



# THE CRUTCH.

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## THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

Lines suggested by the accident to the Old Poplar in St. John's College Hospital grounds, under which the Hospital tents are pitched.

Majestic monarch of the woods,  
Whose birth out-dates the time,  
Columbus cross'd Atlantic's floods,  
To this our Western clime.

Sinking the present with the past,  
Our glory with disgrace—  
Time's hand has reach'd thy heart at last,  
Thy noble form defaced.

What scenes of sorrow and of joy,  
Have pass'd beneath thy shade!  
'Twas here the dark-eyed Indian boy,  
Gaiess'd his Indian maid.

And here the Eagle built her nest,  
And here the Oriole sung  
The joyous songs that pleased her best,  
And rear'd in peace her young.

But they are gone—all gone from thee—  
'Twas the behest of fate!  
Old monarch much I pity thee,  
Thou look'st so desolate!

'Tis well that thou shouldst crumble down,  
And bow thine aged frame,  
When treason strives for victory's crown,  
Bought with our country's shame.

Our country's Father—Washington,  
Beneath thy grateful shade,  
Ere yet his weary task was done,  
His country's fame surveyed.\*

Oh God! As thou art good and just,  
And clothed with power and might,  
Hear our loud wailings from the dust,  
Give victory to the right.

Bid all this war and strife to cease,  
Dry up these floods of tears,  
And let thy glorious bow of PEACE  
Sink first with latest years.

\* Washington and Lafayette are said to have encamped under the old tree a short time previous to the battle of Yorktown.  
Annapolis, Md., Aug. 29th, 1864. ROMANZOFF.

A Frenchman, wishing to say of a young lady that she was as gentle as a lamb, thus expressed himself, "She be mooch tame, like the petite mouton."

It is very curious," said a young lady, "that a tortoise, from whom we get all our shell combs, has no hair."

## Truth Stranger than Fiction.

AN INCIDENT OF LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

Old residents of the District of Columbia given to anecdotes of its past history can, upon occasion, recall scenes and events of the various administrations, and the men who have flourished under them, that to this day form most interesting topics of conversation. From the multitudes of incidents entailed in their daily life by a system of slavery, they can relate stories of its operation that even now excite sympathy and cause feeling people to wonder that such transactions should ever have been tolerated at the seat of government of a republic whose "liberty" was its proudest boast.

Forty years ago a wealthy planter came from Florida or Louisiana, to reside in Washington for a time, bringing with him a son, a fine manly boy of thirteen or fourteen. At the levees of his father, which were then very fashionable, he received the caresses of the ladies and the encouragement of the gentlemen, that his age, intelligence, and his father's position naturally elicited. Of his family none accompanied his father besides this son, in his visits to Washington. In due course of time the boy, on whom his father's affections were centered, was sent North and was there educated, graduating at Harvard or Yale, with an honorable standing in his class. On his returning to this city he avowed a love for the North, acquired during his college life, which was not restrained in its expression by his father, who fostered and encouraged it zealously, and readily consented to his permanent residence there. He desired, however, that his son should remain with him here during his own stay. An appointment was procured for him as a clerk in the War Department, and he entered upon his duties.

Among the acquaintances formed at this time was a gentleman in Pennsylvania, and the chief clerk of a bureau, who was the father of a girl yet in her teens, lovable in character, as well as very beautiful. Intimacy begat friendship, and it was hardly a matter of wonder that love should follow. With the blessings of all they were married at St. John's Church in this city; it happened to be the first marriage that ever took place there; and even now the long rows of carriages, the fair dames and rich attire, the music, the crowded parlors, the splendor and joy which crowned the wedding are vividly depicted by those who treasure the chronicles of society in those days.

The young man's father had bought and furnished an elegant house for his children, and they removed at once to their own establishment. Not long after the marriage, and while in the full tide of happiness, the father was called home, and left his son and daughter, intending soon to return. They received no intelligence from him for week after week, which caused them anxiety, daily increasing to alarm. At last, one day, when the son had just decided to go in search of his father, a carriage dashed up to the door, a young man stepped out, and followed by the sheriff of the district, walked into the War Department, and before all his companions, in the broad light of noon, arrested the son as the slave of his father!

The son solemnly declared that his father had manumitted him, and that he had seen the will long since in which it had been done. This outrage shocked the sensibility of even an effete slave community. Mr. Monroe, then President, and others high in power, used all the

argument, all the entreaty tongue could utter, offered money without stint, for the ransom of one whom all loved and esteemed, and whose condition, to that hour no one had dreamed. But the young man, possessed of all power in the case, and the son of an enraged family, mocked them, told them that money was no object, argument and entreaty alike unavailing. What he had now obtained was revenge, of which nothing should foil him. The father had met with sudden death, the will had been either concealed or destroyed, and his pet son, in all appearance of Saxon birth, with the exception of a light swarthy complexion common to all natives of the extreme South was taken, chained as a slave, his house and furniture sold, and accompanied by his beautiful, heart-broken wife, faithful and unflinching in this living death, from the fashionable circles of Washington society, carried to the "plantation," to toil in slavery, beneath the infuriated lash of a vindictive family.

Mr. Monroe assured him that a situation should be given him if he ever proved his manumission or escaped.

He never afterwards was heard from in this district, for, as Napoleon said of convents, "the terrible mysteries of slave prisons perish unrevealed."—*Cor. N. Y. Eve. Post.*

## Mr. Lincoln's last Joke.

We learn from excellent authority (says the Philadelphia Bulletin) that during the recent visit of the finance committee of our Board of Trade to Washington, an informal visit was paid to President Lincoln, by whom the committee was received with all his well known affability and cordiality. Encouraged by the President's open manner, one of the members of the committee made bold to attack him directly upon the topic nearest his own heart, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Mr. President, I wish you would tell me where the Burnside Expedition has gone?"

"Why, don't you know where they have gone? I thought everybody knew that."

"Well, sir, it may appear very ignorant in me, but I must confess I don't know, and that I would like to know exceedingly."

"You really surprise me, sir. The papers have been full of it; everybody has been talking of it, and I did not suppose there was anybody who did not know all about it. Of course, I will tell you, if you promise not to give your authority."

The gentleman promised solemnly.

The President drew his chair close to him, and with his hand carefully interposed between him and the rest of the company, whispered, with mysterious emphasis: "The Burnside Expedition has gone to sea!"

It does not yet appear to be quite certain that the English Government has determined to stop the sailing of the rebel iron-clad rams. It is, however, quite time for its own honor that it should cease to connive at the violation of its own laws. While loftily declaring that its foreign enlistment act would not be changed at the dictation of a foreign power—even though the suggested change was absolutely necessary to preserve its much boasted neutrality—the British Government has permitted the rebels to set its laws at naught without even a remonstrance. It was derogatory to England's honor to listen to a suggestion from a friendly power, but not at all derogatory to it, to permit an unrecognized rebel power to violate her laws with impunity!