

The Cripple.

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The Cripple

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

King Winter's Abdication.

BY FRANCINA.

He goes, the chieftain old and grey,
No more o'er earth he holds his sway.
He yields to Spring his pearly crown,
And glides away with sullen frown.

We are weary of his frosty sign,
And long for the flowery, verdant plain.
So we let him go without a tear,
And welcome the Spring of the glad New Year.

"Farewell, farewell, thou fierce old king,
Thrice welcome to thee, oh fair young Spring.
Come, with the Mayflower's sweet perfume,
Come, with the willow's tossing plume."

"Sprinkle the meadows with violets fair,
Filling with sweetness the soft warm air.
'Liven the woodland with songs of birds,
And the fields with low of grazing herds."

"Behold thou art here, oh, fairy queen,
On hill and vale thy steps are seen.
Already the blithe little blue birds sing,
To welcome thy coming, oh, gladsome Spring."

Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Siege of Harper's Ferry, Va.

Twelve thousand United States troops lay encamped in, around and about a place, romantic in scenery, noted for one of the first acts leading to the opening of this war; also as a place for the manufacture of U. S. small arms—Harper's Ferry. A dull and cloudless day was the 11th of September, 1862. Nevertheless, orders came to prepare for a short march, with cooked rations, and eighty rounds of ammunition. 'Twas between the hours of 10 and 11 at night; and all hands were ordered up, and every necessary preparation made. What caused all this, and where were we to go, no one knew. Orders read, we march at daylight. Lengthy and logical were the arguments brought forward, and rebutted by different parties, as to the object, destination and result of all this move. Sir Wm. Blackstone, with all the principles laid down in fundamental law, together with the rights of persons and things, could not have made plainer to a jury this case, than was

elucidated and conclusions arrived at by the troops composing this garrison. Daylight came. All were ready to move—somewhere. We waited for orders. None came. 12 M. found us in *statu quo*. At 2 P. M. the order came. Slowly, but proudly and defiantly, we marched forth from our camp, from off the heights of Bolivar, passed through the valley of Harper's Ferry, crossed the rubicon, (Potomac) and slowly but steadily we followed the serpentine road, mounting higher and higher until we reached the summit of Maryland heights. Here we were drawn up in line-of-battle across the mountain, and lay upon our arms for the night. At early dawn we were notified that we were not alone the sole possessors of that rugged mount, but an enemy was in our front and would dispute our title as to possession. The point came when arguments were of no avail, however logical or elucidated they might be.—They produced their evidence in bullet shape, and backed it up by a line-of-battle. Of course we demurred, but it was of no avail, and we soon got into a general fight. Their arguments being stronger than ours, we "caved" for the time being. We changed our base and took up a position behind an old stockade, (built by Gen. Geary.) Here we determined to make a stand and try to convince our opponents that our right was valid and constitutional, and that we were pleading a cause whose principles were Virtue, Liberty and Independence. Here the question was argued with *unusual* pathos by both sides; the arguments fell thick and fast, and very pointed, and he who would dare stand up for his right in open war was sure to be knocked down. Very many were placed "hors du combat" on the side of the plaintiff, as well as a goodly number on the side of the defendant. The decision was finally given against us. Sad, sorrowful and bleeding, we concluded to withdraw the action, return to our starting point, and commence it anew with augmented force. As the sun sat behind the western hills, we occupied our old camp, bitterly thinking of what befel us that eventful day. Thus closed the 13th day of September, 1862. Being very tired, we slept soundly. At early dawn on that holy Sabbath day, its stillness was broke, not by the drums beating the "reveille," but by the cannon's opening roar. We quickly rose, and taking a hasty survey, soon came to the conclusion that our situation was indeed one to be pitied, for on either side

"Moving lines of rebel-men our vision could descry."

Were we surrounded by our enemies? Alas! 'twas too true. We were surrounded, for a "Stone-wall" was around us.

The sun rose in all his wonted majesty, beautiful and bright, and for a short time stillness reigned supreme, but was soon broken by the sound of the axe, soon the pick and shovel were brought into requisition. All were busy throwing up rifle pits. Thus we spent the entire day, and as the day closed a formidable line of works shielded us from the enemy. At night, weary with labor, with our trusty arms by our side, we lay secure behind our works. Early the next morning our slumbers were disturbed, and near-

er, clearer, and deadlier than before, was the cannon's opening roar.

With shot and shell
They pelted well.

And as the sun was nearing his meridian height, a scene was about to be enacted disgraceful to a noble cause. The white flag was displayed. Hostilities cease. We are surrendered, unconditionally, with all round and about us, to the enemies of our country. Thus ended all our endeavors to substantiate our claim. Harper's Ferry was surrendered.—Plaintiffs and defendants lay together as brothers engaged in one great common cause. The next morning we sought the Federal lines, (being paroled on the spot,) which were only a few miles off. The troops of the American Napoleon were almost within our reach, yet they either could not, would not, or dare not come to our rescue. As we marched out of Harper's Ferry one way, those of the enemy went another, for "My Maryland" Being paroled, our destination was Annapolis, Md. After a weary march we arrived there on the 21st of September, 1862—remaining until 25th, we started for Chicago, Ill.; arrived there on the 28th at 2 P. M.; lay on the sand all night in Camp Douglas. Here we remained until the 24th November, when we were declared duly exchanged, and once more started for Washington, where we arrived on the 27th, and the next day crossed over into the "Sacred Soil." As to the object and purpose of surrendering this place, together with the troops composing the garrison, the immense amount of munitions of war given up, and the ability of the garrison to hold the place under a competent commander against all odds, will be treated hereafter. ION.

LIFE ALL THE WORLD OVER.—When Peter of Cortono was engaged on a picture for the Royal Palace of Pitti, Ferdinand II. particularly admired the representation of a weeping child. "Has your majesty," said the painter, "a mind to see how easy it is to make this child laugh?" And, suiting the action to the word, the artist merely depressed the corner of the lips and the inner extremity of the eye-brows, when the little urchin seemed in danger of splitting his sides with laughter, who in a moment before seemed breaking his heart with weeping. If this be true in the world of living men, slight, very slight are the causes that break or make the happiness of life. The touch of a brush can dim heaven with a cloud, or brighten the prospect of the far horizon.

A BRAVE HUSBAND.—A bear attacked a farmer's cabin one night, when the farmer got up into the loft, leaving his wife and children to take care of themselves. The wife seized a poker and aimed a happy blow at Bruin.

"Give it to him, Nancy," cried the valiant husband. After Bruin was dead, he came down from the loft and exclaimed:

"Nancy, my dear, ain't we brave?"

The experience of many a life—"What a fool I have been!" The experience of many a wife—"What a fool I've got!"

The Cripple

LEOPOLD COHEN.—EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25TH, 1865.



IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

Subscriptions will be received by the Steward of each Hospital, or may be sent direct to Steward Leopold Cohen, at these Headquarters.

Contributions, especially of a narratory character, are respectfully solicited.

The Downfall of Richmond.

The signs of the times indicate that the overthrow, or withdrawal of the army defending Richmond, is near at hand. The rebel chieftain, in a recent message to the Confederate Congress, told them frankly that the rebel capital never was in so much danger since the war began as now. He urged them to adopt prompt measures for increasing the efficiency of their army; measures which show to what straits they are driven. The evacuation of Richmond is foreshadowed by the removal of valuable machinery and government archives. The latter have been taken away secretly. Lee is reported to be at Raleigh, with quite a force of his old command, and unless the rest of them leave soon they will be effectually cooped up as Pemberton was at Vicksburg, by the combined armies of Grant.

This they will hardly allow to be done. Therefore, we may reasonably look for the early evacuation of Richmond. We may gain possession of it without firing a gun, as was the case at Charleston. Even the "Richmond Sentinel" says, "we doubt if Grant contemplates an attack upon our lines, or expects to get possession of Richmond by defeating General Lee. He is endeavoring to cut off our supplies by raids, and by the movement of Sherman.—If they could put men enough in the field to resist such raids and our armies they would not let their lines of communication be cut as they have been for the last six months.

Lee has given Davis to understand that unless he has more men he cannot successfully defend the rebel strong hold, hence Jeff's frantic appeal to Congress.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Uniform.

I use the word as applying to the soldiers and sailors of the United States, more particularly, however, to the soldiers.

The utility of uniform clothing cannot reasonably be questioned. It is the distinctive badge of friend or foe, and except in partisan warfare, where it might be eschewed, is absolutely necessary that each commander may know his own men. It is therefore fixed, and universally known. On the battle-field, in the crash and smoke of the contest, the general rides down the line before his men, recognizing them as his men, alone by their uniform. If combatants were left to choose clothing of different colors and

shapes, a most inextricable confusion of friend and foe; a most horrible cut and slash, hand to hand, bloody, fighting would result. So far is the distinction carried, that civilians are not allowed to wear the uniform, and officers' servants are only permitted the purchase and use of underclothing and shoes.

Uncle Sam puts his soldier into a blue frock coat, blue pants, blue blouse, and blue cap, that he may know him from a greybacked, grey trousered rebel. Occasionally a guerrilla in blue is caught, but his life usually pays the penalty of his temerity.

Of a truth, Uncle Sam's blue is not the finest and best; neither are his fits. It is amusing to see a half dozen little fellows on the left of the line, with pants turned half way up to the knees, to prevent their being trodden on. Equally amusing is it, to see a tall corporal, on the right, with his waist under his arms, and the tail of his coat making an unsuccessful effort to get within sight of his calves; while two or three inches of woolen stocking are visible between his pants and government shoes, and his cap is a miniature tower of Babel, suddenly undermined. Government shoes, in army parlance, are 'gunboats' and vary in size from 6 to 16. Certainly, in prescribing the uniform, beauty was not intended.

Yet the government requires that its soldiers look neat, and be clean. Clothing well brushed, shoes polished, belts blacked, plates brightened, faces clean, hair combed, and hands gloved in white.—Much, therefore, of the soldier's chagrin is due to his own lack of energy, for it is provided that tradesmen may be detailed in companies to make, alter and mend soldier's clothing, not, however, to violate the regulation pattern. Most of the ordinary incompatibles of human shape and uniform clothing, may be remedied, by simply getting a tailor comrade to "give it a fit." Then admire the metamorphosis. There a man looks "every inch a soldier."

Why do soldiers wish to throw off the uniform when in camp, garrison, detached service, among friends, &c.? The answer is plain, because of its uncomeliness. A man, even a soldier, cannot be blamed for seeking to look well. But the fault lies not in the material, simply in the cut and fit. Anybody who can use a pair of scissors, and put a needle through a piece of cloth, backwards and forwards, can make government clothing, for tailors would seem to be superfluous, where the human shape is so little considered.

The fact of a great war being upon us, is no excuse for a soldier wearing ill-fitting coats and pants, unless he be in the field, or some other ungetoverable circumstance. The fit is an object, and rather than wear a mealbag of a jacket, having in it sufficient unoccupied room for a bushel of wheat, call in the company tailor with his practised eye and his shears and needle and thread, and let him make a man of you.

Never be ashamed to wear the uniform, but never have it uncomely. As a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, so a little change makes a wonderful difference in appearances. D. S. L.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

The Three Stars of the True Soldier.

No. 3.

PATIENT ENDURANCE.

"Patient endurance wins the Martyr's crown," Holden.

The soldier's life is essentially a life of hardship.—His very trade is to inflict and receive wounds, and in its pursuit he must undergo every imaginable phase of discomfort and distress. In active campaigns the cold ground is most generally his bed and the coarsest of food, badly cooked, too often his support. He marches mile after mile, with soul-wearying monotony,

day after day, only to plunge into the thickest of a desperate fight as a terminus to the sickening journey. Rain, sunshine, snow, wind, heat, cold—every variety of the elementary conglomerate called by established usage "the weather" are alike indifferent to, or at least unheeded, by him. He hath no rest for the sole of his foot, no place to lay his weary head, no local habitation, and not much of a name. When his days tramping is done he hastily scorches his portion of "salt horse" or "greasy swine" and devoureth it with what appetite he may; and then stretches his weary limbs, perhaps in the furrow of a corn field half filled with mud if it be rainy, perhaps on the hard gravel of a macadamized road, or the dewy grass of a meadow if it be clear—anywhere, it is a matter of supreme unconcern, provided only that he can obtain sufficient necessary rest. Up again at early day-break, he shoulders his heavy pack and equipments grown heavier to his fancy, from his stiffness of body, by the short hiatus of a night's repose—and forward he plods, the most trying part of the matter being that, in nine cases out of ten, he has no idea where he is going, no conception of the distance to be overcome, and no gleam of intelligence as to the objects he is to accomplish. When, where, or how, he shall meet the enemy, if he meet them at all, are sealed books to his mental vision in nearly every campaign, and there is no use in attempting to unravel the mystery. That dark, grim, man, with the stars on his shoulders, riding, in the midst of his staff, so comfortably at the head of the column, alone possesses the secret of the weary journey's destination and catastrophe, and he won't tell, say ye never so humbly!

This tantalizing and perplexing mystery as to his own doings, encompasseth the soldier as with a misty veil at all times and seasons. He not only knows nothing of what he is going to do, but nearly always he is ignorant of what he has done. He may march hundreds of miles and fight a score of desperate battles and, except that he possesses the general idea that he has been victorious, he knows as little of the extent of the damage he has done to the foe and of the grand results he may have accomplished, as he did when he set out. It is not the general habit of commanders to promulgate to their troops full details of the ends they have gained, and, in consequence, the soldier must wait until he can get intelligence from home in order to find out what he has been doing, himself!

I do not know that my text needs greater amplification. It is but a weak and imperfect sketch of some of the trials of a soldier's life, but I think I have said enough to prove to the most critical that a soldier has urgent need of the noble quality of patient endurance. It is in fact his brightest jewel, his most perfect safeguard. Without it he is a curse to himself and his comrades, and the sooner he "straggles" the better for them and the service.

And not only is this noble quality of use in war, and to the soldier. All men are soldiers after a sort, fighting the great battle of Life. Misfortunes gather about us whatever our lot in life; and endurance, patient, meek, endurance, is the only shield we can effectually interpose against the "sea of troubles" rolling o'er the tide of life. Cultivate it therefore, assiduously oh, comrades, for when you have acquired it, you truly possess the third Star of the true soldier!

With these three, then, implanted in your heart, you have obtained the highest rank of the mental warrior. True courage, willing obedience, and patient endurance, arm you against all ills in your soldier life, and the Three Stars denote that your spirit hath become, indeed, a Lieutenant General!

A. H. S.

THE CRIPPLE.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

GRANT!

A correspondent writing from Hatcher's Run dated the 11th says, our troops there had been under arms thirty-six hours, expecting an attack from the enemy. The movements for several days within the enemy's lines gave rise to this expectation. Our troops are eager to have the attack made. An early evacuation of Petersburg is looked for. Our troops were never in more magnificent spirits, and the war-clash will soon be heard in a quarter least expected by friend or foe. A rebel force had appeared in the vicinity of the White House and manifested great activity in that locality. The steamer Keyport, while passing the Highlands, on the Pamunkey river, was fired into by a party of this force, and considerably damaged. Brevet Brigadier General Macy, of the 2d corps, has been appointed Provost Marshal of the Army of the Potomac, relieving Captain Schuyler, who has for some time past filled the position satisfactorily. The March winds are now rapidly drying up the roads and our troops are all ready in case of an emergency, to move at any hour. A former member of the Virginia legislature, who left the rebel capital on the 17th instant, says everything has been made ready for the evacuation of Richmond, which is constantly expected, and that the damage by Sheridan's raid is believed to be immense. Four divisions of Lee's army had gone to North Carolina, and Lee himself had gone to Raleigh. This gentleman estimates the force about Richmond and Petersburg at sixty thousand, and there are about ten thousand emergency men at Richmond. The army in North Carolina, he says, numbers about forty five or fifty thousand, a large proportion undisciplined conscripts.

SIERMAN!

Fayetteville, N. C., was captured by Sherman's forces on the 11th instant. Hardee, said to have 20,000 men, withdrew across the river on the 10th. The rebels skinned in the town and fired artillery upon the houses occupied by women and children. They burnt the bridge at this place and removed all the public stores up the railroad that they could. Sherman before evacuating Fayetteville made complete work of the destruction of the extensive arsenal at that place.—This arsenal contained all the valuable material taken from the Harper's Ferry arsenal, and was the largest and most complete establishment of the kind in the South. The buildings were torn down, the machinery destroyed, and all the important buildings burned. In addition to this destruction, every cotton mill in Fayetteville—four or five in number—and several on the Rockfish creek, were destroyed. These were all very large factories, turning out vast amounts of material for clothing the rebel army. General Schofield's army had moved out from Kinston to unite with General Sherman's forces in the vicinity of Goldsborough, where, according to the latest intelligence, the rebel forces, under Johnston and Bragg, were assembled in strong force, with the intention of giving battle and making a desperate resistance before surrendering that important town. The enemy were much demoralized on leaving Kinston for Goldsborough. Most of the North Carolina troops belonging in the eastern part of the State took French leave from Bragg and returned to their homes. Sherman occupied Goldsborough on the 19th.

GENERAL NEWS.

Maj. Gen. Thomas in his official report of the operations of his army from the 7th of September 1864, to January 20th 1865, says: There were captured from the enemy during the various actions 13,189 prisoners of war, including seven general officers, and nearly one thousand other officers of all grades; and 72 pieces of artillery.—On Saturday last an attack was made on two batteries, defending Mobile bay, by the monitors. Two of them silenced the batteries, driving the men from their guns.—It is reported that the rebel Gen. Hindman, while en route to Mexico, was shot by persons unknown, but supposed to be Confederates, between Oakham and the Rio Grande. He had a number of wagons and ambulances freighted with tobacco, and it is supposed he had in addition considerable plate and coin. When killed, he was in advance of the train.—Our flag-of-truce boat Nathan, which went within 2 1/2 miles of Mobile to exchange prisoners on the 2d, was fired at by the rebel batteries, and compelled to retreat. She was not injured. The rebels subsequently declared they did not see the flag-of-truce until after they had fired fourteen shots.—Our fleet is reported to have crossed Bog river bar.—A letter from Texas, by the George Cromwell, states that two thousand negroes, captured at Berwick Bay, were mostly taken to Houston, and sold at auction by Colonel Snyder, he knowing that they had been legally emancipated by the United States, and were only liable to be treated as prisoners of war.—The 19th army corps has been discontinued, and Major General Emory ordered to report to Major General Hancock.—The second of General Hancock's veteran corps left Washington yesterday for Harper's Ferry.

Local Matters.

The 102nd Co. V. R. C. Capt. L. G. McCauley, commanding, for some time past on duty at 3rd Division General Hospital, has been relieved here and ordered for duty at Augur General Hospital, which is now under the charge of Surgeon Edwin Bentley, U. S. Vols.

Assistant Surgeon Samuel B. Ward, U. S. Vols., has also left 3rd Division Hospital, and has assumed the duties of Executive Officer of Augur General Hospital.

Asst. Surgeon Thos. G. Mackenzie, U. S. Army, formerly Executive Officer of 1st Division Hospital, is temporarily the Executive Officer of 3rd Division Hospital buildings.

Asst. Surgeon W. G. Elliot, U. S. V., is Executive Officer of Slough Barracks.

Asst. Surgeon W. A. Harvey is still Executive Officer of 2nd Division, with headquarters at Sickles' Barracks.

As Augur General Hospital is rapidly progressing towards its completion, we presume that 3rd Division Hospital will soon share the fate of 1st and 2nd Division Hospitals.

Slough Branch of 3rd Division, and Sickles' Branch of 2nd Division will remain, but we are unable to say whether they will change names or not.

The tents at Slough and Sickles' barracks were nearly demolished by the terrible gale on the 23rd instant. Several buildings were wrecked, but no other serious accident happened in the hospitals as far as we could learn.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Tissue Paper on the Brain.

You will remember, Mr. Editor, that I was "to send you small doses, as the public could bear it."—The world at large has probably, ere this, recovered from the shock of the first pill, namely—Inspection Day. I will, therefore, proceed to give them pill No. 2.

Now, Mr. Editor, did you ever become so permeated, engrossed, carried away with one subject that every thing you saw, thought, heard, dreamed of, took the form of that self same subject? Did your mind ever get into that state that every thing in heaven above, and earth beneath, seemed formed of one and the same thing? If you never did, *I have*; and the speculators in petroleum have my profound sympathy when they dream the world is made of one great bank of—"ile." I think too that Dickens' David Copperfield would understand me too; for you remember when he was in love he had but one object, waking or sleeping. He (to use his own words) "breakfasted on Dora, dined on Dora, and supped on Dora." Now, Mr. Editor, I'm in just that fix; the object only is different. The phantasmagoria ever before my eyes for two weeks has been—Tissue Paper. Now, I will tell you how it came about. In the first place, in order to understand my subject, you must know that our hospital (Slough Branch) is composed of barracks formed in a hollow square, like a brigade review. Now, these barracks were not built in Gothic or Grecian architecture, but probably from *original designs* left to roam at their own sweet will, at least that has been my own humble opinion as I have stood and contemplated the arches, beams, ends, and boards overhead.

Now, its about these self-same boards I am to write you. Our good steward (who, by the way, has an eye for the beautiful, and is a martyr to the cause,) took it into his head that these self-same boards would be made less conspicuous covered with tissue

paper. So at it we went—us boys—we worked day and night, cutting, planning, making points, scoops, triangles, flowers, moons, half moons, quarter moons, stars, leaves, corps bag s, names of heroes, quadrangles, diamonds, hearts, clubs—all out of tissue paper. The consequence was that turn your eyes whichever way you might, a vast ocean of red, white and blue met your sight; there was no relief. I worked at it by day, and dreamed of it by night. I had but one idea in life. At last I could not shake off the incubus; it clung to me. Every object took its form and color; even the beef tea and goul seemed changed into red, white and blue tissue paper. I rushed into the air, I tried to look up at the twinkling stars. Horror of horrors, even the beautiful Constellation of Orion had changed into a triangle and was made out of—tissue paper. I tried to write a letter home. It commenced with tissue paper, had tissue paper all along, and ended with tissue paper. I was even afraid to go to church for fear my responses would be—tissue paper.

I thought I would go in the Ward and see if the doctor was affected by it. The doctor enters. Attention! He returns the salute, but his eyes wander to the ceiling. He feels the patient's pulse, one, two, three, tissue paper; one, two, three, four, tissue paper; one, two, three, twenty, tissue paper. He writes,

R. 14 grains of tissue paper diluted with Spiritus Frumenti in red, white and blue, taken in hearts, scoops, and triangles at equal distances from each other until the patient subsides.

The nurse takes it to the dispensary. The clerk reads it and rubs his eyes; reads it again; "that must be a mistake." "Oh, no! its all right, put it up quick!" Clerk seizes his hat and wonders if the doctor has gone mad. He hurries to the barrack—enters—tissue paper above, around, beneath! He rushes to the number. Over the face of the sick man flickers the reflections of wan dim lights in red, white and blue; a stray sunbeam of the setting sun struggling through the mass forms on his forehead the shadow of a cross—all in tissue paper!! The clerk wonders no longer. The prescription was right. Again, I wanted to visit some friends downtown. To pass the guard I must remember the countersign. What do you think it was? Tissue paper!!

Now, Mr. Editor, should you hear of my being an inmate of an insane asylum, know you that my disease is—Tissue Paper on the Brain.

WIL. O' WIL.

Weekly Report of General Hospitals

UNDER CHARGE OF

Surg. EDWIN BENTLEY, U. S. Vols

AUGUR GENERAL HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 24th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	574.
No. of patients admitted,	67.
do do Returned to duty,	1.
do do Transferred,	3.
do do Furloughed,	2.
do do Remaining,	256.

SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 24th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	671.
No. of patients admitted,	23.
do do Returned to duty,	30.
do do Transferred,	5.
do do Furloughed,	13.
do do Discharged,	8.
do do Deceased,	2.
No. of patients remaining,	541.

THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 24th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	1258.
No. of patients admitted,	27.
do do Returned to duty,	26.
do do Transferred,	5.
do do Furloughed,	14.
do do Discharged,	11.
do do Deceased,	2.
do do Remaining,	1011.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Ballad of a Typo.

BY FRED. J. WILLOUGHBY.

I knew a *full-faced* printer man,
The manliest of all *types*,
Cut *stick* and run away to shield
Our glorious stars and stripes.
As private soldier he was good,
And just the one to *stand*
Among his comrades, as they fought
With *shooting sticks* in hand.
He got *set up* one day, and tried
To lead th' advancing *column*;
In prison house they *locked him up*,
Till sober and quite solemn;
For such a *leader* would not do,
He was too hard a *case*,
Because he did not know the *rules*
Of leading on the *chase*.
One day the rebels made a *dash*,
Like slaves from out a *galley*,
And *clipped a slice* from off his head,
Before our men could rally!
The *edition* of his life ran out,
And over Styx he passed;
He'd often praised while living, now,
Alas! he's *puffed* his last!

Sense and Nonsense.

LOXESUM.—Mi dear boy, did yu ever go out of night and lean on the fence for hours in the spring time, when the frogs waz singing in the mashy ground, and the spotted night-hawks was a glancing in the air and the bats waz playing tag, and gaze up into heaven at the grate round moon, and the twinkling stars, and sigh and want sunthin, and hav yure ize fill up with the juice ov yure hart, and not think of emnything all the time, and couldn't tell what ailed yu?—Did yu ever steal silyly out in a big woods jist as the sun fel behind the hill, and set down agin a tree and dream ov nothing till the twilight-ghosts began tew hurry bi yu, and the warm air begin tu thicken with the fust dark ov the nite, and the owl awa oph in the distance begin tu kall out the toads, and the slippery snakes and still set there till fear sot yu a thinkin? Did yu ever draw your cheer up before the olde hearthstone az the brands begin tew grow white ashes, and the krickets had grown tired ov their songs and gone into their holes, and look stedy at the dyeing fire, waiting fur yure thoughts tu cum back from the weery di-taz and put yu tu bed? Hev yu did all this and didn't know what ailed yu? I ken tell yu my deer boy what ailed yu, it wuz *Loxesum!* 'twas yure hart that waz thinking.

JOSH BILLINGS.

MOTTOES.—A vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it;" a generous, "Win gold and share it;" a miser's, "Win gold and spare it;" a profligate's "Win gold and spend it;" a broker's, "Win gold and lend it;" a gambler's, "Win gold and lose it;" a wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

"Surgeon," said a Western soldier, with a bullet in his leg and another in his arm, "the rebels came very near *hitting* me." "And, Surgeon," said another, whose nose was shot off, "they came very near *missing* me."

A lady who had recently married, came late to church one day and entered as the congregation were rising from prayer. "La!" said she, courtseying, "don't get up on my account."

"See here, Mистер," said an Irish lad of seven summers, who was treed by a dog, "if you don't take that dog away, I'll eat up all your apples."

Take it Cool.

A good story has been told of a lispng officer in the army having been victimized by a brother officer, (noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves,) and his getting square with him in the following manner. The cool joker, the captain, was always quizzing the lispng officer, a lieutenant, for his nervousness.

"Why," said he, one day, in the presence of his company, "nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you, lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous!"

"Well," inquired our lispng friend, "how would you do, thpose a shell with an inch futhee, should drop itthelf into a wallad angle, in which you had taken thelter from a company of tharp thooters, and where it was thertain if you put your nose, you'd get peppered?"

"How," said the captain, winking at the circle, "why take it cool and spit upon the fuse."

The party broke up and all retired except the patrol. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on the parade, and talking in clusters, when along came the lispng lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked:

"I want to try an experiment thith morning, and thsee how exceedingly cool you can be"

Saying this, he walked deliberately into the captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placing in the hottest centre, a powder canister, and instantly retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade ground, the road being built up for defense. The occupant took one look at the canister, comprehended the situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the outside.

"Charley, let me out, for the love of me," shouted the captain.

"Thpfit on the canister!" shouted he in return.

Not a moment to be lost. He had first caught up a blanket to cover up his egress; but now dropping it, he raised the bundle and out he bounded, sans collottes, sans everything but a very short under-garment; and thus with hair almost on end, he dashed upon a full parade ground. The shouts which hailed him called out the whole barricade to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

"Why didn't you thpfit on it?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Because there was no sharp-shooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain.

"All I got to thlay, then thh," said the lieutenant, "that you might thafely have done it; for I'll thware there wasn't a thingle grain of powder in it."

The captain has never spoke of nervousness since.

It is estimated that the cost per man of the army is nearly if not quite \$1,200 per annum.

The *Picayune* says the best substitute for food is victuals. The physicians have recommended other things, but it is the only one we place any confidence in.

A Dutchman was summoned in court to identify a stolen hog. On being asked if the hog had any ear-marks, replied, "The only ear-mark dat I saw was his tail cut off."

"What is dat, Sambo, what goes from Boston to New York widout movin'?" Me guvs dat up, Pompey. "Why, nigga, it's a railroad."

Most of the Rebels are pledged to pay tenfold what they are worth, and when they die, says Prentice, there'll be the devil to pay.

How "Artemus" was Serenaded.

As several of our public men are being constantly surprised by serenades, I concluded I'd be surprised in the same way, so I made arrangements accordin'. I asked the Brass Band how much they'd take to take me entirely by surpris with a serenade. They said they would overwhelm me with an unexpected honor for seven dollars, which I expected.

I wrote out my impromptu speech sevrl days beforehand, bein' very careful to expunge all ingrattitudinisms, and payin' particular attention to the punctuation. It was I may say without egotism, a manly effort. Alas! I never delivered it, as the sekill will show.

I passed up and down the kitchen, spekin' my peace over so as to be entirely perfect. My bloomin' young dawter, Sarer Ann, bothered me sumbit by singin' "Why do Summer Roses Fade."

"Because," said I, arter hearin' her sing it about fourteen times, "because it's their biz! Let the'n fade."

"Betsy," said I, pausin' in the middle of the room and lettin' my eagle eye wander from the manuscript, "Betsy, en the night of this here serenade I desire you to appear at the winder dressed in white, and wave a lily white handkerchief. D'ye here?"

"If I appear," said that remarkable female, "I shall wave a lily white bucket of bilin' water, and somebody will be scalded. One bald headed old fool will get his shar."

She refer'd to her husband. No doubt about it in my mind. But for fear she might exasperate me, I sed nothin'.

The expected night cum. At 9 o'clock precisely there was sounds of footsteps in the yard, and the band struck up a lively air, which when they did finish it there was cries of "Ward! Ward!" I stepped out into the portico.

A brief glance showed me that the assemblage was summit mixed. There was a great many ragged boys, and there was quite a number of grown up persons evidently under the influence of the intoxicatin' bole. The band was also drunk. Dr. Schwazey, who was holdin' up a post, seemed particularly drunk—so much so that it had got into his spec-tacles, which were staggerin' wildly over his nose. But was in for it, and I commenced:

"Feller citizens: For this unexpected honor"—

Leader of the Band: "Will you give us our money now or wait till you get through?"

To this painful and disgustin' interruption I paid no attention.

"For this unexpected honor I thank you."

Leader of the band—"But you said you would give us seven dollars if we would play two choons."

Again I didn't notice him, but resumed as follows:

"I say I thank you warmly. When I look at this crowd of—Americans my heart swells"—

Dr. Schwazey—"So do I."

A voice—"We all do."

"—my heart swells"—

A voice—"Three cheers for the swells."

"We live," said I, "in troublous times, but I hope we shall soon again resume our former position, and go on in a glorious career."

Dr. Schwazey—"I'm willin' for one to go in a glorious career. Will you join glorious career? Will you join me fellow-citizens, in a glorious career? What wages dose a get for a glorious career when he finds himself?"

"Dr. Schwazey," said I, sternly, "you are drunk. You are disturbin' the meetin'."

Dr. Schwazey—Have you a banquet in the house? I should like a rhynossyrus on the half shell, or a hippopotamus or a toast, or a horse and wagon roasted whole. Anythin' that's handy. Don't put yourself out on my account.

At this time the band began to make hideous noises w't their horns, and an exceedingly small boy wanted to know if there wasn't going to be some wittles afore the concert broke up? I didn't know exactly what to do, and wuz on the pint of doing it, when a stream of hot water wuz brought to bear on the disorderly crowd, who took the hint and retired at once.

When I am taken by surprise by another serenade, I stand among other arrangements, have a respectable company o' hand. So no more from me to-day.

A. WARD.

A lawyer who wished to play upon the stupidity of a posing witness, interrogated him thus:

"Mr. Hodge you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does he know anything?"

"Very little."

"How much does he know?"

"Well, almost nothing; not much more than you do."

Fashionable society generally has but two faults: first being hollow headed, and secondly, hollow-hearted.