

THE CRIPPLE.

UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 7TH, 1864.

NO. 14.

The Cripple

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

"Left."

"Left, left!" comes in voices hearty and strong,
This word of the soldier, on the air borne along,
As with quick measured tread and willing feet,
They move in close columns down the street.

"Left, left!" is heard the whole company through.
"Left!" ever, on drill, parade, or review;
"Left!" as steamer or railway carries them far
From homes and friends, to the presence of war.

Left what? The home of his childhood where,
When a boy,
He passed hours with his playmates in innocent joy,
And where, as a youth, in pleasures took part,
In scenes which can never be effaced from his
heart.

Left friends and relations, to his heart, oh, how
dear!
Mother and sisters, to shed in silence the tear,
While from o'erflowing hearts they send upwards
a prayer,
That the life of the loved one God in mercy will
spare.

Left behind him the joy and light of his life,
The one dearer than all, his own promised wife,
Who in solitude mourns, and if prayers can avail,
Her heartfelt petitions will not, surely, fail.

Left that dearly loved one, with a long, fond em-
brace,
Mother and sisters, with a tear on his face,
Left father and brothers, a sad, lonely band;
Left the dear old hearthstone, to fight for his land.

Left all fears behind, as he enters the fight,
To battle for freedom, his cause, and the right,
And crush from the earth the traitorous foe,
Who, this bright land of liberty, would fain over-
throw.

Left hundreds of dead, as they pressed on their
way,
Mid the wounded and dying, unconscious they lay.
Oh, God! he was stricken! how wildly he reeled!
Left, gory and dead, on that red battle-field.

Left hearts, which in vain his coming await,
And mourn, sadly mourn, his untimely fate;
Left behind him a bright and glorious fame,
Which shall last as long as our land has a name.

SANATOSIA.

Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

On Picket.

We awoke with the cold pinching our toes, des-
pite the thick soled shoes (furnished by half-soled
contractors) of Uncle Sam's dispensation. It was a
bright morning. There we lay cosily, with our
comrades asleep around us. Over us was a rough
roof. It had been thrown up the evening before,
after we halted from our march. All night the
light snow had been falling. Flinging our blankets
aside, we stepped into the open air. The sky had
cleared, and was of a beautiful blue. The sun was
bright and brilliant. The tall pines stood silently,
solemnly, grandly, a deep wood of them, on our
right, laden with pure fleecy snow. The little white
starry drops glistened and sparkled like diamonds
in the sunshine. Was anything ever more beauti-
ful? Robes of white upon the trees, so like what
the "accepted" will have at the world's finale.

On our left and in front of us, was the rolling
country, with occasionally a patch of trees, a brook,
or a farm-house. A railroad lost itself, here in the
skirting wood, there in a deep excavation. A light,
yet strong bridge, one of the Construction Corp's
marvels of a day, spanned the swift mill-stream
running near us. The quaint old mill stood silent-
ly, the hush broken only by a thin sheet of water
falling over the dam close by. Back of us was an
unknown (but greatly magnified) depth of forest.

"They say the rebels are thick there," spoke the
cook near us. We looked a moment at the cheerful
fire at which we stood. The whole was a picture.
The curling smoke had sooted his face, his hands,
his clothing. His dark beard had become jet. In
the firelight his eyes gleamed brightly. With his
large meat-fork in hand, twisting round the square
of pork in the steaming kettle, he looked "Old Sat-
tan."

The odor of the cooking was unsavory to us, but
soon was concealed beneath that of boiling coffee.
This was pleasant, and reminded us of breakfast
approaching.

"Let's wash," said a comrade. Away we went
to the mill-stream, soap and towel in hand. Quick-
ly were toilets performed. Dashes of water, rough
wiping, bunches of hair reduced to a civilized posi-
tion, and back we went, just as the drum beat "Re-
veille." "Fall in." We fall in, answer to our
names and were next told to "break ranks,
march," which we did with a zest. But a few mo-
ments more and "breakfast call" beat. A clatter
of tin cups, the splash of pouring coffee, and soon
with that and hard tack, and cold pork, we sought
to satiate hunger.

Epicurean catalogue—crackers, coffee and pork.
Palatable to us nevertheless.

Assembly soon beat. "Fall in Co. E." With
musket, and cartridge-box, belt, scabbard, and knap-
sack, we fall in. "Dress up. Eyes Right. Front.
Right face. Forward. March." Through the

wood, silent and beautiful, we rapidly defiled.—
Nothing was heard except the crackling of twigs,
and the crush of snow beneath our tread.

Winding indeed was our way. An hour passed,
and we arrived at a clearing. By what path (there
was no path) and in what direction, we knew not.
But we had a trusty guide. A squad had arrived
the night before, and shelters of brushwood were
thrown up. Our ranks broken, duties assigned,
reliefs arranged, we took occasion to lay in a sup-
ply of fuel for a day or more. The axe was laid to
the root of the tree, and soon bending, breaking,
crash it came down and was quickly cut up and
split into sizes. Our brushwood shelter was soon
up, a nice, cozy place. We knew not how long we
would stay. A fire made, and we were comforta-
ble. Dinner and supper passed over. Twilight
was upon us. The sky lowered, clouds gathered,
and rain fell. Drop, drop, it came down, and we
shivered. A figure approached us, upon our part.
We raised our gun above our head (signal.) The
figure flapped his arms (return signal. Not a word
was spoken. But we recognized him as a friend.

A sharp crack as of a rifle. Some one fired his
piece. A moment's silence followed. There was
a scurrying through the woods toward the post.—
The captain at the head of his reserve arrived.—
Alarm general. Slowly and cautiously they passed
to the front. A movement was seen ahead. Dark-
ness was rapidly setting in. Figure indistinguish-
able. A flash, a report, a bellow, and a crash. A
cow shot. Whether rebel or not, of course we knew
not.

Darkness increased. Pickets thrown out fur-
ther. Another post established, (with reserve,) a
"junction of posts." Shots occasionally. Dark-
ness black. Impossible to see right or left, front
or rear. Had to listen. Rain dropping on the
leaves. Something like cautious feet approaching.
Visions of wild beasts flashed across the imagina-
tion, as moaning, barking, howling broke on the
ear. Rain, darkness, and alone, stout hearts were
needed.

A rustling of bushes was heard. The eyes were
painfully strained, but nothing seen. Our piece
came to our side at a charge. Our breath was
held. The rustling ceases. Soon a sharp report
was heard. Heavy tramping in the bushes, and
then all quiet again. Relieved, we sought the re-
serve quarters for news. A supposed spy had
been captured and had escaped. Morning came.—
We were tired, hungry, sleepy, and—yes—soiled
by the smoke of our fire.

A stranger to the fact that brushwood huts used
by pickets can be made impervious to light and
moisture, would be astonished, after walking down
a picket line on a dark stormy night, at being told
that he had passed a dozen of them, each with a
bright blaze within. Would that all our brave
comrades could always have such a shelter. But
oftener far, the sky is the only roof over their heads,
and the trouble with it is, that it wont keep the
rain off.

A distant tramp, tramp of feet, broke the still-
ness. Our company was relieved by another, and
with guns across our shoulders, knapsacks slung,
and tired feet, we returned to our last halting place
to recruit for a day.

D. S. L.

The Cripple

LEOPOLD COHEN.—EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7TH, 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.

One additional copy gratis will be given with every ten to one address.

Our Exchanges.

We find on our table the *Home Journal*, *True Flag*, *Waverley Magazine*, and a host of other excellent papers. We are happy to exchange with them, and to the editors, one and all, we extend our warmest thanks for their courtesy, and may their subscription list never grow less.

"*The Voice of the Soldier*," published semi-monthly at U. S. General Hospital, Montpelier, Vt., is this week added to our list of exchanges.

To Correspondents.

H. Z. K.—Poems received, and will appear soon.—Shall be glad to hear from you often.

K. K.—"To some of the ladies of Alexandria," respectfully declined. Is very good, but too personal for our paper. Don't be discouraged.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Our Soldiers.

No word sounds sweeter to the soldier than home. Around it clusters all he holds dear. It brings to mind his father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife or children. These he has left to uphold the honor of his country, and, if need be, to offer himself a sacrifice on its altar. The struggle it cost him is still fresh in his memory. Let us go back to the hour of parting. Loved ones are gathered around him with hearts filled with sorrow; his children cling to him; he lingers; how his bosom heaves with emotion; the weeping tears come unbidden, and with a choked utterance he says good-bye. A father's blessing, a mother's prayers go with him. He leaves with a "God bless you" from her who is now to battle alone with the storms of life—her who has hitherto been his counselor and bosom friend. They have walked together hand-in-hand in the journey of life thus far; a mutual support have they been to each other. But now their paths diverge. If either falls the other is not near to lend a helping hand. They part perhaps never to meet again on earth. Who that has not tried it can enter into the feelings of his heart? Now it is past;

it seems like a dream; but he soon wakes to the stern reality of his surroundings, wakes to find that all the pleasant associations of other days are fled—and that he is treading the rough paths of a soldier's life. But he cheerfully endures all the privations and hardships, supported by a sense of doing his duty and a hope (though dangers stand thick around him) of seeing again those he has left behind him. Though he is deprived of the pleasures and comforts of home, yet he receives kind messages from loved ones, assuring him that though absent he is not forgotten; that morning and evening he is remembered as they gather around the old family altar. How this helps to smooth some of the rough places in his pathway. It makes the separation more tolerable. Perchance, sickness overtakes him; then how he misses the care which a wife, mother or sister only can give. Others may be kind to him, but none can quite fill their places. His bed would seem softer, his food would taste better if prepared by them. Does he draw near to death! his comrades gather around him and shed the sympathizing tear, while he tells them what to write to his friends. But death will soon close the scene. If a christian, he dies with the glorious hope of resting in that better home above, where there are no wars, no parting scenes, no tears, no death; but all is peace and joy. Many have thus passed away.

Again, look at that war-worn veteran; he has received a furlough; how animated his look; what joy quickens his pulse as he thinks, "I am going home." He can hardly wait for the next train. If he fails to make connections on the way he feels impatient. But at last familiar objects greet his vision. He sees the same old hills and fields he left. The roads, bridges, farm-houses and barns all look as in days of yore, with only now and then a change. He reaches a turn in the road which reveals his own home. What joy fills his bosom; he quickens his step and is soon with those he loves. But who will attempt to picture the meeting of husband and wife, father and children, and other dear friends? Reader, is not home dear to the soldier? Thank you, that magic word has lost its power?—No, he truly feels, "The dearest spot of earth to me is home, sweet home." ZENAS.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

A "Decline in Wool."

The other morning we "rose with the lark," and took a short walk down King street, to get up an appetite; and, as the sidewalks were glazed over with a most treacherous layer of ice—like a coquette's lips, wreathed in smiles—we found it extremely difficult in maintaining our "equal Abraham," as the old lady Partington has it. However, we managed to "scud along under bare poles"—by the way, that's a naughty-cal expression—and eventually arrived at Fairfax street, where the sidewalks assume a down-grade proclivity, and were wishing we "were a boy again," that we might slide down hill without being hooted at, when a little ebony imp, of the boot-black persuasion, came whistling gaily along on F. street, and in attempting the hazardous task of crossing the slippery sidewalk, lo! he seated himself, rather prematurely, and brought his whistle to an abrupt finale, just where the next note was to have been "pop." in an ancient ditty about a "Weasel." Brush, box and blacking, each assumed their own independence, taking a separate aerial flight, according to their individual aspirations, and, to save our "greenbacks"—by the way, reader, a myth—we

couldn't refrain from allowing our facial muscles to pucker, and we are positive we gave vent to an audible snicker at this ridiculous catastrophe; and inwardly thanking our lucky stars—not a Major General's by several removes, although we might have "seen them" had we been in the contraband's position—that fate had not treated us so shabbily.—We endeavored to compose our features to their usual placidity, and addressed this representative of the "downfall of slavery" with a few consoling remarks, and sought to beguile him from the task of manipulating that portion of his nether garments susceptible to the schoolmaster's ferule, concluding with

"Now, Cuffy, that really was too bad!"

"Yas, Mister Soger," replied the opaque little brat, rolling his conical eyes, "I reckon it was; guess that would do to put in de paper."

"What, the downfal of pride?" we maliciously asked.

"No, sar, arter *you's* manners—in the fall ob wool!"

We gave him a stamp to polish our "governments," and left, turning to our right.

F. J. W.

Prisoners from Fort Fisher.

On Tuesday three hundred rebels, captured in the assault upon Fort Fisher (N. C.) were consigned to the Provost Marshal at Point Lookout. They are mostly boys of fifteen or sixteen years of age, and are in a very filthy condition. Their clothing is tattered and torn, and there is no uniformity in their dress. They say that, although in the service but a short time, and by no means well drilled, they were forced into the breach at Fort Fisher, and were obliged, almost unaided, to resist the attack of the Union troops who landed. Furthermore, they believe that the major commanding the force (who was captured with them) was by no means loth to surrender his command.

GREAT DISTRESS IN THE SOUTH.—A private letter from the fleet says refugees from Charleston and other ports in South Carolina, state that all the inhabitants who could do so have removed into the country. Great distress prevails. Scarcely any flour or other necessaries can be obtained at any price. Sherman's success occasions great alarm.—Several blockade runners in Charleston harbor are waiting an opportunity to escape. Many passengers for Nassau have already engaged berths.—There is little business in Charleston other than connected with blockade running and war matters.

Trains on the railroad from Richmond to Fredericksburg have been running several weeks to transport old iron and rags from the Wilderness battle grounds. Bodies have been exhumed to strip for the rags covering them.

A youngster in Columbus, Ohio, lately, being in want of funds, drew a revolver and presenting it at his father, threatened to blow his brains out if he did not give him money. Under this horrible compulsion the father gave him eight dollars.

THE WAY FORT McALLISTER WAS STORMED.—The Lowell Courier has seen a private letter from a Lowell soldier, who says that when the assault was made on Fort McAllister, at Savannah, those of our soldiers who formed the front ranks of the assaulting party leaped into the trenches, and those who followed rushed across the space, walking upon the shoulders of their comrades, who had become a living human bridge. The assault was a very daring and successful affair, and occupied but a few moments.

THE CRIPPLE.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

[PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

GRANT!

Everything in the Army of the Potomac remains unchanged. Picket firing has been in a measure renewed. Deserters from the enemy still keep coming in our lines, the cold wet weather, and the want of shelter and warm clothing, taking away what little patriotism they have left for the C. S. A., and run the gauntlet to our lines, to procure these indispensable. On Saturday last, the rebels made a dash on our picket lines, and captured 35 prisoners, and what they wanted more—the blankets, knapsacks, &c., that our men were obliged to leave behind, after which they skedaddled back to their entrenchments, before an alarm could be sounded.—New Year's day passed off quietly. A mine was exploded in Dutch Gap Canal, which was designed to open the ground for the water to flow into the Canal. A large amount of powder was used, but with no other effect than to raise the earth which immediately after settled back into its old level.—Gen. Baxter of the 5th Corps was presented with a handsome sword, a New Year's Gift, from the officers and men of his command.

SHERMAN!

No new movements are reported from Sherman's command. Savannah has quietly settled down to military rule.—Gen. Geary is in command of the city.—A blockade running schooner came up and anchored near the city on the 29th unaware that the city had changed hands.—The Mayor, in the course of an address at a public meeting, said the city contained 20,000 inhabitants, without food, fuel, or remunerative pursuits. They were without refuge, and cut off from all communication from the country. He said they all felt deeply indebted to General Geary, commandant of the city, for the course he had pursued.—Colonel Julian Allan has been sent North by the mayor and common council of Savannah, with the consent of General Sherman, to purchase for that city certain articles of food for distribution to necessitous families.—It is said that the New York merchants are anxious to open commerce with Savannah, and, to show their good will, contemplate making a free gift of supplies to the poor of that city.

THOMAS!

Gen. Hood has at last succeeded in evading Thomas and crossed the Tennessee river at Long's Ferry, five miles from Florence, Alabama. On the 1st, Gen. Steadman was at Florence in close pursuit of Hood's pontoon trains. A captured rebel Lieut. states that rebel official statements say that Hood lost at Nashville 63 cannon, between Franklin and Nashville 3, at Duck run 6 and at Murfreesboro 2. The main body of Thomas' army are under marching orders and the sick and wounded have been sent back to Nashville.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Secretary of War has gone South to confer with Gen. Grant, Foster and Sherman, on important matters relating to the service. The supplies and exchange of prisoners, organization of colored troops, raising the blockade of Savannah and opening it to free trade, the seizure of rebel property and products, will be among the subjects of consideration.—A Burbridge's great raid two millions of rebel funds in the hands of a paymaster fell into our hands. The stuff is recommended as excellent for cigar lighters.—A notorious Guerilla named Hunter was recently arrested at Salt Lake city with \$200,000 in greenbacks stolen from the bank of Bloomington, Missouri over a year ago.—The Wilmington fleet under Rear Admiral Porter is now anchored in Beaufort harbor.—Col. Moseby is still alive and it is said that his friends are carrying him south by short and easy stages.—It is reported that Gen. Price died at Dooley's Ferry, Arkansas, on the 1st inst., of apoplexy.

SURRENDERED TO A NIGGER.—The siege of Nashville was the occasion of some laughable incidents, as the following paragraph from a letter written in that city shows:

During the skirmish in the little reconnaissance made by General Steadman on our left, a couple of soldiers of the colored brigade came upon three rebels whose guns were unloaded, and demanded their surrender. One of the Johnnies indignantly refused to surrender to a "d—d nigger."—"Berry sorry, massa," said Sambo, bringing his piece to a "ready;" "but we's in a hurry, and hain't got no time to send for a white man." The ominous click that accompanied the remark brought the seon of chivalry to time, and he was brought in, crying and swearing all the way that his father would kill him if he ever heard that he had surrendered to a nigger.

A soldier of the 16th Conn., who formerly worked at Colt's armory, and weighed 200 lbs., has recently arrived at his home in Hartford, from Andersonville. He weighs now but fifty-six pounds, looks full ten years older, and is so emaciated that his friends don't know him.

Local Matters.

The Weather.

For the past week we have really had some wintry weather. The ground has been plentifully covered with snow, and the air, just a little (?) cool, has made sleighing quite a business—at least for several days. Those who could, took advantage of the weather, and with "Young America" and a sled, up to matured juveniles with their spans and gaudy sleighs, our thoroughfares have been thronged, and echoing with glee-ful voices and musical bells. Some few fortunate ones have enjoyed themselves, not strictly in a Terpischorean manner, but as near the "light fantastic toe" style as skat s would permit. But as we write, (Friday evening,) we are led to exclaim with the poet:—

"Thou art gone from my gaze."

or at least, "art going," for the weather to-day has been decessedly humid, and the sleighing, skating and coasting are numbered among the things that were.

We love old Boreas, although he makes our noses blush with his familiarity, and our fingers and toes decidedly icicle-like, and he sometimes calls forth a remonstrating word, still he seems to enjoin us to "keep cool," and we are quite certain that we follow his advice—not always from choice.

Some people always find fault with the weather—wishing it were summer when it is winter, and vice versa. Now although we have often wished it were cooler when perspiration was in the ascendancy and descendancy, and just a trifle warmer when our blood failed to give out a sufficient amount of caloric, still, we have never wished we were an Almanac maker, or Clerk of the weather, but accepted with the best possible grace every kind of weather.

We would call the attention of our readers in 3rd Division Hospital, to the admirable Reading Room, at Headquarters, fitted up expressly for the patients. One and all are invited to visit it at any time, where will be found pen and ink, and the leading Daily and Weekly periodicals on the table.

The Alexandria Gazette has again made its appearance under the direction of Edgar Snowden, Sr.

ARRIVAL OF DESERTERS.—Three hundred and eleven deserters arrived here last evening, and were turned over to Col. Wells. It is stated, upon good authority, that the seven courts martial now in session in this city are disposing of more cases daily, than are disposed of at all the other military posts combined.—*Journal January 5th.*

Divine services are held every Sunday at the following places:—

Mansion-house Branch, by Chaplain DRUMM, U. S. A. Prince St. Branch, by Chaplain MCMURDY, U. S. A. Old Hallowell Branch, by Chaplain GAGE, U. S. A. Slough Branch by Chaplain ELY, U. S. A. Louverture Hospital by Chaplain LEONARD, U. S. A.

FIRST DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 6th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	757.
No. of patients admitted	11.
do do Returned to duty,	9.
do do Transferred,	2.
do do Furloughed,	1.
do do Discharged	1.
do do Deserted	1.
do do Deceased,	1.
No. of Patients remaining	628.

SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 6th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	992.
No. of patients admitted	12.
do do Returned to duty,	27.
do do Transferred,	2.
do do Furloughed,	2.
do do Discharged,	6.
do do Deserted,	3.
do do Deceased	0.
No. of patients remaining,	755.

THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 6th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	1359.
No. of patients admitted,	41.
do do Returned to duty,	6.
do do Transferred	42.
do do Furloughed,	24.
do do Discharged,	3.
do do Deserted,	1.
do do Deceased,	7.
do do Remaining,	1062.

LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 6th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	692.
No. of patients admitted	4.
do do Returned to duty	12.
do do Furloughed	3.
do do Discharged	0.
do do Deceased	6.
do do Remaining	586.

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 6th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients	164.
No. of patients admitted,	0.
do do Returned to Duty,	0.
do do Remaining,	29.

List of General Hospitals and their Branches in Alexandria Virginia,

UNDER CHARGE OF

Surgeon EDWIN BENTLEY, U. S. Vols.

1st Division General Hospital.

THOMAS G. MACKENZIE, Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. Executive Officer.

MANSION HOUSE BRANCH, corner of Fairfax and Cameron streets.

FAIRFAX STREET BRANCH, Fairfax street, between Cameron and Queen streets.

WOLF STREET BRANCH, Wolf street between Saint Asaph and Pitt streets.

KING STREET BRANCH, corner of King and Water streets.

St. PAULS CHURCH, corner of Pitt and Duke streets.

2nd Division General Hospital.

WM. A. HARVEY, Assistant Surgeon U. S. V. Executive Officer.

WASHINGTON HALL BRANCH, corner Washington and King streets.

METHODIST CHURCH BRANCH, Washington street, near King.

PRINCE STREET BRANCH, Prince street, between Columbus and Alfred streets.

SICKLE BRANCH, outside the city, near Government Bakery.

3rd Division General Hospital.

SAMUEL B. WARD, Assistant Surgeon U. S. V. Executive Officer.

OLD HALLOWELL BRANCH, Washington street, between Queen and Cameron streets, West.

NEW HALLOWELL, (Officers Hospital) Washington street, between Queen and Cameron, East.

QUEEN STREET, Queen street, between Washington and St. Asaph streets.

GROSVENOR BRANCH, Washington street, between Princess and Orinoca streets.

MCVEIGH BRANCH, corner Cameron and St. Asaph streets.

SLOWISH BRANCH, West end Duke street.

Louverture General Hospital.

(For Colored Soldiers.)

THOMAS BOWEN, Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. Executive Officer.

LOUVERTURE BRANCH, corner Prince and Payne streets.

GRACE CHURCH BRANCH, Patrick Street, south of Prince.

BAPTIST CHURCH BRANCH, corner Washington and Prince streets.

CLAREMONT GENERAL HOSPITAL, (Eruptive Fever 3 miles South west from Alexandria, J. W. M. JOA Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. attending.

Sense and Nonsense.

"HOW IS GOLD TO-DAY?"

There was a time when if we met
A friend upon the street,
He talked on common themes—the war,
The cold—perchance the heat;
And took an interest in one's health—
That time has passed away;
Now, no one asks us how we do,
But "how is gold to-day?"

These words pervade the atmosphere,
At weddings, funerals, halls,
No matter where; upon your ear
The anxious question falls.
You go to see the girl you love,
To drive your cares away;
You kiss, and then she sweetly asks—
"Oh! how is gold to-day?"

If gold is up, or gold is down,
What good for me to know?
There is no jingle in my purse,
My funds are *stubi quo*;
And so I hate the endless cry,
And long to soar away
To lands of peace, where no one asks,
"Well, how is gold to-day?"

Newark Courier.

NO GO.

CHURCH OF THE SLAUGHTERED INNOCENTS,
LAIT ST. VALLANDIGHAM.

Mankind is the most perverse and unreasonable
of the human family. While they may assent to a
principle, they never will put into practice if it bares
hard onto em as individules, tu wit:

I had bin for several weeks deliverin a coarse uv
lecters on the divinity of slau'ry. I argood that
the institooshen was based on the infeority of wun
2 another—that it wuz not only a wize but a booti-
full pervision uv nachr, that the strong shood hev
charge uv the weak, a guiden and pertektin and
workin ov em. This ijee plezad my congregashen
vastly, and 15 or 20 uv the strongest propozed that
I shood put it into practis, jest 2 show the world
that the great doctrine cood be carried out jest ez
well in the North ez in the South. To which I as-
sented to at wunst, and at the next bizness meet-
ing the follerin plan was adopted. The members
uv the congregashun shood try their strength, and
them ez cood lift 600 should own and possess, in
fee sizarple, them az coodent.

The trial wuz hed, the divishen maid, I wuz hap-
py at bein the unable instrement uv plautin the
grait institooshen on Northern sile.

But alas, owin 2 the perversity uv the human
mind, aforesaid, it didn't work. Old John Podham-
mer razed his 600 with the greatest eeze, while Bill
Sniffles who wos wurkin for him for 15 dollars a
month, coodent fetch it. Podhammer went over
tu Bill's cabin the next mornin, and sez he, "Wilym,
from this time hentz4th and forever yu air mi mas.
Ezawl a slav hez iz hiz master, the 18 dollars I ow
yu, or I did ow yu at this blesid sistem wuz estab-
list, I shal kepe, and ez you hev moar furnytoor
than benyfits yoor lowly condishun, I will send a
team over to-morrow, and talk yoor bewro and stand
and bedstid up tu mi house and—"

At this juncture in eums Mrs. Saiffles, who kin
lift 600 with old Podhammer on the top ov it, and
it wuz no time afour she diskivered what hiz bizniz
waz. She turned read in the face. She sed:

"Yoor goin tu talk my furnytoor?"
"Certainly."
"And we air yoor slaivs?"
"U' coarse."
"And yoo ken sell my children?"
"Natterally."
"And you kin maik me your conkebin?"
"Ef I wish."

"You old beest!" shrieked the infooriated femaile
chattel, forgettin her normal condishun, "you sell
mi baby's, yoo talk my furnytoor; drat yu, I'll give
yoo sunn or it now," whereupon she hurled a chare
which lade him prostrait on the floor, pickt him up
and slung him out the dore.

It did not end here; Podhammer hed in hiz hand
a patch-wurk kaverlid, which he thot he wood talk
with him, and when he cum tu, he walkt off with it.
Whereupon Mrs. Saiffles hed him tuk up on a charge
uv steeling, and he waz actooally tried, and found
guilty, and cent tu jale for 30 daze. How kin we es-
tablish Demekratik institooshuns when the Cortz
wunt reckognize the laws of nachr? The eckspert-
ment, for the present, hez the apperentz of a faloyer.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Paster uv sed Church, in Charge.

MAKING A GREAT FUSS.—Two Dutch farmers at
Kinderhook, whose farms were adjacent, were out
in their respective fields when one overheard an
unusually loud hallooing in the direction of a gap
in a high stone wall, and ran with all speed to the
place, and the following brief conversation ensued:

"Shon, vat ish te matter?"
"Vel, den," says John, "I was trying to climb
on te top of dish high wall and I fell off, and all te
stone wall tumble down onto me, and it hash broke
one of my legs off, and both of mine arms off, and
smashed mine ribs in, and deese pig stones are ly-
ing outo te top of mine body."
"Is dat all?" says the other, "vy you hollo so
big loud, I tot you got de toof ache."

THE SMOKERS.—

(The smallest song in the world.)

"We three
Brothers be
In one cause;
Bill puffs,
Tom'snuiff's,
—And I chaws."

JOSH BILLINGS TO THE GIRLS.

Dear Girls!—Keep cool. A blessed futar awaits yu, enny
how. Take lessons in the piana at onst; [pianans are getting
skase; by awl means larn to pla the nu song that has jist
cum out, "When John Brown is over, we are father Abra-
ham coming with his cruel war several strong." This stanza
tuk the first premium at the Stait fare. Don't be afraid tew
git married, yure ma wasn't afraid. Larn how to knit pud-
ding bags to put your haire in—Be vertuuous and pretty.
Eat slait pencils; tha will maik yu sprit at figures. Eat
kolone water, that will maik a good smel. Let yure pet-
tykoate drag on the sidewalks, and if enny man steps on
them and tars oph the rim, slap him at onst.

If yer hev got small feet, keep 'em hid—small feet has
gone out of fashion. Studdy travels; Tom Moore's and
Byron's Gullivers and Wandering Jews and Vallandighams
is awl fust rate.

If yew can spare the time, be luvly and sweet. Remem-
ber one thing, thar ain't nothin in this life worth livin for
but a rich husband; if yew don't believe me ask yure ma.
If yu hav got red hair yu had better exchange it for blak;
blak haire they tell me is going to be worn muchly next year.
Don't hev anything to do with the boys unless they mean
bizness. If yu don't know how to skait, yu mite as well
jine some travellin auntery at onst, for yure played out.

An urchin suffering from the application of the black, said,
"Forty rods are said to be a furlong. I know better; let
anybody get such a licking as I've had, and he'll find out
hat one rod makes an acher."

During the last winter a "cont.aband" came into the Fed-
eral lines, in North Carolina, and was marching up to the
officer of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon
the following cology ensued:

"What's your name?"
"My name's Sam."
"Sam what?"
"No, sah; not Sam Watt. I se jist Sam."
"What's your other name?"
"I hasn't got no other name, sah. I se Sam—dat's all."
"What's your master's name?"
"I se got no massa now; massa rannned away—yah! yah!
I's a free nigger now."
"Well, what is your father's and mother's name?"
"I se got none, sah, nebber had none. I se jist Sam—no-
body else."
"Have not you any brothers and sisters?"
"No, sah! never had none. No brudder, no sister, no
fadder, no mudder, no massa—nothing but Sam. When you
see Sam, you see all dere is of us."

Here is a litany, which, although not exactly orthodox
will pass among sinners:
From tailors' bills, doctors' pills, westefn chills, and other
fills—deliver us.
From want of gold, wives that scold, maidens old, and by
sharps "sold"—deliver us.
From stinging flies, coal black eyes, and baker's pies—
deliver us.
From seedy coats, protested notes, sinking boats, and ille-
gal votes—deliver us.
From modest girls, with waving curls, and teeth of pearls—
never mind.

"Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?" inquir-
ed Dr. Whately.
A physiologist replied, "Because inspiration is checked,
circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congeals the
brain."
"Bosh!" replied his grace, "It is because the rope is not
long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

The following order, verbatim et liberatim, is said to have
been received by an undertaker from an afflicted widower:
"Sur—mi walf is ded, and wants to be berried to-morrow,
at wunner klok. U nose where to dig the Hole—by the side
of my other too walfs. Let it be deep."

It is told of a Connecticut field officer, better acquainted
with farming than soldiering, that when circumstances plac-
ed him in command of a regiment at Hatteras, and to oblique
his column in marching, he gave the order; "Haw around
that mud puddle!"

"O Jacob!" said a master to his apprentice boy, "It is
wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat." "Yes,
master," replied the boy, "I have been practising since I
was a child."

Official Directory.
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