

The Cripple.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES' GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14TH, 1865.

NO. 15.

The Cripple

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U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, ALEXA., VA.

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“ “ One Month.....	10

PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

While attending school, a lady friend and student presented the author with a volume of Mrs. Heman's Poems, and on the fly-leaf wrote, "We'll share each other's sorrows, and we'll weep each other's tears," which were replied to in a note addressed to the lady, as follows:

"We'll share each other's sorrows,
And we'll weep each other's tears,"
We'll bind our hearts in fondness,
Throughout all coming years.

We'll pay a deep devotion
To friendships sacred tie;
We'll live and love each other
Until we're called to die.

And when our soul united
Shall quit this house of clay,
We'll plume our spirit wings with love,
Together soar away.

And through the endless rulings
Of eternity's long years,
Thank God we'll have no sorrows,
And we'll shed no bitter tears.
To Miss E. N. B. H. Z. K.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

"Only a Soldier."

Eight little lines suggested on hearing a woman sneer "only a private soldier," as an ambulance passed them and me, with a dead body, preceded by soldiers, with reversed arms:

Only a soldier,
Gone to his rest,
With the dear banner
Wrapp'd round his breast!

Only a private,
Left the stern wars
For a promotion
Among the bright stars!

F. J. W.

Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Advance and Retreat from the Rapidan.

It was in the early part of September, 1863, when a portion of the noble Army of the Potomac lay on the north side of Elk River, that the writer received, just at the break of day, an order, peremptory in its nature, to make the necessary preparations for an im-

mediate march, whither no one knew. No time was, therefore, to be lost. The wants of the Company were soon ascertained, and before 12 M. every man had what he desired for the march. Knapsacks were packed, haversacks filled, fresh ammunition issued, and all waited, with patience, the time when "fall in" should be given. We had not long to wait before the word came. Next "Forward, Rout Step, March," and away the old Brigade marched. During that afternoon's march many were the conjectures as to our destination. We travelled alone, no other troops being in sight. That evening we joined the main army on the north bank of the Rappahannock, tired, sick, and footsore. After making the necessary arrangements for the night, we lay upon the bosom of mother earth to seek repose. We had not lain very long before

"The rain in torrents came, and
Deluged the country o'er."

Being very unwell, a restless night was passed.—Morning dawned, clear and bright; old Sol, in all his beauty, rose, as if laughing at our calamity, assuring us of having a bright day for the prosecution of our journey. We started early, crossed the Rappahannock on pontoons, wending our way in a south-westerly direction. Nearing Brandy Station, the sound of artillery was heard in the distance, directly in our front. What could all this mean? Was a battle being fought? Ah! yes, for soon the order came, "Hurry up, boys. Quick. March. Fun ahead. A cavalry fight on the broad plain south of Brandy Station." Tired, hungry and sick, we hurried forward and reached the railroad station just in time to see Gregg lead a gallant charge against the enemy, who fired a parting salute and quickly skedaddled, having pressing business to attend to in the direction of Culpepper Court House. After a short halt, we were hurried on. The writer forgot his being sick, and thought of nothing else save capturing, dead or alive, the enemies of the Flag of Flags, of the Nation of Nations. When nearing Culpepper Court House, we met a large number of prisoners taken by our gallant boys, together with a few pieces of artillery, under a strong guard. We gave three cheers as we passed them and pressed forward. As the sun was setting, we encamped around the ancient town of Culpepper, which looked, from our encampment, as if luxury and wealth, peace and harmony prevailed. We remained here a few days, during which time the writer visited the place once inhabited by the F. F. V.'s, and Southern Chivalry. Instead of seeing a beautiful village, as its appearance indicated from our camp, we were shocked at its appearance. Wealth and luxury were no where to be seen. Peace and harmony were strangers, and filth reigned supreme. Sick at heart at what we saw, we returned to camp and "thought of the morrow." The morrow came, and with it indeed orders to march. We were soon in readiness. "Forward," came the command. With colors, flying, and band playing,

"We marched through the town,
On a fine September day,
But no rushing to the windows
To hear the band play."

were that day to be seen, for be it known to you, all had rushed (with few exceptions) further South at the approach of

"The Captain with his whiskers."

Hark! What means that distant roar? Another! and another! Oh, "it is the cannon's roar." With buoyant hopes we onward press. On either hand the marks of the late running fight are plainly visible. At sunset we encamped at Slaughter Mountain for the night. At early dawn we awake at the "shrill trumpet" sounding. Hastily our breakfast we dispatched, and the march again commenced.—Early that evening we again encamped near Robinson's Run, where the Johnnies could be plainly seen. Changing our camp several times, we at last pitched our tents for a short stay near the Rapidan, where our Division (the Third, of the Second Corps) did the picket duty. Here we remained until about the 8th of October, when we fell back to Culpepper Court House. Here the writer picked up a fever, which was laying around loose, appropriating it for his sole use, without first testing its strength, which by way of variety made him very sick, so much so that his base of operations had to be changed from Camp to the *Hotel de Culpepper*, here he remained, taking Cattle Powders for a few days. Sunday, Oct. 12th, we very unceremoniously having had a pressing invitation from Johny Reb. to either change our base for a more congenial atmosphere, or be escorted to prepared rooms at the "Hotel de Libby," Richmond, Va. We preferred the former, and

In hot haste,

We left the place,

For there were hurryings to and fro.

We reached the cars, and bidding adieu to the place, we reached Alexandria, Va., nearer dead than alive, and further deponent saith not. Thus ended the writers first and last advance to, and retreat from the Rapidan. IOS.

HINTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following simple rules for the guidance of those who write for the press, if observed, would save editors and printers a world of trouble. Correspondents should adhere to them:

1. Write with good ink on paper with ruled lines.
2. Leave one page of each sheet blank.
3. Give the written sheet an ample margin all round.
4. Number the pages in the order of their succession.
5. Write in a plain bold hand, with less respect for beauty.
6. Punctuate the manuscript as it should be printed.
7. For italics, underscore one line; for small capitals, two; capitals, three.
8. Take special pains with every letter in proper names.
9. Review every word to see that none is unintelligible.
10. Put directions to the printer at the head of the first page.
11. Never write a private letter to the editor on the printer's copy, but always on a separate sheet.

The Cripple

LEOPOLD COHEN.—EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14TH, 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.

To Correspondents.

K. K.—Thankfully accepted. Your request will in future be complied with. We wish to draw your attention to the following verses written by John G. Saxe:

"Is fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high,
In vain he seeks her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh.
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it,
Who says with Roman firmness,
'I'll find a way, or make it!'"

F. J. W.—Your last two pieces of poetry are very beautiful. They will appear in next number.—Our sincere thanks. You may have our .

H. Z. K.—If prose aint your forte, poetry certainly is. Accept our thanks.

Iox.—Happy to welcome you among our contributors. Like to see cripples writing for the Cripple.

FOR THE CRIPPLE.

Sad Reflections.

Again have we welcomed another natal day of the Saviour of the Universe, and another New Year has dawned upon us. How we hailed their glad return! These days, the most happy and glad-some of the year, consecrated to conviviality and social greetings, it is true we have welcomed these days; but the happy associations that tend so largely to enhance their charms, and the old friends who were wont to participate in their light-hearted mirth were absent. The bitter strife which has convulsed the country with the horrid scenes of war and drenched its fertile valleys with blood, no doubt contributed somewhat to divest the holidays of much of the gaily custom has sanctioned, and made them a season of sadness rather than feasting and merry-making. How many, with heavy and sorrowful hearts, instead of gladsome and buoyant spirits, welcomed their return? How many familiar faces, that used to beam with the flush of life and gladden the family-circle with the joyous sound of hilarity, have grown pale in death's cold embrace? How many, who were the idol of loving parents, have been hurried to premature graves—the victims of an unholy and fratricidal war? Alas! what a change four years have wrought? The bond of fellowship which once cemented us together as a united and happy people, has been rent asunder by the bloody sword of treason; brother is in open array against brother, and death, mourning and la-

mentation have found their way in the household of many. But let us rejoice rather than moralize, and that we may all be spared to welcome many returns of these days, when peace shall again smile upon us as a prosperous and happy people, is my unfeigned prayer.

Mrs. A.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Our Candidate for Popularity brought to Grief.

MR. EDITOR:—For the last two hours and ninety minutes the "briny torrents" have poured down my cheeks like rivers of (salt) water. My heart(?) is all "torn to pieces." My cup of happiness is dashed to the ground—cup broken and happiness gone. There is not in my possession "a single hook left to hang a hope on." Do you see "respectfully declined" in to-day's Cripple. I do not for a moment doubt your judgment and honesty—those were right and kind but to me cruel words. I had fondly hoped through your paper to gain notoriety, fame, honor and popularity. But I find the fates are against me still. I am yet doomed to disappointment. My darling hopes are now and always have been blasted.

"Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die."

And when I tried to gain a name,
By writing for the public mind,
The Editor blocked the game
By printing "respectfully declined."

But "very good," he also said,
"Do not be discouraged" never;
An authors crown may deck your head
That will live and shine forever.

Now brighter hopes my bosom fills,
I will no more like children cry,
He can, he must succeed who wills,
And I am bound to win or die.

K. K.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., 7th, 1865.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Pipes.

A hollow subject, like all other gassy things, human and inhuman. It is smoky too, usually, and appears in many varieties. There are musical pipes.—Milton says: "Tunable as sylvan pipe." He was doubtless thinking of the shepherds with their rural pipes, playing in the early morning or still evening, while their flocks were feeding. Sylvan pipes means wooden pipes, in plain English. But all wooden pipes are not musical, by a great deal. His comparison of course fails there.

In our churches and musical halls there are plenty of pipes for organs, both vital and wind organs.—There's the wind pipe for the vital organs, and by it the congregation gets up the air, in a great measure. A peculiar feature, too, about this windpipe. Sometimes it is a gas-pipe, as we have all had the martyrdom to realize. And again, it's always a water pipe, except to those who take whiskey instead. Then it is more properly a pipe of whiskey. Its a terrible waste pipe. Through riotous living, many fortunes go down it to the river of oblivion. Then the organs, put up in the "lofts," give us plenty of sweet strains (not like honey through a cloth) from their pipes within. They are a good deal like the children we read about once, who "plped unto folks in the market place, and the folks would not dance."

There are bag-pipes, not very musical to us.—Most every body has heard their dulcet notes from

Scottish exiles who have probably left their country for their country's benefit.

Pipes are various, as we have said. There's the blow-pipe. It raises the wind tremendously, and makes a great blow in the world. A young spark is kindled by it into a fierce fire. It's terrible on sparking. Blow-pipes often go sparking on Sunday nights. Then there is the stove-pipe, usually a jet black or rusty red color. We saw a catastrophical stove-pipe once. The man had his pipe stove into his mouth, and it nearly eradicated his wind-pipe. There are stove-pipe hats in plenty, usually worn by folks who are of the masculine gender.

There are gas-pipes too, all of them, however, being governed by a metre and stops, so that all their contents may be used to light up the dark ways of the world, and enlighten its people. This is a happy feature of the matter. We devoutly wish there were some governing metre to the human gas daily evolved throughout the wide creation, and that usually by fogs rather than otherwise.

Water-pipes. These are in a measure the under-current of the public feeling. They bring joy to many households, save occasionally when the reservoirs get foreign fish in them, like defunct horses and other domestic animals. Then the pipes usually bring cholera morbus, and cholera infanticide, and very often makes folks cholera bile. Water pipes are a good thing in which to sink the tin. It is sun-, however, in the shape of lead and iron. From this sinking fund flow benefits freely to the corporosities of the corporation. Gas-pipes and water-pipes often lay together, and, curious to relate, are sometimes both main pipes.

We have seen four-pipes, and main-pipes, and mizzen pipes, all for sail. Folks that lay pipes are called pipe-layers. Sometimes, however, the folks that don't lay pipes are the greatest pipe-layers.—This was particularly the case in New York City some years ago. The business is much patronized among politicians.

There are pipes innumerable, and pipers ditto.—We have the common clay-pipes, some with long stems and some with short stems. We never found their odor delicious. Then there's the costly mere-sham, very pretty indeed, and often just what its name says it is. It usually goes along with sham-pain, and is followed by a real headache the next morning. There are Lrjar-wood pipes. Pipes of all kindred, and generations after their kinds. The Irishman's pipe, a short stemmed odoriferous clay. And the Dutchman's, a huge bowled affair, like a lager beer mug. He smokes sedately. The Turkish long stemmed serpentine affair. He takes a few whiffs and then takes a siesta a few. Of all the pipes, pipes of whiskey exercise the most influence over the devotees of that article. The sailor's pipe the soldier's pipe, the nabob's pipe, the old lady's pipe.

We read a story once, and it ended this way:— "The piper kissed the fiddler's wife." So fiddlers, beware of pipers. They are dangerous fellows and their sons after them, as seen by the following:

"Tom, Tom, the piper's son
Stole a pig, and away he run.
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And so forth."

So it is apparent from the foregoing that Tom followed in the beaten path of his four-fathers. He inherited a love of fiddler's wives and porkers.— "Porkers beware." That means be *no* where when pipers or their sons are around. Otherwise they will likely get around you.

But we shall put all this in our pipe and smoke it.

D. S. L.

THE CRIPPLE.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

[PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

GRANT!

An attack was made the 6th inst. on the picket lines of the 6th corps, and captured a few vedettes, our men fired their pieces and ran back towards the reserves, but the rebels were so close to them, and being dressed in our uniform, could not be distinguished from our own men, and consequently were not fired on as they otherwise would have been; not more than two shots were heard during the attack, and they retreated, taking nine men with them, and wounding one of the 49th New York.—Four deserters were executed on the 6th, three of whom were shot and one hung.—Gen. Meade has returned from his short leave of absence.

SHERMAN!

No news direct from Savannah has been received since the 6th inst. Richmond papers of the 10th says: Scouts report that six gunboats and sixty transports had passed Savannah going toward East Point, loaded with troops and prisoners.—One or two of the insurance companies of Savannah are considering the project of establishing a national bank, for the issuing of greenbacks!—The custom house and post office are being cleaned out, preparatory to the commencement of business.—The soldiers are not allowed, under any circumstances, to enter private residences.—One store with goods from the North has already been opened. Nothing but greenbacks are in circulation.—General Sherman has announced that he will soon open the Savannah and Gulf railroad and haul wood to the city.

GENERAL NEWS.

Gen. Butler has been relieved from the command of the Army of the James. In his farewell address to the troops he says: "Knowing your willing obedience to orders, witnessing your ready devotion of your blood in your country's cause, I have been chary of the precious charge confided to me. I have refused to order the useless sacrifice of the lives of such soldiers, and I am relieved from your command."—General George H. Thomas has been appointed Major General in the regular army, to date from December 15, the day of his recent great victory over Hood, and to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of General John C. Fremont. This is a well-deserved promotion of a consummate soldier, who won the first great victory of the war, saved the army at Chickamauga, and who has out-generaled and routed Hood at Nashville.—Meetings are being held in Boston, Philadelphia and New York to obtain food and other necessities for the suffering poor of Savannah.—The State Convention of Missouri has passed the following ordinance of emancipation, by a vote of sixty to four:—"Be it ordained by the people of Missouri, in convention assembled, that, hereafter, in this State, there shall be neither slavery or involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; and all persons held to service or labor as slaves are hereby declared free."

An elderly rebel, extensively dressed in jeans, and bearing a gold-headed cane, came to General Sherman's headquarters one evening, during the raid, to see what was up. He was treated well, and took his misfortune in losing negroes and stock very philosophically, and seemed to comfort himself with saying that "things is going to the devil anyhow, and it didn't make much difference how soon!" As he was taking his leave he asked: "Whar yer guine from har, General?" Sherman looked at the fellow quizzically for a moment, and replied: "Why, pretty much where we damn please!" With this comfortable assurance the gold-headed cane retired.

A. J. SMITH'S CORPS.—An officer of this gallant corps, which did such excellent fighting in the recent battles before Nashville, amusingly writes to a friend in this city:

"The following is one of the current stories about 'Smith's guerillas,' as our corps is now called. On the second day at Nashville, General Thomas said: 'General Smith, I observe that your men scatter a great deal.' General Smith replied: 'Yes, General, but I observe they fight like h—ll. Don't you?'"

The Louisville Press says: "As the graybacks were being marched down Third street to Jefferson, on their way North, a citizen asked, 'What do you think of Hood now?' 'Why, bully for Hood! He said we should winter in the North, and we intend to do it,' said the grayback in reply.

Local Matters.

The want of some regular and expeditious mode of communication with Washington is one seriously felt, by not only the business community, but by all other residents here. When a cold spell happens, or a heavy fog rests on the river, as has been the case on several occasions lately, the ferry-boats are necessarily impeded in their locomotion, if not stopped altogether for the time being. Owing to the military railroad, the use of which has, on such occasions, been promptly tendered to the public, some of the inconvenience caused by the stoppage of river navigation has been alleviated. It will be remembered that a large number of persons live here who do business in Washington, and vice versa, while independent of that consideration, Alexandria, doing little or no manufacturing at the present time, is not self-sustaining. All articles, therefore, required for consumption have to be transported either on steamers, lighters or vessels, or by railroad. Now, if the river is closed more or less during the winter, great inconvenience is occasioned to all classes of the community. The railroad being in use by the Government, and necessary to the conduct of military affairs, in the transportation not only of men and munitions of war, but subsistence, cannot, of course, be used to transport private freight, no matter how urgent may be the call for it. We understand that a charter has been heretofore granted for an additional line of railroad between this city and Washington. If so, it would appear that there never could be a better time to commence work on it. Doubtless if the project were taken in hand by some energetic business man, sufficient capital would soon be forthcoming.—The tolls of the new railroad would pay such a fine dividend that the attention of moneyed men would be drawn to it instantly. It will not do to have communication between this city and the Capital of the Union restricted when it can possibly be avoided.—*State Journal.*

Connected with the Reading Room at Headquarters Third Division Hospital, mentioned in our last number, is also an excellent library, containing about 1000 volumes of choice selections of books.

A HEAVY DEPOSIT.—Colonel Welles yesterday received from the hands of one hundred and fifty bounty jumpers and deserters turned over to him from the Forrest Hall, Georgetown, prison, upwards of twenty-two thousand dollars. This money is in the Colonel's hands for safe keeping until the cases are tried before the Courts Martial. The amount deposited in this way by an individual soldier, has in several instances reached the snug sum of \$1,200 and over.—*State Journal.*

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

Mansion-house Branch, by Chaplain BREMM, 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 12th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	753.
No. of patients admitted	6.
do do Returned to duty,	19.
do do Transferred,	14.
do do Furloughed,	1.
do do Discharged,	13.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	1.
No. of Patients remaining	598.

SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 12th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	773.
No. of patients admitted	12.
do do Returned to duty,	61.
do do Transferred,	3.
do do Furloughed,	8.
do do Discharged,	1.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	1.
No. of patients remaining.	693.

THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 13th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	1350.
No. of patients admitted,	48.
do do Returned to duty,	41.
do do Transferred,	4.
do do Furloughed,	15.
do do Discharged,	12.
do do Deserted,	5.
do do Deceased,	7.
do do Remaining,	1031.

LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 13th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	692.
No. of patients admitted	6.
do do Returned to duty	19.
do do Furloughed	14.
do do Discharged	0.
do do Deceased	0.
do do Remaining	569.

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 13th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients	164.
No. of patients admitted,	1.
do do Returned to Duty,	0.
do do Remaining,	30.

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.

W. M. A. HARVEY, Assistant Surgeon U. S. F. 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.

SICKEL 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 Orinca streets.

MCVEIGH BRANCH, corner Cameron and St. Asaph streets.

SLOUGH 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. MOGAR, Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. attending.

Sense and Nonsense.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The clock struck twelve on a midsummer's night,
As I rolled into bed and put out my light,
Seeking repose for body and mind.
How vain was the search you soon shall find!
"To seek sweet sleep" is easily said;
But when on bad diet you lately have fed,
And that on a hot summer's night in July,
You soon will find out that 'tis "all in your eye."
Thus was it with me; so sick did I feel,
That to go to sleep soon I did try a great deal.
Gain Morpheus I could not, for disorder within,
And the big drops of sweat that oozed out from
my skin.
I rolled and I tossed, for I thought I should melt;
When, to increase distress, a sharp biting I felt,
And a hee, hee, haw, hum, hum, right over my nose,
Said, "to get any sleep, sir, you must not sup-
per."
In dire vengeance, I sought then to kill
The sly little brute, with the sharp little bill.
Went out with exertion, and feeling resigned,
At last troubled sleep came over my mind.
Joy calmed down my pulse, as I made no resistance,
And the humming grew less, until lost in the dis-
tance.
Then the air became full of strange little things,
Of all shapes and sizes, with gossamer wings,
Of every imaginable color and hue,
Over, and on, and around me they flew.
A thrill of terror ran all through my frame,
My head it seemed bursting, my tongue seemed
a flame.
All over they crawled, how my flesh it did creep,
From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet.
The air felt heavy, queer forms did abound,
Encircling my head, they made horrible sounds.
There was one, a cow's head, while the rest were gir-
raffe,
That now and then gave a most horrible laugh.
Then a monster appeared, that moved on apace,
With a satan-like terrible grin on his face;
His eyes, bent on mine, burned with flame that was
green,
And his form was repulsive as ever was seen.
In one moment more on my stomach he sat,
With a Bunker Hill Monument stuck on his lap.
My feelings were awful, could stand it no more,
With a yell and a leap I fell on the floor.
"Good gracious," I muttered, "well, I do declare,
I believe I've been riding an ugly night mare!"
I laughed at the dream, passed it off as a joke,
Went to bed and slept soundly until I awoke.
Philadelphia. J. D. W.

[Our worthy Special Correspondent has not for-
gotten us in his new position, and we are already
enabled to lay before our readers another one of his
popular letters.]—Ed.

WASHINGTON, D. C. }
Jan. the 6th 18 hundred and sixty 5. }

DEAR CRIPPLE:—I spose you've here'n fore now
that I hev got mi pintement and po-ish—after work-
in so long for it: Now you'll here ov sum taul 'tin,
I'me prepared to go in lemmuns & cum oute squeez-
ed. In mi uther white winged missive i informed
U gentle reeder that Mr. Grant, (i mean General
Crant,) sed he'd put mi pintement ri e strait along,
and so he has: ef ennybody deserves eredit—it's
Him, and he has the good wishes ov I ov the big-
gest ov our Kountry's defenders, and that is a feller
about mi size, yoss-sir-ee ho's!

I hav'nt took mi po-ish yit, but am livin in hopes
that I ma soon, i xpect 2 hev a pooty hi birth.

I spose i uite as well tell you 1st az last what
I'me doin. Wall U see, i kinder kalk lated 2 hev
got a pintement in General Hancock's Corpse, az
Addy Camp, or sum uther office equaller az good.

The order cum for me 2 git red'y az sudden az
possibul, sed order was very imparrytiv, & i piled
on mi cootym-nts about az quick az any ov the
fellers. U see i knowed ef i was thair in time it
wood B a fether in mi hat, if thare's ennythin in

this world: that i hate, it is 2 see a man 2 late for
his dinner, & it won't do for us fellers—we must B
thair in time, az well az at our poste ov duty—cause
you kenshow the lafares ov the Nashun (az i've oftin
menshuned) la upon our hands, that is—such re-
sponsible men az wee.

Deer reeder—air you anxiously waitin to here
what ime doin & whair i am? Ef so, i'll xplain az
i go long.

This worlde was'nt made in a minnutt, neither
can i tell u what ime doin in a minnutt. The 1st
thing is—i've jined the "Vetterin Preserve Corpse"
u see i took precowshun to jine this, cause u kno
that wee air preserved "during this orfull crewell
war," & another very important thing is the
Yuncunn & the Constitushunn hev both got to B
preserved. & why—I peal 2 u gentle reeder—why
shood'nt tha preserve uss—thair noble offenders—
that's what i want 2 kno.

I'me laborin under grate difficultees while penn'in
these few lines 2 u; i hev'nt got mi quarters yit,
but hope next time i rite u i ma hev sumthin bet-
ter.

The wether is putty bad here in Washintunn, it
has rained & snowed for several dais, and mudd is
3 feet deep, in sum places commydashuns is not 2
B had, we hav'nt got menny things yit, I'me ritin
this ere epistle with a nail, cood'nt finde enny quills,
and sittin on mi napsack. That puts me in mi.de
ov what the poick sais.

Let this Napsack B mi piller
& mi mantle B the Ski—
Hasten comrads, for yer coffee
Cause u kno wee'r orfull dri—

U did'nt kno that i was a poick, the Pungkin-
town folks cood tell u sum big things complish'd
bi me.

i hev got 2 rite out sum general orders so u will hev
2 scuse me, i'll rite u pretty soon, and let u kno
how i'me flourishin.

Youres abundantlee,
KNOT R. T. MISS WARD.

"Darn it."

A female writer says: "Nothing looks worse
on a lady than darned stockings."

Allow us to observe that stockings that need
darning, look worse than darned ones.—Exchange.
Stockings look best, surely, without any "darned"
holes in them.—Louisville Courier.

Gentlemen, you had better attend to your knitting
and let the injury complained of, heel itself.—Boston
Post.

Yes or you may get worsted.—Washington Star.
And if not worsted, you'll most likely get the kinks
taken out of you.—National Flag.

The above perpetrations compose the darndest
nonsense we have heard of.—Livingston County
News.

The foregoing are all the yarns on the subject
that we have found unraveled.—Maryland Patriot.
Why don't they narrow and come to the Point—
Pinery.

Perhaps they fear they will get toed off, if they
get too near the point.—Berlin Courier.

Darn it, gentlemen, if the lady has a hole in her
stocking, can't she knit in a piece?—Plover Herald.

Gentlemen you had better drop a few stitches and
bring the whole (hole) to a close.—Independent Phre-
nic.

Would like to know how the above gents can
speak so clearly on such a darned subject. Did you
ever attempt to unravel a hole? Columbia ladies
look well because they wear stockings ribbed, not
darned.—Columbia Spy.

The whole of the above has been well darned, but

we'd like to know how the last named editor gets
his information. Is he, hianse f, ribbed? If not, he
has certainly put his "darned" foot in it.—Cartridge
Box.

Gentlemen, you should all be appointed Knights
of the Garter for your gallantry but we think you
are crewel in carrying the things so far, standing on
the footing you do, and if any harm is done, hose to
blame?—not we, by darn!

FOR THE CRIPPLE.

Miscellaneous "Ink-Brats."

BY F. J. W.

We never see an ardent lover placing his arm about his
sweetheart but what we are led to believe, he's wasting his
love.

"Come; rest in this bosom," as Abraham has been wont
to sing to the Confederates.

Have birds a bump of curiosity? We think so, as they
are given to peeping.

We never liked the name of Peggy, for it reminds us of
squeaky boots.

A bashful youth was paying his addresses to a gay lass of
the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a
crisis. He called one day when she was at home alone.—
After settling the merits of the weather, Miss said, looking
slyly into his face—

"I dreamed of you last night."

"Did you? Why, now!"

"Yes, I dreamed that you kissed me."

"Why, now! What did you dream your mother said?"

"Oh! I dreamed she wasn't at home."

A light dawned on the youth's intellect, and directly some-
thing was heard to crack—perhaps his whip, and perhaps
not, but in about a month they were married.

The only practical joke in which R. Harris Bareham—bet-
ter known by his nom de guerre of Thomas Ingolsby—ever
personally engaged, was enacted when he was a boy at Can-
terbury. In company with a school fellow, D—, now a
gallant major, he entered a Quaker meeting-house, when,
looking around at the grave assembly, the latter held up a
penny tart, and said, solemnly, "Whoever speaks first shall
have this pie." "Go thy way, boy," said a drab colored
gentleman, rising, "go thy way, and—" "The pie's yours,
sir!" exclaimed D—, placing it before the astonished
speaker, and hastily making his escape.

A Connecticut clergyman illuminated his house in honor
of the Union victory at the election, and exhibited over his
door a transparency, with the quotation from Genesis:—
"And the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of
Heaven a second time."

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