

THE CRUTCH.

Honzo Colby, - - - - - Publisher.
U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, 1864.

Union Candidates.

For President of the United States,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois.
For Vice President,
ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee.

It will be seen by our heading that the *Crutch* adopts the honored names of LINCOLN and JOHNSON, as its watch-words for Liberty and Union. After nearly four years of unparalleled struggling for the maintenance of the great principles on which our institutions rest, it would be pusillanimous, if not treasonable, to look to another guardian or leader of our fortunes, than the great Captain who has sustained his part during the terrible ordeal we have passed through, with that undeviating firmness and true courage, that characterizes the truly great and good, of all times, both in public and civil life. We care not what names oppose his, or how many platforms are laid down disapproving his measures; ABRAHAM LINCOLN has the confidence of the union-loving portion of this people; he has reached the hearts of the soldiery, because he has stood bravely by the principles and measures he promised to protect and develop, when they responded to his call to arms!

Does the base party now playing tricks behind the figure-head of George B. McClellan suppose it can cajole the soldiers into the belief that it is for their interest and their country they are working, and "gushing" in such strains of sympathy, as we find embodied in the sixth resolution of the Chicago platform? We can safely assure these "gay deceivers" that there is not a soldier on land, or a sailor on the sea, who would not spurn this pitiful subterfuge to get his vote! The Union people have learned by bitter experience who are the traitors to their cause; the struggle is mighty and so fearful for the preservation of our Government against home and foreign foes, is no less dear now, than when General McClellan led his hosts to battle against them. It is true, we looked for easy conquest then; we did not anticipate such mortal combat. But if we erred in judgment, if we have reaped blood, when we would have had victory, whose fault is it? Not so much Mr. LINCOLN'S, as that of the wily foe, who foresaw the blow long enough to strengthen by the foulest means, the treasonable hands ready to strike it!

There is no doubt, but the patriotism of this day, is made of sterner stuff than when the war commenced.—The clang of battle, the notes of pain and anguish, the ignominious treatment received at the hands of our enemies, have wrought courage even in timid hearts, and sharpened the sword for more terrible slaughter. We must avenge our wrongs, and preserve the dignity and grandeur of that sentiment once proclaimed to the South: "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther;" this is the spirit of a people worthier better times than those of Cromwell or Napoleon; it has no fellowship with compromise, no ear for peace, as defined by cowards who would sell the diadem of freedom for "a mess of pottage," and disgrace the generation proudly looking forward to the day when a peace shall exist, without the overshadowing evil of compromise! We may fail to become a great nation; but there is no question but our struggle thus far, has been a struggle of right against wrong; and as such, we should maintain it, and give our allegiance wholly and entirely to the men who have put their shoulders to the wheel, and have stood up manfully as the unqualified exponents of the vital interests of the country. All this, our soldiers will do, if every man and woman will cleanse their soul from selfishness, and come forward to help them. They have already magnified their position to one of great glory. Shall petty schemers, by mere political chicanery, undo the great work, and strike to the ground the standard already raised so high, in the glorious cause of humanity? God forbid! Let the sacred fire burn, till the names at the head of this column are haloed with a flame that shall light the pathways of coming generations, as with a celestial bow of promise.

For the Crutch.

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 1st, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—At last the Presidential Campaign of 1864 is commenced, and the people of these United States are given two months to decide whether they will move onward in the great work of liberty and union in which they have labored for three years, or give heed to armistice, and stoop so low that even treason cannot take them by the hand.

Last night a ratification meeting was held in City Hall Park, which for New York, was very tame, but in which the sentiment of the speakers and crowd, was all that could be expected where open resistance to the Government had to be put down but a year ago.

Alas, how frail is man, and what a comment on humanity, to see the man we once followed in honorable battle against the enemies of union and liberty, now stooping for sake of position, to offer his hand to blood-stained traitors, a hand they scorn to touch. I cannot think the people of this nation desire the "armistice," which is the pith of the Chicago platform; the idea could only have had its origin in a heart of treason, and can never find a response among the loyal. Who demands this armistice? Is it the soldiers in the field? No! they spurn the idea. Is it the tens of thousands of wounded, who lie on beds of pain maimed for life? No! visit their bedside and you will hear no such humiliating words from them. The fact is, the cry of armistice comes not from the enlisted friends of this union, nor from its maimed and wounded defenders, but it comes from hearts always in sympathy with treason, from kindred spirits of Vallandigham,—the meanest of traitors.

The platform of these traitors needs but few explanations. In the 1st Resolution the word *union* is meant to read slavery. In the 2d, all who understand the history of our country, instead of reading "The sense of the American people," will read "The sense of American traitors." The 3d Resolution, is of itself, an avowed act of treason, declaring that if traitors are not hereafter allowed to vote, the traitorous organization, of which this is the platform, will see that such do vote by force. In the 4th Resolution, "Federal union" means "slavery," and the arrest of such men as Vallandigham—the swearing of men to support the Constitution—the taking of arms away from traitors, and depriving the New York mob of their right to bear arms, are all declared to be acts calculated to prevent the restoration of the union, &c. In the 5th, the Democracy are represented as condemning the Government for its conduct in regard to our fellow citizens, prisoners of war. I suppose that means our Government should never exchange them, for then they get a chance to vote, and that is opposed to the Democratic idea of liberty. The 6th Resolution declares that the sympathy of the Democratic party is extended to the soldiers. Of course, we knew that. A sympathy that denies them the right to vote, a sympathy, which has often shot them down in discharge of their duty,—a sympathy that has rendered aid and comfort to their enemies, and enabled him to slay thousands of them—and now in the event of the Democratic party obtaining power, the soldiers are guaranteed this protection,—"Protection such as vultures give to lambs."—The soldier's reply is:—"We seek not the cowardly protection you offer, but look for the day when we can meet in open array, the cowardly foe, who while we were fighting the battles of our country, would deprive us of our dearest rights as citizens, and whose very name encourages and nerves the foe we meet from day to day in the deadly conflict. Upon such a platform and in such company, surely thou art "Little Mac" indeed!"

NIXON.

To Correspondents.

"Romanzoff," is welcome.
"S. H. J."—Shall appear next week.
"Who wouldn't be a soldier."—The article is too long for our poetical corner. Will the author allow us to select parts of it for publication?

Mr. Babbage is said to have contrived a mathematical automaton, which discovers its own errors, rings a bell for a deficient logarithm, and, when it is supplied, continues its work.

The Right Kind of Nurse.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Times* writing from the battle field of Shiloh, says the grievous trial of the camp is the absence of pretty women. He adds:

And a curious aname presents itself in the same connection. About the only women we have here are nurses, a class who are all very well in a humanitarian way, and not much in the line of attraction. They seem imbued, as a general thing, with the idea that there is nobody to look at them, and the customary attraction is a faded calico loose gown, straight from top to bottom, ignoring waist, and personifying the theory of the shirt on a bean-pole. The wildest imagination could not induce the divine admiration. If they only knew it—if they had the slightest idea how much medicine to a sick man there is in a trim, neat figure—how much relief there is in bright, sun-like colors, where all is dark and sombre—how much unutterable joy can grow under a sweet, womanly smile—they would never do it. I think Miss Dix made a great mistake when she prescribed gaunt females over thirty, for the sick soldiers. I just think one fresh, plump little woman, with the light of kindness in her eyes, and the consciousness in her heart that she loves and pities men because they are men; because they are bold and brave, and unflinching in sickness or health; because in danger their strong hands stand between her and the whirlwind; because of the innumerable attributes that endear strength and hardihood to woman's nature, as naturally as the oak to the clinging vine—one such woman, be she maiden, wife or matron, will do more good than all the doctors and drugs in the army dispensary. There are a few such, spite of Miss Dix and the "aged thirty" decree, and I have seen them among the sick here and elsewhere. I have seen tears rain down a soldier's brown cheek at the touch of one of these soft hands upon his feverish forehead, and have watched his eyes following the lithe, round form the livelong day, while health and strength stole upon his shattered frame like one of her own smiles upon the gloom of his solitary repining.

The wounded officers at this Hospital, representing some 250 different regiments, met on the 2d inst., to give expression to their choice of candidates for the Presidency.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. Comstock, and on motion he was called upon to preside over the meeting. Lieutenant Ball, of the Second Maryland, was appointed Secretary, and the following officers tellers:—Capt. Little, 18th Pennsylvania; Capt. Wells, 1st New York Dragoons; Lieut. Davis, 2d United States Infantry.

Lieut. Col. Adney, of the 36th Ohio, was called upon to address the meeting, when he proceeded to make a few appropriate remarks, which were received with great applause.

He was followed by Colonel DeForrest, of the 11th Massachusetts, and Colonel Massey, 2d Maryland, and others.

On the conclusion of their remarks the following named officers were appointed a committee to wait upon the Maryland State Convention, with the result of the ballot, viz:—Lieut. Col. Adney, 36th Ohio; D. H. Armstrong, Surgeon United States Volunteers; Captain DeKay, 14th United States Infantry.

The ballot was then taken, with the following result:—
Lincoln and Johnson.....237
McClellan and Pendleton..... 32
Fremont and Cochrane..... 1
Lincoln's majority 204.

A vote was taken a day or two ago at St. John's College Hospital, among the enlisted men, with the following result:

Lincoln and Johnson.....435
McClellan and Pendleton..... 15

In the old judicial duels between man and wife, the man stood commonly up to his stomach in a pit, in order to bring his strength down to a level with the woman's and she struck at him with a stone tied up in a veil; but in the matrimonial duels of the present time the man seems to stand in the free air and the woman in the earth, and she often has only the veil without the stone.