

THE CRUTCH.

Charles Boswell, - - - - - Publisher

U. S. GEN'L HOSPITAL, DIV. 1, SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1864

The Election.

The 8th of November will be as historic in the annals of the next half-century, as it has been momentous. On its results, hung the destinies of the nation—the weal of generations—the honor of a people! In it, were hours filled with hopes, fears, anxieties, and a silence over all, that made it sublime! Around it, clung associations with that history which waits but for a little time to develop unequalled grandeur in the history of wars.—God wills that this history shall be finished;—that its deeds shall be immortalized—its events stamped with the imperishable seal of truth.

The people have spoken at the ballot-box in tones never to be forgotten;—in tones that will thrill down the ages, and rebuke wrong and falsehood, however fair, or monstrous their proportions. Of this day we may proudly write, its sun has set in glory! There is not a spot in its heaven;—the electric wires flashed only joy and victory, throughout the land, and the prayers of a grateful people ascended with the shouts and huzzas for the brave, invincible army of heroes, who have redeemed our honor and saved our destinies, with bullet and ballot,—

"A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time."

On this day Maryland threw aside her intolerable burden;—scorned her old servile acquiescence, and with one splendid rebound crowned herself thrice loyal, and thrice free! Let us keep the sacred fire burning, and look to it, that this day of glad tidings—of prophetic signs—of banners bearing the cross and crown of down-trodden tyranny, may live in the memory of man, as a beacon-light to the true, and a consuming fire of reproach to the disloyal everywhere.

UNION TRIUMPHANT!!



THE UNION BIRD AS USUAL VICTORIOUS!!



The feathers of the Copperhead fowl droopeth exceedingly!!

We congratulate our readers on the result of the election. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, stands endorsed by the people of the North, while the *Little Napoleon*, the "scarred (scared) veteran" of gun-boat notoriety, and who finally surrendered at Chicago like another Arnold, has suffered a defeat worse than any of his preceding ones, and now retires to private life within the classic confines of "Jersey." Peace to his ashes!

Our limited space prevents us from giving the different majorities, but they are sufficiently overwhelming to satisfy the most exacting patriot.

A Cockney tourist met a Scotch lassie going barefoot towards Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in these parts go barefoot?" "Part of 'em do, and the rest of 'em mind their own business." was the rather settling reply.

The treasurer of the Laron Troupe of acrobats absconded from Bangor with the funds of the company, but has been since arrested in Boston.

Success.

For the Crutch.

It was a beautiful day in Autumn, 490 years B. C., that the fate of Athens was to be decided by a hard fought battle upon the plain of Marathon.

The Persians, 0,000 strong, had come to reduce Greece to Persian authority. The Athenians were alarmed, and sent to Sparta for assistance, but the Spartans being engaged in a religious festival could not at that time render them the desired aid. All that Athens could send to oppose the enemy was an army of 10,000 men, commanded by ten Generals, each to command a day alternately. Miltiades being one of the Generals, the chief command was conferred upon him by the others, but he waited until it came his day to command before he gave battle. He arranged his army for the desperate conflict. The Persians looked with contempt upon the little army of the Greeks, and considered them an easy conquest. With not a doubt of final success they awaited the impetuous charge of the Greeks. The Athenians felt that all that was noble and good in the Grecian character depended upon the even of that day—that if the day were lost, Virtue, Honor, Prosperity, and Happiness, would be lost with it, and death would be to them sweeter than life without a country. Mothers and sisters of Spartan firmness had sent them forth bidding them to bring their shields with em, or be borne back upon them. So they prepared to defend with their lives all that they held dear, and the events of the day proved their devotion.

Fiercely the battle raged till the shadows had gathered over the plain where the dead lay motionless and at rest. The Athenians were victorious, and Greece was saved; 6,400 Persians and 192 Athenians were slain in the conflict. A soldier wishing to be the first to carry the glad tidings of victory to his countrymen at Athens, started off at full speed from the field, arrived in the presence of the Archons, could only say, "*Chauti Chairomen*," (Rejoice, the victory is ours,) and fell dead at their feet.

Such is a brief sketch of one of the most glorious victories of Liberty over oppression ever recorded upon the page of History—a victory which has inspired the orator and poet, even to the present time, and which will be a bright example to all who are called upon to defend the most precious gift bestowed upon man.

We may receive a lesson from this as individuals, we are engaged in a conflict upon the successful issue of which depends our future prosperity and happiness.—We desire to be successful, and like the Athenians at Marathon, we may be sure of victory if we but make a proper use of all the means given to us. We need a true knowledge of ourselves that we may know our place in life and our capacities for filling it. Knowing this, it belongs to us to do all in our power to improve ourselves and benefit others. It is a false modesty which keeps men from occupying positions they are able to fill. A knowledge of the difficulties to be met is also necessary to success. Sometimes difficulties will arise which seem to be insurmountable, but every trial made to conquer adds to the strength and prepares the way for an easier victory. Be not afraid of failures and mistakes. Life is one continuous round of imperfections, and yet, every one of them may be made to serve your interest so that finally you shall win. Energy and continued effort are requisite to success. This will be evident to every mind who has any acquaintance with the great and good of any age. Nelson, Luther, Washington, Webster, Garibaldi, and many others are examples of what may be done by earnest striving to make the most of oneself. You cannot take these men as models. True, it may be you could not like them if you would, but make yourselves useful to the world by cheerfully meeting every difficulty that is in your way, and cultivate to their fullest extent the powers which you possess. Life is real and earnest and as such we must take it. It has hourly details, painful passages, and a crown for every brow. It is sad that blows induce morbid secretions of which pearls are the results. One has replied: "Would that hardship and suffering bore always in a creature of a greatly high family similar results, and that the buffets dealt him by fortune in the rough stream of life could be transmuted by some blessed internal predisposition of his rare into pearls of great price." Success then would be ours.

Hurrah for LINCOLN AND JOHNSON! Three cheers for "Uncle ABRAHAM," our sterling President, tried and true! And thanks to the Ladies of our Hospital, who gave us a chance last evening to vent a little of our enthusiasm and joy, by illuminating their quarters so handsomely; and thanks to you Mr. CRUTCH, that you let your light shine so conspicuously from your corner of the yard—we all know of course, your sentiments in a crisis like this; but it was good to see the "Stars and Stripes" displayed at your windows for victory, and to see the lights gleaming on the names of LINCOLN AND JOHNSON from your press.

The large building known as the "LADIES' QUARTERS," was finely illuminated in honor of the Union Victory of last Tuesday at the ballot-box. The front door was thrown open, and all invited to enter and see the tasteful decorations of the various rooms. At the very threshold hung the picture of our "UNCLE" smiling down benignly. All honor to the glorious hero! The rooms were tastefully set off with pictures, wreaths, flowers, and flags, (to say nothing of the ladies themselves.) While we were so busy admiring the decorations, the Band so well known for being on hand at the right time, struck up one of its familiar airs,—made night vocal with its sweet music. After a few tunes they were invited by the ladies to enter and partake of a supper. Bless those ladies, they know just what to do, and how to do it; but—we were sorry we did not belong to the Band.—Those fellows of the brass instrument know what to do with oysters and pies, as well as they do with horns, and things of that sort. After eating up all the oysters, &c., they returned to the horns, but it was discovered that nothing could go on until GEN. CHAMBERLAIN, who had been spied out among the guests, was called out and compelled to "face the music." Modesty made him hesitate a little, but the calls were loud, and like a brave soldier he walked up to it. And a very happy little speech he gave us; his sentiments of gratitude seemed to be somewhat divided between the Music, and the Ladies, and the Union;—but he came out all right with an eloquent allusion to the occasion upon which we met, and the emphasis which the voice of the people had given to our repeated declaration—"that our country shall be free, firm, and united." After "Hail Columbia," and a few more airs from the band, the little crowd dispersed quietly. I followed the example, and went home to dream of the fairy-like castle. I had seen a vision of light shining far out into the night—a symbol and type of what this triumph of the people shall make our country—more than ever a glory to all lands—a refuge for the oppressed—a nation made free indeed by the glorious liberty of truth.

"A. LINKUM."

FASHIONABLE CALL.—Enter Miss Lucy, nearly out of breath with the exertion of walking from her papa's carriage in the street to the door of her friend.

LUCY.—"O Marie! how do you do? How delighted I am to see you! How have you been since you were at the ball last Thursday evening? Wasn't the appearance of that tall girl in pink perfectly frightful? Is this your shawl on the piano? Beautiful shawl! Father says he is going to send to Paris to get me a shawl in the spring. I can't bear home-made shawls! How do you like Monsieur Esprey? Beautiful man, ain't he?—Now don't laugh, Marie, for I am sure I don't care anything about him! Oh, my! I must be going! It's a beautiful day, isn't it? Marie, when are you coming up to see me? Oh, dear! what a beautiful pin! That pin was given to you; now I know it was, Marie; don't deny it. Harry is coming up to see me this evening, but I hate him—I do really; but he has a beautiful moustache, hasn't he, Marie? Oh, dear, it's very warm.—Good morning, Marie! Don't speak of Harry in connection with my name to any one; for I am sure it will never amount to anything, but I hate him awfully—I'm sure I do. Adieu!"

"Cuffee, is that the second bell?" "No, massa, dat's de second ringing on de fust bell. We habn't got no second bell in dis hotel."