



THE CRUTCH.

VOL. 1. U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 1, ANNAPOLIS, MD., SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1864. NO. 44

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.
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Rest.

Sweet, when the morning breaks in beauty,
Calling anew to daily duty;
Lifting one more veil between
This life and the life unseen;
Leading up celestial mountains
Thro' dark cañons, by bitter fountains—
Sweet, sweet, by faith Thy Cross to see,
Beckoning right on, dear Lord, to Thee!

Sweet, when the day is duly done,
Its varied battles lost and won;
Deep heart weeping, brave lip smiling,
Faith and love the dark beguiling;
Spirit reaching unto Heaven,
Flesh, down-sinking, weak, bereaven,—
Oh, sweet to come on bended knee,
And breathe out all, dear Lord, to Thee!

Sweet, when the midnight stars are shining,
And a dear sense of One, divining
All life's mystery, fills the room,
Thrills, and quickens through the gloom;
Stirs me from my troubled sleeping,
Heavenly languors my soul stealing;—
Sweet to lie still, as on some sea,
And drift, dear Lord, at peace with Thee.

Sweet, in the soul's Gethsemane,
With throes no human eye may see,
Treading out the dark excess
Of life's surging loneliness;
Not a friend to watch one hour,
Till the pang hath spent its power.
Sweet, oh! how sweet, dear Lord, my God,
To know Thy feet the way have trod!

M. F.

Uncle Jerry and The Moose.

We take the following graphic sketch of a moose-hunt from JOHN NEAL'S Dime Novel, entitled "The Moose-Hunter." Uncle Jerry Hooper, the old moose-hunter, known among his friends as "the Brigadier," takes the lead in the chase of the bull moose, and is "in at the death."

Again the far off yelping of dogs in full cry was heard, but in a direction opposite to that which they were taking. The next moment a signal was made by one of the Fraziers, who was on the look-out. All hurried up to find out what it meant. Before they had reached him, however, the Brigadier, who had been so startled by the sudden burst of the dogs as to lose his self-possession for a moment, made a motion for them all to separate; then he checked himself, and pointed to a dark object, which seemed to be moving at no great distance from them, athwart a large open clearing.

"There he goes! there he goes!" shouted all the Fraziers, greatly to the displeasure of Burleigh and the Brigadier.

"You go that way, my lads, and we'll go this. I'm sure he sees us, and the sooner we're on his track the better. You may holler now as much as you like—it will only confuse him. Oh, if we only had the puppies here!"

Saying which, he led off in full sight of the moose, followed by Burleigh. The others continued their course along the outer edge of the wood, gradually contracting the circle as the creature moved about evidently bewildered by the number and position of his enemies. At one moment he seemed resolute on crossing the open pasture, with his long, shambling trot, and the next to go back to the covert of the nearest wood. That he was not seriously hurt was evident enough by his motions.

"Halloo!" shouted the Brigadier, as the creature came out in full view, but, after a moment's pause, he dashed headlong into the nearest undergrowth, crushing through it like a river-horse through the reeds of the Nile.— "Halloo! that's the very boy we're after! Just look at his horns!"

They were magnificent, to be sure—among the largest ever seen by the oldest of the party.

"Hurrah! there goes the puppies!" and sure enough they were heard in full cry, not half a mile off.

The old man hurried forward with a tremendous swing in the direction they seemed to be going, while the school-master took a shorter cut for the woods, hoping to overtake the beast before he could enter the undergrowth.

Cries were now distinctly heard afar off; then the baying of a large dog; then the yelling of a wounded cur; then a shot; then all the sounds seemed to be coming nearer.

Suddenly, just as the old man was hurrying across a wide reach of glittering crust, on his way from one patch of dwarf hemlocks to another, there came a terrible shouting and screaming from two or three different quarters, which bewildered him for a moment; and, before he could recollect himself, there was a great crashing close at hand; and, as he planted his left foot with his gun leveled in the direction of the noise, there came a cry from behind, which seemed to be very near, and which, sooth to say, might well have made the blood of the most experienced hunter run cold.

"Look out, sir! Look out! Run for your life!" shouted Burleigh, with an agonizing cry. "Give him a shot, and run for your life!"

But before the old man could face round to meet a new enemy, the terrible beast came crashing through the outer growth, and steering straight for him.

Great as the danger was, and near as it was, the Brigadier waited for a chance back of the fore-shoulder; but, finding the creature coming head on, without turning to the right or left, he let fly at the center of the chest.— The shot brought the bull to his knees; but the next moment, after one or two desperate plunges, he was upon his feet again, and charged, at a furious gallop, on the Brigadier.

"Take to a tree!" shouted Burleigh; "take to a tree, for God's sake, till I get near enough for a shot."

The old man started, and for a few minutes, as the enraged animal broke through the crust, now and then,

there seemed to be a good chance for escape; but only for a moment.

At the very next leap the creature was evidently gaining upon him. He heard the snorting and plunging, and almost felt the breathing over his shoulder. Whereupon, as a last hope, he tore off his outer garment, and flung it down upon the snow. The moose stopped and trampled upon it furiously, and came on again. He now threw away his hat, which the wind took and carried out of their course; then, just as the dogs came yelping over the snow, he tripped, stumbled, and fell headlong, and the furious beast was upon him before he could recover himself, incumbered as he was with snow-shoes.

But the fearless man did not lose his presence of mind for a moment. He knew that Burleigh was at hand; he heard the baying of a large dog, which he believed to be Watch; and, as the animal reared to trample him in the snow, he rolled over suddenly, out of the reach of the descending hoofs. The creature's fore feet broke through the crust with his weight and momentum, so as to bring a branch of his antlers near the prostrate man. Instantly the old fellow grasped it with both hands and was lifted to his knees. At that moment Watch rushed to the rescue, making a furious bound at the creature's throat, just as Uncle Jerry caught a glimpse of Burleigh within range, kneeling, with his gun leveled, but hesitating.

"Fire away, Burleigh! never mind me!" shouted the old hunter. "Let him have it! Blaze away!"

The animal reared and plunged with frantic fury.— The huge antler, which the old man had grasped, already loosened perhaps by the tremendous energy of that long burst through the undergrowth, came off in his hands, like a thunder-blasted branch—exasperating the creature to madness. Instantly Uncle Jeremiah transferred his grip seizing the other antler firmly with both hands.— He was literally lifted into the air, while clinging to it. It was the moment of life or death to the hunter.

Burleigh fired.

The still woods rang with the report; echoes answered from the nearest hill-side, with a rattle of musketry; the enraged monster pitched headlong into the deep snow just as he was rearing to strike the helpless old man with his fore-feet, which would have settled the business forever; old Watch fastened upon the beast by that hanging under lip—the moufle, or mouflon, we have all heard so much of.

Undiscouraged, though terribly wounded and bruised and bleeding, the Brigadier threw himself upon the struggling bull, and soon finished him with his long hunting-knife, and a wipe across the throat, before Burleigh could interfere.

Then didn't the skies ring! and didn't the woods answer to the wild hurrah! hurrah! which burst forth from two or three different quarters, intermingled with the ponderous bark of old Watch, and the yelp of at least half a dozen scampering whelps.

"Hurrah for the old hunter!"

"Hurrah for Uncle Jeremiah!"

"Hurrah for the 'squire! hurrah for father!" shouted they, one after another, as they came up, all out of breath, and most of them with their guns smoking at the muzzle.

Incredible as it may seem, many of the richest planters in Jamaica live on coffee-grounds.