



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

A New Year's Address.

The Old Year's pulse is beating faint and slow,
And at the coming of another morn
The sun will rise again, his cheeks aglow
With joy and gladness, that the world may know
He feels the presence of a year new born.

And while we look with hope to this new year,
And half expect our blessings to increase,
We'll not forget to drop a silent tear
In memory of events which helped to cheer,
And bid us hope for everlasting peace.

We've seen in Sixty-Four a thousand things,
To fill with pleasure every loyal heart;
We've seen and felt the joy which victory brings;
We've seen the venom ta'en from treason's stings,
And outraged freedom into new life start.

We've seen Atlanta fall, and heard the shouts of joy
From honest lips; and many a mother's tongue
Has thanked her God that her brave soldier-boy
Was there amid the danger, to enjoy
His share of honor, large for one so young.

From Rapidan to Petersburg we've heard the clash of arms,
And seen the foe, beneath the blow, shrink backward in alarm;
We've seen how Northern men can fight, when treason plants her rag,
And heard the shout of truth ring out, as they bore aloft our flag;
And we have driven the rebel horde to Richmond's fated walls,
And earnest pray, God speed the day when that cursed city falls.

And now from Shenandoah comes a mighty sound of horse,
And riders sit erect and bold, like knights in ancient wars,
And steeds advance with nervous prance, impatient for the fray,
As Sheridan and Torbert and Custer lead the way;
And charge on charge impetuous o'erwhelm the rebel foe,
Till back they flee ingloriously, scarce having struck a blow;
And Sheridan adds another to his roll of victories,
Never, I ween, on history's page were deeds more brave than these;
And never will the North forget, till Earth has passed away,
That hasty ride from Winchester one bright October day.

And now from o'er the ocean there is borne upon the breeze
A sound of booming cannon and commotion of the seas;
And Massachusetts hails with joy, and tells the tale with pride,
How Winslow sunk the pirate craft with many a fierce broad-side;
And little children fill the air with many a loud hurrah,
And wait impatiently the time when they may "go to war."

We southward turn, and there in Mobile Bay
The same loud roar of cannon bursts upon our ears;
But Farragut is there, and sure to win the day—
Morgan and Gaines have fallen, and our fears,
If any had we, change to grateful cheers.

And now another and a sadder sight
Bursts on our vision, makes the blood to rise,
To think that men, when battling for the right,
Should suffer all the tortures, pains and agonies
That hatred can inflict or "chivalry" devise.

That boasted chivalry, from which we fondly hoped,
At least that mercy due from man to man.
We thought we fought with men and not with demons coped;
But cruelty and vengeance constitute the plan
By which rebellion thrives, with this cursed southern clan.

Heart-sick and weary
To the wards he is borne;
Life seems so dreary,
Sad and forlorn.
Just from Savannah—
Imprisoned a year—
E'en the Old Banner
Scarce brings a cheer.
There he's been lying,
Praying for peace;
Longingly sighing
For death or release;
Now he is dying,
Troubles will cease.
This is the kindness
Southerners claim;
Angered to blindness
They feel not its shame.

Of course we rejoiced o'er the recent election,
And threw our caps high in the air,
For we really feared that the peace infection
Would be more than the country could bear.
But thank God! it came out right in the end,
Yankee-land proving loyal and true;
We knew the Almighty could never intend
To half-mast the Red, White and Blue.

Poor "Little Mac"—how bad he must feel,
Now that "his cake is all dough;"
But he married the "platform" for woe or weal,
And now he's like ship without rudder or keel
And no one to take her in tow.

And Seymour and Wood—what a nice frame of mind
These worthies must have been in,
When they heard that New York was not yet quite blind,
And that in the race they were left far behind
To repent o'er their burden of sin.

But Sherman now is all the talk,
And the way he makes those rebels walk,
Who try his strategy to balk,
Is really quite surprising;
But they must try another tack,
To drive our western conqueror back,
For he's as different from "Little Mac"
As sun-set from sun-rising.

Unlike our Young Napoleon,
He uses instead of a spade, a gun,
And doesn't turn and homeward run
From the wooden guns at Manassas;
But free from all McClellan's faults,
He starts ahead and seldom halts,
Goes through the South "like a dose of salts,"
Or hunger through bread and molasses.

But one of his acts was very unkind—
He left poor General Hood behind,
Who really couldn't make up his mind,
Whether to run or to fight.
But he pitched into Thomas the other day,
Who abused him in such a terrible way
That he certainly thought the denuce was to pay,
And left in a terrible fright.

And so, I trust, it may ever be,
Our banners crowned with victory,
We'll split this cursed Confederacy
From one end to the other;
And Jefferson Davis will probably see
The end of his Aristocracy,
His armies whipped, and his slaves set free,
And he bawling aloud for his mother.

And may many live to tell the tale
How we made the traitors weep and wail—
How the ship of state continued to sail,
With the aid of Lincoln and his oaken rail;
How he threshed rebels with Grant for a flail,
And how he ne'er was caught napping;
And may never another angry word
Be spoken by any, or discord be heard;
And the wings of the glorious American Bird
Shall keep incessantly flapping!

And we must not forget our Thanksgiving Day,
When we'd plenty of turkeys and chickens,
Kindly provided by friends far away.
We had plenty to eat and nothing to pay,
And might have got fat on the pickin's.

We had an abundance of cake and of fruit,
We had meats of all kinds and mince pies to boot,
The daintiest of dishes our palates to suit,
All of which we attacked with voracity;
And we blest our kind friends at the North o'er and o'er,
And if we had tried could have eaten no more,
On account of our lack of capacity.

And there's our brave Crutch has been shedding its rays,
And the banner of truth has unfurled,
Regardless of what Mrs. Grundy says—
But modesty hints that we let others praise
The good it has done to the world.

And our aim shall be to keep on the track
Of wisdom and virtue and truth;
And though we may the approval lack
Of the LONDON TIMES or the HAVESACK,
Such trifles shall never turn us back
In our editorial youth.

We've had these griefs and blessings all in one short year,
To make us weep with sorrow, laugh with joy;
We give our thanks in gratitude sincere,
For all that helped to comfort and to cheer,
And lightly as we can, we pass the sorrows by.

And now, Oh! Sixty-Five, wilt thou ensure
To us of pleasure more, of pain much less,
And teach us all our burdens to endure,
Grant thou that our lives may be more pure,
And fill the land with peace and happiness.

Grant that our land may reunited be,
And we will hold you in remembrance dear;
Grant us all this, Oh! Sixty-Five, and we
Will hail thy birth with joy, and give to thee
The greeting due a happy, bright NEW YEAR.

For the Crutch.

Invocation, For New Year's Day.

BY SARAH H. POWELL.

Jehovah! Lord on High!
Oh! hear our earnest cry
Sweet peace restore;
Hear us, oh! Israel's God!
Spare thine avenging red,
Spare our land; drenched with blood
From shore to shore.

Prostrate thy throne before,
Humbly we Thee implore,
Stay thy dread hand,
'Neath thine all-seeing eye,
Chastising sorely, thy
Wrath-laden arrows fly
Over our land.

Stretch forth thine Arm of Might!
Let North and South unite
Friends as of yore;
Oh! Lord! do thou command,
Heal our divided land,
Guide us with thy right hand
For evermore.