

The Cripple.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES' GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

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NO. 16.

The Cripple

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U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, ALEXA, VA.

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

The Two Letters.

THE SON'S.

December First—In Hospital.

DEAR MOTHER:—

To not start,
Nor let this heading bring a beat,
Or wring your tender heart:
'Tis but a simple little wound
I have within my breast,
It does not pain me in the least,
So set your heart to rest.
Of course, you wish to know it all?
Well, then, a bursting shell
Fell in our ranks, and some were killed,
And I—I'll soon be well,
'Twas but a little piece that struck
And pierced my rugged breast,
I'm only weak from loss of blood,
And all I need is rest.
Dear mother, let this cheer your heart,
On Christmas I'll be home,
The doctor told me so, to-day,
As soon as strength would come!
Tell father he can meet the stage
With "Hero" and the sleigh,
And take me round the "Willow Pike,"
So much the nearer way.
Now, mother, wear a happy smile,
And trim my little room,
Have everything in readiness,
On Christmas I'll be home!

THE DOCTOR'S.

Christmas, December Twenty-fifth:—

To-day a hero died,
A fair-haired boy of tender years,
But brave, and battle-tried;
And if I say it was your son
Who died this Christmas day,
His martyr-fame, his hero-name
Should chase your grief away;
Think how he loved the Stars and Stripes,
How nobly he has fought,
And say the fame twined with his name
Has not been dearly bought!
On many a hard-fought battle-field,
His willing, eager heart
Put courage, strength in other breasts,
And each did well their part.
He died to-day, but ere his soul
Passed to the spirit-land,
"Write to my mother," soft he said,
"And tell her not to stand,
And gaze with sorrow in her eyes,
For one who'll never come—
I wrote her, Doctor, Christmas day
Would surely see me home!"
Prophetic were those written words,

He has this day gone home,
Where smoke and heat of battle-field,
And death, and hate ne'er come!

F. J. W.

Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Camp Stories. No. I.

BY POTOMAC, PHILADELPHIA.

In a peculiar looking habitation, built partially of logs chinked up, with four pieces of canvas for a roof, sat four men. In front of them, in a small stone fire place, crackled and blazed a fire of good white oak. Without, whistled through the trees, and sang drearily over the fields beyond, the cold blast of a northeast wind. The blue clothes and brown faces told at once that they were soldiers, while their cheerful looks and hearty laugh betokened happy hearts and sound lungs. As they are all concerned in some of these stories, I will introduce them, with a hope that the acquaintance may prove both a profitable and a pleasant one. That stout red-faced one in the middle, seated on a stump, is familiarly known as "Jackey." The one next on his left, with iron-gray hair and black whiskers, and an expression which seems to indicate a decided "penchant" for good dinners and unadulterated liquors, is nicknamed "Quartermaster." The singular looking individual, with streaks of tobacco juice oozing gently from his mouth corners, his chin resting on his hands, and his body affectionately inclined towards the fire, is, for short, called "Sugar."

Nearly all soldiers have nicknames, and I give these as specimens. The fourth, seated on a board placed across a cracker box, is engaged telling some story to which they all seemed listening attentively. Let me follow their example and listen too. Thus the story ran:

"It was at Antietam," said 'Shorty,' (as his comrades called him,) "our brigade was advancing in line of battle through an open piece of woods, 'Old Bull' Sumner riding in front. I was just a short distance behind our regiment with the surgeon and several others. As we left the woods we entered a cornfield, and were greeted with a heavy volley of musketry, but it was instantly replied to, and our whole corps, cheering and hallooing, started forward on a charge. Shouts of victory, cries of pain, roar of firearms, shrieking shells and whizzing balls, made the air a perfect bedlam of uproar. Branches of trees came crashing to the earth, cannon balls ploughed furiously into the ground; riderless horses, stragglers, unarmed, wounded rebels, negroes, and frightened mules, rushed madly past us to the rear, and every thing betokened a heavy engagement. As I came into the cornfield I saw, lying all around me, wounded, dying and dead, of our own men and of the enemy.

"One poor fellow, with his arm torn to shreds by a shell, begged for water so hard that I gave him a

drink, and in a shorter time than I can tell you my canteen was empty. Here I saw a sight I never wish to witness again. Coming furiously up from the rear was one of our batteries; over wounded dying and dead they drove, killing some and mangling others. Quickly turning into position, they unlimbered and commenced firing.

"Some of the wounded lay under the very mouths of the guns, and it was agonizing to see the poor fellows, helpless and dying, hold up their hands for help when none could be given them. The captain of the battery sat on his horse coolly smoking a segar, and ordering to fire at a little white church that could be seen on the edge of the woods a short distance from us.

"Amidst all this danger and suffering a Dutchman found time to pass a joke. The rebels had been firing horse shoes, lits of iron, and other such things. Suddenly came rushing through the air a sledge hammer which, after killing a man, struck in the ground beyond. It was dug out, and Dutchy calmly observed, 'Mein Gott, der black schmit shop come next.' A sudden firing on our right and left, bullets coming both ways, and men running to the rear, told us we were flanked. Our surgeon rode up and ordered us to go back to the Corps Hospital, which we immediately did, a little faster I imagine than dignity or affection for the cannon ball that whizzed swiftly after us, required. We soon reached the Hospital, and there I saw some things of which I'll tell you another time." Here Shorty filled his pipe and was soon hid behind a cloud of smoke.

THE LAST WORD OF A TRUE SON AND PATRIOT YOUTH.—Among the many brave, uncomplaining fellows who were brought up from the battle of Fredericksburg was a bright-eyed, intelligent young man, or boy, rather, of sixteen years, who belonged to a Northern regiment. He appeared more affectionate and tender than his comrades, and attracted a good deal of attention from the attendants and visitors.—Manifestly the pet of some household, he longed for nothing so much as the arrival of his mother, who was expected, for she knew he was mortally wounded, and failing fast. Ere she arrived, however, he died. But he thought she had come, for while a kind lady visitor was wiping the death sweat from his brow, as his sight was failing, he rallied a little, like an expiring taper in its socket, looked up longingly and joyfully, and in the tenderest pathos whispered, quite audibly, "Is that mother?" in tones that drew tears from every eye. Then, drawing her toward him with all his feeble power, he nestled his head in her arms, like a sleeping infant, and thus died, with the sweet word "mother" on his quivering lips.

Howell Cobb's pacing mare, captured by Sherman, cost \$25,000. Cobb must come down to Shank's animal now.

It is a bad habit to carry your pins or your religion in your mouth.

The Cripple

LEOPOLD COHEN.—EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21ST, 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.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Thought.

There are a few, yet only few, operations performed in common by all animate beings. To eat and to drink are alike necessary to all. Yet to think is a process performed not only by man in his superior dignity, but by the lowest order of animals, even the minute shell-fish, which is the connecting link between animate and inanimate creation. And thought, too, whether it be pure or impure, underlies all voluntary action, for we cannot perform an act or speak a word which has not been previously conceived and operated upon by the mind; and so powerful too are its invisible mysterious operations that not a thought can occupy the mind which does not leave some impress upon the matter. Let a pleasing thought flit through the mind, the countenance at once betrays the inward emotion; a sad, unwelcome thought hangs mourning on the features. And thus with all our thoughts—some cause a smile and some a frown, some a blush and some a sneer; yet each leaves its impress upon the mirror of the soul, and it is thought perplexing thought, instead of time, which furrows the brow of man. Thought, too, is the parent of all noble deeds and schemes. We build our churches, erect our colleges and seminaries of learning and fame, many a plan for alleviating the wants of mankind; but is there a deed of dark design, a way devised whereby man can enslave, defraud and brutalize his fellow-man. This, also, is the offspring of impure thought. But does science progress, do schemes of philanthropy multiply, does the car of civilization move gloriously on; or if so it is thought that gives them impetus and drives their chariot-wheels. But if thought, in its present operations and effects, are interesting, how overwhelming is the idea of its perpetuity. That the fires of the intellect are unquenchable, that the mind will continue to think when separated from the body, are overwhelming considerations, and point to an origin Divine.—Let us follow mind down to the last moment of its connection with matter, to the instant when it is to bid adieu to this habitation of dust, and plume its wings with gaudy colors for the never-ending flight of eternity, and you will find it thinking then. The so-called throws of the dying pillow are but thoughts of follies past, or thoughts of woes to come.

Let us, if possible, follow mind on, and still on, even to the day of final dissolution of matter, when, above, the whole scroll of the heavens shall pass

away before your astonished vision: when, beneath, o'd earth shall be a cinder and all the elements thereof shall melt with fervent heat, and on every hand shall be seen the ghastly dead leaping forth from their silent slumbers in the grave, and you will find it thinking then. Let the body live or die; let the heavens stand or fall, the mind exists, and in existing, thinks. Thought, too, in my humble opinion, is the cause of all joy and pain, even of Heaven and Hell. Ascend, if we may, and linger around the gates of that city which flesh and blood are not permitted to enter, and gaze upon the happy millions assembled there; behold their spotless robes and beautiful forms as they pass before your enraptured vision; listen to their united voices, all tends to harmony complete; gaze until your lingering eyes are dim and hear with ears entranced, then recollect that all their joy is the fruit of the mind engaged in pure and holy thought.

But let us turn from this pleasing picture and bend our unwilling steps down and down to the abodes of the last, and gaze in upon those who dwell where lost, unhappy spirits are with anguish for their winding sheet. Hark! they rave, they shriek, they load the air with their sighs and groans, and clank their burning chains. Profanity holds its eternal rounds of cursing there, and in misery souls do dwell. Gaze on this picture of horror until trembling nature shrinks away, then call to mind, to thought wholly, thought which causes all their woe and drives pain's arrows deep.

But think, oh! man, it is right to think, to think is manlike, to think is Godlike; but in thinking think pure thoughts, lest they wound you.

C. L. K.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Life at Cliffburne Barracks.

The most of the readers of the Cripple are aware that there has been a regular clearing out of the hospitals in and around Washington, and a good share of them were taken from the hospitals at Alexandria, Va. "Marching orders" came to many of us with hardly a moment's notice. With knapsacks hastily packed, on the 22nd of December we started for Washington, for what particular purpose we were unable to tell. Various were the rumors afloat as to our final destination—some thought we were going to the frontier, others said we were surely going to Elmira, N. Y., to take charge of rebel prisoners, neither place could we dare hope to go. Suffice it to say, here we are at the renowned Cliffburne Barracks, Washington, D. C., surrounded by all the luxuries of the season—such as bread and coffee, with pork as an occasional desert; but we would as soon do without such a desert, and exchange it for roast beef and many other good things which we left at Alexandria. Hospital grub is about as good as anything we soldiers can get in such times as these, where we don't have to pay for what we consume, and Third Division is the place where we always did get enough, and that which was as good as could be had.

The most of us have been on detached duty for a year or more, consequently we feel the loss of many goodies which we were accustomed to have at the hospitals; but we must sooner or later come to it.—A soldier is a soldier, no matter where he is, and he is always under orders.

At present this camp is no desirable place for leaky boots, as the grounds are very wet in consequence of a heavy rain which fell last night. It has melted the snow and makes anything but pleasant walking.

We arrived here Thursday evening at 6 o'clock, found no fire or coffee awaiting us, which of course called forth many complaints. Thanks to a non-commissioned officer belonging to our company, who started in pursuit of both of these necessary articles; didn't wait long before we had fire and coffee where-with to warm us *inside*, as well as *out*. Notwithstanding the night was one of the coldest we have experienced this winter, we lived through it. Those who had blankets rolled themselves up and were soon in the land of dreams, while those more unfortunate had to keep the stove warm. Your humble servant was *one* of the latter, and I assure you I done my best, and if I did not keep the stove warm the stove did me. Found myself retreating several times, but had to renew the attack again soon.

At last morning dawned; the boye arose; did not pay much attention to the toilet, but hastily donned their overcoats and huddled around the fire, vowing that "sogering" was a fine thing for those who were fond of it.

Moving is the order of the day—since our arrival at these barracks we have moved no less than three times, until at last we have got what we call a tip-top place, where about eighty of us are quartered. We are a set of jovial fellows, and credit is due our officers for keeping the men so quiet—have seen *one* who were disorderly. All is quiet. The boys amuse themselves in various ways. Saturday we played ball (not minie ball.) Yesterday and to-day we have stayed in-doors. While I write two of our men—nicknamed "Heavy York" and "Heavy Maine"—are having a "rough and tumble set-to" upon the top tier of their bunks. Look—there they go—over their bunks upon the floor, amid the cheers of their comrades. No bones were broken by the fall, however, and they are up and at it again.

"Fall in for coffee," says Sergt. Mealy. What a scramble there is for tin cups and pails—each one for himself. Methinks if I don't fall in with the 116th I may come up minus coffee. So, here goes. Adieu. Yours, L. M. P.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

The Book Keeper.

Desdemona's father, when he found that he had a black a-moor for a son-in-law, could not have been more indignant than are we at the sight of an inveterate book-borrower, (book keeper.) He invariably turns the account to profit and loss; that is profit to himself and loss to us. We hate the sight of him. He comes with his "Would it be convenient to you Mr. Nough, to allow me the loan of this book, etc." Plague take the man? is our mental ejaculation, as often, rummaging our brain for a fib to relieve us, we are compelled to let him take the book. In our heart we bid it good-bye and class it among things departed. Should it, by some miracle, fall again in to our hands, in what a deplorable condition it is sure to be. The cover, that beautifully gilt cover, is nearly torn off, several of the leaves are missing, the rest are dog-eared, finger-marked, and torn like those of a young school-boy, whose bump of destructiveness is pretty largely developed. The book looks as if it had been taken on a whaling voyage in the hands of a ship's cook, or that some one had been reading it during meal time, and had stuck a piece of ham perhaps or a slice of bread and butter between the leaves for a marker. Oh! what maledictions we bring down upon his offending head. We wish him in Jericho. We hope for him corns or a jumping toothache. We wish the barber would nick his face every time he gets shaved. Oh! that he may be

button-holed by ladies charitable committees at every corner; that his buck shed may be haunted by prodigious Thomas cats who will make his nights hideous with noise. We hope he may be an old bachelor all the days of his life, doomed to buttonless shirts and heelless socks, and we vow that he shan't have another one of our books as long as we live. No not if all the girls in town cut our acquaintance (and we like the girls too.) For is he not the disturber of our peace; he stealeth our comforts, the solace of our leisure hours, our instructors, our mentors, and guides; can we forgive him? No! impossible. Shilock-like we could scarcely be content with a pound of his flesh. We are sure we could accept such a recompense with much gratification. We have no leniency. We have been hardened by long suffering. Forbearance is no longer a virtue. Our outraged feelings must find an outlet or we'll burst with indignation. We warn all good honest people to avoid borrowers, lend not to them, or your libraries if you have any, will soon grow small and beautifully less. When all was plenty, all will be aching void.

J. D. W.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

[PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Capture of Fort Fisher.

On the 15th inst., a combined land and water attack was made on Fort Fisher, the land forces under command of Brevet Major General Terry, and the fleet under Com. Porter. The rebel forces in the Fort was over twenty two hundred, under command of Gen. Whiting. The conflict lasted for seven hours, and at 10 P. M., the enemy were entirely driven from the Fort, forced down toward Federal Point, followed by a brigade of our troops, and about 12 o'clock at night Gen. Whiting surrendered himself and his command to Gen. Terry unconditionally, as prisoners of war, numbering over 800, the remainder of his forces being either killed or wounded. The armament of the Fort was seventy-two guns, some of large calibre and one Armstrong gun. Our loss was between seven and eight hundred men. Com. Porter, in his official despatch, says: It has been the most terrific struggle I ever saw, and very much hard labor. The troops have covered themselves with glory, and General Terry is my beau ideal of a soldier and a general.

GRANT!

A despatch from the Army of the Potomac dated the 16th says: A number of deserters came into our lines from in front of Petersburg last night, and report that the Danville railroad, between Danville and Greensboro, a distance of forty-five miles, has been destroyed by the recent heavy rains, that every bridge and culvert has been carried away, and that Lee's army is likely to be out of rations very soon. The quantity they issue now is utterly inadequate, they say to satisfy their wants, and they were not disposed to remain and suffer almost starvation.

Colonel Sharpe, so long connected with the Army of the Potomac in the capacity of deputy provost marshal general, has been promoted to a brigadier general.

THOMAS!

An officer from Clifton, Wayne county, Tennessee, where he left General Thomas on Saturday, says no active operations may be expected for several days. The truthfulness of the report that Hood is preparing to make a stand at Corinth is not yet ascertained, but it is believed his disorganized forces are still flying southward, leaving portions of cavalry on the rear to cover his retreat.—Thomas' army has plenty of supplies, and were constantly passing up the Tennessee river.—The late heavy rains in Tennessee render the roads impassable for military movements.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Tennessee State convention, has unanimously passed a resolution declaring slavery forever abolished and prohibited throughout the State, and also a resolution prohibiting the Legislature from recognizing the right of property in slaves; forbidding it from requiring compensation to be made to the owners; abrogating the declaration of State independence with the military league made in 1861 with the Confederate States; and all laws and ordinances made in pursuance of them. These propositions are to be submitted to the people for ratification on the 22d of February, and on the 4th of March an election is to be held for governor and legislature.—Parson Brownlow is the unanimous choice of

the convention for next governor.—Gen. Ord was placed temporarily in command of the Army of the James, as the successor of Gen. Butler, but it is expected that Gen. Warren, now of the Fifth Corps, will soon be assigned to the chief command on the north side of the James river.

LATER.

BALTIMORE, January 20.—The Fortress Monroe boat arrived this evening, and reports that an arrival from off Wilmington, last evening brings a statement that the rebels had blown up Fort Caswell and that Wilmington was believed to have been evacuated.

The authenticity of these reports cannot be vouchsafed for.

Names of Battles in which General Grant has been Engaged.

- Palo Alto, May 8th, 1846.
- Resaca de la Palma, May 29th, 1845.
- Monterey, Sept. 12th, 20th and 21st, 1846.
- Vera Cruz, siege, March 7th to 27th, 1847.
- Cerro Gordo, April 18th, 1847.
- San Antonio, August 20th, 1847.
- Cherobusco, August 20th, 1847.
- Molino del Rey, Sept. 8th, 1847.
- Chepultepec, Sept. 13th, 1847.
- Ganta San Casmo, Sept. 14th, 1847.
- City of Mexico, Sept. 14th, 1847.
- Belmont, Nov. 3rd, 1861.
- Fort Henry, Feb. 6th, 1862.
- Fort Donelson, Feb. 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th, 1862.
- Shiloh, April 6th and 7th, 1862.
- Corinth, (siege,) April 22nd to May 30th, 1862.
- Iuka, Sept. 19th, 1862.
- Hatchie, Oct. 5th, 1862.
- Corinth, Oct. 3rd and 4th, 1862.
- Tallahatchie, Dec. 1st, 1862.
- Fort Gibson, May 1st, 1863.
- Raymond, May 12th, 1863.
- Jackson, May 14th, 1863.
- Champion Hills, May 16th, 1863.
- Black River Bridge, May 7th, 1863.
- Vicksburg, July 4th, 1863.
- Chattanooga, Nov. 23rd, 24th 25th and 26th 1863.

Local Matters.

We have received No. 1 of "The Caduceus," a semi-monthly paper published at Washington, D. C., devoted to the interests of Hospital Stewards and Hospital attendants generally. It is edited by Ed. A. Stevens, and presents the finest and neatest appearance of any paper we have seen in a long time. It deserves hearty support, and we bespeak for it an extensive circulation. Its motto is remarkably characteristic: "We propose to fight it out on this line."

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 Hollowell 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 20th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	753.
No. of patients admitted	8.
do do Returned to duty,	15.
do do Transferred,	6.
do do Furloughed,	4.
do do Discharged,	15.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	3.
No. of Patients remaining	563.

SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 20th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	886.
No. of patients admitted	14.
do do Returned to duty,	55.
do do Transferred,	10.
do do Furloughed,	2.
do do Discharged,	1.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	0.
No. of patients remaining,	639.

THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 20th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	1350.
No. of patients admitted,	41.
do do Returned to duty,	79.
do do Transferred,	52.
do do Furloughed,	7.
do do Discharged,	14.
do do Deserted,	1.
do do Deceased,	2.
do do Remaining,	945.

LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 20th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	692.
No. of patients admitted	26.
do do Returned to duty	12.
do do Furloughed	4.
do do Discharged	14.
do do Deceased	3.
do do Remaining	561.

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 20th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients	164.
No. of patients admitted,	6.
do do Returned to Duty,	2.
do do Remaining,	28.

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.

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 Orinoca 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 Fayd streets.

GRACE CHURCH BRANCH, Patrick Street, south of Prince.

BAPTIST CHURCH BRANCH, corner Washington and Prince streets.

CLAREMONT GENERAL HOSPITAL, (Eriptive Fever) 3 miles South west from Alexandria, J. W. Moo Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. etc etc.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

We are Waiting.

In our pleasant homes we're waiting,
Far away from scenes of death,
For the loved ones who have left us,
Our dear flag to fight beneath.

Weary weeks and months of waiting,
Bring us naught but tales of woe,
Or brief letters from the brave ones,
Battling 'gainst the trait'rous foe!

God of power watch thou o'er them,
Keep them by thy loving arm,
Strengthen, guide and bless the dear ones,
Lead them safe from wrong and harm!

Bring them back to us in safety,
Stronger, truer than of yore,
Help us bear our weary burden,
Wait more patient than before.

E. E.

Sense and Nonsense.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

The Punster's Wish.

I wish I were a boy again,
A dirty urchin small,
To climb for nuts in autumn-time,
Unmindful of a fall.

To slide upon the "suller-door,"
To paddle in the pool,
To mark with toe the sanded floor,
And toe the mark at school.

To stub my toe against a brick,
To toe some stubby boy,
To stic' pin's in the teacher's chair,
And pains take to annoy.

To go down where the slaughter-men
Their cruelty reveal,
And see them hang up tons of meat,
And hook the sharp'ning steel!

To —!

F. J. W.

COURTING.

Courting iz a luxury, it iz saliad, it iz ise water, it iz the pla spell ov the soul. The man who has never courted has lived in vain; he has been a blind man among landskapes and waterskapes; he has been a deff man in the land ov hand orgins, and by the side ov murmuring cannals. Courting iz like 2 little springs ov soft water that steal out from under a rock at the fut ov a mountain, and run down the hill side by side, sing'ng and lansing and spattering each other, eddying a d f o t h n g and kaskading, now hiding under the bank, now full ov shadder, till bumbey tha fine and then tha goslow. I am in favor ov long courting; it gives the parties a chance to find out each other's trump kards, it iz real good exercise, and iz just as innersent as two merino lambs.

Courting iz like strawberries and cream—wants tew be did slow, then yu git the flavor. I have saw folks git acquaintid, fall in luv, git married, settle down and git tew wurk, in 3 weeks from date.—This is jist the wa sum folks larn a trade—akounts fur the grate number ov almity mean mechanicks we hav and the poor jobs tha turn out. Perh ps it iz best i shud state sum good advise tew young men who ar about 2 court with a final view 2 matrimony, as it was.

In the fust place, young man, yu want tu git yure system awl rite and then find a young woman who iz willing 2 be courtid on the square.

The next thing iz to find out how old she iz, which yu cau dew bi asking her, and she will sa that she iz 19 years old, and this you will find won't be far om out ov the wa.

The next best thing is tew begin moderate; say

onse every nite in the week for the fust six months, increasing the dose as the patient seems to require it.

It iz a fust rate wa 2 court the girls mother a leetle on the start, for there iz one thing a woman never dispizes, and that iz, a leetle good courting, if it iz done strickly on the square. After the fust year yu will begin 2 be well acquaintid and will begin 2 like the bizziness.

There iz one thing I alwus advise, and that iz not to swop fotograffs oftener than on-se in 10 days, less yu forgit how the gal looks.

Okasionally yu want 2 look sorry and draw in yure wind as tho yu had pain; this will set the girl to teasin yu 2 find out what ails yu.

Evenin' meetings are a good thing tew tend. It will keep yure religgion in tune; and then if the gal happens to be thare, bi acksident, she can ask yu 2 go hum with her.

As a general thing i wouldn't brag on uther gals much when i was courtin'. It mite look as tho yu knu 2 match.

If yu will court 3 years in this wa, awl the time on the square, if yu don't sa it iz a leetle the slick-est time in yure life, you can git measured for a hat at mi expense, and pa for it.

Don't court for munny, nor buty, nor relashuns; these things are jist about as the kerosene ile refinin bizziness, liable to git out ov repair and bust at eny minute. Court a gal for fun, for the luv yu bear her, for the vartue and bizziness there iz in her; court her for a wife and for a mother; court her as yu would court a farm for the strength ov the sile and the perfeckshun ov the title; court her as tho she want fule and yu a nuther; court her in the kitchen, in the parlor over the wash tub, and at the planner; court this wa, young man, and if yu don't git a real good wife, the fault won't be in the courting.

Young man, yu can rely upon Josh Billings, and if you kant mak these rules wurk, jist send for him, and he will show yu how the thing iz did—it shant cost yu a cent.—*Josh Billings.*

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Miscellaneous "Ink-Brats."

BY F. J. W.

What is the difference between a board placed across a log, and an impertinent boy? The one is called see saw—the other sauey.

"This is about as bully a piece of beef as you will meet with now a-days," said a grumbling soldier chewing a mouthful.

Why are stars wicked? 'Cause, they sin too late—scinti late—o'nights.

"That's a mighty fine dog you have—some game in him," said blackleg No. 1. "Yes," replied No. 2, same persuasion, giving the dog a malicious kick—"you cur,"—eachre.

"You are very rough in your ways," as the saw said to the file. "Granted," replied the file, spitefully "but not so cutting as yours."

"Do you know," asked a farmer of a neighbor who was astride his pig pen, "why you remind me of the impersonification of trust and truthfulness?" "Blamed if do—how so?" "Why—honesty!"—on a styre. The last words we heard were—"all in a pig's eye."

It is singular that you can never get an affirmative answer from a horse—he's bound to answer in neighs.

"Grubbs, can you tell me why you put me in mind of the air of Italy?" "Dunno, hic, 'nless it's hic, because I'm hic, balmy."

"My life has been a chequered one, but I have tried to live square and honest," as Miss Chessboard sighed to her hollow hearted neighbor Diez-box.

"I would not marry an Eastern man, if I had to live an old maid all the days of my life," exclaimed a buxom country lass. "Why not?" demanded her astonished companions. "Because every paper you pick up contains an account of the failure of the Eastern mails."

ANECDOTE.

A soldier of General Marion's Brigade, named Legingstone, an Irishman by birth, meeting with an armed party on a night profoundly dark, suddenly found a horseman's pistol applied to his breast, and heard the imperious command—"Declare, instantaneously, to what party you belong, or you are a dead man." The situation being such as to render it highly probable that it might be an enemy's party, he very calmly replied, "I think, Sir, it would be a little more in the way of civility if you were to drop a hint, just to let me know which side of the question you are pleased to favour." "Nojesting," replied the speaker, "declare your principles, or die." "Then, by—," rejoined Legingstone, "I will not die with a lie in my mouth. American, to extremity, you spalpeen, so do your worst, and be d—'d to you." "You are an honest fellow," said the inquirer, "we are friends, and I rejoice to meet a man faithful as you are to the cause of our country."

A clergyman, catechising the youth of his church, put the first question from a catechism to a girl: "What is your consolation in life and in death?" The girl smiled, but did not answer. The clergyman insisted. "Well, then," said she "since I must tell, it is a young printer named P—, in Spruce street."

A gentleman sat down to write a deed and began with: "Know one woman by these presents" "You are wrong," said a friend; "it ought to be know all men." "Very well," answered the other, "if one woman knows it, all men will, of course."

At a festival of lawyers and editors, a lawyer gave a toast—"The Editor, he always obeys the call of the devil." An editor responded. "The Editor and the Lawyer—the devil is satisfied with a copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."

A letter has been received at the post office in Farmington, from a soldier on the Potomac, addressed to "The Prettiest Girl in Farmington—the Postmaster to be the judge." A pretty scrape for him; if he accepts the office!

A farmer being asked if his horses were matched, said, "Yes, they are matched first rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

A soldier writes home that he gets along with the hard tack pretty well, except when they put the shortening into it lengthwise.

"Each moment makes thee dearer," as the parsimonious tradesman said to his extravagant wife.

What letter in the alphabet compels a black man to laugh? The letter S—it makes nigger snigger.

When did Isaac Newton cut up shines? When he divid-ed the rays of light.

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HENRY JOHNSON. Cor. F and 18th Streets, Washington, D. C.

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FOR REGULARS.—Major POTTER. Cor. F and 15th Sts., Washington, D. C.

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Transportation Office for Soldiers.

Capt. BURTON. 461, C St., near Baltimore Depot, Washington, D. C.

Military Governor, Alexandria, Va.

Brig. Gen'l JOHN P. SLOUGH, U. S. V. Cor. Prince and St. Asaph Sts., Alexandria, Va.

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