



# THE CRUTCH.

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## THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

### "Three Cheers for the Flag."

A soldier in one of our Northern Hospitals, when told by the Surgeon, that he would not live but a few moments longer, raised himself and exclaimed to his comrades around him: "Three cheers for the flag!" He joined in the shout, then murmured as he sank back, dying upon his pillow, "Now boys pray for me."

Oh noble spirit, through death's gathering shade,  
That dear old banner glimmered on thy sight,  
Which oft had nerved thy arm, and edged thy blade,  
As rose its star-gemmed folds above the fight.

Well hadst thou fought against the treacherous foe,  
Who, that proud banner from its place would drag;  
And now, in death, in manhood's strength, laid low,  
Thou giv'st, with failing breath, "cheers for the flag."

As launched thy spirit on that shoreless sea,  
Faintly there came as from a distance borne,  
Thy parting words, "And now boys pray for me,"  
And from thy comrades thou wast ever gone.

Oh many a gallant heart has poured its life,  
The emblem of our liberty to save,  
Then fill the ranks left vacant in the strife,  
That its loved folds may float above their graves.

Yes, carry on the work they have begun,  
E'en though Columbia's soil blood-drenched be;  
Until the glorious victory is won,  
Our country evermore from traitors free.

With that bright ensign waving at our head,  
Guilt and oppression from their thrones, we'll drag,  
Till like that soldier from his dying bed,  
The world shall shout "three cheers for the flag!"

Bridgewater, July 5th, 1864.

### A Gem Adrift.

The following exquisite gem is floating about without name or owner:

"I burn my soul away,"  
So spake the Rose, and smiled; "within my cup,  
All day the sunbeams fall in flame—all day  
They drink my sweetness up!"

"I sigh my soul away,"  
The Lily said; "all night the moonbeams pale  
Steal round and round me, whispering in their play  
An all too tender tale!"

"I give my soul away,"  
The Violet said; "the west wind wanders on,  
The north wind comes; I know not what they say,  
And yet my soul is gone!"

Oh, Poet, burn away  
Thy fervent soul! fond Lover, at the feet  
Of her thou lovest, sigh! I dear Christian, pray,  
And let the world be sweet!

### Quaker Meeting.

The room was high, square and unpainted, furnished with wooden benches. This was all, except a stove which might have come over in that capacious vessel, the Mayflower, had such inventions of the enemy been known to our forefathers. Those benches I never, never shall forget; I can truly say they impressed me deeply. Made of the hardest of all hard wood, without even one mitigating coat of paint, so narrow and slippery that one could not slide forward into the graceful posture usually assumed by church goers, but must perforce strain every nerve to sit bolt upright and keep on the seat, with a little/slat for back contrived to rasp the shoulder blades to the last degree of human endurance, they were evidently designed to mortify the flesh and promote meditation. The room had that dreary, old fashioned sort of a smell peculiar to rooms kept closed most of the time. Not one visible speck of dirt contaminated the floor; not a fly broke the profound silence by his buzzing. My first feeling, somewhat increased perhaps, by dismal howling of a March wind, was one of home-sickness.

Gradually, by twos and threes, the Friends began to drop in; no, nothing so violent as to drop, but to glide in ghostlike and noiselessly. As the odd figures in all shades of drab and gray moved quietly past, sank silently on the seat, and sat there motionless, I felt constrained to pinch myself to ascertain if I were still in this world. "Are these real live woman, endowed with hearts, headaches, nerves, and "feelings" like the rest of us? If so, why don't they settle their bonnet strings, adjust the folds of their dresses, smooth their hair, tighten their gloves, loosen their shawls, fan themselves, cast an occasional glance at the broadbrim side of the house, and, in short, conduct themselves like ordinary femininity, instead of sitting in that rigid, statue like manner, with their "eyes looking right on, and eyelids straight before them?" No, they are ghosts, dim phantoms from the twilight land of shadows, who will vanish into thin air at the first crow of the chanticleer." Thus communed I with my own spirit.

One thing, however, convinced me I was still in the land of the actual. On the masculine side of the house, I noticed several young gentlemen whose moustaches and general attire indicated them most decidedly of the world's people. These gay deceivers sat with their hats on, preserving a solemnity of countenance fairly out-Heroding Herod, making even the broadest of the broadbrims seem a light and trivial fellow in comparison. This phenomenon was easily accounted for by the presence of several lovely and wealthy young Quakeresses. Quaker papas being proverbially hard hearted toward young men of the world, the motives of those wolves in sheep's clothing may be easily divined. The only excuse for such barefaced hypocrisy was the fact of the aggravating prettiness of the Quakeresses in question. They could not have desired a more becoming dress had they been the most arrant coquettes. Fancy a soft brown silk expanded by a hoop of modest dimensions, above this a black cloak nicely fitted to the graceful form, still above this a cottage hat of shirred silk of the same soft, rich brown, out of which looks a fresh, girlish face, innocent brown eyes to match the dress—and then deliberate ere you cast the first stone at our erring Friends.

For a while, the very novelty of the scene kept me from

weariness. Besides, I was every moment expecting the spirit to move. Did a brother utter a subdued "He-em!" I instantly expected to see him rise and speak. Did a sister meekly wipe the nasal organ? (I observe noses are becoming obsolete) I thought to hear strains of eloquence from her. But as time wore on, and the deathly silence was still unbroken, dread sensations began to overwhelm me. I tried to fancy myself a Quaker, to view their method of worship from their own stand point, to meditate on profitable subjects, but in vain. I fear the adversary that day made me his victim. Though the peculiar nature of the seats had begun to manifest itself by a cramp in my side, an ache in my back, and a numbness in my limbs, yet I dared not ease my agonies by varying my posture. So profound was the silence that the slightest noise would have had the effect of a clap of thunder. The only relief I found was in swallowing incessantly, but soon I began to fancy that this made a sepulchral rattling, distinctly audible throughout the room. Then came reactionary impulses. Wild thoughts shot through my mind. As a person looking down from a great height sometimes feels an almost irresistible desire, from the very horror of the thing, to throw himself over, so I felt a sudden desire to rise, throw my bonnet at the head of the presiding elder, and give vent to my feelings in a scream. The more I struggled against this wicked impulse, the more fascinating did it become. I wondered what punishment would be considered worthy such a crime, and whether the astonished roof would fall on my sacrilegious head. Happily I was spared the solution of these doubts. The presiding elder (if that be his title; at least the man with the broadest-brimmed hat and most geometrical coat-tails) gave his right hand to the very plain looking sister at his side, and, lo, the spell was dissolved, and meeting was over without a word. Dreamily I sauntered forth. Years seemed to have elapsed since last I saw the outer world. People in the streets looked strangely to me, and the sound of a human voice was startling, as for smiling, I did not venture upon that till many blocks lay between me and that enchanted ground, the Quaker meeting-house.—*Springfield Republican.*

### Negro Faith.

The Springfield (Ohio) News quotes from a private letter an amusing dialogue between an "aristocratic female" and a colored woman:

Aristocratic Female.—"The niggers will never be free. They are too ignorant and indolent to be of any account."  
Colored Woman, [not disconcerted.]—"Do you think all the prayers and cries to the good Lord won't have no effect? Han't they been offered in faith, and don't you know de good Lord can do everything?"

A. F.—"But the Lord will never free the niggers nor restore the Union."

C. W.—"Why, bress you honey, don't you see the good Lord has two great keys in His hand what holes de Union together?"

A. F.—"No. I never saw the Lord's keys."

C. W.—"Well, you see, honey, de Lord has two great keys in his hand; one is de *Dar-key*, with that He has unlocked the Union, so all de niggers, as you call 'em, will all come out free; de other is de *Yan-key*, and with that the good Lord will lock the Union up again."