

The Cripple.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES' GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. 1.

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The Cripple

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U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, ALEXA, VA.

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“ “ One Month.....	10

PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

The Soldier Boy.

As now I look upon thy face
I ne'er shall look again,
The boyish lineaments I trace,
Will be like those of men,
The knitted brow, the bearded chin,
The rounded cheek grown pale and thin.

Thy youthful mien and careless gait
Shall greet me never more,
With measured tread, precise and strait,
Wilt thou approach my door.
If—ah, and *if*—beyond my ken—
Thou never should'st return again.

Thy hands, which I have taught to hold
The implements of peace,
Shall learn to guide the war-horse bold,
And as thy skill increase,
The carbine and the saber wield
Upon the blood-stained battle field.

Thy heart, which I have taught to yield
When sorrow raised her hands,
Must now conform with senses steeled
To justice' stern demands,
Since traitorous hands, for power and lust,
Have trailed our “Banner” in the dust.

Thou art my first-born, well beloved,
How can I let thee go?
Our chartered rights are being proved,
How can I answer, No?
Thou art the most I have to give,
My country could no less receive.

The parent rises to withhold,
The subject says, “be still,”
The unequal contest growing bold,
I yield my country's will.
I love no less than e'er before,
I only love my country more.

Go then my son, in God's dear name,
To battle for the right,
Till, whence the clouds of darkness came,
Shall dawn the glorious light,
And clouds shall break and roll away,
Succeeded by a brighter day.

Be valiant for thy country's good—
For Freedom's holy cause,
Till foes subscribe, in lines of blood,
To all her righteous laws.
Then will I greet thee home with joy,
The soldier man, no more the boy.

OLIVER OLINGER.

It is difficult to make the pot boil with the fire of genius.

Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Camp Stories. No. 3.

BY POTOMAC, PHILADELPHIA.

“Retreat” has just beaten, different companies broken ranks, and again entered their little log houses, and our friends Jackey, Quartermaster & Co., are seated around their abundant repast of hard bread, hard beef, and hard coffee.

The chimney smoked, and their eyes wept tears of pain, if not of sorrow. Finishing supper, they concluded that as they could not put the smoke out, they would put the fire out; and having done this, they ignited a government allowance of candle, Jackey commenced his story of the seven days' retreat.

“The march from Savage Station to White Oak Swamp was by no means an easy one. Nearly all the way lay through a thick woods; the roads had been cut to pieces by the numberless wagons which had just passed and were still passing over them.—Stumps, rocks, and old wagon wheels, were suggestive of anything but pleasant reflections, as we ran violently up against one, or reclined gracefully to the leeward of another, in our onward march to the James. Nor was a nice soft mudhole, or a deep wagon rut exactly the thing a man would desire to fall asleep in, on such a damp drizzly night as that proved to be. Then rising ever and anon upon the evening air, greeted our nasal protuberance the ambrosial aroma of a deceased mule or a decomposing horse. The playful remarks, ‘Take a good smell, boys,’ ‘There is enough for all hands,’ ‘Salt junk for the million,’ &c., &c., made by the boys, did not make the smell any the less disagreeable.

“The fact also that many of us fell asleep as we marched along, and were only kept from falling by our comrades on each side, may be regarded as an evidence that we were rather sleepy. Many a poor fellow that night, too tired and sleepy to march any farther, dropped in his tracks and slept until awakened by the Johnnies, to take Richmond.—Many, marching till their strength failed them, fell dying by the roadside. Wounded men begged others to help them on; but no help could be given, and my heart sank within me as I saw more than one of my comrades drop exhausted by the roadside, with no hope of ever rising from it again alive. We marched, I suppose, fifteen miles until we came to a bridge across a small stream. We crossed, tore the bridge to pieces, and formed in line of battle. Then scarcely waiting for the order ‘rest,’ we dropped down in every conceivable position, and slept soundly till daylight, (about an hour.) With the first streak of dawn we were ordered forward, and deployed as skirmishers. Entering the woods near the swamp, we became engaged with the enemy who appeared in force. In a short time we were relieved by another brigade, and sent at a double quick to the right, where we arrived in time to hold

the enemy in check. McClellan was here. He rode along the lines and spoke cheerfully to many of the men. On a hill, immediately in rear of our batteries, he, for some time, had his headquarters. He sat on the ground under a peach tree, with his staff around him, and no man in that army but what would have died ere harm should befall him. About noon we became heavily engaged. Lieut. George Kenny was killed. The boys all loved him. Shell and solid shot whistled through the woods, splintering great trees, and often tearing men and horses to pieces. One unfortunate animal had his tail taken off, and ran whinnying around, quite at a loss to understand what had befallen him. At last some of the men in mercy shot him. In the midst of the fight a pack mule, loaded with tin pans, coffee pots, &c., got loose, and ran recklessly around, to the great amusement of the men, until an unexpected ditch received him—tin-pots and all—into its muddy bosom. Fighting ceased about 4 P. M., but occasional picket firing was kept up until dark. After dark a party of our boys dug a grave with their bayonets, and with many a regret and heartfelt sorrow buried the handsomest and best loved officer in the regiment—Lieut. G. W. Kenny. We laid at the front till near daylight, then cavalry relieved us, and we again started on the march. Few of us had anything to eat, as we had been ordered to throw all away at Savage Station. We lived on what we could pick up as we marched along, or scramble for in the debris of a broken commissary wagon. I hope that this army may never have to endure again so many hardships as it did on that march.” Having finished his story, all hands filled pipes, and the cloud of smoke that filled the hut at the story's end was far more agreeable than that which nearly choked our soldier friends at the commencement.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—The quartermaster of our regiment, who, by the way, is somewhat of a wag, although he has gained the name of “the honest quartermaster,” the other day issued the following circular:—

“The commanding officers of companies are requested to call at my tent immediately, and draw their allowance of coal oil.”

The officers referred to, be it understood, are accountable for all they draw from Government, and “coal oil” being an article entirely uncalled for in their line of business, of course they, one and all, unanimously declared, in a kind of informal meeting, that “coal oil” they would not draw, especially when all their worldly goods had to be transported on their backs, if at all. So up they went, and one, acting as spokesman, demanded of the quartermaster—

“What, sir, does this circular mean? Have we to draw what we don't want, and when we lose it pay for it? Why, my good sir, what do you want us to do with it?”

“Oil the Secesh, and slide them back into the Union!”

The officers retired, leaving only the single monosyllable, “Sold!” breaking the silence of the joker's quarters.

The Cripple

LEOPOLD COHEN.—EDITOR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH, 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.

A SCOTCHMAN—Reply to "Pipes Again" respectfully declined. You have dropped off entirely from the original subject and converted it into a personal matter. D. S. L. is a personal friend of ours; we have labored together in one office, and have always found him to be a gentleman without reproach, and of no ordinary abilities. In writing his article he was not censuring all Scotchmen, but only a few exceptions. Such exceptions exist among all nations, even among the Americans. We have done you justice by inserting your first article, and should have done so again with pleasure, had you kept within the limits of decency and respect.

F. J. W.—Happy to welcome you back again.

WELL WANDERER—Respectfully declined. Is too long for our paper. Write shorter sketches.

POTOMAC—Our thanks for Camp Stories. No. 4 will appear soon.

C. K. C.—Please send us your real name, as an evidence of good faith.

ION.—"Siege of Harper's Ferry" will appear soon.

K. K.—Thankfully received. Have altered your heading into "Claims Exemption."

W. H. G.—Please continue to contribute.

H. Z. K.—Thanks; let us hear from you often.

KNOT R. T. MISS WARD.—Respectfully declined.—Not interesting enough. Don't be downhearted.

J. W. S.—Our sincere thanks. "Tobacco" will appear in our next.

The Situation.

The late peace bubble has burst; and we now see by the speeches made in Richmond at the recent war meetings that it was a trick. Mr. Benjamin said "that none of us dreamed of reconstruction." The failure to effect peace was expected and hoped for. Mr. Benjamin continues: "We knew its failure would be the sequel for a general uprising of the people which was the only element necessary to success." It was to silence the advocates of peace and to "fire the southern heart that the commissioners were sent."

The army of the James has made another successful advance and still hold their position on Hatcher's Run. Our loss in this advance were 91 officers and 1113 men in killed and wounded, the missing will not exceed 200.

While Grant has his strong arm on the rebels at Richmond, Sherman seems to be going just about where he pleases. The rebels have been unable to

fill up the long gaps made in their railroads by Sherman in his victorious march across Georgia; and now he has cut the rail-roads in South Carolina so that supplies cannot reach Richmond from Georgia, and at last accounts he was thundering away at the gates of Charleston (that hot bed of secession.) being only two miles from the city.

After the capture of Charleston (for it must surely fall) Jeff. may expect to hear him knocking at the back door of Richmond and he will shake worse than Belshazzar did when he saw the hand writing on the wall.

With the fall of Charleston we shall have in our possession all the forts stolen from us at the beginning of the war. Slowly but surely the rebellion is tottering to its fall. The seeds of dissension are scattered far and wide in the south, and they are springing up and causing the leaders of rebellion no little trouble.

Their currency is about as good as worthless while our government securities are on a better footing than they were a few months ago. Look at the sale of the 7.30 in one day—\$8,674,450.

Fifteen states have already ratified the constitutional amendment. Delaware alone thus far rejecting it. We hope this amendment will be ratified by the constitutional majority and thus forever put an end this vexed question.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Home.

Home—how sweet does this sound to our ears.—In that one word are wrapped a thousand solaces for our aching heart, a cordial for our broken, weary spirit. The traveler who, for many years has rambled the earth up and down, never finding on the broad footstool of God a place half so sweet as his own dear home, feels the blood leap anew in his veins as he approaches his hearthstone. In his travels he has proven the old song, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." It stirs the blood in his heart, and makes him feel as a boy again.—The author of "Home, Sweet Home," it is said, never knew the happiness enjoyed around a family fireside; yet he evidently felt the happiness it would bring to his heart to have a home, a father and mother to speak words of cheer, or a kind and loving wife to sympathize with him in all his troubles. If a person who never knew what happiness there was in a home, could be so inspired as to write such eloquent words as the author of "Home, Sweet Home," ought we, who have left behind firesides where happiness ruled, go on regardless of that father and mother, brother and sister's counsels, or may be a dear wife anxiously awaiting our return from the army. True, we are surrounded by temptations which require the most stubborn resolution to resist; but when you soldiers are about to fall in with these temptations remember that mother's pleading voice, that father's warning, that wife's anxious countenance, that "home, sweet home," and determine that no misconduct of yours shall ever render it less pleasant, less attractive, or less happy, and when you return from the army, if you return a sober, thoughtful man, your home will be lighted by your presence, and a radiant smile of joy will play upon the countenance of that young wife you left behind. Your mother will rejoice, your father will bless you, and your home will be happy.

Is this not well worth living for. Then try to so live that when you return from the war your home will be more happy for your having served your country, and you a better and a wiser man.

H. Z. K.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Public Opinion.

When great revolutions are to be performed, when mighty ends are sought to be accomplished, when the world is about to undergo some great and sudden transition in sentiment, something is required to enlist the sympathies of the world and mould the public mind in its favor. This is public opinion. The thermometer measures the degree of heat by public opinion, the moral and mental standing of a people. Time was when the will of a Tyrant was the supreme law, but that time has passed away.—Tyranny may make a display of its supposed power, but the voice of the people, public opinion, will rise up in opposition and wrest his sceptre from him.

Laws, although excellent in their place, are not alone the ruling power of a nation. Legislatures may enact, but unless sanctioned by public opinion how powerless are their edicts. Every day we have evidence where violation of law is upheld by public opinion. All effective laws are based more or less upon the popular voice.

If then so much depends upon its tone, if it is the standard by which a nations mental and moral progress is determined, how well it becomes us to use our influence whether great or small to purify public sentiment and regulate public opinion. The sentiments of every man helps to make it up, and when counted in the aggregate constitute a mighty power for good or for evil. Who is there among us who will not strive to promote public virtue? Let our actions respond.

C. K. C.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Sketch.

I once had a great pride in farming, and one summer, as a monument of expertness in that line, I determined that my wheat stack of that harvest should be a demonstration to my neighbors, that being young in farming was not necessarily a proof of unskillfulness in the profession.

I, as "builder," father, a man well upon the shady side of years, as "tender," a man upon the wagon as "pitcher," a friend below (one interested with a good eye, to say "draw in there," "let out here," &c., I entered upon the work, and up she rose with majestic lift. It came to the peak when it seemed necessary that my "tender" should descend. That was not so easy a task, and had not been considered before, and no ladder provided. To slide down, even with my assistance, might force me to leave the dome and even fall upon him. The man on the wagon was too low down to be of help. "Throw up the clothes line and 'ease' him down," was a happy alternative. To make but a single strawn was not sufficiently strong to meet the old gentleman's ideas of care. So it was doubled and the ends tied about his body firmly, and the loop thrown over the stack. All was ready to place him on terra firma.

It was just then the cows were driven in the yard from the pasture, and following their inclination to rub against the stack, which farmers know is the "nature of the beast," they went one after another in good earnest about the business in hand.

My charge to "let down slowly and carefully," was suddenly checked by a heavy pull from the loop side. A long pull, a strong pull, and it seemed the cattle pulled altogether. There was a loud call for both of us on that side, and it appeared that the cattle had something to do with the matter. We resisted, not inclined to obey. The stack swayed. The danger seemed imminent, for we were about going into the team or wagon, as that call preceded

Local Matters.

OBITUARY.

Died in this city, on the 15th inst., ELIZABETH, wife of Edwin Bentley, Surgeon U. S. V., in charge of General Hospitals, Alexandria, Va.

Mrs. BENTLEY was for many months one of the greatest sufferers. But she exhibited, at all times, the graces of patience, resignation and fortitude, in great perfection. She was a choice spirit; one whose affections entwined around her friends with a strength and purity that few of earth ever experience.

The light of her glorious spirit imparted tinges of joy and happiness upon all who came within the circle of her influence. To enjoy her society, was to realize a hallowed inspiration, drawing the soul towards the pure, the lovely and the good.

Early in life she chose the religion of Christ as the source of her purest pleasures, and when sickness and pain were imparting the sad lesson that the ties of earthly affection must soon be dissolved, the consolations of her Saviour became more and more precious. And when the parting hour came, with weeping friends anxiously clinging to her embrace heavenly affections so absorbed her spirit, that without a sigh she bid adieu to all; and with the brightest prospects of an inheritance with the blood-washed throng, she closed her mortal eyes to wake amid the glories of Heaven.

Stern Angel Death has entered now,
And placed his signet on her brow;
But Angel Hope a solace brings,
And pointing upward, sweetly sings:

"Oh, mourn her not, but call her blest,
For she hath gained the promised rest;
For her no more, or grief or pain,
To live was Christ, to die is gain.

No! mourn her not, her spirit's fled
Beyond the grave. She is not dead,
But gone to a celestial shore,
To live and reign for evermore.

With angel pinions there she'll wait
Our coming, by the golden gate,
To welcome us, as one by one,
We reach that bright and heavenly home.

No! mourn her not, dear loved ones now,
A seraph's crown adorns her brow,
And there amid the happy throng
She sings the never ending song:

"Hosannas glad to Christ our King,
Grave, where's thy victory, Death, thy sting,
For He hath scattered all the gloom,
And radiant made the silent tomb."

EXERCISE FOR THE SEDENTARY.—We understand that a Boat Club has been organized in this city, consisting of sixteen members, some of whom belong to the Hospital Department, and will engage in the delightful sport of rowing. The long stretched "Falcon" will speed her way on the river when navigation opens.

Two guerillas were captured by some of our men on the 17th inst., about sixteen miles from Alexandria, and after arriving within two miles of Alexandria they attempted to escape, and were both shot in the head. Both are very stout and healthy looking men, and said to be notorious characters.

The "Convalescent," a neat little sheet, published weekly at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., is this week added to our list of exchanges.

King Street Branch Hospital has been discontinued since our last issue. No other alterations have occurred.

A Grand Military Ball will come off on the 22nd inst., at the Soldier's Rest in this city.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. GEN'L HOSPITALS,
ALEXANDRIA, Va., Jan. 13th, 1865. }

CIRCULAR No. 3.

The following Circular from the Medical Director's Office, is reproduced for the information of all officers serving in the General Hospitals of Alexandria. When it is necessary to visit that office, a written application will be cheerfully endorsed by the Surgeon in charge.

EDWIN BENTLEY,

Surgeon U. S. Vols., in charge.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 5th 1864. }

DOCTOR:

You will please instruct the Medical officers in the Hospital under your charge, that personal applications are not to be made to this office, except in cases of emergency, and then only with your written permission, either by letter or endorsement.

Very Respectfully

Your obedient servt,

(Signed) R. O. ABBOTT,

Surgeon U. S. Army.

Medical Director Dept. Washington.

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.

Weekly Report of General Hospitals,

UNDER CHARGE OF

Surg. EDWIN BENTLEY, U. S. Vols

FIRST DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK
ENDING FEBRUARY 17th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	753.
No. of patients admitted	3.
do do Returned to duty,	28.
do do Transferred,	3.
do do Furloughed,	2.
do do Discharged,	3.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	4.
No. of Patients remaining	472.

SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE
WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 17th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	755.
No. of patients admitted	6.
do do Returned to duty,	7.
do do Transferred,	9.
do do Furloughed,	2.
do do Discharged,	2.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	3.
No. of patients remaining,	608.

THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE
WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 17th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	1350.
No. of patients admitted,	90.
do do Returned to duty,	28.
do do Transferred,	8.
do do Furloughed,	14.
do do Discharged,	4.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	11.
do do Remaining,	998.

LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK
ENDING FEBRUARY 17th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	692.
No. of patients admitted	14.
do do Returned to duty	5.
do do Furloughed	1.
do do Discharged	0.
do do Deceased	5.
do do Remaining	478.

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK
ENDING FEBRUARY 17th, 1865

Total number of beds for patients	164.
No. of patients admitted,	2.
do do Returned to Duty,	0.
do do Remaining,	33.

from that quarter. Was it to be a doctor's bill or a funeral? The team started and urged the critters on to superior human efforts, (we above.) The "good eye" below, the cow-boy and team together succeeded in turning the course of mulican and she backed out.

Investigation proved that a cow had put her foot in the loop, and as it slipped up to the shoulder, she had a better hold on the business than we. On being driven back she slipped out of the scrape. We came out with honorable marks, one about the body of the old gentleman, and others in the hands of his partner in distress, showing the strength of the contest.

The stack had a bearing of N. N. west by east, and I was asked by my neighbors if I had not been studying the Old Testament instead of "book-farming" and copied after the Tower of Babel. II.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

[PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

GRANT!

The army of the potomac has again settled down, the whether being unfavorable for active operations. The total loss in the recent movement foots up: 91 officers and 1,113 men killed and wounded. Deserters who came in our lines state that General Lee was present at the fight on Hatcher's Run, and, notwithstanding his personal efforts to urge his men on, they could not be induced to fight with anything like the spirit they did formerly. This fact was also noticed by many of our officers, who saw the rebel officers endeavor in vain to urge their men forward at different points.

SHERMAN!

Richmond papers of the 4th states that a force of 3000 men landed at Grimball's, on James Island, last Friday, and drove in our pickets. Some skirmishing followed, but there was no general engagement. Grimball's is on the Stone River two miles southwest of Charleston, and the Ashley river, a wide stream, lies between it and the city. On Saturday a column of Sherman's infantry and cavalry crossed the Edisto to the west of and above Branchville, and advanced on the Columbia Branch railroad. Our troops at Branchville withdrew toward Columbia. According to the last official accounts received yesterday, the enemy were at Orangeburg, some twenty miles north of Branchville, and on the road to Columbia. During our retreat there has been continual skirmishing with the enemy, but no general engagement. It was said here yesterday that Beauregard intended to make an attack, but we think, from present indications, it is more likely he will fall back beyond the Santee, and defend the line of that river. He is said to have an adequate force for either an offensive or defensive policy, whichever he may find it expedient to adopt. Columbia is on the right bank of the Santee, about fifty miles north-west of Orangeburg. An official despatch received from Columbia yesterday, states that in consequence of the enemy having occupied Orangeburg in force, our troops have abandoned Branchville.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Richmond Despatch of February 14th has the following:—Unofficial intelligence has been received here that a force of the enemy, estimated at twenty thousand men, have landed at Newbern. It is believed to be their object to advance at once upon Raleigh, or at least upon our lines of railroad in North Carolina. They are said to have brought with them five locomotives, and railroad iron sufficient to lay forty or fifty miles of track.—The report reached us yesterday that Stoneman and Burbridge were preparing to make a raid from Tennessee into North Carolina, in the direction of Raleigh, with the hope of co-operating with the column now said to be on foot to invade the State from the Atlantic coast. We give this for what it may be worth.

LATER.

Two flag of truce steamers arrived at Annapolis Md., on the 17th in charge of Colonel Mulford, bringing fifteen hundred and eighteen paroled men and one officer, principally from the prisons at Danville and Salisbury. They are in much better condition than those heretofore received, only one hundred of whom were sent to the hospital. They bring a report that was current in Richmond on Thursday morning when they left the city, that General Sherman had been checked in his operations in South Carolina by General Beauregard, but in the fight which had taken place General Beauregard had been killed. They merely give this as a report that prevailed on the streets, without vouching for its accuracy.

[The following poem was suggested to our worthy and genial correspondent F. J. W., as he received a telegram a few weeks ago, announcing the dangerous illness of his wife. He received a furlough to see her, and has just returned again to our midst, leaving her in a convalescent state.—Ed.]

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

The Telegram.

There was a shudder in the air,
A nameless dread my being filled;
I felt, I knew that some despair
Was sobbing through the atmosphere—
A spell of woe my bosom thrilled!
And ev'ry breeze and flutt'ring leaf
And ev'ry little wave
Shivered, and blew, and plashed in grief,
As o'er some fresh dug grave!
A consciousness of something dire,
Some boding evil to one dear
I knew, and felt ere yet the wire
Gave me the message dear:
"Come—come," and swift as light,
The tidings came with onward flight;
Nor sun more eager to give heat,
Nor wave the rocky shore to beat
Than I the summons to obey!
I snatched her from the jaws of death,
I gave to her my warmest breath—
She lived! she lived for me!

F. J. W.

Sense and Nonsense.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Not in the Mood.

Sometimes I'm called upon to write,
And cannot write a line,
Although I cudgel well my brains,
And woo the Muses Nine.
Poor *Clio* delicately hints
To write on "History."
But bah! that subject in my hands
Would prove plain mystery!
And so my nose goes slightly up,
'Cause 'twould not suit, of course;
A "Lyric" write, said *Euterpe*;
A "Lyric!"—pshaw, that's worse!
Melpomene said "Tragedy."
And *Terpsichore* said "Dance,"
Or "Epic," next quoth *Caliope*,
Or "Love" and "Elegance,"
Suggested *Erato*; and so
They ran on, 'till I knew
But little more what to write about than when
I first took up pen to write a *Crippled*
poem. F. J. W.

Sayings of Josh Billings.

It is highly important that when a man makes up his mind tew bekum a raskal, that he should examine hizelf clusly, and see if he aint better konstrukt-ed fer a phool.

I argy in this way, if a man iz right he kant be too radikal, if he iz rong, he kant be too kousarv-attif.

It iz a verry delikate job, tew forgiv a man without lowering him in hiz own estimashun, and yures too.

Az a ginral thing, wen a woman wares the britches, she has a gud rite to them.

I am poor, and i am glad that I am, for i find that wealth makes more people mean than it does generous.

Woman's infloence iz powerful—espehshila when she wants anything.

No man luvs tew git beet, but it iz better tew git beet, than to be rong.

Sticking up your nose don't prove ennything, for a soap biler, wen he iz away from hiz hum, smells everything.

Awl kind ov bores ar a nuisance, but it iz better tew be bored with a tew-inch orger than a gimblet.

It iz sed "that a hoss don't know hiz strength,"—and I don't really suppose that a skunk does nuther.

"Be sure you're rite, then go ahead;" but in kase uv doubt go ahead enny wa.

Sekts and creeds uv religion, ar like pocket cun-cesses, gud enuff to pint out the direckshun, but the nearer the pole you git, the wuss thia wurk.

* Men aint apt tew git kicked out uv good society fer being ritch.

The rode to ruin iz alwus kept in good repair, and the travellers pay the expenses uv it.

If a man begins life bi being a fust lieutenant in hiz famile, he need never tew look fer promoshen.

The onla profit there iz in keeping more than one dorg, iz wat yu kan make on the board.

I havent got as much munny ez sum folks, but I hev got as much impudense ez enny ov them, and this iz the next thing tew munny.

Don't mistake arrogause for wisdom; menny hav thought tha wuz wize, when tha waz onla windy.

The man who kant git ahead without pullin others back, iz a limited cuss.

Woman will sumtimes confess her sins, but i never knu one 2 confess her faults.

Oh! what a world this iz to liv in, for the soul that iz afraid of dirt and diviltree.

Young man, study Defference; it iz the best card in the pack.

Onesta iz the poor man's pork, and the rich man's pudding.

Worth Living For.

When from my room I chanced to stray, to spend an hour at close of day, I ever find the place most dear, where some friend treats to lager-beer.—*Sacramento Age*

Ah! yes, my friend, of city life, sure such a treat cures such a strife, but better than such a dose by far, are pleasures of a fine cigar.—*Placer Herald*.

Such pleasure may suit baser minds, but with the good no favor finds; we think the purest joy of life, is making love to one's own wife.—*Volcano Ledger*.

Most wise your choice, my worthy friend, in Hymen's joys your cares to end, but we, though tired of single life, can't boast of having our own wife; and so, when 'neath our cares we faint, we fly to kiss some gal that ain't—yet.—*Napa Reporter*.

The "lager-beer" will bite provoke, while "fine havannas" end in smoke. To court one's wife is better far than lager beer or vile cigar. Kisses, the dew of love's young morn, break on the lips as soon as born. These all are naught to that great joy—the first glance at your first-born boy.—*Evening Ledger*.

'Tis true, a boy's a wished for blessing, but then suppose the first a girl. A dear sweet child with ways caressing with pouting lips and flaxen curl, with dimpled cheeks and laughing eye, to come and bid papa good bye! So whether boy or whether t'other, embrace the babe and then the mother.—*San Francisco Globe*.

The greatest fun, my paper friends,

Can not be found in beer,

Cigars, nor babies of each sex,

Nor wives, who prove so dear;

But ah, the best, the *nonpareil*,

The creamiest sort of sport,

Is, semi-weekly meetings with

The girl you love to court!

"Papa," said Mr. Brown's youngest son the other day, "can't I go to the circus?" "No, my pet," affectionately replied Mr. B., "if you are a good boy, I will take you to see your grandmother's grave this afternoon."

"How far is it to Taunton?" asked a countryman, who was walking exactly the wrong way to reach town.

"'Bout twenty-four thousand miles," said the lad he asked, "if you are going the way you are going now; about a mile, if you turn round."

The last of Copperheads.

SAINT'S REST, (wich iz in the stait)
uv Noo Gersy.) Dec. 26th, 1864.

I've heerd from Savannah! I red uv it. Fancy the feins uv a man who hed been fer weeks spectin 2 heer uv Sherman's bein entirely chewed up by the undanted Southern melisha!

The follerin impromptoo cuss and wale (ekally mixt) redex the stait uv mind uv the Dimocriisy uv this sekshun.

Hart-sick, weery, alone, bustid.

Gone up, flayed' skind, hung out.

Smashed, pulverized, shivered, scattered.

Physikt, puked, bled, blistered.

Sich is Democriisy!

Alone I sit, like Marious, among the rooins.

Alone I sit and cuss, and this iz mi cuss:

Cussid be Calhoon, fer he interdoost us to that paintid harlot, Stait Rights, who sedoost us.

Cussid be Peerse who consentid 2 the Nebrasky bill, wich bustid us.

Cussid be Bookannon, who favered Lecompton, wich peeld us.

Cussid be Breckinrig who woodent support Duglis, a lectid Linkin, wich giv our Post Orifises 2 Ablishnists.

Cussid be the Post masters—may tha bekum suddenly insane, and wildly go 2 trustin out postage stamps to dimekrats.

Cussid be Grant, and Sheriden, and Rosycrance for theye dun fer dimocriisy.

Cussid be them ez went in the army Dimekrats, and 2 out ablishnists. (Wich iz eppydenic.)

Cussid be Vallandygum wich went a practishin law, leevin me in the Dimocriisy biznis alone without eny cappytle to run on.

[SPESHLY HOT.]

Cussid be Sherman, fer he took Atlanta.

And he marcht thro the Konfederisy, and respectid not the feelins uv ennybody.

Hiz path wuz, like Moses', lit up with pillars uv fire and smoke, only the fire and smoke wuz behind him.

Hiz path iz a desert—lo the voice of the Shanghy iz heerd not in all the land.

And the people uv the South lift up their voices and weep becoz ther niggerz are not.

And he took Savannah, and cotton enuff 2 hev satisfied Bookannon's cabinet.

And he turns his eyes toward Charleston, and is serusly thinkin uv Richmond.

He starteth with three score thousand—he stoppeth with three score and ten.

The wind bloeth where it listeth—he listeth where he goeth.

As the lode-stun is to steel, so iz hiz steel to the Georgia nigger—it draweth him on.

Who will save us from the fury uv this Sherman? who will deliver us from hiz hand?

Johnson he beset, Hood he fooled, and Wheeler he flogged. Lee wood do it, but he's holdin Grant and can't leeve go uv him.

So he cavorts ez he wills, like a yerlin mule with a chestnut bur under his tale.

Bitter in the mouth uv a Dimokrat iz qwinine, bitterer gaul, but more bitterer is Federal vietrys.

We hev been fed on vietrys lately, and our stumick turns.

Played out is Davis and Dimocriisy has follered soot.

The Dimocriisy is turnin war men—thia are bowin' the knees to Linkin.

Vorhees will yet be a Briggydeer, and Vallandygum will cry aloud fer a war uv extermynashen, and Fernandy Wood will howl fer drafts.

Fer though John Brown's body lies all mouldy in the grave, his sole is a marching on.

I ain't the rose uv Sharon, ner the lily uv the vally—I'm the last uv the Kopperheds!

I bit my polittikie horse on sand—it hex fell and I'm under the rooins.

Uv pollytix I wash mi hands, I shake its dust orf mi w remainin garnemce.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Lait Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

A sunday school scholar out west, a lad of eleven, on being requested with other members of his class, to repent from the Bible a verse of his own selecting, promptly gave the following: "If any one attempt to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot."

"No pains will be spared," as the quack said, when sawing off a poor fellows' leg to cure him of the rheumatism.

Artemus Ward defines the war as hard tack for all soldiers and hard taxes for the citizens.