



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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The Sleigh Ride.

BY CLAUDE CROFTON.

Over the snow, over the snow,
Like a shaft let loose from an archer's bow,
Like a deer on the foot, when the hunters are nigh,
Like a bird on the wing, when the fowler is by,
Like the rush of a stream when its frost-fetters break,
Like the surging of billows when tempests awake,
Like the crash of the avalanche quitting its place,
Like a red-streaming meteor careering through the space,
Like the sweep of the whirlwind when forests are bowed,
Like the flash when the thunderbolt leaps from its clouds,
Like the swoop of the eagle as he darts on his prey,
Like the message the lightning speeds forth on its way,
With a wild sense of freedom exulting we go,
Over the snow, over the snow.

Bear away! for our comrades are drawing too near;
Be alive, man and horse! lest we fall in the rear;
To your speed, Bucephalus! the van is our place!
Hurrah! we have won! and we lead in the race.
I knew that not one of their couriers in speed
Could match for a moment our mettlesome steed.
Clear the track! is the word, as we dart on our way,
And inanimate objects the mandate obey;
The farmhouses wheel to the left and the right,
And stupidly stare as we vanish from sight;
The fences fall back, and the trees stand aside,
And make way, with a will, for our hurricane ride,
As on like a band of wild huntsmen we go,
Over the snow, over the snow.

What a volume of melody surges and swells
Abroad on the air from our musical bells!
The clash of the cymbals, the clarion's breath,
The trumpet that summons to glory and death,
The peal of the organ, where censers are swinging,
The harp of the minstrel through lordly halls ringing,
The blast of the bugle when squadrons are wheeling,
The strain of a lute on the charmed air stealing,
Are less sweet to the ear than the pean that swells
In the rhyme and the chime of our musical bells,
And life seems more glorious, humanity dearer,
The heart, hand and brain, warmer, firmer and clearer,
And our pulses keep time with our bells as we go,
Over the snow, over the snow.

[From the Cincinnati Times.]

Squint goes on 'Change.

Mr. Job Dobbs, the famous Colerain oil speculator, is a member of the Merchants' Exchange, and yesterday he invited me to go "on 'Change" with him, and I went. I had my misgivings, before starting, that I shouldn't get along very well; for, the truth is, I'm a great deal heavier on science and oil investigations, than I am on finance; but I went. I found the hall so full that you couldn't take more than half a breath at a time. Hav-

ing been out in the country for several weeks, among the silent rocks, and trees, coquetting with nature, and pumping oil, I was entirely unprepared for the babel-dam that greeted my ears. Everybody was talking to everybody at once, without waiting for anybody to answer; all which made me forget where I was, and what I was about, and caused me to tread upon several hundred toes, and to tip over any quantity of inkstands.— Eventually, however, I recovered my calmness, and could look about with some degree of confidence.— Thinks I, this won't do—moping about like a fool. I must talk finance and be one of 'em.

Noticing that every other man was chewing wheat, I carelessly sauntered to a table, put a fist full in my mouth, and commenced to masticate likewise. After chewing for about ten minutes, I began to feel like a business man, and therefore commenced operations.— My nearest neighbor was a venerable man busily engaged in figuring at a desk. I remarked to him that there was a good deal of stir about the room, to which he agreed, but kept on figuring. Nothing daunted, I tried him again. Says I (swallowing a portion of the wheat, and rolling the rest to one side of my mouth,) 'Do you think the present issue of National Currency sufficient to cancel the compound interest on the five-twenty bonds?' He looked at me as much as five minutes— during which time I perspired freely—and then replied by laughing gruffly in my face.

I must say that this reception rather frustrated me; but I took another chew of wheat, and began to look around once more. I asked one fine looking man if he thought the plan of buying short for the purpose of liquidating sight drafts at maturity was going to pull the wool over the eyes of the people much longer; and he replied by asking me what Lunatic Asylum I belonged to! Before I could knock the miscreant down he was gone.

Mr. Dobbs introduced me to the Secretary of the Board. The policy of Mr. Fessenden was touched upon. Says the Secretary: 'Do you think this policy should be maintained by us financiers?' ('us financiers' pleased me much and gave me confidence.) Says I: 'The fact is, Fessenden means well, but his upper story is light. I don't think his policy ought to be sustained, unless he'll throw his collaterals upon the market, redeem them in interest-bearing coupons, and make them a legal tender for all dues, except oil dividends.' The Secretary said he wished I'd excuse him a moment, and I didn't see him any more.

I overheard one gentleman tell a chap 'to come round to the Second Board.' 'Ah,' says I to him in my blandest manner, 'You say something about 'board'; it's awful high, ain't it? I think anybody that'll charge twelve dollars a week for board ought to be published.' 'Do you belong to this Board?' said he. 'No, sir,' said I. 'Well, said he, 'I'm darned glad you don't!' and, after remarking that I'd better go home, he turned his back on me.

If I said these repeated checks had no effect upon me, I should tell an infernal lie. I felt a little discouraged, but determined not to give it up so. A little knot of dignified, spectacled gentlemen sat at a table in the office. Cocking my hat on one side of my head, and inserting my thumbs in the armpits of my vest, I ap-

proached the party and inquired the price of gold, at the same time jingling a bunch of keys in my pocket.— The party seemed annoyed; but answered my question. I then pompously asked the price of silver. 'Do you wish to buy coin, or have you some to sell?' asked one of the group. 'I have a lot to dispose of,' replied I, slamming down a Mexican silver dollar upon the table.

I noticed that the party whispered together, and that one of them left the room; but, conscious of my financial purity, I was not afraid. In about five minutes afterward, however, I was arrested for attempting to pass counterfeit money, hand-cuffed, and dragged towards the door. I had unwittingly tried to sell a pewter coin, and this was the result. Fortunately Mr. Dobbs' influence got me free. Rather a tragical termination to my first speculation; but this persecution only emboldened me. A number of business bloods were conversing near. I drew familiarly nigh, and, coolly staring at the group, listened to their conversation.

Finding that there was no opening for me, I thought I'd make one, and accordingly fired the following shot across their bows: 'It is evident to every dispassionate observer, that if Mr. Fessenden continues this issue of gold bearing bonds, the practice of cashing sight drafts will be discontinued, unless the capture of Hood's money chest should render gold as plenty as toads after a shower. Still—' 'Hold on!' said one of the bloods; 'are you fond of life?' I replied in the affirmative. 'Then,' said he, 'don't you interrupt us again with your gibberish, or there'll be a coroner's inquest here in less than twenty minutes?'

I went sorrowfully in search of Dobbs. As soon as I found him, I burst into tears, and sobbed forth: 'Oh that I had been educated at the Commercial College!' Dobbs said that I had better go home, and I did so.

SQUINT.

The remains of the Aspinwall Library, in New York, consumed by fire in Broadway, drenched with water and charred by fire when dug out of the ruins, were sold by weight to a dealer in paper refuse. Some keen-scented antiquarians got wind of them, and many treasures were disinterred, by patience and perseverance, from the smouldering heap. It is said that a literary gentleman secured a volume of Jefferson's works, with long and interesting marginal MS. notes in the autograph of and signed by the poet Coleridge. These will probably be printed in the *Historical Magazine*. The purchase was a fortunate one for the waste-paper dealer.

There was a small model of a turbine wheel on exhibition at the San Francisco Fair, which revolved at the enormous velocity of five thousand times in a minute—a motion so rapid that no movement was apparent to the eye; but on applying the finger to the surface a severe burn would be the result, as the heat produced by the friction would be equal to that of red-hot iron.

The following is a genuine transcript of an epitaph:

Here lies the remains of Thomas Hen,
The most amiable of husbands, the most excellent of men.

N. B.—The name is Woodcock—but it wouldn't come in rhyme.