take many scalps."

MICHAEL BUTLER, Company I, Forty-Seventh Ohio Regiment, writes to the editors of the *Cincinnati Commercial* that he saw his name reported in the list of deaths at the hospital, at Resaca, Georgia, and knew it was a lie as soon as he saw it.

During the battle of the Wilderness, two men of the 20th Massachusetts were struggling for a rebel flag which they had simultaneously seized, when a shot cut the staff in two, leaving the flag and part of the staff in the hands of one of them. "Bedad," said the other as he coolly resumed his loading and firing, "the Rebels have decided for us this time."

At Damascus, in the very heart of a city given to Mahommedanism, at one gate of the great Mosque, is a spacious, ancient door-way, over which is a cross with the following verse in good Greek letters: "Thy kingdom, O Christ is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth through all generations."

On his return from India, Brown was asked how he liked tiger hunting. "It is very good sport as you hunt the tiger," he replied, "but if hard pressed he sometimes takes it into his head to hunt you, and that has its drawbacks."