THE CRUTCH.

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THE CRUTCH,

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For the Crutch.

Waiting in Hospital.

I wait for an 'order' that cometh not.
What days—pulse-counted—should have brought
Long weeks—throb-measured—do not bring.
I pray for the hour when I can fling
The war aside, and know the rest
Of sleep, unmarred by dreams of strife;
Sleep, all unbroken by the clash
Of clanging drum and shrieking fife;
When prattling baby's laughing voice
Calls 'Papa!' from her cradle nest,
And love-tones of my waiting wife
Shall soothe the impatience of my breast.
When soft caress and whispered love,
And tiny fingers in my hair,
And 'waxen touches' o'er my face,
And bird-notes from the little grove,
And sunny day just dawning fair—
Shall be my only reveille!

Ft. Henry, Tenn.—Midnight.

To the American Phlag.

Studdid up whilst a settin' on the plazy fense, watchin' of it a wavin frum the Liberty poal, and a touchin' off of fire crackers now and then.

O mity rag! O booteous peese of kloth!
Maid up of red and white and blue stripes,
And stars painted on both sides—
Awl hale! Agin I'm settin in the embrajas
Shadder, admirin of thy granjer,
And a suckin into my chist the gentle zeffers
That are a he pin of yu out well nigh onto
State. Grate Phlag! When I shet
My eye and look at ye, and think
How as when you was little, and not much
Bigger nor a small peese of kloth, and
Almost as tender as a sheet of paper, you
Was carried all through the Revulushun
Ary War, and have some phew times sinse,
Held up your hed with difficulty, and
How tremenjus you are now! I pheel
Jist as if I should bust, and phly all round, and
Want to get down oph the fense
And git shot, or stabbed or hit on the hed with a
Stic of wood or hung for my country.
Prodiggous banner! Wodn't I smile to see
A Chinaman, or small unnaturalized forinner
Undertake to pull you down!
If a Chinaman, I would sla him, and cut oph his
Kew and bear it oph in triumph
Bephour I'd see a slit tore in you, or the sacrilligis
Hand of a fo cuttin of you up into bullit
Patchin, I'd brase my back agin a wall (or a
Post, or a bord, as it might be) and fite
And puntch, and scratch, and kic, and bite,
And tare my close, and lose my hat, and
Git hit in the i, and on my leg (hard) and
Acrost the smaul of my bac, and phall down
And git up agin, and continur the struggil
For half or three quarters ov an hour, or
Till I got severely wounded.
Terriffic emblem! How proud you look.
How almity sassy you wave round.
Grate phlag! I dont know whitch makes
Me pheel the most patriotic, you or the
Forth of Juli.
But I must close and wave my last adoo,
However tryin to my feelins it may be;
And git down oph the fense for already
The sharp pints oph the pic-its begin to
Stic me, and tar my close, a makin
Of me scringe and hitch about and
Holler *Forth of Juli.*

Gen. Sherman and the Negroes.

I happened to be present this afternoon at one of those interviews which so often occur between Gen. Sherman and the negroes. The conversation was piquant and interesting, not only as being characteristic of both parties, but it was the more significant because, on the part of the General, I believe it a fair expression of his feelings on the slavery question.

A party of ten or fifteen negroes had just found their way through the lines from Cheraw. Their owners had carried them from the vicinity of Columbia to the other side of the Pedee, with their mules and horses, which they were running away from our army. The negroes had escaped, and were on their way back to find their families. A more ragged set of human beings would not have been found out of the slave states, or perhaps Italy. These negroes were of all ages, and had stopped in front of the General's tent, which was pitched a few feet back from the sidewalk of the main street.

Several officers of the army, among them Gen. Slocum, were gathered round, interested in the scene. The General asked them:

'Well, men, what can I do for you—where are you from?'

'Wese jus come from Cheraw. Massa took us with him to carry mules and horses away from youins.'

'You thought we would get them. Did you wish us to get the mules?'

'Oh, yes, massa, dat's what I wanted. We knowed youins cumin, and I wanted you to hab dem mules; but no use, dey heard dat youins on de road, and nothin would stop dem. Why, as we cum along, de cavalry run away from de Yanks as if dey fright to deth. Dey jumped into de river, and some of dem lost dere hosses. Dey frightened at de berry name of Sherman.'

Some one at this point said: 'This is General Sherman talking with you.'

'God bress me, is you Mr. Sherman?'

'Yes, I am Mr. Sherman.'

'Dats him, su' nuff,' said one.

'Is dat de great Mr. Sherman dat w'es heard ob so long,' said another.

'Why, dey so frightened at your berry name dat dey run right away,' said a third.

'It is not me that they are afraid of,' said the General; 'the name of another man would have the same effect with them if he had this army. It is these soldiers that they run away from.'

'Oh no,' they all exclaimed, 'it's de name ob Sherman, su'; and we hab wanted to see you so long, while you trabble all roun jis whar you like to go. Dey said dat dey wanted to git you a little furder on and den dey whip all your soldiers; but God bress me, you keep cumin' and cumin' an dey allers git out.'

'Dey mighty fraid ob you sar; dey say you kill de colored men, too,' said an old man who had not heretofore taken any part in the conversation.

With much earnestness, General Sherman replied:

'Old man, and all of you, understand me. I desire that bad men should fear me, and the enemies of the Government which we are all fighting for. Now we are your friends; you are now free. ('Thank you, massa Sherman,' was ejaculated by the group.) You can go where you please; you can come with us or you can go home to your children. Wherever you go you are no longer slaves. You ought to be able to take care of yourselves. ('We is; we will.')

'You must earn your freedom, then you will be entitled to it sure; you have a right to be all you can be, but you must be industrious, and earn the right to be men. If you go back to your families, and I tell you again that you can go with us if you wish, you must do the best you can. When you get a chance go to Beaufort or Charleston, where you will have a little farm to work for yourselves.'

The poor negroes were filled with gratitude and hope by these kind words, uttered in the kindest manner, and they went away with thanks and blessings on their lips.—*Correspondence N. Y. Eve. Post.*

Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

Malibran the famous actress and singer, tells the following amusing anecdote for herself:

'Not long since I was playing Desdemona to the Paris Opera House for my own benefit, and the stage was covered with bouquets. It was the first time that flowers had been thrown upon the Paris stage, and I never beheld anything more lovely; but you see I was obliged to die, and it was a great pity, for under the circumstances I couldnt pick them up. Othello had to die also, and the man was just *bete* enough to prepare to stab himself just where he must fall on at least a dozen of the best. This was more than I could endure, so, although I was dead at the time, I exclaimed in a low voice: 'Take care of my flowers!' Louis Philippe was in a side box that night and heard me; and so next day I had a magnificent present of exotics from St. Cloud, with a polite message signifying that his majesty, observing my posthumous love for floriculture, begged my acceptance of the accompanying tribute.'

A Patriotic Artist.—Hiram Powers the celebrated sculptor, in a recent letter, thus referred to a nephew named after him, who is a soldier in the national army: 'I pray that he may come out, as I trust our own country will come out, alive, better and stronger than ever, in full triumph over the foulest rebellion that ever disgraced civilization. And if he does, though he may hobble upon a wooden leg, and write his name with a sinister hand, I shall feel more pride in the name of Hiram Powers so written, than in my own engraved on the marble of all my works.'