

# THE CRUTCH.

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U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, SEPT. 24, 1864.

## Union Candidates.

For President of the United States,

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois.**

For Vice President,

**ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee.**

## The Campaign.

During the past few weeks there has been unusual quiet in the war horizon. The brilliant exploit of capturing the 8th South Carolina regiment, and an occasional discharge from the pickets, disturbed the stillness; still our situation in a military point of view presented decidedly encouraging features, which have developed into achievements crowned with glory and success. A calm, determined resistance on the part of our thoughtful and patriotic leaders, who would neither woo or coax their opponents, has invested the spirit of the army, and when it strikes now, we may look for sure work.

The brilliant movements on Mobile inspired the whole country with hope; the capture of Atlanta thrilled it with joy and greater expectation, and once more the voice of a grateful people is eloquent with thanksgiving over fresh victories in the valley of the Shenandoah!

The duty of the hour is simple and clear; in order to ensure the speedy downfall of the citadel of rebellion, the hands of government must be strengthened and sustained with a force and a will, worthy the great nation we hope to save; the peace we desire is far off yet, it may be, since we must have it, with Richmond captured, or Lee utterly defeated. The rebels sought the war, and must accept such blows as we can deal, without whining. The Government weak, and almost tottering when the rebellion began, is now firm on its foundations in the fourth year of the war, and is resolutely backed up by the people.

More than half the "sacred soil" of the South, is in possession of our armies. These few facts show that the South can be conquered. Nothing remains for the loyal people to do, but to prosecute the war with vigor, until every enemy of the Union shall acknowledge the supremacy of those ideas and principles, by which Americans can rule America, in a manner that shall "honor God."

## Conundrums.

WHAT Spanish lady did Alexander Selkirk live with a great portion of his life? Jew Ann Fernandez.

WHAT did Lot do when he lost his wife? Took a fresh one.

How do we know that David and Solomon were tailors? Solomon repaired the breaches that his father David had made.

WHAT piece of money is the most difficult to reach? A far-thing.

WHY is a farmer never a bachelor? Because he is always a husband-man.

How can a ship's company always have fresh eggs? The captain can order the ship to lay to (2) at any time.

WHAT city do you find in a wine-bottle? Cork.

WHAT are the cheapest berries? Strawberries.

A short time since, some gentlemen were enjoying the diversion of coursing, and having lost sight of the hare, one of the party rode up to a boy, when the following dialogue ensued: "Boy, have you seen a hare running this way, followed by dogs?" "W-w-w-what—do you mean, a little b-b-brown thing?" "Yes." "Had it long ears? and a-l-l-little white under the belly?" "Yes." "Had it a s-s-short tale?" "Yes." "A-a-a-and-l-l-legs?" "Yes." "Was it r-r-running as f-f-fast as it could?" "Yes, it was." Boy—calmly, after a pause—"No, I have not seen it."

H'D QR'S. 4TH N. Y. H'Y ART.,  
CAMP NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.  
July 17th, 1864.

At a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of this command, held in camp, July 15th, 1864, the following resolutions were passed with respect to the death of Bro. JAMES H. LYON:

*Whereas*—God in His providence having removed by death, our much esteemed and worthy brother, JAMES H. LYON, who fell in battle near Petersburg, on the morning of the 18th of June, and

*Whereas*—We remember with so much pleasure the happy hours spent in the society of our much loved brother, and saddened by the reflection that forever we must be deprived of the society of one so endeared to us, not only on account of the cheerful, willing spirit ever manifested in the discharge of duty, his devotedness to the cause of Christ, the self-sacrificing, pure, noble and heroic life that ever marked his intercourse on the march, in the field, or amid the more peaceful surroundings of the camp—therefore

*Resolved*—That in the death of our brother, we are not only reminded of the uncertainty of life, but the necessity of increased diligence in the work our Master has given us to do. That we bow in meek submission to the will of God, humbly acknowledging our dependence on His strong arm for support.

*Resolved*—That we hold in grateful remembrance, the services rendered by our deceased brother, as Treasurer of our Association, his unceasing efforts to aid in advancing the interests of Christ's Kingdom in our midst, and that we ever strive in word and deed to imitate the many virtues of him "whose life was hid in Christ."

*Resolved*—That we tender to the family and friends of our departed brother, our earnest, prayerful sympathy, in this the hour of their bereavement, and, while we unitedly mourn for the departed, let us pray that God may sanctify this wise dispensation of His providence to our eternal good.

LIEUT. J. W. NIXON,  
LIEUT. J. W. SWEETMAN, } Committee.  
LIEUT. B. F. LOCKWOOD, }

**EXCITING ADVENTURE.**—During the late rebel cavalry raid by Gen. Forrest to Jackson, and just as the fight near Summerville commenced, Lieut. McIntire of the 9th Illinois cavalry, arrived on the ground with a despatch from Gen. Grierson to Colonel Prince. Finding himself surrounded and unable to escape, he sprang from his horse and crawled under a house, but fearing that this might not be a safe place, he crept to a cotton gin a short distance off. In the gin he found a large heap of cotton seed. Jumping into the heap he covered himself with the seed so as to have only his head out, over which he pulled a basket. Here the lieutenant was feeling comparatively safe, when an officer of the 7th Illinois bulged in the door with a dozen rebels at his heels. The officer ran up stairs and hid under some loose boards in the floor.

The rebels put a guard around the house and began a vigorous search. Up stairs and down they went several times, and every hiding-place but the right one was examined. They knew that the officer was there in some place, and they were determined to have him. Presently the heap of cotton seed caught their attention, and forthwith they began plunging their sabres into it. The heap was probed in all directions, but, providentially, without touching the lieutenant's body. At last, one of them exasperated beyond endurance at their ill-success, vented his anger on the basket which covered the lieutenant's head, by striking it a furious blow with his sword. Had the latter not kept a vigorous hold of the handle, it would have been knocked a rod. Just then some occurrence outside caused them to hurry away, and both officers escaped.

**A TAKING SOLDIER.**—A correspondent with the army at one place has been visiting one of the Provost Marshal's prisons. He tells the following anecdote: One of the prisoners, a Union soldier, a droll-looking fellow, is also on board the barge. I accosted him with, "Well, my fine fellow, what are you in here for?" "For taking something," replied he. "What do you mean?" "Why," said he, "one morning I did not feel very well, and I went to see the surgeon. He was very busy writing at the time, and when I went in he looked at me saying, 'Well, you do look bad; you had better take something.' He then went on with his writing, and left me standing behind him. I looked around and saw nothing I could take, except his watch, and I took that. That's what I'm here for." His explanation was satisfactory, so I dropped the subject.

EVERYBODY—at least, every American—has heard of LORENZO DOW, the eccentric, wandering preacher, who, while living, traveled on foot over almost every State and Territory in this vast republic; fording rivers, sleeping in the forests, in perils often, but always in the places where he had appointed to address the people, though his appointment had been made, perhaps, a year or more before. A great number of anecdotes are related of him, which are familiar to most readers; but the following, a passage from one of his odds-and-ends sermons, it is believed, is less known to the public. At any rate, the lesson which it inculcates is well worth heeding, at a period when there is so much "marrying and giving in marriage." Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the folly of family disagreement, and the fact that violent quarrels are frequently the effect of passionate and unyielding tempers, excited by incidents of the most trivial nature. "I know," said Lorenzo, in the course of one of his strangely compounded discourses, "an exceedingly happy and affectionate young couple, who had but recently commenced house-keeping in all the luxury of newly-wedded love and elegant plenty.

"As they sat one evening in their parlor, exchanging the little tender nothings of reciprocal affection, a sleek little mouse ran across the room.

"My dear," cried the lady, "did you see that mouse?"

"Yes, I saw it, my dear; but it was a rat."

"Oh, no, love," said the wife, "it was certainly a mouse."

"Madam, I tell you that it was a rat!" replied the husband, sternly.

"It was a mouse!" reiterated the lady: I saw it very distinctly. I think I should know what I see!"

"I saw it also, madam; and my eyes are as good as yours."

"Your eyes may be as good, sir; but your judgment is not!" retorted the lady.

"And so," continued Lorenzo, "the quarrel went on, until they so incensed each other that neither spoke to the other for a week. At length, tired of glooming away the hours, they became reconciled; and one evening, soon afterward, as they sat chatting and toying together, and expressing for each other unbounded affection, the wife casually remarked:

"How foolish it was in us to quarrel so about a little mouse!"

"Mouse? my dear: you mean a rat!" exclaimed the husband.

"No; when I say mouse I mean a mouse!" replies the wife; and thus the quarrel was renewed, and a second breach of domestic peace was the consequence."

What a lesson to the quarrelsome is this ill-judged contest about a matter of not the slightest consequence!

**GAINING STRENGTH.**—We believe we have "got hold" of an original anecdote that was never printed before. A student to one of our State colleges was charged by the Faculty with having had a barrel of ale deposited in his room, contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said:

"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, what explanation can you make?"

"Why, the fact is, Sir, my physician advised me to try a little ale each day, as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where this beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed! And have you derived any benefit from it?"

"Ah! yes, Sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two weeks since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

**PERFECT PEACE.**—There is a firm foundation in the soul of the man who rests on God. The bottom of the sea is quiet; storms do not vex it; currents and tides do not reach it; there is rest. The bottom of the sea is the emblem of perfect rest, so is the soul of the man who rests in God. His outer life may storm on his foes; in some quarter he may be forever doing battle, but he has that within him which gives him the most enduring power.