

## THE CRUTCH.

Charles Boswell, - - - - - Publisher

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1864

### Union Candidates.

For President of the United States,

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois.**

For Vice President,

**ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee.**

### They Vote as They Fight, and They Fight Nobly.

All honor to the soldiers in the trenches—endless honors, unceasing respect, to the brave rank and file that hug Richmond in their death-grip. They vote as they fight, and they fight like gods.

This is October, and the rains of Autumn have filled the rifle-pits. The alternate use of the tin cup to bail water and hold coffee, has abated the flood in the house of the soldier on picket and in the trenches. But the mud remains with him, and he stands in it, and he sits in it, and he leans on it, and he kneels in it. A new creation of man out of clay—this soldier is mud from his boots to his cap, his face is mud, his hands are mud, all but his musket is mud—all save his musket and the heart and brain of him.

'T is cold in the rifle-pits, and in the trenches, and in the shelter-tents. The earth is wet, the wind is in the North, the sky is gray—and the improvidence imposed by forced marches in a summer campaign in a hot climate, has left upon the bloody trail of our conquered advance into Virginia, the overcoats and flannel drawers and shirts of an army. The third foe, cold, attacks our dear brother in front of Richmond, but does not abate his port, does not bend his spirit. He scrapes the mud off him with a stick, from a Saxon and a soldierly instinct, takes fartively into his bosom as an unlawful resting, the passing thought of the fireside at home, and wife, mother, children and worshipful sisters, sighs as he dismisses it, and locks his jaws with the clench of duty, and faces toward Richmond with a face cut out of determined bronze.

You idealists who rummage the Mediterranean lumber-rooms of art for the bust of Hannibal as the type of the soldier, go to the Army of the Potomac and see one hundred thousand greater than he. Every one of them is a volunteer. They sleep in the mud, they eat in the mud, they watch in the mud, they fight in the mud, not from the necessity which rakes into the ranks the armies of Europe, but from the divine impulse which devotes man to duty. They shiver in this Northern autumnal wind, counting the days to the coming of the paymaster, and measuring their separation from better and warmer clothing, but never counting the cost of their service of their country, and never measuring their distance from death. They contracted three years ago, two years ago, one year ago, to die for freedom, and they stand in front of Richmond ready to fulfill the demigod-like agreement, of their own free wills, and without duress. And all along behind them to the Rapidan is a line of mounds covering men just like them, who fought through a gauntlet of death that would have licked up the armies of Napoleon as fast as he could have raised them, and would have prevented History to the conquerors and the conquered at Waterloo.

Demigod-like indeed they are—these soldiers in the ranks of our armies. They fight and they vote. They handle the bullet with the right hand—with the left, the ballot. They make war—in the same moment, they make Government. They fire into the breasts of a soldiery employed to destroy their country; before biting the cartridges for the next loading of their pieces, they, with the sovereign power which is their's, turn and appoint a civil administration for the United States of America for a period of four years. Oh! how in measure and compare with one of those muddy, clay-smutched, water-soaked men, smelling of powder and leaning on his musket, and declaring with imperial tone to the Commissioners of Election, as he draws his ballot out of

his cartridge-box, "I vote for ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and the continuance of this war!"—how in measure with him do the Fredericks the Great become Fredericks the Little, and the great Napoleons diminish to small Napoleons!

The country revered the army for its fighting. It will worship it for its voting. There is not in the history of politics such fidelity to principle as the soldiers of Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Ohio have shown in their State elections in the field. Their former commander-in-chief, popular throughout the armies, was selected by the Democrats as a candidate sure to "catch the soldiers' vote." He was made the representative of a policy which should stop the war, and enable the soldier to return to his home, and was made the sponsor of a lie that was designed to corrupt the idea of the struggle we are engaged in—that the war was fought not for the nation but for the negro. They selected a soldier for a candidate and placed him on a platform of peace, and appealed to the mothers, and the fathers, and the wives, and the sisters, and the longing children, of the soldiers in the field, to get the soldiers' vote. Stout sons in the farm-houses at home! They opened fire on the Chicago Platform and its candidate. They shouted to their loved ones in the ranks: "Death before dishonor! Fight forever!" And the loved ones in the ranks in the intervals of bailing out with their coffee-cups their rifle-pits and trenches, read the Chicago Platform, resolution by resolution—and as they read their minds hardened to a conclusion that the party which laid it down was confederate with the Rebels whom they were fighting—that the Presidential election the McClellan leaders were engineering was the civil form of betraying and ruining a country; and they rejected the false-soldier candidate, rejected the false peace, rejected the allurements of home, rejected the sophistries gendered of beastly hatred of race, and swore sacredly in their rifle-pits and trenches, "This war shall go on till the last armed Rebel dies!" And the angels who make record of the oaths of brave men have registered the Union ballots of the Armies of the Potomac, the James and the Cumberland, in the books consecrated to those mortals who love their race and die for their country.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### Good Spelling.

A pious, but illiterate deacon, in a certain town in Massachusetts, gave a stage driver a slip of paper, upon which he said was written the names of a couple of books which he wished him to call for at a book store. The driver called at the store and handing the memorandum to the clerk said:

"There is a couple of books which Deacon B—— wished you to send him."

The clerk, after a careful examination of the paper was unable to make "head or tail" of it, and passed it to the book-keeper, who was supposed to know something of letters; but to him it was "Greek." The proprietor was called, and he also gave up in despair; and it was finally concluded best to send the memorandum back to the deacon, as it was supposed he must have sent the wrong paper. As the coach arrived at the village inn, the driver saw the deacon waiting on the steps.

"Well, driver," said he, "did you get my books to-day?"

"Books!" no; and a good reason why, for there couldn't a man in Worcester read your hen tracks."

"Couldn't read ritin'?" Let me see the paper."

The driver drew it from his pocket, and passed it to the deacon, who, taking out and carefully adjusting his glasses, held the memorandum at arm's length, and exclaimed as he did so, in a very satisfied tone:

"Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face! 'T-O-S-A-M-B-U-X'—(two psalm books!) 'I guess his clerks had better go to school a quarter.'"

And here the deacon made some reflections upon the "ignorance of the times," and want of attention to books by the "rising generation," which would have all been very well, if said by somebody else.

The tightness of the times may be seen in baker's doughnuts—they make the holes in the center smaller.

### Adam's Conduct in Eating the Apple.

I have on various occasions seen learned disquisitions on what would have been the result if some great event which did happen had not happened: for instance, if Grouchy had arrived at Waterloo before Blucher; or if the Athenians had crushed Sparta in the Peloponnesian war; or if Hannibal had taken Rome when he advanced to its gates. But there is a greater problem than any of these. What would have happened if Adam had refused to eat the other half of the apple? Would he have remained in Paradise, and the human race have enjoyed uninterrupted happiness? Whatever answer might be given to those questions, I take it for granted that he understood all the consequences of his act. The common principles of justice require that no punishment shall be inflicted except in accordance with previous notification for an offence expressly prohibited.

If the amount of punishment is not fairly stated the offender can complain of deception. The courts cannot inflict a punishment greater than that stated in the law. And we read in Genesis that full notification was given to Adam. In the face of that notification, without any unmanly scolding, without delay or hesitation—with no attempt to dodge his inevitable fate—he composedly took that great bite which decided the fate of humanity thro' all ages. The heroism of Codrus, Mutius, Scævola and Arnold Winkelried sinks into insignificance as compared with the great father of the race. Human nature was already pretty well developed. Better woman without Paradise than Paradise without woman. Those were Adam's sentiments. Those are my sentiments. Those are the sentiments of every man. If Adam's choice were offered to me to-day I verily believe that I have enough of his blood in me to do as he did. I will call my first boy "Adam," and when he gets big enough I will tell him why.—*Californian.*

When this rebellion first broke out, a man of dissolute character enlisted as a nine months' volunteer. He was mustered in, and received his one month's pay in advance. Probably never having had so much money in his possession at one time, he became elated, and in order to manifest his delight he invested a good portion of his funds in bad whiskey. The result was a spree of the steepest kind; a free fight of the most extensive and promiscuous nature, and a pair of bunged eyes of the deepest blue. In this plight he presented himself before his wife to take leave of her, as his regiment had received orders to march in two hours from thence.

"Why, Peter!" exclaimed she, surveying him with extreme surprise, "how came you in such a plight?—You have been fighting?"

"Course I have, ole woman," replied he, straightening himself with military dignity, "Aint I 'listed for fightin'? Aint I paid for fightin'? an' blast me if I am goin' to back out of the bargain."

That was a mean Dutchman, that Hans Karg. He had one beautiful Madonna-looking daughter, who no more resembled him than a flower the root. "Hans, how on earth do you manage to keep your potatoes from freezing?" asked a neighbor one morning. "Fy, I makes Caroline sleep on de potatoes," answered Hans: "dat keeps them from freezing!"

Some newspaper wag tells a story of an old gentleman whose eight or ten clerks bored him continually with conundrums. Going home one evening he was stopped in front of a closed store by a countryman, who asked—"Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is closed?" "Go to thunder," he said, "with your conundrums. I've been bored to death with them these three weeks!"

The late Dean Buckland is said to have been so intimately acquainted with the properties of all the geological formations of England, that being one night belated and not knowing where he was, alighted from his horse, took up a clod of earth, and tasted it. He immediately exclaimed "Uxbridge!" and proceeded on his journey.

Beware of evil habits; cherish the good. Thus only can we be safe.