



# THE CRUTCH.

VOL. 1. U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 1, ANNAPOLIS, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864. NO. 22.

## 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.  
Any one taking 5 copies 3 months will be entitled to an advertisement of 15 lines for one insertion.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS:  
For 1 square of 8 lines or less, 1 insertion, - - - 75 Cts.  
For 1 square of 8 lines or less, 3 insertions, - - - \$2 00.  
Yearly advertisements and cards at fair rates.

## A Trick of War.

A correspondent of the *New York Dispatch* says that during the war of 1812, he accidentally got possession of some of the signals of the British Navy, which he put into the hands of Com. Rodgers; and he thus concludes his article:

Soon after the conclusion of peace, dining with Com. Rodgers, at his house in Washington, he related to me the following circumstances, which I give in nearly his own words:

"I acknowledged the receipt of your letter," he observed, "and was determined to have the signals made on board, and to try the experiment, none of my officers understanding for what purpose they were intended. I cruised sometime without meeting an enemy, until one afternoon we fell in with a schooner, some six or eight miles to windward of us. We hoisted the British ensign, which was answered by displaying another, and at the same time a signal at her maintop gallant masthead, which I immediately discovered was like one of those you had given me. From the list of English frigates, I selected the number of the *Sea Horse*, one of their largest class, and known to be on our coast, and hoisted it. She bore down at once and came under our stern; I ordered her to heave to, and I would send a boat on board of her.

"This order was obeyed, and I dispatched a Lieutenant to bring her signal book, enjoining on him and the crew, the strictest secrecy respecting our character. He was politely received by the captain, whose schooner proved to be the *Highflyer*. Our Lieutenant's coat attracted his attention, not being of the latest London fashion, although the crown and anchor was on the button; but casting his eye on the frigate, seeing the British ensign, and now and then the red coat of a marine appearing above the hammock netting, his mind was apparently set at rest.

"The Lieutenant informed him that he was requested to bring his signal book on board the *Sea Horse*, in order to have some alterations made, as there was a rumor that the Yankees had possession of something like the signals, and it was therefore necessary to change the number! This ruse had the desired effect, and our Lieutenant returned with the book, which placed me in command of the *whole correspondence of the British Navy*.— I then sent the gig for the Captain, requesting him to come on board, and bring any dispatches he might have in charge.

"On reaching our deck he seemed surprised at the size of the vessel, praised her cleanliness, and the order in which every thing appeared; admired the red coats of the marines, and on being invited into the cabin, handed me a bundle of dispatches for Admiral Warren, who, he observed, must be within forty miles to leeward. I ordered refreshments, and in company with several of my officers, we entered into a general conversation.

"I asked him what object Admiral Warren had in cruising in that neighborhood? He said to intercept American privateers and merchantmen, but particularly to catch Commodore Rodgers, who he understood, had command of one of the largest and fastest sailing frigates in the American Navy. I inquired of him what kind of a man this Rodgers was, and if he had ever seen

him? He said no; but he had understood that he was an odd character, and rather hard to catch. After conversing on several other subjects, I abruptly put the question to him:

"Sir, do you know what vessel you are on board of?"

"Why, yes, sir," he replied, "on board His Majesty's ship *Sea Horse*!"

"Then, sir, you labor under a very great mistake.— You are on board the *United States frigate President*, and I am Commodore Rodgers, at your service."

"The dying dolphin never assumed a greater variety of colors than did this poor fellow's face. 'Sir,' said he, 'you are disposed to be humorous, and must be joking.' I assured him that it was no joke; and to satisfy him on that head, handed him my commission.— At the same moment the band struck up Yankee Doodle, on our quarter deck; on reaching which, he saw the American ensign flying, the red coats turning blue, and the crown and anchor button metamorphosed into the eagle.

"This affair," observed the Commodore, "was of immense importance to our country. We obtained in full the British signals; the operations of Admiral Warren, by the non-receipt of his dispatches, were destroyed for the season; and it probably saved the frigate, for the course I was running at the time of my falling in with the *Highflyer*, would have brought me into the midst of his fleet during the night."

No one having made just observation can deny that the Gospel elevates all who are in any ways obedient to its facts, principles, or spirit. While all other religions debase, Christianity alone has proved itself able to exalt and ennoble its disciples. It has raised entire nations out of the horrible darkness of barbarism. It has aroused the dullest minds to the putting forth of marvelous powers, and it has quickened souls dead in trespasses and in sin with the flame of a new life. These are facts incontrovertible. They contain the argument and demonstration of the divine origin and power of our religion which no sophistry can refute.

A hospitable gentleman one day informed his butler that six clergymen were going to dine with him, and desired him to make due preparation. "May I ask, sir," deferentially replied the butler, "whether they be 'igh or low church?" "What on earth makes you ask such a question?" "Because, sir, you see if they're 'igh they drinks, and if they're low they eats."

A man, brought before a justice of the peace in Vermont, charged with some petty offence, pleaded in extenuation a natural infirmity. "I should have made a considerable figure in the world, judge," said he, "if I hadn't been a fool; it's a dreadful pull-back to a man."

The ladies may not go much upon the highways but they are complained of by their husbands of being very much addicted to buy-ways.

A victim of sea sickness described the sensation thus: "The first hour I was afraid I should die; and the second hour I was afraid I shouldn't."

Why are thieves particularly lucid? Because they display the greatest *pure-pick-uity*.

For the Crutch.

## Night in Libby.

BY A CAPTIVE CAPTAIN

All through the day I long'd for night,  
I wish'd for darkness and sleep,  
Sleep, to deaden the hunger pains,  
And for darkness, unseen to weep.  
To weep, for the thousand heroes  
Growing weaker day by day  
Bagged, and starved, and freezing,  
Oh God! dost Thou hear us pray?  
Oh friends that we love so well,  
Who bask in full plenty's smile,  
Death is stilling the hearts of the dear ones  
In Libby and on Belle Isle.

I sit and gaze thro' the iron bars,  
On the dark and gloomy sky,  
The cold wind sweeps the long dark rooms  
Where my shivering comrades lie,  
And I hear the sigh and hacking cough,  
From many a manly breast;  
Some rave about home and plenty,  
But they'll soon be still in rest.  
Yes they'll soon be still and at rest,  
Only a little while  
And the skeleton soldiers will take their march  
From Libby and from Belle Isle.

Hark! I hear from the depths below,  
The cry of the sentry swell,  
"Ten o'clock! at the thirteenth post  
With the Yankees, all is well!"  
'Tis well with GORE, he died to-night  
On the plank he call'd his bed,  
One hand grasp'd a mother's picture,  
And the other some corn bread,  
Bread as hard as our jailers' hearts,  
But little for rank or file,  
How long, just Heaven, must we starve  
In Libby and on Belle Isle?

Cold! cold in "the middle room,"  
My blanket is worn and damp,  
No ray lights up the horrible gloom,  
But here comes the patrol's lamp!  
The full light shines on the bloody floor  
Where our murdered comrade lay,  
The guard whistles 'neath the window,  
Who shot poor FONSVYH to-day,  
There's no reproof: "a Yankee's dead,"  
They say with a fiendish smile,  
Oh! Death, we have learned to greet you,  
In Libby and on Belle Isle.

Oh to die on the battle field,  
Like heroes with sword in hand!  
Gazing up at the flag we love,  
With a cheer for our glorious land;  
But we'll die like soldiers here,  
No captor shall hear us sigh,  
To aid the cause of Liberty  
In a prisoner's grave we'll lie.  
In a prisoner's grave we'll sleep,  
We can meet death with a smile,  
Knowing our flag will one day float  
O'er Libby and on Belle Isle.

LIBBY PRISON, Richmond, Va., April 7th, 1864.