



# THE CRUTCH.

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## THE CRUTCH,

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[From the Evening Post.]

### The Battle.

Give them a shell, boys, give them a shell!  
They are coming over the hill,  
You can see their widening columns swell,  
You can hear their bugles trill.  
Give them a shell, boys! Aim her straight.  
Ready—pull lanyard—off she goes!  
Hear her skurry and scream in haste—  
Puff! She's done for a dozen feet!

Give them grape, boys, give them grape!  
They are coming a little too near;  
Each dusky bulk is gaining a shape,  
And their tramp is loud and clear.  
Give them grape, boys, Steady! Fire!  
Now, boys, go to work with a will.  
Sight that gun a little higher—  
Right!—a gap that twenty can fill!

Give them lead, boys, give them lead!  
Up with the infantry, load, boys, load!  
Where's Joe Lane?—poor fellow, he's dead—  
Many of us must travel his road!  
Give them lead, boys! on they come  
With columns massed in fierce attack—  
Think of your dear ones safe at home!  
Stand by your guns, boys! Drive them back!

Give them steel, boys, give them steel!  
They fight like devils—at them again!  
Their charge is broken—they pause—they reel!  
After them, boys, with might and main!  
Give them steel, boys—see how they run—  
I'm hit—just here—but never mind me;  
Lay me down by the sides of that gun,  
And after the rest with a three-times three!

Give them a cheer, boys, give them a cheer!  
Let them know we have won the fight.  
I'm dying now—you can bury me here—  
Dig deep, boys, and do it to-night.  
There's one at home, you can give her my sword,  
(You know whom I mean,) and say that I  
Have always been true to my plighted word—  
For my country and her I am glad to die.

May 11, 1864.

A. A. A.

### A Puzzle.

I am a word of plural number,  
A foe to peace, and human slumber,  
Now, any word you chance to take,  
By adding S, you plural make;  
But if you add an S, to this,  
How strange the metamorphosis—  
Plural is plural now no more,  
And sweet what bitter was before.

### Fighting and Praying.

There was a time, and not very long ago, when the majority of people in civil life took their notions about military men from the prurient English comedies of George III's period; when, to be an officer of the army implied a code of morals offensive to public state and domestic happiness; in which code, if to love your neighbor was not inculcated, to love your neighbor's wife was. According to that code, religion was at a discount, and a praying soldier was a "canting hound."

Caricature, as this undoubtedly was, of English society, it has been in all time, absolutely false of the American army. A better set of men than our old army, could not be found in equal numbers taken at random from any other profession, and among them some of the very best officers have been devoutly religious. But it is not of such men we mean to speak. Our present purpose is to point out the prevalence of the religious element among all classes of fighting men; the fact that those who hold their lives in their hands, leaving "senseless bigots" to fight "for forms of creed," recognize the God of battles, and pray for themselves and their country in the midst of danger. The simplest expression of the relations of "praying and fighting" was, perhaps, the blunt order—"Put your trust in God, and keep your powder dry."

It is easy to prove what we have said, by reference to modern history. The Mussulman humbly obeys the muezzin's call before he plunges into the fight to reap glory, or gain Paradise and the Hooris. Indeed he rather outstrips the Christian in regularity of prayer.

Cromwell and his praying Puritans were dangerous men to meet in battle; the "Sword of the Lord and of Gideon" was exceeding sharp, tempered as it was with hourly prayers.

Nor were the Cavaliers wanting in prayer, although despising the so called cant of the Roundheads. The King's men repeated their collects for Church and King. "Boys, my brave boys," said Major Shippen, "pray well and fight well, and God will certainly give us the victory." "Oh Lord!" said another, "if I forget Thee, as in the press of battle I may, do not Thou forget me."

There is something sublime in the spectacle of Gustavus Adolphus and his vast army, on the eve of the battle of Lutzen, in which he fell, praying on bended knee, and then chanting—

"Be of good cheer—your cause belongs  
To him who can avenge your wrongs;  
Leave it to him, our Lord."

The King fell, and the battle was gloriously won.

It is related of the celebrated soldier La Hire, that when about to go into battle, he sent for the priest to obtain absolution. He was told to confess. He had no time to go into detail, he said, but he confessed "all the usual sins of a soldier's life." Upon receiving absolution, he made his prayer as follows: "Oh Lord, do unto me this day, as I would unto Thee if I were God and thou wast La Hire." It sounds harsh to us now, but the proud old Frenchman thought he was very devout.

Who can ever forget the touching colloquy between my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, concerning the prayers of soldiers. It is eloquent, patriotic and true. Find it, oh reader, in the inestimable Tristram, and enjoy it again. If it speaks volumes for my uncle and the Corporal, it

says much also for "our army in Flanders," especially considering that other accounts may make them "swear terribly."

All the world knows that Stonewall Jackson struck harder blows because he prayed so much. He was evidently of the fanatical stamp, and his prayers were rather dervish-like than intelligible Christian petitions, and yet they fired the man who fought better than any other rebel.

Rosecrans, a devout Roman Catholic, just before his designed attack on Chattanooga, had masses said in all the churches of Cincinnati for the success of his arms. The same solemn spirit pregnant with results!

And so it must always be. Before going into battle the foolish, wicked, unmeaning oath is silent; with the bracing of the nerves, there goes up a silent prayer for strength and valor and deliverance. The wounded pray to be saved from death; the dying recall the words of old petitions learned in their childhood, and in these broken accents commit their souls to God.

On the battle-field of Gettysburg were found, broad-strewn, Bibles and prayer books. Carried in coat bosoms or pockets, they came forth in the bitter moment, a solace to the wounded and dying, and a proof that soldiers pray as well as fight. All honor and thanks to the worthy chaplains who foster this noble spirit, and to the philanthropic men who care for the soldier's interest at home, taking with them, in timely visits on battle-field, and in crowded hospitals, comforts for the poor suffering mortal bodies, and holy books and words of prayer for the well-being of immortal souls.—*Army and Navy Journal.*

How TOM FLINN WAS ACQUITTED.—A Kentucky advocate is defending his client, who is charged with stealing a hank of yarn:

"Gentlemen of the jury, do you think my client, Thomas Flinn, of Muddy Creek and Mississippi, would be guilty o' stealin' a hank o' coting yarn? Gentlemen of the jury, I reckon not—I s'pose not. By no means, gentlemen—not at all. He are not guilty. Tom Flinn! Good heavings, gentlemen—you all know Tom Flinn, and—on honor now, gentlemen—do you think he'd do it. Thomas Flinn! Why, great snakes and alligators! Tom's a whole team on Muddy Creek, and a hoss to let. And do you think he'd sneek off with a miserable hank o' coting yarn? Well, gentlemen, I reckon not I s'pose not. When the wolves was a howling, gentlemen, on the mountains o' Kentucky, and Napoleon were a fighting the battles of Europe—do you think my client, Thomas Flinn, gentlemen, could be guilty o' hookin'—yes, hookin'! Tom Flinn! Gentlemen, I reckon I know my client, Thomas Flinn! He's got the fastest nag and the purtiest sister, gentlemen, in all Muddy Creek and Mississippi! That gent'emen, are a fact. Yes, gentlemen, are a fact. You can bet on that, gentlemen. Yes, gentlemen, you can bet your bones on that! Now, 'pon honor, gentlemen do you think he are guilty! Gentlemen, I reckon not, I s'pose not. Why, gentlemen of the jury, my client, Thomas Flinn, am no more guilty o' stealing that are hank o' cottin yarn than a toad are a tail!—yes, a tail, gentlemen!"

Verdict for the defendant.

VANITY.—The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.—*Dean Swift.*