

# The Cripple.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES' GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. I.

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NO. 22.

## The Cripple

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

## Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### Song—"Our Army and Navy."

BY FRED. J. WILLOUGHBY.

Ah! here's a health, to you, dear boys,  
Oh, here's a health to you,  
Let's drink to olden memories,  
And Friendship's flame renew,  
We've fought together side by side,  
We've seen our comrades fall,  
But now to living and the dead  
Let's drink to one and all.

Yes, here's a health to you, dear boys,  
Ah, here's a health to you,  
Let's fill the glass and drink to all  
Who wear the army blue.  
And to our brothers, who with us  
Are fighting in one cause,  
We'll drink a toast with hearty zest—  
The jolly, gallant tars.

Here's health to Grant and Farragut,  
Their soldiers and their tars,  
From simple Jack to Admiral,  
From private up to stars.  
God speed them on to victory,  
That carnage soon may cease,  
And may our land beam once again  
With smiles of lasting Peace!

## Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### Camp Stories. No. 4.

BY POTOMAC, PHILADELPHIA.

The little circle was once more formed around the rough stone fire-place, the glowing fire casting a home-like illumination upon the little tent and its inhabitants. After some coaxing, Jakey again commenced his stories of the Seven Days' Fight.

"The rain which had been falling in spasmodic showers, now subsided into a steady, continuous drizzle. Our clothes were wet; our shoes full of holes, made our feet resemble so many moving shovels full of mud, while the urgent calls of our appetites brought too plainly to remembrance the painful fact that our haversacks were empty. Thus hungry, tired and muddy we marched, or rather slipped along, our solemn countenances ever and anon wakening into smiles of eager anticipation, as the welcome sound of some upsetting Sutler's wagon, or

broken down commissary team fell gratefully on our ears. Past fenceless fields, through gloomy woods, up tiresome hills, and over bridgeless streams we slowly wended our way until suddenly reaching the top of a hill, we beheld the long looked for James River. Near us stood parked our supply trains, and our hearts leaped with joy as bright visions of steaming cups of coffee and good, though much despised, 'hard tack,' formed themselves in our minds. The hill we were on was called Malvern Hill. To our front it descended abruptly about twenty feet and then sloped gradually into a valley, which was bordered by a dense woods. To the left was the river, while the hill extended some two miles to the right. On the top, nearest the river, stood a house and out-buildings, which were used for headquarters and as a signal station.

"Forming in line on the edge of the hill, we built small breastworks, placed artillery in position, and rested for the night. At daylight next day our pickets were attacked, and, after some skirmishing, fell slowly back to our main body. In a short time the rebels, having massed their forces, advanced yelling and howling toward our batteries. Shell, grape, cannister and solid shot rained among them; they fell in crowds, but still the enemy came on to the very foot of the hill. Our gunboats then opened and sent hurling through the air their 200 and 300 pound 'mess pots,' as our boys called them. A sorry mess they contained for a good many of the reb's; and they soon showed their distaste of it by indulging in a most exciting, though not very pleasant foot-race back whence they came.

"Twice again they rallied, and with demoniac yells attempted to take the hill, but to no effect; they were slaughtered like sheep, and our army gained a victory of which it might well be proud.—Our corps lay during the battle behind a woods just in rear of the hill, and beside dodging some shells which came whizzing uncomfortably close to us, we did no fighting.

"There was fighting on the right and left, but in no place were we repulsed, and it seemed a shame that so victorious an army should be compelled at nightfall to leave the ground it had so nobly fought for during the day.

"So novel a march as ours from Malvern Hill to Harrison's Landing was probably never before made by any army. The wagons, which had started the day before the battle, were ordered to keep in the road with the artillery; infantry were to march on each side of the road in good order, and cavalry on the flanks, front and rear. Instead of this order, artillery and wagons cut a road for themselves, in common parlance, *cross lots*; infantry marched every where, all states, corps, divisions, ranks, arms, colors, and, I was going to say, sexes, could be seen in that motley mass. Chaos certainly never had a better representation. Generals, ignorant of their commands; colonels, without regiments; captains, without companies; men carry muskets upside down and down side up, sick and well, wounded and whole, all traveled along in one grand mixed up

mass, all bearing towards one common destination.—Some gravely asserted it had no end; others were certain it was the wrong road; many getting tired pitched their moving tents in the woods and there remained; the majority, however, kept on and were at last reorganized by a proceeding as laughable as it was wise, though not very military. As we emerged from a wood upon the large open field at Harrison's Landing, there stood at equal distances from each other, an officer from every division of the army, each one crying out somewhat after the fashion of our old omnibus tellers or hackmen at a railroad depot, this way: 'Kearney's Division, this way'; 'Sedgewick's Division, this way'; the men turning as the different officers directed. Upon reaching camp, we found other officers pointing out brigades. Thus the army was soon reorganized, and considering it lay in about two feet of thick Virginia mud, might be said to be again safe and firmly fixed in its new base."

PRIVATE LETTER FROM GEN. SHERMAN.—The following letter from Gen. Sherman, says the *Baltimore American*, was addressed to a distinguished soldier and an old friend, in that city. It shows that the hero of Georgia has as much modesty as he has merit:

Colonel Ewing arrived to day, and bore me many kind tokens from the North, but none gave me more satisfaction than to know that you watch with interest my efforts in the national cause. I do not think a human being could feel more kindly towards an enemy than I do to the people of the South, and I only pray that I may live to see the day when they and their children will thank me, as one who labored to secure and maintain a Government worthy the land we have inherited, and strong enough to secure to our children the peace and security denied to us.

Judging from the press, the world magnifies deeds above their true value, and I fear the future may not realize its judgment. But whatever fate may befall me, I know that you will be a generous and charitable critic, and will encourage one who only hopes in this struggle to do a man's share.

With great respect, your friend and admirer,

Wm. T. SHERMAN, Maj. Gen.

A DIMINUTIVE SOUL.—We have often heard men attempt to describe the littleness of some peoples' souls, but we think the following, which we take from the *Congregationalist*, the most strikingly keen of anything in that line we recollect ever to have seen:—

"Said a crazy woman, of a penurious and stingy man, (an officer in the church, we regret to say):

"Do you see that man? You could blow his soul through a humbird's quill into a mosquito's eye, and the mosquito wouldn't wink!" "La!" she continued, "they won't have to open the door of Heaven but a precious little crack, if they let him in, I guess!"

Though this woman was a candidate for the mad-house, her original keenness of mind was increased rather than diminished by her derangement.

Nearly all beginnings are difficult and poor. At the opening of the hunt the hound limps.

The Cripple

LEOPOLD COHEN.—EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4TH, 1865.



IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

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

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

Blessings in Disguise.

Victory follows victory. Wilmington the greatest blockading port of the rebels has fallen. The rebels would have the world and the victimized and deluded people of the south believe that each victory was but a blessing in disguise. When Vicksburg was surrendered to him whom the nation delights to honor, it was no great loss. When our army advanced from Chattanooga, each retreat of Johnson was but a strategic movement; by and by he would have Sherman where he wanted him, but all the strategy and army of Johnson could not beat back the grand advance. Hood succeeded Johnson, being as they thought a man of greater daring and skill; yet he could not save Atlanta. Then the whole rebel press would fain have it that we had paid so dear for the whistle, that it was after all a blessing to the south. When the gallant army moved from Atlanta into the heart of the Confederacy, sure Sherman was going to destruction, and this was another blessing, but it all vanished in a few weeks, but they find another blessing in the capture of Savannah. Here Sherman rests a few days upon his laurels. The rebels had hardly done rejoicing over this, when lo! Sherman moves north and Columbia is ours; following closely on the heels of this is the fall of Charleston which was to have been defended by the chivalry as long as there was a man left.—Now Augusta is added to the long list.

Surely Providence showers his blessings in profusion on our erring brethren. If they do not appoint a day of thanksgiving for the many disguised blessings they have received in the past few months, we think they are an ungrateful people.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Four Years.

Four years ago Abraham Lincoln was the President elect of the United States; elected by a plurality of votes; elected in a Union of States; elected with peace reigning, and yet the lurid flame of disunion burning in the midst.

Four years have passed. Abraham Lincoln again is President elect; elected by a majority of votes, though eleven States had no voice; elected with the fires of civil war blazing throughout the nation, and with armies wrestling mightily for mastery.

Four years. Below the soil, lie thousands of fallen braves. Above it, crippled thousands crutch their way through life; and widowed thousands bedew their cheeks with tears, while orphaned thou-

sands bewail those who returned n. t. Oh! thou terrible total of pain and anguish.

Four years. As the smoke from flashing cannon and musketry shrouds the combatants, and all around in common pall, so is our nation overshadowed with gloom. Where brother met brother, and together clasped hands, now foe meets foe, and with glittering steel. Then there were words of welcome.—Now the rifle cracks and cannon roar, and sabres clash. A dreadful night is upon us. "How long, Oh! God, how long."

Let us take hope. The morning breaks. It lights up the mountains and valleys of Tennessee, the cotton fields of Georgia and Alabama, the desolation of Savannah, the dust of Charleston, Sumter's battered walls, and Columbia's burning capitol.

In Missouri, though rats infest, the house is still ours. Arkansas, with manly struggling, has flung to the earth the despotic yoke. Louisiana has burst her thralls. Kentucky is free. Tennessee rejoices. Yet the enemy boldly defies us. "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad." Our banners wave over Wilmington, float on Sumter, are flung to the breeze at Savannah, Knoxville, Augusta. Our victorious hosts march on "conquering and to conquer." Grant at Richmond. Sherman, Terry, Burbridge, with rapid pace hastening to him.

See how the glorious sun is risen. Risen upon the hurrying to and fro in Virginia's capitol city.—The combatants are marshalled against each other. A month, a day, an hour, and peace and prosperity centred therein. "Fear not." Let Inauguration day be a Thanksgiving day. D. S. L.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Sorrow.

How natural it is for man to look in the future for sorrow and disappointment. In fact he looks with as much assurance for misery and woe to throng his pathway through life, as he does for joy and happiness to shed its halo of sunshine on him. And some people are foolish enough to attribute the cause of all misery and woe to the Almighty, declaring that the Almighty, former and ruler of the universe, is to answer for all the misery of the human family. Let us look into this matter and see where the charge rests. Roll back with me the lapse of ages, and by the aid of history, (Biblical and profane,) science and literature, pierce the vista which over four thousand years has thrown upon the past, and view man in his primitive organization, as he was originally created by an allwise and merciful Father, and placed in the garden of Eden, surrounded by all that could promote his enjoyment, a little lower than the angels, in the image and likeness of his maker. Placed there to develop his knowledge and exercise those powers bestowed upon him by God; and to facilitate his enjoyment, God created an helpmate for him. Then they were placed in the bowers of Eden; they could drink of the waters of life; could revel in the bowels of enjoyment, with no fears of dark browed sorrow visiting. They could pluck the rose with no fears of the thorny revenge. Thus our forefathers (or rather the progenitors of the whole human race) were placed at the creation, when the floods clapped their hands for joy. But the frailty of the human mind caused them to be discontented. The wily serpent had told "Mother Eve" that she might "become as wise as God, knowing good from evil," if she would partake of the forbidden fruit. At length, being overcome by his entreaties, she consented to take, sinned and fell. The thunder of God's wrath were heard in her ears, and the lightnings of his anger pierced her

very heart. She gazed upon Adam, still enjoying the favor of God, basking in the sunshine of his Redeemer's countenance; then gazed upon her fallen, degraded position, she could not bear the envy of God, alone could not buffet the overwhelming storm of his fury; so she begged of Adam to partake of the forbidden fruit; she placed the apple to his lips, he tasted, sinned and fell with her to the same degraded mire and clay of wretchedness and woe.—Here then was planted the thorn beneath the rose; here the gall was mixed with the nectar. Joy and sorrow were here wedded together, to travel the world over. Hope chimed its bright voice here, and pointing upward said, despair not, for there is a land of perpetual sunshine beyond the grave.

Thus, you see, man is the cause of his own misery and woe, his trials and sufferings. This cloak was handed from Father Adam and his fair companion down to the next generation. They augmented the weight of the mantle and handed it down to their successors, until to-day man looks for misery and woe to attend him through life. He does not expect to pluck the rose without feeling the thorny revenge. He does not expect to drink the nectar without finding the dregs of misery at the bottom; and this is not chargeable to the account of God.—No. Man by his own injustice fell. But thanks be to an allwise ruler, he has placed within the reach of man a means whereby he may, if he choose, shun many of the quiet sands of this stormy life, and the goddess of hope stands out before him. It is this which enables the dying Christian to exclaim, when in the arms of the monster Death, "Oh, Grave, where is thy victory, oh, Death, where is thy sting." H. Z. K.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Inspection Day.

Were you ever a soldier, Mr. Editor? and did you ever prepare for Inspection? I mean a Hospital soldier, for there are such. They may talk about Hospital *Banners!* I say it requires all the qualities of a good soldier to prepare for Inspection day in a Hospital. Just think of seeing and knowing that ten faces are free from dust and molasses, that twenty hands are presentable, that ten heads are free from guerillas and scents, that ten spreads are on a line with the cracks in the floor, that ten pillows are on a square, and most of all on a nice rainy day (at Slough Hospital) the floor is white and minus mud. Shades of Job! Talk of facing death—bravery on a battle field, &c. It's stuff compared to facing those Inspectors when things are not in a *bee line*. You may think it is a "small thing," but just you be placed where I was when things got a *little behindhand*, and see. My rule is, if you can't do well, do as well as you can. I tried that on the inspectors. It didn't work. They saw the "dust of ages" under the bed, and cobwebs back of the door that I forgot. I will own that I am a little forgetful sometimes, for it is a standing "saw" with the boys, "if you want your business done, go—if not, send Will, (that's me.)—But really, Mr. Editor, if you never was in a Hospital, Inspection morning, you have lost a sight. I don't mean when the bugle blows, and services commence, every thing looks shiny, everybody has on a clean apron and a paper choker, (if they've been paid.)—Everything is on a right-angled quadrangle and even the cats tail is on a straight line. I don't mean *them*, I mean in the early morning; the preparatory introduction to Inspection. You go then to the kitchens, ask for a nice oyster-stew, or to borrow a bucket or a little hot water. Borrowing hot water on Inspection day, eh? Thank your stars if you are iron-clad after that modest request. Shades of soap-suds!

## Local Matters.

Everybody with a scrub brush and the rest with mops, puffing, sweating and wondering if the women folks at home had such a confounded time cleaning up. I have read Cowper's Description of Washing Day, when he "Sat him down and pondered much why washings were." I think if Cowper could have had a hand in cleaning for Inspection he would have been jubilant.

Now, Mr. Editor, don't think I am deprecating Inspections; not at all. They are a fine thing; necessary in a camp and all that, doubly necessary in a Hospital where cleanliness is a part of health. It's not the utility of the thing I am speaking of, it's just this. We boys work, but they call us no soldiers, Hospital Bummers and the like. Now who would clean up for Inspection if we didn't? Talk about brave soldiers indeed! Have we not fought, scoured, b'ed, and swore for Inspection day? We point you to the white floor, bright tins, clean faces, empty heads, and fallen cobwebs, for our answer

WILL O' WISP.

### SUMMARY OF NEWS. GRANT!

Deserters in large numbers continue to come in the lines of the army of the Potomac, and bring news of the gloom and despondency that prevails in the rebel capital, and throughout the confederacy, they also bring news that Petersburg is to be evacuated, and that Gen. Lee has issued private orders for the destruction of all tobacco, cotton and other articles that might be of service to the yankees. The ruin was to be performed secretly and with despatch. There is no doubt many of their heavy pieces of artillery have been removed, and field batteries substituted. This is a precautionary measure, for which they may soon be very thankful. A man came in the other night, who represented himself to have been a guard on the ponton bridge over the Appomattox, and that while on duty there one night, he counted sixty pieces of cannon cross the stream.

### SHERMAN!

An inspection of the rebel defenses of Charleston shows that we have taken over 450 pieces of ordnance, being more than double that first reported. The lot includes 8 and 10 inch columbiads, a great many 32 and 42-pounder rifles, some 7 inch Brooke's rifles, and many pieces of foreign make. We also captured eight locomotives, and a great number of passenger and platform cars, all in good condition. Deserters report that the last of Hardee's army was to have crossed the Santee river yesterday bound for Charlotte, North Carolina, and that it was feared that Sherman had already intercepted their march. It is reported on similar authority that the last of Hood's army, 12,000 strong, passed through Augusta last Sunday, the 19th, on its way to Beauregard.—Georgetown has been evacuated by the enemy, and is now in our possession. Official intelligence has been received of the burning of Columbia, S. C., by order of Gen. Sherman, on the 24th ult. After the town was taken possession of by General Slocum, some of our troops were fixed upon from the houses, and seventeen men were killed, which led to the destruction of the town. Deserters confirm the reported occupation of Augusta by our troops.

### GENERAL NEWS.

Extensive preparations were being made at Beaufort for the purpose of making it the general depot of supplies for our army operating in the State of North Carolina, and with a view to the rapid movement of Major General Sherman's army northward, when Savannah and Charleston would be no longer of any value as bases of supplies for his forces.—The Memphis Bulletin publishes a list of rebel sympathizers and deserters residing in Memphis, who have taken the amnesty oath, numbering one hundred and forty-five names. Andrew Jackson Donelson is among them.—A band of thirty guerrillas made a dash into Hickman, Ky., on the 28th ult., burned three stores, robbed others, and committed various depredations.—Mobile advices of the 6th inst., indicate that there is no intention of evacuating that city. The garrison is being strengthened, and the force there is said to be much larger than is generally supposed.—Beauregard was in Mobile on the 4th of February, and inspected the defenses.—The rebels say an expedition is fitting out at New Orleans, destined, they say, for Galveston, at which port a very extensive blockade running business is carried on with the British, West Indies and Mexico.—The crops in Texas are unprecedentedly good. Sufficient crops were raised to feed the population four years.—Gov. Cannon of Delaware died on the 1st inst.—Gold \$1.97 5/8.

No changes have been made in the hospitals here since our last issue.

We understand that the Medical Director has decided that what was formerly known as Rendezvous of Distribution, be known hereafter as Augur General Hospital, annexing the present Hospital of that name.

Our "CRIPPLE" appears to get stronger in his legs; he has limped up to the young ladies of Cataraugus County, New York, from which place we last week received a large number of subscriptions; he also seems to be a favorite with the young ladies at several other places, especially in the New England states. All honor to the patriotic ladies of the North who so tenderly provide for the existence of a Cripple.

**CAMP DISTRIBUTION DISCONTINUED.**—On Saturday last, all the detailed men fit for duty were sent to Alexandria; those unfit were assigned to Augur Hospital or the Veteran Reserve Corps. On Sunday morning four companies of the 14th V. R. C. left for Washington, and on Monday those attached to the various offices of the camp, and whose presence was necessary to the closing of business, also left. The Quartermaster and Commissary Departments remain. Now that Rendezvous of Distribution is discontinued we presume it will soon be transformed into a General Hospital, under the charge, it is universally conceded, of Surgeon BENTLEY, now in charge of the Hospitals of Alexandria. The Soldiers' Rest at Alexandria, has been converted into a rendezvous of distribution, and some of our old officers will continue on duty there, headed by Capt. R. P. Crawford, A. A. G.—*Soldiers' Jour.*

HEADQUARTERS U. S. GEN'L HOSPITALS,  
ALEXANDRIA, VA., Jan. 20th, 1865. }  
CIRCULAR No. 6.

PAR. I. Special attention will be given by each Executive Officer that no diagnosis that are technically incorrect be entered upon the Registers of sick and wounded, or reported.

PAR. II. To prevent errors in the Morning Reports to Washington, and avoid the necessity of their subsequent correction, the Registers at the Headquarters of the General Hospitals of this city, will be used to check the inaccuracies upon Branch reports. The following method will be adopted:

The Branch reports of each General Hospital will be sent to the Headquarters of the same, by 6 P. M., daily. The admissions upon them will at once be entered on the Headquarters Registers, and the losses checked. A discrepancy of name, company, regiment, or otherwise, will by this method become obvious, and the consolidation into the Washington Report approximate perfection in detail.

PAR. III. Special furloughs are only granted in cases of great emergency for five, ten, or fifteen days, according to the distance to be traveled.—Whether on account of sickness or business, the application will be made on a letter sheet, and addressed to the "Medical Director of the Department of Washington." The reasons and business will be distinctly and concisely written out and signed by the applicant. Any collateral evidence like a brief note or telegram may be enclosed and forwarded through the Executive Officer of the Hospital, who will endorse on the wrapper that the man is meritorious and will not be fit for duty in the time specified.

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

HEADQUARTERS U. S. GEN'L HOSPITALS,  
ALEXANDRIA, VA., Jan. 23rd 1865. }  
CIRCULAR No. 7.

By order of the Surgeon General U. S. A., the Bed Card is the foundation of the Medical history of every patient treated in the hospital. The necessity that each should be accurate and complete is evident.

All bed cards will, therefore, hereafter be filled out either by the Attending Surgeon himself, or, for the sake of greater legibility, by a clerk, at the dictation of the Medical Officer, and in each instance the Attending Surgeon will sign his name, as vouching for the accuracy of the document, at the lower left hand corner under the heading "result," and forward it to Headquarters of the hospital in which he is on duty, within three days after the termination of the case.

A furlough or transfer from one branch of a hospital to another branch of the same, does not terminate the history of the case. When a patient is "furloughed," that fact together with the date will be entered under the heading "result," when he is "re-admitted from furlough," that fact together with the date will be entered immediately beneath the original diagnosis, and the "result" will show the final disposition made of the man. When a man is transferred from one branch to another, his bed card will accompany him, with the date of transfer noted under the heading, "result."

In case of death, the immediate cause together with the post-mortem observations, will be noted; in case of discharge or transfer to Vet. Res. Corps, the cause will be stated, and in other transfers the place to which transferred. Each bed card will be filled out as far as possible immediately after the admission of patient, and any complications that may arise during the progress of a case, or any new disease that may supervene will be noted under the original diagnosis, with the date of its occurrence.

Executive Officers on their regular inspections will make special observations in regard to the completeness of the bed cards, and their written report will submit the names of Medical Officers who have been found negligent. Attending Surgeons will not be relieved from duty until these essential records are completed.

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 MARCH 3rd, 1865.

No. of patients admitted	4.
do do Returned to duty	2.
do do Transferred	374.
do do Discharged	1.
do do Deceased	1.

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

Total number of beds for patients	971.
No. of patients admitted	75.
do do Returned to duty	0.
do do Transferred	3.
do do Furloughed	3.
No. of patients remaining	631.

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

Total number of beds for patients	1289.
No. of patients admitted	194.
do do Returned to duty	23.
do do Transferred	14.
do do Furloughed	6.
do do Discharged	11.
do do Deserted	1.
do do Deceased	10.
do do Remaining	1200.

LOUVERURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK  
ENDING MARCH 3rd, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients	692.
No. of patients admitted	14.
do do Returned to duty	1.
do do Furloughed	1.
do do Remaining	478.

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK  
ENDING MARCH 3rd, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients	164.
do do Returned to Duty	5.
do do Remaining	74.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

**The Changes of Life.**

A babe lies asleep in its mother's arms,  
In childish innocent glee,  
Bedecked with nature's grandest charms,  
And pure as pure can be;  
But list, the clock of life doth strike,  
'Tis a strange and wonderful truth,  
It changes the life of all alike,  
And the babe is now a youth.

He passes along on the road of life  
In sportive, youthful glee.  
His mind with future joy is rife;  
But a change must come. Ah! me,  
The bell doth toll a second time,  
Imagine how quick if you can.  
And the boy from a buoyant, blooming youth,  
Is now a full grown man.

'Mid life's cares and toils he plods along,  
His duties to perform,  
Whistling a gay and happy tune,  
To keep away life's storm.  
But another leaf he must turn o'er  
And read another page.  
At the third tolling of the bell  
The man becomes a sage.

Oh! strange, how strange,  
Are the changes of life!  
How quick the work is done.  
It parts the husband and the wife,  
And scatters the happy home.  
But its changes we must all pass through  
Its first and latest stage,  
From blooming youth to full manhood,  
From manhood to old age.

H. Z. K.

**Sense and Nonsense.**

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

**Claims Exemption.**

TO ENROLLING OFFICER AT—

Dear Sir:

I am in the receipt of the highly gratifying, interesting and welcome intelligence that you have enrolled me for the next draft. You will benefit your town, save expense and trouble by crossing me out—erasing my name. Like all true and loyal men, I am willing to serve my country in any capacity, or in any other way to the fullest extent of my ability, but for many good and sufficient reasons I shall be compelled to forego the pleasure and honor of wearing the "blue." And, notwithstanding my political ambition and great desire of representing my friends in the councils of our nation, I must relinquish the hope, (none will hold offices of honor and trust after this war shall have been ended but those who have faithfully and heroically fought their country's battles,) and live and die a humble citizen. I have no father, brother or sister. I am the only son of my aunt. I am her defense against stale-bread, cold ham, extra pies, cake, &c. I am her "right hand man," her only support at the breakfast table. Were I to leave the old maid she would have "no one to love, none to caress," none to sleep up stairs, and no one for a banker. I have been too tenderly raised to make a soldier. The fare and fire of a soldier would not agree with me. I snore in my sleep, which would annoy my "mess mates," and might lead to my capture on picket.—I am not a coward, but am afraid of thunder. I once read "absence of body is better than presence of mind in case of danger," and when I see any fighting, I always recollect it. I fear in the excitement of battle, this and my great "understandings" would take me rearwards, which might demoralize my comrades. Were it not for my aunt, and were I

an able-bodied man, with a fair prospect of making a good soldier, even then I hardly think, under the existing circumstances, it would be my duty to go to war as a private soldier. The country might suffer great loss. It would be no easy task to find another honest, reliable and competent person to fill my place here. It is also necessary to have some of our best men remain at home to gallant the ladies, while their husbands and brothers are far away on the ensanguined field—peace making.—Some influential, smart man must remain at home to plan campaigns and battles, and to tell those in the field how to gain glory, win victories and conquer the rebels. I propose also to get up a "home guard," to parade on special occasions and to meet and welcome the boys when "they come marching home from the wars," and cry out in tones of thunder, "haint we been brave." Yours,

K. K.

P. S.—Should you hear of any officers being needed where there will be no danger, plenty of glory and big pay, telegraph me "at once."

Alexandria, Va., Feb. 11th, 1865.

**MISTAKE OF AMBIGUITY.**—Ambiguity of speech sometimes leads to very sad mistakes. A militia captain received a billet from a lady of fashion, requesting the favor of his company to tea on a certain evening. Now a query arose how to understand the word company; and the captain being a man of real military views, very naturally came to the conclusion that it meant neither more nor less than the *Company* of militia which he had the honor to command. Accordingly what was the astonishment of his hostess and her friends at beholding not only the captain, but his whole company, from the highest subaltern to the most ragged private, armed and equipped in their usual style, punctual to the hour of invitation, dry as dust and hungry as lions. Never was such consternation in the drawing room before. The old lady lifted up her hands and eyes with astonishment; the young ladies squaled as if they had seen a snake or spider; the dandies exclaimed, "they ought to be shot, odd rat'em!" the master of the house bit his lip with vexation; and the hostess as in duty bound went into hysterics.

**GROCERY STORE COMEDY.**—Charming young girl standing in the sto' do Confederate small boy approaches.

Me boy—loquiter)—Wotchask for flour?  
Angel in disguise—Five dollars a pound.  
Me boy—Used to be free cent.  
Angel—Go way f'm here.  
Me boy—(poking out a ten dollar bill with one hand and a tin pan with the other)—Gi'e me two pound?  
Angel—Come along and get it.  
Me boy—(in an ungrateful undertone) Used to buy two barrels with ten dollars.  
Angel—What you talk'n about?  
Me boy—Nuffin. Speck pap's gwine buss.  
Angel—Sorry for him.  
Me boy—See you is. werry. Exit with his pan full of flour. Angel resumes her place at the door and hums "and a fare you well forever, to the Star Spangled Banner; thirteen bright stars round the Palmetto tree.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

A Missouri postmaster thus certifies to the correctness of his official returns: "I hereby certify that the four goin A Count is as near Rite as I now how ta maik it if there is any mistake it is not Dun a purpers."

**ADVICE TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN.**

The following advice is given to young men by their well wisher, Josh Billings:—

1st—If yu hav soup for breakfast, don't undertalk to eat it with yure fingers, not if yu kan git a fork, and never wipe your nose on the table-cloth as long as yu hav got a coat sleeve.

2d—If yu don't know how to chu terbacker, looze no time; the best way is to go behind a hog-pen and practis before yu claw in public, but persevere, its the onla wa yure Pa larn't.

3d—If yu hav got to be 12 years old, and can't sware good, the chances are yu wont ever amount to ennything. About az good a wa I know uv to larn, is to begin by saying "condemnit," and then work up.

4th—Larning how tu drink is a slow process, but dredful sartin; eider is putty sartin to get the hang with, but rum cherrys is sartinier.

5th—Bi all means at an early age git into the habit of staing out late at nites. Don't miss a circus, tha ar means ov grace. Kall all vartue nonsense, and suspeck all fee-unites. Watch yure older brother, and brag on his devil tries.

Foller these rules clos, and if tha don't make a plum ov yu, yu kan safly konklude that you hav mistook the crook of yure genus and preberly designed for a decent man.

**THE DEVIL ALARMED.**

An editor away down east, on entering his office and seeing his apprentice boy cutting some queer capers called out to him:

"Jim what are you doing on the floor?"

"Why, sir, I've had a shock!"

"A shock?"

"Yes, sir."

"What kind of a shock?"

"Why, sir," said the lad gasping, "one of your subscribers came in during your absence; said he owed for two years' subscription; paid it, and also paid another year in advance."

"In advance!" gasped the editor, nearly as much overcome as his lone apprentice.

"Yes, sir; and it has produced such an effect upon me that I have been perfectly helpless ever since."

"And well you may, Jim. But get up; if you survive this you are safe, as there is little prospect of another such catastrophe."

Blitz had a bright little fellow on the stand to assist him in the "experiments."

"Sir," said the Signor, "do you think I could put the 25 cent pieces which that lady holds into your coat pocket?"

"No," said the boy confidentially.

"Think not?"

"I know you couldn't," said the little fellow with great firmness.

"Why not?"

"Cause the pocket is all torn out!"

Two Scotch miners were quarrelling. One of them was very boastful, and was making considerable parade of his valorous deeds. The other quietly listened until boaster had talked himself down, and then said,—

"Oh, yes, yer brave, nae doubt. Tak aff yer shirt, and shake it, and ye can say ye stood where thousands fell."

Report says boaster was annihilated.

Mrs. Partington in illustration of the proverb, "a soft answer turneth away wrath," says, "that it is better to speak paragonically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him, for no good comes to nobody that never speaks no good to no one."

A country editor, speaking of Spiritualism, says: "We don't believe in any medium but the circulating medium; and that has become so scarce that our belief in it is, 'shaking.'"

Why is a fine woman like a locomotive? Because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, and transports the males.

A man that had nearly been drowned while bathing, declared that he would not again go into the water until he learned to swim.

Eve, according to Milton, kept silence in Eden to hear her husband talk. There have been no eves since.

It has often puzzled printers  
Almost at every age,  
To find the words sufficient  
Just to fill out the page.