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J. M. San



THE CRUTCH.

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The Coming of Our Imprisoned Men.

For the Crutch.

They are coming! They are coming! from their dismal Southern dens,
From their dark and gloomy prisons, from their hated rebel pens,
Where no couch was spread beneath them save the damp and chilling sod,
And no shelter overhung them but the canopy of God.
Where 'soul-hunters' stood a watching at the 'dead line' for their breath,
While Disease and gaunt Starvation drove their madness on to Death.

They are coming! They are coming! to their Northern homes again,
Grand and glorious through their sufferings, true and loyal noblemen!
How the thought of home and kindred, cherished love and plighted vow,
Thrill their pulses with quick beating and a strength forgot till now!

How the sense of all their suffering, pangs of agony and fear,
Vanish with the joyous gleaming of the angel Hope's glad cheer!
Meet them, loved ones! in their coming. Meet them, children! at the gate.
Set the candle in the window. Light the hearth long desolate.
Spread the table with white linen. Call the dearest friends of old.
Load the board with every dainty. Kill the fating of the fold.
Make them feel they're not forgotten, nor a tender tie been rent.
Give them quiet homes and plenty for their dungeon life and tent.

C. THURSTON CHASE.

Impromptu. April 14th, 1865.

America is Free.

For the Crutch.

What mighty sound is sweeping on
To many a distant shore,
From far New England's granite heights
To where the Western billows rear?
It is a sound of patriot joy,
A day we longed to see,
The fratricidal strife is o'er,
America is free!

From many a brazen cannon's mouth
Comes forth the sound of Peace;
Dispels the gloomy clouds of war,
And bids the tumult cease.
On Richmond's long embattled walls
A new-born lustre shines,
And Freedom, for her noble sons,
A wreath of glory twines.

In Libby's lone and dingy cells
Is bound no captive slave,
And mid Belle Island's burning sand
No more is dug a Union grave.
Far brighter days than those are come;
The Southern hopes are dead,
Where flaunted forth their bars of death,
Waves the Stars and Stripes instead.

The yeoman on the Northern hill
Hears of the great success.
He leaves his toilsome work aside,
And turns his God to bless
For the glorious boon—a happy land.
He weeps bright tears of pride
For his countrymen so far away,
A fighting side by side.

The maiden by the cottage hearth
Thinks of the soldier boy,
And tunes again the silent lute
To National songs of joy.
Within her tender bosom pure
The thoughts of love still burn,
And welcomes forth the coming day,
To hail his safe return.

For now the dangerous scenes are past.
It quells the mother's fear.
She looks along the winding path
For the one her soul holds dear.
Yes, by our distant firesides bright,
Ten thousands bow the knee,
In grateful praise to God above,
For their land and homes are free.

Oh! may the ocean's surges bear
To many a far-off clime
The glorious news they'll hail with joy,
And make the church bells chime.
America, fair Freedom's land—
Her praise they'll sing with glee;
That slavery's curse with her is done,
Her name's forever free.

THOMAS M. LEWIS,
Co. K, 6th Md. Vols.

Meeting of Gen. Grant and Lee.

Carleton, of the Boston Journal, in his graphic account of the closing campaign in Virginia, thus describes the meeting of Gen. Grant and Lee, at which the terms of capitulation were arranged:

In the little village of Appomattox Court House there is a large square brick house with a portico in front, the residence of Wilmer McClean. Roses are budding in the garden, violets and daffodils are already in bloom, and the trees which shade the building are green with the verdure of spring. Gen. Lee designated it as the place for meeting Gen. Grant. It was a little past two o'clock on Sunday afternoon when Gen. Lee, accompanied by Gen. Marshall, his chief of staff, entered the dwelling. A few minutes later Gen. Grant, accompanied only by Col. Parker, of his staff, chief of the Six Nations, a man of remarkable powers and of great acuteness of perception, although an Indian.

The meeting was in Mr. McLean's parlor, a square room, carpeted with sofa, center table. Gen. Lee was sitting by the table, dressed in a suit of gray—coat, pants and vest, all of gray. Time has silvered his hair, giving him a venerable appearance. He stoops a little, as if he had borne great and heavy burdens. He wore an elegant sword, a gift from his friends.

Gen. Grant had left his sword behind, and appeared in the same suit he had worn in the field through the eventful days—a plain blue frock, with double rows of buttons, and shoulder straps bearing the three silver stars—the insignia of his rank as Lieutenant General.

The meeting was cordial. After salutations the two commanders sat down, placed their hats on the table, and conversed as freely as in other days when both were in the service of the United States. Gen. Lee alluded to the correspondence which had passed between them.

'General, I have requested this interview to know more fully the terms which you propose,' said Gen. Lee.

Gen. Grant replied that he would grant a parole to officers and men, that the officers might retain their side arms and their personal effects. Gen. Lee assented to the proposition and did not ask for any modification of the terms, which were then engrossed. The paper was signed by Gen. Lee at half past three o'clock.

After he had affixed his signature, Gen. Lee asked for Gen. Grant's understanding of the term 'personal effects' which had been given in the instrument.

'Many of my cavalymen own their horses,' he said. 'I think that the horses must be turned over to the United States,' was the reply.

'I coincide in that opinion,' was Lee's rejoinder.
'But,' said Gen. Grant, 'I will instruct the officers who are appointed to carry out the capitulation to allow those who own horses to take them home. They will need them to do their spring plowing and to till their arms.'

'Allow me to express my thanks for such consideration and generosity on your part. It cannot fail of having a good effect,' General Lee replied, with visible emotion at the magnanimity which Gen. Grant had displayed.

After further conversation Gen. Lee expressed a hope that each soldier of his army might be furnished with a certificate or some other evidence of parole, to prevent them from being forced into further service by Confederate conscripting officers.

'I will order such certificates to be issued to every man,' said General Grant, and as soon as the preliminaries were settled, the headquarters' printing press was put to work striking off blanks for that purpose.

Gen. Lee said that he had not the slightest idea of the number of men composing his army, as no returns had been made since the fight began on Hatcher's Run. The army had suffered constant depletion from casualties, loss of prisoners, deserters and stragglers. The estimates of the force surrendered ranged from eight to twenty thousand, but till the rolls are made out the number cannot be definitely determined.

Grant hearing that Lee's troops were short of provisions, at once ordered twenty-five thousand rations to be turned over to Lee's commissaries.

Gen. Grant had anticipated the surrender of Lee, and brought all the energy of the army to bring about that result. The question of terms had been discussed the evening previous around Grant's campfire. Gen. Grant said that he wanted such a surrender as would break down the positions which France and England had taken, recognizing the rebels as belligerents. He did not wish for humiliating terms. He would not require a formal grounding of arms. The rebels were Americans. We were citizens of a common country, and his object was to restore them to the Union, and not to degrade them.

A COURT SCENE.—'William, look up. Tell us, William, who made you? Do you know?' William, who was considered a fool, screwed up his face, and looking thoughtful and somewhat bewildered, slowly answered, 'Moses, I s'pose.' 'That will do,' said Counsellor Gray. Addressing the Court, 'the witness says he supposes Moses made him. That certainly is an intelligent answer, more than I supposed he was capable of giving, for it shows that he had some faint idea of Scripture; but I submit that it is not sufficient to entitle him to be sworn in as a witness capable of giving evidence.' 'Mr. Judge,' said the fool, 'may I ax the lawyer a question?'

'Certainly,' said the judge. 'Wal then, Mr. Lawyer, who d' ye s'pose made you?' 'Aaron, I s'pose,' said Counsellor Gray, imitating the witness. After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness drawled out, 'Wal now, we do read in the good book that Aaron made a calf, but who'd thought the darned critter had got in here?' The judge ordered the man to be sworn.

A WOMAN'S PRIDE AND A SAILOR'S GUIDE.—The needle.