

# The Cripple.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES' GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH, 1865.

NO. 21.

## The Cripple

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U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, ALEXA., VA.

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

## Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### Elouise.

BY FRED. J. WILLOUGHBY.

Blue bells scarce could match her eyes,  
Nor the azure of the skies;  
And the redness of her lips  
Put the roses in eclipse;  
And her hair,—search through the world,  
Blossoms never wore such gold;  
And her voice, ah, singing bird  
Ne'er the air with music stirred,  
Such as her's, dear Elouise!

But her eyes were oft too bright,  
Dazzling with their steely light,  
And her lips, so fair to see,  
Smiled, erewhile too scornfully;  
And her head crowned with its hair,  
She would poise with regal air,  
Though her voice was music's own,  
It would make your bosom groan,  
When she chose, proud Elouise!

## Miscellaneous

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### A Visit to Alexandria, Va.

BY ABRAHAM HULLETT, AGE 70 YEARS.

I visited this place eight years ago and took a general survey of the city of Alexandria. This city lies in lat. 38 deg. and lon. 69 deg. west from Greenwich.

I propose to give you a general description of the distances of some points of importance. It is 240 miles from New York; 500 from Boston; 800 from the capital of Maine, and 240 from Elmira, N. Y.

I had it not in contemplation to make another general survey of this locality, but, on the 18th of this month, after dinner, I sat before my stove in contemplation on past, present and future events.

I arose from my lethargy and took my start, in order to discover what commotions and revolutions this war had produced in this locality.

As I passed through the principal streets I was accosted by an armed force under the discipline of a military organization, some with drawn swords, and others with guns and bayonets.

The first tour I took was upon Shuter's Hill, a place where I had formerly resorted. I had made my route known previous to leaving my lodgings,

and had been informed that I could not enter the fortifications without a pass. I thought I possessed those qualifications that would admit me, knowing my qualifications, and under certain emergencies it is necessary to become all things to all men. I saluted the sentinel and we passed the time of day, and he then demanded my pass. Here I was under the necessity of using a little soft soap, as I generally carry a phial in my pocket. When the machinery slackens, I apply a little here and a little there, and it has the desired effect. It did so on this occasion. I told him that I was on an exploring expedition, and had been for the last six months; that I had free toleration to go any where and every where, in order to fulfil my mission. I requested him that if he had any suspicions that I had contraband goods upon my person he was at liberty to search me. I continued: so far as I understand the principles of physiology and natural philosophy you appear not only to be a noble specimen of our race, but the bulwark of our nation. Now, dear sir, if your orders are positive, be subject to your superiors, for we are commanded to be subject to principalities, powers and those that have authority over us.—I saw that my experiment was a perfect success, for one looking at the other said, "let the old man go." I had free toleration to pursue my exploring expedition I made my way to the fortifications on Shuter's Hill, when it began to rain. I enquired, "Where shall I get shelter?" They pointed me to a tailor shop. I entered without ceremony and took cognizance of every thing within its walls, and had I not before been told of the business carried on within, I should have called it a carpenter shop. Here were tools of every description, such as axes, saws, &c. In a few minutes I introduced myself to the tailor. He informed me that he was a Gangieman. I viewed him in his ways, manners and deportment, and should not have been surprised if he had told me that he came from the North of Ireland. Had he been equipped with a spade instead of a needle, he would have appeared to me to have been in a more appropriate calling. I left the premises not disappointed, as all tailors are denominated "the ninth part of a man." Enough of this.

The rain had slackened, and I continued my way to the fortifications. There I took a minute view of every department and discovered various implements of warfare, all in good condition. I took a view of the mighty cannon, and knowing their use, they struck me with a certain degree of solemnity. They were loaded with grape and canister, and were ready to vomit forth fire and destruction on any emergency. My attention was next attracted to the barracks. Here I found a regiment from Pennsylvania. They all appeared in excellent health, and were enjoying themselves as soldiers only can.

The next object I had in contemplation was to explore the public works in the southwest of Alexandria. After dinner I again started, as before mentioned, and made my way for the desired object, not doubting that I should meet with a warm reception.

I entered the principal machine shops and took general review of the building; its length, breadth and height. The next objects that arrested my attention were the operatives. If I am a judge of physiology and natural philosophy, I should pronounce them a very energetic and intelligent set of men.

Their minds appeared to be entirely absorbed in their professional occupations.

I took up a hammer and after giving several taps upon the anvil, they recognized that I also was a son of Vulcan.

I then informed them that I had been engaged at my professional calling for sixty years.

As soon as I was seated, I asked for a pipe, which they soon furnished.

After examining some of their work I came to the conclusion, that it emanated from skillful hands. In all this time not knowing that I was an intruder. I took my cane and made my way into another department. This was called the finishing room.—But to my surprise I met a man, whom I supposed to be forty or fifty years of age. He informed me that he was not permitted to admit any strangers into this establishment. I asked his pardon. Here I was again under the necessity of using a little more of that world renowned remedy—my soft soap.

I replied to him as follows: Sir if you knew my business, perhaps you would not object to me visiting your establishment. I am on an exploring expedition. He replied by saying that he was sorry in the extreme, that he had not the power to aid me in the performance of what I had undertaken. I was willing to take the will for the deed—and glad to find in him so good a patriot as to obey the orders of his superiors. He that is faithful in the performance of minor acts will also be faithful in those of greater magnitude. He very politely asked me to go into the Clerk's Office. I accepted his invitation and walked with a quick step, turning my eyes neither to the right nor to the left, knowing they were forbidden objects along the route. I was under the necessity of introducing myself to this young man and make my business known. I felt highly gratified with his ways, manners and deportment, which manifested a certain degree of intelligence and refinement. He told me that his power was absolute and could not be revoked; that he had positive orders to admit no one. I told him that I felt thankful that the government had secured the services of such a faithful man. He very politely conducted me to the door. This locality was enclosed on all sides by stockades. As it was growing dark, I hastened my pace and perceived those mammoth gates were closed. I became quite alarmed, whether I should get out of this enclosure.

But I thought of the old proverb, "necessity is the mother of inventions." I was determined to surmount all difficulties. I hastened my pace and observed a small opening and as good luck would have it, I soon breathed a pure atmosphere. Nothing worthy of note till I reached my lodgings.



The Cripple

LEOPOLD COHEN.—EDITOR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH, 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.

To Correspondents.

- G. T.—Acrostic respectfully declined. We are too modest to puff ourselves, (like many other Editors.)
- WILL O' WISE.—"Inspection Day" very good. Will be published as soon as you send us your real name. Not necessary for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.
- H. Z. K.—Your composition on "Sorrow" is very good. If you keep on as you have begun, who knows what may become of you.
- W. H. G.—Much obliged.
- F. J. W.—Your poem "Now and Then," and song for "Our Army and Navy" are very beautiful.—Will appear in our next number. An "Incident" is also very good and will appear soon.

The Fall of Charleston.

Every loyal man will rejoice at the recent news from Sherman's army. The place where treason was concocted has at last fallen into our hands. Its inhabitants were among the most proud and insolent of all the South. But, thank God, the dear old flag floats once more in triumph over the now almost ruined city. Fort Sumter is also in our possession. It was the first to receive the fire from rebel cannon. Gallantly did the little garrison of about seventy defend it against the assault of 7000, and now, after an interval of about four years, the star-spangled banner is flung to the breeze over its shattered walls. A national salute has been fired in honor of this event. It is meet that we should rejoice on such an occasion. It is a remarkable coincidence that the salute should be fired on the birthday of him who was the first savior of our country. Despite all the proud boasting and braggadocio of southern chivalry, Charleston has fallen. Its extensive fortifications fell into our hands uninjured, together with 200 cannon, which were spiked. This stronghold, which has withstood so much shot and shell, could not stand before the great flanker. All honor to Sherman and his brave army.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Tobacco.

Tobacco is a plant of the genus *nicotiana*, and is indigenous to tropical America. Columbus, in his first voyage, saw the natives of Cuba smoking it.—It is supposed to derive its name from "tobaco," the name given by the Indians to their pipes. It was introduced in France in 1560, by a French ambassa-

dor to Spain, named "Nicot," hence its generic name, *nicotiana*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first to introduce the practice of smoking into England. It is a powerful emetic, very bitter and acrid to the taste, and smells very unpleasant, yet despite all its disagreeableness it is used very extensively by all classes in every country on the globe. I take strong grounds against its use: First it is poisonous and positively injurious to those who use it, more especially those who use it to excess. It impairs the digestive organs, brings on nervous disorders, and enfeebls the whole system. A disease strongly resembling delirium tremens has been induced by its use. It is supposed by medical men to bring on insanity in some cases. The *Encyclopedia Americana* says of it, "a nauseous and poisonous weed of an acrid taste and disagreeable odor; in short, whose only properties are deleterious." Dr. Bigelow, in his *American Medical Botany* says, "in its external and sensible properties there is no plant which has less to recommend it than common tobacco." Even as a medicine it is to be used with great caution, as instances of death caused by its use are on record. When taken internally it produces all the effects of a virulent poison, and death has ensued by using it as an injection; even used externally on children, it will cause death sometimes. Medical journals report cases of infants being poisoned by sleeping in bed and being in the room with a father who used tobacco. Salem papers say that "James Barry, twelve years old, was killed by smoking cigars."—Infants and children are not the only ones destroyed by its use. I find in a treatise on tobacco by Rev. Benj. J. Lane: "German physiologists compute that of twenty deaths, between eighteen and thirty-five years, ten originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking." They speak, doubtless, of their own countrymen. The same book says: "It is the opinion of some of the best physicians that more than twenty thousand die annually in the United States from the use of tobacco." One drop of the oil of tobacco will kill a dog in a few moments; even a decoction of tobacco is certain death to most insects.

Second, Its cost is another objection. Few men who use it pay out less than twenty-five dollars a year, and many pay out sums far exceeding this and may be counted by hundreds. It is stated that in New York city more money is spent for tobacco than for bread. In 1845 it was estimated that it cost the United States ten million dollars. In 1843 it cost Great Britain and Ireland forty million dollars. Third, The use of tobacco is filthy; many a housewife can testify to its being a vile weed after having her carpet made a spittoon of, or her stove bedaubed in the vain effort to spit into it. I have seen cars rendered unfit for a woman of any refinement to be seated in on account of the tobacco juice on the floors. Many will not abstain from its use even when in church. I have seen this sacred place defiled by pools of liquid filthiness I remember seeing a tobacco chewer in church one day; he was seated between a lady and gentleman; he would spit first on one side and then on the other, meanwhile his jaws worked actively on a quid. The lady receded as far as practicable, and her look betrayed her anxiety lest each splash on the floor should soil her dress. The gentleman on the other side seemed to lose most of his interest in the services in his disgust and in seeing so sacred a place thus profaned. It was his almost invariable custom to kneel down during public prayer and I wondered at his sitting posture during this service until I looked at the floor in his immediate vicinity. An appetite for it has to be acquired, for it is universally acknowledged to be repulsive at first. Tobacco users remember their

first experiences, its nauseating effects are still fresh in their memory. How ludicrous to see a lad trying to make a man of himself by smoking a cigar, when every whiff makes him feel sick. Its use affects the whole man, physically, mentally and morally. It gradually affects the nervous system, stupefying the intellect and blunts the moral perceptions. I am aware that public opinion is mostly against me. Few men like to be told that any habit they have acquired, and in which they delight, is wrong. They are slow to believe that it is injuring them, though it is perfectly apparent to others. One word to the Christian reader. Is it right to spend your money for that which injures your body, weakens your intellect, and thus renders you less capable of doing your duty toward God and your fellows?

J. W. S.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Memory.

Memory! what is it? It is that which binds the past, the present and the future, with the present moment, and it is one of God's best gifts to man.—Without memory life would be a blank; the merchant would forget to sell his goods; the farmer forget to sow and reap; the world would be filled with irrational beings in human shape, but lacking everything noble that makes a man. What a vast difference there would be upon the face of the earth if it were not for memory! Where now stand flourishing cities and towns would be an unbroken forest infested with wild animals. Where now is heard the voice of the "iron horse" as he dashes, snorting through field and forest, would be heard the growls of the panther or bear. If it were not for memory we would have no public schools, or institutions of learning; no mills, no factories, no steamers, no railroads; in fact, we should have none of the comforts of life which we now enjoy. Oh! what a beautiful thing is memory! It treasures up every kind word, look or action, of those we love, as well as insults and injuries received from an enemy. It cheers the soldier as he walks upon his lonely beat at night, as he remembers the time when no "cruel war" separated him from kind friends and loving hearts to brave death in southern lands; where, instead of the noise of the life and drum, was heard the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle; it brings despair to the rebel when he remembers the time when "all went merrily as a marriage bell" under the old flag. Despair, did I say? Aye, black, black despair!—despair at their futile attempts to split this "beloved Union" and tear down the Stars and Stripes from its place among nations; and woe may they despair, for they may as well try to pull the stars out of the firmament above us, as to try to pull down the American Flag! God speed the time when this day of trouble may be held in memory as a romance, and memory's wand blot out all remembrance of the "Confederate States of America."

MELISSA.

PATRIOTIC FAMILY.—There is in one Hospital, in New Albany, Ind., a father who is 65 years old, and he has four sons and ten sons-in-law, enlisted in the national army, and doing well—making in all 14 children in the service of their country, with their father. Twelve other children died when young, or most likely the number of soldiers would have been increased. The mother of them all is still living, hale and hearty, and patriotic of course.

Feelings come and go like troops following the victory of the present; but principles like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.



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

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

[PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### SHERMAN!

The Richmond Despatch of the 18th says: Columbia has fallen. On Friday morning the enemy entered and took possession without opposition. Our troops were withdrawn to a position some twenty miles from Columbia. The enemy's force entering Columbia consisted of Sherman's main army, a large portion of which immediately moved up the Charlotte road, while another portion has moved down in the direction of Charleston. The latter city has doubtless ere this been evacuated.

### CAPTURE OF CHARLESTON.

The steamship Fulton arrived at New York on the 21st and brings the glorious tidings, that Charleston was evacuated by the enemy on the night of the 17th, leaving the several fortifications uninjured, besides 200 guns, which they spiked. The evacuation was first discovered at Fort Moultrie, in the morning, at 10 A. M. Part of the troops stationed on James Island crossed over and took possession of the city without opposition. The first flag over Fort Sumpter was raised by Captain Henry M. Bragg, A. D. C. on General Gillmore's staff, having for a staff an ore and boat-hook lashed together. The houses in the lower part of the city were completely riddled by our shot and shells. The wealthy part of the population have deserted the city, and now all that remain are the poorer classes, who are suffering from a want of food. Previous to the evacuation the enemy fired the upper part of the city, by which 6,000 bales of cotton were burned, and it is supposed that two thirds of the city would be destroyed before the flames could be subdued. A fearful explosion occurred in the Wilmington depot—cause unknown—by which several hundred citizens lost their lives. Admiral Dahlgren was the first to run up to the city, where he arrived about two o'clock P. M. General Q. A. Gillmore followed soon after in the steamer W. W. Colt, and had an interview with General Schumfeldt, he being the first general officer in the city, and for the present in command.—It is supposed that Beauregard evacuated Charleston in order to concentrate and give Sherman battle. The remains of the two iron clads were found which the enemy destroyed by blowing them up previous to the evacuation.

### WILMINGTON.

Com. Porter in his despatch to the Navy Department, dated Feb. 19 says: Sir: I have the honor to report the surrender or evacuation of Fort Anderson. General Schofield advanced from Smithville with 8,000 men on the 17th; at the same time I attacked the works by water, placing the monitor Montauk close to the works, and enfilading them with the Pawtuxet, Lenafce, Unadilla, and Pequot, the tide and wind not allowing more vessels to get under fire. The fort answered very briskly, but quieted down at sunset. On the 18th at 8 o'clock moved up closer with the monitor. Cadging, followed by Mackinaw, Huron, Sassacus, Pontosuc, Maratanza, Lehafce, Unadilla, Pawtuxet, Osceola, Shawmut, Seneca, Nyach, Chippewa, and Little Ada, and kept up a heavy fire through the day until late in the afternoon. The enemy's batteries were silenced by 3 o'clock, though we kept up a fire until dark; we also fired through the night. In the meantime General Schofield was working round to get in the rear of the rebels and cut them off. The latter did not wait for the army to surround them, but left in the night, taking five or six pieces of light artillery with them, and everything of any value. At daylight this morning some of our troops that were near by went in and hoisted the flag on the ramparts, when the firing from the monitor ceased. There were ten heavy guns in Fort Anderson and a quantity of ammunition. We lost but three killed and four wounded.

### Capture of Wilmington.

Fortress Monroe, February 24, 1865. The "Cuyler" has just arrived from Cape Fear and reports our forces having taken possession of Wilmington on the morning of the 22d, Washington's birth day. The rebels retreated leaving a large number of prisoners in our hands. Our captures, including Fort Anderson, amount to about seven hundred prisoners and thirty guns.

The U. S. Senate has chosen a printer for secretary, a printer for sergeant-at-arms, while a printer occupies the Vice President's chair. In the House a printer has been elected clerk, a printer postmaster, and on the first Monday of December, 1863, the House of Representatives chose a printer for their foreman or speaker; and also of the fourteen gentlemen who had filled the office of Mayor of Washington, six were printers, namely: Rapine, Gales, Seaton, Weightman, Force and Towers.

## Local Matters.

**MARRIED.**—On the 10th inst., at the residence of the bride's mother, in Monticello, N. Y. by Rev. Thomas LaMonte, WM. G. BRADY, Chief Musician 86th Regt. N. Y. Veteran Vols. to MISS PLUMA S. TAGGETT, of former place.

The weather now-a-days is quite springy, and the brick side-walks on Washington street especially so.

The "Examiner," Catskill, N. Y. and the "Oil City Monitor," Oil city Penn. have this week been added to our list of exchanges.

Our Band under the leadership of the accomplished Chadwick, after a few weeks absence, again favored our Headquarters with some choice morceaux of music, on Wednesday evening. We cannot but remark that this Band will now compare favorably with the best, and if the members are determined to be "second to none" we feel justified in saying they will be so, at no distant day.—The addition of the Clarinet makes a marked improvement in the concord of sweet sounds. "Play on Chadwick."

The past week has been quite a lively one in our hospitals. First Division General Hospital with all its branches has entirely been relieved from its hospital-ity, and belongs to the things that were. Mansion House the head quarters of the division being closed to-day. Nothing remains of Second Division but Sickle's Barracks, all its other Branches having been vacated. Third Division still remains in all its glory, with the exception of McVeigh Branch, which was vacated Monday last.—Most of the patients from 1st and 2nd Divisions have been transferred to Fairfax Seminary.

The anniversary of Washington's birth-day was duly celebrated in this city, and in the various Hospitals. The Military Ball at the City Assembly Rooms, was a splendidly gotten up affair and one of the finest and most fashionable gatherings we ever had the pleasure of witnessing in this city.—The firing of guns from the adjoining forts, and the ringing of bells, were almost deafening. Wolf street Hospitals and many private dwellings were splendidly illuminated. This is as it should be, for we revere the memory of him who was the "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Our recent victories have much added to the rejoicings of the day.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. GEN'L HOSPITALS, }  
ALEXANDRIA, VA., Jan. 16th, 1865. }

CIRCULAR No. 4.

CIRCULAR LETTER.

SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE, }  
WASHINGTON, D. C. April 27th, 1864. }

[COPY.]

WAR DEPARTMENT, }  
GEN'L ORDRS, } ADJUTANT GEN'L OFFICE, }  
No 129, } WASHINGTON, March 30th, 1864, }

The attention of all officers is called to the Army Regulations and General Orders in regard to correspondence on official matters. All such correspondence must be conducted through the proper official channels, except in cases of pressing necessity, which do not leave time for regular communication, and then the necessity must be stated. All applications or correspondence, through whomsoever made, in violation of this order, will not be responded to, and the writers will be arrested and tried for disobedience of orders, or recommended to the President for dismissal.

By command of Lieutenant General Grant.

E. D. TOWNSEND,

Assistant Adjutant General.

The attention of all Medical Officers is called to the above Order from the War Department, and a strict compliance with the same is enjoined.

By order of the Acting Surgeon General.

C. H. CRANE,

Surgeon, U. S. Army.

The attention of all Officers serving in any capacity in the Hospitals in Alexandria, Va., is called to the above order.

EDWIN BENTLEY,

Surgeon U. S. Vols., in charge.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. GEN'L HOSPITALS, }  
ALEXANDRIA, VA., Jan. 19th, 1865. }

CIRCULAR No. 5.

Duplicate Blank Receipts of Effects of deceased soldiers, in accordance with the form directed by the Adjutant General, will hereafter be forwarded by the Executive Officer of the respective General Hospital in Alexandria, in which the soldier shall have died, accompanied by a letter of transmittal and information, (omitting DATE of death) to the NEAREST RELATIVE OF THE DECEASED. When the receipts are received back, properly signed and sworn to, one copy will be placed on file, and the other with a letter of transmittal to the Adjutant General, prepared for the signature of the Surgeon in charge, will be forwarded to this office.

A record of the correspondence will be kept by the Executive Officer in the books of the Hospital.

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 25th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients, - - - - -	753.
No. of patients admitted - - - - -	12.
do do Returned to duty, - - - - -	14.
do do Transferred, - - - - -	87.
do do Furloughed, - - - - -	5.
do do Discharged - - - - -	4.
do do Deserted - - - - -	0.
do do Deceased, - - - - -	0.
No. of Patients remaining - - - - -	374.

SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 25th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients, - - - - -	500.
No. of patients admitted - - - - -	9.
do do Returned to duty, - - - - -	42.
do do Transferred, - - - - -	5.
do do Furloughed, - - - - -	5.
do do Discharged, - - - - -	0.
do do Deserted - - - - -	0.
do do Deceased - - - - -	1.
No. of patients remaining, - - - - -	562.

THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 25th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients, - - - - -	1350.
No. of patients admitted, - - - - -	124.
do do Returned to duty, - - - - -	37.
do do Transferred, - - - - -	7.
do do Furloughed, - - - - -	5.
do do Discharged, - - - - -	2.
do do Deserted, - - - - -	0.
do do Deceased, - - - - -	10.
do do Remaining, - - - - -	1051.

LOUVRETEUR HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 22th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients, - - - - -	692.
No. of patients admitted - - - - -	11.
do do Returned to duty - - - - -	6.
do do Furloughed - - - - -	9.
do do Discharged - - - - -	1.
do do Deceased - - - - -	1.
do do Remaining - - - - -	466.

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 25th, 1865

Total number of beds for patients - - - - -	164.
No. of patients admitted, - - - - -	7.
do do Returned to Duty, - - - - -	2.
do do Furloughed - - - - -	1.
do do Remaining, - - - - -	37.



In No. 3 of the Cripple we published the two first verses of the following poem. We are now enabled to republish it complete, with the initials of the author:

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

## The Dying Soldier.

Though the rebels are upon us  
Though their bullets fall around,  
Comrade, you will never leave me,  
Wounded, dying on the ground!

Take me up, and bear me gently  
In your arms, so true and strong;  
See! the life blood's flowing from me,  
Comrade, I'll not be here long.

Yonder tree's a friendly shelter,  
Bear me 'neath its cooling shade,  
Strip my knapsack from my shoulders,  
Lay it 'neath my throbbing head.

Listen, now, I've much to tell you,  
Though I pant the while for breath,  
Soon the silver cord will loosen,  
And my voice by hushed in death.

Yet affection strives within me,  
Memories crowd around my heart,  
And I fain would see my loved ones,  
Ere I from this world depart.

Comrade, you will see my mother;  
Tell her that her boy is gone,  
That he prayed the Saviour help her  
Bear her sorrow here alone.

Tell her I have fought the battle,  
Come out conqueror in the end,  
And a pain untold comes o'er me,  
As from earthly scenes I wend.

Tell her, comrade, not to sorrow,  
I will wait in your bright home,  
Tell her when her life is over,  
That to me I know she'll come.

Farewell! death is o'er me creeping,  
Cold its sweat is on my brow;  
Draw my blanket 'round me closer,  
Comrade, I am going now.

W. H. G.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

## Ballad.

BY FRED. J. WILLOUGHBY.

Oh, darling, simple Bessie!  
Of all the cavalcade  
That by me swept an yester morn,  
Thou wert the fairest maid,  
And like some singing forest bird,  
Thou hadst no care nor fear,  
As by thy milk-white palfrey rode  
A gallant cavalier.

Wert thou happy, dainty Bessie,  
With the dashing cavalier,  
Who to all thy whispered phrases  
Bent a low and list'ning ear?  
Is he ever thus attentive?  
Does he always love thee well?  
Thou wert eager to accept him,  
But my love I ne'er could tell!

When he takes thee to his manor  
As his mistress, as his bride,  
And surrounds thee with its riches,  
And with courtiers at thy side,  
Will there never a come to mor  
In some corner of thy heart,  
When thou'lt think of him who never  
Dared to act the lover's part?

The master of all trades. He beats the farmer with his fast hoe, the carpenter with his rule, and the mason in setting tall columns; he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending to his case, and beats the parson in his management of the devil. Of such is the printer.

## Sense and Nonsense.

### Nasby Troubled.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, late pastor of the Church of the "Noo Dispensashun," promulgates the following "sam" to his church:

A SAM!

I wuz cast down and trodded under foot  
Becoz the wickid was exaltid, and the saints was umbled.

Becaz the people worshipt Lincoln and spat upon Vallandygum, becuz they trusted Chais and woodout hev nuthin to do with Fernandy Wud at no price.

Becoz the hosts of Linkin prevailed over the hosts ov Jeff.

There 4 my mind was trubbled and my sole constipated.

And I cast ashes upon my hed, and bewailid, sayin':

Wo is me!

Linkin will again sit in high plasis—him and his servance—and we shel hunt our holes.

There shel be of apintements and piacis ov profit a thowsand and ten skore, but fur us nary wun.

Our enemies shel hev post ofises, and shel be clothed in goodly raiment, while we shel hev to d'g or beg.

Our food shel be sorer, and our whiskey shel be maid week with our own teers.

Thus weptid we.

Fashionable weddings are cleverly hit off in the following poetic squib from the pen of some mischievous scribbler, who deserves for his impudence to be broomsticked by every young bride in the country:

Four and twenty bridegrooms all in a row;  
Four and twenty dandies dressed from top to toe;  
Four and twenty bridesmaids dressed in hoop and feather;

Eight and forty Nimshies standing altogether;

The bride ringed and jeweled,  
The groom gloved and glum,  
And both of them look foolish,  
And both of them are dumb;  
A thousand spectators  
To see the pretty match,  
A thousand tongues to whisper,  
"He made quite a catch."

Eight and forty minnies  
Marching out of church,  
Like so many school-boys  
Running from the birch.

Oh, what a sight to look upon as ever I did see,  
The world makes a great fuss for nothing, seems to me

GRANDMOTHER.—As two little urchins were trotting along together, one of them fell and broke a pitcher he was carrying. He commenced crying when the other boy asked him why he cried.—"Cause," said he, "when I get home mother will whip me for breaking the mug." "What!" said the other, "haint you got no grandmother living at your house?" "No" was the reply. "Well, I have, and I might break two mugs, and they daren't whip me."

A young man meeting an acquaintance, said "I heard that you were dead."

"But," says the other, "you see me alive."  
"I do not know how that may be," replied he; "you are a notorious liar, but my informant was a person of credit."

COOPER'S WORKS.—The Tatunon Gazette says at a recent church fair a set of Cooper's works were promised to him who should answer a set of conundrums. The winner received a set of wooden pails.

### THE DUTCHMAN'S "BONY."

"Chon, you reeklemember dat liddle plack bony I pyed mit the beeller next week?"

"Yah, vot of him?"

"Nothings, only I gits sheated burdy pad."

"So?"

"Yah. You see in the vust place he ish plint mit bote legs, and fer y lame mit von eye. Den ven you gits on him to rite he rakes up behint unt kicks up pefore so vursur as a chackmule. I dinks I dake him a liddle rite yesterday, unt no sooner I gets straddle his pack he gommencer dat vay, shurst so like a vakin poam on a poat-steam; unt ven he gits tong, I vas so mixed up mid eferydinks, I rints mine zelf zittin 'round packwards, mit his dail in mine hants vor de bride."

"Vell, vot you going to do mit him?"

"Oh, I vixed him petter as cham up. I hitch him him in te cart mit his dail vere his head ought to be; den I gife him about a dozen cuts mit a hide-cow; he starts to go, put so soon he sees te cart pefore him, he makes packwards. Den I dakes him out, hitch him de rite vay, unt he goes rite off shurst so good as anypody's bony."

A man of temperate habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner table than wine and spirits were produced, and he was asked to take a glass of spirits and water.

"No, thank you," said he, "I'm not ill."

"Take a glass of wine then," said his hospitable host, "or a glass of ale."

"No, thank you," said he, "I'm not thirsty."

These answers called forth a loud burst of laughter. Soon after this the temperate man took a piece of bread from the side-board and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperate man laughed in his turn.

"Surely," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry as you have to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill, and drink when I am not thirsty."

At a great breakfast party given by the members of the Union League Club in New York to a distinguished gentleman, a passage of arms between Rev. Dr. Cox and Rev. Dr. Bellows created some amusement. In the course of a speech made by Dr. Cox, he stated in substance that, as a clergyman, he felt bound to abstain from secular contests, and he had therefore not felt at liberty to vote at elections or give his voice at any meeting called for the promotion and encouragement of the war. He then went on to speak with some severity of the management of the Sanitary Commission. Dr. Bellows, in reply, is said to have brought down the house by the suggestion that "Cocks that will neither vote nor fight had better abstain from crowing."

"Pete, what am lub?" asked a sable youth of his companion, a perfect African Plato.

"And you don't know nuffin 'bout him?"

"No, Uncle Pete."

"Why, your education is dreadfully imperfect. Don't you feel him in your bussom, to be sure?"

The other inserted his hand beneath his waistcoat.

"No, I don't, Uncle Pete."

"Ignorant nigger! It am a strong passion which rends de soul so sewerely dat even time itself can't heal it."

"Den, Uncle Pete, I know who be in lub."

"Who am it?"

"Dis ole boot ob mine. Its sole am rent so sewerely, dat Johnson, de cobbler, utterly refused to mend him; and he say dat he is so bad dat de debble himself couldn't heel 'im."

If you in lager find no bliss, and loathe cigars—no child to kiss—no wife to love—no gal to hug—don't seek oblivion in the jug; and if you haven't any sister, just ask some chap to lend you his, ter spark for a little while—then "splice," and all the rest will come in nice.

A man recently broke off a marriage because the lady did not possess conversational powers. A wicked editor, in commenting upon the fact, says, "He should have married her and then refused her a new bonnet, to have developed her powers of talk."

Little three-year old Mary was playing very roughly with the kitten—carrying it by the tail. Her mother told her that she would hurt pussy. "Why, no, I won't," said she, "I'm carrying it by the handle!"

A woman committed suicide in Cartage, Ill., because her husband voted the Republican ticket. What a copperhead! We suppose she must have bit herself, and so died.

Why is a fool like twenty hundred weight? Because he is a simple ton.