



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

Lines:

Written by Miss NELLIE S. L., (14 years of age) to her father in U. S. General Hospital, Annapolis, Md.

My thoughts are with you, father,
When I sit with mother dear,
Then I think of you my father,
But it's not without a tear.
My thoughts are with you, father,
When first I wake at dawn,
And the eastern light streams in,
At the earliest peep of morn.
My thoughts are with you, father,
When we're round the fire so bright;
My thoughts are with you, father,
On the cold and stormy night.
My thoughts are with you, father,
When I take my evening walk,
And I and my dear sister,
Do of our parents talk.
My thoughts are with you, father,
When my book is opened wide,
And my beloved teacher
Is sitting at my side.
I pray for you, dear father,
When on my bended knee,
And bless the name I love,
That name so dear to me.
My uncle often tells me that
You are in a sunny clime,
Where the birds of plumage bright,
Do their notes of gladness chime.
He also says, 'tis true,
You must pass thro' dangers wild,
But knows alike, that God will bless,
The father and his child.

For the Crutch.

Lines.

The following lines by a clergyman, accompanied the present of an embroidered wedding vest to one of the vestrymen of his parish.

This gift no proof of friendship is,
For friendship thus is never tested,
But still a vestry man should be
When spliced, with proper vest invested.
The real proofs of friendship are
A ready hand, a spirit willing
To sacrifice to those we love
Our wishes, to the wills fulfilling.
But still this little present take,
And deem it but a simple vestage
Of love to thee, and friendship kind
Which ne'er I trust shall lose its prestige.
A proper garment 'tis for thee,
Who now in dire suspense art standing
Upon the residue of life,
Hoping to reach the marriage landing.
And may thy path through life be bright,
And with thy gentle one beside thee,
May love a vesture round thee cast,
And nought like grief or woe betide thee.

For the Crutch.

"To Realize Which We Fight."

A few evenings ago I was called to my window by the sound of music, and beheld marching by, what I was told was the 1st Michigan Colored Regiment. They marched to good music of a brass band of their own color and as the long black line came glancing on, I saw they carried the good old flag of the Stars and Stripes; on one side of which I could read, "Presented by the Soldiers Aid Society of Detroit;" on the other, "All men are born free and equal, To realize which we fight." As I looked upon the forms, many of whom had once worn the white man's chains, but who now carried the musket to defend the white man's home, who once were slaves under the flag they now rally to defend, who but a few years ago had "No rights a white man was bound to respect," but who now volunteer to defend the rights of all, and are welcomed to the noble defence of the government of our fathers, whose motto they have inscribed upon their banner, "To realize which they fight," I could only say, "truly the change is great," and sudden, but yesterday a slave, to day a soldier, fighting for the natural rights of man. And if it be a crime for a white man to assault that flag and that motto, certainly it is a noble act in the black man to defend it. "The world moves" onward. "Truth is more wonderful than" slavery, and stronger than chains. "Error and decay are synonymous terms," and that which is not right, must cease, for God reigns. Rebellion against free institutions, must end in its own overthrow, and in the glorious triumph of that flag and that motto, for truth can alone stand the refining fires of the present crisis, and "the service of God is perfect freedom."

When the discoverer of our country declared this planet to be round, he but told a truth of nature which nothing but the hand of God can change. When Roger Williams declared amid the forests of the new world, that "all men had a right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, he but declared a truth of God's moral government, which shall only cease to be a right, when man shall cease to have a conscience or God an existence. And when our venerable fathers declared, that "all men are created free and equal," they only expressed a simple truth in God's creation which all the tyrants in the world can never erase, and all the rebellions on earth, can never overthrow.—No! this immortal truth, a star of hope, shall forever glitter upon that

"Flag of the free hearts only home
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy echoes are from yonder dome,
And all thy words were born in heaven.
Forever float that motto sheet,
Where breathes the Reb, but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet
And freedom's motto floating o'er us."

"To realize which we fight," was the impulse of our noble sires, and by their valor, suffering and perseverance, during seven year's warfare, they secured for our realization, the liberty we enjoy, and gave into our hands, this blood stained charter of universal freedom. Let it be inscribed upon the banners and hearts of all, let it never pass from our hands except as a rich and untarnished legacy to our children. Let that motto of God's creation be inscribed upon our banners, until it

becomes a living reality acknowledged and realized by all, then rebellion against this law of nature's God will be impossible, and unknown. All will be free, all will enjoy their natural rights. All will be union. All will be peace. All will be happy. None will wear crowns. None will wear chains. None will bear arms. And then it will be the glory of America; that she has been the asylum of the oppressed; the birth place of civil and Religious liberty; the cradle of human freedom, and the grave of human slavery. "To realize which we fight."
AMERICAN SOLDIER.

Annapolis, Md., April 7th, 1864.

Irish all Over.

After the City of Mexico had surrendered to General Scott, it is well known that the troops were obliged to win their way from house to house and street to street, until they finally expelled the remnant of the Mexican army, which disputed every inch of ground from the gates of the city to the palace. The 2d Regiment United States Infantry (to which the writer belonged,) under command of that sterling veteran soldier and honest man, Colonel (afterward General) Bennet Riley, were gaining ground step by step, under a hot fire from rooftops and church-steeple, when Pat Mullony, a private in Company F, made a dash and intrenched himself in a door-way (the door-ways are large, with heavy projecting jams,) a full half square in advance of his company, and commenced a spirited fire. When he had fired five shots he was joined by a comrade just as he was preparing for the sixth round, who asked him what he was firing at, and desired a "chance in." "Hist!" says Pat; "wait till I fetch another of the bla'guards. I have done the business for five of 'em, and there is another waiting to be served the same sauce." Bang! went his sixth shot, when his comrade, together with two others who had now joined them, exploded with laughter. "What in the devil's name be yees laughing at, at all, at all?" says Pat. "Sure didn't I fix his flint nice enough? and, be the powers! there is another spalpeen just stepped in his place, and waiting for a dose," raming his cartridge home with energy.

"Stop Pat," said his comrade, "don't you see you are firing at the Apostles?"

"And is it the Apostles, is it? Now may the howly St. Pether forgive me!" says Pat, his eyes opening like two saucers as he made the discovery that he had been firing on two life-size statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, which stood on each side of a church-door, about musket-shot down the street. Pat had hit St. Peter six times. It was a standing joke against him, and he never heard the last of it as long as he remained in the regiment."

The Rev. Mr. Peters, of Attleboro', was slightly eccentric in his habits, and this encouraged his people to be free-and-easy with him. One time he was wandering over the hills, and got lost in the woods. At last he came upon a party of men burning wood for charcoal, but they were so blackened that he did not recognize them though they were his own parishioners. Approaching them he said,

"Can you tell me who I am, where I am from, and where I am going?"

To which they replied, "You are Parson Peters, you come from Attleboro', and you are going to the wicked place."

The parson responded: "From the looks of the inhabitants, I should think I had got there already."