



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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THE War has called out nothing more vivid in pictorial-poetical form than this little piece which we copy from the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September. It is a living poem.

Before Vicksburg.

May 19, 1863.

BY GEORGE H. BOKEE.

While Sherman stood beneath the hottest fire
That from the lines of Vicksburg gleamed,
And bomb-shells tumbled in their smoky gyre,
And grape-shot hissed, and case-shot screamed—
Back from the front there came,
Weeping and sorely lame,
The merest child, the youngest face
Man ever saw in such a fearful place.

Stifling his tears, he limped his chief to meet;
But when he paused, and tottering stood,
Around the circle of his little feet
There spread a pool of bright, young blood.
Shocked at his doleful case,
Sherman cried, "Halt! front face!
Who are you? Speak, my gallant boy!"
"A drummer, Sir:—Fifty-fifth Illinois."

"Are you not hit?" "That's nothing. Only send
Some cartridges: our men are out;
And the foe press us." "But, my little friend!"
"Don't mind me? Did you hear that shout?
What if our men be driven?
Oh, for the love of Heaven,
Send to my Colonel, General dear!"
"But you?" "Oh, I shall easily find the rear."

"I'll see to that," cried Sherman; and a drop
Angels might envy, dimmed his eye.
As the boy, tottering toward the hill's hard top,
Turned round, and with his shrill child's cry,
Shouted, "Oh, don't forget!
We'll win the battle yet!
But let our soldiers have some more,
More cartridges, Sir,—calibre fifty-four!"

[From the Boston Transcript.] The Invalid Corps.

March them out from the hospital wards,
Gather the pale faces into line,
Crutch, and bandage, and wooden leg;
Husband, lover, and brother, mine.

Out of sorrowing homes they come,
Come from the arms of the dear and true,
Gather at the call of the bugle and drum,
Wounded heroes there's work for you.

John with his shattered leg scarce well,
Willie, whose arm at Gettysburg lies,
And Harry scarred with the rebel shell,
And Frank with his almost sightless eyes.

Gather the invalids, march them out,
The army needs reinforcements, you know:
True, there are plenty of men without,
But they are the men who will not go.

True, at every corner they stand,
And talk of the war till set of sun,
Army, and Generals, and Government curse,
And tell of the way they would have things done.

But never a hand do the cowards raise
To strike or labor for truth and right,
The war has made cripples! They stand and gaze
And let the cripples resume the fight.

Shame on the mean and cowardly throng!
Spurn, and scorn them, ye loyal and true!
But bless and God-speed the foe to wrong,
Who goes to his duty in army blue!

Masonic Amenities.

We take the following interesting sketch from the "MASONIC MONTHLY," a new publication lately started in Boston:

The following interesting facts were communicated to us a short time since. A young man, the son of wealthy parents, who resided in the northern part of Ireland, while pursuing his studies for the legal profession at the University of Dublin, became connected with the revolutionary clubs of 1848, and in consequence of the defeat of their enterprise, he, in common with many more, had to flee from his native land to find safety in this country. Early after his arrival in America he connected himself with the Masonic Fraternity, through whom and through his talents and fine social qualities he found firm and influential friends. He married a lady in the city of New York, where he made his home, and became the father of an interesting family. His house was the centre of resort to a large circle of his countrymen, to whom he extended a true Irish hospitality. His generous traits, however, proved a snare to his feet. He became addicted to habits of intemperance, which threw him into depths of degradation and misery, such as drunkenness alone is able to create, wherein to overwhelm its victims. Conscious at times of the injury he was doing to himself and his family, he made repeated efforts to recover habits of sobriety and to stand once more erect and in his right mind before his fellows, but as frequently his fondness for the cup would overpower him, while with every failure of his attempts at self-reformation, despondency would overtake him, and he would sink back into despair of ever being able to resume his former high standing in society.

After one of these outbursts of dissipation, having reduced himself and family to destitution and want, stung with remorse at the dire effects of his folly, unknown to relatives and friends, he enlisted as a private in the Irish Brigade, determined when he should reach the field to seek relief from the scourge of conscience in a death which at least would be honorable.

Lost to his family and friends, his mysterious absence for a long time proved as painful as his presence had filled them with grief. Once left for dead, within the rebel lines, in one of the battles in Pennsylvania during the first rebel raid into that State, the rebels roaming over the field for the purposes of plunder, came to where his apparently lifeless body lay, and proceeding to strip him, found a Masonic jewel on his vest, which interesting them somewhat, they examined him with greater care, and were soon astonished to discover faint evidences that life was not yet extinct.

Whatever wild passions may have been seated in the breasts of these outlanders, Masonry, to some extent at least, still found a home and recognition there. They removed their disabled soldier brother tenderly from the field, with their own hands, and carried him to Richmond. There his evident connection with the Masonic Fraternity procured attentions until on his partial recovery he could satisfy them of the fact. Continuing their care and kindness, he very early found himself paroled and sent North to Annapolis for exchange—undoubtedly the effect of their efforts in his behalf.

It might have been mentioned that during his prosperity in business he had realized considerable property,

a portion of which had been placed in the hands of trustees, the interest of which should accrue to his wife during his life, and subsequently the estate to revert to his children. His wife's parents, desirous of securing the control of this property, had compelled her to commence suit for its possession, much against her will, as she could not be induced to believe her absent husband dead. Suit was commenced. Meantime, Masonic brethren in New York had discovered the whereabouts of the long lost one, and communicated to him this intelligence, which was calculated to produce a shock on his feelings. He obtained leave of absence, came north, and to the discomfiture of the lawyers, who, to push their case before the court, were engaged in blackening his reputation, suddenly presented himself in court, clothed in his right mind, and with a return of the eloquence which had once been the source of his pride and influence, stepped forward to plead his own case, which he triumphantly carried.

In a few days he returned to Annapolis, and was detached from his own corps to join the Veteran Reserve where it is probable, says our informant, he may remain—but altogether a different man than when he first enlisted in the Irish Brigade. Thus, when all on earth who had known and cared for him, had given him over as gone wholly beyond recovery, or as lost in death—Freemasonry maintained its watch over this fallen brother until the opportunity presented itself, which always appears to those who constantly and faithfully seek, when the fallen could again be raised, when the one more lost to himself even than to others could be placed once again in possession of himself and his now restored and purified faculties.

Q A child speaking of his home to a friend was asked: "Where is your home?" Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied: "Where mother is!" was ever a question so truthfully, beautifully, or touchingly answered?

Q For want of water, I am forced to drink water; if I had water, I would drink wine." This speech is a riddle, and here is the solution. It was the complaint of an Italian vineyard man, after a long drouth, and an extremely hot summer, that had parched up all his grapes.

Q "How are you to day?" inquired a doctor of his patient. A little better, thank you," "Have you taken any dinner to day?" "Yes! a little goose." "With appetite?" "No, Sir, with apple-sauce."

A LADY, very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his ugliness of person, once said to Rogers, the poet, "What do you think? My husband has laid out fifty guineas for a baboon on purpose to please me." "The dear little man!" replied Rogers; "it is just like him."

THE boy who was told that the best cure for palpitation of the heart was to quit kissing the girls, "If that is the only remedy which can be proposed, I, for one, say let 'er palpitate."

ARTEMUS WARD defines war as hard tack for the soldiers, and hard taxes for the citizens.