



# THE CRUTCH.

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## THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

### Twilight Reflections.

'Tis evening now, the shadows cast  
By Sol are faded; he reclines;  
His fiercest rays have gone, have past;  
O'er other worlds his splendor shines;  
And lovely Venus gently gleams,  
While zephyrs move the weeping willows—  
The star-lit sky—it truly seems  
To dance upon the dimpled billows.

The fleecy clouds spread far and wide—  
While in the east are gleams of light,  
And in the quiet eventide,  
Arises Luna, "Queen of Night;"  
This seems like paradise restored,  
A banquet of the ethereal spheres,  
When heart with heart in sweet accord  
Can chase away the tears.

Roll on majestic Queen of night,  
On other nations wax and wane,  
Bathe the whole world in mellow light,  
From pole to pole, from main to main,  
O, Venus! twinkling gem of night,  
What mortals tread thy shores?  
What hopes and fears have they, thou bright  
World that above the ether soars?

O, glitter on in heaven's broad space,  
And course thine evening journeys down,  
Outshine the diamond's glimmering face,  
Shine on till the last trump shall sound;  
Oh, heavenly Master, hear my plea;  
When orbs of light have ceased to shine,  
Take me Oh God, to be with Thee,  
And crown me Thine, and wholly Thine.

FLORIAN.

### After Death.

"The curtains were half drawn; the floor was swept,  
And strewn with rushes; rosemary and may  
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,  
Where through the lattice ivy shadows crept.  
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept  
And could not hear him; but I heard him say:  
'Poor child, poor child;' and as he turned away,  
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.

"He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold  
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,  
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head;  
He did not love me living; but once dead  
He pitied me; and very sweet it is  
To know he still is warm though I am cold."—*Ex.*

For the Crutch.

### The Haunted House.

(Concluded.)

Our landlord was apparently a man of few words, for after drawing up, and signing a paper securing to us the free use of our apartments, and adding that he had no fears of our being disturbed in our new quarters, he bade us good evening, without giving his address, or further directions touching the premises. A half suppressed laugh from my wife followed his exit, which I too readily joined in; our position was both novel and absurd, the sudden transition from actual dependence and annoying inconvenience, to a new sphere of comfort and ease, seemed quite too dreamlike and romantic to last. I was not quite satisfied with the irregular business transaction with our landlord, but as there was no actual wrong deducible from the course I had taken, I patiently yielded to the necessities of the hour, put a fair face on the matter, and we both tried to make ourselves as jovial as possible over it. The evening was charming; as we sat talking at a late hour, while a flood of moonlight poured in at the windows, my wife made herself particularly merry over the probability of ghost-seeing, protesting firmly against retiring until daylight, lest she might miss a specter, or something quite as eerie. I drowsed in my chair to be awakened every few seconds by a mischievous whisper, of "dost you hear something gurgling?" or "moaning?" or "James there is something wrong, I have just seen a light flitting over the grass!" I answered in monosyllables 'till I was tired, and then sought my own room, determined not to speak or be disturbed 'till morning. The shrewdest people are sometimes mistaken, and the boldest often obliged to confess to serious miscalculation in their plans, however trivial they may be; so my sweetest dream was broken, not long after midnight, by a long rolling muffled sound like thunder, and an unwelcomed shout from my better half, that the battle had commenced; the ghosts or demons, or whatever our enemies might be termed, were abroad, and she was up to meet them. I waited until peal after peal of the same dull sound followed at intervals of from two to three minutes, and then we both quietly commenced a tour of the building by candle light. It was very evident the sound proceeded from within, as it was scarcely perceptible two yards distance from the house; but it was impossible to locate it; it pervaded the rooms and slightly jarred the furniture, as if acted upon by strong motive power. The sounds, of themselves, were not sufficient to disturb a heavy sleeper like myself, but the fact that their source could not be traced by me, annoyed and perplexed me the whole night and what was still worse, I was compelled to admit the mortifying fact that my first night in a "haunted house" had been almost a sleepless one; of course, I was very philosophical in the morning and boldly asserted that the same experience would never happen to me again, but it did happen, and although I felt neither moody or morose, I must admit that these mysterious visitations of sound, now long and low like a moan, now convulsive as a young earthquake, were not conducive to sleep, or repose, so much as to irritability of the nerves. By and by we got used to it, however, and ceased to wrestle with wonder or curiosity, but treated the phenomena

with as much indifference as we did the whistling of the wind.

During the whole year that we occupied the house no other persons than ourselves ever passed a night with us, and we were careful never to extend the invitation to any of our friends, beyond the dinner hour. Although we had lived comfortable and happily in the "haunted house," the loss of society had been deeply regretted by us, and we were not reluctant to leave, when I was called to resume preaching in the West. Mr. WICKLIFFE, our landlord, received the announcement of this intention, with the same coolness he had evinced at our first meeting. He asked no questions, would receive no compensation, and we parted as we met—strangers to each other.

Five years afterward, as I was looking over the New York papers in a reading room in Chicago, my eye fell on the following paragraph:—

"A MYSTERY UNRAVELLED.—Yesterday the old mansion house belonging to the WICKLIFFE estate, on East Broadway, was razed to the ground, the site having been purchased by EDWARD DOWNS, Esq., for the purpose of erecting a stupendous warehouse. Everybody in that vicinity has heard of the "haunted house," and doubtless many of our readers have been its transient tenants, who will be glad to learn that the cause of their discontent can be explained. Those engaged in clearing away the remains of the old mansion, were surprised to find a subterranean passage, leading directly beneath that half of it which had no cellar. This passage admitted two bowling alleys, several billiard tables, all descriptions of implements known to the "Black Art"—muskets, and bags of ammunition, keys large and small, tiny *open sesames*, were carefully laid aside in leather cases, and marked with strange hieroglyphics. Heavy boxes filled with death dealing instruments of warfare, piled one upon another, caskets of exquisite jewelry, and bags of foreign coin, were hidden in the trunks and secret drawers of the large framed cabinets inlaid with ivory and costly wood. The entrance of this cave, was found to be about thirty yards distant from the house, at the foot of the garden, which sloped towards the next street. The passage was so irregular that one stumbled at almost every step until the dense darkness, was broken by the light from huge lanterns suspended from the ceiling of the room I have described. Large open fire-places, so skillfully planed that the smoke passed through the chimneys of the house, gave the place a habitable aspect. For some time, the curiosity of workmen and spectators was baffled in endeavoring to discover the use of the large lead tubes adjusted carefully in the ceiling, and reaching to the third story between the double walls of the house. A bystander suggested that they were probably used to convey and diffuse the sound produced by bowling, so generally as to defy detection. Subsequent examination renders this supposition highly probable, and on the whole, when we take into consideration the wealth so quietly accumulated, and safely stowed under the shadow of a haunted house, we feel compelled to yield Mr. WICKLIFFE the palm as financier and to remind our Wall street friends, that there are successful dodges in this world to make money they have not dreamed of in their philosophy." | †

A high private, whose knapsack had been thrown away during a fight, and who had consequently "nary a change," found himself, three weeks after, in a situation demanding a reconnaissance. He had taken off his only shirt, and was minutely examining it, when his Captain, making a tour of inspection, come in and inquires, "What is the matter?" Rising and saluting, high private answers, "I did n't think it right, Sir, to have these fellows all on duty at once; so I was dividin' them off into reliefs!"