

The Cripple.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES' GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11TH, 1865.

NO. 23.

The Cripple

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT
HEAD-QUARTERS THIRD DIVISION
U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, ALEXA, VA.
On the following terms:

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

PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Now and Then.

BY FRED. J. WILLOUGHBY.

Time was when tidings from War's ground,
Of vict'ry or defeat,
Would animate the nation's heart,
And make it faster beat.
An hundred fell; our hearts were sad,
And ached in deep distress,
But now, 'tis nothing if we lose
A thousand, and no less.

When news from Sumpter reached our ears,
It seemed each one conspired
In grief the other to outvie,
And all with zeal were fired.
We wept when only scores were killed,
But now, we give no stress
To losses, if they number not
A thousand, and no less.

And tongues will glibly read the news
Of skirmish or of fight,
And if the number lesser be
Than thousands killed, 'tis slight.
I marvel at this change since then,
And wonder why 'tis thus,
That we should mourn not, only for
A thousand, and no less.

Oh, say, are not lives just as dear,
That we should never show,
When only hundreds now are slain,
The grief of years ago?
I ask ye, is the blood more cheap
Our soldiers shed for us,
That we are mute, unless there fall
A thousand, and no less?

Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

An Incident.

BY FRED. J. WILLOUGHBY.

A few weeks ago, the illness of a near and dear relative called me to my home among the Granite Hills of New Hampshire. While in the cars on my way from Baltimore to Philadelphia, my attention was called to a young soldier, a mere youth who had lost an arm and leg in the service. I took a seat by his side and entered into conversation with him; and with little, delicate acts of kindness I strove to show my love for him as a brother-in-

arms and a sympathizer in his loss. I told him, in answer to an enquiry, that I had received a fifteen-day furlough to visit my home and asked him if he had been discharged. He replied that he had, and then related the manner and place in which he lost his arm and leg. By and by, the conversation drifted around to his home and parents, and I gathered his story in an unconnected synopsis, which I will now attempt to give my readers, feeling that it will interest if not amuse them.

"I was born," said he, "in York, Pennsylvania, and at an early age was apprenticed to a cooper, with whom I labored hard for four years. In the fall of 1861, I ran away and enlisted. A year after my father died and left my aged mother dependent on what I could send her from the army.

"From the day I entered the ranks as a private soldier, up to the time I lost my arm and leg—some four months since—I never lost a single day, but tried to do my duty as best I knew how, for which, at an early date, I was appointed Sergeant. I was glad that I had received a 'warrant,' not on my own account, but for mother's sake, for I could the better send her more money, which she so much needed.

"For a whole year previous to my entering the hospital, by some means or another, I failed to receive letters from her—at least, *she* never wrote; she could not, for her sight had almost failed her some few years prior to father's death; so she would get one of the neighbors to come in and write for her. Well, as I was saying, for nearly a whole year I did not hear from her, yet I sent her regularly the largest portion of my money, and always wrote a long and affectionate letter. Poor mother, I can now forgive you for your seeming neglect!"

Here the youth's voice faltered, and I saw him take the empty sleeve and draw it slowly across his eyes, the while he appeared to discover something of uncommon interest out of the car window. At length—

"I heard from her after I had been sent to the hospital, and such a letter!—it almost blistered my heart as I read it!"

"She was dying?" I whispered feeling a choking sensation in my throat, for the youth's emotion affected me deeply.

"Dying!" he exclaimed, rising with an effort and drawing all eyes upon him, "dying!—no, no! not that—worse, a thousand times worse! She was living—in the Poor House!"

"In the Poor House?" I faintly echoed

"Yes, in the Poor House of our county!" he bitterly exclaimed, seating himself, while a crimson spot burned with hectic vividness on either cheek.

"Then the money you sent was not sufficient to supply her wants?"

"Sufficient? mother had but a very few wants, and the money I sent was ample enough to provide all she needed. She never received one cent of it in all that long year!"

"How pitiful!—the letters must have been miscarried."

"They were not miscarried!" he fiercely exclaimed, "they were taken from the office by some devil, some cold-hearted, inhuman scoundrel and she, poor mother, suffered through it, oh, how deeply. But so sure as Justice is even handed, so sure will the villain be punished if I can track him out!"

I could readily conceive his anguish, and could forgive him the bitter words he uttered.

"How did you learn of this?" I ventured to ask, as he strove to compose himself, for quite a number of the passengers had gathered around us, and seemed to take a deep interest in the youth's story.

"The Superintendent of the Poor House wrote to that effect—or at least, that my mother was an inmate of this building, and desired him to write; and after months of going hither and thither, the letter reached me. Said he in the letter—'while I cannot blame you for not remitting the whole of your pay to your aged and infirm mother, I feel constrained to say, that, at least, you could and should have sent a portion every pay-day and thus contributed to her support and spared her the humiliation of being an inmate of the Poor House. She is having every care and attention, but her spirit is broken, and I fear she will not survive this blow to her pride a great while longer. I can attach no greater blame to you than that of being an ungrateful and unloving son.' Oh, God, that sentence almost killed me!—To be thought ungrateful, unloving to that mother whom I loved next God and my country was more than I could bear. There was not a single pay-day but what I sent her the largest share of my money!"

"Some mean hypocrite, some damnable villain intercepted the letters before they reached their journey's end," said a bystander.

"That was it, sir, and I only hope that he may be terribly punished for this, the meanest act that man can be guilty of," replied the youth slowly, again drawing the empty sleeve across his eyes and gazing out of the window as we neared Philadelphia.

He got out at this station, and I assisted him into a carriage.

I went on my way with a heart filled with painful emotions. That soldier was a brave, a tender hearted and loving son.

I hope with him, that the villain who robbed his letters may be speedily brought to justice.

A HARD STORY OF 'HARD TACK' OR ARMY BISCUIT.—The tack is always packed in square wooden boxes—generally bearing a date, as well as the brand of the maker or baker; anent which the following is told: One day a lot of boxes of peculiarly hard crackers arrived in the camp of the Fifth Excelsior. Several of the boys were wondering at the meaning of the brand upon the boxes which were as follows: 'B. C. 603.' Various interpretations were given, but all were rejected, until one individual declared it was all plain enough—couldn't be misunderstood; it is the date when the crackers were made—six hundred and three years before Christ—(603 B. C.)

The Cripple

LEOPOLD COHEN.—EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11TH, 1865.



IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

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

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

To Correspondents.

WILL O' WISP—So you don't like to have your name made public for fear your father and mother may find out you are writing for the papers, and may think you have reached the pinnacle of all earthly glory, and be soon special correspondent for the *New York Tribune*, pleading that you have sins enough now to answer for without being a "Special Correspondent."

Well, we did not intend to make your name public, but we were anxious to have your address for our own use. Our readers will and must be satisfied with your *nom de plume*. We should be very pleased to hear from you occasionally—"short pieces, continued in small doses as the public can bear it, but concluded in the Ledger."

POTOMAC—Camp Stories Nos. 5 and 6 received. Accept our thanks.

J. W. S.—Our sincere thanks. You are to be rewarded by a "leather medalion."

A. H. S.—Happy to add the name of such an able writer to the list of our correspondents. Your "Three Stars of the True Soldier" are worthy of the perusal of every soldier in the army. No 1. "True Courage," appears in this number. No. 2. "Willing Obedience," and No. 3. "Patient Endurance," in the two following numbers. You deserve to hold a higher rank than that of a private soldier, but keeping in the spirit of your articles you will ultimately find your reward.

J. W. C.—Had to make considerable alterations to render your poem suitable for our paper. Please favor us again, but in prose.

E. O. P., New York—Poem very good. Please continue to contribute. Send full name.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

The Beginning of the End.

Never since the breaking out of the rebellion has the military horizon been as bright as now. Never has the rebellion seemed to have so little power to resist our onward march, foreshadowing that the dark war-clouds which have so long enshrouded our nation in its almost impenetrable gloom will soon be dispersed, and the sun of peace beam forth in all its beauty and splendor, imparting life and vigor to every branch of industry, and giving a new impetus to our institutions of learning.

The weakness of the rebellion is apparent to all who have observed closely its workings in the past

few months. Sherman has hardly fired a gun since the battle before Atlanta, yet see what he has accomplished. True, there have been some skirmishing and a sharp fight in the taking of Fort McAllister, but no general engagement. When the rebels give up such places as Savannah and Charleston, with little or no fighting, surely the end is not far off. Their ranks are being decimated rapidly by desertions, both to us and to their homes; the masses seem to be disheartened, and, with few exceptions, no longer fight as desperately as they did earlier in the struggle.

A cordon of troops surrounds them like an immense anaconda, crushing them in its mighty grasp; gradually their territory is being wrested from them one seaport after another has been seized by our gallant army and navy until all important ones are in our possession. The national flag floats over more than half their territory, and seems destined soon to float over the remainder.

Consternation appears to have seized the rebels in South Carolina and Georgia, for they flee before Sherman without even a fight. When last heard from he was in North Carolina, with no prospect of stopping. According to latest accounts, Sheridan awoke *Early* one morning and captured thirteen hundred men, forty officers and eight pieces of artillery, and sent the rest flying towards Richmond.

The conviction is general, both North and South that the end approaches. The death throes of rebellion may be violent, but we think cannot last very long. May God grant it a speedy death, and a burial that shall know no resurrection.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

The Three Stars of the True Soldier.

No. I.

TRUE COURAGE.

"Discretion is the better part of valor."—Shakespeare.

It is an entirely erroneous idea that a truly brave man is completely devoid of fear. The "Stay at Home Guard," and, perhaps, the majority of the "gentler sex," having read of heroes, in the army, who storm batteries at the head of "forlorn hopes"—in the navy, who sail up narrow rivers lined by the enemy's guns, and sink formidable rams—or, who in either service face danger without hesitation, in whatever form it presents itself—very generally believe that such men, of necessity have no fear in their compositions. I repeat, this belief is a great mistake.

"True courage rides, at equal pace,
With wholesome fear."

By this dogma, however, I do not, by any means, mean to imply the paradox that the brave man and the coward are one and the same. Poltroonery and "wholesome fear" are as essentially opposed as is the first to bravery itself. The coward is afraid without reason, accepts as a danger, and without investigation, every uncommon circumstance, and runs from his own shadow. The brave man, on the contrary, though he will fear the danger, faces it, examines it, and, despite his tremors, advances upon and conquers it.

This much promised, the whole subject lies in a nutshell. A man who fears no danger, either to his body here, or for his soul hereafter, is *reckless*, not brave. Such a man may make a good mechanical soldier, as far as advancing boldly upon the foe and loading and firing his gun are concerned, but he cannot be depended upon. Being reckless of consequences he is likely—if the whim seizes him—to stay behind as to go forward, to disobey orders as to obey them. He has no respect for authority, because he does not fear the penalty which authority can impose. If subordinate he is only so from

whim, not conviction, and may, at any time, throw off the restraint which he esteems so lightly. If such a man becomes an officer this quality of recklessness has still greater disadvantages.

It is part of his duty then to look after the welfare of others besides himself, the safety of all whom he may command. Having no fear of danger he possesses no criterion by which to estimate its probable extent; no guide by which to direct his judgment as to the policy he should pursue in the endeavor to overcome it. He therefore pushes on blindly, takes few or no precautions, needlessly exposes his force, and, in too many cases, obtains a victory only at a price which renders its results nugatory.

The truly brave man commits none of these errors. He sees, and fully appreciates, the utmost extent of the danger. His "wholesome fear" enables him to balance the advantages and disadvantages of his situation, and to weigh therewith the needful amount of prudence with which to secure the victory at the least cost. He conquers, not only the enemy, but his own timidity, and, with a courage that is neither born of despair, nor yet the offspring of a reckless folly, he marches calmly into the jaws of the lion only to deliver himself therefrom.

The coward is as a hare who fleeth before "a sound and fury signifying nothing." The reckless man is as a tiger who is blind. He heareth the sound of the hunters and scorneth their power, which he seeth not. He rusheth upon them in his folly and faweth into the pit which they have digged. The truly brave man is as the lordly lion, who lieth in wait for the hunters behind a sure defence. He avoideth them in the open plain where they may encompass him about. He faceth them in his native fastness, and scattereth them with destruction.

Comrades, when you meet a coward despise him. When you meet a man who boasts that he fears nothing, and "never has known what it was to be afraid," distrust him! When you find one who candidly confesses that "the whisper of the minie" at first disquieted his nerves, and that the "shriek of the growling shell" was no "music" to him until he became somewhat "acclimated" to its use—but who still goes forward calmly and steadily, doing his whole duty to his country and his comrades—embrace that man, and cleave unto him as unto a brother—for on his shield shineth the First Star of the soldier, within his heart are engendered all the elements of True Courage!

A. H. S.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

The Enthusiast vs. the Matter-of-fact

How often do we meet that class of matter-of-fact people in this world who cannot, or at least will not see as others see. For instance:

Mr. Blank is a prosy farmer. Mr. Shadow is an enthusiast. The latter takes a stroll out into the country and invades Mr. B.'s dominions, and delights glowingly on the exquisite landscapes, the groves of beautiful firs, tapering gracefully and symmetrically, the musical brooks, the grandeur of the distant blue hills looming hazily in the horizon, the purple, golden, azure, crimson clouds, and in fact all those things that poets and artists rave about.

Mr. B. cannot for the life of him discriminate between a poor and a lovely landscape, and as for the "tapering firs," they are simply so much cord-wood or lumber in his estimation; while the brooks are capital for watering his meadows and pasture grounds. The "distant blue hills" should be leveled down, and plowed and harrowed, and sown with potatoes, cabbages, onions and the like, and the clouds,—fudge! these he never troubled himself

THE CRIPPLE.

out unless to consult them and ascertain the probabilities of there being a rain to spoil his hay, or a wind to throw down his grain.

Mr. Shadow has a passion for music and poetry. Mr. Blank could enjoy music if tunes had not been invented, and almanacks are far more preferable to him than poetry.

So the world wags, and so we differ in our opinions.

F. J. W.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

[PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

GRANT!

Nothing of importance is transpiring in this department. Deserters continue to come into our lines in large numbers, fifty-six having arrived in one day, nearly all bringing their guns and equipments with them, for which they are to be paid. The 91st New York volunteers, a veteran regiment, arrived at the front on the 3d, and were assigned to the 3d division of the 5th corps. They number about 1,600 men and present a splendid appearance.

SHERMAN!

The steamship *Fulton*, from Hilton Head arrived at New York on the 6th instant. Everything is progressing favorably at Charleston. Traders are beginning to open stores.—General Hatch is in command of the northern district, Department of the South, and General Schimmelfennig in command of Charleston. The railroad is completed to Goose creek. General Potter had advanced to South river without opposition. The 21st colored regiment, recruited in Charleston, has been mustered into service. Lights will soon be placed in Forts Sumpter and Moultrie, and the channel is being buoyed for navigation. At the last accounts General Sherman had arrived at Charlotte, N. C. Beauregard was hovering in his front. The Savannah Republican also contains an account of Sherman's occupation of Columbia, derived from a citizen of that city. It appears that the rebel troops left on the 17th ultimo in the direction of Charlotte. Governor Magrath left on the 18th. Beauregard left on the same day for Charlotte. Mayor Goodwin surrendered the city at Saltuda Bridge, three miles out. The railroads about Columbia were torn up, and all bridges, machine shops &c., were destroyed. The country around the place is stripped of edibles and transportation. All the horses and carriages in the city were taken. Many negroes left with Sherman's army. None were taken by force. A large number are returning to their masters. The troops were in the best condition. They were clothed and well shod, and marched as if they had just started on the expedition instead of being out for weeks. Some of Sherman's officers said his destination was Raleigh and Salisbury. The General himself appeared in good spirits, and confident of success.

SHERIDAN.

Official information from Cumberland, Maryland, dated the 8th instant, states that Colonel Thompson, of the 1st New Hampshire cavalry, of General Sheridan's command, has just arrived at Winchester with forty officers and thirteen hundred or listed men, prisoners, and eight pieces of artillery captured. The principal battle was fought at Fishersville, five miles from Staunton.

GENERAL NEWS.

Intelligence from a North Carolina paper indicates that both sections are concentrating their forces on her borders for the final struggle. A Raleigh paper says the people of that city will hear the guns of the great and last battle of the American rebellion, and the traditional grounds of the old North State will be the common graveyard of State rights and State lines, without which no attempt at secession could have been made.—The Raleigh Progress says: "The Federals are concentrating a force of 40,000 men at Newburn, which will soon be ready to strike General Lee's army in conjunction with Sherman's force."—Our naval forces on the 23rd ult., captured Fort White, a splendid fortification, mounting seventeen guns, located just below Georgetown, South Carolina. The sailors and marines landed and captured Georgetown. The rebel cavalry made a charge on them in the streets, but were gallantly repulsed, with the loss of several killed, wounded, and prisoners. Our loss was one man, of the United States brig *Calypto*.—Admiral Dahlgren's flag ship, the *Harvest Moon*, on her way down, was sunk by a torpedo. All hands were saved with the exception of the wardroom steward.—The Memphis and Vicksburg packet James Watson, laden with Government freight and a large number of passengers, and eighty-six soldiers, sunk twelve miles below Napoleon, on the 2d.—The New Orleans Times of the 25th says the reported expulsion of the United States Consul from Matamoras is confirmed by his arrival at the Southwest Pass.—The latest news from

Matamoras was that the American flag had been hauled down by some unknown party.

LATEST NEWS.

General Sheridan has occupied Staunton.—Rebel prisoners report a heavy Union force advancing from East Tennessee upon Lynchburg.—Sherman at last reported within forty miles of Raleigh, N. C.—An expedition up the Rappahannock on Monday, captured ninety-five tons of tobacco and 400 prisoners. The tobacco was manufactured and estimated to be worth \$350,000.

RESTAURANT LIFE IN RICHMOND.—This is the notice that strikes the eye of a hungry man upon his entry into some of the second-class eating saloons of Richmond: "Gentlemen will please pay before eating." This is a woful change from old times, when gentlemen, whether in broadcloth or homespun, were invited into these establishments, where entertainment is afforded for man and beast, and the best that the larder could produce was set before them without the question as to whether his appetite was likely to get the better of his purse. "Pay before you eat" argues a sad decline in the estimation of men's morals and honesty, and is one of the striking illustrations of the changes that the war has worked.—*Richmond Examiner, Feb. 25.*

A Canada paper estimates that forty-three thousand Canadians have enlisted in the Federal army since the commencement of the war. Of these it is calculated that fourteen thousand have died on the battle-field.

General McClellan arrived at Rome early in February, and at the latest advices was the guest of a relative whose house is the headquarters of the anti-slavery residents of the Eternal City.

A new petroleum company, in boring for "oil," struck a vein of pure old Bourbon, worth \$3 a gallon. A molasses well is in full operation on the same claim. A few shares left for sale. Inquire of Flunkey, Holday & Pasteboard, office of the *Sky-light and Porcupine*, Gull Alley.—*Portland Press.*

Local Matters.

The Medical Director has directed that no more hospitals in this city be broken up until Camp Distribution has been put in order for the reception of patients.

Acting Assistant Surgeon, W. G. Elliott, U. S. A., on duty in 3rd Division Hospital from its organization, has been appointed and confirmed an Assistant Surgeon of Volunteers. The promotion is well deserved.

The "National Freeman" has been added to our exchanges. A monthly paper, we would suppose, invaluable to the Masonic fraternity. It is very ably edited by Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Box 982, Washington, D. C. Subscription price \$2.50 per annum.

The "New York Monthly and Working Woman's Advocate" is another valuable addition to our exchanges. It is edited and published by Miss Kate J. Boyd, Box 5423, New York City, and is devoted to polite literature, humor, wit, prose and poetic gems. Terms \$1.25 per annum.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. GEN'L HOSPITALS, }
ALEXANDRIA, Va., Jan. 23rd 1865. }

CIRCULAR No. 8.

PAR. I.—The Surgeon in charge calls the attention of all in any way connected with the General Hospitals of Alexandria, Va., to the fact that the practice of using profane language is in direct opposition to the spirit of the Army Regulations, and directs that it be discontinued. It is expected that

all Officers serving with him will use their influence to this end.

PAR. II.—All Medical Officers and Officers of the Guards will see that the habit of soldiers wearing hospital clothing (especially dressing-gowns) in the street is immediately discontinued.

PAR. II'.—Officers will require the usual salute from all the men of their commands and directs its practice whenever a commissioned officer is recognized. It is alike creditable to the soldier and command.

PAR. IV.—The following extract from a letter of the Military Governor, dated January 30th, 1865, is printed for the information and observance of those concerned:

"The General commanding desires that you direct the inmates of the Hospitals, to wear the prescribed uniform of the United States Army when outside of the hospitals."

EDWIN BENTLEY,

Surgeon U. S. Vols., in charge.

CIRCULAR No. 9.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, }

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18th 1865. }

CIRCULAR LETTER, No. 2.

Sir:

Hereafter a correct record will be kept of all donations received in the Hospital under your charge, showing the names of the donors, the character of the donations and the mode of use or distribution.

Very Respectfully,

Your obedient servt,

(Signed) R. O. ABBOTT,

Surgeon U. S. Army,

Medical Director Dept. Washington.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. GEN'L HOSPITALS, }
ALEXANDRIA, Va., Jan. 14th, 1865. }

The attention of Attending Surgeons of Branches is called to the above letter. They will be expected to keep the record designated, complete to date, and to turn it over to the Surgeon in charge when their respective Branches are broken up.

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 DISCONTINUED.

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

Total number of beds for patients,	671.
No. of patients admitted	18.
do do Returned to duty,	26.
do do Transferred,	5.
do do Furloughed,	12.
do do Discharged,	1.
No. of patients remaining,	605.

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

Total number of beds for patients,	1288.
No. of patients admitted,	31.
do do Returned to duty,	45.
do do Transferred,	12.
do do Furloughed,	22.
do do Discharged,	4.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	7.
do do Remaining,	1144.

FOURTH DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 10th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	602.
No. of patients admitted	10.
do do Returned to duty,	14.
do do Furloughed,	2.
do do Remaining,	476.

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

Total number of beds for patients,	164.
do do Returned to Duty,	6.
do do Remaining,	40.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Adieu to Wolfe Street Hospital Alexandria, Va.

Old Wolf Street has fallen, at least, is no more
 A home for the soldier as in days of yore,
 When we were as brothers, and lived there in peace,
 Each helping the other our joys to increase,
 Not even surmising our home would ne'er be
 With thee, dear old Wolf Street, until we were free

From pain or disease, again ready to try
 Our fortunes, as soldiers, where leaden balls fly
 Like hailstones among us, and strewing the ground,
 Where the dying and dead lay mangled around,
 Where no shelter there is to shield from the storm
 We'll think of thee, Wolf street, and bosoms will warm,

When we think of your Wards that gave us delight,
 Where we would tell stories, or to our friends write,
 And tell them how pleasantly time passed away
 In singing, or talking, or innocent play.
 But, ah, how different we're scattered afar
 From Wolf Street, dear Wolf Street, and now
 where we are,

Your charms we appreciate, and will evermore,
 And sigh when memory turns back to your door.
 Farewell, dear old Wolf Street, long may you remain

A home for those worthy, who will not disdain
 To shelter a soldier, give food and give rest,
 For you, of all hospitals, loved I the best.
 I've found me a home where I patient-ly stay;
 I think of you of en and can't pass the day
 As quietly, pleasantly as when with you,
 Adieu, dear old Wolf Street, forever adieu!

J. W. C.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

My Husband Has Gone to the War.

Air.—My Willie's on the dark blue sea.

My husband has gone to the war,
 And left me all alone,
 Oh dreary now the time will pass,
 Until he comes back home.

CHORUS:

God guard my darling on the field,
 And let no danger come,
 Return him safely to my heart,
 To his wife and his lonely home.

I loved my darling best of all,
 He was so true and kind
 Oh! lonely—lonely—was the hour
 When he left me behind.

CHORUS:

God guard my darling &c.

There's danger in the battle now,
 I hear the bullets fly,
 But manfully he faces death,
 He's not afraid to die.

CHORUS:

God guard my darling, &c.

And as she spoke the battle ceased,
 Hushed was the cannons roar,
 And her husband pressed her to his heart,
 In his own bright cottage door.

CHORUS:

God you've gar led my darling on the field,
 And let no danger come,
 Together now we'll praise thy name,
 In our happy cottage home.

H. Z. K.

☞ Dew is an invisible vapor which, chilled by the cool surface of the flowers, bursts into tears over the beauty that must fade.

☞ The inventor of printing was no fool; but he has caused myriads to make fools of themselves.

☞ Written agreements should be drawn up as shortly as possible: for parties are sure to agree best between whom there are the fewest words.

Sense and Nonsense.

Change of Base.

SAINT'S REST, (wich iz in the stait)
 uv Noo Gersy.) Jan'y 15th, 1865.

"The wagis uv sin iz deth." Sieh iz the substance uv a passage uv Scriptur, wich sense my exile 2 this loonly shoar hez bin mi solis. How troo the remark! How fertily hez it bin realized.

The anshent Dimocrisy owned this Government and mite hev hed it to-day. But then tha wuz a ry-chus set. Tha wuzn't dissipati-d. Tha didn't run after harlots. Jaxon, and Benton, and Silas Write and sich men, who wuz men, kept us strate. But wen tha went to ther respectiv rewards, another klass uv men okkerpied us. Jim Bookannon and Jeff Davis tuk hold uv the Dimokratie kite tore off its time honerd tale, Ekal Rites, and substitootid Slavery. The result is before the world. Dimokri-sy iz in the mud, and the Ablishnists hev the Post orificis. Alars!

In olden times we used 2 heer this song:

"How the car of emansipashen
 Iz rollin grandly thru the nashen."

I've sean that car. It's on tew wheels and carries balls from six 2 five hundred pounds in wate. Sherman road it in 2 Savanner t'other dey.

The harder the wurk yoo dew fer the devil the moar deth yoo git fer wagis. We laboard fathefully in the servis of slavery. We dismist our consenses, went back on our recurd, swear black wuz white and vicy versy, even going so fur ez 2 go in 2 tew wars 2 perpetooate it. What iz the result?

Linkin hez abolisht it bi proklamation. Hiz bloo, koted hirelins hev abolisht it, niggers and all, wher-ever tha hev gone, and tha hev maid sum rayther extensive toors. And finely the Konfedrisy, wich was institootid 2 presarv it, is perposin to throw it overboard ez the prise uv recognishen, and this tha dew without stoppin 2 enquire wat iz tew bekum uv us northern dimokrats who hev tied ourselves 2 it.

So recklis sailers fling overboard a priselis cargo 2 saiv a worthlis hulk. So Joner was histed in 2 the billin waves 2 saiv a set uv marinors who wuz not profits. Wood o-wood that i, like him, cood be gobbled up bi sum frendly whale, who wod, in doo time, vomit me out on dry land.

Ez for me i'm dun. I'm a anti-slavery man from this time out. Mi consense won't allow me 2 support it no longer, and besides it don't pay. Ez the sole servivin leader uv the Dimokri-sy, i shell immej-itly ishoo a serkler instruction uv 'em 2 make this change uv frunt.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Lait Paster of the Church uv the Noo Dispensashen.

WOOLING IN POETRY.—An old gentleman of the name of Page, finding a young lady's glove at a watering-place, presented it to her with the following words:

"If from your *glove* you take the letter *G*,
 Your *glove* is *love*, which I devote to thee."

To which the lady returned the following answer

"If from your *Page* you take the letter *P*,
 Your *Page* is *ape*, and that won't do for me."

☞ Riding in the cars, the other day, the conductor, who was a fat man, came crowding through, collecting his fare, and some one said to him, "You should not be so fat; you ought to contract a little." He smiled, but a poor victim whose feet were being used as a stool, groaned out, "I don't care how big he is, if he will only keep off my *corn-track*."

☞ A man hearing that a raven would live 200 years bought one to try.

What is an honest way to get fish? Hook it.

Josh Billing's Prayer.

From tu many friends, and from things at luce ends, good Lord deliver us!

From a wife who don't luv us, and from children who don't look like us, good Lord deliver us!

From wealth without charitee, from pride without sense, from pedigrees worn out, and from all rich relashuns, good Lord deliver us!

From snaix in the grass, from nails in our boots, from torch-light processions, and from all nu rum, good Lord deliver us!

From pack pedlars, from young folks in luv, from old aunts without money, and from kolera morbis, good Lord deliver us!

From nusepaper sells, and from pills that ain't fisic, from femalls who faint, and men who flatter, good Lord deliver us!

From virtu without fragrance, from butter that smells, from nigger kamp meetings, and from cats that are a courtin, good Lord deliver us!

From other folk's secrets, and from our own, from omens, and megibms, and women committees, good Lord deliver us!

From pollytishens who pra, and from saints who tippie, from ri coffee, from red herrins, and grass widers, good Lord deliver us!

From folks who won't laugh, and from them who giggle, from tite butes, easy virtu, and ram mutton, good Lord deliver us!

THE SOLDIER.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the soldier's prize,
 The soldier's wealth is honor.
 The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember he's his country's stay,
 In day and hour of danger.

—Burns.

A certain eminent physician, being invited to a dinner-party, arrived at the house of his host at a somewhat earlier hour than had been named as the dinner-hour. He accordingly strolled out of the house into a church-yard which was hard by. When dinner was announced the doctor was absent, and an inquiry was made as to where he was. "Oh," said one of the guests, who had seen him in the church-yard, "he is paying a visit to some of his old patients."

A staff-officer of the Ninth Corps writes to a rebel peace commissioner being escorted out of our lines, one of them turned to General Grant and said: "General, I am anxious to have peace, and I would be willing to leave the settlement to you and Gen. Lee." "Well," replied Grant, "I propose to settle it with Lee next summer."

SUMMARY OF WEDDED BLISS.—An exchange paper gives it as follows:—"Heaven bless the wives, they fill our hives with little bees and honey! They ease life's shocks, they mend our socks, but don't they spend the money? When we are sick, they heal us quick—that is, if they do love us; if not we die, and yet they cry, and raise tombstones above us."

Peace makes plenty, plenty makes pride, pride breeds quarrel, and quarrel brings war; war brings spoil, and spoil poverty; poverty patience, and patience peace.

Wilmington being closed, the Richmond papers say war is now their "sole business." But where will they get the soles on which to do business.

A correspondent says, rather coarsely, that Cincinnati is famous for "pigs and pretty girls." This is only the union of pork and lasses.

"A word to your private eer," as Capt. Winslow said to Semms, when he fired his 11-inch shell into the Alabama.

Our bilious internal tax collector staid at home on the 1st inst., as he said his head was going round.

Prentice discovers that authors, like ghosts, appear in sheets. Some are equally flimsy.

Why is a petroleum dealer like an epicure? Because he lives on the fat of the land.

Editors ought to live cheaply, for the reason that they get bored for nothing.

Jefferson Davis has just struck oil in Richmond. Fact.—It is turm oil.

Who was the first little boy mentioned in the Bible?—Chap. 1.

Please pay for your paper if you wish a clear conscience, A net to catch rebels—The bayo-net.