

# The Cripple.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES' GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH, 1865.

NO. 19.

## 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.

### Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

#### The Yankee Pedler.

Behold the cute Yankee, the Jeremy Diddler,  
As he plies at his hobby, his calling of pedler;  
Dinning the air, "Who will buy, who will buy?  
My genuine coffee, come try, come and try.  
It is made of good meal, browned, dry as a toast,  
And is hot, strong, and sweet, I declare without  
boast.

The next lucky man, for ten cents can now sup,  
If he's got the bone scurvy, 'twill make him stand  
up.

My molasses and fritters are made of good stuff,  
Thirteen to the dozen for one meal's quite enough.  
They have fetched many dollars, gained my reputa-  
tion,

Unrivaled they stand this bull-pen's competition.  
Of all the disorders to which flesh is heir,  
My genuine soup is a cure, I declare.

The rheumatics, measles, the scurvy and gout,  
A taste of this stuff will put either to rout."  
The diddler, now in the height of his calling,  
Diddles them all while he's braying and bawling;  
He's as sleek as an eel, but that sort of old file,  
He's so knowing he'd see round a post, off a mile.  
See him button his pockets; he's sold all his goods,  
How he bundles about him his rags and old duds,  
As he elbows his way to get home through the  
street,

To filch a gold watch from the first man he'll meet.  
He's again in the street, as the time goes for two,  
His sweat-board on his knee, to commence there  
anew;

To fleece who should ever come into his net,  
Or gull all the greenhorns who venture to bet.  
At six he is found at some other vocation,  
Extolling some medicines in his merry oration;  
And a colleague or two cheer him on like good fel-  
lows,

While engaged in relieving some pockets of dollars.  
It soon had grown dark; by the crowd he's forsak-  
ken;

He wends his way home, and steals a slice of nice  
bacon.

His abode is a pit, dug deep in the ground,  
Where, in crannies and nooks, stolen goods may be  
found.

He arrives at his home, on his bones he creeps in,  
To the darksome den which he usually sleeps in,  
And down on the ground, with his blanket around  
him,

His deeds and misdeeds now completely confound  
him.

#### THE DREAM.

He sleeps not in quiet, he dreams of the past;  
Of the day he was captured, while at his breakfast,  
O'er his coffee, his hard-tack and dainty fried bacon,  
The unfortunate morn, upon which he was taken.  
Of battles he dreams, and the bloodshed he's seen;

All the scrapes and adventures in which he has  
been.

Around him he hears the moans of the dying,  
And fancies their pockets for money he's trying.  
He awakes all perspiring, each hair on its end,  
The awaking to him was indeed a godsend.  
Though a bully in talk, he's a coward by nature,  
A blue-bellied rascal, a white-livered creature.  
But the fright was too much, his time was at last,  
For death his cold mantle around him had cast.  
All his ill-gotten wealth he now leaves behind,  
To the fortunate fellow, who seeking, shall find.

The above and following verses are respectfully  
dedicated to the various Union prisoners, who, in  
killing the monotony of life within the precincts of  
the wooden walls of Andersonville Prison, Ga., exer-  
cised to their fullest extent the callings of pedler  
and sutler.

To the readers of the verses a few words may be  
said. In July last this noted prison which, including  
about seven acres of swamp, enclosed twenty-seven  
acres, and within it were confined 27,000 human be-  
ings. That was the average number, and the deaths  
daily occurring among the prisoners were supplied  
by fresh arrivals from Generals Grant and Sherman.  
The prisoners from the Army of the Potomac were  
all searched at Richmond, or elsewhere; their money,  
blankets overcoats, and, in many instances, their  
boots taken from them. The prisoners captured  
from Sherman were not subjected to this brutal  
treatment; they took into prison a large amount in  
greenbacks. A brigade captured at Plymouth,  
North Carolina, took with it into the prison upwards  
of \$16,000. The men had nearly all re-enlisted, and  
it is estimated that upwards of \$70,000 in green-  
backs in all, also made there way there. A vast  
number of gold and silver watches, chains, gold pens  
and cases, rings and jewelry, were sold to the rebels  
for Confederate notes, and in many instances flour,  
Indian meal, potatoes, sweet and Irish, tomatoes, on-  
ions, melons, whiskey, bacon, hams, &c., received in  
payment. Peddling became rife and rampant; gamb-  
ling was carried on to a frightful extent; robbery  
of all sorts, from petty larceny to felony of the  
worst grade, were committed, and men in the last  
stage of exhaustion met an untimely death from gar-  
rotters and raiding parties at the dead of night; the  
timorous were frightened to death; in fact there was  
no safety for life or property in this place.

In June last, with the sanction of the prison au-  
thorities, some of the well-disposed formed them-  
selves into a constituted government. A police  
force was established by them; a court of justice  
also, and magistrates appointed.

Some of the most notorious desperadoes were ap-  
prehended, tried before a jury, six of them were con-  
demned and executed inside the prison; and society  
must have been at a very low ebb indeed when six  
men were readily found among their fellow prisoners,  
and, for a trifling sum, to execute the condemned.

To return to the pedlers. At the close of the sea-  
son, (the dissolution of the prison in the month of  
September,) some parties realized profits varying in  
sums from twenty to six thousand dollars in green-

backs. In addition to the catables, which were sold  
at exorbitantly high prices, clothing, blankets and  
shoes were exposed for sale. A portion had been  
stolen within the prison, and the remainder had be-  
longed to men who died from want and hunger.—  
The hospital was outside the stockade, and a brisk  
trade was carried on between nurse tenders, (what  
a prostitution of the appellation,) and their friends  
and fellow prisoners in the stockade. Sales of cloth-  
ing, and even whiskey and medicines, intended for  
the sick, took place. Humanity had apparently and  
perhaps, unknowingly, forsaken some of the deni-  
zens of this Golgotha.

Many unfortunate men became lunatics and im-  
beciles. From the opening of the stockade, about  
the 22d February, 1864, up to 15th November last,  
the following number of prisoner died:—

February and March.....	283
April.....	576
May.....	703
June.....	1,201
July.....	1,952
August.....	2,992
September.....	3,217
October to 15th November.....	1,151

Total.....12,045

The bulk of the prisoners, at the fall of Atlanta,  
left Andersonville early in September, and in this  
month, it will be seen, the largest amount of mortal-  
ity occurred.

#### THE DIDDLE'S LAST WILL AND TESTA- MENT.

(TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.)

Now volunteers and substitutes, while marching in  
the column,

It behooves each and all of you to take this warning  
solemn.

Don't leave your ranks on any account, or circum-  
stance whatever,

Else you will see, that nabbed you'll be, if you're not  
very clever.

The host of Union prisoners that swell the number  
taken,

Are captured at the roadside, at their coffee, toast  
and bacon,

And the fact should well be borne in mind by all  
good Union thinkers.

That two of every captured three are straggling cof-  
fee drinkers.

The prison fare, as served out here, is scanty, poor  
and bad.

A mite of pork, and meal a pint, is all that can be  
had.

Of coffee, you'll not get a drop, in this pine-log insti-  
tution,

But air and water, foul enough, to wreck your con-  
stitution.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON, GA., November, 1864.

Seth was reading the European news in an  
old paper, and came across a paragraph which states  
that the king of Denmark had been making a tour  
of his dominions and was *fetid* everywhere he went.  
Seth thinks that is what Shakespeare meant when  
he said there was "something rotten in the State of  
Denmark."



The Cripple

LEOPOLD COHEN.—EDITOR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH, 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.

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the article in this week's issue entitled "Then and Now," and another in our local column about the discontinuance of brick buildings for hospitals in this city. This discontinuance will in no way interfere with the publication of our paper. We shall persevere to the last, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish.

The Peace Conference.

Our expectations in regard to peace have not been realized. We had hoped for a reunion as the result of the recent negotiations, but the rebel commissioners insisted on recognition of their independence as a condition of peace. This was promptly refused by the President, and the conference ended.— Though we have been disappointed in the result, yet the movement has not been in vain. There was a large class of our citizens who were opposed to the war, because they thought if an opportunity were presented the South would gladly return to the Union. That opportunity has been presented and is rejected. These men, who have hitherto opposed the government, are now in favor of a more vigorous prosecution of the war. This conference has united the North and will help to fill up our armies. It will send dissensions into the rebel ranks and desertions will be more frequent. Union men South will be more outspoken than ever, Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Faragut and Porter, are now our peace commissioners, and we think they will present some very forcible argument this coming spring and summer. We should be unworthy of the name of American citizens if we consented to a division of our country. No we can never consent to this; but the war must go on until the rebels lay down their arms and return to their allegiance.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Then and Now.

In No. 6 of "The Cripple" (Nov. 12th) is an article with the simple heading "Communicated." At this time it would be worth reviewing, as part of it seems almost prophetic. In the latter part of it is a paragraph, reading as follows: "Alexandria would cease to be a post of great importance, and its accommodations for sick and wounded would be very likely reduced to the barracks before mentioned."

The disintegration has commenced. Washington Hall and Fairfax Street Hospitals have already been vacated. Grosvenor Hospital is undergoing the

same treatment, and others of the buildings will rapidly follow in the wake of these. Slough Sickle and Louverture Barracks will probably all remain in use as hospitals. The Soldier's Rest has commenced a new era, being already a "Rendezvous of Distribution," while the past rendezvous will soon be among the things that were. It is stated that the barracks at the latter place are to be fitted up for accommodation of sick and wounded.

To the residents of Alexandria this will be *quite* a change. There will be a steady stream of soldiers from Washington and Alexandria hospitals arriving at the present Soldier's Rest, and an equally steady current setting toward Richmond and Savannah.— We do fear that the business and profits of business men in the city will have a falling off, for of all men on earth to spend money freely, soldiers take the lead. But that's scarcely a consideration of ours.— There will be fewer scarred faces, and armless sleeves, and the like, seen in the streets. The familiar chunking of crutches up and down the thoroughfares will almost cease, and Alexandria will be nearly freed from its great hospital-ity.

D. S. L.

"Pipes" Again.

[We are glad to see our most valuable correspondent D. S. L. exonerating himself so ingeniously from the charges preferred against him by "A Scotchman," in our last number. As D. S. L.'s Pipe still smokes, we are wondering if our Scotchman is keeping his burning. If he does we may anticipate some fun for our readers.—Ed.]

To the Editor of the Cripple:

Sir.—I was not born great. I am told by a few very respectable friends, who *were there*, that I was indeed quite small. Their assertion I have never called in question as to its truth. As far as my own knowledge extends, and disinterested parties have informed me, I am not *really* great. There is, therefore, no reason why I should *think* myself so. Perhaps I have *sighed*, perhaps *tried* to be great, but the latter, I was always taught, was laudable. Yes, Mr. Editor, my father taught me so, and my father missed six generations only of being a Scotchman— Yes, sir, two hundred years ago and less and my father *was* a Scotchman. (See P. R. L., Vol. 56, Page 125.) At that time, my mother was an Englishman.

You perceive, sir, that I am of slightly Scottish extraction, or descent. Perhaps the descent has had an unfortunate effect upon my musical appreciation. Oh! that I were an ancestor. And then perhaps the mixture of English blood has effected the musical change somewhat. The truth, I guess, is, that my Scottish nationality is so far back that I have lost it entirely, and am so thoroughly Americanized, that I am not disposed to be "spurred on to victory to the soul-stirring strains of the bagpipe."

All honor to Scott, and Burns, and Knox, and Bruce, and Wallace. I would not detract an iota from their glorious memories.

I cannot speak from intimate acquaintance of their views upon the bagpipe question. If they had not been born so early in life I might have been able to refer to them as authorities. But, Mr. Editor, I have not seen a Burns, or a Scott, or a Knox, in this country, who played the bagpipes. I don't think I have heard more than a dozen times the notes of the instrument, and I am positively sure certain, that the Scottish exiles who operated on them had not the bravery of Bruce or Wallace, the poetry of Scott or Burns, or the godness of Knox, in their

composition. They considered labor a superfluity of life.

The ram's horn of the Israelites, improved into the bugle, still remains in use among all nations.— The cymbals we have unchanged. The savage's reed—look at Mason and Hamlin's Cabinet Organ.— The harp, the lyre, the Chinese gong even. We have that in our drums. And not we only, but all *civilized* nations, perhaps without exception. The bagpipes are an institution of Scotland alone.— Why?

As wit must have point, so must music have clearness and fluency, the "ring of the true metal."— The clatter of the cymbals, the thumping of drums, the squawking of horns, the nasal twang of the bagpipes, and the first scraping of a violin, to a disinterested listener, are certainly devoid of clearness, fluency, or sweetness. Who ever heard music in the filing of a saw, the raking of a stove-grate, or the wa-wa nasality of concert singers.

Strike the lyre, the guitar, the piano, the harpsichord, for music. Give me the flowing notes of reeds, the aeolian harp, the organ, the harmonicon, the deliciously clear, round, mellow, sweet sounds of the bird, or the human voice. But save me from twangs, from scrapes, from clangs, from grates, from thumps, from squawks, and all their kin.

There is the ring of the true metal when the hammer strikes the anvil, when the bime, beme, of the bell strikes on the ear. These are universalities, not nationalities. Some one said, "My country, right or wrong." Another, "Whatever is, is right." Your contributor has put them together, I fear, and left the "wrong" out. The bagpipes, Mr. Editor, is not popular, *except* among Scotland's own sons and daughters. Why, I have loved a post, a wooden post; yes, I may say, a post-hole, just for the mere association. But I will not call in question the good sense of another man who burns the post for fire-wood, and digs the hole out.

I saw a man with soul so dead,  
To society's good, that to save his head,  
He left his own, his fair Scotland,  
A love for self-preservation burned  
So strong within him, he never returned  
From thieving in this foreign strand.  
At times he peddled, then he'd steal,  
Or bagpipes play, (played very well.)  
He had no title, scarce a name.  
But shrewdness, plenty, he could claim,  
And all the little pilfered pelf  
He got, he spent upon himself.  
Living, he forfeited fair renown,  
And died; and then went right straight down  
To — the vile dust whence all thieves sprung,  
Unwept, save as he was unhung.

D. S. L.

P. S.—My pipe is still smoking.

The new Confederate flag adopted by the Senate on Saturday is as follows: The width two-thirds of its length, with the union now used as a battle-flag, to be in width three-fifths of the width of the flag, and so proportioned as to leave the length of the field on the side of the union twice the width below it, to have a ground of red and broad blue saltire thereon, bordered with white and emblazoned with mullets or five-pointed stars, corresponding in number to that of the Confederate States; the field to be white, except the outer half from the union, which shall be a red bar extending the width of the flag.— *Richmond Sentinel*, Feb. 6.

N. B. Davis, identified at Newark, Ohio, some days since as keeper of the Andersonville (Ga.) military prison, and who confessed on his arrest being the bearer of dispatches from Richmond to Canada, has been sentenced to be hung on Johnson's Island, February 17, 1865.



## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

[PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### GRANT!

The army of the Potomac is once more on the move. Early on the evening of the 5th the 5th Corps succeeded by Gregg's cavalry, started on the road to Ream's Station, and met with no opposition until they reached the Vaughn road when the 2d Pennsylvania cavalry in advance met a small force in ambush, which poured in a harp volley into our men, killing two men and wounding a number of horses. Being supported by a part of the 3d division of the 2nd Corps—the rebels were driven off and soon after a connection with the right of the 5th Corps was reported made.—The 2nd division of the 2nd Corps, advanced in towards Armstrongs Mill. Before going three-quarters of a mile the enemy were discovered in a strong position and in considerable force, four divisions of General Crawford's corps being reported in the vicinity. Here our men erected temporary breastworks on a part of the line, while the remainder had only time to throw up small trench rifle pits. Skirmishing was going on all the time between the enemy and our sharpshooters. About 4 1/2 o'clock the rebel batteries opened for the purpose of discovering our position and strength, but no reply was made. They at length appeared with a strong skirmish line thrown out in advance. As they charged in handsome style across an open field, they received such a galling fire as to cause them to fall back in disorder, leaving many dead and wounded on the field. After repeating the attempt to dislodge our men, and failing each time, a force was sent around to turn the right flank of the division; here, again, the rebels suffered severe loss as they attempted to break the line. They were finally forced to give it up, and soon after dark the firing ceased almost entirely, the enemy falling back to their works. Our loss during the day was quite light, probably not over a hundred altogether, although the exact number is not known. The cavalry, under General Gregg, captured the train at Dinwiddie Court House, while on its way to North Carolina for supplies, the trip taking, as the drivers said, sixteen days for its accomplishment.

### THOMAS!

A despatch dated Carlo, January 31st, says:—All the steamers in this port—some ten or a dozen—were taken possession of by the Government yesterday, and taken up the Ohio, and probably up the Cumberland and Tennessee, for the transportation of an army of troops, with stores, etc. It is not proper to be more explicit. Suffices it to say, that an important "change of base" is about to take place by General Thomas' forces. Steamers on the Ohio have also been impressed for that purpose, and the fleet will be a large one.—The Tennessee and Cumberland rivers are, by latest accounts clear of ice, and this is a most fortunate circumstance, considering the immense use the Government has now for these rivers.

### GENERAL NEWS.

Latest advices from New Orleans reports that Mobile has been evacuated. Twelve refugees who left that city on the 16th of January have arrived at New Orleans, and stated that the evacuation commenced on the day of their departure; that the guns and ordinance stores were going to Selma by railroad and water simultaneously with this movement. A sweeping conscription was going on among the citizens of Mobile, to escape which the people were fleeing from the city by squads.—A cavalry scout of Gen. Sheridan encountered the force of Harry Gilmore on Sunday near Morefield, whipped it handsomely and captured that noted guerilla chief and twenty of his officers and men.—A terrible fire occurred in Philadelphia on Wednesday, commencing in the coal oil works on corner of Federal and Ninth streets. It is reported that 12 lives were lost.—Out of a detachment of 500 rebel prisoners at Camp Chase, ordered to be put upon the exchange list 200 voted to remain in prison.—The New York Daily News condemns and repudiates the recent war declarations of Fernando Wood "as inconsistent with the true principles supported by the peace men of the North.—General Burbridge has issued an order disbanding the State troops of Kentucky.

The President has appointed Mrs. Bushnell postmistress at Sterling, Illinois. She is the widow of a brave officer who fell in battle. He made the following endorsement on the papers in the case:

Mr. Washburne has presented me all the papers in this case, and, finding Mrs. Bushnell, as well recommended as any other, and she being the widow of a soldier who fell in battle for the Union, let her be appointed.

A. LINCOLN.

## Local Matters.

Camp Story No. 3, will appear in our next number. The author has promised us to continue these popular stories.

Hereafter the list of Hospitals in this city will be omitted, and instead we shall publish, by order of the Surgeon in charge, all General Orders and Circulars issued from his office.

**GUERRILLAS**—On the 7th inst., Col. Ellison, Quartermaster at Washington D. C., ordered several carts, under an escort of about 25 guards to proceed out Little Valley turnpike to haul bricks. The train reached about two miles above Clouds Mills when they were attacked by a force of guerillas consisting of about 45 to 50 men, and after a slight skirmish our guards were captured, the horses cut loose and the carts upset in the road. Several of the colored drivers were wounded and were found the next day in the woods. A force of cavalry was despatched to look after the marauders but no track of them could be found.

The War Department has decided to make a change in the hospitals of Alexandria, and it is now pretty generally understood that the Soldier's Rest in this city is to be made the Rendezvous of Distribution, under command of Brig. Gen'l STORCH, and the camp formerly used for that purpose turned over to the Medical Department for hospital purposes. As that camp will, when necessary alterations have been made, accommodate from two to three thousand patients it will be unnecessary longer to continue the use of the private dwellings and churches in this city, and these will all be turned over to their owners.

As Sickles' Branch of 2nd Division, Slough Branch of 3rd Division, and Louverture Gen'l Hospital are the property of the Government and well adapted for hospital purposes, it is presumed that they will be retained for the present at least.

The proposed change will be very advantageous to the Government, in our opinion, as far, at least, as the Medical Department is concerned. It will save a large amount of money now paid for rent, give better accommodations to sick and wounded soldiers, and provide a hospital much more easy of administration than are those at present in use.

**CAMP DISTRIBUTION.**—This camp, we understand, has been ordered to be broken up and converted into a hospital, and that the convalescents will be sent to their regiments from the Soldier's Rest, at the Washington and Baltimore depot.—*Chronicle.*

HEADQUARTERS U. S. GEN'L HOSPITALS, }  
ALEXANDRIA, Va., Jan. 1st, 1865. }

### CIRCULAR No. 1.

PAR. I. No burials will hereafter take place upon the Sabbath, except when absolutely demanded, and then by permission of the Executive Officer. The spirit of this order will be carried into the entire business of the Hospitals, that unnecessary labor may be omitted on that day.

PAR. II. When a soldier, unassigned to any regiment, is admitted into Hospital, the records will show, in lieu thereof, the State and Congressional District from which he was enlisted.

EDWIN BENTLEY,  
Surgeon U. S. Vols., in charge.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. GEN'L HOSPITALS, }  
ALEXANDRIA, Va., Jan. 12th, 1865. }

### CIRCULAR No. 2.

The "Seecesh Store Room," at the Mansion House

Branch of 1st Div. Genl. Hospital, is hereby constituted the depot for Clothing, Camp and Garrison Equipage, and from it only will the same be issued to the General Hospitals of Alexandria.

The depot, with its contents and the appertaining issuing, will be under the immediate care and control of Lieut. FREDK HENRY BRECHER, 104th Co., V. R. C.

Issues of clothing will be made regularly once a week to each General Hospital. Special issues may be made upon the approval of the Executive Officer of the Hospital to which the issue is desired. No issue whatever will be made except on the approval of the Surgeon in charge, or Executive Officer.

As soon as possible after an issue of clothing, a voucher, certified by Lieut BRECHER, will be sent to the Executive Officer of the respective Genl. Hospital. The accounts therein will be transferred by him to Descriptive Lists, or, in cases without descriptive lists, entered on notification to company commanders.

The returns, vouchers, and all papers pertaining to the Quartermaster's Department, for which the Surgeon in charge is responsible, will be kept by Captain L. G. McCauley, Military Assistant; and all future requisitions for the supply of the depot will be forwarded through him to the Surgeon in Charge.

All Clothing remaining unissued in the General Hospitals will be transferred without delay to the above depot.

EDWIN BENTLEY,  
Surgeon U. S. Vols., in charge.

## Weekly Report of General Hospitals,

UNDER CHARGE OF

**Surg. EDWIN BENTLEY, U. S. Vols.**

FIRST DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 10th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients, . . . . .	753.
No. of patients admitted . . . . .	13.
do do Returned to duty, . . . . .	11.
do do Transferred, . . . . .	6.
do do Furloughed, . . . . .	6.
do do Discharged, . . . . .	8.
do do Deserted, . . . . .	0.
do do Deceased, . . . . .	1.
No. of Patients remaining . . . . .	509.

SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 10th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients, . . . . .	785.
No. of patients admitted . . . . .	27.
do do Returned to duty, . . . . .	45.
do do Transferred, . . . . .	3.
do do Furloughed, . . . . .	3.
do do Discharged, . . . . .	2.
do do Deserted, . . . . .	0.
do do Deceased, . . . . .	2.
No. of patients remaining, . . . . .	628.

THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 10th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients, . . . . .	1359.
No. of patients admitted, . . . . .	73.
do do Returned to duty, . . . . .	41.
do do Transferred, . . . . .	13.
do do Furloughed, . . . . .	7.
do do Discharged, . . . . .	7.
do do Deserted, . . . . .	0.
do do Deceased, . . . . .	6.
do do Remaining, . . . . .	973.

LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 10th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients, . . . . .	692.
No. of patients admitted . . . . .	9.
do do Returned to duty . . . . .	29.
do do Furloughed . . . . .	2.
do do Discharged . . . . .	1.
do do Deceased . . . . .	3.
do do Remaining . . . . .	475.

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 10th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients . . . . .	164.
No. of patients admitted, . . . . .	3.
do do Returned to Duty, . . . . .	0.
do do Remaining, . . . . .	31.



[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

## Lullaby.

Now the twilight shadows flit,  
Now the evening lamp is lit,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.  
Little head on Mother's arm,  
She will keep him from all harm,  
Keep him safe and fold him warm,  
Sleep, baby sleep.

Baby's father far away,  
Think's of him at close of day,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.  
He must guard the sleeping camp,  
Harkening, in the cold and damp,  
For the foeman's stealthy tramp,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

He can hear the lullaby,  
He can see the laughing eye,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.  
And he knows though we are dumb,  
How we long to have him come  
Back to baby, mother home,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Now the eyes are closing up,  
Let their little curtains drop,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.  
Softly on his father's bed,  
Mother lays her baby's head,  
There, until the night has fled,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

God, who dries the widows tears,  
God, who calms the orphan's fears,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.  
Shield the father in the fray,  
Help the mother wait and pray,  
Keep us all, by night and day,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

W. H. G.

**GENERAL'S-IN-CHIEF.**—A list of the officers who have held the position of general-in-chief of the armies of the United States since the formation of the Republic comprises the following names:

- Brevet Brig. Gen. Josiah Harmar, from September, 1789, to March, 1791.
- Maj. Gen. Arthur St. Clair, from March, 1791, to March, 1792.
- Maj. Gen. Anthony Wayne, from March, 1792, to December, 1793.
- Brig. Gen. James Wilkinson, from December, 1793, to July, 1798.
- Lieut. Gen. George Washington, from July, 1798, to December, 1799.
- Maj. Gen. James Wilkinson, (again) from June, 1800, to January, 1812.
- Maj. Gen. Henry Dearborn, from January, 1812, to June, 1815.
- Maj. Gen. Jacob Brown, from June, 1815, to February, 1828.
- Maj. Gen. Alexander Macomb, from May 1828, to June 1841.
- Brevet Lt. Gen. Winfield Scott, from June, 1841, to November 1, 1861.
- Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, from November 1st, 1861, to July 12th, 1862.
- Maj. Gen. Henry W. Halleck, from July 23rd, 1862, to March 12, 1864.
- Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant, from March 12, 1864.

## Sense and Nonsense.

"Git out, you nasty puppy—let me alone or I'll tell your ma!" cried out Sally to her lover Jake, who sat about ten feet from her, pulling dirt from the chimney jam.

"I aren't techin on you, Sal," said Jake.

"Well, perhaps yer don't mean to nuther, do yer?"

"No, I don't."

"Cause you're too tarnal scary, you slab-sided, lantern jawed, p'geon-toed, gong'le-kneed owl you—you hain't got a tarnal bit of sense; git along home with you."

"Now, sal, I love you, and you can't help it, and ef you don't let me stay and court you, my daddy

will sue your'n for that cow he sold him t'other day. By jingo he said he'd do it."

"Well, look here, Jake—if you want to court me, you'd better do it as a white man does that thing—not set off there as if you thought I was pizen."

"How on airth is that, Sal?"

"Why, side right up here, and hug and kiss me, as if you really had some bone and sinner of man about you. Do you s'pose, Jake, that a woman's only made to look at, you fool, you? No, they are made for 'practical results' as Kossuth says—to hug and kiss and sich like."

"Well," said Jake, drawing a long breath, "if I must I must, for I do love Sal"—and so Jake commenced shding up to her. Laying his arm gently on Sal's shoulder, we thought we heard Sal say:

"That's the way to do it, old hoss—that's acting like a white man orter."

"Oh, Jerusalem pancakes!" exclaimed Jake, "if this aint better than any apple-sass ever marm made, darned sight! Crack-e-e! buckwheat cakes, slap-jacks, and 'lasses aint no where 'long side of you, Sal! Oh, how I love you." Here their lips came together, and the report that followed was like pulling a horse's hoof out of the mire. We left.

We had, last winter, as a man-of-all work, a youthful "American citizen of African descent," named Tom. Tom is something of a genius, in his peculiar way, and though "not very hefty on work," as he expresses it, yet is "some" on witty sayings.—Tom prides himself on the purity of his blood. "No mean, mangy wite blood 'bout dis yer chile," Tom is wont to say.

On one occasion Mrs. P——, "the lady of the house," found Tom in the kitchen giving way to a series of 'b'hoos, accompanied by a copious flood of tears.

"Why, Tom, what is the matter with you?" asked the kind-hearted lady.

To whom Tom replied:—"Dey sez my brodder—b'hoo!—had been gone and mar'd a wite woman—b'hoo!"

"I should think you would be glad of it, Tom," rejoined she.

"Wy, misis, I feel jes as bad'bout my brodder mar'in' a wite gal as you'd feel ef you brodder 'd mar'd a *culled lady*."

The late king of Prussia once sent to an aide-camp, Colonel Malachowki, who was brave but poor, a small portfolio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five hundred crowns. Some time afterwards he met the officer, and said to him, "Ah, well, how did you like the new work which I sent you?" "Excessively, sire," replied the colonel, "I read it with such interest, that I expect the second volume with impatience." The king smiled, and when the officer's birth-day arrived, he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved upon it: "This book is complete in two volumes!"

Dip the Atlantic ocean dry with a tea spoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; make subscribers pay their printer; send up fishing hooks with balloons, and fish for stars; get astride of a gossamer and chase a comet; when the rain is coming down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; choke a musquito with a brick bat; prove all things hitherto impossible, to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she *will*, when she has made up her mind to say she *won't*.

Lord Brougham told the following anecdote at the late meeting of the Social Science Congress: Horne Tooke was sitting in a room by himself one day when in rushed a lunatic, flourishing a large bladed knife in his hand. The lunatic said, "You are Mr. Horne Tooke, are you not?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said the lunatic, "I will soon put an end to you." Horne Tooke answered, "If you do you will suffer for it." "Oh," said the madman, "I came out of Dr. Shipton's asylum t'other day, and they can't punish me." Horne Tooke rejoined, with great tact, "Then I suppose you don't know that a law was passed only t'other day saying that all lunatics should be hanged?" "No, I didn't know that," replied the madman, instantly throwing down the knife in a tremor, and slinking out of the room.

**YOUR FARE, MISS.**—A young lady from the rural districts lately entered a city railway car. Pretty soon the conductor approached her and said:

"Your fare, Miss."

She blushed and looked confused, but said nothing. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but ventured to remark once more:

"Your fare, Miss."

This time the pink on her cheeks deepened to carnation, as the rustic beauty replied.

"Well, if I am good lookin', you hadn't ought-ter say it out loud afore folks."

The passengers in the car roared with laughter, and her lover at once settled the fare.

"Pompey, did you take the billet to Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, massa."

"Did you see him?"

"Yes, sir, me did."

"How did he look?"

"Why, massa, he looked pooty well, 'sidering he's so blind."

"Blind! what do you mean by that?"

"Why, massa, when I was in de room gibbin him de paper, he axed me whar my hat was, and goramitey, mebbe you won't believe me, but, massa, it wur on de top of my head de hull time."

A friend passing along a village street, was painfully bitten by an ugly dog. A single blow of a heavy stick, skillfully aimed, was sufficient to kill the animal instantly, but the enraged pedestrian still continued to pummel the corpse till little vestige of canine form remained. At length he was accosted with—"What are you about? That dog has been dead these ten minutes." "I know it," was the reply, "but I want to give the beast a realizing sense that there is a punishment after death."

A Quaker, on hearing a man swear at a particularly bad piece of road, said: "Friend, I am under the greatest obligations to thee. I would myself have done what thou hast done, but my religion forbids it. Don't fret my conscience, however, bridle thine; give thine indignation wings, and suffer not the prejudice of others to paralyze the tongue of justice and long-suffering—Yea verily."

"So you are going to keep house, are you?" said an elderly maiden to a blushing bride.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Going to have a girl, I suppose."

The new made wife colored, and then quietly responded that she "really did not know whether it would be a girl or a boy."

"Please, mister, give me a bundle of hay?"

"Yes, my son. Sixpenny or shilling bundle?"

"Shillin'."

"Is it for your father?"

"No, guess 'tain't—that's for the hoss. My father don't eat hay!"

A runaway thief, having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter showed him some handcuffs, and desired to know if he made such kind of work.

"Why, yes, sir," said the other, scratching his pate, "guess I've had a hand in 'em."

"Miss," said a gentleman, proffering his arm and umbrella to a young lady in a shower, "permit me to be your beau?" "Thank you for your politeness," was the reply, "and as I have plenty of fair-weather beaux, I will call you my rain-beau."

The most popular song in the Confederacy is one of Bellini's gems from Norma. It is entitled "Where are now the Hopes I cherished?"

An Irishman who had been asked to furnish proof of his marriage, took off his hat. "Here," said he, "is me marriage certificate. That's Judy's mark."