

The Cripple.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES' GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1865.

NO. 13

The Cripple

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT
HEAD-QUARTERS THIRD DIVISION
U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, ALEXA, VA.

On the following terms:

Subscription for one year.....	\$1.00
" " Six Months.....	50
" " Three ".....	25
" " One Month.....	10

PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

The Home of My Birth.

There's one spot dearer to me
Than all others of the earth,
'Tis the place where rests the homestead,
Where my life was given birth.
You would call it plain, e'en homely,
If you ever wandered there.
But, I tell you, it is dearer
To my heart beyond compare!

There my sainted mother taught me
How to lip her cherished name.
There she builded in my men'ry
What was more than wealth or fame.
Prayer she taught my lips to utter,
Faith she planted in my heart,
And she prayed that I to others,
Her good teachings would impart.

(Oh, dear mother! angel mother!
Had I heeded all you taught,
Half the battles of my manhood
By me never had been fought;
And the anguish, and the sorrow,
And the pain that wrings the heart,
Were not mine to torment conscience,
Would have never left a smart!)

Here that mother parted from me,
And the little plot of ground
Just behind, and near the orchard,
Now contains the humble mound.
All the place is hallowed to me,
And I never trespass there,
But I breathe to her in Heaven,
All a son's impassioned prayer!

F. J. W.

Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Answering "Special Notices."

BY WILL WANDERER.

"Here is a letter for you, Gus," said Captain Thompson, as he handed private Augustus Fitzsimmons, of Company A, — Connecticut Volunteers, a small perfumed envelope. Gus took the letter and hurried to his "shelter" to peruse its contents. As he was leaving the tent he met his chum and tent mate, Tom Benton.

"Hurrah, Tom, I have got a letter from Araminta and she will meet us at the depot when we go home to vote. Read the letter and congratulate me."

Tom read the letter, which was as follows:

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Nov. 3d, 1865.

DEAREST AUGUSTUS—Yours of October 30th came to hand in due season, and was read with pleasure unimaginable! Only think! I have sent you stray, rambling thoughts, over six months, and seem as well acquainted as if I had known you all my life, and yet I have never seen your face. True, I have your shadow on the card you have sent me, but I am anxious to meet my heart's idol face to face! I wear your picture next to my heart every day, and at nights sleep with it under my pillow. Would that I could annihilate space, and imprint a loving kiss upon the brow of my dear Augustus!

Do not disappoint me, but be sure to come on the evening train, the 5th inst. When you arrive go to the ladies' sitting room and I will be there. You will know me by a bouquet of roses in my hand.—Wear a blue ribbon in the button hole of your coat. Give my regards to your friend Benton. No more at present from

Your true and loving

ARAMINTA.

It was written on small tinted note paper and highly perfumed.

"Capital! isn't it Tom? When we arrive home you shall see what a prize I have obtained by my *Special* in the Waverly. I know she must be beautiful, by her writing."

"Yes, it is. I only regret that I did not advertise when you did. But I will at least have the pleasure of witnessing your meeting."

As the eight o'clock train from New York arrived at New Haven, Gus and Tom hurried up-stairs and into the ladies' sitting room. On one of the sofas sat a well-dressed lady, thickly veiled and gloved.—In her hand she held a small bouquet of roses. As they entered she arose and met them.

"Augustus!"

"Araminta!"

And they were clasped in each other's arms.

Tom took his handkerchief out of his pocket, crammed it into his mouth and leaned against the wall.

"O, Augustus! If you only knew how I have longed to see you, you would have come before."

"Dear Araminta you have never been out of my mind since I received your first letter. But why do you keep that horrid veil over your beautiful face, shutting in the light of your sparkling eyes? There is no one in the room but my friend, and I must have a kiss," and he attempted to raise the veil.

"Not here, dear Augustus, not here. Wait until some other time."

"No, I must have one now," and raising the veil he discovered that he had been duped by a *negress*, so black that charcoal would make a white mark on her!

Gus wilted and made a break for the door. Tom followed suit, hanging on to his sides. Gus acknowledged that it was his turn to treat, and made Tom promise to "keep mum," but the joke was too good for Tom to keep, so it leaked out.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

To Hospital.

Pale faced boy. There he stood in the ranks and received his extra forty rounds of ammunition. The order of the day was "To the Rappahannock." The rebels were there, and a fight was expected. But he was not to go. I looked at his weary limbs, his thin face, his sunken eye, his nerveless form. He said I, to myself. "Break ranks, march," cried the Sergeant; and with nerves unstrung, and the red fever deepening on his countenance, he fainted. They laid him in a nice cozy spot, where the chilly March winds would not touch him. They made him a bed of their blankets, and the cook promised to watch him. The promise was well kept. Bright rose and set the sun, and as it sunk in the west, the scout returned. The busy bustle of coffee-pouring and hard-tack issuing followed, and the night came on and passed. Clouds gathered as the morning dawned, and even the pattering rain came down.

The order was "Retreat." Slowly and orderly was it conducted. But what would the sick soldier do? There, they lead him to the low thatched roof in the woods. He sinks down upon the hard floor, thinking less of life, and more of home and heaven. But he was to live. Kindly his comrades remembered him. Sick and wounded came in, but he heeded little. Darkness gathered over his mind.—Blindness nearly shut out his sight. Delirium came and went. Some said, "He won't live." Others, "He'll surely die." One wrote to his friends.

The ambulance came, and the rear-guard. Ambulance! it was only a Government wagon. Two day's ride, over stumps and stones, and through woods and creeks, until Manassas was reached.—How glad he was to rest his body after the terrible jolting. With twenty others he lay there on the platform, waiting for the cars. A cup of tea, the first for a fortnight, revived him somewhat. The Chaplain gave it to him. Did he ever forget that gift or the giver? Never. In low delirium, he muttered of home and friends, of those he loved.

A puff, a shriek, and the train arrived. Then there was hurrying to and fro. "Put the sick in there," shouted the conductor, pointing to a passenger car. There in the corner, with the rough seat back to rest upon, and with baggage strewn all around, half alive, half dead, the soldier boy, looked vacantly round him. There were ladies, but no kind word was spoken. Oh! they were sight-seers, only.

Slowly, tremblingly, moved the train. Darkness came in, and finally Alexandria appeared to view.—Welcome sight to one. Silently he sat, till the Steward picked up his wasted form and carried him to the ambulance. Whirling, bouncing, rattling, finally to hospital.

The gas burned brightly in the office. Kindly the Surgeon inquired "What's the matter"; but little greeted him in answer save a wondering and weary look. They took him to bed. How grateful he felt as he sunk down upon the mattress, and tender hands

Continued on fourth page.

The Cripple

LEOPOLD COHEN.—EDITOR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1865.



IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

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

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

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

Peace.

How the heart of every American beats as he reads the rumors of peace now in circulation. That Commissioners have been sent by the rebels to treat on this subject is no longer rumor, but fact. It is sufficiently known that Secretary Seward has gone to meet them; and that the President has gone on the same mission is believed in well informed circles. The darkness which has so long shrouded our nation seems to give way before the light of a coming peace. The Richmond Dispatch says of the Peace Commissioners:—"When the object of their mission became known, our troops sent up such a cheering as was never heard before;" and also that "the Yankee troops cheered and hurraed until they were hoarse." These facts and rumors are significant. How they thrill every American heart. We hope and believe the day of peace is dawning. With what joy will it be greeted? Hail happy day when the North and South shall again be united and peace return to our country.

Work for Disabled Soldiers.

We take pleasure in informing our invalid readers that a "BUREAU OF EMPLOYMENT FOR DISABLED AND DISCHARGED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS" has been organized in New York City, under the direction of such men as Lt. General Winfield Scott, Admiral Dupont, H. W. Bellows, D. D., J. J. Astor, Peter Cooper, and others. The Bureau is established with the following objects:

1. To aid those who have served honorably in the Army and Navy of the United States in obtaining employment.

2. To prevent the necessity of costly charitable institutions, such as exist in Europe, but which are foreign to our ideas and repulsive to the innate dignity of American soldiers and sailors.

3. To lessen the pauperism and crime that follows war, and surely attends on large numbers of unoccupied men left to themselves, without employment or means of subsistence.

4. To save to the country a large amount of productive labor in this season of trial, when it can least afford to maintain idle hands.

The New York Times, commenting on the usefulness of the institution, says:—"The record of the

Bureau shows a wide range in the business pursuits of the applicants. There are reporters, book-keepers, clerks, salesmen, merchants, farmers, watch-makers, tailors, cutlers—in short, representatives of every trade and occupation. While on the one hand much sympathy, sincere and earnest, is given to these soldiers by the public, on the other hand, the Bureau finds a want of ideas and information among employers hardly to have been expected. It is found necessary to instruct employers who are really willing to help, yet are under the belief that there is nothing in their establishments which disabled men can do. We know by actual observation that there are innumerable services that the maimed can perform. We know that honor and patriotism and humanity alike require that such services shall be promptly handed over to the disabled veterans."

Discharged veterans, desirous of obtaining employment, will direct their letters, stating what kind of labor is adapted to them, to Col. CHARLES C. NOTT, Secretary of the Bureau, No. 35 Chambers street, N. Y.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

D. S. L.'s "Pipes" Attacked by a Scotchman.

To the Editor of The Cripple:

SIR—Some men are born great, some are really great, many sigh to be great, and more think themselves great! To which of these classes your correspondent "D. S. L." belongs I leave your numerous patrons and appreciative readers to decide.

In your "Cripple" of the 14th ultimo he treats us to a graphic and characteristic essay on "Pipes" and "Pipers." I have neither time or inclination to criticise (I am no critic) this racy article. It would serve no purpose whatever, neither would your space admit of it. I merely wish to notice briefly this author's remarks on one class of "Pipes" and "Pipers," which (whether intentional, or through a lamentable ignorance) is little less than a libel on a class not the least respectable among those who have left their native land to seek a home in this country. I will also notice one or two "Pipes" and "Pipers" which your correspondent has overlooked.

Wit must have point, and, like good coin, have "the wring of the true metal" to make it pass current—its imitation, like a badly executed counterfeit note, deceives no one but the merest tyro.

Your correspondent says "there are bagpipes, 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." Almost every country has its favorite musical instrument; the most savage tribes can pluck a reed out of the ground from which they can extract tolerable music; the Israelites of old had their "ram's horns," with which they blew down the walls of Jericho; the Assyrians and Babylonians had their "symbols," "dulcimers," and "sackbuts," and the Scotchman has his "bagpipe." To a man who cannot appreciate music the sound of the bagpipes may seem somewhat uncouth, but to the honest-hearted, simple-minded Scotchman the stirring strains of that instrument calls up the noblest feelings of his nature. These strains have spurred on the undaunted Scottish soldier to victory, as the records of many a bloody battle-field can testify.

If "D. S. L." would take the trouble to enquire at the proper quarters, he will find that the founderies, steam engine building establishments, ship building yards, the cotton and woolen factories of this country, Scotchmen abound, who are an honor to the country from which they sprung. He will find that

such men benefit the country to which they go, and the loss of such men to the mother country is a serious one.

It is a fact (although "D. S. L." does not seem to be aware of it) that, unlike the emigrant from Ireland and the Continent of Europe generally, the Scotch emigrant is usually either a first-class mechanic or a man of some means, and seldom presents himself, in this or any other country, as a pauper or a criminal. The Scotch, of all European people, are less inclined to emigrate. This is accounted for by their strong love of country and deep attachment to its government and institutions. There are very few Scotch paupers in Scotland, for every industrious man can live comfortable and happy in that country. These beautiful lines of Sir Walter Scott.

"Is there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart that ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand.
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his title, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, all concentrated in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

finds an echo in every Scottish breast, which answers, no, not one. If your correspondent ever has the privilege of visiting Scotland, he will there see a sight to which no other country in the world presents a parallel, viz: the way in which a whole nation keep the Sabbath day; and as all travellers require to stay at hotels and taverns, he will there be able to do so without being exposed to sounds of obscenity and cursing which, alas, prevails in such establishments in many places. The land of John Knox, of Scott, and of Burns, is a land of morality and principle, and to Scotland's example of stubborn resistance to civil and religious tyranny, this country is deeply indebted for its liberty.

One "Piper," who must have been celebrated in his day, your correspondent has overlooked, viz: the "piper who played before Moses"; that "piper" must, of course, have had a "pipe," that "pipe," I have no doubt, was a bagpipe, and the "piper" a Scotchman, (for Scotchmen are able to trace their nationality up to Noah, and long before.) How delighted Moses must have been with the music, for Moses was a poet, and all poets (I mean true poets) are musically inclined. Then again,

"There was a piper had a cow,
And he had nought to give her;
He took his pipes and played a tune,
And bade the cow consider;
The cow consider'd very well,
And gave the piper a penny
To play the same tune o'er again.
O, corn riggs are bonny."

"Music," tis said, "has charms to sooth the savage breast," but that cow evidently felt that the sound of the pipes on an empty belly was no go.

In the third number of your valuable "Cripple," in that interesting article called "Life in Alexandria," are the following lines:

"The setting sun betokens parting day,
A lonely cow walks slowly o'er the lea,
So we will homeward take our darksome way,
And leave the scene to night birds and to thee."

Now that cow evidently was fond of music, for the nightingale is of all birds the most musical, (supposing the night birds alluded to were nightingales,) but it is evident, however, that that cow had no "piper."

A SCOTCHMAN.
ALEXANDRIA VA., January 31st, 1865.

THE CRIPPLE.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

[PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

PEACE.

City Point, January 31.—Yesterday a flag of truce appeared on the line in front of Petersburg, occupied by the 9th corps, and a message sent in for permission to allow A. H. Stevens and R. M. T. Hunter, commissioners from the Southern Confederacy, to pass through the lines for the purpose of proceeding to Washington, supposed to be for the purpose of proposing terms of peace, or conference with the Government at Washington. Owing to some misunderstanding they did not come through the lines, but it is expected that the matter will be arranged, and that they will arrive to-day, and at once be conveyed to Washington on a special boat.

February 1, 1865.—The announcement that the peace commissioners had arrived within our lines, and had gone to Washington, although premature, was not without foundation in fact. On Sunday a flag-of-truce appeared on the line near the centre, and being answered, it was found to be a request, in pursuance of an understanding with Mr. Blair and General Grant, for permission for the following named persons to pass to General Grant's headquarters: Lieutenant Colonel Hatch, Assistant Adjutant General and Exchange Commissioner, with Alexander H. Stevens, R. M. T. Hunter, and J. A. Campbell.

Owing to General Grant's absence from City Point, no reply could be sent immediately; but the matter was referred to Washington, and after several communications had passed between our authorities and the commissioners, the permission was granted. They were escorted to the railroad in carriages, where a special train was in waiting to convey them to City Point.

A large crowd of soldiers was here assembled, anxious to get a glimpse at the strangers, and when the train started loud cheers again greeted them. On arriving at City Point they were taken to General Grant's headquarters, where they spent the night.

The Richmond Dispatch of Tuesday, January 31, contains the following:

"Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell, the Confederate peace commissioners, who left here on Sunday morning for Washington city, stopped Sunday night in Petersburg, whence they went through the lines to City Point yesterday morning. They left our lines on General Bushrod Johnson's front. As they were making the transit, their character, and the object of their mission became known, when our troops sent up such a cheering as never was heard before, and continued it till the commissioners were out of sight, and well within the Yankee lines, when the clamor was immediately caught up by the Yankee troops, who cheered and hurraed until they were hoarse. Amidst these deafening shouts of armies the commissioners went on their way. The next we hear of them will be through the Yankee newspapers."

President Lincoln left Washington on Thursday for Annapolis, en-route it is supposed for City Point. Secretary Seward having left the day before, the conjecture is that the rebel commissioners have been fully authorized to "treat for peace" with the United States.

SHERMAN!

Sherman commenced his movement on South Carolina on the 17th ult., with three columns. The main column moving toward Charleston, taking nearly all his transportation; two other columns in light marching order moving by separate roads towards Branchville. Gen. Hill has issued orders requiring non-combatants to leave Augusta. The latest information from the army represents it to be at a less distance than forty miles from the city of Charleston, the enemy offering resistance at every point, and being gradually driven from every available position for defence.—A portion of Admiral Porter's fleet has joined Admiral Dahlgren in Charleston harbor.—Several vessels loaded with supplies for the suffering poor of Savannah had arrived from New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

REPENTANT REBEL GENERALS.—Brigadier General Roddy, who has earned a high reputation during the war as a partisan cavalry commander, and who has co-operated with Forrest in several important operations, grew tired of the contest a few weeks ago. He found means to communicate with the Federal authorities, and through them procured a full pardon from the President as a condition precedent to laying down his arms. He will probably soon be heard from at his old home in Tennessee.

General Chalmers, in a speech at Corinth, Mississippi, in the early part of January, accused Hood of selling him out. He expressed the opinion that the Confederacy had gone under, and told his men to do as they pleased—he should have nothing more to do with them, but should quit and try to save the remainder of his property.

It is also stated that the rebel General Morrow has sent a message to a personal friend in the army, stating that he had lost all faith in the rebel leaders, and wished to surrender himself to the Federal commander, and is now waiting near Corinth to ascertain what terms will be granted to an officer of his rank voluntarily returning to his allegiance.

In its anger and contempt for rebel officers and men the Charleston *Mercury* breaks out into eulogy of Sherman, as the model whom the "chivalry" should imitate:

"We want nerve in Congress—we want nerve in our generals. It is nerve that has carried Sherman to Savannah—it is that which is now carrying him to cut the Confederacy in half. His is an army of discipline—an army of soldiers—not a mob of ragamuffins. He has no generals with rolls of twenty or thirty thousand men, and twenty or thirty hundred in the field. His men stand to their guns—not to people's chicken-coops and barn-yards. His men are full in hand at their posts. He holds them there. He is a General."

Local Matters.

A paroled prisoner sends us from Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md., several very interesting pieces of poetry and a sketch of prison life, written in the prison at Andersonville, Ga., which will appear in our next number.

Amendment of the Constitution.

The House of Representatives on Tuesday passed the proposed amendment to the Constitution, by a vote of 119 to 56. The Washington Chronicle, in speaking of the "great event," says:

The last day of January, 1865, marks one of the grand historic days of the Republic. No prouder event will ever illumine the annals of our legislative history. On that day the popular branch of the government, the representatives of the free people of the United States, consecrated the 38th Congress of the nation to immortality; for at four o'clock in the afternoon the House, by the decisive vote of 119 to 56, decreed to amend the organic law of this great nation so as evermore to prohibit involuntary servitude, except for crime. This completes the action of Congress on the proposed amendment, the Senate having agreed to it by a prior vote, and nothing now remains but for three-fourths of the State legislatures to ratify this amendment, when it will become part of the Constitution.

RECRUITS.—Gov. Fenton, of New York, has appointed a recruiting agent for this locality who is authorized to pay the highest bounties now offered by any State in the Union. This agent will establish an office in this city in a day or two. *Journal.*

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 FEBRUARY 3rd. 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	544.
No. of patients admitted	11.
do do Returned to duty,	11.
do do Transferred,	5.
do do Furloughed,	5.
do do Discharged	2.
do do Deserted	0.
do do Deceased,	4.
No. of Patients remaining	538.

SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 3rd. 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	885.
No. of patients admitted	11.
do do Returned to duty,	1.
do do Transferred,	5.
do do Furloughed,	0.
do do Discharged,	4.
do do Deserted	0.
do do Deceased	2.
No. of patients remaining,	656.

THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 3rd 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	1350.
No. of patients admitted,	103.
do do Returned to duty,	8.
do do Transferred	8.
do do Furloughed,	10.
do do Discharged,	6.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	4.
do do Remaining,	974.

LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 3rd. 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	692.
No. of patients admitted	6.
do do Returned to duty	44.
do do Furloughed	8.
do do Discharged	0.
do do Deceased	4.
do do Remaining	501.

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 3 d. 1865

Total number of beds for patients	164.
No. of patients admitted,	0.
do do Returned to Duty,	0.
do do Remaining,	23.

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.

MANSON 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.

METHOIST 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.

SLOWLY 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, F. W. MOORE Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. *atte disy.*

covered him, no one can tell, save the Overruler of all things. Kind words, kind acts, kind friends, kind Providence, recovered him. A brother's dear face greeted him one day, and how his heart bounded with joy, and his eyes ran over with happy tears.— But with a weakened body, disabled, he never reached his regiment again.

This is but the story of many. He lived. Others suffered and died. May they rest in peace; may their country never forget them; may they rise in the first resurrection. D. S. L.

The following poem was written by a little girl of nine years:—

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

The Dying Soldier.

BY L. H. S., HARTFORD, CONN.

Upon a southern field
A dying soldier lay.
The breeze around him played,
In the pleasant month of May,
With his head upon his arm,
He lay sadly thinking there,
Of his dear young wife at home,
And his little children fair.

Of his mother, when she blessed him,
When he left her at the gate,
Oh! how sadly she would miss him,
And how vainly watch and wait.
He raised his eyes to Heaven,
The sunshine brightly smiled
And gilded all around him,
Like some sportive little child.

And the God who dwells in Heaven,
Upon his great white throne,
Saw the soldier as he lay there,
Dying all alone,
And he sent his angels down
From their starry home on high,
And they came and stood beside him,
Come to see the soldier die.

And they floated all around him,
Upon their snowy wings,
And gently whispered to him
Of words as fresh as springs.
He thought it was the south wind
That played among his hair;
He bowed his head upon his breast
In deep and fervent prayer.

Then a smile lit up his features,
Though no parting word was spoken,
And the silver cord was severed,
And the golden bowl was broken.

Sense and Nonsense.

"Tough Cuss."

The following good story is told of the Hon. H. B.—, recently elected to the N. Y. Assembly. He is not only a man of brains, but of wit, and can tell a story or crack a joke as well as "any other man."

He had previously acted with the Democratic party, but finding it too much in sympathy with the rebellion for loyal fellowship, he abandoned the organization. A war Democrat, he chose to act with Union men, and sustain, instead of oppose the Government in putting down the rebellion.

He had no sooner been nominated by the Unionists, than all sorts of stories were set afloat prejudicial to his character. He paid but little attention to what was said of him, until the evening before the election. Having looked after all the other towns in his district, he called a meeting at H.—, where he resides, on the evening before the election. It was understood that he would not only define his position politically, but answer the charges made against him, affecting his private character.

Of course there was a large turn-out, the Democracy contributing largely to swell the crowd.

Mr. B.—, made a capital speech, as he always does, and after dealing with the political questions of the day, and defining his own position, alluded to the charges affecting his private character.

"I have been charged!" said he, with a trinity of vices which usually accompany each other. I have been charged with drinking too much, and it has been said that I gamble; and the other vice, it is unnecessary for me to name to this audience.

To these various charges I put in the plea of *tough cuss* generally but Mr. Chairman and fellow citizens, what better could you reasonably expect from a man who has been a faithful and consistent member of the Democratic party for the last fifteen years!"

It is hardly necessary to add that the house came down with a tremendous force, that the opposing candidate and his followers took advantage of the noise and confusion, and made their escape very badly demoralized.

Artemus Ward Insures His Life.

"I kum to the conclusion lately, that life waz so onsartin, that the only wa for me tu stand a fair chance with other folks, waz to git my life insured, and so i ka'd on the Agent ov the "Garden Angel Life Insurance Co." and answered the following questions, which waz put tu me over the top ov a pair ov goold speks, by a slick little fat old feller, with a little round gray head and az pretty a belly on him, az enny man ever owned:

QUESTIONS:

- 1st.—Are you mail or femail? if so, state how long yu have been so.
- 2nd.—Are yu subject tu fits, and if so, do you hav more than one at a time?
- 3rd.—What iz your precise fiteing weight?
- 4th.—Did you ever have enny ancestors, and if so, how much?
- 5th.—What iz yure legal opinion ov the constitutionality ov the 10 commandments?
- 6th.—Du yu ever have enny nite mares?
- 7th.—Are yu married and single, or are yu a Bachelor?
- 8th.—Du yu beleave in a future state? if yu du, state it?
- 9th.—What are yur private sentiments about a rush ov rats tu the head; can it be did successfully?
- 10th.—Hav yu ever committed suicide, and if so, how did it seem to affect yu?

After answering the above questions, like a man in the confirmatif, the slick little fat old feller with goould specks on, ced i waz insured for life, and probably would remain so for a term ov years. I thanked him and smiled one ov my most pensive smiles.

☞ Why did the rebels surrender Fort Fisher? Because they took too much *Porter* and were *Terry-fied*.

How were they overcome? By good *Ames* and much *Curtis-y*.

Why are the rebels like vicious school-boys? Because they dislike to be watched by monitors.

What is General Terry's particular *forte*? Fisher. Why is General Sherman the most gallant of men? Because he rushed across the country to *Save-Anna*.

What ails Jeff? His *Footle* troubles him.

☞ The ladies greatly surpass the best artillery, they carry *balls* a great deal too far.

An individual may be a small man, but a great dog; or he may be a rich man, but a poor devil.

Sayings of Josh Billings.

The only wa tu git yure rights is tu demand them. He who can hold awl he gits, kum most generally git more. You cant always tell a gentleman by his close, but yu kant bi hiz finger nails.

Adam invented "luy at first sight," one ov the greatest labor-saving machines the wurd ever saw.

After Joseph's brethren had beat him out ov hiz cu ov menny cullers, what did the daw next? Tha pittied him. I suppose the reason whi whimmin are so fast talkers, iz bekause tha dont hav tew stop tew spit on their hands.

There are a grate multitude of individuals who are like blind mules, anxious enough tew kick, but kant tell whare.

Dont never parade yure good luck, nor yure bad luck, before men; the first sight will make them think less ov yu and the second will make them think more of themselves.

I hav heard a grate deel ced about "broken hearts," and there may be a few ov them, but mi experience iz that next tew the gizzard, the harte iz the tuffest peace ov meat in the whole critter.

There is nothing in this life that will open the pores ov a man so much as tu fall in lov; it makes him az fluent az a tin wissel, az limber az a boy's watch chain, and az perlitte az a danzing-master; his heart iz az full ov sunshine az a hay-field, and there aint any more guile in him than there iz in ov merlasses candy.

A minister who had been reprovng one of his elders for over-indulgence observed a cow go down to a stream, take a drink, and then turn away. "There," said he, to his offending elder, "is an example for you; the cow has quenched its thirst, and has retired." "Yes," replied the elder, "that is very true. But suppose another cow had come to the other side of the stream, and had said, 'here's to you, there's no saying how long they might have gone on.

Printers' "devils" are generally "ladies' men" notwithstanding they have a rather bad name. Some time ago, our Devil and his lady-love were taking an evening stroll, and while walking along, chatting briskly upon the numerous topics of the day, she suddenly caught his arm and looking smilingly in his face, asked: "Do you know why I cannot get religion?" "No" replied he, "I do not my dear." "It is because I love the devil."

A young Ensign of a regiment, residing in lodgings, the sitting room of which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable friends, who, on taking leave said—

"Well, Charles, and how much longer do you mean to stop in this nutshell?" To which he wittily replied— "Until I become a kernel."

It is rather a curious incident that when the Americans sent Dr. Franklin, a printer, as minister to France, the court of Versailles sent M. Girard, a book-binder, as minister to Congress. When Dr. Franklin heard of it—"Well," said he, "I'll print the Independence of America, and M. Girard will bind it."

"My brudders, said a waggish negro to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all ob your troubles, dere is one place where you can find sympathy." "Whar, whar," shouted several. "Why, in de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

A Rebel deserter, on being asked if the conscription down South was rigid, replied somewhat in this wise: "Well, stranger, I should think they did! They take every man who has not been dead more than two days." If this is correct, the Confederacy has at least a ghost of a chance left.

The following is a genuine transcript of an epitaph: Here lies the remains of Thomas Hen, The most amiable of husbands, the most excelent of men, N. B.—The name is Woodcock—but it wouldn't come in rhyme.

One farmer made a scarecrow so very frightful that an old crow went and brought back all the corn he had stolen for several days. Couldn't the farmer be induced to try his hand in the government corn field?

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed—"Well, I dunno 'bout that—I've blowed my nose a great mny times, and I've never broke it yet."

Artemus Ward notifies the gentlemen who left phosphorus in his bed at the St. Nicholas Hotel, that, if he will leave his name with General Dix, he will hear of something to his advantage.

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case." "Ah, sir," replied the conscious witness, "but just think of what I didn't say."