



THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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Lines,

Written by a boy aged sixteen, who died in prison, at Andersonville, Ga.

Will you leave us here to die,
When our country calls for men?
We came from forge, and store, and mill,
The broken ranks to fill;
We left our quiet happy homes,
And ones we loved so well,
To vanquish all the Union foes,
Or fall where others fell;—
Now, in prisons drear we languish,
And, it is our constant cry,
Oh! ye who yet can save us,
Will you leave us here to die?

The voice of slander tells you,
That our hearts were weak with fear,
That nearly every one of us,
Was captured in the rear.
The scars upon our bodies,
From the musket-ball, and shell,
The missing legs and shattered arms,
A truer tale will tell:—
We have tried to do our duty,
In the sight of God on High;
Oh! ye who yet can save us,
Will you leave us here to die?

There are hearts with hope still beating,
In our pleasant Northern homes,
Waiting, watching for the footsteps,
That may never, never come;—
In Southern prisons pining,
Meagre, tattered, pale and gaunt,
Growing weaker, weaker daily,
From pinching cold and want.
Here, brothers, sons and husbands,
Poor and hopeless, captured lie;
Oh! ye who yet can save them,
Will you leave us here to die?

From out our prison gate,
There's a grave-yard close at hand,
Where lie ten thousand Union men,
Beneath the Georgia sand;—
Scores and scores are laid beside them,
As day succeeds to-day;—
And thus it ever will be,
'Till they all shall pass away.
And the last can say when dying,
With upturned and glazing eye,
Both love, and faith, are dead at home,
They have left us here, to die!

"Men's books with heaps of chaff are stored,
God's book doth golden grains afford;
Then leave the chaff and spare your pains,
And gather up the golden grains."

The Ossified Man.

The following is copied from a late number of the Cleveland Herald:

We saw at the Union depot yesterday afternoon, the most remarkable case of the ossification of the entire human frame, ever known in this country, and probably in the known world. The name of the man is Valentine Perkins. He is fifty-two years of age, and was born in the town of Henrietta, Monroe county, New York. His father died in Buffalo, in 1812, leaving his family in poor circumstances. His mother removed to Ohio shortly after, and has lived in Lake and Portage counties since.

Valentine was a smart active boy, until he was eleven years old, when he was thrown from a horse, which injured one of his knees severely, and the joint became ossified. From that time forward for fifteen years, the process of ossification or hardening of the joints continued, until it might be said he was one solid bone, so far as the frame was concerned. At this time and for the last twenty years, he has been unable to move a single joint, with the exception of the first of the index and middle fingers of the right hand, one of his shoulders a very little, and one or two of his toes. His back bone is completely solid from the base of the skull downward, which prevents his moving or turning his head in the least.

He has been blind for about thirty years, and his jaws have not been opened for over thirty years. When it is necessary for him to eat, the food is made fine and placed within his mouth, his front teeth being gone, and it finds its way into his stomach. He has a good appetite, and will eat with apparent relish anything that is given him.

As he lays on his bed he has the appearance of a person in a deep sleep, the only motion perceptible being the action of the respiratory organs. His skin is somewhat sallow, and his fingers drawn and twisted very much out of shape, the flesh, what little there is on his hands, being almost transparent and having the appearance of highly polished marble, of a yellowish hue.—His hair, beard and nails grow ordinarily fast. Some of his fingers and toes are destitute of nails, and on others they resemble bird's claws.

His health is comparatively good, and he is generally in remarkable good spirits, seldom peevish or cross.—He lays on his side upon a couch or low bed, his legs partially drawn up, in which position he has lain for upwards of forty years. His skin and flesh are very sensitive to the touch, a fly or even a hair annoying him exceedingly. His sense of hearing is very acute, and he talks a great deal, in fact almost continually, when he can get any one to converse with him. He has a very tenacious memory, and remembers circumstances that occurred many years ago with great vividness; he apparently seems to forget nothing he has ever heard. As an instance: while we were in the depot a surgeon who had visited him fourteen years ago for the purpose of operating upon his eyes, asked him if he remembered him, to which he did distinctly, and recalled some circumstance that took place at that time.

He has a good general idea of all passing events, and converses on them with a remarkable degree of intelli-

gence, when his condition is taken into consideration. His voice is not very strong, and of course not at all times distinct, as he cannot open his jaws, and the sound is confined within his mouth. However, he speaks with sufficient distinctness to be heard all over an ordinary sized room. He has a wonderful knowledge of figures, for one in his circumstances, and will give a correct answer to almost any question in the fundamental rules of arithmetic. The age of a person being given, he will, in a short time give the hours, minutes and seconds he has lived. The number of square miles in Portage county being given him, he gave correctly the number of square feet contained in that territory. We give this to show that although the joints are perfectly useless, the brain is still comparatively active. By placing an object on his hand he will tell with mathematical precision, the size of it.

This remarkable case is not new to the medical world, having been repeatedly described in newspapers and in many medical works in this country and Europe, and pronounced by all the most extraordinary on record.

He is well known in this section of Ohio, having lived in Kirtland, Lake county, and for the last twelve years in Mantua, Portage county, where he has been visited by thousands of people, from idle curiosity or for the purpose of scientific investigation. He was yesterday on his way from Mantua to Painesville, Lake county, in care of his half brother, Mr. Samuel Alford, to whom we are indebted for most the above particulars.

We have often read and heard of persons being helpless, but this is the only case of a living, breathing human being lying absolutely and unqualifiedly helpless for over forty years. It requires more patience and labor to wait upon him than upon the most tender infant, and one man's whole time and attention must be exclusively devoted to him.

He left, in care of his brother, Mr. Alford, on the afternoon train for Painesville. While at the depot he was visited by hundreds of our citizens, who gazed upon him with wonder and astonishment, that a person in his condition could remain in almost one position for the period of an ordinary lifetime. But such is the veritable fact.

COOL FOR THE SEASON.—A gentleman was contemplating the works of art exhibited in the window of one of the chief picture dealers of the city, when he gradually became conscious of the fact that a hand not belonging to himself had found its way into one of his pockets.—Turning swiftly round, he looked the neighbor who had taken so unusual a liberty straight in the face, and exclaimed with concentrated indignation, "You had your hand in my pocket!" "Well," replied the detected member of the light-fingered gentry, with the greatest coolness and self-possession, "and what if I had? You have surely no reason to be offended at that. Here, now, in December, it's already so cold that one is glad to put one's hand anywhere.—N. Y. Evening Post.

A gentleman of this city has recently coined a new word. Speaking of General Grant, he said his "sticktoitiveness" would win the day.

The saying that "there is nothing like leather," is justified by the fact that it is our sole reliance.