

THE CRUTCH.

Alonzo Colby, - - - - - Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, OCT. 15, 1864

Union Candidates.

For President of the United States,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois.

For Vice President,

ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee.

The True Soldier.

The village of his birth sleeps in quiet beauty on the banks of the Connecticut, bounded by green hills and here and there with maple, oak and elm, the natural ornaments to the church, school-house, and town-house, those arks of freedom, where he had been taught reverence for the God of his fathers—duty to his country and that admiration for its institutions, which animates the noblest patriotism. This youth of nineteen summers went forth among our earliest volunteers for civil strife; there was much in him to win the confidence and esteem of those who knew him; his bearing was manly; his arm strong, his step firm, his face could be marked among a crowd of handsome ones, for its superior expression of courage, firmness and parity.

The last hour he spent at home will not be soon forgotten by those present. The father prayed that his arm might be strong to do battle for the right; the mother faintly murmured of duty and remembrance as she kissed his forehead, and the blue eyes closed in tears; the chair is vacant, the door closes softly to shut in the fire-glow and the brighter radiance of dear faces, and—he is gone!

* * A mighty host is gathering from the west, the granite hills of New Hampshire, the stern rocky coast of Massachusetts, and the fragrant pine-land of distant Maine, to do battle for the Republic; everywhere there are long serried ranks of soldiers with gleaming bayonets; bright banners and ensigns wave to every breeze; bugles peal, war-horse and rider rush on with wild enthusiasm to the scene of "victory or death." Every man is in position; working and reserved forces are placed at the most available points; our hero is there, and with the embattled host, marching shoulder to shoulder the solid phalanx advances. The rebel horde rises, pouring out deadly fire, filling the heavens with smoke, and faint hearts with dread; but to the ears of living and dying come at last union shouts—heaven-reaching shouts of victory! The sun is going down in the west; trumpets cease to charge; the "odious din of war," is silenced beneath the covert of twilight. Friend and foe mingle on the battle-ground, caring for their lost. A strange sight is here! Amidst the thickest of the slain stands a bloody flag-staff, to which a few tatters of the stars and stripes adhere, grasped by a small, almost bloodless hand, the only one left to the brave survivor. "We will take you away my boy," said a bystander with trembling lips. "Never mind, I am just as well here,—only tell father and mother that George Cameron has done as they desired by his country." They bore him off, and we lost sight of him in the wild gleam of the camp-fires, and the advancing night. Two months elapsed. We were sauntering through the Hospital grounds for fresh air, when we were attracted to the Chapel by the sound of plaintive voices singing the beautiful funeral hymn, "Hark to the solemn bell," etc.,—it was the commencement of the service so often repeated there. On the right and left of us sat officers in their stained and well-worn uniforms, and privates bearing royal scars, on their tried faces. Women too were there, with strange sad histories in the eyes fixed on the three coffins before them, wrapped in their flags, and wreathed with fresh flowers. The service was long and impressive, marked with touching allusions to the experience of those before us, whose

Deeds of eternal fame were done. * * * * *
No thought of flight—none of retreat, no unbecoming deed that argued fear; each on himself relied, as only in his arm the moment lay of victory.
Of those, the last mentioned, the name longest dwelt

I suppose to be wounded and a prisoner. The other two, together with Lieutenant Barnard and eighteen other men, are prisoners. One of our colors was riddled all to pieces by a shell, and the staff shot off. Numerous pieces of the old flag were brought off by the men as cherished mementoes. I send, enclosed, a fragment.— We have still a flag that we carried through all the war till this spring, when, because of its tattered condition, we laid it aside. We mean, now, to rally once more around that old flag, until we captured two rebel flags, to replace those under which more than four hundred of our men have, at different times, fallen wounded or killed.

It is my greatest regret that at the critical moment, I happened to be absent, endeavoring to obtain succor for my men; otherwise the flag should have come with me, or I would have staid with it. We have the consciousness that we all did our duty to the best of our ability, "and Gods could do no more."

We went in with about 110 muskets, and lost 52 officers and men. This is the third battle in this campaign in which we have lost about one-half of our force engaged. We have now about 80 guns left. We have lost some brave men, and among the bravest of them are color Sergeant Bush, Co. F, and color Corporal Phelps, Co. H. Both these were near me in the charge.

I hope yet to see the 20th with full ranks prove that it was by no fault upon its part that this blood was shed in vain. We are now resting for a few days. Since the fight, Prior Rolf, Co. G, was killed by a shell; and last night Henry Larfurge, of Ipsilanti, was severely wounded by a bullet. He was one of my old Company, and an excellent boy. I have been to the hospital to see him this morning, and find him in good spirits, and doing well.

Among the severely wounded is Marcus Chrysler, the first man who enlisted under me—as good a boy as ever lived. Many other noble, brave boys have fallen, and it makes my heart ache to look upon my decimated, yet thrice decimated regiment. But we hope for better times, and that the strife may end in peace and honor. If this shall so prove we will not lament all the sacrifices we have made. God grant that it may be soon.

An Irishman and His Drinks.

When Mr. Dodge, the celebrated electrical physician, was lecturing through the State, on the laws of health, and particularly on the evil of tea and coffee, he happened to meet one morning at the breakfast table a son of Erin. Conversation turned on the doctor's favorite subject as follows:

"Perhaps you think I would be unable to convince you of the deleterious effects of tea and coffee?"

"I don't know," said Erin; "but I'd like to be there when you do it."

"Well," said the doctor, "if I convince you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use?"

"Sure and I will, sir."

"How often do you use coffee and tea?" asked the doctor.

"Morning and night, sir."

"Well," said the doctor, "did you ever experience a slight dizziness on the brain on going to bed?"

"I do, indeed I do."

"And a sharp pain round the temples, in and about the eyes in the morning?"

"Troth and I do, sir."

"Well," said the doctor, with an assurance and confidence in his manner, "that is the tea and coffee."

"Is it, indeed? Faith, and I always thought it was the whiskey I drank."

The company roared with laughter, and the doctor, quietly retired. He was fairly beaten.

Walpole relates that after an execution of 18 malefactors, a woman was hawking an account of them, but called them 19. A gentleman said to her, "Why do you say nineteen? there were but eighteen hanged." She replied, "Sir, I did not know you had been re-executed."

on, the most beautiful for valor, the most honored for courage, was George Cameron!

The sound of martial music, the march of loyal feet, the sweet influence of the flowers, fell like God's benediction on the young warrior, as we followed him to the green temple, whose arches resound to no battle-ery, nor bugle, where silence reigns unbroken save by whispering winds, the songs of wood-bird, sand murmuring waters.

For the Crutch.

Portland Correspondence.

The adjourned meeting of the "V. L. A.," met at the appointed time in "Portland, Maine," October 4th, 1864. In the absence of the "President," the "house" was called to order" by Miss D—A, and Miss D—B was placed in the Secretary's chair, a few notes taken at the last meeting were read, followed by an interesting letter from Mr. Knowlton, (the Secretary,) expressing many regrets at his unavoidable detention from the meeting. The "KNAPSACK" was next in order, and as none had been prepared, selections were read from the last "CRUTCH," by the President, *pro tem.* Had the "CRITICAL REVIEWER" been present, he would doubtless have told you of the "clear notes," and "dulcet strains," in which the reading, and singing, were rendered; but alas, the perch so long occupied by that "mysterious individual," was vacant, and none dared fill the inspired place. The shadows of many of the absent members were conspicuously placed about the room, and although silent, lent a charm to the hour, calling up many happy reminiscences of the past. So few of the members being present, the meeting was voted "unconstitutional," and the remainder of the evening was devoted to pleasant comments on our former meetings, and good wishes for our scattered members, hoping they were enjoying similar re-unions in Annapolis, Washington, or wherever fortune had placed them. Great satisfaction was expressed at the progress of our brave ones in the field, and sympathy for those in prisons or hospitals, hoping they would all soon be liberated and healed; also delight at the brightening prospect of the campaign, showing conclusively that none but our honored President can be elected to the Chief Magistracy, and that his policy will be sustained until every chain is broken, a righteous peace achieved, and our country truly free and united.

Yours truly,
"MANIAC."

SERG'T. A MACDONALD, assisted by a talented and select company from the Washington and Baltimore theatres, gives a Dramatic entertainment this [Friday] evening. Judging from Mr. M's extensive familiarity with the dramatic art, and the excellent arrangements which have been made, we have reason for anticipating a very successful and gratifying entertainment. Mrs. FRANK DREW is an established favorite—and a perfect tower of strength. We understand that Mr. MACDONALD intends to give one of his entertainments every week.— We hope he will meet with entire success.

IN A BAD FIX.—While a country parson was preaching, the chief of his parishoners, 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."

A friend of ours, on hearing a discontented citizen express a wish that Lincoln and Fremont would mutually agree to withdraw, said this would be like the agreement between the horse and the chicken not to tread on each other's feet!

GREAT VICTORY—McCLELLAN AHEAD!—A vote was taken in the Wheeling jail recently, with the following result:—

McClellan	15
Lincoln	6

A BEE WITHOUT A STING.—Gen. Bee of South Carolina, who was recently cashiered for cowardice.

THE LAP OF LUXURY.—A cat lapping her milk.