

# The Cripple.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES' GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 28TH, 1865.

NO. 17.

## The Cripple

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

### Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

#### Wishes.

BY SARAH S. C. WILLETTE.

I wish, through all the young New Year,  
Now o'er us brightly dawning,  
Sweet hope may spread above thy heart,  
A spangled, azure awning;  
That fresh and fair as young spring flowers,  
Awakening from earth's gloom,  
Each lovely dream of budding joy,  
Within thy soul may bloom.

May the green leaflets of pure love,  
Be stirred with soft delight,  
Fresh as the fragrant breeze that floats  
Around a summer night;  
And like two rippling woodland rills,  
Met in one shining stream;  
Each in the other lost—be this,  
The waking of that dream.

I wish the founts of holiness,  
Within thy spirit's clime,  
May perfect to the golden hue  
Of autumn's mellow time?  
And when this dawning young New Year,  
Is but the "long ago,"  
May each dear memory of its days  
Be pure as winter's snow.

### Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

#### Camp Stories. No. 2.

BY POTOMAC, PHILADELPHIA.

"Well, boys," says Jackey, "I don't know when I ever suffered so much as I did in the seven days fight before Richmond. You know we were ordered to strike tents and cook extra rations that day the bands played so much, and McClellan sent the order from I that McClellan had gained a victory on the right. Some of us thought we were going right into Richmond, and I should have imagined so myself had I not noticed Gen. Burns going to the rear of his tent and burning a lot of papers; as it seemed rather singular that he should desire to destroy his writings if we were going to advance. I came gradually to the conclusion that we were going to retreat.

"Well, after they gave out rations, we were ordered under arms, marched up to that cursed old breastwork, and there we lay the whole night, lulled

to sleep by the soothing crack of a picket's rifle and the harmonious hum of a thousand bloodthirsty mosquitoes. We were not very much delighted when daylight disclosed to our half-opened optics the startling fact that we were the only brigade remaining in that portion of the entrenchments, and, consequently, rear guard. Soon an orderly came riding up and we were ordered to march. The pickets were left to act as skirmishers, and the rest of the brigade fell back to the edge of the woods behind the station.—Here 'Old Obstacle' (Major Parrish) set us to work making a breastwork, or barricade, of old cracker-boxes, barrels, &c. We had just finished it when a body of rebels, who had been trying to flank our skirmishers, gave up the job, and attacked us in pretty heavy force. Our boys fell fast, but we kept up a steady fire, and held our ground until we were reinforced, when we fell gradually back to Savage Station. The skirmish was called the 'Battle of Peach Orchard.' At Savage Station we stacked arms and commenced to cook, but we had only rested a few moments when the orders 'Fall in!' 'Attention!' 'Take Arms!' 'Right Face!' 'Forward by File Left, Quick, March!' started us into the woods, where we saw a rebel column trying to gain a position which would have been unfavorable to us.—'By the right flank, double quick, march!' was the ready order of our General, and we gained the position they were after, and we held it the rest of the day. The principal feature of this fight was the charge of the Irish Brigade. Led by their dashing Gen. Meagher, they went cheering and hallooing across the open plain, over the railroad and into the woods, their colors flying gaily in the breeze, officer's swords flashing in the sunlight as they waved them frenetically in the air, shells bursting and screaming o'er their heads; on they went heedlessly tramping and rushing over the killed and wounded who fell among them, until they reached the woods, when volley after volley of musketry told how hotly they were engaged. The artillery stopped firing; all the combatants seemed to have ceased their deadly work, and the anxious look upon many a stern General's countenance showed how much depended on this attempt. Soon a deafening cheer proclaimed its triumph, and prisoners of all grades came running through our lines to the rear. Many comical scenes were witnessed, as small men bringing in two or three prisoners twice their size. One little fellow, about five feet in length, was greeted with a merry laugh as he emerged from the woods about two paces in the rear of a six-foot rebel color-sergeant with a stand of colors, who seemed to be urged forward by the persuasive power of a glittering bayonet the little one held close to his dorsal vertebrae.

"This charge virtually gained us the victory, and ended the battle; a few shots were fired, but no more heavy firing occurred during the day. A novel scene was that battle-field after dark. Our lines were very close to those of the rebels, and we could see them going all through the woods with lanterns searching for their wounded. A rebel Surgeon, wan-

dering outside of their lines, was suddenly brought to a halt by one of our pickets cautioning him that he had gone far enough. 'Who are you?' said the rebel. 'I am a Yankee picket,' was the reply.—'Oh-h-h!' wonderingly remarked the rebel, as he speedily disappeared from the vicinity. At two o'clock, A. M., we were quietly awakened, fell into line, and went stumbling and splashing through the woods in retreat, leaving our pickets keeping fires and watching our unconscious enemy, who snoozed unsuspectingly away till morning, and then rubbed their eyes in doubt and amazement to find that the foe they supposed so nicely trapped (Jackson having come in on our rear by way of Bottom's Bridge during the day) had so cunningly deceived them, and were probably by this time far on their way to their garboats on the James River. There goes tattoo, I am on picket to-morrow, so my story is ended for three days." "Turn out for roll call!" cried our orderly, and the hut was empty.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

#### Thoughts.

I stood by the sea shore; the glittering wavelets sparkled and danced before me in merry joy and gleeful splash, and I was reminded of the child's first prattling and happy innocent laugh. In the dim horizon rested a white speck. I watched it loom up higher and approach nearer until it grew into the tall masts and white canvass of a stately ship, and thought "How like man's soul floating o'er the sea of life, and guided only to the haven of blissful immortality by that sacred chart, the Bible, and the compass of faith in Jesus."

I followed with my eye a bird darting hither and thither through the air until, wearied of earth, he soared like the freed spirit of a Christian toward the bright shores of that better land.

Turning, I gazed on the white sand which lay bleaching in the sun and washed unceasingly by the great green waves as they rolled majestically to the shore; and, as I drew a deep line in the sand with my finger, I thought, how like it was humanity, disfigured by the great black mark of sin.

As these thoughts arose a deep silence seemed to fill the air, and in an awe I cannot describe, my heart asked the question: "Who created all these wonders?" I looked around me for an answer. The wavelets sparkled heedlessly on in the sunlight; the ship had again become a speck on the horizon; the bird was lost from sight in the clear air of heaven, and the white sand seemed to gaze wonderingly back into my face.

But in all these things a great voice seemed to reply, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof, for He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods." DREAMER.

☞ A pugnacious editor of the allopathic school, up in Vermont, explains the homœopathic theory of the "similia in similibus" by saying, "If a patient has a broken head, hit him again with a brickbat."

The Cripple

LEOPOLD COHEN.—EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28TH, 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 narrative character, are respectfully solicited.

To Correspondents.

L. M. P.—Favors received.

L. H. S.—“The Dying Soldier” is very good for a little girl of nine years. “Practice makes perfect.” Let us hear from you again.

H.—Sketch received. We are very glad to hear from you at last. Favor us often.

WILL WANDERER—Thankfully received. Will appear in next number. Let us hear from you again.

POTOMAC, PHILADELPHIA—Very much obliged.

DREAMER— Do.

JENNY— Do.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

“The Ethics of Medicine.”

BY E. NEAL, A. M., M. D.

The Physician, in Europe, takes rank higher than that of the Surgeon, for the reason perhaps that the amputation of a limb, the tying of an artery, the couching of a cataract, are all operations done by the hand and demand, for faithful execution, simply the highest skill of mechanical ingenuity; while to save a limb, prevent a cripple, an aneurism, or a cataract, require a much superior amount of knowledge, of skill and wisdom closely approximating to that of Deity itself. The ancients had their God of medicine, and the R with the cleft foot (thus R<sub>⊥</sub>) was the sign of “Jupiter,” the superior Deity. It is still used in writing prescriptions in these modern times, but is explained to mean *Receipe*. The R<sub>⊥</sub> was the abbreviation which originally was a prayer offered by the physician to the King of the Gods to bless the prescription to the cure and return of health to the patient. But to the Ethics of Medicine let me direct your attention to the following:—

1st. The Responsibilities of the Medical Profession.

2nd. Its Practice as a Science, and as an Art.

3rd. Its Duty and Moral Obligation.

1st. Its Responsibilities—A physician stands as the guardian angel at the gate of nativity to point out the way to the “Tree of Life”; he guards the race through the perils of birth, the ills of infancy, and all the way along through the pathway of life plucks out the thorns and strews the roses in man’s chequered, wayworn course through this vale of tears, and, finally, when he can no longer cure his patient, and “Death on his Pale Horse” rides forth to the conquest, or is met by the avenging angel

with the flaming sword which points every way, guarding the Tree of Life, and when means fail to prolong his patient’s earthly existence, he can alleviate those pangs of the dying hour and diminish those sufferings which accompany the separation of the soul from its present dwelling place. If, then, the physician guards alike the entrance and the exit of this life; is the first and last friend of frail humanity, the superintendent of all private and all public and all military hospitals and public institutions for the sick and the insane; the medical adviser of legal tribunals for the administration of law and justice; the medical examiner for all institutions of insurance on lives, and the commissioner to regulate the sanitary condition of armies in hospital and in the field and in camp, of fleets, navies and nations; it is scarcely possible to conceive of a vocation in which every feeling of duty and honor ought more to incite him to activity and usefulness; to the cultivation of his intellectual powers and his resources to a life of beneficence and integrity, and above all to a sense of the deepest responsibility to his God, to the world in which he moves, and to his own conscience.

2nd. Its Practice as a Science and an Art—The celebrated Hufiland says: “That while the public can judge with tolerable accuracy in any other profession, it is not qualified to form an estimate of ability in medicine.” The minute anatomy, the deep play of sympathies and of function, which the various organs perform in health and in diseased action, are to the generality of mankind unknown. Their shallow theory, their vaunted nostrum, their false doctrines, their influence of mesmerism and of animal magnetism, from the time of the metallic Tractors of Perkins to the present hour in their hands, those of the ignorant have been made to assume an importance to which they are not entitled, and which is only the false assumption of knowledge which unprincipled persons have successfully practiced on the public credulity. Alive to the importance of practice of medicine as a science as well as an art, the physician will never imagine he has reached a point in which he has learned all that can be useful, and that no information can be gained by clinical practice at the bed-side, but is a student of nature’s law from the cradle to the grave.

3rd. Its Duty and Moral Obligation—Called to labor amid scenes of woe; watch incurable diseases and loathsome maladies; lessen or mitigate human suffering, mentally and bodily; remove unjust suspicions against the innocent; the faithful confidant of husband and wife, a moral obligation and sense of duty require of the physician that he should be prudent, kind and exceedingly circumspect, whereby no sensibility be blunted, pleasurable emotion stifled and good fail of its complete accomplishment, but when occasion yields the fitting opportunity, offer all those consolations which a pure Christianity, the handmaid of science, alone can impart.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

How K. K. Spent Two Hours.

‘Tis 7 P. M., Jan. 21, 1865. Well, I feel—I hardly know how I do feel. I have felt so a “thousand times” before. I am not sick, not well, just about half middling. I fear I am getting nervous. I want something, and don’t know what. I am not hungry, having just finished my supper—tea some call it, but it don’t seem natural to me. When I was a boy I got bread and milk “to sleep on,” no tea. I have two hours leisure and don’t know how to spend them. I have nothing new to read. I might write, but I don’t feel like it, couldn’t sit still if I did—chairs are as hard as a shoddy contractor’s heart—besides I

can’t think of anything to write. My head itches—nothing on it, I hope, nor in it either, I fear, for, with my most vigorous scratching, I fail to bring an idea to the surface. But I must do something; it will not do to be a “do-nothing” and a “know-nothing” at the same time. I put on my eighty (—y) dollar overcoat, (I am bound to dress well if I don’t lay up a cent,) and “westward (up King street) I wend my weary way.” I might go to the Canterbury and see the world-renowned Wray, and Jennie, and Millic, and Charlie, with the other stars of that popular resort—that would cure any man of the blues—but as I have not completely mastered the art of self-denial, I fear that I would be unable to “tear myself away” at nine. The same argument holds good in regard to visiting the New Theatre. I would become so interested in “The Streets of New York” that I might fail to reach the streets of Alexandria in time for duty. Duty first, pleasure last, says Uncle Sam. Putting this and that and the other things together, I conclude to drop into French’s and buy something to read. From the great variety of papers, pamphlets, magazines, &c., I select FRANK LESLIE’S TEN CENT MONTHLY for February—price 15 cents. I am not a Yankee, but I can’t see the “what-you-may-call-it” in selling a “Ten Cent Monthly” for fifteen cents, (it is worth twice that); if it must be sold for fifteen cents, why not call it a “Fifteen Cent Monthly”? As these are war times I ask no questions (aloud), but pay my fifteen cents for the Ten Cent and hasten home, expectation on the tip-toe to enjoy a treat “better than stewed eels for breakfast.” Alas! how short lived are all our sanguine hopes; from the highest pinnacle of happiness to the very depths of woe, how quick the transition! how terrible the shock! The leaves of my Monthly are uncut! Why publishers don’t finish their books I can’t understand. The reading matter is excellent, well printed on good paper. The book is well sewed, notwithstanding blockade running is “played out” and cotton has “gone up,” but the leaves are not cut—“that’s what’s the matter.” Now, publishers know, or if they don’t, they ought to know, that I don’t keep a knife, and if I had one, who could keep it sharp enough to cut paper? I call Jim—Jim is an honest, reliable and intelligent contractor—but to-night he exhibits more cheek than usual, (he has a toothache.) “No, sah, James has no knife, but will Mr. — be so kind as to give James a chew of tobacco, if Mr. — please.” If our fire was not so poor—making it extremely easy to keep cool—Jim, or James, as he calls himself, might become a “swell head.” If there is anything that will raise my temper to a boiling heat it is to be asked for tobacco. How any one, white, colored or mixed, can fail to at first sight to see that I don’t “use the weed” puzzles me. I have a faint recollection of trying a chew when a boy. Shades of railroads, Thomsonian doctors and lobelia! wasn’t I sick? The tobacco gave me such a “cleaning out,” and mother gave me such a “switching off” that to this day I tremble at the smell, sight, or even the name of “the sweet soother of troubled minds.” ‘Tis nine o’clock—time is up. K. K.

A turkey was exposed for sale in the Petersburg market yesterday morning at the small figure of \$112. Several years ago this sum would have brought three or four fine hogs, two or three barrels of meal, a quarter or two of beef, a barrel of molasses, a quantity of coffee and sugar, with a fine turkey added. Now behold the difference!—*Richmond Whig, 31st.*

Railway motto.—A break in time saves a smash.

# T H E C R I P P L E .

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

[PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### GRANT!

Quiet still prevails along the lines of the army of the Potomac, the bad weather prevailing during the past few days making it impracticable to carry out any military movement, even if one were contemplated.—Many persons have predicted that an evacuation of Petersburg would take place before now, but as yet there are no signs of such an event.—The deserters coming within our lines are very numerous, the number varying from a dozen to fifteen a day, all of whom tell the most doleful stories of the hardships they had to endure, the scarcity of provisions, &c., and predict the end of the rebellion near at hand.

### WILMINGTON.

On the 18th our entire force, under General Alfred H. Terry, advanced toward Wilmington, and were reinforced by a heavy column of veteran troops from the South, believed to be under command of General Howard.—On the 16th the enemy blew up Forts Caswell and Campbell, and abandoned them and the works on Smith's Island, those at Smithville, and on Reve's Point. These places were occupied by the navy.—The whole number of guns captured amounts to 162, a large number of small arms also fell into our hands, besides quantities of ordnance and commissary stores.—Com. Porter in a communication dated the 20th, says: "One would suppose that the whole Southern Confederacy had been at work throwing up mud and sand; and General Whiting, the engineer, certainly had an abiding faith in the durability of the Confederacy, as he shows his opinion by his works, which have been four years building, and were taken in as many days.—We picked up a telegram from General Lee to his subordinates here, saying that if Forts Fisher and Caswell were not held he would have to evacuate Richmond. He says most truly; and I should not be at all surprised if he left at any moment."

### GENERAL NEWS.

On the 24th inst., a rebel naval fleet came down the James river, and soon after engaged the Union batteries; result, one of the rebel steamers was blown up, and two others so badly damaged that they quickly returned whence they came.—The rebel Gen. Forrest was reported to be concentrating his forces at Houston Miss., with a view of making a raid into Memphis.—The steamer Atlantic from Mobile bay arrived in New York on the 16th inst., with 1000 bales of cotton from the rebel government to purchase blankets, clothing &c., for the rebel prisoners.—It is reported that Ex Senator Gwin has been created duke by Maximilian, and that Sonora, Sinaloa, Chihuahua, Durango, and Lower California, have been ceded to Napoleon by the Mexican Government; and that Mr. Gwin has been appointed viceroy over those States.—Mr. James A. Sedden, Jeff Davis' secretary of war and Judah P. Benjamin secretary of state have resigned.—A heavy fire occurred in Buffalo on the 25th destroying over \$500,000 worth of property.—Gen. McClellan and wife left New York on Wednesday for Europe.

**HOSPITAL REGULATIONS.**—A recent order of the War Department directs that enlisted men, fit for duty in the field, will not be detailed to or retained in general hospitals in any capacity. Companies of the 2d battalion Veteran Reserve Corps will be detailed, with or without commissioned officers, as the Surgeon General may direct, for guards, attendants, nurses, cooks, &c., at general hospitals. Companies and detachments so detailed will be regularly mustered by surgeons in charge, commissioned in the volunteer or regular service, and will not be relieved or transferred except by order of the Secretary of War.

The success of the last two months has been far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine believer in wonders. The footings are as follows:

Guns captured,	354.
Prisoners captured,	22,600.
Rebels killed and wounded,	8,000.
Rebel Generals killed, wounded, captured,	24.
Rebel railroads destroyed, miles,	280.
Locomotives,	50.
Railroad cars,	251.
Cotton captured and destroyed,	\$50,000,000.

Prentiss says a general should not stand too straight. He ought to lean a little upon his staff.

## Local Matters.

**MARRIED.**—At New York City, on the 18th inst. by Rev. Dr. Adler, LEOPOLD COHEN, Editor of this paper to FLORA, eldest daughter of Samuel Misch, Esq., of N. Y. City.

Senator Wilson's new Conscription Bill is very stringent: penalties are extremely severe, and it makes every man who furnishes a substitute liable in case he deserts. It is understood to be in accordance with the views of the Secretary of War. It will be considered by the Military Committee at their next meeting.

The twenty-third army corps passed through this city on Thursday,—destination unknown.

### OBITUARY.

Died January 24th 1865, IVANOFF STANISLAUS VON WILLENTZKI, Act'g. Asst. Surg. U. S. Army, after a brief illness.

Dr. Willentzki was born in Navaroff, Poland, in 1821, graduated in Germany, and served with credit in the Crimean war as Surgeon of the 4th regiment of Light Infantry of the British German Legion.

He came to this country in 1858. Having chosen his residence in Illinois, was, soon after the breaking out of the present rebellion, commissioned by the Governor of that State as Captain of Co. G. 65th Regiment Illinois Volunteers. He served in this capacity for about a year, and after the acceptance of his resignation, took the position which he occupied until the time of his death.

His remains were buried on the 26th inst. The funeral was largely attended, and the procession moved in the following order.

- 3rd Div. Hosp'l Band.
- Escort—V. R. C. detachment commanded by Lieut Waters.
- Hearse with pallbearers—Drs. Koechling, Bowen, Elliott, Leitchfield, Andrews and Cass.
- Carriages—with mourners.
- Ambulances—with patients.
- Medical officers—mounted, in uniform and with mourning insignia.
- Captain McCauley, and Lieuts. Watts and Brough.
- V. R. C.—Marshals.

After meeting at this Hd'q's., the procession moved to the residence of the deceased, where the Episcopal burial service was read by Chaplain McMurdy U. S. A. Thence proceeding to the Catholic Church on Royal St., the funeral sermon was preached with due ceremony, by Rev. Father Kroer, pastor. The column then moved to the Military Cemetery, where a portion of the Episcopal burial service was again performed, and after interment, the customary tripel round of musketry was fired.

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 27th. 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	753.
No. of patients admitted	7.
do do Returned to duty,	5.
do do Transferred,	4.
do do Furloughed,	2.
do do Discharged,	15.
do do Deserted,	9.
do do Deceased,	0.
No. of Patients remaining	544.

### SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 27th. 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	885.
No. of patients admitted	57.
do do Returned to duty,	1.
do do Transferred,	3.
do do Furloughed,	2.
do do Discharged,	9.
do do Deserted,	4.
do do Deceased,	0.
No. of patients remaining,	855.

### THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 27th. 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	1350.
No. of patients admitted,	25.
do do Returned to duty,	21.
do do Transferred,	10.
do do Furloughed,	15.
do do Discharged,	11.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	4.
do do Remaining,	919.

### LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 27th. 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	892.
No. of patients admitted	19.
do do Returned to duty	13.
do do Furloughed	1.
do do Discharged	5.
do do Deceased	3.
do do Remaining	551.

### CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 27th. 1865.

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

SEREBL 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 Pine and Fay streets.

GRACE CHURCH BRANCH, Patrick Street, south Prince.

BAPTIST CHURCH BRANCH, corner Washington and Prince streets.

CLAREMONT GENERAL HOSPITAL, (Eruptive Fever) 3m. S. South west from Alexandria, V. V. 1864. Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. with Dr. J.

# THE CRIPPLE.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Lines suggested upon reading a piece 'n the N. Y. Mercury, of a case where a young couple were to have been married, and upon the day the nuptial ceremonies were to have been celebrated, the intended happy pair went out riding, when the horse took fright and ran away, throwing the young lady out and injuring her so badly that she died. Upon the death bed she called her intended husband to her bedside and said, "it is not ordained that we should wed here, but in Heaven I will be thy Angel Wife."

## I'll be thy Angel Wife.

I've stood beside the death bed  
Of one I dearly love,  
And saw her pass from this vile earth  
To Heaven, her home, above.

She said 'twas not ordained that we  
Should marry in this life,  
But, Oh! in Heaven, that happy land,  
"I'll be thy Angel Wife."

Now, in my dreams I see her  
Clad in her form of clay,  
But when I open my eyes,  
Alas, her spirit's flown away.

Now, Father, give me strength, I pray,  
To so live in this life,  
That I may live hereafter  
With my darling Angel Wife.

H. Z. K.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

## Lines

BY JENNI, PHILADELPHIA.

What gives content? What satisfies the soul?  
'Tis not in ease, voluptuous wealth to roll;  
Nor yet does poverty our happiness complete,  
For wealth and poverty do both compete  
In making man most miserable.

Thrice blessed he who feels his brother's woe;  
Who for his cares a tender heart will show;  
Who, shedding tears for hearts in sorrow steeped,  
Lightens the sorrow—a reward is reaped  
Which shall endure forever.

Why, what is life? The answer's from above.  
A life is life in God, and God is love.  
Kind words and deeds, and looks true and sincere,  
Lead life a charm that bids us linger here  
Till called to happy home.

## Sense and Nonsense,

### Sayings of Josh Billings.

*Amerikus*—Your contribushum iz in hind. We like its fluidness. It iz like ice on a side hill. Natur haz did a good thing fer yu, and yu ought tew be willing tew dew a good thing for natur. This line in your produkshun strikes us as very butiful and original; "And larn the luxury of dewing good." Goldsmith hisself maite hav bin proud ov sich a line. And agin: "Oh, would sun power the gifty give us, ov seeing ourselves az others see us; yure idee ov introducing the skotch acksent into yure stile, iz very happee. If yu never hav red Robert Burns, yu will be suprizew tew larn that his stile very much rsembels yure. Ous more yu sa: "If ignorance iz bliss, tis fooly tew be wize." This sentiment iz jst az tru az it tis common. Pope, I think, haz sumthing similar; but awl grate minds sumtimes express theirselves alike. Yure contribushun will appear in our nex issu, with a *wad cut* pikter ov a saw buck at the top ov it.

*Flora*—Yu sa that Your Adolphus haz proved untru, and yu must die. I never advise deth under enny circumstances, altho it properly iz cheaper jst now tew die, than it iz to liv. Bear up like a man

under yure dispensashuns. Take sum Pills; but if yu find that yu are so bound up in Adolphus, that fistic wont work, hire out to teach a districk skule, and it wont be 3 months before yu kan exclaim, with the Patriark ov old, Adolphus be d—d!

*Beta*—I think sumly az yu do, "this world iz awl a fleetin sirkus, for man's illushun given," but that aint no rezon for not pitching in and being illusioned onse in a while. I wouldnt give a cent for a man who hadnt bin illusioned; and who didnt expect tew be several times agin.

*Mathew*—I see bi yure letter that yu hav determined tew studdy ministry. Yu sa yu hav doubts about yure talents be'ng enuffly to make a ministe; i don't think that ought tu bluff yu oph, for i hav saw menny men ov almighty mean tallents, who got tew be fast rate minis ters.

*Pinkander*—yu ask me which iz the most best, the marrid or the single condishun? Most evry boddie, at sum time in their life, haz tried the single state; also, moste evry boddie haz kankered after the double state, or married condishun. I hav tried both states, and am redde tew aware, that if a man kan git a woman, who kan fike pankakes on both sides without burning them, and dont hanker tew be a wimmie's kommittee, the married state iz a heaven and arth, awl tew onst. But after awl, the married state iz a good deal like falling out ov a cherry tree, if a person don't happen tew git hurt it iz a good rezon for not trying it agin.—*Troy News.*

"THE WAY YOU ALWAYS STOPPED."—The *Vermont Record* tells a good story of an innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," who was passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train collided with a passenger train smashing one of the cars, killing several passengers, and upsetting things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered senses, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers having sought *terra firma*) with a very placid expression upon her countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete summersault over the seat in front, and her handbox and bundle had gone unceremoniously down the passage way. "Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor. "Hurt! why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train, two or three passengers have been killed and several others severely injured." "La, me! I didn't know but that was the way you always stopped."

A PLEASING INCIDENT.—The Rev. Dr. Kendall, who recently returned from an official visit to California, communicates the following incident:—"A poor little boy brought to the Sanitary Fair held at Marysville a white chicken, which was all he had to offer, saying it might make some broth for a poor sick soldier. He had decked this little offering with ribbon of 'red, white and blue,' but he had no money to pay the entrance fee, and was rejected at the door. As he passed down the street, a gentleman, seeing his distress, listened to his story, gave him a ticket and sent him in. The simplicity of the child and the beauty of the offering attracted attention and the chicken was put up and sold for four hundred dollars in gold for the Sanitary Commission."

The other night a landlord discovering one of his customers drunk, sloshing about in the mire, went to his assistance, and setting him up on his feet, inquired if he was sick, or what was the matter? "No," replied the boozey customer, "I ain't sick; no, I ain't drunk, but I'm almighty discouraged."

Croaker being ill, his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" said he.

ANECDOTE.—When, during the late war, Admiral Warren was lying in the Chesapeake, Captain Smith was sent by Com. Stewart, then in Norfolk, to negotiate an exchange of prisoners. The news had just arrived of the capture of the Java, and the admiral, speaking of that event, asked Captain Smith how it happened that our frigates were so successful in taking theirs. Captain Smith answered that he knew no reason for it unless it was that we fought better. "No," said the Admiral, "that cannot be; the reason is, that two thirds of your crews are British seamen." "Then," replied Captain Smith, "the other third, being Americans, make the whole difference." The Admiral attempted no further explanation or argument on the knotty subject. We doubt if the records of wit can produce a more happy repartee. It was prompt and sharp; and at the same time goes to the very heart and marrow of the question. It is one of those pushes that can neither be parried nor returned. It closed the game; the Admiral had not another move.

A FRENCH LOVER.—A young lady of Languedoc, of a kind and ingenuous temper, was courted by a petit maitre of Paris. After an absence of three months, she met him accidentally in the street, dressed much to his own satisfaction in a new peruke well powdered, as was then the fashion. Just as she began to express her joy at seeing him, a shower of rain came on; at which her Narcissus discovered symptoms of great uneasiness; and instead of expressing himself in a manner corresponding to her tender salutation, he began to run for shelter. "What!" cried the indignant pair one, "have we been three long months absent from each other, do you still love me. Do you enjoy my company, and is it possible you can think of your wig being spoiled by a few drops of rain?"

A NEW NAME.—So much powder has been expended in the vicinity of one Southern city that it will be eminently proper to change its name after this cruel war is over, and call it, for instance, Salt-petersburg.

A man in Newark, N. J., chopped off the head of a chicken one night last week, and the papers of that city assert that the next morning it "was alive and walked about, apparently but little the worse for losing its head." It was probably some bothered about eating.

At a school for contraband children in Northern Alabama, the teacher used the phrase, "common sense," and asked what it meant. The answer was prompt and decisive, from a boy of ten—"Not to steal; to behave yourself, and not to cuss and swear."

"Why did Adam bite the apple?" said the schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Because he had no knife," replied the urchin.

If a policeman detect men stealing, what ought he to do, and yet not do? Stop 'em in it,—stop a minute.

## Official Directory.

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