

## THE CRUTCH.

Alonzo Colby, - - - - - Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. I, SATURDAY, OCT. 1, 1864.

### Union Candidates.

For President of the United States,

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN**, of Illinois.

For Vice President,

**ANDREW JOHNSON**, of Tennessee.

### Hospital Vignettes.

Grumblers, according to Webster, are "sullen, surly, murmuring" bipeds, who spend their time wishing for something they can't have, or finding fault with what they do have. There are very few of this class in our Hospital; but we did hear of a man the other day, who, when he heard SHERMAN had taken Atlanta, asked "why he didn't take the whole of Georgia, while he was about it?"—the same man we believe, who wished he "was out of this," (the Hospital,) because he could find nothing to interest him but his meals, and but three of those in a day! We would like to ask this individual what he thinks about, and to what use he puts his eyes? He does not know, perhaps, that the transient home in which he is resting, is the garden of Maryland. Is he confined to his ward?—a word will summon to his side a circle of sympathetic friends, and such necessities, and luxuries, as his condition requires, whatever it may be. If he is convalescent he can commence the day with a walk about the grounds, whose natural attractions are doubly enhanced by the brilliant exercise of guard-mounting, which takes place in front of Head-quarters daily, at nine o'clock. This spectacle, accompanied by the spirited music of the Chesapeake band, is well worth seeing, and one in which Officers of every rank, seem to take special interest. If he is studiously inclined, here is the library and reading-room combined, containing between eight and nine hundred volumes of choice literature, and newspapers from almost every part of the union. Further on, are the billiard rooms, occupying a spacious suit of apartments fitted up for the use of Officers whose recreations are limited by disability, or disinclination to penetrate the precincts of the town. Healthy amusements go far toward making society tolerable, shaming vice, and disarming suspicion. A large part of the experience of military men is so rough and harsh, that the energies call for some change that will transfigure it into newness and freshness. If this can be done without deviation from the path of rectitude and duty, or falling a notch in the social scale, these institutions may be called pre-eminently humane. \* \* \* \* \* There is another attraction in the yard, to which reference seems almost superfluous, since everybody knows where it is, and takes to it naturally, as bees to flowers, or ducks to water, if any one doubts the power and truthfulness of the Camera, let him visit the Photographic rooms, and study there the aggregate of hopes and fears, aspirations, dreams and anxieties, heart-throbs, watchings and tremblings, sun-sealed from the very soul of humanity; boyhood's fresh face touched with the glory he has struggled for, and won in three years battles, hanging side by side, with the decay, the appalling, almost "baseless fabric" of humanity, the doomed prisoner of Belle Island. Turning from this shadow of death, and peering behind the almost impenetrable veil of reserve or reticence, one can read clearly the mental work by which this, or that, successful man has paved his way to distinction. Here a lovely woman's smile, one who left the earth long ago, perhaps, beams on the high-spirited, strong-nerved veteran, who stormed Gettysburg, or faced the fiercer blaze of Petersburg, undaunted. \* \* \* \* \* Childhood too, with round cheek and curling hair, nestles in the shade of verdurous summer, plucking with dimpled hands the flowers gleaming sun-ward, whose vestments have not been dimmed with the heat and dust of the day just breaking into flame, in the east; but the most prominent pictures for correctness, and artistic finish, are those taken en groupe at Head-quarters. Most of these groupings, in point of finish and arrangement, are beyond

criticism. Eyes untrained in the ways of "the Knights of the Quill," would sooner class the subjects of that admirable picture, with the long and honorable list of army financiers, than with the feathered tribe, whose knowledge of mundane affairs is confined *exclusively* to scratching; but whatever the real *forte* of the Knights may be, the self-possession, urbanity, and promptness, which characterizes this group, convinces us at a glance, that they know what they are about. To diverge from the ornamental to the useful, we must not pass by the busiest, and not the least attractive place in the yard, the bakery; where the "Staff of life" is provided for the Hospital in generous quantities, and of a quality unexceptionable to the most fastidious taste. We are indebted to the master-workman there, MR. UNICH, for the sweetest experience we have had, since those juvenile days, when cakes had a certain flavor and ring to them, one rarely finds in after years. To the grumblers above mentioned, we would recommend frequent visits to this odorous vicinity, sooner than the places before enumerated, until we can point out, when further space is at our disposal, other points of interest, upon which he can fix his mind, besides his meals.

For the Crutch.

DEAR CRUTCH:—A very pleasant little communication has been placed in my hands by its worthy recipient, MRS. DR. VANDERKIEFT. I am sure you will be interested to hear something of it. It comes from one calling herself modestly "An unknown, but loyal friend," and the writer speaks in behalf of the Young Ladies' Aid Society, of Portland, Connecticut. She says "perhaps you would like to know something of our Society. It numbers about fifteen members, and all under eighteen years of age. The members agreed to work the first year for the missionaries, and the second year for the soldiers. The Societies are held in the evenings, as the members are most all school-girls, and cannot find any other time. \* \* \* \* \* We enclose you \$86, out of \$110, made at a fair. I hope you will accept this sum, although it is very trifling—still it may help to relieve the suffering of our poor soldiers." Such "trifling sums" are most thankfully received, and go very far toward helping to provide for the daily recurring wants of our soldiers.—But what a bright little picture is revealed to us—a sewing society of fifteen young ladies, busying themselves for those far away dear ones!—mingling all kindly thoughts and sympathies for us, with the merry chatter of their voices, and with the swift gleam of the busy needles! Ah! dear young friends! in behalf of the "boys," who, perhaps, you have helped to send to fight and suffer for the good old flag—we thank you for the remembrance of us, and for the substantial aid you give. The money is very good—most acceptable, but the spirit in which it is sent—the heart of the work, and the thoughtfulness of us, so far from home—suffering among strangers,—this is better still, and dearer. We will thank you better when we of the "Crutch Brigade," get home. Do your part toward keeping the old "Nutmeg State" on the right track at the ballot box this fall, and we will finish up our work the sooner, and come home to join your Society. These fifteen young ladies will surely welcome home the veterans and give them cozy seats in any "society" they will honor with their presence, when the coming day of peace shall dawn. Until then, may their bright little circle be prospered—the evenings be bright and busy with work, and the hearts of the workers cheered with the consciousness of good they are doing.

Yours truly,

PRO PATRIA.

A Methodist and a Quaker having stopped at a public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down, prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he arose the Quaker observed, "Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

IN A BAD FIX.—While a country parson was preaching, the chief of his parishioners, sitting near the pulpit, was fast asleep, whereupon he said, "Now, beloved friends, I am in a great strait, for if I speak too softly, those at the further end of the church cannot hear me, and if I talk too loud I shall wake the chief man in the parish."

### General Phil. Sheridan.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Journal writes:

"I had the pleasure, yesterday, of taking General Sheridan—little Phil.—by the hand, whom I had not seen since the morning after he went up to Mission Ridge.—He looks as brown as a nut and as tough as hickory, and not a degree of Fahrenheit cooler than he looked when he was hob-nobbing with Bragg's battery, and they let fly at him the whole six guns, showering him with earth. But no matter for that, he has only made his record, and the rascals were sanding it. There is no waste timber about Sheridan—not much of him, physically, but snugly put together. A square face, a warm, black eye, a pleasant smile, a reach of under jaw, showing that "when he will, he will, you may depend on't;" black hair trimmed round like a garden border; no Hyperion curl about him any more than there was about Cromwell's troopers; and altogether impressing you with the truth that there is about as much energy packed away in about the smallest space that you ever saw in your life. Men ranging down from medium size to little, with exceptions enough to prove the rule, seem to carry the day among the heroes. Moses was something of a general, but no Falstaff; Alexander the Great and Peter the Great were little; Cromwell was no giant, and as for Napoleon—why, what was he but "the little corporal?" Sheridan is a capital executive officer; perhaps he would be hardly equal to planning a great campaign, but Jehu! wouldn't he drive it! With a good piece of his head behind his ears, and hardly reverence enough for a Mandarin, he is not afraid of the face of clay. As chief of cavalry, he is indeed chief among ten thousand. Pleasant voiced, mild-mannered, not given to long yarns, you would hardly suspect he is a thunderbolt in a charge, and an emphatic human syllable all over.

It affords us the utmost pleasure to call attention to the Dramatic Entertainments, announced in our Advertising columns. Sergeant A. MACDONALD, has been appointed director of amusements for the winter season, and we have heard that he understands all the peculiarities of the Dramatic Art, having been associated dramatically with some of the greatest celebrities of the last fifteen years. We have greatly desired to see him professionally, and we rejoice prospectively. He is to be supported by a select company from the Washington and Baltimore Theatres. The most choice entertainments will be arranged and produced, in a style to please the most fastidious, as all objectionable features will be carefully avoided. We are satisfied that this will be a campaign of victories.

THE MAD POET.—While Clark—known as the "Mad Poet"—was stopping at the Astor House, a couple of Southerners happening there at the same time, were very anxious to get a glimpse of him. While in conversation, one of them remarked, "I would like to see Clark the Mad Poet." It so happened that Clark was sitting just opposite when the remark was made; not wishing to keep him in suspense, he rose to his feet and with a bow, said, "I am Clark, the Mad Poet." Ah! exclaimed the Southerner, and at the same time putting his hand into his pocket, drew forth a quarter and handed it to him. Clark, somewhat surprised, took the piece, and without saying a word, drew his purse, and taking a shilling therefrom, handing it to the would-be wit, with the words, "children half price." The Southerner having seen Clark, disappeared 'mid a shower of laughter.

LORENZO DOW, once when on his preaching tours, met the late celebrated Governor Root of New York, and a friend of his, by the name of Bush,—at a hotel where Dow staid over night, as well as Messrs. Root and Bush. During the evening they conversed upon the subject of Dow's faith, and to show their disbelief in such a place as Heaven, asked Dow to describe it. Dow compared it to an extended beautiful plain where everything was fragrant, sweet and charming, and happy, but without a Root or Bush in it.

To convert an artless woman into a heartless one, there only wants a "he."