



THE CRUTCH.

VOL. 1. U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 1, ANNAPOLIS, MD., SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1864. NO. 45.

THE CRUTCH,

A Weekly News and Literary Paper devoted to the interest 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, - - - - - \$ 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.

A Woman's Waiting.

Under the apple-tree blossoms, in May,
We sat and watched as the sun went down;
Behind us the road stretched back to the east,
On, through the meadows, to Danbury town.

Silent we sat, for our hearts were full,
Silently watched the reddening sky,
And saw the clouds across the west
Like the phantoms of ships sail silently.

Robert had come with a story to tell,
I knew it before he had said a word—
It looked from his eye, and it shadowed his face—
He was going to march with his Twenty-third.

We had been neighbors from childhood up—
Gone to school by the self-same way,
Climbed the same steep woodland paths,
Knelt in the same old church to pray.

We had wandered together, boy and girl,
Where wild flowers grew and wild grapes hung;
Tasted the sweetness of summer days
When hearts are true, and life is young.

But never a love-word had crossed his lips,
Never a hint of pledge or vow,
Until, as the sun went down that night,
His tremulous kisses touched my brow.

"Jenny," he said, "I've a work to do
For God and my country, and the right—
True hearts, strong arms, are needed now,
I dare not stay away from the fight."

"Will you give me a pledge to cheer me on—
A hope to look forward to by-and-by?
Will you wait for me, Jenny, till I come back?"
"I will wait," I answered, "until I die."

The May moon rose as we walked that night
Back through the meadows to Danbury town,
And one star rose and shone by her side—
Calmly and sweetly they both looked down.

The scent of blossoms was in the air,
The sky was blue and the eye was bright,
And Robert said, as he walked by my side,
"Old Danbury town is fair to night."

"I shall think of it, Jenny, when far away,
Placid and still 'neath the moon as now—
I shall see it, darling, in many a dream,
And you with the moonlight on your brow."

No matter what else were his parting words—
They are mine to treasure until I die,
With the clinging kisses and lingering looks,
The tender pain of that fond good-by.

I did not weep—I tried to be brave—
I watched him until he was out of sight—
Then suddenly all the world grew dark,
And I was blind in the bright May night.

Blind and helpless I slid to the ground
And lay with the night-dews on my hair,
Till the moon was down, and the dawn was up,
And the fresh May morn rose clear and fair.

He was taken and I was left—
Left to wait and to watch and pray—
Until there came a message over the wires,
Chilling the air of the August day.

Killed in a skirmish eight or ten—
Wounded and helpless as many more—
All of them our Connecticut men—
From the little town of Danbury, four.

But I only saw a single name—
Of one who was all the world to me:
I promised to wait for him till I died—
"O God, O Heaven, how long will it be?"

BLACK MATT;

Or How A Slave Sold His Master.

Matthew Hobson (generally called Black Matt, on account of his darkness of complexion) is well known among the inhabitants of the seaboard of Virginia, some years ago, as a slave-dealer, and an accomplished "breaker in" of bad flesh. He once purchased a brown mulatto by the name of Sam, at a very low price, on account of his very bad qualities, such as thieving, lying and drunkenness. Sam was intelligent, with all his faults—could read and write, and ape the airs of a polished gentleman. He was so far removed, too, from the pure African, that he could scarcely be distinguished from a white man.—On his becoming the property of the slave-dealer, he received several severe admonitions, in order that he might have a foretaste of the temper of his master. Secretly he vowed his vengeance for these striking proofs of Matt's affection, and in a short time an opportunity offered to gratify his vengeance.

Matt made up his gang, and shipped em to Norfolk. The barque arrived safely at New Orleans and was brought to the wharf. In order that Sam might bring a good price, he was togged off in fine cloth—calf-skin boots, a silk hat, and kid gloves. Matt thought by this external show to realize at least \$600 for the mulatto, as the body servant of some rich planter. Sam was consequently allowed to go on shore in order to show himself off. He proceeded to the Alhambra, and here he strutted along among the best of them. Being a portly gentleman remark that he wished to purchase a good body servant he went up to him, and, with an independent swagger, said:

"My dear sir, I have got just the best that will suit you."

"Ha!" replied the planter, "I am glad to hear you say so, for I have been looking for one several days.—What do you ask for him?"

"Nine hundred dollars," replied Sam, "and cheap as dirt at that. He has every quality—an shave, dress hair, brush boots, and is besides polished in his manners. I could have got fifteen hundred dollars for him, but for one fault."

"Ho!" ejaculated the planter, "an pray what kind of a fault is that?"

"Why, sir, a ridiculous one. He imagines himself a white man."

"A white man!" exclaimed the planter, laughing, "that is a funny conceit, indeed; but can soon cure him of that—I've had considerable experience in training and managing gentlemen of color."

"Oh! sir," continued Sam, "there's but little doubt that he can be cured—though you may find some trouble at first."

"Well, you appear to be a gentleman," said the planter, who was rather too anxious and chiding. "I will take him on your recommendation. Here is he now?"

"On board the barque—yonder at the wharf, you can see him at any moment," replied Sam.

"Good," exclaimed the planter, "am much pleased with your honesty and candor, in order to save time—here are nine hundred dollars please to give me a bill of sale."

Sam got the clerk to draw up a bill of sale, signed the name of Samuel Hopkins, pocketed the money, and told

the planter to ask the captain for Black Matt; he would himself be on board as soon as he had closed a bargain with another gentleman who was desirous of purchasing one of his field hands.

The puffy planter made his way to the barque and demanded of the captain to see Black Matt. The officer pointed to Matthew Hobson, who sat on the quarter deck, smoking his cigar, and superintending the debarkation of his slaves.

"Are you Black Matt, my fine fellow?" asked the planter, addressing the slave merchant.

"Folks call me so at home," was the reply, "but here my name is Matthew Hobson. What do you want?"

"I'll tell you, Matt, what I want. I want you.—You're a likely looking fellow, and will just suit me."

"Look ye here, stranger," said Matt, frowning up, "maybe you don't know who you are speaking to?"

"Yes I do, though—you're my property; I bought you of your master, Samuel Hopkins, just now, and—"

"You bought me," exclaimed Matt, standing up at full length before the planter. "I am a white man."

"Come, come, now," calmly said the man, "it won't do—I know you—you can't humbug me with your conceits—I'll whip it out of you, sir—I'll teach you—"

Here Matt drew back and aimed a blow at the ruddy nose of the planter, who seized him by the throat, and bellowed for the police. An officer happened to be on the levee—he, at the instance of the planter seized the refractory slave and bore him to the calaboose, where he remained until evidence could be procured identifying him as a free born white citizen of the United States.

Sam, in the mean time, got on board a ship that was weighing anchor for an European port, and has never been heard of since. Thus has the rascal had his revenge—Matt lost his slave, and the "green" fat gentleman his money.—Petersburg (Va.) Express.

WHEN WILL THEY MEET?—There is a curious duel now pending in Boston, which began ten years ago. Mr. A—, a bachelor, challenged Mr. B—, a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal—that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other, and he declined. A year afterward he received a challenge from Mr. A—, who stated that he too had a wife and child, and he supposed the objection of Mr. B— was no longer valid. Mr. B— replied that he had too children—consequently the inequality still existed. The next year Mr. A— renewed his challenge, having now two children also; but his adversary had three. The matter when last heard from was still going on, the number being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed.

The Young Men's Old Overcoat Club has resolved to point the cold, unmoving finger of scorn at every man who buys a new overcoat during the next six months.

A conscript being told that it was sweet to die for his country, tried to excuse himself on the ground that he never did like sweet things.

Why is a rejected lover determined to win the affections of his mistress, like a passenger from New York on a French steamship? Because he is bound to Havre.