

## THE CRUTCH.

Charles Boswell, - - - - - Publisher.

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. I, SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 1864

### Union Candidates.

For President of the United States,

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois.**

For Vice President,

**ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee.**

### Retrospective.

The shivery, frosty, showy month of October, with its sere leaf and touch of Indian Summer, is leaving behind a clean record of our national success. While the movements of our great armies conspire to help Grant in his determination to crowd the 'beleaguered city' of Richmond, the Presidential campaign, in which so many important issues are involved, has been conducted thus far with great unanimity of feeling and in a spirit highly satisfactory to the friends of the government. The history of the rebellion does not present an occasion when the people have been more eager to resent and rebuke a spirit of opposition to the government, than the present. As the advance of our armies press back treason and usurpation, the light of intelligence follows, clearing the darkness as with a two-edged sword. In Gen. Butler's department there are thirty-nine schools, over which are ninety-nine teachers, with an average attendance of over five thousand pupils. In Louisiana, Georgia and North Carolina, public schools, though discountenanced, are supported in a manner that threatens the distinction and caste, like that which has been instituted by the 'lords of the lash.'

In our Hospitals and Camps, soldiers who have never taken advantage of past opportunities for instruction, have been stimulated anew in this direction through the efforts of our noble Commission, by whose agency an abundance of reading matter has been furnished to the army, and to individuals who have counted it a privilege to soothe the weary hours of the convalescent by the simple process of teaching him the first rudiments of that knowledge he so earnestly craves. Indeed, the 'irresistible conflict' between right and wrong, light and darkness, freedom and slavery, goes bravely on;—and there is a day waiting for us, when the sword shall be sheathed, and when the land that has been steeped in blood shall blossom as the rose,—and love, liberty, and law, shall abide where crime stalked forth at mid-day.

We shall count it all joy that we had the strength and will to stand up for our honor and integrity in the face of the whole world. We have already proved that our love of freedom was no idle boast; in this hour and this day of all others, we trust all loyal men will scorn the thought of being tested in their allegiance to that they have loved most to honor.

The man who wrote the four simple lines, beginning with "Now I lay me down to sleep," seemed to do a very little thing. He wrote four lines for his little child. His name has not come down to us; but he has done more for the good of his race than if he had commanded the victorious army at Waterloo. The little fires which the good man kindled here and there on the shores of time, never go out, but ever and anon they flame up and throw light on the pilgrim's path. There is hardly anything so fearful, to my mind, as the mind, reaching down to the coming age, and writing itself for evil upon the minds of unborn generations.

Not feeling very well the other day, says an exchange, we turned our attention to poetry and Petersburg, and here is the result:

Says U. S. Grant to R. E. Lee—  
"Surrender Petersburg to me."  
Says R. E. Lee to U. S. Grant—  
"Have Petersburg? Oh no, you shan't."  
"I shan't!" says Grant, "Oh, very well—  
You say I shan't, I say I SHELLED."

Why is it a serious thing to produce infant mutter for your dinner? Because it is a lamb-on-table affair.

For the Crutch.

### Extract from a Letter to a Soldier in this Hospital.

MY FRIEND:—For all soldiers are my friends—all brave, honest soldiers. I take it for granted, you see, that you are both brave and honest. I have been wondering, as I sat down to write this letter, who you were, and whether you came from Massachusetts, for if you did, you will understand better than I can tell you, how proud we are of our Massachusetts boys, and how we read of their gallant fighting, and thank God that the old Bay State has made such soldiers. But do not suppose I should think any less of your fighting or your courage if you come from any where else. I am not one of those who believe only in the glory of their own State regiments.

I know you are sick, perhaps wounded, or worn out with long wearisome months of pain, and I should like to say something to cheer you, if I could. If I cannot do that, I want, at least, to show my sympathy with you. I want to tell you how much we, who are safe in the homes you brave men have left, think of you; how we watch your fearless fighting and noble endurance of suffering for the old flag's sake; how we sorrow when you are wounded, and ask God to save you from death; how we follow you with our hopes, our prayers, and our tears, all the time. It is little to do, I know, when you do so much for us, but perhaps it may help you when you do not think it, for God hears these prayers of ours, always, and, however they are answered, we know that He answers them in love. I wished that when you were trying to bear your suffering, and grew weary of it, you could think how we remembered you in the quiet North, and that your sacrifices shall never be forgotten.

Try and think of as many pleasant and hopeful things as you can, till the time comes for you to get well—think of home, and those you love best in all the world—not sadly, because you cannot be with them, but trustfully, looking forward to the time when you shall see them again, and hoping for the very best that God will take care of you and bring you safely out of all this danger. Think how each one of these victories makes the end of the war, look nearer, and what a noble thing it is to have fought in such a cause!

What is there which, supposing its greatest breadth to be four inches, and depth three inches, contains a solid foot? A shoe.

The question is often discussed whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to take it when they get a chance.

Why are greenbacks more valuable than gold, even at its present price? Because when you put a greenback in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out again you find it in creases.

A man out West gives his geese, once a week, a dose of "Indian Vegetable Pills." We have often tho't the best thing for ducks was quack medicine.

GEN. EMORY, of the 19th army corps, at Winchester, dispatched his aide to Sheridan to tell him he had charged the enemy. The latter said: "Good! Tell Emory he's a brick!" This pleased the men, for they call him 'Brick-top,' from the color of his hair, which is sandy.

One day a lady visited an acquaintance, and while standing at the front door indulging in gossip before parting, an Irishman came up and asked could he put the coal, lying before the door, in the cellar. The lady asked his price, which being satisfactory, the bargain was concluded, and Pat went to work.

"I wouldn't employ foreigners if I were in your place," remarked the visitor.

"Ah!" cried the lady of the house, as a peculiar light shone in her blue eye; "then just send your husband around, and I'll give him the job and discharge this man."

The offended female left in a huff, and visited there no more, nor were her visits desired after such an exhibition of narrow-mindedness.

### Editing a Paper.

Editing a paper is a very pleasant business (!) If it contains too much political matter, people won't have it.

If it contains too little they won't have it. If the type is large it don't contain enough reading matter.

If the type is small they can't read it. If we publish telegraph reports folks say they are nothing but lies.

If we omit them they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect.

If we have in a few jokes, they say we are an old fossil.

If we publish original matter, they scold us for not giving selections.

If we publish selections, folks say we are lazy for not writing more and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a man complimentary notices, we are censured for being partial.

If we do not, all hands say we are a greedy hog. If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, men become jealous.

If we do not cater to their wishes, the paper is not fit to have in their house.

If we attend church, they say it is only for effect. If we do not, they denounce us as deceitful and desperately wicked.

If we speak well of any act of the President, folks say we dare not do otherwise.

If we censure, they call us a traitor. If we remain in the office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we go out, they say we never attend to business. If we do not pay all bills promptly, folks say that we are not to be trusted.

If we do pay prompt, they say we stole the money.

THESE are queer queries:  
Is death's door opened with a skeleton key?  
Would you say a lady was dressed loud who was covered all over with bugles?  
Is there any truth in the report that the Arabs who live in the desert have sandy hair?  
In selling a Newfoundland dog, do you know whether it is valued according to what it will fetch, or what it will bring?

ECCENTRICITY.—Eccentricity of manner is so often allied to great genius, that some very great fools have been thought to possess talent, because they were unlike the rest of the world in their actions.

SENSIBLE OLD LADY.—A deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, was being examined, when the Judge suggested a compromise, and instructed her counsel to ask what she would take to settle the matter, "What will you take?" asked the counsel of the old lady. She shook her head at the counsel, informing the jury, in confidence, that she was "very hard o' hearin'." "His Honor wants to know what you will take," asked the learned counsel again, this time bawling as loud as he could in the old lady's ear.

"I thank his Honor kindly," said the ancient dame, "and if it's no inconvenience to him, I'll take a little warm ale."

The school-girl who "fell into a reverie" last week has been pronounced out of danger by her physician.

An old Jew, who sold exclusively for cash, said that he did it for the benefit of his neighbors. He did not wish to see them "deep in debt with him ven dish nomonish to pay mit."

A gentleman who has travelled through a considerable portion of the State of Illinois, reports that the corn crop through the central and southern portions looks well, and it is anticipated that the crop will be equal to the best ones of former years.