



# THE CRUTCH.

VOL. 1. U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 1, ANNAPOLIS, MD., SATURDAY, OCT. 8, 1864. NO. 40

## THE CRUTCH,

A Weekly News and Literary Paper devoted to the interests 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.

## The Picket's Night Song.

BY REV. C. H. A. BULELEY.

I.

Alone—alone!

In the midnight-gloom and the winter-wind,  
With the foe before and the loved behind,  
'Mid the glaring eye-balls of the dead,  
Lit by the moonbeams overhead,  
Under the clouds of the Southern arch,  
Sadly I make my picket-march,  
Alone—alone!

II.

Alone—alone!

In the pine-tree's wail I hear the sighs  
Of those whose love-life never dies  
In homes or tents, where breaking hearts  
Wait for or sicken at deathful darts,  
When bullet and bayonet call to weep,  
Whom they, like me, their vigils keep,  
Alone—alone!

III.

Alone—alone!

Ah! terrible, when the battle's o'er,  
Is the picket-watch with the foe before,  
The loved behind, and the dead beneath,  
And over all the midnight's wreath;  
My heart then drums for my sentry-pace,  
And I walk my beat with a paling face,  
Alone—alone!

IV.

Alone—alone!

Oh! give me the battle's front and shock,  
The din and flash of fire and lock,  
The stir of soul and the drowning tramp  
Of hosts that rush from fort or camp;  
But not this silence, worse than death,  
That, with each tread, arrests my breath,  
Alone—alone!

V.

Alone—alone!

Fhear the rustling branch afar,  
The echoing step—and, like a star  
In moonlight, through the dark cloud-rift,  
Flashes the bayonet's gleam so swift—  
God save me! while the bullets fly!  
Lest on my picket-beat I die,  
Alone—alone!

Jane, what letter of the alphabet do you like best?" "Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snob. "Pooh, nonsense—tell right out, Jane; which do you like best?" "Well, (blushing and dropping her eyes,) "I like you [U] the best!"

We copy the following from a Detroit paper, hoping it will interest some patients in this Hospital, known to Col. Cutcheon:

## Colonel Cutcheon and the 20th Infantry.

Below we give a portion of a letter from Col. Cutcheon, to his wife, in reference to the recent assault upon the rebel works before Petersburg. The letter was not intended for publication; but it contains so much of interest to the people of this country, that we have solicited it. It will be seen that the 20th has been reduced to a mere skeleton.

BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., }  
August 22d, 1864. }

At nine o'clock in the evening we took the road to Petersburg. When we reached General Warren's headquarters, a little after 10 o'clock, we were told that the men could lie down for a few hours; that the cooks must have coffee by 1 o'clock A. M.; that we must then fill our knapsacks and be ready to move at 1 o'clock A. M.; and that at 3 A. M., the 'mined fort' would be blown up, and then we should attack and carry the enemies' works, and then we were to take breakfast in Petersburg, &c. With the knowledge that at the break of day we were to join in a fierce and deadly charge upon a fortified position, under a storm of shot, shell, cannister and bullets, did not add at all to the soundness of our slumbers. I did not sleep for a moment. The probable moments of life seemed too short to be indulged in sleep. Spreading a rubber upon the ground, I lay down without taking off sword or spur and with my field glass for a pillow, and lay gazing up at the stars, thinking whether I would ever see them again.

"Comrades brave were round me lying,  
Filled with thoughts of home and God,  
But well I knew that on the morrow,  
Some would sleep beneath the sod."

The night wore slowly away, *how* slowly. The cook brought up some coffee and something to eat; but I only took a little coffee.

I confess that the undertaking looked desperate. Two o'clock passed, and three came, and then the order was passed quietly to "fall in." Silently the men obeyed, arranging their canteens so as to make as little noise as possible. Then we moved towards the enemy's works. As we moved forward the day was fast breaking. We halted in a covered way, the head of the column resting near our advanced works. Here we halted for a few moments till the day was fully dawned. It was a moment of terrible excitement and suspense. Suddenly we felt the earth heave and tremble. We were in a position where we could see the explosion. A hillock of earth rose suddenly under the fort, then the earth opened and an immense column of earth shot into the air to the height of a hundred feet. From the center of this, rose a column of white smoke from *four tons* of powder in the mine. Cannon, timber, men, great blocks of earth, all the *debris* of a fort, flew into the air and fell around in ruins, burying four companies of the 18th South Carolina in the ruins.

Then two columns of Ledlie's Division moved out and charged into the crater. They went forward at the double-quick, and forward in columns of battalions, behind our advanced works. At the moment the fort blew up our artillery opened along the whole line the most terrific cannonade that I ever heard. It was awful!

Soon we heard the "Yankee cheer," and we knew that the lines were taken. Then came a most unaccountable and fatal delay. The wounded began to pour in—prisoners came by in large squads. We did not advance: Meanwhile, shot, shell and bullets, and cannister, were screaming over us in frightful nearness. But still we did not advance.

Time slipped away until 8½ p. m. Then our Brigade was ordered forward. We were formed in the trenches ready to spring over at the word.

The 1st and 2d S. S. were on my right; the 46th N. Y., the 50th Pa., and the 60th Ohio on my left. The colored Division had moved out on my right, and had been formed to carry the works on the right of the "mined fort," while our Division was to carry the line of rifle-pits between the two forts. The right was to move first, and we were to follow the movements of the regiment on our right. Meanwhile, the cannonade was most fearful.—The enemy had one battery on our right, that enfiladed us. A shell from it struck one of my men, (Corporal Myron Parks, Co. F,) cutting his leg entirely off above the knee, shattering his arm and otherwise wounding him, mortally wounding W. W. Carpenter, Co. F., and taking off the arm of Pa. Beardly, of Co. F. Others were hit before the word to charge came.

But at last it came. I had as brave color-bearers as ever lived. I charged them to take good care of the colors, and *follow me*. The breast-work was as much as seven feet high. I tied my sword to my wrist with my handkerchief. I had removed every mark of rank I had about me, and "went in" in my blouse. I dug a step in the bank with my sword to assist me in mounting it. At last I saw the left of the 2d move. I sprang upon the breast-work, and shouted, "FORWARD 20TH," and they mounted the works. In a moment a tornado of bullets greeted us, and one of my best men, (Corporal Roberts, Co. A,) fell dead within a rod of our line.—The 2d went off by the right flank, toward the "mined fort." We had to follow. Through the storm of bullets and cannister and shell we rushed. Many times I felt the breath of the bullets on my face, and once it seemed to burn. When my Regiment came within two paces of the enemy's works, I turned to the remnant of my Regiment and shouted, "BY THE LEFT FLANK, MARCH!" and seeing the colors following me, I made for their works. I was first to reach them. It was full of rebels. There were about a dozen men around me, among them the color Sergeant, (a noble fellow,) of Co. F, who immediately planted his colors on the enemy's works. We then shouted to the "Johnnies" to "come out," which they at first did not seem inclined to do; but when we stuck our guns over, it enforced the invitation, and over they came. Twelve of us took about 30 prisoners, including two commissioned officers. The last one to come over was a First Lieutenant, who stood just in front of me, about two yards distant. I ordered him to come over, which he declined to do. I raised my sword on him and he obeyed; but just as he sprang over the pit, he was hit by a bullet from his own friends, who intended it for me. He fell just by me, his head in the abatis. He begged pitifully to be carried to the rear; but I told him I could not get *my own men* carried to the rear then. I gave him some drink and a lemon, and spread a rubber blanket over him to keep the sun off, and there I left him. I could do no more. I did not learn his name or regiment.

[Concluded in our next.]