

## THE CRUTCH.

Alonzo Colby, - - - - - Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, OCT. 22, 1864

### Union Candidates.

For President of the United States,

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois.**

For Vice President,

**ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee.**

### Our Exchanges.

While editorial chairs are being severely rocked by political commotion, some, assuming the attitude of savage contest, others, favoring the passive doctrine of conservatism and peace, while a third party leans towards the colossal heresy of disloyalty to the government and its measures, it is a relief to take up one of those fresh, unique little sheets just from the hospital press, and mark the perfect security and calm certainty with which our editorial brothers of the quill, take events that are shaking Christendom. The final result of the great contest for right, seems doubly sure to them, because they live near the very heart of men, who are full of faith in the cause they have fought and bled for,—men who have seen treason in its strongholds, and its frail supports falling apart like ropes of sand.

One of the first friends of the CRUTCH, was the HOSPITAL REGISTER, published at West Philadelphia, Pa., a solid, reliable organ, bearing the signet of experience, and a becoming expression of gravity on its front, like a staunch pioneer as it was, in the new and adventurous field of Hospital literature.

Next, followed the piquant, versatile little sheet from Armory Square,—not larger than a *billet doux*, but teeming with live thought, such as would naturally flow from heads and hearts in close proximity with the "brain of the nation." Next in order, comes the CONValescent, published at the Camden St. Hospital, Baltimore. This is a semi-monthly issue, and it always affords a large amount of original and selected reading. We have noticed with satisfaction that many of its best articles are contributed by patients, and we can but regret that this medium of passing away time and improving the mind, is not more generally adopted, when such facilities offer.

Of our neighbor the HAVERSACK, we scarcely dare to speak in just terms of praise, lest we should betray ourselves into undue preference for its contents, on the score of being old neighbors as well as relatives, according to Divisions. We have been assured that the HAVERSACK enjoys a wide circulation, and a reputation which will be well sustained, we have no doubt, by its accomplished and scholarly editor.

On the eve of going to press last week, the CRUTCH was pleasantly surprised by a new visitor from the 3d Division U. S. A. Gen. Hospital, Alexandria, introducing itself under the modest title of THE CRIPPLE. We have perused this smart little sheet, and though we are inclined to think it is "playing off," we extend to it a hearty welcome, and trust it will receive such support from the CRUTCH as its name entitles it to ask, and its interesting columns demand.

The rebels have claimed a victory at Saltville, Va., a place whose chief importance is designated by its name. They have now arrived at such a stage of decomposition that *salt will not save them*—nor will salt-petre in doses which they can administer!

The rebels at one time experienced considerable inconvenience from the want of salt. According to Jeff. Davis, they are now in a pretty pickle!

People complain that General Grant has lost more men than he has left. However, he seems to be doing very well with his left.

It is reported that a trap has been arranged for General Price, in Missouri,—a *Steele trap*.

For the Crutch.

### "No Such Word as Fail."

It was the evening before our Ohio State election, and our friend Rev. Dr. T—, of Illinois, was telling us some incidents of his journey.

"There was a little group of blue coats in earnest conversation, and I ventured to join them. How much did you say was offered for a substitute?" "Two thousand dollars." "That will easily procure one." "It would not get me!" said one of the soldiers, "I will fight for my country, and take my sixteen dollars a month, but I won't be hired to do it."

On a steamer a pale man was looking listlessly at the water, "You seem to be sad," said a passer by. "Yes, I have given eight sons to the army, and am just returning from burying the last of the dear boys." The stranger expressed his sympathy, but the father thought he detected in his tones a copperhead sneer. His eyes flashed through his tears, and with indignant warmth he exclaimed, "Yes! I have given eight sons for my country, and I only wish I had eight more to give!"

"You have heard of Father King, of Iowa, I suppose? I believe some account was published of him." "No, tell us about him." He was nearly ninety years old, and had twenty-eight sons and grandsons in the army. A company of "Iowa Greybeards" was formed, all over forty-five years old; they averaged fifty-five. Father King insisted on joining them. The Colonel said he could not receive him, he was too old. The company started for St. Louis, and after reaching there and forming into line, Father King was among them. "How is this?" said the Colonel. "Oh, I was bound to come, and hid in the baggage room, and the boys have fed me from their rations." He insisted on performing duty, and the Colonel permitted him to do so, taking care to keep a stronger man near at hand.

Will our war prove a failure when sustained by such spirits, and when from thousands of warm female hearts a cloud of incense is constantly ascending to our Father's throne? Every reader of the CRUTCH will answer, "No! a thousand times, no!"

Cleveland, Ohio, October 13th, 1864.

The Dramatic Entertainment which was advertised for last Friday, the 14th inst., and which was unavoidably postponed on account of the non-arrival of costumes, took place on Monday evening, and was a very gratifying success, and we are glad to know that the efforts of Mr. MACDONALD were properly appreciated and rewarded. When we take into consideration the fact that the actors had never previously performed publicly together, and the disadvantages and difficulties which must necessarily have been experienced, we think the acting was done in a very creditable and satisfactory manner. Mrs. FRANK DREW, was quite successful in her different characters, and fully sustained her reputation as an accomplished and experienced actress. Mr. MACDONALD appeared to excellent advantage, and acted his parts with much success, and evinced a thorough familiarity with the Dramatic art. We hope he will soon favor us with a play in which his theatrical talent and experience may be more fully exhibited. The Chesapeake Band furnished music for the occasion, and we think we never heard them do better. We cannot refrain from expressing our astonishment at the rapid improvement it has made since its organization, only a few ago,—or our gratification with the excellence of its music. The Surgeon in charge has reason to be proud of the Band he has taken so much pains to organize and improve. We think we can safely say, that it will compare very favorably with many much older bands.

It is the intention of Mr. MACDONALD to give us a series of Dramatic Entertainments, if he meets with sufficient encouragement, and at the next performance his arrangements will be more completely perfected, and many of the difficulties which were met with on Monday evening will be obviated; or overcome.

Evidences of the fall season begin to appear.—Witness the leaves, and the price of butter.

Some one says that a lover who tries to possess another, often loses possession of himself.

For the Crutch.

### Soldiers' Right to Vote.

A few creatures are yet alive, who say a soldier should not have the privilege of voting. They say he should be a mere machine, and that giving him such a privilege destroys his efficiency as a soldier,—and if he is really a good soldier and knows nothing but what his officers tell him, he would be only a machine, to be used at the ballot-box by his superiors in rank. This idea is a monarchial one, is not adapted to the genius of American institutions, and will be likely to die with its present supporters. In this country it only lives to-day in the gizzards of snakes, who love their country and the soldiers of their country both alike.

To those who think it impracticable, impolitic and not military for soldiers to vote, I would refer them to the election of the Pennsylvania soldiers held in the Chapel of the Naval School Hospital, last Tuesday, where all officers and privates belonging to that State, who were qualified electors, enjoyed the privilege of voting for the men who are to make laws for them and for their country, and who are to regulate the taxes on their property, and who are to run the engine of which they are the power. This was a more orderly and more peaceable election than I ever beheld in civil life, and the freedom of choice more perfect. No green-backs, no whiskey, no ballot-box stuffers were there to buy, persuade, or control, as is often the case in citizen life.

Parties differ as to the practicability of certain measures, and who, I ask, is better qualified to decide than the soldier who has these measures to execute? Parties may differ as to the wages a man should have who does a soldier's duty. Who is better qualified to decide than the men who perform this duty? Parties may differ as to a soldier's ration. Who is more competent to decide than the man who has to eat it? Parties differ as to the liberty traitors should have amongst us. Who knows better than the soldier who has made their acquaintance at the point of the bayonet? Parties may differ as to our army regulations. Who can better decide than the man who has tested them for years.—Parties now differ as to which, McClellan or Lincoln, should be our next President, and I would ask, are not the soldiers of our country better acquainted with both of these men than any other class in our country? Parties may differ as to the policy of a prosecution of this war. Who is more entitled to a representation in their councils, than the army, which has this prosecuting to perform? For my part, I love to see the man who has lost one arm in defence of his country, have the privilege of voting with the other, and I can only express my contempt for the creature so void of every feeling of gratitude as to deny him that right, and to the man who would favor such a discipline as not only robs the soldier of his right to himself, but of his right to think in the affairs of the nation he gives his life's blood to support, I say, begone from this land of freedom, and crouch beneath the feet of kings, where you belong!

As a commissioner of Pennsylvania, I take pleasure in thanking the Surgeons in Charge of the respective hospitals, for their kindness and attention in affording every facility to the soldiers of this State to exercise the right to which they are entitled. To the sick and wounded here, I can say I know of no place where you could be better cared for. Be assured the nation appreciates your services, and contentment is better than the care of friends.

Yours truly,

SIMEON NIXON.

If the people of the North re-elect Abraham Lincoln, and they give an emphatic decision in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, as we think they will do, the rebel army will be easier to whip than ever. It will have a more demoralizing effect upon them than the apple brandy of the Shenandoah valley, to which the rebel papers attribute General Early's defeat.

What is the difference between an English and an American soldier. The one fights for the crown, the other for the dollar.

Some women cry and tattle. It is hard to tell which is the most leaky—their eyes or their lips.