



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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Our Flag.

At the flag raising at Salt Point, New York, a few weeks ago, the following lines written by MRS. MARY AMELIA ARMSTRONG, of Pleasant Valley, daughter of Rev. E. C. Ambler of this city, Chaplain of the 46th regiment P. V., were read.

Send cheers, loud glad cheers, over hilltop and vale
To our flag; and its symbolized principles hail!
With echoing shouts for Liberty given,
Shake its bright starry folds to the blest winds of Heaven!

We love it. It waved over Washington's head,
When to glorious triumph our Fathers he led;
It has floated in beauty o'er Washington's grave,
And shadowed all gently Potomac's fair wave.

Each star speaks of hope, every stripe heaves with thought,
'Tis a tablet on which hallowed memories are wrought,
Our past, and our future it blazons with pride;
'Neath its glittering folds our heroes have died.

And it covers to-day a strong valiant host,
To our loved country saved, to our lone hearth-stone lost,
For old Sumter's torn flag has awakened our land,
Thank God! 'neath its tatters "united we stand."

They shot through the heart of our country that day,
When they shot our proud flag-staff from Sumter away,—
And never will Liberty pause in her march,
'Till our land is one glorious triumphal arch.

Send a prayer that our hosts with our banner prevail,
That the hearts of the traitors around us may quail,
Let the fearless and hopeful who've battled for right,
Now buckle still firmer their armor of might.

Give its folds with glad cheers to the breezes so free,
On its "red, white, and blue" shame shall never more be;
Our country's true-hearted, God watches our right,—
Our watchwords are—Liberty, Union and Might.

The Unwritten Poems.

There are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard—
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a Paradise bird.

Poems that ripple through lowliest lives—
Poems unnoted and hidden away
Down in the souls where the beautiful thrives,
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of the May.

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold—
Felt, though unseen, by the beings who love us,
Written on lives, all in letters of gold.

Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest!
Read me the poem that never was penned—
The wonderful idyl of life that thou givest
Eresh, fresh, from thy spirit, O beautiful friend!

We copy the following from a Detroit paper, hoping it will interest some patients in this Hospital, known to Colonel Cutcheon:

Colonel Cutcheon and the 20th Infantry.

[Continued.]

I now moved my men to the left, and we began enfilading the pits, and driving the rebels back some ten or twelve rods. The next thing was to protect ourselves from the canister, which was howling around us. We got a spade and burrowed little holes, in which we lay. Our colors were on the enemy's works. But soon we heard a tremendous yell, and saw a brigade of rebels charging us. The colored troops who had charged in fine style, and taken the enemy's works on the right, were now panic stricken. There is some doubt which broke first, the blacks or the whites, but it was the most fearful panic I ever saw or imagined. Back, back came white and black in an overwhelming torrent. It was fearful, sickening, shameful, shameful—beyond the power of words to express. Officers and men, in a tornado, rushed for our lines. But there were many brave men there, and they worked with more than human courage and energy to stay the panic. I shouted to my own boys, "ADVANCE INTO THE FORT!" And I soon had the pleasure of seeing my colors flying farther in advance than any others, except those of the 2d Michigan, which were a few yards further upon the fort. General Griffin, General Hartsaugh, Major Grant and myself, and a few others that I did not know, succeeded in rallying a few brave men, and we held the position, and repulsed the charge, with terrible slaughter. Then we gave three cheers as the last of that rebel brigade went back beaten and broken, leaving more than half their number on the field. But we had suffered too. Color Corporal Conard Noll, Co. D, was severely wounded. I took the colors, and gave them, after a while, to Jerome Kroll, another color Corporal. He took them and placed them beside our other flag, in the fort. I was not myself in the fort, nor was Major Grant; we were on the slope of the fort, on the outside, about twenty feet from our colors. It was now past 9 o'clock. The day was intensely hot, and we lay in the dirt in the fierce blaze of the sun.

All this while the enemy's fire was telling upon us with fearful effect. Not a moment passed but some man fell killed or wounded; and now the men began to suffer with thirst, and our ammunition, too, gave out. In the fort were two guns—brass 12 pounders, which we had captured and turned against the enemy. We found plenty of canister in the magazine, and these two guns had been doing magnificent service in repulsing the charge. But these, too, were now out of ammunition. We had no water; we had no breakfast; we were getting faint for want of sleep, hunger and thirst, and from excitement, heat and over-exertion. We could do nothing but crouch there while the shot, shell, canister and bullets, were howling around us, and wait for our fate, which seemed near at hand. It seemed only a question of time when our turn would come. To add to the perils and horror of our position, the enemy began to drop 24 pound mortar shells among us with the most fearful precision. A dozen fell within a rod of me, and three times I was almost covered with the earth which they threw up. One exploded within a yard of me, but I saved myself by lying flat in a little ditch. Every shell did execution. Men were constantly going to the

rear for water. Many of them were killed or wounded in going across the field. Thus our small band was constantly thinning, and the time was approaching when we must expect a new assault. It was now half past one P. M., and for five long mortal hours of horror and carnage we held our position. I now went to General Hartsaugh and volunteered to run the gauntlet back to our works and procure water and ammunition, and help to dig a ditch from our line up to the fort, through which men could come with water, etc., for our relief. Under the fire of their whole line of rifle-pits I made the passage, and did all in my power to get help, but I could not find a single General officer, or brigade commander. But I found some aides-de-camp, and succeeded in getting one of them to report to General Burnside our situation and necessities, and to beg him "for God's sake to silence their guns and mortars"—for our guns were not replying at all. I had done all I could do, and was about to run to the fort, when the whole of Hill's corps charged upon the remnant of our men that remained in the fort. Major Grant had just been sent down by General Hartsaugh, and had not returned. General Griffin gave the order to fall back; and the order was repeated to those in the fort. Most of them did fall back; but about two or three hundred of the 2d, 20th, 27th Michigan, and 1st S. S., refused to do so. Unfortunately, Major Grant and myself were both absent at this critical moment, or we might have brought them off. But we had four other officers in the fort, among them Lieutenant Blood and Captain Porter. Had the men obeyed the order to fall back, all would have been well; but they were too brave, and insisted on fighting to the last. The order to fall back, came from General Grant himself, and was given before now.

Everything was now back but the remnant I have spoken of, and for more than half an hour I supposed that my whole regiment was back, and our colors safe in our own lines. I sent Captain Van. Cleve, Lieutenant Skinner, and Sergeant Major Seibert, to find the colors, and direct the straggling men of the Regiment where to assemble. After a search of half an hour, Seibert reported to me that he could not find the colors anywhere. I now went myself from one end of our Division to the other in the hope of finding them, but in vain. It was at this time that one of my men came in and told me that he had just left the rebel fort; that our men still held the fort, though the enemy was on three sides of them; and that our colors were still flying defiantly upon the rebel works! It was now about 3 o'clock P. M., and shortly after, an officer of another regiment showed the white flag, and the remnant surrendered. Brave men I too brave, unwisely brave. Each of the three regiments of our brigade that charged, stayed till the last, and each lost its colors. Michigan never sent three better regiments to the field, and it was only because they would not go back when others did that they met this disaster. These same colors had been carried triumphantly in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and in all the battles of this campaign, and it was hard, very hard, to lose them so. I have seen strong men weep over it, yea, I have wept myself; for that flag was the symbol and the blazon of our honor. We had two color-bearers and two color Corporals when we went in. But one came back, and he severely wounded. The Sergeant,