



THE CRUTCH.

VOL. 1. U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 1, ANNAPOLIS, MD., SATURDAY, AUG. 6, 1864. NO. 31

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.
Single Copy, - - - - - 5 Cts.
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The Volunteers' Vision.

BY MARY BOOTH.

Last night, as I lay in the rain,
And looked up to heaven through the night,
A vision came o'er me, and lighted my brain
With a glory that never will flood it again,
This side of the River of Light.

And I heard a sweet sound as it came
Like the flutter of feathery wings,
And the voice of a seraph kept calling my name,
And her breath in my tresses went playing, the same
As the air in an instrument's strings.

I told my wild heart to be still,
That the vision was naught but a dream;
For I knew not that over the amethyst hill,
The feet of my darling had wandered at will,
On the banks of Eternity's stream.

I said to the seraph-winged bird:
"Oh why have you come from the West?"
And she told me how the leaves of the forest were stirred
By the feet of the angels who brought her the word
Of a land where the weary may rest.

She said she was weary and faint,
And her heart was all covered with snow;
The angels they heard her unuttered complaint,
They called her and brought her the robes of a saint,
And she said she was ready to go.

I told her the blossoms were sweet,
In the meadows, the same as of yore;
But she showed me the dew on her sparkling feet
They had caught of the lilies that bordered the street
By the sands of the Paradise shore.

I asked her how long I must wait,
Before I should meet her afar;
And I prayed her unfold me the book of my fate;—
But she vanished away through the crystalline gate
She had left in her coming ajar.

Dear Hugh, there's a battle to-day,
And perchance I may happen to fall;
If I'm not at the call of the roll, you may say
A good-by to the boys in my name; for I may
Have said "Aye" to an angel's call.

Battle.

As when the winds ascending by degrees
First move the whitening surface of the seas;
The billows float in order to the shore,
And waves behind, roll on the waves before—
Till with the growing storm, the deeps arise,
Foam o'er the rocks and thunder to the skies;
So to fight the thick battalions throng,
Shield urg'd by shields, and men drive men along.—HOWER.

[From the Herald of Health.] Camp Fun.

A private in one of our regiments has amused himself with putting some of the experiences of a camp into the style of a distant and simpler age, and a copy of his production has been sent us for publication:

CHRONICLES OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THIRD OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

1st. Man that is born of woman, and enlisteth as a soldier in the One Hundred and Twenty-third Ohio, is of few days, and short of "rations."

2d. He cometh forth at "reveille," is present also at "retreat," yea, even at "tattoo," and retireth apparently at "taps."

3d. He draweth his rations from the commissary, and devourth the same. He striketh his teeth against much "hard tack," and is satisfied. He filleth his canteen with "apple-jack," and clappeth the mouth thereof upon the bung of a whiskey barrel, and after a little while goeth away rejoicing in his strategy.

4th. Much soldiering has made him sharp; yea, even the seat of his breeches is in danger of being cut through.

5th. He covenanteth with the credulous farmer for many turkeys and chickens; also, at the same time, for much milk and honey, to be paid for promptly at the end of each ten days, and lo! his regiment moveth on the ninth day to another post.

6th. His tent is filled with potatoes, cabbage, turnips, krout and other delicate morsels of a delicious taste, which abound not in the commissary department.

7th. And many other things not in the "returns," and which never will return; yet, of a truth, it must be said of the soldier of the One Hundred and Twenty-third that he taketh nothing that he cannot reach.

8th. He fireth his Austrian rifle at midnight, and the whole camp is aroused and formed in line of battle, when lo! his mess come bearing in a nice porker, which he solemnly declares so resembled a secesh that he was compelled to pull trigger.

9th. He giveth the Provost Marshal much trouble, often capturing his guard, and possesseth himself of the city.

10th. At such times, "lager" and "pretzels" flow like milk and honey from his generous hand. He giveth without stint to his comrade; yea, and withholdeth not from the One Hundred and Sixteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, or from the lean, lank, expectant Hoosier of the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania.

11th. He stretcheth forth his hand to deliver his fellow-soldiers of the One Hundred and Sixteenth from the power of the enemy; yea, he starteth at early dawn from Petersburg, even on a "double quick" doth he go, and tolieth on through much heat, suffering, privation and much "vexation of spirit," until they are delivered.—Verily, I say unto you, after that he suffereth for want of tents and camp kettles. Yea, on the heights of Moorfield his voice may be heard proclaiming loudly for "hard tack and coffee," yet he murmurath not.

12th. But the grunt of a pig or the crowing of a cock awakeneth him from the soundest sleep, and he goeth forth until halted by the guard, when he instantly clappeth his hands upon his "bread-basket," and the guard, in commiseration, alloweth him to pass to the rear.

13th. No sooner hath he passed the sentry's beat, than he striketh a "bee-line" for the nearest hen-roost, and seizing a pair of plump pullets, returneth soliloquizing: "The noise of a goose saved Rome," how much more the flesh of chickens preserveth the soldier.

14th. He even playeth at euchre with the parson, to see whether or not there shall be preaching in the camp on the following Sabbath; and by dexterously drawing from the bottom a Jack, goeth away rejoicing that the service is postponed.

15th. And many other things doeth he; and lo! are they not recorded in the "morning reports of Company B? Yea, verily.

NOTIONS OF MUSIC.—"Hello, Sam—so you've got to work again?" said a waggish friend of ours, as he entered the shop of an acquaintance.

"No, Jim—nary job yet!" replied Sam.

"Then what are you doing, filing saws?"

"Filing saws, Jim? Why I ain't been filing anything!"

"What were you doing a minute ago, as I came in?"

"Nothing—only sitting here and singing."

"Singing? Were you singing?"

"Yes."

"Oh, that's it, then!" replied Jim, with an innocent air; "I thought you were filing a saw!"

THE celebrated David Crockett, on visiting a menagerie, was comparing the countenance of a monkey to that of one of his fellow-members of Congress. Turning, he saw the gentleman had overheard his remarks; so, to make matters pleasant, he said, "I do not know which to apologise to, you or the monkey."

AN editor in the western part of Maine says that the only reason why his house was not blown away during a recent gale, was because there was a heavy mortgage upon it. It is something like a coroner's jury "sitting" upon a drowned man to "squeeze the water out," as it was recently explained to a rustic.

HE who goes through a land and scatters blown roses may be tracked next day by their withered petals that strew the ground; but he who goes through it and scatters rose-seed, a hundred years after leaves behind him a land full of fragrance and beauty for his monument and as a heritage for his daughters and sons.

A Yankee, according to the poet Saxe, is a driving young man:

"He sees aqueducts in bubbling springs;
Buildings in stone, and cash in everything."

"HALLO, Pomp, what are you doin' dare?"

"Fishin'."

"And what you got in your mouf?"

"Oh, nothin', but some worms for bait."

WHEREFORE is a darkey, with "no hair on the top of his head," like a candidate for a club who has been rejected by its members? Because he's a *black bald* individual.

"MR. JONES don't you think that marriage is a means of grace?"

"Certainly, madam; anything is a means of grace that breaks up pride and leads to repentance."

Scene closes with a mop-handle.