

# THE CRUTCH.

Alonzo Colby, - - - - - Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. I, SATURDAY, OCT. 8, 1864.

## Union Candidates.

For President of the United States,

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois.**

For Vice President,

**ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee.**

## "I Want to go Across."

The above is the title of a popular refrain, half sad, half exultant, the imperfect expression of rapture awakened in the heart of a devout class of minds, whose Heaven lies beyond, "over the river," or in the "Summer-land," broad, accessible, and large enough, to cover all the gloom and shadow of this life of probation, and near as an abiding faith can bring it to the soul. We have all experienced at times, what it is to "want to go across;" when the tide of life sets in, strong and free towards the consummation of sanguine hopes, and goes out with a moan;—when we tell with quick breath and quivering lips, of "our ships," fair-freighted, and of proud bearing, lost in the dark depths of the past;—when we turn to the far-off hills of our youth, with their golden atmosphere, their woods gay with banners of purple and crimson, in autumn—the paths bright with bloom;—when high up among the bursting leaves of spring-time, we heard the robins sing, and could see the warm south winds swelling the flower-buds, and felt it embalming the air with a scent of violets, and saw faces dreaming only of love and joy;—we "want to go across," and leave the paths that have got tangled, and the thoughts that have grown hard. But the future is ever beckoning us across; let the day be blood-red with strife, or white with brilliance in the high noon of success; though the hour is filled with grand possibilities for the nation, the earth has mourning for the oil of joy, the trees marmur sadly, where they once clapped their hands; martyrdom and terrible sacrifice is on that distant battle-field, where faces beautiful as angels lie earthward, torn with shot and shell, grimmed and stained until the noble lineaments are disfigured, lost, and sealed at last, in agony. Pale faces gather about the hearth-stones at home as the area of contest widens; they see mad clouds in the sky, the flash of death-dealing fire gives sleepless nights to the already weary; storms sweep across their souls charged with disaster and ruin; but these are only hints and signs of the moral purity that must follow, when the nation is once out of the slough in which she is struggling for her life; and in the face of all threatening evils, grateful, voiceful hearts still sing "I want to go across," and see liberty new-born and re-crowned, and hear a peace proclaimed from the hill-tops, that shall send treason and tyranny, crouching at the feet of right and truth!

There are some ways of "going across" not so pleasant as others. It is possible to go across backwards, or in a direction we are disinclined to take, but are compelled so to do, by circumstances, "over which we have no control." Just imagine the inventors and supporters of a bogus candidate for the Presidency, using their platform for a raft in the bleak month of November to "go across" upon; singing for Abraham to "give way," with that desperation befitting travelers who will return no more!

We know of but one occasion when "I want to go across," may find full utterance, one, when all the grandeur and force of the sentiment, and pathos of the melody can find true response. It is, when the heroes of our many battles shall look over the waters they have crimsoned, and the hills they have scathed with fire, and see the path they have sprinkled with life-blood opening like the waters of old, before their triumphant advance into the very midst of rebellion and death; when traitors shall "give way," like the deadly Pontine mist before a mid-day sun, and the bonded South shall rise up disentangled. Well to you Copperheads, in that day of victory; you may long to look on the banners, and swell the chorons, and keep the Carnival of joy,—but you "can't go across."

For the Crutch.

## "Only One of Thousands."

Such the haunting thought through all the hours of a busy day; such the words ringing in my ear above all other sounds. A thought and sound occasioned by a scene of pathetic, heroic, quiet grief, in the beginning of the day's duties. The night before, a sad faced woman was led to one who had cared for her best beloved, in his last mortal hours—with a word of introduction she said, "I suppose you are the one who wrote that letter." Alas! to her there was but one letter in the world—while to the writer's mind arose so many like missives, bearing their burden of sorrow to some heart! "Yes madam; and what is your name?" With the name, came freshly to mind the recognition of that individual history which touched her life. For her the speed of lightning messenger, and the flying of the steam-car, had been all too slow. Death outstripped them both, and stilled the faithful heart before she could catch one word of love and farewell. This stunning fact only half realized, but quietly received, she set herself to bestow on others what came too late for him. Then came forth the tender messengers from home, the peaches that had blushed and rounded into luscious ripeness in the sunny home-orchard—rosy cheeked apples that should have brought a smile to the faded eye, as she would tell him how the little ones had gathered them for papa! Too late! too late!—all the tender preparations made in such glad haste, to welcome the dear one back to liberty and life, and wherewith the home should come to him in hospital. Who can tell the blank that arose in this poor wife's heart as she put them all from her into stranger hands, saying simply, "I thought they'd be for him?"

With the first duties of the morning, returned the weak, stricken wife; so quiet in her sorrowful disappointment. The place where he had lain—the tent that had sheltered him—she saw them all—and then—one look at him! for the grave had not received him. Into the bare, desolate dead house to take the last look of that face; three coffins on the cold floor—the smell of death and decay so sickening! One coffin is opened and the little wife kneels down upon the floor and looks within!

O God! to clasp those fingers close, and yet to feel so lonely—  
To see a light on dearest brows, which is the daylight only!

No word, no moan, escapes the brave lips—only blinding tears gather, and a stranger hand leads her from the place—she knows not, cares not whither. Behind her she leaves her all of earthly hope and earthly support—her sacrifice upon the altar of the country; a small one, who shall say?—is it not her all? No wonder the thought of her goes along with the day's duties—seeing in every face the image that "somebody" loves, is it a wonder that the vision of this one woman haunts the memory, and stands boldly out as the representative of multiplied griefs—as "only one of thousands"—all over the land are stricken hearts, bowed like this one; and their blank lives loom up before them in the coming years, desolate, dark, and void of joy. But one ray of solace—one balm which comes at times across the spirit soothingly, which at times, in the thrill of pride it gives, is almost comfort;—the thought, "he fell fighting for his country, gave his life for right and freedom—his name is honored." A stricken heart that can look up to this consolation in the dark hour, is not yet ready to lose the heritage it will sacrifice its best to save. Behind such expression, lies deep and unexpressed, the great principle for which we fight—the great character of our people; the earnest impulse of which roused our indignation and our purpose when the guns of Fort Sumter reverberated through the land. And that impulse now, after three years and a half of "grim war," has grown and strengthened to a sterner purpose, and a nobler principle than it knew before. Now brought to the test by the worse than rebels, whose hearts are not worthy of its inspiration, it shines purer, better, and stronger, than we thought.—This principle it is, mask it as we may under the name of "pluck," or hardness—which bears up the soldier in the endurance of all that makes his life one of hardship and suffering. The jolly merriment on the long march—the grim endurance of the storm-soaked "bed and board"—the philosophy of "taking things easy"—the nerve and steadiness as he marches up to the clash and

din of battle—the agony of wounds—patiently, nay cheerfully endured—the blasted hopes of lifetimes resolutely triumphed over by brave courage;—is there in all this no triumph of principle, no glory of sacrifice for right? The patient suffers at home too, whose weary eyes grow tender and grave with the anxiety of watching day by day for news from the "front," yet whose hands never falter in writing brave words of encouragement to those for whose life the heart trembles—these also are upheld in the harder work of patient waiting in darkened hours, by the same principle and lofty spirit. And so, in more than sorrow and suffering, in heroic endurance and noblest courage, rises up as "one of thousands," the form of that meek, fearless woman, kneeling to look on the dead face of her dearest one. For this inner principle, this earnest unspoken power lying back of the arms of our army—this influence of faith and courage ever working among all loyal hearts and homes—for this, shall blessings come down. "After that ye have suffered awhile"—not in a sudden glow of light, but from the grey dawn, on hour by hour slowly, till the meridian glory shall the day of blessing, and the joy of peace be born. Whose heart shall falter now, as the hills already glow with the coming light?—whose hands grow weak or weary with the task almost accomplished?

Right comes, truth dawns,  
The night departs of error and of wrong."

MORE ANON.

A PAINTER'S BILL TO A CHURCH.—Somebody has sent to the Troy "Times" the following curious extracts from a Scotch newspaper of 1707:

Copy of a painter's bill presented to the vestry for work done in our church:

To filling up a chink in the Red Sea, and repairing the damages to Pharaoh's host.

To a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a new set of teeth for the lioness.

To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard.

To cleaning the whale's belly, varnishing Jonah's face, and mending his left arm.

To a new skirt for Joseph's garment.

To a sheet anchor, a jury mast, and a long boat for Noah's Ark.

To giving a blush to the cheek of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam.

To painting a new city in the land of Nod.

To cleaning the garden of Eden after Adam's expulsion.

To making a bridle to the Good Samaritan's horse and mending one of his legs.

To putting a new handle to Moses' basket and fitting the bulrushes.

To adding more fuel to the fire in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace.

Received payment. D. Z.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.—"Another Democratic meeting broken up!"

"Where at?"

"A large crowd of Democrats scattered by Union soldiers!"

"Where, where?"

"Union officers participated in the disturbance!"

"Good! good! Where did it all happen?"

"In the Shenandoah Valley!"

"Git out!"

"Have you said your prayers, John?" "No, madam; it ain't my work. Bill says the prayers, and I the amens. We agreed to do it so, because it comes shorter."

Travelers should be careful to deliver their baggage to proper persons, as a gentleman a few days ago entrusted his wife to a stranger, and has not heard of her since.

Instead of retaliating upon the man who calls you a villain, a liar, or a thief, coolly inform him that you have not sufficient confidence in his veracity to believe him.

A sharper who took passage in one of the steamships from Bremen to New York, persuaded the emigrants that nothing but greenbacks were current in this country, and induced them to sell their gold at a discount of thirty per cent. He made \$3000.