



# THE CRUTCH.

VOL. 1. U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 1, ANNAPOLIS, MD., SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1864. NO. 6.

## 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.

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For the Crutch.

### Lines:

Inscribed to my Comrades in the Army.

As I paced the street on my lonely way,  
Towards the sunset's golden gate;  
A sad voice questioning, bade me stay,  
And I turned to discern in the fading day,  
Whence hebest, I had paused to wait.

The breeze waved back the shining hair  
From a forehead grand and pale;  
Eyes, blue as the sea—and full of despair—  
Told the beautiful visions once floating there,  
Now stranded and lost in life's gale.

"Oh! stranger," he said, (and his tremulous tone,  
Caused the blue-bird to pause in her flight,)  
"I have a dear nest in a Northern home,  
And a mother sings there 'neath its happy dome,  
To her birdlings three, to night;

"And just outside where the violets grow  
And lilly-bells scent the air—  
Lies my little first-born in her shroud of snow,  
Like a star, half lost in the mist below,  
With her halo of golden hair.

"Sometimes when the earth seemed drear and cold,  
And the heavens without a star,  
I think I can hear her dear voice, as of old,  
Waft its wild sweet measure of music untold,  
Through the portals of heaven ajar.

"But 'tis only a dream; and the siren's song,  
With her smile and her poisonous breath,  
Still silently beckons me on and on,  
To the revel and rout, where with faces wan  
They dance in the shadow of death!

"Oh! youth of the undimmed brow and eye,  
And a wealth of bright hopes in your heart!  
Remember the wine-cup sparkling high,  
May the purple and amber of heaven outvie,  
While men in its magic light, droop and die,  
As if struck by a poisoned dart!"

U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, Annapolis, Md., Jan. 17th.

A MODEL SURGEON'S CERTIFICATE.—The following is a copy *verbatim* of a Surgeon's certificate, found on the person of a deserter from the First South Carolina Cavalry:

NOVEMBER th 24 1863.

I certify that privet JOHN BOWERS of Compey eye first ridgment of Calver which is suffering very much with the Chronic dyre and a salavasion of thea mought and feaver and wiCh unable him for Duty thean thearty Days.

(signe)

BENEY A. CLARK,  
siston Cergen, C. S. A.

### An Interesting Letter.

We take the following interesting letter from the *Knapsack*. It was written by one of the lady nurses of Division Hospital No. 1, who left here a few weeks ago to attend an only brother, wounded at Morris Island:

"I suppose you will all be interested to hear of my journey. At New York I went on board the Steamer *Arago*, bound for Hilton Head, at which place we arrived on Monday noon. It is a dreary looking place, with only one house where strangers can stop—which an officer told me he thought might properly be named "*Hotel de Flea*." As there was no other alternative I walked there, and was very kindly and courteously received, and made comfortable, until I could ascertain if my brother were in Hospital there. The Medical Director, Dr. Dalrymple, sent to the Hospital, and returned word that he was not there, and as no time was to be lost, I went immediately to a boat going to Beaufort, where very fortunately a Chaplain, whose family was in Beaufort, offered to do all he could for me. I went with him to his house, and staid at night, and was received with great kindness. There are not more than a dozen white females at either of these places, and both are much destroyed by our troops. In the morning the Chaplain went with me to the Medical Director of that post, Dr. Clymer, and I was again disappointed in hearing that my brother was not in Hospital there. It was a shock to me, for they said that patients were not kept on the Island after they were able to be moved, and seldom longer than a week; and my hope of seeing brother alive was almost extinguished, and it was with a sad, sad heart, that I returned to Hilton Head. Very fortunately Gen. Gillmore was there, and I was advised to see him. My audience with him ended with an invitation to step into his boat, and he would escort me to Morris Island. This was heartily acceptable, for I saw a way to know my brother's fate. The boat landed at Folley Island about 8 o'clock next morning, and as it was rainy I could not land until afternoon, and so had the honor of taking breakfast and dinner with the General and Staff. Afterwards having obtained an ambulance, I went my way up the beach of Folley Island nine miles, where I was taken across in a small row-boat to Morris Island, where a Captain had been requested to escort me safely to the camp of the 100th. I stepped into another ambulance, and in 10 minutes had arrived at the Camp. I called for the Chaplain; he was found, and then for the first time, I was seated in a real field tent, and had an immense weight lifted from my heart, by hearing that brother was there in the Post Hospital, and doing finely. In a few moments more I entered the tent that held my brother. There he was, sitting in an easy chair by a stove, with his eyes shaded by a bandage, his foot resting on a stool, and holding his lame hand with the other. It was a sad sight to see my poor wounded brother, and I then for the first time gave way to my feelings against my will, and for some minutes did not know where I was. The other boy that was hurt is lying by him, with amputated leg, and burned hands, but he is recovering fast, and will soon sit up.—His name is De Forest, from Buffalo. The accident occurred through his means. They were on duty, on picket at Fort Wagner when De Forest came across a shell thrown from Charleston, and not exploded. He stooped over it and began to take the fuse out of it, (against orders) and John was sitting a few feet from him, and had just said "*stop that!*" when it exploded, doing all that dreadful mischief.

I have a nice tent furnished very comfortably, and a "*darkey*" for my orderly. I take my meals with the Surgeons, and am a perfect *wonder* here, as much as any show in Barnum's Museum, being the only woman on all of these Islands. I have spun you a long story, but may I encroach a little longer on your time, and inform you that I have been where no other lady has been, and performed a great deed that I think no other one will do; even though done unintentionally. I have been to Fort Gregg and have fired a 30 lb. shell into Charleston! Dr. Gross took me there yesterday after determining that there were no signs of danger from Charleston or

Fort Johnston, only two miles off. I went through Fort Wagner, now called Fort Strong, and most appropriately named. It is a splendid work, there are a large number of heavy guns mounted, but they do not fire from there more than once a week at Sumter, which stands in ruins but a short distance off. It is of no use now to either side, although the rebel flag flies over it, and is raised every time it is shot down. We had a large glass, and could see its works—and a perfect mass of ruins, but no living soul in sight. We rode on to Battery Chattful, a strong work mounting a number of heavy Mortar Guns. From here we had to walk to Fort Gregg, as it is dangerous to ride on account of liability to receive shells from the enemy, but on foot can be covered, and our men are safe now. The day before, a number of shells came on the grounds, and our men, when I got to Fort Gregg, were firing every five minutes, and continued it for four hours, right into the city. I was not aware that I could pull hard enough to discharge one of those large guns, but the Dr. put the string into my hands and requested me (being the first lady to visit that Fort) to send my compliments to Charleston. Before I was aware of it, I had discharged the gun with a tremendous roar that almost threw me down, and deafened me so I could not hear for a moment. The first sound I heard was a shout from a number of officers, and cheers from all the soldiers, this frightened me more than the gun, and I can assure you I was glad to get away as soon as possible. My brother will probably be transferred to Philadelphia soon. The Surgeon thinks he may be able to perform the journey in a week with my care. I hope to see you all soon. My kind regards to all friends."

For the Crutch.

### Thoughts for the Christian Soldier.

As we read the Bible we meet with many passages which lead us to believe that the time is coming when war shall cease—when all its scenes of blood and suffering shall be banished from the earth. The peaceful and pure principles of the Gospel, touching in all their healthful influence, the hearts of individuals, and directing the political plans and purposes of Nations, with a wise regard for the interests and rights of each other, shall embosom the whole human family within the common and liberal grasp of one harmonious and loving brotherhood. How can we interpret these portions of scripture in any other way? It is said: "Nation shall not lift up sword against Nation, neither shall they learn war any more." We may look forward to the dawning of this delightful period upon the earth. It is settled, we think, that such a period will come, and it is delightful to anticipate it. But since this happy day has not arrived, who can say that it is inconsistent with christian character and with all these principles of peace and love, to take our place on the field of battle, and contend for what we are convinced is a just and righteous cause. The Bible itself gives us numerous examples to sustain this view. We contend for principles which the spirit of the gospel every where encourages and inculcates, and who will deny that a soldier may be a christian, and that from the bloody field on which his body is laid, that his soul may wing its happy and peaceful way to the shores of a blissful eternity. The Bible in no place instructs us to think otherwise. War and all its direful evils we wish and pray to be done away with—but as the pure doctrines of the Gospel have not yet extended to all hearts, and all do not see eye to eye, we must wait and take part in the plans and methods adopted to secure obedience to the divine injunctions. The right is involved in the strife. God will take care that the right and truth and justice prevail. WASHINGTON, HAYLOCK, HEADLEY VICARS, and many other christian soldiers whose characters are the study and admiration of the world, did not act without a due and prayerful consideration of this subject.

A sect which has true life, will seize by instinct the emblems and rites which are in accordance with itself; and without life, it will only find in borrowed rites its winding-sheet.