

THE CRUTCH.

Charles N. Burnham, Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

Horn Point--Location of Small Pox Hospital.

For some time past, we have been accustomed to regard the long, low strip of land on the south of us, as no desirable place of residence, and have looked upon solitary travelers bound that way, as persons very much to be pitied. Of its sanitary advantages, and various comforts adapted to Hospital uses, we had no doubt, but compared with the bright, cheering, more inland aspect of the Yard, its shores looked remote and cold, and we indulged in no such anticipations, in prospect of visiting in that direction, as we have in view of taking the opposite one, among the flowery, fragrant, banks of the Severn.

By accident, however, we were most quietly and pleasantly transported thither one day last week, by sail-boat, and as a grateful participator of the hospitalities that welcomed us there, as well as an humble apologizer, for the indifference with which we have treated our neighbor, (geographical) we would say a word for Horn Point. In the first place, its location for a Summer residence public or private, is one of the most desirable on the Bay. Turn toward which point of the compass you may, a fresh breeze greets you from the water, surging in from sea, on "pinions white," or dashing in little wavelets at your feet.

As we looked around on the acres of vegetation, comprising tomatoes, potatoes, cabbages, radishes, beets, onions, and others too numerous to mention, each vegetable apparently trying to outstrip its neighbor in the race of running to seed,—and caught the signs of a daintier harvest in the young peach and pear orchards, we concluded that Horn Point was a misnomer. It should be, Horn of Plenty, or Golden Horn, if wealth was estimated at its true value. To the Hospitals, this sea garden is invaluable. Every morning loads of fresh vegetables, (so important in a medicinal way to our patients who have suffered so acutely for the lack of them in Southern dungeons) are distributed throughout the kitchens. These, added to the great number of strawberries, on which our soldiers have feasted, will give the reader some idea of the way our patients fare. It was a happy thought of our Surgeon in Charge, that of converting this wide waste of land into a blossoming garden, and we often wish, as we run our eye along the rich desert shores in this vicinity, that the same force could energize and transfigure them into sightly harvest fields.

Aside from its natural advantages, Horn Point has an historical interest peculiarly its own, although narrators differ so entirely in their versions of it, that one is at a loss which to record as authentic. The antiquarian can gratify his taste for research among the graves, whose moss-covered stones date back to the year 1745, or the Indian mounds, where vestiges of nomadic life still remain; but the chief interest of the visitor centres about the spot where an old apple tree spreads its branches, beneath which it is said Washington planned one of his campaigns.

Lovers of fine scenery and piscatory delights, will find no obstacle in the way of passing a day or a week pleasantly at Horn Point. From Fort Vanderkief, a broad expanse of ocean meets the eye on one side, on whose trackless waste great ships come and go noiselessly, and little boats flutter and dance, as if they were merry messengers from the far off ones "who have gone down to the sea;" while the near beaches cover tempting herds of delicate shell-fish, and offer splendid opportunities for bathing.

But one does not get at the real glory of this new Arcadia, without an introduction to its live stock, which the owner assured me, was "a great deal of company in dull weather." Can any one who has a wholesome, reasonable regard for the future, remain unmoved and indifferent to the grunting of pigs, cackling of hens, and clacking of ducks and geese? In their homely dingy little world, what stores of wealth they are garnering for you, O, carnivorous man! What a world of trouble they are saving you, by generously picking out the hearts of every bug or grub that comes within their domain. Nothing can be more touching in the animal world, than to see a brood of downy, tender ducklings or goslings floating in shallow water, and boring in the sand for an honest living, so industriously that they become almost heedless of the parental tenderness manifested on shore, by those whose only crime is that of not being amphibious! But after all, we must confess to a weakness for the useful rather than the graceful and fantastic in the animal world, and so we turn back with a quiet sense of relief, to the aforesaid pigs, sober, matter of fact creatures as they are, rolling in happy dreams in the sunshine, or sagaciously snuffing the air "for more," as their immense rations disappear before remorseless appetites, every mouthful telling on their sleek, white skins.

Never cajole yourselves Oh, "Knights of the Quill," with the idea that with all your combined efforts, you can produce anything like it; while your pets fitch

their meals from commissary, these appropriate corn and milk to any extent, fresh from nature's garner.—Born to such a rich inheritance, who shall question the quality of happiness they enjoy, or doubt that they fill a large space in the beauty and economy of nature?—Success then to the dwellers of Horn Point, biped, hoofed, and web-footed. The short hours we spent among you, were unbroken by anything to mar their smoothness, from the time we left your shores until we were borne safely hither by the accomplished oarsmen, who will please accept our congratulations and thanks.

Quarterly Report of Hospitals for Federal Prisoners, Richmond, Va.

FURNISHED BY SURGEON GENERAL, C. S. A., APRIL 1, 1864.

We give below the Quarterly Report of the Surgeon Gen'l, C. S. A., showing the degree of mortality among our prisoners in Richmond. It was furnished through the kindness of Lt. Col. JOHNSON, Medical Inspector U. S. A., Middle Department, and is sufficient proof that our prisoners' statements in regard to the treatment of Federal prisoners have not been exaggerated. Attention is particularly called to the total, and percentage of deaths. And it may be pleasant for the Copperheads to contemplate the remarkable amount of humanity prevailing among their Southern brethren:—

DISEASES.	Jan'y.		Feb'y.		March.	
	Cases.	Deaths.	Cases.	Deaths.	Cases.	Deaths.
Febris Cont. Communis,	5	3	1	10	2	
" Int. Quotid,	6	23		20	5	
" " Tertianæ,	4	20				
" Remittens,	10	20		11	4	
" Typhoides,	18	12	35	28	35	29
Erysipelas,	11	1	3	1	1	1
Rubeola,	14	1	15	7	6	4
Variola,						
Varioloides, } Convales.					77	
Diarrhoea Acuta,	31	18	100	13	27	13
" Chronica,	229	193	337	265	283	250
Dysenteria Acuta,	36	4	23	6	9	3
" Chronica,	18	12	34	24	27	20
Dyspepsia,	4	1	1	2	1	
Enteritis,			1			
Gastritis,						
Hepatitis Chronica,	4	2	1	4	3	
Icterus,	4	1		4	3	
Parotitis,			3		3	
Tonsillitis,			7	3		
Asthma,	1	1	1	1		
Bronchitis Acuta,	21	1	46	7	12	3
" Chronica,	20	6	45	16	50	39
Catarrhus Epidemicus,			1			
Catarrhus,	10	1	35	4	17	9
Laryngitis,			2	1	1	1
Phthisis Pulmonalis,	6	2	8	5	1	1
Pleuritis,	9	1	10	5	12	9
Pneumonia,	63	38	207	97	120	109
Ceribritis,			1			
Epilepsy,	1	1				
Meningitis,	1	1	1			
Neuralgia,	1		3		1	
Paralysis,	1				1	1
Tetanus,	4	2				
Bubo Syphiliticum,	1					
Anaemia,			1			
Cystitis,			1			
Gonorrhoea,	5	1		1		
Nephritis,	1		4		6	
Orchitis,	1		1			
Syphilis Primitiva,	2			1		
" Consect.	2	2				
Anasarca,	6	4	7	2	8	7
Ascites,	1		2	1		
Hydrothorax,					1	
Rheumatism Acutus,	11		23	12	1	
" Chronicus,	40	4	42	12	14	3
Abscessus,	2		2			
Anthrax,					1	
Ulcers,			4		1	
Contusio,					1	1
Gelatio,					15	6
Vulnus Incisum,			1			
Lumbago,	1					
Vulnus Sclopeticum,	20	1	27		20	3
Otitis,	1					
Debilitas,	15	4	107	17	33	21
Haemorrhoides,			2	1	6	2
Morbi Cutis,			6		9	
Scorbutus,	7		7	3	17	7
Trumores,			1			
Gangrene Sicca e congelatione.	27	3	23	4		
Total,	646	311	1252	524	881	561
Total No. of Cases, 2,779.						
Total No. of Deaths, 1,396.						

Of what trade is a minister at a wedding? A join-her.

Correspondence of the Crutch.

OFFICERS' HOSPITAL, MIDDLE DEP'T., ANNAPOLIS, Md., June 9th, 1864.

Hospital life, with all the advantages it possesses over a life in the field, is proverbially dull and devoid of excitement. We exhaust all the reading matter, including popular and unpopular novels, and the newspapers are hastily devoured (metaphorically) each morning and evening; we read and answer all our letters, write frequently to our dear wives or dearer innamorata's, discuss every topic of conversation until every yarn and stale joke is exhausted, and beginning to feel stale ourselves we join "Smith" with the "blues," and sit down to utter maledictions over the provoking and uncomfortable little wound that brought us here, and secretly finding fault with some one (we don't know who exactly,) because we are not at our homes.

Our "blues" suddenly vanish with the exclamation from Capt. "Jones." "Let's take a vote for President," to which Lieut. "T. Ebenezer Funderkinklehookheimer" responds, "Yaw, we hold a convention of our own, we 'has no delegates at Baltimo' and I likes to know as 've has not so much right as dey to nominate a President as ve likes."

Capt. Jones and Lieut. F. &c., carry the day and it is decided that the vote shall be taken and each officer express his individual choice.

The Tellers proceed from ward to ward and room to room, armed with the "mighty pen," a bottle of ink, and an official list of the patients furnished them through the kindness of Surgeon VANDERKIEFT. We found the officers hailing from nearly all the loyal states, and attached to all the various Divisions and Army Corps of the Potomac Army. The adherents of the same candidates are often times of a diversity of opinion and we leave the occupants of each room warmly discussing the merits and demerits of their particular favorites. At the supper table, all want to know how the vote stands, and a blind man would from the conversation take the gentlemen there assembled, to be members of a nominating convention rather than shoulder strapped gentry from the Army of Meade.

The result of the vote as officially reported, is appended:

OFFICERS' HOSPITAL, MIDDLE DEP'T., ANNAPOLIS, Md., June 9th, 1864.

The result of a vote yesterday and to-day of the officers, patients in this Hospital, for their individual choice for next President is as follows:

LINCOLN. GRANT. McCLELLAN. Declining.

Maine,	10	—	—	—
New Hampshire,	1	—	1	1
Vermont,	2	2	—	2
Massachusetts,	18	2	—	2
Rhode Island,	2	—	—	—
Connecticut,	1	—	—	1
New York,	34	6	3	4
New Jersey,	9	—	—	—
Pennsylvania,	27	4	1	1
Maryland,	7	—	—	—
Delaware,	4	—	—	—
Ohio,	5	—	—	1
Indiana,	1	—	—	—
Michigan,	16	1	1	—
Wisconsin,	3	—	—	—
Kentucky,	1	—	—	—
U. S.	2	—	—	—
Total,	143	15	6	12

N. P. Banks and Fernando Wood received each one vote.

Aggregate number votes polled 178.

About 20 officers in Hospital whose votes we were unable to obtain.

Signed, GEORGE E. LEMON, CAPT. } Tellers.
WM. L. BRAMHALL, 1st. Lt. }

Conundrums.

Why are we in danger of losing our shade trees?—Because they are all leaving.—Portland Press.

Why don't they start? Because they have not got through packing their trunks.—Transcript.

Why are they so dogged about it? Because they are continually barking.

Why is Steward Knowles supposed to be the sleepiest man in the yard? Because he "turns in" so often.

What key fits the guard house best? Whiskey.

Why is the band in Hospital? Because it has so many strains.

What is its peculiar disease? Mu-sick.

What kind of a drum does it need? Conun-drum.

What course is Grant pursuing? Lee-ward and win-d'ward.

Why is the kitchen in Section 2 the most hospitable in the yard? Because it is never without a Guest.

What General is most popular all over the world? General License.

Why is the Weekly Review the spiciest part of the CRUTCH? Because it is Mace-y.