



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

The two Southern Mothers.

Heard you not the din of battle,
Cannon's roar and musket's rattle,
Clash of sword, and shriek of shell,
Victor's shout and vanquished yell?
Saw you not yon scene of slaughter,
Human blood poured out like water;
Northern valor, Southern pride,
Stern resolves on either side?

Cheering on her flagging men,
Rallying to the charge again,
Comes a bullet, charged with grief,
Strikes the brave Confederate chief.

Down he falls, amid the strife,
Horses trampling out his life;
Scarce can his retreating force,
Find and save his mangled corpse.

Home they bore him to his mother—
He was all she had—none other;
Woful mother! who can borrow
Words to paint her frantic sorrow.

As she mourned her slaughtered brave,
Came and spoke her aged slave;
Came and spake with solemn brow,
"Missis we'er even now."

"I had ten, and you had one,
Now we'er even—all are gone;
Not one left to bury either—
Slave and mistress mourn together."

"Every one of mine you sold—
Now your own lies stark and cold;
To the just avenger bow—
Missis! I forgive you now!"

Thus she spoke, that sable mother;
Shuddering, quailed and crouched the other,
Yea! although it bared long,
Payment shall be made for wrong.

THE INDIAN SUMMER-LAND.—The Indian believes that when he dies he will go down to the spirit-land of his fathers, and there, in wise counsels assembled, he will hold prudent converse with the Great Spirit himself.—Hunting being his chief employment on earth, he expects the same in the spirit-land. Death to him is only the renewing of youth. When he has triumphed over old age, his eyes will be clearer, and he sees from afar his faithful dog his chase pursuing. Let no one sit in judgment against him, but let his spirit Summer-Land be as the Indian Summer days on earth—a season of inexpressible delight.

[From the Washington National Republican.]

A Big Dog Story.

EXPLOITS AND SERVICES OF THE DOG "SAILOR."

Just before the battle of Bull Run, a lady of Georgetown met a boy in the street, leading a dog by a string, and the boy was crying bitterly. She asked him the cause of his crying. He said his mother had told him to take off the dog and have him killed, as she would have no dog about the house. He did not want to kill him, he was such a good dog; but he supposed he should have to do so, and thought that he should tie a rope around a stone, and throw him into the Potomac. He said he would sell him for five cents; the lady told him she would give him a quarter. He accepted the offer at once, as this would give him spending money for a week. The dog appeared to be a cross of several breeds, but had long, shaggy ears, that hung down under his neck.—The lady led him home. He was very intelligent, and soon became a great favorite of the family. They named him "Sailor."

A Rhode Island Battery was near there, and the ladies used to carry supplies to the sick soldiers. Sailor would go with them, and a gunner by the name of John Barry took quite a liking to the dog, and when he went on an errand to Georgetown, Sailor would frequently follow him back to camp; and finally he concluded a military life was the best suited to him, and he left the family altogether, and took up his abode with John Barry and the battery.

Often when the battery was out practicing, when the dense smoke would roll out from the bottom of the gun, Sailor had been seen to jump into the smoke and catch a mouthful and shake it, as though he had something real in his mouth.

But the battery was ordered to the front, and participated in the second battle of Bull Run. Let me digress a moment just to say that our wounded and dead had to be removed or buried under a flag of truce; this was humiliating, but nevertheless true. That field was some five miles long, and perhaps three broad, covered thick with wounded and dead. A friend of mine left my house under the auspices of the Christian Commission early on Saturday morning for the battle field, and arrived there that evening, and worked night and day until the next Thursday evening, carrying off our wounded from this battle-field. There is no doubt many of our poor soldiers starved to death; others suffered awfully from thirst.—Thursday evening, just at dark, they came to an apple tree, under which five of our soldiers had dragged themselves, to protect them some from the sun by day, and the dews by night. They had only one ambulance, and this would carry only four. They must leave one of these men under this tree, alone on this vast field—and which one should they leave? One of them had been wounded in the head by a piece of shell—it was a bad wound; his head was fly-blown, and maggots could be seen plainly, and as they thought he could not live long, they left him there alone under that tree. He was sensible and could talk, and did not like to be left alone there to die. I have thought if I had been there I would have brought him off on my back, if I had done it by short stages. But they could not bring him off, and a rebel officer rode up to our pickets the next morning and

told them he was alive then, and could talk. This is all we know of him.

John Barry was on the same battle-field. One of his legs broken, and no one to give him help. He suffered all but death; no one came to his aid. Sailor staid by him, and occasionally did all he could to attract attention to Barry, but no one came. He finally came to the conclusion to send him off to Georgetown, over forty miles, as a bearer of despatches. He felt his pocket over, and found an old yellow envelope, and a piece of pencil. He wrote on it, "I am wounded and on the battle-field," and signed his name to it, folded it up about as large as a quarter of a dollar, put it in one of Sailor's ears, and tied his ears under his neck, and told him to go.

Sailor started right off, and the grass did not grow under his feet, and he did not salute any dog by the way—but in an incredible short time made his appearance at Georgetown. The family were all glad to see him, and, from his jaded appearance, concluded he needed something to eat. But Sailor would not eat anything; he was a bearer of despatches, and must deliver them first.

He did everything but talk, to let them know it. He would stand on his hind feet, and put his paws on his ears and howl; but they could not understand him. I think it was the second day, the girl in the kitchen said Sailor must be killed, he acted so strange. He would rub his head against her, and howl, and he was mad.—A consultation was held to talk the matter over; and at this time Sailor rose on his hind feet and put his fore foot on the shoulder of the daughter, and she told her mother Sailor's ears were tied down. She soon cut the string, and found the note from John Barry in one of his ears. They were astonished. They said if he brought a message he will probably take one back.

They went in the parlor; Sailor followed, and sat down and watched their proceedings with eager eyes.—They wrote a note on white paper, telling Barry they would send him aid as soon as possible; folded it up and put it in Sailor's ear, and tied his ears down and told him to go. But he lay down on the floor, the picture of despair. What was the matter? Was it the color of the paper? They would try him. They cut the string, took out the note, and wrote on a yellow envelope, folded it up neatly, and put it in his ear, tied his ears down again, and told him to go. He did not wait to be told the second time, but started off instantly. He was off over forty miles again, and in a short time was on the great battle-field, looking for John Barry.—He had been delayed so long in Georgetown that Barry had been taken from the field, and his leg amputated.

But Sailor was not discouraged at all. He started with the greatest energy to find Barry. This was a difficult matter, and he was kicked and abused while on his search. But he kept on patiently, and at last he found him and delivered the letter, and staid by him until he was removed to this city. He is now at a teamster's camp near this city, and they would not take his weight in gold for him, as high as the premium is now.

If all those standing on two feet, who have been engaged in putting down this rebellion, were as brave and faithful as "Sailor," the rebellion would have ended long ago!

J. S. K.

Some minds will always be slow till you cut them to the quick.