



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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[From the Dublin Journal.]

The Old House far Away.

The wild birds warble, the silvery rills
Sing cheerily round the spot,
And the peaceful shade of the purple hills
Falls dim on my mother's cot;
Its windows are low, and its thatch is low,
And its ancient walls are grey;
Oh! I see it! I love it! where'er I go!
The old house far away!

The little clock ticks on the parlor wall,
Recording the passing hours;
And the pet geranium grows rank and tall,
With its brilliant scarlet flowers;
And the old straw chair so cosy and low,
Where mother sat knitting all day;
Oh! I see it! I love it! where'er I go!
The old house far away!

Dear mother! how plainly I see her now,
Reclining in that old arm chair,
With the sunset resting upon her brow,
That was once so smooth and fair;
With her crimped border white as snow,
And her once dark hair now grey,
Oh! I see it! I love it! where'er I go!
In that old house far away!

Not all the treasures the world affords,
The riches of land and sea,
Nor all the wealth of earth's proud lords,
Can blot from my memory
The roof that sheltered each dear, dear hand,
And the humble floor of clay,
Where the feet I loved were wont to tread,
In the old house far away!

Send them to His Mother.

"Am I dying, doctor? Isn't there any ray of hope?"
The feeble hand grasped the arm of the physician, as he was going his rounds among the sick and wounded in that hospital tent, and the youthful voice that asked the eager question trembled with emotion. It was a boyish face into which the physician turned and gazed; but the death angel had set its impress there, and the kind hearted surgeon could only shake his head.

"I want to go home once more before I die. O, mother! mother!" The words were full of agony, and for a few moments the poor child lay with closed eyes, and tears trembled upon the long lashes, but they did not fall; he crushed them back and lifted his almost sightless eyes upward.

"My mother taught me how to die, bless God for that! My home in Heaven is always near." The struggle with feeble human nature was over. Angels were present to comfort the dying soldier, and quietly and peacefully he crossed the dark river upon the long, last march that ended his earthly campaign.

There was a soldier's burial. Kind hands hallowed the humble grave, and laid him down prayerfully and tearfully to his rest; and when the brave men turned back to the lonely tent, the sword and valise of their youthful officer met their eye.

"What shall be done with them?" was the sorrowful question.

"Send them to his mother!"

And they came! It was the early morning of a bright October day. The broad sunlight lay all about the home, over whose threshold the young lieutenant had gone forth one twelve-month before, so full of life and activity.

The door of the neat white house stood open, and all along the floor of the wide, pleasant kitchen, lay a stream of yellow sunshine, broken here and there by a restless, moving shadow, where the waving trees came in between the sunlight. The mother was alone, and as she moved about her morning work, she sang in a low, sweet voice, snatches of hymns that she had often sung when the dear boy, now growing into manhood, nestled in her lap, and she was hushing him to sleep; and she looked as if expecting to see his bright face coming in at the door, or hear his cheery voice calling from the garden, "Mother."

Did she hear no whisper from the Garden of Paradise at that moment, calling, "mother, mother?" Was there not a guardian angel about her—a youthful face now glowing with a spiritual beauty, hovering over her? Alas, she saw it not!

The stage came rattling along the highway, and her heart beat quicker at the sound, for mayhap there might be something from her darling boy. It stopped before the little wicket gate, and the driver came with slow, reluctant steps up the walk. There was something in each hand which he brought silently in, and laid almost reverently on the table. Not a word broke the stillness. The poor mother looked upon them a moment, and then with a sharp cry of agony sank down beside them.

"My boy! my boy! Oh God, help me! this isn't all that is left?"

She drew the valise to her almost frantically, and lifted

her white imploring face to the driver.

"All!" It needed not that solemn answer; one glance in that pitying face revealed the truth. Wondering at her own strength she eagerly opened the valise. There was the coat, with its bright buttons and epaulets, that his companions had folded carefully away, and as she held it up, she seemed to see the noble boy as he had stood before her in that dress, and asked so eagerly—"now mother, aren't you proud of your boy? You won't cry any more, will you? I'm going to fight for the dear old flag, my father's flag and mine; I want to go with your approval and blessing." And then she placed her trembling hands upon his head and whispered through her tears "go, my son, and God be with you." And God has been with him to the end. Then came his Bible, his little pocket Bible that she had given him on his birthday years before. He had read it faithfully. There was here and there a mark at his favorite chapters, and there were pencil lines drawn around many comforting texts, that he had repeated upon tedious marches, going right up into the face of the enemy; and they had been his support and guide to the very last. A little packet of letters, her letters, so full of hope and trust, and counsel to her absent son; and as she opened them, one by one, she saw how some tender passages, breathing her full heart's love, or telling of the dear old home that stood with open doors to receive him, were blotted with tears which the brave heart could not hold back.

Her picture, with its worn case, into which his eyes had gazed so many times; and as she opened it a little slip of paper fluttered out, with the words in his own hand, "Sweet mother, what a blessing God has given me in you!" She had been a blessing to him, she had taught him the way of eternal life. God be praised for that. But it was a ircken hearted mother the kind neighbors raised from the place, where, overcome with grief, she had pillowed her head among the treasures of her son.

Only for a little while, poor mother; my heart aches for you as I write, and for the thousands of hearts made desolate, for whom I can only pray as I pray for my own loved ones in this hour of danger.

Only for a little while; the pearly gates are not closed. They were left ajar as that dear one entered in, unclosed and waiting for you.

This incident is strictly true.—Home Magazine.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—The love of the beautiful and true, like the dew drops in the heart of the crystal, remains for ever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of man's being, though all the rest be turned to stone by sorrow.

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister; "I see the sleepers are very sound."

"Pa, is Pennsylvania the father of all the other States?"

"Certainly not my child. Why did you ask that question?"

"Because I see that the newspapers call it Pa."

The Knoxville Register calls Gen. Rosecrans "the quandom soap boiler." The Register has found out that he can lather the rebels.

A counsellor examining a witness in the Court of King's Bench, whose evidence he endeavored to invalidate, was whispered to by a wag behind him to interrogate the witness as to his having been a prisoner in Gloucester jail. Thus instructed, the advocate boldly asked, "When, sir, were you last in Gloucester jail?" The witness, a respectable man, with astonishment declared that he never was in jail in his life. The counsellor turned round to his friendly brother, and asked for what the man had been imprisoned? The answer was, "For suicide." Without hesitation he addressed the witness, "Now, Sir, I ask you, upon your oath, and remember I shall have your words taken down, was you not imprisoned in Gloucester jail for the crime of suicide?" The whole Court burst into a fit of laughter, and the counsellor's embarrassment may be easily imagined.